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Motion Picture Magazine
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Stop Snuffing

Belasco.—Lenore Ulric in "Kiki," David Belasco's production of his own piquant adaptation of André Picard's French farce. Miss Ulric scores one of the big hits of the season with her brilliant playing of a little gamin of the Paris music halls. You will love Kiki as you loved Peg—but different. A typically excellent Belasco cast.

Belmont.—The first Theatre Guild production of the year is a droll and powerful American play, "Ambush," by Arthur Richman, who has woven his theme—the readjustment of ideals to life—into an absorbing thing. Very well played by Florence Eldridge, Frank Reicher, Katherine Proctor and others.

Booth.—The Green Goddess" with George Arliss. William Archer's adroit melodrama, revolving around a merciless rajah of a mythical land in the mountains north of India and an accident which droops the marriage of an English woman from an aeroplane into his power. Finely staged and played.

Broadway.—Broadway is in a Parisian importation, "The Claw," dealing with politics, journalism and intrigue. Mr. Barlowmore's performance is far bigger than the play.

Casino.—"Tangerine," with Julia Sanderson. A pleasant and entertaining musical comedy with scenes revolving between that famous city's translation to the South Seas, where the women do all the work. Color and tinkling music.

Eltine.—"The Semi-Virgin." Avery Hopwood's latest thin ice farce. The locale is Babylon, Hollywood, and the opus shows movies in the making. The big scene reveals a daring strip poker game in progress. Hazel Dawn heads the cast, but Constance Farrell really runs away with the tops.

Fulton.—"Lilion," the Theatre Guild production of the Fragon Molnar' legend." A remarkable and brilliant satire, tinged with the Old World cynicism of Molnar. Moves between the here and the hereafter, with a scene in the beyond, Eva Le Gallienne stands out of the cast, while Joseph Schildkrut plays the name part. Dudley Digges is an excellent Sparrow. Well worth seeing.

Garrick.—The Theatre Guild's second bid of the season for two French adaptations, "The Wife With a Smile" and "Boubouroche." Arnold Daly is visiting star in both.

Harry.—"Six-Cylinder Love," with Ernest Truex. The season's biggest sell-out and a real hit. Presenting the amusing problems of a young couple trying to live up to their number of lawyer's wives.

Joelson's.—A new music hall, with the avowed intention of following in the footsteps of Weber and Fields. The first revue, "Bomboiy," is nearly all Al Jolson, also there are pretty girls aplenty. The Hart sisters stand out of the ensemble.

Kluck.—"I'llies of the Field," with Marie Doro starred and Norman Troxer featured. Another flip and sticky "gold digger" play.


Meric.—"The Silver Fox," with William Faverham. An admirable conception by Charles L. Hamilton, written with keen satire and humor. Of a blinding author, a philandering wife and an idealistic poet. Splendidly acted by Violet Kemble Cooper, who scored last season in "Clair de Lune," Mr. Faverham, Lawrence Grossmith, who gives a portrayal of superb subtility; Ian Keith, Mrs. Keith, Vivienne Osborne.

Music Hall.—Irving Berlin's "Music Box Revue," the longest musical hit of the year and a fast-moving entertainment, studded with clever comic hits. The fine cast includes Sam Bernard, Willie Collier, Florence Moore, Wilda Bennett, Mr. Berlin himself, Mlle. Marguerite, Emma Haig, Lawrence Roland. The staging is a credit to Hassard Short.

Palace.—Keith Vaudeville. The home of America's best variety bills and the foremost music hall in the world. Always an attractive vaudeville bill.


Skebyn.—"The Heirloom's Eight Wife," with Ina Claire. A fine and more or less piquant Parisian importation, with a very daring boudoir scene. Barry Baxter leads out of the cast.


Shubert.—"The Greenwich Village Folies of 1921," John Murray Anderson's latest revue, but not quite the equal of its two predecessors. Does not attain the heights of beauty and imagination achieved by the other, although there are some very colorful scenes. Still, it is "way above the revue average. Beautiful girls move thru the glowing interludes, while the hit of the revue seems to go to the song to "The Little Shop" by Valodia Vestoff and others dance attractively.

Times Square Theater.—Allan Pollock, in "A Bill of Divorcement," an imported English play by Clementine Dane, dealing with the British divorce laws. The story of a husband who returns after sixteen years of shell-shocked insanity and the re-
Art and refinement meet in R-C Pictures

"PLEASE TELL ME A STORY," is a craving as old as the human race. From the days of the ancient minstrel to the modern writer of fiction, the successful teller of tales has had the ear of the King and the applause of the people.

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Already such successes as "The Stealers," "The First Born," "The Foolish Age," "Kismet," "Turn in the Road," and "Possession" bear the distinguishing mark of

R-C PICTURES
New York

"AT THE STAGE DOOR"
directed by Wm. Christy Cabanne

This is the wistful story of a girl who from childhood constantly "gives up" to her younger sister. Then comes the tragedy of learning her lover prefers "the baby." Unable to endure the torture of having her heart break daily at the happiness she thought to be her own, she leaves home. At the brink of disaster a great love finds and claims her.
Pauline Frederick in "TWO KINDS OF WOMEN"

Coming home, at her father's untimely death, to take charge of his enormous cattle interests, Judith Sanford (Pauline Frederick) finds herself surround-
ed by treacherous and avaricious interests who plan to despoil her. A few staunch adherents, loyal to their old employer, unflinch-
ingly stand by. Fraud, brute force and flagrant villainy run the gamut of their evil powers, calling into superb action all the audacious courage, all the sweet-
ness and culture of perfect woman-
hood which this talented star so well knows how to delineate.

R-C Week — February 5th to 12th

This is a special occasion arranged to acquaint all lovers of the silent drama with the wholesome, magnetic entertain-
ment afforded by R-C Pictures.

Make it a point to see one or more of these new, cleverly written, skillfully acted and beautifully photographed R-C Pictures during R-C Week.

"FIVE DAYS TO LIVE" starring Sessue Hayakawa

Recognized critics state there is no more finished dramatic actor for the screen today than Sessue Hayakawa. In his latest picture, "Five Days to Live," he draws the soul from that deep, spiritual, fatalistic love that Eastern stoicism com-
pletely shadows from Occiden-
tal eyes. This picture is a deep into the soul of the ancient East.

"POSSESSION" from Sir Anthony Hope's novel "Phrao" by Mercanton production

Sir Anthony Hope, master teller of dramatic stories—
Mercanton, the "Griffith of Europe," a rare combination of matchless talents, resulting in a picture of such intense realism as to hold the spectator breathless. This tale of adventure, intrigue and romance, acted amid the identical surroundings that gave the novel its atmosphere and color, the background a real and famous old castle and a great natural cave 300 feet below ground, has all the thrill of a vivid personal experience.

"EDEN AND RETURN" starring Doris May

Dainty Doris May, who de-


givered a landslide of mirth in "The Foolish Age," re-

peats with a vengeance in "Eden and Return." For sheer fun, marvelously in-
genuous situations, the snap-
piest kind of rollicking, riotous action, this comedy offers an evening of up-

roarious hilarity that you willingly will go far to see.

"SILENT YEARS" directed by Louis J. Gasnier

One of the most delightful books of recent years is Harriet T. Comstock's "Mam'zelle Jo." It is a story in which mother love, touching the supreme heights of sacrifice and devotion, stands as a rock against which the evil forces of malice and slander hurl themselves to their own destruction. "Silent Years" is a thrilling drama-
tization of "Mam'zelle Jo."
Is your skin pale and sallow?

—How you can rouse it

Sleep, fresh air, exercise—all these contribute to a healthy condition of your skin.

But your skin itself must have special care, if you wish it to show all the beauty and charm of which it is capable. Your skin is a separate organ of your body. Neglect of its special needs may result in an unattractive complexion, even though your general health is good.

If your skin is pale and sallow, use the following treatment to give it color and life:

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The other nights of the week cleanse your skin thoroughly in the usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold.

Special treatments for each different skin need are given in the famous booklet of treatments wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

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- A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder

Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Jane Novak has often been shadowed to splendid advantage. However, everyone is so interested in knowing whether or not she will marry Bill Hart that they forget to remember her as an earnest player—they forget to consider her characterizations.
Pauline Starke is quite worthy of being termed an artist. There is no emotion so elusive that she has not been able to bring it to the silvercloth. Her next appearance is in the title rôle of Vitagraph's "Flower of the North"
WALTER McGRAIL

Walter McGrail spends his days wooing the fair ladies of the screen. Recently he has devoted himself—cinematically speaking—to the lovely Anita Stewart. Without a doubt, he is one of the screen's most popular leading men.
EDITH ROBERTS

Edith Roberts, the erstwhile Universal star, will soon emerge in the De Mille production, "Saturday Night."
And the screen will boast another silken creature—another silken creature with charm and appeal.
Recently Wally has been giving himself to other things, and the speedy race-track comedies have been neglected. He brought the sophisticated Anatole and the dreamer, Peter Ibbetson, to the shadows. Now, he is busy creating the title role in "The Champion," an adaptation of the stage play of the same name.
WILL ROGERS

Vaudeville recently boasted Will Rogers. At present he is a headliner at the "Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic," which he deserted sometime ago for the screen. We use this portrait with the hope that he will come back to motion pictures—and very soon.
Madge Bellamy left the stage to embark upon a motion picture career at the Thomas H. Ince studios where she rapidly won a place for herself. She will soon be found playing opposite Jack Holt in "The Call of the North"
Every new portrayal of Lillian Gish's is one which may well be numbered among the achievements of the shadowed drama. Her next characterization will be in D. W. Griffith's "The Two Orphans," and it may be awaited with great anticipation.
At Harvest-time

From a Scene of the D. W. Griffith Version of "The Two Orphans"
Justice
By
ELINOR GLYN

Editor's Note:—This is the second of Elinor Glyn's series of articles on Hollywood as she recently found it. Her articles are without prejudice and present a true picture of the motion picture colony—its people, their ideals and life as they live it from day to day. The third article, completing the series, will appear next month.

I hope those who read my paper in the last issue of the Motion Picture Magazine have understood my point of view, which is, not to defend disgustingly wild orgies, which I loathe as much as any of the adverse critics, but to plead for justice for the rest of the community; because a whole industry that gives innocent pleasure and instruction to the public can be injured by indiscriminate condemnation. The Moving Picture world in general certainly understands the meaning of the saying that "Charity begins at home"—for I have never seen such kindness and sympathy, one to another. How often does one hear of some little girl, rising to stardom, who has supported her mother, or brothers and sisters, or even relations further afield, since childhood. They have nearly all of them someone else besides themselves to work for. If a pal—a among the section who have not yet risen beyond "extra" work—is out of luck, and is down to his last cent, someone else who may be only a dollar or two better off for the moment, will give a helping hand, and share his lodgings with him. And among the little girls it is the same, they all seem willing to do each other good turns—and are not spiteful and glad to tear each other to pieces, as women are in many other more highly respected professions! During the three days I played the part of an "extra" in my play "The Great Moment," so that I might learn what it was to suffer, and how it felt to be waiting for hours "made up" on a draughty set, I never saw or heard anything but kindness, cheery good fellowship, and patience. If any subscription is ever started for any special case of trouble or misfortune, everyone seems to be generous and sympathetic. And when the Great Pageant for the Actors' Benefit Fund came off last June, it was the Movie Colony that flocked to the Speedway to spend their dollars—not the general public whom they amuse, and who, one might think, would show their appreciation.

(Cont'd on page 86)
Out From the West

landscape blend into a dull rose. There is a hushed stillness broken by animal sounds and then comes the night, black, gold-studded.

"No, I'm not reckonin' to quit makin' pictures," he said slowly, interrupting our thoughts. "Just won't make 'em far ahead like I been doin'. 'Tain't a wise thing to do. When you do, somethin's always wrong by the time your picture's out or else your best bit of business comes along in somebody else's picture first. That's why I'm away from my studios right now. I'm two pictures ahead and I figured I'd run up and have a look at my Connecticut farm and git a bit of writin' done, not to say nothin' about

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

GO TH A M was taking its tea. Weird strains, imported from the popular South Seas, came from banked palms. There was the scent of costly perfumes intermingling. Cigarettes were being fitted into ridiculously jeweled holders by toying jeweled fingers. Brilliant epigrams, which analyzed meant nothing or else proved as false as the speakers themselves, fell upon the ear. Men and women stood about in groups, talking, laughing—satiated with their luxurious and superficial existence.

And high above in a suite of rooms overlooking the city, now fading into early twilight, was one of inscrutable expression, his face bronzed by the sun of desert and plain. Bill Hart had come to Gotham from out of the West. And he had brought with him all those things which belong to the West, principal among them high ideals and a profound respect for the standards which the years have proved, a cognizance for the realities of life.

Of a surety, life presents strange contrasts. "Sit there, in a comfortable chair, Missey," he said the greeting over and indicating a chair with a sinewed hand. "Sit there."

Our first interrogation—whether the rumors concerning his retirement from the screen were true—went unanswered for a few minutes while he studied the twilight. It was a gloaming different from that which he has known thru the last years. Dusk was throwing her first grey mantle over the buildings standing there as ghost sentinels of the approaching night. On the desert it is different. The flitting pastel colors of the
By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

a little vacation before I got back on my job."
He talks with the drawl of the West. Slowly—cautiously almost. He would never be guilty of talking simply for the sake of talking. Undoubtedly, he has a deep respect for words.
"Your writing? Did you write before you went into pictures?" we asked him.
"No'm. Never knew I could write a durn thing," he assured us. "Only took to writin' when I couldn't get what I'd made up my mind to have in my pictures any other way."

Interested as he so sincerely is in his pictures, we asked him how he felt about his old pictures which are being reissued. It was as tho we had kindled smolders into new flame, Bill Hart's voice took a steel ring. His fist smote the arm of his chair and his eyes narrowed and, narrowing, gleamed.

"I've spent twenty thousand dollars fighting them," he announced, "but still they keep on showin' those old pictures. They have the nerve to label them 'W. H. Productions' and to send the same picture out again, and again with new titles. How in thunder's anybody goin' to tell whether they've seen the durn thing before. Kids—little fellows—write me that they've saved up their coppers to see me and then found they have seen the picture before.
That's not right. You know it ain't. It's a crying shame and folks'll think it's me doin' it. They'll blame me for the cheatin' show. I won my case but what good did it do. Right under my nose they dare show the old pictures in Los Angeles. When I hear about it or see the posters outside their theater, I stop them, I can tell you. What's the thunderin' use of laws if people don't keep 'em?"

We sought to change the subject. We searched for less dangerous ground. We asked him which he thought the more intelligent, horses or dogs. And in the answer we found a new Bill Hart. A Bill Hart keenly interested. His voice held a caress for the animals he had left behind.

"I reckon I like horses best. They're most intelligent," he told us. "Why? Because they haven't had the association with humans that dogs have. My dog sleeps on the end of my bed, but the Pinto—he's out in his stall or in the corral. But he knows all I say to him just the same. I always prefer a horse—even for transportation. Reckon the automobile's a notch in the march of progress. It's all right if you have to git somewhere in a whale of a hurry but it ain't got no sense. No mam."

That was that.
Before we left we asked him about his engagement to Jane Novak. We asked it indirectly, let it be said, for there is a reserve to him peculiar to the man of the open. It is not a thing to be broken down or easily scaled.
"You've got a right to ask," Bill assured us simply. "When you belong to the public they're naturally interested in you. No, I'm not engaged to be married to Miss Novak. But I want to say right here and now that she's all I admire in womankind. She's good and she's sweet.
"Someday I hope to marry because I love kids and (Continued on page 84)
Mrs. Reid Returns

By

TRUMAN B. HANDY

FOR a considerable length of time Hollywood Boulevard—the stamping ground of the film-famous—has been buzzing with sundry, varied reports concerning the domestic life of the Wallace Reids. In fact, ever since the redoubtable, irrepressible Wally jumped into the shining limelight as one of the most popular heroes of the screen. And practically everybody—I, for one—who has ever frequented either the ad lib eating emporiums or the dancing marts of filmland's capital, places where the forked tongues of the gossip are quite generally allowed free rein, has heard from time to time that Mrs. Wally, in other words the pretty, Frenchy Dorothy Davenport, was on the verge of separating herself from her handsome husband.

In other words, all Hollywood—except that portion of it that knows the Reids and is accepted by them—would like to believe that a divorce has been brewing for lo! these many moons.

It was emphatically declared by the users of the forked tongues that as soon as Mrs. Reid should return to the screen, she would cease to be a part of her husband's household. Also it was pretty generally intimated that she was very weary of playing second fiddle in the orchestra of her husband's popularity.

But, however, facts shed a quite different spotlight onto this charming and artistic household. Mrs. Wally has announced her return to the screen after an absence of perhaps five years. But, on the other hand, it is easy to deduce from her attitude that she is quite old-fashioned in love with her husband.

I very frankly admit that, knowing that Mrs. Reid has come back to her old-time acting laurels as the co-star of Lester Cuneo in a series of out-of-doors, I hied myself out to the Reid residence on the outskirts of Hollywood especially to interview a dissatisfied wife. Therefore, I suppose I, as a reporter, should register disappointment.
For when I arrived at the Reid home—which is Renaissance, artistic to the nth degree, and snuggled comfortably under a protecting hillock—my gaze lighted upon the very optimistic picture of three adorable children splashing around in a Pompeian swimming pool. One of them, a four-year-old, afforded himself no little amusement by encircling his small self with the inflated inner tube of an automobile tire which floated lazily on the sun-kissed wavelets and served as an excellent, home-made life-preserver.

"Billy dear, where are you?" came floating out of a room of the house opening onto the pool. The tones were sweet and womanly and contained a sufficient note of anxiety to assure any hearer that they represented a startling amount of interest in the water-baby.

"Here, Mummy—out divin'," came chokefully from the younger, who, at this time spying me, propped himself up out of the water and announced that I'd find "all the grown' folks there in the billiard-room."

It was a typical fashionable afternoon tea party that I happened in on. Marguerite Snow, who in private life is Mrs. James Cruze, wife of the director, had dropped

"I believe that any woman who has ever been before the public in professional life always has a desire again to be before that same public," Dorothy Davenport Reid explained, "even if she is married. When you're used to a life replete with the excitement of the stage or the screen, you find you miss it terribly when you sit at home day after day, with nothing to do but amuse yourself."

Above, a new portrait, and at the left, with Billy Reid, the reason for Mrs. Reid's late absence from the screen.

in to tell Mrs. Wally all about her wonderful trip East. There were other guests there, too, and the hostess, garbed in a simple lavender, was kept busy at the samovar.

If additional years have ever favored anybody, that person is Dorothy Davenport. In the old days when she used to shine brightly as a Universal star—when she married Wally, her leading man—she looked for all the world like Lillian Gish looks now.

However, with her smartly bobbed tition hair and her ultra-smart high heels, she looks more like a Parisian mannequin than a modern American woman. She has clout, and grace, and style, and perfect command of manner. But, withal, her laughter, her insouciance, her pearl-white skin are contradictory and make you think of her not as

(Continued on page 85)
Penrod is Booth Tarkington's conception of American boyhood ... and, at the same time, one of the most genuine characters of modern fiction. Some time ago Wesley Barry played Penrod on a Los Angeles stage. He loved the rôle and desired to play it for the screen. His wishes are being realized. Marshall Neilan is now filming this Booth Tarkington story, and Wesley, of the popular freckles, will perpetuate American boyhood with his Penrod.
Long, Long Ago

A new camera study of Norma Talmadge, in the screen version of
"Smiles Through"
In Placid Mold

One can readily understand how Edna's calm, unruffled personality would make a superb background for an artist as undoubtedly temperamental as Chaplin. The serenity of it was recognizable even over the telephone.

It was a little exasperating, the cool pleasantness of that voice. I had been trying to make a definite appointment for two weeks or more, but I had never gotten further than a deliberate: "Well, just now I have to see to my wardrobe. If you will go to the studio at three, I will try to be there." I give Edna all due credit for trying, but she was not there.

And then, to further tantalize, I saw her about a week later at Sunset Inn, down at Santa Monica, on Photoplayers' Nite, where Louise Fazenda and Edna were to watch Milton Sills preside. A cluster of stars were there—Betty Compson dancing with Rudolph Valentino, Nazinova, Bobby Harros' brother John with some pretty companion. Edna, in a red evening gown of becoming simplicity, was sitting a few tables beyond us, very beautiful, from where we sat, with firm, startlingly white shoulders and straight decisive features. Her figure is perhaps a little rounder than it was, its former litesomeness surplanted by a more stunning maturity of mold, a fine erectness of carriage. She took her pleasure as one must imagine she takes everything, calmly, with an almost stolid gaiety. It is impossible to imagine her ever becoming mused, in hair or in dress. She grooms herself scrupulously.

I managed to find her at home only a few days later. She was, as I had thought, pleasantly quiescent, placidly willing to talk to me, but, as she regretted, with nothing exciting to say.

"What truth there may be in the report that Charlie is to feature me in a picture before I leave him, I do not know. It certainly is not in 'The Idle Class.' In that I

Photograph by Bigelow

"What truth there may be in the report that Charlie is to feature me in a picture before I leave him, I do not know," said Edna Purviance. "I have two more pictures to make with him before our contract runs out."

Edna Purviance has had the unusual faculty of endurance in a profession where success blooms swiftly—and fades even as it blooms.

Among one's earliest memories of screen comedy, her blonde beauty stands out clearly. Then it was as it is today—the inevitable companion of a little black mustache and a pair of shuffling, enormous feet. Edna was Chaplin's foil in his first rioting two-reelers, and she was his leading lady in his last and greatest picture, "The Kid." In between lies a period of years in which, admittedly, there have been Chaplin pictures without Edna—but very few. Always the great "Charlot" has returned to her.

"The Kid." In between lies a period of years in which, admittedly, there have been Chaplin pictures without Edna—but very few. Always the great "Charlot" has returned to her.
have little else to do than to wear some becoming gowns. But I have two more pictures to make with Charlie before our contract runs out."

She liked "The Kid" because it was the first comedy that ever gave her any amount of acting to do. She deplored it because by the time it was released, a year after it was commenced, her clothes were quite out of fashion. She is intensely interested in clothes. One can hardly blame them exceedingly after afternoon, in her and sweater, she Her hair was care- her. She wears well. Even that plaid sport skirt looked delightful, fully, smoothly arranged. And apparently its order was permanent. She did not continually pat at it. She has that rare art of dressing at the beginning of the day; not all thru it.

Edna Purviance has had the unusual faculty of endurance in a profession where success blooms swiftly and fades even as it blooms. And after seeing her, you readily understand how her calm, unruffled personal- ity would make a superb back- ground for an artist as undoubt- edly temperamental as Chaplin.

The beauty of women is strange. With some it is chiseled, distinct—like Edna's. Her ey- brows are perfect. Her blue eyes had apparently been polished that morning. In sketching her, the artist would outline her in one continuous unbroken line. It is a type of beauty that often needs kindling. I asked her what, then, she would do when she left Chaplin.

She refused to be definite.

"It is hard to say. There are several offers to be considered, all of them more or less worth while. It is not improbable that I will join the United Artists and have my own company."

Edna lives in a beautiful section of Los Angeles, considerably apart from Hollywood. It is strange that many of the earlier members of the Coast film colony are not residents of Hollywood. They seem to prefer isolation in the more prosaic, but no less beautiful, resi- dential districts. Edna lives on a street near Westlake Park from which, by taking one or two steps from the door, she can overlook the only lake in the city. Her bungalow, one of several in a court, is crowded with silver loving- cups, Chinese prints, an assortment of musical instruments. The cups, Edna explained, she had won years ago, when the movies were in the first unrestrained heydey of their fame, when blue laws, and censors, and prohibitionists, and speed (Continued on page 84)
Out on the edge of the continent, nestled at the foot of the rugged Western mountains, a Scotch village has sprung into being. Ancient and mildewed buildings, thatched cottages, the town pump and the old moss-grown Town Hall are there, supplying the atmosphere for a forthcoming Paramount production. In truth—California—where the old world meets the new

Where the Old World Meets the New---
WHEN Sir Marcus Ordeyne found Carlotta, he was writing a learned tome on the morals of the Renaissance.

Sir Marcus Ordeyne was, if the paradox may be employed, passionately absorbed in morals, their study and exposition. Not that anyone is ever passionately absorbed, or anything else, in morals. Still, they consumed most of Sir Marcus' thoughts and ambitions.

"Morals," he was wont to say, "are the backbone of the body of humanity. Without morals—and then he would spread widely apart his long, aristocratic fingers in a gesture which conjigned a merciless humanity to an unspeakable Sodom and Gomorrah.

Sir Marcus' other interest in life was Mrs. Judith Mainwaring. Mrs. Judith Mainwaring had a husband somewhere in the background of her life. Now and again she alluded to him, but it wasn't the sort of allusion that gave one much of a portrait of Mr. Mainwaring. What it did do, strongly, was make one sorry for Mrs. Mainwaring, poetically. You didn't know why, but you felt it; you had been wronged, and that, in all probability, she had been wronged by Mr. Mainwaring.

Sir Marcus Ordeyne enjoyed Judith's company. That it was mostly because he was used to it he didn't know. She made him comfortable. There was always her drawing-room, hospitable and charming. There was always a tête-à-tête, if he desired it, or a few interesting people, if he felt, which he seldom did, sociable. There were flowers in spring, picturesquely selected, and hand arranged. And in the chill of autumn and winter, there was a fire, and the new magazines and the best books. Judith talked just enough. She listened perfectly. When Sir Marcus Ordeyne talked, she listened perfectly, was made tenderly sorry. You didn't know why, but you felt it; she had been wronged, and that, in all probability, she had been wronged by Mr. Mainwaring.

Having replaced the gold-tissue slipper, Sir Marcus gathered up the proofs of his manuscript and regained the easy chair he occupied opposite the lady. He gave her his pleasant laugh.

"Most probably," he said. He added, "I hope so. These are pleasant moments in my life, Judith, my times with you."

"Pleasant moments!" The woman opposite him smiled. "Pleasant moments aren't going to suffice you all your life, Marcus. Some day, some one is going to wake you up, and you are going to find that the morals of the Renaissance and your respectable old house and your valet and your annual trips to the Continent and—and me, my friend, are all as dry as dust. All at once you are going to discover that you have, not the blue fluid of the Ordeynes in your veins, but good, red blood. Some young thing, Marcus, with wide eyes—some young thing whom you will have to teach—who won't know very thoroly what you mean when you talk, but who will think you wonder-

about the morals of the antedated periods, she made a pleasant picture for his eye. She made the morals of the Renaissance a live and vivid thing. Now and then she would balance her slipper daintily on the end of a silk-en toe, and then drop it. It became the duty of Sir Marcus Ordeyne to kneel before her and re-establish her footwear. Generally, he went right on talking about ethics the while. His blood flowed orderly in his veins, did the blood of Sir Marcus Ordeyne, until he met Carlotta—but we anticipate—

One evening, Mrs. Mainwaring dropped her slipper, and as he replaced it she said to him, with an undertone in her sleepy voice, "Marcus, shall you be doing this same thing, in just this same way, eight years from now?"

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MoraIs
By Gladys Hall
ful, just because you are you—a very young person.

Marcus, will make your world for you—"

Sir Marcus Ordeyne rested his lean and cultured head on the back of his tall chair and laughed. "Judith, how feminine you are tonight," he said; "conjuring up fantasies! Horrid fantasies, my dear friend. A young thing? I detest the species."

But Judith shook her head. At that moment, bewilderedly, Carlotta was arriving in England.

The next morning, at ten-thirty precisely, Sir Marcus Ordeyne found her. Found Carlotta. She was sitting on a park bench, staring about her, with the eyes of one suddenly liberated, suddenly given air and sunshine and spaces, and not knowing quite what to do about it.

To be still more precise, it was rather Carlotta who found Sir Marcus Ordeyne than Sir Marcus Ordeyne who found Carlotta. True, he had noticed her. One could not help but notice Carlotta; but he had with him some new and very engrossing notes on the Renaissance, and would have gone on his way had not Carlotta spoken to him. The casualness of her voice arrested him.

"I'm alone in your country," she said; "I don't know what to do."

Sir Marcus Ordeyne stared at her. Then he frowned at her. "Dont you know," he said, "that a young girl does not speak to a strange man."

Carlotta smiled. What a smile! Spring! She said: "I dont think you are so very strange. I've seen men lots

of you..."
“Harry Robinson! Who was he? And how was he killed?”

[She talked logically, but, good gracious! Who ever heard such a tale outside a paper-covered thriller?]

Carlotta smiled, a little wistfully.

“Harry Robinson was a nice young Englishman,” she said. “He used to come over the garden wall and make little love to me. I told him about the fat husband Hamdi Efendi had picked out of all the husbands in the world for me, and he asked me to run away to England with him. And so I did. Anyway, he was thin.”

Sir Marcus

“Yes, Pasquale has met her,” explained Sir Marcus. “He dined with me last week, and came across a slipper of Carlotta’s in the drawing-room. I sent it to her room by Stenson, and she came out in her Turkish costume, the little rascal. Pasquale was delighted with her.”

found himself saying, “Were you—in love—with this Robinson?”

Carlotta shrugged her shoulders. “He was thin,” she repeated, thinking it over; then she regarded Sir Marcus Ordeyne. “But so are you,” she said, brightly. “I feel about the same about the two of you.”

“And when did the young man leave you?” Sir Marcus pursued.

“Last night. He got off at his home station to tell his family what he meant to do about me. I was to wait for him in the station for three hours this morning. I did wait, but he didn’t come. Then I found out that his train had been wrecked. There were six killed. He was one of the six.”

“Of course,” she said, “he was nice. He didn’t want to die.”

There was a little silence, then Sir Marcus said: “Have you no friends in England?”

Carlotta said: “Only you.” Then, fearful that she had hurt him, she added,
“Mrs. Mainwaring came to me on the day I went away,” Carlotta told him. “She told me you were marrying me out of pity for me. She said that you really loved her... always had...”

“but you’re enough. You’re friend enough for me.”

Sir Marcus felt conceptions and reconceptions dissolving in his brain. He had a fleeting picture of Judith in her drawing-room, comfortable, correct—eager, too... But there he was! Obviously, as a man and a human, he couldn’t leave a young and tender girl alone in London, penniless, hatless, friendless, a prey—

Sir Marcus Ordeyne took Carlotta home. It was far more surprising to Sir Marcus than it was to Carlotta. Carlotta had been brought up to believe that men would find one “just as thin.” Man was a species called “husband” to Carlotta. There was, as yet, no further differentiation in her mind than that of “fat” and “thin.” She liked living in the home of Sir Marcus Ordeyne. A nice woman named Mrs. MacMurray took her shopping and they bought “queer” English clothes, tweed skirts and sweaters and straight silk dinner frocks. Sir Marcus had told her she must not wear her Turkish costume again. She had put it away, obediently.

Carlotta rather changed things for Sir Marcus. In the first place, she cleared up his understanding as to his friendship for Judith Mainwaring, or, rather, her friendship for him. He had always regarded it as a tranquil relationship, interesting but platonic. He could talk to her and be comfortable with her and there was just enough estheticism in the relationship to keep it from being daily bread. But now, suddenly, he knew that he dared not tell Judith about Carlotta, and if he dared not tell Judith about Carlotta there was a reason. Some fundamental reason. What was it? If Judith were just his very good friend she would be interested in Carlotta. But Marcus knew, quite

<table>
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<th>Morals</th>
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<tr>
<td>Carlotta .................. May McAvoy</td>
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<td>Sir Marcus Ordeyne .......... William Carleton</td>
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<td>Sebastian Pasquale .......... William E. Lawrence</td>
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<td>Judith Mainwaring .......... Kathryn Williams</td>
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<td>Antoinette ................ Bridgeta Clark</td>
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<td>Stenson .................. Sydney Bracey</td>
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<td>Mrs. MacMurray .............. Marian Skinner</td>
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Motion Picture Magazine
definitely, that Judith would not be "interested" in Carlotta. He knew that she would resist her. He knew why, he knew that she would be jealous of her. That somehow, Carlotta would ruin his friendship with Judith. There would be no more happy evenings. They wouldn't talk about the House, or Lloyd George, or H. G. Wells or the theories of Bernard Shaw. They wouldn't talk about the "Morals of the Renaissance." Because, inevitably, every topic would lead back to Carlotta and her exotic presence in his house. Judith would ask endless questions he couldn't answer. Judith would probe and he felt a sudden intimate dislike of being probed. He felt a coward, but he avoided going to her home, avoided writing her. He wanted to think Carlotta out first, so that, clearly, he could explain her to Judith.

Poor Marcus! He didn't know that Carlotta was the first thing in his life he couldn't "explain." She was his first experience with instinct.

Of course Judith heard about Carlotta. She heard it from many sources and with bizarre and fantastic adornments: Sir Marcus Ordeyne had stolen the Sultan's favorite . . . Sir Marcus Ordeyne had Turkish blood in his veins and was, surreptitiously, starting a harem . . . there were at least six hours seen on the premises, lounging on sumptuous cushions sipping Moorish coffee . . . the things that went on, my dear! . . . Sir Marcus Ordeyne and "Morals!" Who had ever heard of a man who devoted his outer life to the study of morals that could bear investigation. Investigate Sir Marcus Ordeyne, for instance, and you find . . . a harem!

Judith Mainwaring suffered in as long a silence as she had it in her to maintain, and then she telephoned Marcus and asked him, casually, to bring his "ward" to tea.

By the shock she sensed in his manner, by the broken syllable of his reply, Judith knew the worst. Ah, the cool, imperturbable Marcus! The lean ascetic to whom her wiles and lures had been but the follies of a pretty woman, to be borne with for that reason . . . dear Marcus who had said, so innocently, "I detest the species!" . . . Her Marcus . . . hers no longer——

Judith thought that her pain would kill her, and knew that it wouldn't. No, she would go on . . . and on . . . Marcus was her dream and one awake from dreams . . . ah, but she had dreamed him so deeply and so long . . . Now she was awake. Wide awake. The daylight was cruel and bleak, and hurt her eyes. The air of reality was thin and harsh, and hurt her heart. But she would grow used to them . . . after awhile . . . there was time to be got thru with . . . a certain number of days . . . and nights . . . the once blessed evenings when Marcus had been with her and would now be with her no longer . . .

Maybe this young thing would hurt him, as he had hurt her. Maybe, then, he would come back to her, knowing . . . But she wouldn't want him then . . . knowing. She had wanted him to know from her. Marcus . . . so infinitely wise . . . so infinitely simple.

Marcus didn't want to take Carlotta to Judith's for tea, and he didn't know quite why he didn't want to, and because he didn't know why he didn't want to, he felt impatient with himself, and took her away. He had always had a detestation of chaotic persons—persons who didn't know why they didn't want to do things——Marcus had, hitherto, been able to tabulate his aversions and his desires as a man should.

Of course it was rather horrid. Carlotta was whimsical and sort of cleverish, but Marcus wished she hadn't been. He kept explaining things to Judith. His manner was conciliatory and it made him furious. Judith was critical and benevolent and, he felt it, cruel. Mentally, she was tearing Carlotta to pieces, to shreds. Or trying to. She didn't succeed very well, because Carlotta was almost entirely unconscious of her. Women didn't figure a great deal in Carlotta's .

(Continued on page 96)
Photoograph by Witzel, L. A.

UNDER the surveillance of Ray Leek, publicity commander of the Metro cantonment, I sat in the salon of the Hillview apartments awaiting Alice Lake and Viola Dana, champion bantam-weights of the screen world. They had consented to go a five-course round at some quiet tavern, that I might record their moods, manners and movements under the influence of the demi-tasse.

As I say, I waited with the Metro duenna, observing with my rare perspicacity that the Siamese Twins, as they are known about the film colony, by reason of their inseparability, were thus far manifesting no distinction from the rest of the gender femina.

Finally they emerged—sartorially incomplete, of course, having only started on the gloves. Viola asserted that Alice made her wear them. She thought the idea of wearing gloves to dinner was most unreasonable, since one no sooner got them on than the soup arrived.

Thus the glove was thrown down, metaphorically speaking, and the combat started.

Alice likes gloves.

Viola does not.

Alice likes dark men.

Viola demands blonds.

Alice emotes for art.

Viola clowns.

Alice says she is Irish and Brooklyn.

Let this curtain-raiser suffice to show that the two differ sufficiently to be bosom friends.

"Where do we go?" demands Viola, stripping on a finger of her glove—and asserting that the skin is stripping with it. "I have to get back early, because Dad is having a man up to see me about investing my money."

"Investing in motion pictures?" I asked.

"I should say not! I want something safe."

"Where do we go?" demands Alice.

"Let's go to the Hollywood Hotel," says Viola, enthroning herself on a forward cushion. "I used to live at the Hollywood Hotel."

Viola Dana and Alice Lake are known as the Siamese Twins about the film colony by reason of their inseparability. At the left, a new camera study of Miss Lake, and below, Alice as Sarah Bernhardt and Viola as Charlie Chaplin.
“Do you s’pose they’ll let us in, then?” demands Alice.

There is no retort to this. Viola is considering suit against the saleslady who that day had fitted her with gloves. She alleges that the lady, in the course of fitting, had, with premeditation and malice aforethought, given her hang-nails.

Upon alighting in the lobby of Hollywood’s chief hospice, six gentlemen—actual count—rush forward to salute les petites.

Eventually, we reached the menu. Viola refused to vouchsafe it a glance.

“Why should I look at it?” she asks. “I told you I used to live here. This is spare-ribs and roast veal night.”

She suddenly is seized with a morbid desire for a home of her own.

“I’m going to get married,” she avows. “So am I,” says Alice.

“What type of men will be cast for the parts?” I inquired.

Alice: I don’t care, so long as he’s dark.

Viola: Mine must be blond. All the men I’ve ever fallen for have been blonds—except five or six.


“Do you know what we call one another?” Alice Lake asked. “I call Vi ‘Charlie’ and she calls me ‘Sarah.’ They expect her to be as funny as Chaplin and me to be as emotional as Bernhardt.”

Above, a recent portrait of Miss Dana, and at the left, Charlie and Sarah without disguise.

Viola: I do. Only there isn’t any.

Alice: Above all, he mustn’t be affected. I like people to be themselves. I could kill a conceited man.

Referee: You wouldn’t marry an actor, then?

Alice: All actors aren’t conceited. Now, there’s David Warfield—

Viola: Heavens, you haven’t designs on Dave, I hope.

Alice (with feminine logic): I’m not going to marry at all.

Viola: You’re backing out!

Alice: No. If it gets in the magazines that I want to marry, some nuts will think it is an ad and start sending me photographs.

Viola (sentimentally): I had a

(Continued on page 93)
The tales of J. M. Barrie are things of the shadows, delicately wrought with whimsy. Perhaps that is why they are so lovely upon the screen. Perhaps that is why the screen catches their rare and elusive quality and keeps it as something of its very own. "The Little Minister" is the latest Barrie whimsy to be shadowed.

Barrie and the Shadows

It was Penrhyn Stanlaws who undertook to bring "The Little Minister" to the screen. In the illustrative photographs Betty Compson is seen as Lady Babbie, the rôle originally portrayed by Maud Adams on the stage. Nigel Barrie plays Captain Halliwell, and George Hackathorn invests the title rôle, created by Robert Edeson behind the footlights, with his talents. It is well that Barrie has given his tales to the shadows.
MR. E. D. ESS was feeling very pleased with the world as he sat in his office of The Enormous Picture Co. He put his feet on his desk and lit a big black cigar with a glittering band on it. That evening all the papers would carry a notice of his latest exploit. He had spent five hundred thousand dollars in exactly three minutes, and he knew that was a record—in fact, the record up to date. He was indeed pleased with himself, otherwise he would not have received the mysterious stranger who pushed his way unannounced into his private sanctum.

"What do you want?" he growled. Don't misunderstand; he didn't feel angry. But after you have made a million dollars, you always growl. That is the language of the very quickly rich and Mr. E. D. Ess belonged to that class. It was after all quite a good-natured growl.

"I want to see you, and nobody else but you—that's why I fought my way thru those fifteen barred doors," said the stranger, and indeed he looked as tho he had been in a fight. His collar was torn off, his coat badly mussed, and his hair a bit pulled—which will lead my reader to guess he had tussled with some of the dear unfair sex, but such was not the case. It was just his own sex that had so unkindly treated him, altho he looked like such a nice fellow behind his big horn-rim glasses.

"I've written a scenario; it's my first; but I want to learn to write for the screen, and in all your articles I notice you clamor for original stories, so I thought I would bring one straight to you and we could talk it over." He said this very quickly. Ordinarily a trap door would have opened beneath our audacious friend, and he would have disappeared below, never to be heard from again. But you remember Mr. E. D. Ess was in a very pleasant mood, and really he liked the young fellow's nerve, and the evidences of his athletic ability.

"Hand it here, young fellow, I'll give it the once over," he said. A very large manuscript was promptly laid before him.

"I'd like you to begin with the first scene," said the young man, and he hurriedly turned over the pages to scene one.

Mr. E. D. Ess read for exactly thirty seconds. Then he shook his head.

"Nope. Wont do."

"Really? How can you tell so quickly?"

"As a busy producer I have the knack of making quick judgments. Just to show you, we'll take the very first scene. Girl refuses to go to church with parents. Father tries to compel her. In the end he strikes her for her disobedience. This is the last straw. She is twenty-one years old and wants to live her own life, so she quietly packs up that night when her parents are asleep and leaves for the city.

"That's terrible! Terrible! No action, no suspense, nothing! And I'll tell you another thing. See that map over there?" The young man turned and saw a map of the United States in two colors, pink and white, mostly pink. "See those pink states, well, in every one of those places, if a girl refuses to go to church, it's out. Understand? They just cut it out. It's against their Board of Censorship."

The young man looked thoughtful. "Really now. Well, I'm sorry," he said. "I just
wanted to show a picture of a modern young woman determined to do as she pleases, and I wanted to get her away from her parents and transfer the action to the city.

"Well I'll tell you, young fellow, that's a darn poor way to get your girl to the city—just have her go upstairs and pack her bag! Say, these are moving pictures—moving! Action! You've got to have pictures moving!" He sat back quite pleased with the clear way he had presented his point.

"I just wanted to get her away from home," said the young man weakly. "It really wasn't very important. Read a little further, perhaps you'll like it better."

"No, I don't have to. But I'll tell you what I'll do," Mr. E. D. Ess growled very softly, "I'll help you. You're an intelligent young man, and I'll just tell you very quickly how to get that girl to the city."

Our young friend looked delighted. "Really you are too kind," he said, "that's just what I wanted, just a little information."

"Well you'll get it. My time is worth $125,000 a minute." He couldn't help saying that, altho it almost had a disastrous effect. His listener turned very pale and nearly fainted, but with a great effort he controlled his feelings, and braced himself for the ordeal of receiving a million dollars worth of information.

"Now we'll have the girl go properly to church, because if she's the heroine she's got to be good, good all the way thru. Why, if she defied her father like that in the very first reel, how could you ever get the audience to believe in her again? They'd suspect her of being the vamp, and that would queer her from the start.

"She goes to church, and her sweetheart is going to call for her afterwards and walk home with her. Now, this is what happens. An automobile drives up, a young man gets out and walks toward her; he is the villain, but she is not supposed to know it."

Our young friend interrupted: "You mean it's so dark that she doesn't recognize him?"

"No," shouted Mr. E. D. Ess. "Maybe she recognizes him, that doesn't matter, but he has his back to the audience, and they don't recognize him. That's the point." He glared a little. He didn't like being interrupted when he was in the throes of creation, so he bit his cigar very hard and went on.

"She gets in the car with him, unsuspecting, and she drives away. They go along for a little way. Suddenly he slows down in a dark spot and tries to kiss her. She recognizes him, is very frightened, and tries to fight him. He starts the car ahead full speed, she still struggling. Suddenly they start over the bridge that leads to the city. She knows she is miles from home. There has been a car strike and the men have torn up the tracks, and that evening they are going to dynamite the bridge. The car just starts across when the explosion takes place. They are both thrown in the water, she still struggling with him. She is almost exhausted when a boat comes in sight. It is the beautiful new yacht of Mr. Percy Asterbilt, returning from Europe. She cries for help, a rope is thrown, and in a fainting condition she is landed to safety.

"When she comes to, she is in the captain's cabin. She looks around in a dazed condition, then she lifts the window and sees that the boat is approaching the city. Just then the door bursts open and the owner enters. He stopped, a little breathless, he had been talking so rapidly. "Good stuff—hey? Action, lots of action! Fine chance for good night shots, and some peachy close-ups. Swell clothes too."

Very slowly and wearily our young friend nodded his head. "Yes, I see," he said, "Moving pictures—a great art. I have much to learn."

He rose sadly and held out his hand for his manuscript. "You've been very kind," he said. "I'll never forget this."

Mr. E. D. Ess closed the manuscript, and for the first time he glanced at the title page. What he (Continued on page 100)
Presenting - - -

George Fawcett, who has given innumerable worthy portraits to the cinema. His latest characterization of the old Major of the Napoleonic wars is one of the high spots of "Forever"
HAS it ever occurred to you to wonder who was the pioneer stage star to enter pictures?

Who was the first to be brave enough to leave the laurels of achieved success behind the burning footlights and Columbus his way into the silent paths of the newly blossomed art?

Hobart Bosworth was the man, and even now he bears, off-stage, the air of a prophet rather than that of a fist-fighting cinema actor. From the beginning, he prophesied the possibilities of pictures and even now he could prescribe the proper tonic for the financial sickness which has beset the business. Prophets, however, are seldom heeded in their own land until it is too late.

High up among the purple foothills of the Rocky Mountains, Hobart Bosworth has gathered about him his lares and penates . . . all the beloved household treasures that he has garnered thru his adventurous fifty-four years. His walls are lined with books whose covers are worn from many readings. There are relics from sea voyages and trips to the snow country, to Yosemite, Yellowstone and the Grand Canyon. Every nook and cranny reveals the personality of the man: beautiful paintings of nature in her many varied moods, bearing the signature of Hobart Bosworth in the-lower right hand corner; photographs of him in Shakespearian garb and in Roman togas; easels with unfinished paintings on them and surrounded by the other impedimenta of an artist.

And all this in a hotel!

When I stepped across the threshold of his living-room on the second floor of the fashionable Beverly Hills Hotel, I left behind me dull realities and entered a fairyland of imagination.

Mr. Bosworth said:

(Continued on page 88)
Meet Mrs. Ray

Those who know Charles Ray as the rural youth on the screen might have expected Mrs. Ray to be a freckle-nosed lass in a gingham frock and sunbonnet—with a milk pail on her arm. However, these photographs of the mistress of the charming Beverly Hills home of the Rays show her to be orchidaceous, if anything—and quite charming enough for even her popular husband.
Sharing With the Lions

It occurred to me, on my way to interview Claude Gillingwater, that I could think of no other of whom the critics had said, "He shared honors with Miss Pickford," that is a thing not ordinarily done. Good actors have appeared often enough in the Pickford vehicles, but I recall none who have been able to overcome the dominance of little Mary's personality, who have lingered long in the after-thoughts of the picture, even long enough to appear in the next morn-

which he had gained from numerous readings of the book. But it was a difficult burden and, considering what is staked upon an actor's first picture, an audacious one. He could never for a second forget that nose, lest a quick movement throw it into a betraying angle of light. It limited the motion of his head, constricted the muscles of his face. How he made the tears come in spite of it all is a question worth pondering.

When Mary Pickford first saw Gillingwater, he was playing in "Three Wise Fools," an extremely successful play, so successful, in fact, that it seemed impossible to secure the freedom of any principal in the cast. Gillingwater was a pivot man, himself largely responsible for the survival and final splendid run of the play in the face of loud condemnation by the critics. When Mary's
lawyers approached the producer in regard to Gillingwater's release, they were laughed at. The story of how she at last did get him is only another item on the lengthy proof list of gentle Mary's business acumen. She has that indefinable, invaluable knack of knowing what she wants when she wants it—and, most important of all, how to get it.

"For myself," said Gillingwater, "I was ready to try it. The success of the change from stage to screen depended so much, I knew, upon the producer and the director under whom the actor made his first picture. I believed, and still believe, that there is no finer producer in the business than Mary Pickford. Her understanding of pictures, of acting, lighting, direction, photography, the question of finance, amounts almost to the uncanny. I felt that I couldn't go wrong in making my debut with her."

The impression that one gets of Gillingwater is of great lounging height and iron grey hair. The thought came to me, remarking his heavy eyebrows, the suggestion of deep lines from nostril to mouth, that he would make an admirable Lincoln.

Learning his experience, one loses much of his wonder at the man's surety and quick understanding of screen values. At seventeen—he would seem now to be between fifty and sixty—he ran away from an importunate uncle and managed to get in with a small barnstorming company. He wasn't stage struck, he said. "I just drifted into it." was the way he put it.

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Charms--and the Woman

THE thought came to me that I might have expected such a place. I might have realized that Pauline Frederick would never lose herself in an inappropriate setting. It would have been inartistic. Pauline Frederick is ever the artist.

There was beauty and brilliance. Two cockatoos, one in a dazzling raiment of red and blue, the other in pure white, shrilled and balanced on two high perches set just outside the tall French windows of the sun-room. Lawns fell away greenly to the highway. Behind the large stuccoed house, with its roof of red tiles, a Jap was throwing a glistening spray of water over a terraced garden. Tall strange flowers blossomed there. Other Jap servants scurried in and out of the big house. A glittering car slithered smoothly along the road that led to the garage and stables. There was the low hum of insects over everything. An occasional dragon-fly, orange and black, hung motionless on visible wings, then darted away. The place was smothered in opulence, in restrained exoticism. The beauty of it lay not so much in an actual flare of colors and richness as in the suggestion of them. There was that rare repression which, skilfully used, enhances rather than detracts. One finds that in Pauline Frederick herself. Her power, the depths of her, are realized by suggestion rather than by bald revelation.

She came out presently, thru the French window, and stood there, between the two cockatoos, waiting. We walked toward her over the velvet lawn. She gave me her hand; smiled from beneath the broad brim of her hat. She was dressed simply, in a frock of some light substance, perhaps of organdy, tinted yellow and touched with green. We went into the sunroom, a place of cretonnes, and wicker chairs, and coolness. A finch, free of any cage, darted, singing, from place to place. We found seats.

It has been often said that a great actress always acts. J. C. Wright, an audacious young artist who has turned a keen mind upon the designing of motion picture settings, once remarked to me that the only time a great actress could ever strip herself completely of artifice and become just a woman would be at the moment

Photograph by Campbell Studios

It is difficult to realize the problem Pauline Frederick presents to the producer. She is too big for the average story. Therefore, her vehicles must be chosen with consideration and regard.
By

LESLIE BRYERS

when she might find herself, alone, in a mirrorless room. It was an interesting thought.

It is setting Pauline Frederick in no way apart, therefore, and it is in no way impugning her sincerity, to suggest that, in the majority of her waking hours, she remains the actress. With every woman, to a less degree perhaps, it is so. Acting, simulation, when one stops to consider it, is a fundamental of our whole social structure. I am not the first one to shudder at the possibility of the world suddenly stripping off its veneer and giving vent to its natural impulses. It would mean a mad saturnalia, with our most touted reformers leading the rout. And yet, because she can control her emotions, can summon or dismiss them almost at will, Pauline Frederick may venture closer to them than the average woman, and so closer to sincerity. The average woman acts, but she acts instinctively, clumsily. Pauline Frederick, recognizing the primal emotions, frankly preferring them, nevertheless acknowledges the exigencies of society and meets them, consciously, with a graceful mask.

"And I detest society pictures," she said. "In them the emotions are lost beneath affectation and hypocrisy. People are never themselves. I like to get down to elemental things. After the big scenes in 'Madame X' I left the studio racked with sobs, shaking like a leaf. I would get on my pony and ride furiously, it seemed for miles and miles, until finally physical exhaustion equalled and quelled that of my mind. I think if I had not had those rides I should have gone mad."

She is not entirely reconciled to her absence from the stage. I recalled "Innocent," a play in which I had seen her several seasons before in New York. Because of that play and its resplendent gowns, because of one gown in particular which revealed the full splendor of her arms, I had always thought of her as The Lady With The Beautiful Arms.

"It was a splendid play," she said. "All those gowns were made for me in Paris. Yes, I would love to go back—if I could take with me my California, my horses, my shooting, and my outdoors. But I have just been to New York. Two weeks was enough. I could not stand it longer. It was so close, so confined.

California seems to have effected a complete metamorphosis in Pauline Frederick. From the woman of gorgeous, triumphant New York nights, of soft white beauty, of tinselled fame, attended upon by eager, correctly dressed, correctly mannered admirers, she has become the woman of the outdoors, still triumphant, still beautiful, but garbed now, almost inevitably, in riding habit and boots, the head of the "Polly Frederick Outfit," a cavalcade of faithful cowmen who come with their ponies to

(Continued on page 95)
Glenn Hunter came from the country, seeking a theatrical career. He has done many things behind the footlights, playing in Booth Tarkington’s “Clarence,” while this season finds him cast opposite Billie Burke in another Tarkington play, “Intimate Strangers.” However, recently he has come to the screen. Upon his characterization in “Smilin’ Thru,” Norma Talmadge has bestowed great praise. And the following poems suggest that Glenn Hunter may some day be known for his poetry as well as his portrayals.

Plough-Boy

Brown-eyed, bare-legged plough-boy
Whistling in your furrow.
I wish I were like you—so happy—so free!
I left your fields
With all the growing things,
And the rich loam, under the blue sky.

Fear

All morning I have tried to write
A little song for you.
But the rain stretches long black fingers
On my window pane.
My pen lies idle—
Long black fingers clutch at my heart.

Sad my heart like unto the barren trees about me
Whispering their sorrow.

Sainte Anne

Moonlight on the gabled roofs of Sainte Anne—
Soft voices of old France, down by the water’s edge—
Dawn thru my tiny window, touching the crucifix over my couch
With rose-lights.

To You—

Once I saw you smile—it was the
Sun on my morning-window,
Once I heard you laugh—it was the brook
Flowing past my garden.
Once I heard your step—autumn leaves
Tripped up the flowered path;
Now I hear you sigh—night wind
In the cherry blossoms.

(Continued on page 90)
my repugnance in asking for a job. I cant bear to go and ask if they want me—yet I am a very good business woman. I know it sounds ridiculous for an actress to feel that way, but I sit at home and wait until the picture companies send me. As soon as I know they want me, I'm all pep and energy, ready to work night and day if necessary.

"How did you happen to go into pictures in the first place?" I prompted.

"Well, I was living at a girls' club in New York and, directly after my one and only attempt to get on the stage, I happened to meet D. W. Griffith. I was sixteen years old and very plump, as some girls are at that age before they have sort of lengthened out. I was so innocent that I was almost stupid. I shall never forget Mr. Griffith's looking at me. Then he said: 'Why, you are quite a voluptuous beauty, aren't you?' I remember flushing up and stammering some such idiotic remark as 'So they tell me.' I had no idea what the word he was calling me meant and Mr. Griffith realized that and to this day kids me about it.

"Finally, he asked me if I wouldn't like to go into pictures with him. I told him all my training and ambitions had been directed toward the stage. But he said I would never be sorry. The matron at our club urged me to accept his offer because I wouldn't have to leave the girls or the club to go on any one-night stands and trips as I would if I went on the stage. So I... that's how I got into pictures."

She laughed at my serious concentration on what she was saying and further bewitched me with a glimpse of a dimple and the dazzling white of her teeth. Someday I'm going to make a movie star confess to me how she retains the smoothness of her complexion and the pure whiteness of her teeth and then—watch out for a wholly beautiful world.

"You liked Mr. Griffith?"

"Intensely. He is wonderful. I enjoyed every moment I worked with him. I don't know why, but I was never afraid of him as so many of the girls seemed to be—but I don't seem to be able to be afraid of anyone."

Which recalled a certain incident to my mind. A famous director who revels in boudoir and bathroom sets sent for Miss Theby one day. He leaned back in his great chair impressively, perhaps expecting Miss Theby to be a trifle er-a overcome at the honor he was doing her.

"They tell me you can act," he said.

"Yes?" answered Rosemary.

"You understand that if you come to me you'll have to act. Of course you have seen my pictures?"

"No," said Miss Theby, "have you seen mine?"

I like her quick intelligence, her fearlessness, her lack of pretense, and her pep. She lives in a small bungalow (Continued on page 88)
LATEST inside dope says that Bill Hart is going to marry Winifred Westover, and not Jane Novak (exclusive and copyrighted).

There are signs of the film industry coming out of its infancy. Only nine stories were purchased from the Saturday Evening Post last month for screening.

Another of our predictions has come true. In “Enchantment,” Marion Davies at last has a good picture, and even the critics admit that Marion is not so bad, after all.

Schildkraut, young foreign film invader, should make a big hit with the fans in the Griffith production, “The Two Orphans.”

Those who read “The Sheik” were disappointed in the film version. Those who wouldn’t read it, got what they expected. The scenery was good.

Mae Murray does a dance in her new picture, “Peacock Alley,” that surpasses anything of the kind ever seen before on stage or screen. Don’t miss it.

Eugene O’Brien surprises the fans by becoming a regular Doug Fairbanks in “Chivalrous Charlie,” licking no less than twenty men.

With all the investigations we have had in the last few years, it has remained for the movies to get “The Man Higher Up.”

It is reported that Schnitzler, author of “The Affairs of Anatol,” which was picturized by Cecil B. de Mille, is coming to this country. If Schnitzler has seen the De Mille version of his play, we advise his being carefully searched for dangerous weapons before he is allowed to enter the country.

Now, that the navies and armies of the world are going to be done away with, what will become of the news weeklies?

While Elaine Hammerstein has been giving her time to making “Yesterday’s Wife,” a lot of other girls are worrying about “tomorrow’s husband.”

Many are the heroines who have been shipwrecked upon a desert isle, but none without sufficient rouge to keep her lips in shape for the close-up.

Who’s to Blame?

The public blames poor pictures on the producer; the producer blames them on the exhibitor; the exhibitor blames it on the public. Read the following reports on productions, made to the Moving Picture World by exhibitors:

“The Road to London.” Not much of a picture, but (Continued on page 90)
He Maintains Illusion!

By GLADYS HALL

HUNTLEY Gordon does not like reality—that is, on the screen or stage. He says reality may have its place, but that place is not in the drama, either silent or otherwise.

We were talking, with every semblance of profundity and knowing what we were talking about, concerning "The Trouble with the Screen Today." I was narrating an experience I had had not long ago in having quite a learned gentleman, with scientific complexes, tell me, plaintively, that he had recently seen a picture wherein the leading lady, having fallen into a lake, was, in the next scene, discovered upon the deck of a boat, quite dry. His intelligence, he complained to me acrimoniously, was constantly being insulted in such ways.

"What do you think is the trouble?" he asked me.

I indignantly told him that I had never been eye-witness to such a dry-dock exhibition and so was not in a position to state. There is honor among thieves!

Relevant to all this, I asked Mr. Gordon what he thought, and that is how we happened to get on to the topic of reality.

"Too much has been told," he said, "about the screen. About the way this is done and that is done. Every trick perpetrated is immediately and minutely explained. In the passion for truth-telling, for exposure or disclosure, or whatever it may be called, illusion has been destroyed. And it is illusion the people want when they go to the theater, be the form of expression what it may. They don't want to go and 'see the wheels go round.' They don't want to know all the tricks to the trade. They don't want such beauty and mysticism as the illusion gives them to be dissected and autopsied for them. The truth has hurt the screen. The subtly fine fabric of the dream has been injured.

"The stage, in the old days, had a far greater glamor than it has today. It was a realm of mystery, peopled with mysterious phantoms, half real, half imagery. They were gorgeous mummers and they created gorgeous atmosphere. "The screen had the same opportunity, a subtle, remote opportunity. It has foregone it. Or it has been foregone for it. Take the ice scene in the recent great screen drama, for instance. It was smashing and tremendous and gave a huge thrill. Immediately, the papers and magazines set about carefully retailing how it was done. Everyone knew it must have been 'done' in some way, but why rob the thrill of its pulse? No, I don't believe in this super-reality."

"What do you think, then," I pursued, "about telling the whole truth about the players?"

Huntley Gordon is a regular fellow. He laughed and 

(Continued on page 84)
Letters of a Youthful Critic
By DOROTHY WHITEHILL

Editor's Note: Dorothy Whitehill, the popular author of scores of juvenile books, has undertaken to do a series of reviews for our younger readers. Every child who has read Miss Whitehill's stories will want to know what her Judy in these letters thinks of the new pictures. And the charm with which these letters are written will prove interesting to the grown-ups as well.

DEAR PUNCH: Do you remember, when we both had the measles, the day it rained and the fire in the old fireplace wouldn't burn? And I curled up in the window-seat and didn't care because I had such a perfectly splendid book to read?
I read you parts of it and you said it was all right for a kid's book but not for you.
Well, it just wasn't only a kid's book, so there!
It was my favorite book in all the world, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and last night I saw it at the movies and Mary Pickford was in it!
Just imagine, Punch, my favorite book and my very favoritest actress both at once.
Oh it was just heavenly and Mary Pickford played Dearest and Cedric too. At first it bothered me to understand how she could ever hug her own self but after awhile I just forgot and loved it all.
It started with such funny old scenes in New York. Such queer clothes, Punch, and, oh, such ridiculous bicycles. Cedric came riding down the street on one and had the most awful spill.
There was Mr. Hobbs in his grocery store too, looking exactly like the pictures of him in my book. And best of all, Cedric sat on the cracker box when he told Mr. Hobbs that he was an earl.
Then the lawyer gave him money to buy all his friends presents and after that they sailed away to England.
When they got there, Dearest, beautiful Dearest, went to live in the little house alone and she was so sad but I knew it was all going to turn out right.
The old lord liked Cedric right away and gave him a splendid pony and, oh dear, the very first time he rode it, he was thrown right off and I screamed because I forgot it was Cedric and just remembered it was my very own Mary Pickford and I thought she was hurt.
Uncle Roddy said, "Oh well done" under his breath, the way he does, but he told me not to be silly when I screamed. Of course I didn't really scream, just breathed very loud.
There's an awfully funny part where Cedric ties a string to his tooth and ties the other end to the door-knob and waits and the door opens the wrong way.
The part where the old lord begins to love him is too heavenly for words and then that horrible woman comes with her ugly child and the old lord, who was a wonderful old dear, is heartbroken and says goodbye to Cedric and of course I cried and Uncle Roddy wiped his glasses several times.
But of course Dick and Mr. Hobbs and the funny old apple woman came and fixed everything, and in the end Cedric gives a party and has his curls all cut off and best of all Dearest comes to live with them.
I wish I could tell you how simply lovely Dearest was but when I try to tell Uncle Roddy, he says, "Child, you're ranting," and I suppose you would too, but, oh Punch, please go and see it, for I loved it and I'd like to see it over again about eighty times.

Your affectionate sister,

JUDY.

Dear Punch: Last night as a special treat, Uncle Roddy took me to see "Peter Ibbetson" and it was just wonderful.
(Continued on page 101)
By
HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

member then her keen ambition to do things. Today she has accomplished a great many of those things. She has contributed several of the best interpretations of the screen year. Her performances in "The Prince Chap," "Midsummer Madness," and "Easy Street" were particularly excellent. My Editor considers Lila's work the most successful part of every picture she has appeared in. I told Lila this and she exclaimed:

"Really, are you sure she meant me?"

Not many would take a compliment in that unspoiled way.

Probably you know all about the little Lee's career, so there is no need of refurbishing the history of her discovery by Gus Edwards and her success, won when a mere child, on the vaudeville stage as "Cuddles"—nor of how she became a Lasky star and outgrew her role—nor of her registering one of the brightest hits of the screen as "Tweedle in "Male and Female." Today—and, after all, today is all that really counts—Lila Lee is one of the most genuine leading women on our screen. The years have brought development to her beauty and to her screen work alike.

Today—and after all, today is all that really counts—she is one of the most genuine leading women on our screen. A sweet sincerity crowns her beauty like a pearl of great worth. Always lovely to look upon, it seems to me that she has developed beauty of face—a dusky beauty which is deeper than the sparkle of Bebe Daniels' and warmer than that of Gloria Swanson's. The years that have brought development to her beauty and to her screen work have also changed her outlook on life. At present she has no desire to return to the stage and, so quickly is our childhood forgotten, she is perfectly sure she would die from stage fright before the footlights. Neither does she contemplate matrimony.

"Marriage," Lila told me, "does not seem to go very well with a career, and just at present I am wholly interested in my work. Then, too, mother would have a fit if I even thought of such a thing. My sister has just married and moved to Chicago, and mother is so lonesome. If I should leave her, I dont know what she'd do."

Loyal Lila—true to her family, her friends, her work and her ideals. She is one of the few girls I have ever met who can keep all of the commandments without seeming a prude, for she is very, very human. In spite of her serious attention to her work, she loves to play as well. Dancing is one of her pet pastimes, as is picnicking and swimming. She has vivid likes and is as thrilled at meeting some colorful person like Rudolph Valentino as tho she hadn't been meeting them all her life.
Exercise for the Stout Figure

By CORLISS PALMER

Talk I shall deal entirely with those forms that by exerting the muscles and breaking up the cells of fat, give the result of reducing both bulk and weight.

Of these, walking is first in importance. Every step brings into play muscles of the legs and, if rightly done, muscles of the thighs and hips, even reaching those of the waist and shoulders. Naturally, there is a right way and a wrong way to walking, just as there is to everything else. The first thing is to get started right, then keep the right position through your walk.

To get started right, stand erect, square your shoulders, hold your head up, chin in, have your feet together, toes slightly out. Now throw the body forward. You will notice that the shoulders naturally rise a little and the head takes a more aggressive attitude. This is the first position in walking; it is also the first position in falling, for walking is, in reality, a series of unexecuted falls, each fall checked by throwing the foot forward. Now keep this aggressive attitude and walk as tho you had a purpose in life and every moment of life was worth something! It is, you know.

A brisk walk is better than a slow one. However, do not walk too swiftly if unaccustomed to this exertion, and do not walk far at first. Each day you may increase your pace and add a dozen blocks to the length of your walk.

Remember that you must not overdo the walking at first in your zeal to get results. Too long and too brisk a walk the first day will have the doubly harmful effect of overtaxing the muscles, causing a resultant soreness for several days, and also of discouraging a beginner from the continuance of this very beneficial exercise.

(Continued on page 108)
THE rain in Selena, New York, is damper than it is anywhere else in the world.

There may be people who will dispute this statement, but it is quite certain that they have never been in Selena when it is raining. Ordinary rain may wet the outside of buildings, and leave puddles in the hollows of the pavements, but it does not wet the interior of a hotel room, and make the sheets on the lumpy mattress damp, and get into the rice pudding in the dining-room, and make one's very thoughts sodden and sloppy like Selena rain.

Polly Martin sat on the iron edge of the bed in the tiny room which she shared with Gloria Devere, the blonde leading-lady, and Pitti Sing, Gloria's dog, and stared out thru the greyish cotton lace curtains at the lights of Selena's Main Street, blurred with the torrents that splashed the pane.

It had rained steadily since the "Driven From Home" Company arrived five days before, adding another to the usual calamities attendant upon touring the cornfield circuit. The Opera House had a tin roof, so that the players had to shriek and roar the most intimate confidences to be heard at all, the male juvenile suffered from rheumatism, and muttered things that were not in the part when he strained Polly in an ardent and lineament-flavored embrace, and the rest of the cast as well as the audience sneezed and coughed competitively while Gloria asked the handsome hero, tenderly but croupily, "Darling, tell me truly, do you love me for eternity?"

A few drops of the prevailing dampness dripped from Polly's extravagant eyelashes as she reviewed the situation. Five years ago, having won all the honors possible in college, she had completed her course in a blaze of histronic glory by acting Lady Macbeth in the senior play. Her classmates had declared enthusiastically that she was better than Marlowe, and the names of Siddons, Bernhardt and Duse were mentioned slightly. She had started for Broadway, via the stock company route, carrying with her in her trunk tray a silver-framed photograph of a young man with soulful eyes and Greek-god features which she had allowed her college mates to suppose had romantic associations.

As a matter of brutal fact, Polly had purchased the picture with the frame in a department store. Almost the only advantage she had derived from her theatrical novitiate was to learn the name of her handsome Incognito —Ferdinand Aloysius MacGillicuddy, Broadway's favorite, now starring in "The Splendid Sin."

Polly looked at the beautiful, romantic eyes, the straight nose and smiling lips in the silver frame, and the drops fell faster upon the head of Pitti Sing, "at this rate I'll be a great grandmother before I get to Broadway!" she rebelled.

The rain continued to swish against the windows. On the wall a lady in a white nightgown clung to a pink-colored cross in the middle of tempestuous sea, adding to the general effect of dampness. In the immediate past lurked the drab memory of a supper served in little china bath-tubs upon a dingy tablecloth, in the immediate future...
Polly continued to gaze dreamily at a smearsy forest back-drop. "He once played here," she murmured. "He walked these very boards." She gazed at them reverently.

"For the love of mud!" Gloria exclaimed, entering at this juncture. "What are you pulling the Lillian Gish for? Say, gimme the blacking, I got to darn a hole in my stocking. Isn't this a hell of a town, tho?" She spoke without resentment, as one merely stating a fact.

"You shouldn't speak ill of the dead," Polly reproved her with a listless attempt at sprightliness, dragging on her rubbers.

The rest of the company, gathered in the Opera House, greeted them gloomily. "To think," lamented Madge Bellew, the elderly lady who played white-haired mothers that sit with Bibles in their hands waiting for their bl-o-ys to come home, "to think I turned down Belasco for this!"

"Belasco!" snarled the adventuress, lifting one eyebrow—she held the other in her hand—"you mean Barnum and Bailey!"

"The audience has come—I saw him checking his galoshes in the lobby," reported the comedian. "If Bolton's taken in twenty bucks this week I'm a millionaire! I see where Mine Host attaches my other rubber collar and my solid glass stick-pin with genuine brass mountings—"

Polly, inured to such prophecies, added to her pretty countenance the rosy glow of health which distinguishes the country maid in historic art and opened the drawer of the ancient dressing-table in search of a lining pencil. A heap of dusty playbills met her gaze. From the topmost one a familiar face looked forth with sad, beautiful tragic eyes, the face of Ferdinand Mac-Gilliendy, beneath the legend, "Selena Opera House, one week only." The date belonged to the pompadour period, when people still had a constitutional right to get drunk, and bathing suits were made with ankle-length skirts and leg of mutton sleeves.

"Him!" sniffed Madge Bellew, catching sight of the picture in Polly's hand. "Say, that ham would still be selling hair-restorer and Injun blacking." Polly continued to gaze dreamily at a smearsy forest back-drop. "He once played here!" she murmured. "He walked these very boards!" she gazed at them reverently.

"Your playing is rotten, old boy," the villain conceded, "but I wouldn't say it was a hanging matter—"

A bell tinkled. "First Act—places, please!" The manager, Fred Bolton, thrust his head in at the door, "Bunny take the prompt book. I've got—h—in—send a telegram—"

The juvenile lingered behind the others, exchanging a meaning wink with Madge. "A telegram, did you get that? And he's been so damn polite all day—there's something rotten in the state of Denmark, mark my words!"

"Well, who'd stick around this burg if he had money enough to buy a one-way ticket to somewhere else?" asked Madge reasonably. "G'wan, there's your cue—hold, Claude Melnotte! This pure innocent gal shall never
be your bride!"

The play proceeded. The hero coughed and cursed, the villain sneered and sneezed, the audience shivered in soggy air, redolent of rain-coats, leaking gas, umbrellas and dusty upholstery. Polly, tripping gaily off at the end of the third act, found herself in the arms of a stoutish, baldish person who stood doggedly in the wings. Blushing, he released her hastily.

"I beg your pardon, Miss," he said, "this here isn't a pleasure trip to me, I come on business, but I guess I come an hour too late. Mr. Bolton is gone."

"Gone?" echoed the cast of the "Driven From Home" Company in several different keys, but each unlocking his heart. "Skipped out. Left us to walk the weary?"

The Sheriff of Selena nodded gloomily. "I'm sorry for you, folks, but this town ain't no parking place for busted troopers. Josh Hedges over to the Palace Hotel says he's a Christian man, and besides the sheets will he've to be changed anyhow, so he's willing the winnies should sleep there tonight, but the rest of you'll hev to festoon yourselves over the chairs in the lobby, and if I ketch any of you hanging 'round town at noon tomorrow, well, we got a nice roony jail!"

In the room with the pink nightgowned lady clutching the cross, Gloria sank dejectedly into a chair. "So this is fame!" she said bitterly. "And there was a 'Welcome' sign stuck up at the city limits, too! I've a good mind to leave the show business forever!"

"It looks more as tho the show business had left you," Polly rejoined as dryly as possible, considering the pervading moisture. "I've always said I wouldn't commercialize my art by going into the movies, but if Dave Griffith should force his way in here now and offer to star me, I might allow myself to be reluctantly persuaded. I always thought I might have talent for a bathing girl picture."

"You have," said Gloria, regarding her critically, "two of em! But the way it looks like tonight, you'll have to use your legs for walking for one while."

However, with daybreak came a glimmer of hope. Bunny appeared with the news that the captain of a freight boat had offered to carry the stranded company to New York if the gentlemen wearers of the buskin would lend a hand with the coal, while the feminine Thespians wielded potato knives and rolling pins in the kitchen.

"Any kind of a role looks good when you're hungry!"

punned Bunny. "To my mind, the most beautiful line in any play is the one I have so often uttered, 'Dinner is served.'"

The younger generation of Selena saw them off, uttering the innocent cries of childhood which have paid so many poet's laundry bills.

"Hams!" the little darlings yowled. "Hams! Yah! Ha-a-aams!"

"Hams-and-eggs!" suggested one of the most brilliant intellects, inspired. His fellows took up the cry. From somewhere appeared a basket of eggs of uncertain age—articles which a hen would have felt to be little cause for pride. The harassed actors, looking back from the deck of the freighter at the roofs of the town still obscured with a grey veil of rain, and at the small demons dancing upon the shore, felt that it was positively their last appearance in Selena.

The Hudson abounds in some of the most expensive scenery in the world, but they saw very little of it, being otherwise occupied.

"I can manage most mashers," remarked Mazie Montanye, the adventuress, "but this potato kind gets me! I never was suited to domestic parts, anyhow."

"I've kep' house," Madge Bellew averred, "but I did most of the cooking with a can-opener. Girl's, how in hell are you going to tell which side an egg had ought to be fried on?"

Polly Martin stepped off the freighter two days later, with four burns on her hands, the silver-framed picture of Ferdinand Aloysius MacGillivray in her pocket, and a heart filled with exultation. At last, at last—New York!
Polly felt a sudden pity for the resentful bewilderment in the old eyes. She sank down beside him. "I know a dandy game of solitaire," she suggested — "making kings meet! You lay out the cards in threes —"

Broadway. She was breathing the same air as he. Ecstatic fancy leaped ahead. Who knows, she might even meet him! She would get a part, become famous, and one day as she sat in her dressing-room there would come a knock on the door and he would stand before her, and he would say—

"If you haven't got any other place to park your toothbrush, you'd better come along with me," declared Gloria, interrupting her dreams. "Mother Cudahay has got the hardest tongue and the softest heart of any landlady in the theatrical district. She used to be in the three a day, and say — she knows all the different kinds of hard luck by their first name!"

For four days Polly tramped Broadway without any appreciable result, except to wear out the soles of her shoes and acquire an extensive acquaintance with the genus office-boy. People looked by her, beyond her, thru her, but no one looked at her. She began to feel as tho she were invisible.

Once she saw him. He came out of a manager's office — he was even handsomer than his pictures. "I tell you —" he was saying crossly, "Burke's

Said Mc Hawker, talking of the theft: "I might of known that a gal that couldn't talk anything but that outlandish furrin' language wasn't to be trusted. Still, I'm tender-hearted. Markis, I wouldn't of believed she was a thief if you hadn't seen her take my necklace with your own eyes"
too old! I don't want any forty-year-old ingénue tittering opposite me in 'The Day Dream.' I want a girl who still believes in fairies and love and moonlight—if there is such a girl extant, I'll find her—"

And then, before Polly could decide whether to faint away across his path or drop her silver-framed picture carelessly in front of him, he was gone! And the office-boy was droning, "No casting 'tday, ladies!"

It wasn't until the fifth day that Polly was really frightened. Then, walking up Sixth Avenue with the elevated roaring overhead, all of a sudden she felt very, very small and alone, and the tall buildings seemed to tower threateningly over her, to waver as tho they were going to fall and crush her. Try going without breakfast and luncheon, and see for yourself! She took hold of a nearby door-post to steady herself, and without knowing what she was doing found herself reading a scrawled card, fastened to the post under her hand. "Wanted, a French Maid for suburban estate. Apply within."

"I think I could take the part," Polly murmured aloud, as she stumbled up the steep dirty stairs to the Employment Agency. The man at the desk was talking with someone when she entered. The applicant's back, turned toward her, had a familiar look. It had once been a jaunty belted green back—

"A rich Western family," the agency man was saying, "bought some of the oil stock they print in gilt and tie up with pretty red ribbon to sell Kansas farmers, and, by George, they struck oil! They've come East to get into society, and they want a butler. Have you got any references? Never mind, I'll write you some. Ever butled before?"

"I've butled for the best of 'em!" the applicant assured him. "Belasco, Frohman, the Shuberts—"

It was Bunny! In another moment Polly stood beside him. "Ze position for ze maid, een is not fill? I am French—ee, wee, Mon-seer!"

To Polly, in her new role of French maid, Mrs. Ezra Hawker, late of Cyclone Center, Kansas, and more familiarly known as Ma, unburdened herself speedily. "I suppose it ain't exactly swell to talk (Continued on page 101)
ONE importation follows another. Germany was the first Continental power to send her films to our screen, but the other countries soon followed in her wake, with the result that it is indeed an unusual month which does not witness the première of at least one importation.

The latest imported film of interest is "Hamlet," with Asta Nielsen, the famous Danish tragedienne, portraying the title rôle. It is true that Bernhardt and other actresses have played "Hamlet," but they have played him as he has always been accepted—as a man. Miss Nielsen's portrayal is unusual, for she plays "Hamlet" as a woman masquerading as a man. This departure is not without basis. Dr. Edward Vining, the American Shakespearian scholar, in his work, "The Mystery of Hamlet," contends that Hamlet assumed the guise of a prince for reasons of state.

Whether this contention is or is not correct is secondary. At any rate, it is interesting. And the production, exploiting Dr. Vining's theory, too, is interesting—even more interesting in retrospect.

To relate the story would be superfluous, for it remains strangely faithful to Shakespeare's work with the exception of the birth of "Hamlet" and the inconsistencies later springing from this departure. However, they are minor.

The old castles and the deep-dyed intrigues of the court are both there. The producers claim that they have gone to Shakespeare's locale, using the original Castle of Elsinore for many of their scenes. Certainly the backgrounds are similar to those Shakespeare described and always possessive of an atmosphere.

European producers deal with facts definitely. Unpleasant phases are presented, interspersing the drama at logical intervals. There is a lack of sugar-coating which tends to make the productions stimulating and gives them a peculiar verve.

But to go back to "Hamlet" in particular, the photography is frightful and often irritating. Undoubtedly, the
foreign films have not mastered the art of photography.

Asta Nielsen and her characterization has been mentioned last, because it is the high spot of this importation—the thing to be remembered above all else. She is the cynosure of interest in every scene in which she appears, and we believe the production would seem infinitely less logical and far less attractive without her. She is far more interesting a figure than most of those which the screen has shadowed, and, altho her portrayal of "Hamlet" was in defiance of tradition and convention, she played to a receptive audience. She is the pivot about which the drama revolves.

The American screen may well welcome her shadow portraits.

The Sin Flood
—Goldwyn

"The Sin Flood" is one of the few pictures we have seen lately which has a definite reason for existing. For a foundation it has an excellent story which was written by Henning Bergers, and called "Syndaloden," the literal translation of which is "The Sin Flood." Arthur Hopkins produced it on the New York stage, and called it "The Deluge," but that, too, was sometime ago, and why it has not come to the screen long before this it is difficult to say.

The story is laid in that part of a Southern city which is below water level. And there is but one water-proof shelter, which is a café frequented particularly by the brokers from the cotton exchange opposite. As the title indicates, the flood comes. A motley group are imprisoned in the few water-proof rooms, and when death threatens they lay aside their personal grievances and petty ambitions to accept the doctrine of brotherhood. The gradual breaking down of life-long standards and defenses is exceedingly well done. It is real.

This is simply a bare outline, really the idea which is used as a background for the other plots that together make for a production of great strength and appeal.

The ending of the story is sophisticated, and might (Continued on page 112)
On the Camera Coast

At the right Lois Wilson or Miss Lulu Bett, as you will, is snapped on the Hollywood tennis courts; below, Helene Chadwick adopts the studio per, and at the bottom of the page, Mrs. Joy, with her daughter, Learrice

There were more world potentates at the opening of Marcus Loew's theater in Los Angeles than there were at the disarmament conference in Washington. Some people may have heard of Marshal Foch, but they wouldn't break their necks to see him the way they did to behold Gloria Swanson (in person).

The interior of the theater is by far the most beautiful piece of architecture in Los Angeles. It is of Spanish renaissance, the chief decorations being the ushers who wear mantillas and high combs. I thought them more beautiful than the movie stars, but of course everyone to his own taste.

Fred Niblo was master of ceremonies. He may not be so famous as Foch but I'll say he is just as brave. Just suppose, for instance, he had invited Buck Jones to make a bow and had forgotten Tom Mix! But he didn't, altho Buck was called onto the stage and proved the handsomest man present, according to the young thing just behind me, who proclaimed her willingness to die if she could only see Gloria Swanson and Rudolph Valentino. Unfortunately for those around her she didn't see them, Rudolph refusing to make personal appearances. Gloria, however, made a bow from her orchestra seat.

The spotlight also fell upon Constance Talmadge, who arose and smiled about a thousand dollars' worth. The Queen of Sheba, Betty Blythe, appeared fully gowned in answer to the call. Each player was greeted with salvos of applause, none getting more than the charming Betty Compson and Anita Stewart. Mr. Niblo declared that Miss Stewart was just as sweet as she looked, for he directs her and can speak from experience. If what he said is so, he ought not to be paid a cent. Anita was radiant. Other divinities who were glorified during the evening were: May Allison and husband, Robert Ellis, Viola Dana, Alice Lake, Bert Lytell, Tom Mix, Harold Lloyd, Rex Ingram and Mrs. Ingram, whom Fred Niblo called "sweet Alice Terry," Mrs. Niblo (Enid Bennett), Douglas McLean, Antonio Moreno, Louis Wilson, Dorothy Dalton, Carter de Haven, Wesley Barry, Jackie Coogan, Doris May, Lloyd Ingraham and May McAvoy.

Buster Keaton appeared on the stage in a screaming skit, "The Death Of Salome." M. Keaton's Salome surpassed in my opinion that of Mary Garden and Eva Tanguay's. Herod sat on the throne and read the Police Gazette during most of the dance.

Salome's costume was a simple thing, consisting of the conventional trousers, shirt and vest, with china cups as breastplates and an alarm clock hung pendent over the rear. A length of sausage served as a snake, the head of which Salome applied to one of her teacups —with apologies to Elinor Glyn—and thus passed away in a series of back flosps.

Jackie Coogan made a speech. Buck Jones whirled the rope while ladies
By
HERBERT HOWE

gasped. T. Roy Barnes delivered himself of a monolog. Walter Hiers served in lieu of Power's elephants to test the strength of the stage. Ora Carew recited a piece about a little newsboy, who being bare-legged earned a lot of admiration. Ruth Roland sang as only a serial star can sing. At St. John told some jokes, but rode a bicycle better. Larry Semon said a few words, and Bert Lytell introduced Marcus Loew, who said a few more.

The show was late in starting, each star trying to be the last to arrive in order that no one would miss her entrance. When I departed at one o'clock in the morning, the Young Thing was still crying for Rudolph Valentino, and numerous stars were still waiting to take their bows.

Born: Charles Jones

Speaking of Buck Jones, he isn't and never was. The gentleman who used to be called Buck Jones never knew who his parents were, what they looked like or where they were located when he arrived. In fact, all the data he possessed was certain circumstantial evidence that he was born. And he suffered some doubts on that score, it seems, so the other day he went and had himself christened "Charles Jones," thus becoming a regular, duly-registered mortal. The real reason that he is doffing "Buck" for "Charlie" is that he intends to doff the buckskin drama for the charlotte russe. In a word, he is to be a man who plays many parts instead of just a cowboy. I lament the passing of my favorite ranger, but welcome the entrance of a genuine actor. Good-bye, Buck; long live Chuck!

The Little Home in the West

No longer can there be any dispute as to whether Los Angeles or New York is the capital of the film world. The California citadel has scored a victory by winning the Talmadges, Norma and Constance, now working at the Brunton studio, which has been taken over by a syndicate headed by Norma's husband, Mr. Joseph Schenck. Charlie Chaplin, who vowed he was sick and tired of the sight of a camera, is bravely overcoming the illness. Mary and Doug swear they will be home soon to take up the cross once more. But New York still has Lilian Gish, D. W.

Photograph by Keystone Photo Service

At the left, Kathleen Norris and her husband Frank Norris, the noted novelists, arrive at the Goldwyn studio; below, Edna Purviance and a juvenile Charlie; while at the bottom of the page, F. Richard Jones and Mabel N o r m a n d borrow the camera platform while Mabel retouches her make-up between scenes.

Griffith and Richard Barthelmess. Quality, not quantity, is the New York slogan now.

MAY COLLINS VS. CLAIRE WINDSOR

Charlie Chaplin returned home, and clang—the battle was on. Claire Windsor met him at the station and got photographed and interviewed. May Collins did not meet him, but got photographed and interviewed just the same. When asked why she did not greet him at the station, Miss Collins said:

(Continued on page 99)
Greenroom Jottings

Elinor Glyn, who recently left our shores for a visit in England with her people, has returned to the land of the free—so to speak. She will resume activities at the Hollywood studios of the Famous Players-Lasky. Her next story will be "Beyond the Rocks," in which Gloria Swanson will appear.

It is a woman's prerogative to change her mind. Madame Nazimova has availed herself of this privilege. There isn't going to be any repertoire. Nazimova has grown so interested in making Ibsen's "A Doll's House" that she has not the heart to cut it down to what she feels would be half the size it deserves. Oscar Wilde's "Salome" will not be forgotten, however. That too will be filmed as a complete feature production.

James Rennie hearkened to the call of his art, recently, and left his charming wife, Dorothy Gish, in New York, while he journeyed to Culver City to appear in Goldwyn's "The Dust Flower." However, he expects to return as soon as his work is completed. In the meantime, Mrs. Rennie is living with her mother and sister Lilian while she completes her work in "The Two Orphans" and awaits her husband's return.

All is not fair in love. Constance Talmadge, who recently came into front page prominence thru her romantic elopement with John Polaiglou, a wealthy Greek tobacco merchant, once more has occupied front page display. This time it is because she is suing Mr. Polaiglou for a divorce. Constance insists there is no other man or anything like that. She says the fact is she must, of necessity, make pictures in California. And since California is impossible for Mr. Polaiglou, he demands that she give up her career. All of which Constance absolutely refuses to consider.

George Walsh recently put his name on the dotted line. It was a contract with Universal and specifies he will star in their productions.

There are vogues among the players of motion pictures. Just a short time ago, scores of shadow favorites were opening in dramas on the stage. Now the vogue is vaudeville. We think Will Rogers started it. At any rate, Louise Glau in and William Desmond have since made known their plan to devote some time to the varieties.

Anna Q. Nilsson has remained away from New York longer than she expected. While she was abroad she decided to accomplish something. So she joined the cast of "The Man From Home," and is in Italy working with George Fitzmaurice on this new production.

Eros—or Cupid—whoever is responsible for the affairs of the heart, devoted a goodly share of his talents and time to Alice Terry and Rex Ingram. Despite the fact that they had determined to wait until the completion of "The Prisoner of Zenda" before marrying, they recently met at the altar. The altar is merely a figure of speech, however. As a matter of fact, they were married in the Pasadena Tea Room where they first met. It was during a respite in the filming of the new Metro picture, and only a few friends were present.

The best plans often go astray.

Alice Calhoun recently packed scores of brand-new trunks, and with her mother entrained for California. Miss Calhoun will make at least one production at the Western Vitagraph studios—"Blue-bell." And it is possible that she will remain in the land of orange trees thru the winter.

Hugo Ballin and Mrs. Hugo Ballin—or Mabel Ballin, as you prefer it—have started work on their next picture. It is "Luxury Tax," and tells a tale of brilliant society and extravagant women.

Charlie Chaplin has announced that he is about to write a magazine story. It will deal with his trip abroad, and Pola Negri will undoubtedly be given representation.
Just wipe away the ugly dead cuticle


Ever use a manicure scissors on the cuticle. This is what causes hangnails, and that ragged, frowzy condition of the nail rims that makes any hand look ugly and unkept.

The thin fold of scarf-skin about the base of the nail is like the selvage edge of a piece of cloth. When it is cut or torn, the whole nail rim gradually ravel h out—just as cloth ravel when the selvage is cut.

You can take off the hard dry edges of any dry skin quickly, easily, harmlessly with Cutex Cuticle Remover. Work gently about the nail base with an orange stick dipped in the liquid, rinse, and when drying, push the cuticle gently downwards. The ugly, dead cuticle will simply wipe away.

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Greenroom Jottings

therein. Mr. Chaplin met her, and declares her to be "even more charming and vivacious than she is on the screen."

Norma Talmadge admits that she has been particularly ambitious of late. She has said that she would rather make a great picture than do anything else she could think of, and, so saying, she departed for California. Now comes word that her next picture will be Balzac's "The Duchess de Langeais." Perhaps Norma's wish will come true.

Most people say that Norma and Constance Talmadge went West to make pictures because conditions are better there during the winter months. That may be all right, but there is another reason—a far more important one! It was rumored that the stork would pay a visit to the Talmadge-Keaton domicile in the early spring. And as soon as the rumor reached New York, the family began to pack.

Rudolph Valentino has been raised to a star's estate by Famous Players-Lasky, so they say.

Ethel Clayton recently completed "For the Defense," and at the same time her contract with Paramount. However, several attractive offers have caused her to postpone her European trip, and it is unlikely that she will sign a contract and begin work on her first picture under her new contract in the very near future.

Marjorie Prevost, sister of Marie, has changed her last name to Maurice. Marjorie has screen ambitions, but she is determined to get there on her own merit. Therefore, the change of name.

Altho nothing definite is known as yet, it is not unlikely that Lilian Gish will soon appear in productions from her own studios. We can think of no one more worthy of stardom. For years Miss Gish has been one of the finest artists of the screen.

It is eight years now since Cecil B. de Mille has vaca-
tioned. However, he is making up for those eight fort-
nights at summer hotels and on boardwalks. He recently left for Africa, where he will hunt big game. It is hardly the thing you would expect from this producer of super-sophisticated and silken dramas—unless you chanced to know him personally. Life is always paradoxical.

There are any number of people who have missed Madge Evans' shadow on the screen of late. But be of good cheer. She is being starred in "The Banks of the Wabash," a story taken from the popular song. And when you see Madge again she will be a young lady. It is the first of a series of pictures in which she will appear. Madge will undoubtedly number among screenland's most popular flappers.

Everyone is always interested in knowing what Henry Walthall is doing, what he did last and what he will do next. Everyone is glad that he has given up road shows and will devote his time exclu-
sively to the screen for a time at least. After completing his work in the James Oliver Curwood story, "Flower of the North," he immediately began his portrayal in the John M. Stahl production, "The Clear Call."

Elisie Ferguson still divides her time between the stage and the screen. The winter season is certain to find her delighting her New York audiences in a new play. "Varying Shores," by Zoe Akins, is employing her talents this season with marked success.

Betty Blythe is the latest long-distance commuter. It was only a short time ago that she returned to California and her home nestled in the foothills. However, she is returning to New York to play the leading role in the next Rex Beach production. The film circles of Man-
hattan were glad to welcome her back again. Corinne Griffith in particular rejoiced over the return, for they are firm friends.

Bobby Vernon is a proud father. The new daughter's

(Continued on page 90)
Every normal skin needs two creams

One to protect it from wind and dust
Another to cleanse it thoroughly at night

Complexion flaws that require a daytime cream without oil

Chap, windburn, roughness. You can protect your skin from the devastating effects of the weather if before going out you apply Pond's Vanishing Cream regularly.

This cream is specially made without oil for daytime use, so that it can never reappear in a shine. It counteracts the drying effect of wind and cold, keeping the skin free from chap or roughness.

Shiny skin. Each time before you powder, apply a little Pond's Vanishing Cream, the disappearing cream without oil. This acts as a base for the powder, giving the skin a soft, velvety surface to which the powder adheres smoothly and evenly. You will be amazed to see how long you can go without having your nose or forehead become shiny.

Dull, tired skin. Whenever you feel the need of freshening your skin instantly, you will find that rubbing the face lightly with Pond's Vanishing Cream brings renewed vigor and fresh color. The tired, tense muscles respond at once to the relaxing effect of this soothing cream.

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Blackheads. Blackheads can only be reached by a cleansing so thorough that it gets way under the surface of the skin. At night wash your face with hot water and pure soap. Then rub Pond's Cold Cream well into the skin. This rich oil cream works its way into the pores, gathering up every particle of dirt. Do not omit this nightly cleansing. Though you may think your skin is clean, the dirt that comes off when you wipe off the cream will show you how necessary this more thorough cleansing is.

Wrinkles. Rub Pond's Cold Cream into the skin, paying particular attention to those places where wrinkles start first—around the eyes and mouth, under the chin, at the base of the nose. This delicate cream contains the oil needed to lubricate the skin and keep it elastic. It is when the skin loses its elasticity that wrinkles start to form. If you use Pond's Cold Cream regularly, rubbing the face gently but persistently, you will do much to prevent little lines from getting a chance at your skin.

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These two creams are so delicate that they will not clog the pores or irritate the most sensitive skin. Neither cream will encourage the growth of hair. At all drug and department stores in convenient sizes for both jars and tubes The Pond's Extract Co., New York.

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Happy New Year! Once more the clock of Father Time is pushed ahead. As I have eleven times written, may the year be a happy and most prosperous year you have ever had! Exit, 1921! Enter, 1922!

X. Y. Z.—Thanks. Wallace Reid can be addressed Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, Calif. That is her real name—Bebe Daniels. Alice Brady is playing on the stage in New York.

DELBRUNETTE.—Very beautiful. You say, love is the dawn of marriage, and marriage is the sunset of love. In some marriages, the sun never sets. Irene Castle is five feet seven inches. What are you? MAD CAP.—No, I am not gongey, as you think. La Rochefoucauld says, "As we grow old, we grow more foolish and more wise." I am eighty. You want to know why Antonio Moreno doesn't play the part of The Sheik. I suppose, because Vitagraph didn't buy the story—or, because he isn't playing for Lasky. You may choose whichever answer you wish—both are correct. Jackie Coogan, Brunton Studio, 3341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

RETTA ROYMANE.—I should say, I was glad to see you. You and your still winning it—no, you have discovered one Louis Calhern. He is six feet one inch, weighs one hundred and seventy pounds, has dark hair and blue eyes. Address, 327 West Fifty-sixth Street, New York. Write me any time, and remember me to Vygnya. Tell her to write.

ELVIRA B.—You say you don't know whether you would rather have beauty or brains. Well, one pretty woman has sometimes made more trouble in an hour than a hundred intellectual ones could in a year. To have brains is more lasting, but perhaps more interesting. Buck Jones is married—but he is living with his mother, so they tell me. William Farnum has been in Europe all summer. Pola Negri's nest picture will be "A Polish Dancer." And can she dance!

DOROTAY—Of course, I'll be your daddy. You write a very clever letter, and I want to hear from you again soon. I have no record of Jerome Samnur. Very sorry.

MYRTLE J.—Thanks for the picture of little Helen. She is a very beautiful child, but there is very little chance of getting her in pictures.

SHARP P.—So you think I am sarcastic. I'm sorry. The bee that had no sting would be soon robbed of its honey. Viola Dana and Shirley Mason are sisters. You can reach Constance Talmadge, 318 East Forty-eighth Street, New York. At this writing, she is somewhere in California, but a letter addressed there will reach her. Helen Holmes and George Larkin are starting—again—a series of two-reel Westerners. They are both old-time favorites. Yes, Will Rogers and Lilla Lee, in "One Glorious Day."

BARTHEL.—You are all wrong; the squirrel is one of the best swimmers of the animal kingdom. The picture you enclose is of Eva Novak. Yes, Monte Blue and Margarette Clark, with Lasky, Harry Lloyd, at the Rolin Studio, Los Angeles, Calif. Richard Barthe...
—and people turned again to look at her!

She had just used Boncilla—and Boncilla does amazing things for the face.

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Definite results that you can SEE and FEEL are apparent from the very first application.

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Boncilla is so easily and quickly applied, in a very natural way—
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Two minutes only required to cover the face—and neck if desired—with this soothing, refreshing clasmic balm.

Then a brush—and easy chair or a restful sleep, while it is drying. Without further touching the face, this clasmic covering begins its gentle, lifting manipulation, unlike any you have ever experienced before, and you realize at once that a facial transformation is taking place.

It begins by opening the pores—admitting oxygen down to their very depths, and cleansing them as never before.

Then it sets to work to bring a flow of rich, red blood to the capillaries, giving tone and strength to every fibre of the face and new life to the nerve centers.

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If the face is thin and pale, Boncilla Beautifier builds up the hungry facial tissues, giving them a renewed plumpness and firmness.

NOTE.—You can feel Boncilla lifting the lines out.

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The ideal Boncilla treatment is to give a touch of Boncilla Cold Cream following the removal of the Beautifier.

If you should be going out in the street, apply Boncilla Vanishing Cream to protect the face from weather and dust and to form the proper base for Boncilla, clingy, Face Powder. These creams and powder are delightful in their delicate fragrance and smooth texture, and will please as a part of the daily facial toilet.

Boncilla treatments, at first should be applied twice or more each week—should you wish to hasten the results, you can use daily, then later use occasionally. There is no such thing as too many Boncillas, any more than there is too much fresh air.

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for results from ordinary methods, when Boncilla Beautifier gives an improvement that you can SEE and FEEL from the first treatment?

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Barbers in all parts of the United States and Canada give Boncilla treatments. Men like them for their refreshing, exhilarating effects as well as for their permanent results.
The Answer Man

world—the lack of necessity for exertion. I'm sorry for you. Certa Robinson is on the stage now. She's James Kirkwood's wife the last I heard of her. Helen Martin used to come in to see us very often. She is not the same as Rubye de Remer. Marguerite Courtney did play with Corliss Palmer. I don't think more about the old favorites. Write me every month.

Zeer.—Corliss Palmer has auburn hair, and she is twenty years old. Charlie Chaplin recently turned down an offer to appear at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre, New York City, at $15,000 a week for two weeks. He to do anything he pleased for the amusement of the audience. Poor Charlie!

Sunny Stone.—Thanks for the verse. I shall prize it highly.

N. Quevise.—No, I never get lonely. That reminds me, Mark Twain said that the coyote was probably the loneliest animal in the world—even his fleas would desert him for a velocipede. I can always enjoy a book. I'm reading "If Winter Comes," and will tell you about it later. Helen Ferguson, opposite Bryant Washburn, in "Hungry Hearts," for Goldwyn. I like to hear from Southerners.

Paradise Rose.—Well, it's this way. Character is what makes one fit. Reputation is what others make for you; popularity is often the trick of making reputation look like character. So you think Mary Thurman is beautiful. No record of little Zoe Ray now.

G. T. R.—Your letters are always good. They're so full of news.

Jill.—That was Jewel Carmen and L. Shamway, in "The Confession." Whatever you do, don't be contented with yourself. If everybody was satisfied, there would be no progress.

Bonnie.—So you think I am between twenty-eight and thirty-five. You're only a little out of the way—add about forty-five years more. Guess again.

A. L. S.—That was good of you. You say you thought of me during the milk strike this fall. It was a milk strike, not a buttermilk strike, so I had my buttermilk just the same. Sylvia Breamer is playing opposite Bert Lytell. A voice from the tomb: Mignon Anderson is to play with Alice Lake in "Kisses," for Metro.

F. A. R.—You neglected to give your address. Sorry.

Veronica.—As La Rochetoucauld says, "Hope, deceitful as it is, carries us away through life. So, let's go on hoping. I am glad you like House Peters. I do.

Angel Sue.—One could make a great book of what has not been said. Roy Stewart, in "The Innocent Child,"

Tell Me.—Robert Warwick is playing on the stage now. Robert Ellis, opposite Katherine MacDonald, in her new picture, "The Infidel." Yes, Pauline Starke, in "If You Believe It, It's So," with Thomas Meighan.

Mercy.—You're out—you never touched first base! Your criticism of Conway Tearle is not good, because you overlooked the first principle. You admitted that he acted the part and looked the part, and created the impression and effect desired; yet, you point out a small minor defect. Some critics see the fly on the barn door without seeing the barn. January, 1911, was the first issue. Address Corliss Palmer at this address.

Western L.—Your's was sure short and sweet. Jack Hoxie can be reached at 1325 North Hobart Boulevard, Hollywood. Hoxie you made up your mind to contest. There were many beautiful girls here, but very few looked well on the screen.

Erth.—Married women and bachelors waste a lot of good time feeling sorry for each other. Hugh Ford, in "Civilian Clothes." Joseph Kaufman, in "The Land of Promise." You're very welcome.

Devoted Blonde.—Where? Very few people know what love is. If you do, tell it, Margaret Loomis, in "Always Audacious." Lila Lee, in "The Chum School." Produc-

Flora.—I am not in love. As Balzac says, "A lover is a herald who proclaims the merit, the wit, or the beauty of a woman; what does a husband proclaim?

with Pearl White at the Fox Studio, Tenth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street, New York City.

Jeanette L.—All right, send along the fudge. I still have my sweet tooth. Now, how reasonable; how can I put you in touch with some good-looking boys? I ain't no Beatrice Fairfax, either.

Ted.—Dream on, Teddy! We dream such beautiful dreams, that we often lose all our happiness when we perceive that they are only dreams. But the dreamer doesn't get very far. They say, You're as ill as Cullen Landis and Kenneth Harlan interviewed.


Pecorinos.—Well, if you are singing in a chorus, do not acquire the idea that you are making all the music. Yes, Wallace Reid has brown hair and blue eyes.

Betty Birk.—Great guns! You ask only twelve difficult questions. Which four will you have served first?

Dolly.—No, Dolly; I never tire of answering questions. Your little joke is good, so here it is: "Waiter, this coffee is nothing but milk." "Yes, sir; it was ground this morning." "Ain't we got fun!"

Madam President.—If you send twenty-five cents in stamps to almost any of the players, they will send you their picture.

Betty B.—Thanks a lot for the suggestions.

Jacquelin.—Indeed! No, I have never been thru the Panama Canal. There are seventy steamship lines, serving the great trade of the world, making use of the Panama Canal, and there are eleven other lines which make calls at the eastern terminals of the canal, without passing thru it.

Davy.—Well, to fall in love is not difficult; the difficulty lies in telling it. Juania Hansen is twenty-four. "Everybody's Sweetheart" was Olive Thomas last picture.

Fantine.—So you are reading "Les Miserables." That's good. You say you couldn't imagine Charles Bryant as Armand in "Camille." Well, who could? Nowadays, those who love nature are accused of being romantic.

Florence M.—You can get a copy of "Just Me" by writing to Brentano's, Fifth Avenue, New York.


Wallack McD.—Yes, I saw Mae Murray's "Peacock Alley." She certainly screens beautifully, and it is a gorgeous picture. Her next will be "Put and Take." No, Lowell Sherman is not married. Prank Mayo, in "Dr. Jim." Helene Chadwick is playing in "The Sin Flood." She is the only woman in the cast.

Hot Doc.—So you have been testing the virtue of patience, believing that all things come to him who waits, and disregarding the case of the lady waiting at the church. Marie Doro is playing in "Lilies of the Field," on Broadway—a stage play. Write me again, and tell me all about it.

Jack T.—No, I am not getting any stouter, but I have to watch my diet very carefully. I mustn't lose my girlish figure. John Bowers can be reached at Goldwyn's Studios, Culver City, Calif. Yes, Lila Lee is not married.

Jackie Jr.—Well, this is my motto. Do as little as you can for an employer, and it wont be very long before you are doing nothing at all. I read all yours and enjoyed them, Priscilla. You write, "That's all I want to do.

William Russell and Helen Ferguson, in "Desert Blossoms.

I'm a Movie Fan.—So you want to see more of Bebe Daniels—in our books. That's different. She is playing in a picture adapted from "Saving Sisters" and (Continued on page 110)
Rigaud's

Mary Garden

FACE POWDER and ROUGE
Fragrant with Parfum Mary Garden

A TOUCH of Mary Garden Rouge—a puff of just the shade of Mary Garden Powder that blends with your coloring—and yours is the bloom that vies with the petals of a rosebud. Both are delicately fragrant with exquisite Parfum Mary Garden—the perfume of youth and beauty.

Send for a Bijou Box of Mary Garden Face Powder for your handbag.

GEO. BORGFELEDT & CO., New York, Sole Distributors
We Announce Ideal Cast Contest Winners

The last ballot has been tabulated. We are ready to announce the reader winners who guessed most correctly the Ideal Cast, together with the number of votes received by the member of that cast in each instance. It has been no small task. Hundreds and hundreds of ballots were received from every state in the Union, as well as from distant countries.

There were any number who did not guess the cast itself correctly. These were immediately discarded. Then came the task of totaling the number of votes in each instance and subtracting that total from the total of the Ideal Cast. For example, the first prize was awarded to the contestant whose votes totaled 53,500, while the votes received by the Ideal Cast totaled 49,258. A difference of 4,242.

The winners are as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Votes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Character Woman</td>
<td>Vera Gordon</td>
<td>4,633</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Character Man</td>
<td>Theodore Roberts</td>
<td>4,633</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Comedian (Male)</td>
<td>Harold Lloyd</td>
<td>4,650</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Comedian (Female)</td>
<td>Dorothy Gish</td>
<td>4,539</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Child</td>
<td>Jackie Coogan</td>
<td>3,500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Director</td>
<td>D. W. Griffith</td>
<td>3,830</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leading Woman</td>
<td>Norma Talmadge</td>
<td>3,996</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leading Man</td>
<td>Wallace Reid</td>
<td>5,952</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Villain</td>
<td>Lew Cody</td>
<td>4,062</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vampire</td>
<td>Bebe Daniels</td>
<td>5,325</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Character Man</td>
<td>Theodore Roberts</td>
<td>5,829</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Character Woman</td>
<td>Vera Gordon</td>
<td>2,634</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Comedian (Male)</td>
<td>Harold Lloyd</td>
<td>4,650</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>4,539</td>
</tr>
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<td>3,500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Director</td>
<td>D. W. Griffith</td>
<td>3,830</td>
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<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td></td>
<td>39,583</td>
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</table>

Miss Manilla Tanner of Box 2485, Globe, Arizona, wins fourth prize. Her Ideal Cast is as follows. Her award is $50.

<table>
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<td>Character Man</td>
<td>Theodore Roberts</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Character Woman</td>
<td>Vera Gordon</td>
<td>1,861</td>
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<tr>
<td>Comedian (Male)</td>
<td>Harold Lloyd</td>
<td>3,411</td>
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<tr>
<td>Comedian (Female)</td>
<td>Dorothy Gish</td>
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<tr>
<td>Child</td>
<td>Jackie Coogan</td>
<td>6,742</td>
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<td>Director</td>
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<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td></td>
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</table>

Mr. Aulton B. Smith of Station 1, Box 5, Gastonia, N. C., wins fifth prize. His Ideal Cast is as follows. His award is $25.

<table>
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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>Child</td>
<td>Jackie Coogan</td>
<td>6,742</td>
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<tr>
<td>Director</td>
<td>D. W. Griffith</td>
<td>3,830</td>
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<tr>
<td>Total</td>
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</table>

L. D. Watson of 611½ Main Street, Newton, Kansas, wins first prize. His Ideal Cast is as follows. His award is $250.

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<td>Leading Woman</td>
<td>Norma Talmadge</td>
<td>3,996</td>
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<tr>
<td>Leading Man</td>
<td>Wallace Reid</td>
<td>5,952</td>
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<tr>
<td>Villain</td>
<td>Lew Cody</td>
<td>4,062</td>
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<tr>
<td>Vampire</td>
<td>Bebe Daniels</td>
<td>5,325</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Character Man</td>
<td>Theodore Roberts</td>
<td>5,829</td>
</tr>
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<td>Vera Gordon</td>
<td>2,634</td>
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<td>Harold Lloyd</td>
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<td>Child</td>
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<tr>
<td>Director</td>
<td>D. W. Griffith</td>
<td>3,830</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
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Miss G. P. Greenleaf of Netcong, New Jersey, wins third prize. Her Ideal Cast is as follows. Her award is $75.

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<td>D. W. Griffith</td>
<td>3,830</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td></td>
<td>37,955</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
What's Wrong in This Picture?

It's so easy to make embarrassing mistakes in public—so easy to commit blunders that make people misjudge you. Can you find the mistake or mistakes that are being made in this picture? Can you point out what is wrong? If you are not sure, read the interesting article below, and perhaps you will be able to find out.

It is a mark of extreme good breeding and culture to be able to do at all times exactly what is correct. This is especially true in public where strangers judge us by what we do and say. The existence of fixed rules of etiquette makes it easy for people to know whether we are making mistakes or whether we are doing the thing that is absolutely correct and cultured. They are quick to judge—and quick to condemn. It depends entirely upon our knowledge of the important little rules of etiquette whether they respect and admire us, or receive an entirely wrong and prejudiced impression.

How can one little mistakes of good conduct arise. By public, we mean at the theatre, in the street, on the train, in the restaurant and hotel—wherever one meets a woman. But women make a common mistake in not writing together and judge one another by action and speech. It is not enough to know that one is well-bred. One must see that the stranger one meets every day get no impression to the contrary.

Do you know the little rules of good conduct that divide the cultured from the uncultured, that serve as a barrier to keep the ill-bred out of the circles of society and make one look awkward and embarrassed? Do you know the important rules of etiquette that men of good society must observe, that women of good society are expected to follow rigidly? Perhaps the following questions will help you to find out just how much you know about etiquette:

**Etiquette at the Theatre**

When a man and woman walk down the theatre aisle together, should the man precede the woman? May they walk arm-in-arm? When the usher indicates their places, should the woman enter first, or the man?

Many puzzling questions of conduct confront the members of a theatre party who occupy a box. Which shoes should the woman wear? How tall should she be? Many rules are not at all understood by some people.

Therefore, to make sure that you are well-bred, you should read the rules of etiquette as shown in this article.

**Do You Know—**

how to introduce men and women?
how to answer a dinner invitation?
how to greet a man or woman acquaintance in public?
how to plan church and house weddings?
how to use table silver properly?
how to word invitation cards?
how to avoid blunders at the theatre and opera?
how to do all things the right way that is absolutely correct and cultured?

In the Street

There are countless tests of good manners that distinguish the well-bred in public. For instance, the man must know exactly what is correct when he is walking with a woman. According to etiquette, is it ever permissible for a man to take a woman's arm? May a woman take a gentleman's arm? When walking with two women, should a man take his place between them or on the outside?

When is it permissible for a man to pay a woman's fare on the street-car or railroad? Who enters the car first, the woman or the man? Who leaves the car first?

If a man and woman have met only once before encounter each other in the street, who should make the first sign of acknowledgment? Is the woman expected to smile and nod before the gentleman raises his hat? On what occasions should the hat be raised?

People of culture can be recognized at once. They know exactly what to do and say on every occasion, and because they know that they are doing absolutely what is correct, they are calm, well-poised, dignified. They are able to mingle with the most highly cultivated people, in the highest social circles, and yet be entirely at ease.

**The Book of Etiquette**

There have probably been times when you suffered embarrassment because you did not know exactly what to do or say. There have probably been times when you wished you had some definite information regarding certain problems of conduct, when you wondered how you could have avoided a certain blunder.

The Book of Etiquette is recognized as one of the most dependable and reliable authorities on the conduct of good society. It has solved the problems of thousands of men and women. It has shown them how to be well-poised and at ease even among the most brilliant celebrities. It has shown them how to meet embarrassing moments with a calm dignity. It has made it possible for them to do and say and write and wear at all times what is entirely correct.

In the Book of Etiquette, now published in two large volumes, you will find chapters on dinner etiquette and dance etiquette, chapters on the etiquette of engagements and weddings, chapters on teas and parties and entertainments of all kinds. You will find authoritative information regarding the wording of invitations, visiting cards and all social correspondence. The subject of introductions is covered exhaustively, and the etiquette of travel devolves into an interesting discussion of correct form in France, England and other foreign countries. From cover to cover, each book is filled with interesting and extremely valuable information.

**Sent free for 5-Day Examination**

Let us send you the famous Book of Etiquette free and see if you can read it to your own home. You are not obligated to buy if you do not want to. Just examine the books carefully, read a page here and there, glance at the illustrations, and solve some of the puzzling questions of conduct that you have been wondering about. Within the 5 days, decide for yourself whether or not you want to return it.

We expect this new edition to go quickly. The books are now handsomely bound in cloth with gold. We urge you to send for your set at once. The price for the complete set is only $5.95 after 5 days. But, don't send any money—just the order books at our expense while you examine them and read some of the interesting chapters.

Mail the coupon for your set of the Book of Etiquette today. Surprise your friends with your wide knowledge of the correct thing to do, to say, write and wear at all times. Remember, it costs you nothing to see and examine the books. Mail the coupon NOW. Nelson Doubleday, M.C. Dept. 782, Free Examination Coupon.

**FREE EXAMINATION COUPON**

Nelson Doubleday, Dept. 782, Oyster Bay, New York

Mail coupon for your free examination of the Book of Etiquette for free examination. Within 5 days after receipt I will either return the books or keep them and send you only $5.95 to full payment.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________

**Check this answer to the beautiful full-leather blinding at $5.00, with 5-day examination privilege.**

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Letters to the Editor

Letters to the editor cannot be used in this department unless the name and address of the writer is given. If the writer desires that only initials be used in publication, please specify.

About interviews, happy endings and Alice Calhoun.

Dear Editor: Altho I have been a reader of the Motion Picture Magazine for some time, I have never written you before. So I have decided that I will write you about my likes and dislikes, and I hope to see my letter in your next issue.

In the first place, I dont like to read interviews in which the stars set forth their philosophy of life, etc. If I really wanted to know about that stuff, I certainly would not want it from a movie star, but from some one that really was a great thinker and philosopher. My idea of a perfect interview is one in which the star tells about her or his early experiences, how they broke in, etc. And please deliver me from "high-brow" interviews like Elsie Ferguson and indigestion.

I like happy endings. I go to the movies to be entertained, and not that I may leave in a "blue" state of mind. Of course, I like dramas, but I want them to end happily. I know that all pictures cant end happily, but those that cant, I wish to be few and far between.

I like Alice Calhoun. She is altogether charming, and her acting is fine, and she has a charming personality. I want to see more of her, like "Prix Jones" and "The Matrimonial Web." Monte Blue is also a favorite of mine. I thought he was to be started, but as yet I have failed to see his starring pictures. I certainly think that he deserves stardom. Elsie Ferguson was delightful in "Footlights." I hope she has more theatrical stories like it.

I like your magazine very much and enjoy the Answer Man's columns immensely. More power to him.

In closing, I wish to say that I would like very much to hear from fans, and will gladly correspond with them.

Sincerely,

CARL HANSEN,
231 North Clark Street, Chicago, III

In which Rupert Hughes and Pola Negri find high favor.

Dear Editor: I read your column and enjoy the various tastes and ideas of the so-called fan. Of course, each is entitled to his or her opinion, but the letter in the November number of the Motion Picture Magazine regarding Pola Negri drew my attention. I beg to disagree. She may not be so wonderful an actress, but there are pros and cons. The writer compares her to Norma Talmadge, and how she could portray the actress in "Passion." That, in itself, is absurd—Norma Talmadge (and she is my favorite screen player) has produced many plays.

I see the plays shown at our theater every night, and wonder if any of the members of the afore-mentioned letter saw Pola Negri's "Gypsy Blood." I think that is an improvement over the first. Had I been Pola Negri, and read that letter, I think I'd do so that I wouldn't care to attempt another picture. Perhaps it is lucky the actors and actresses dont have to abide by the "fan" idea.

Now I must say a few words concerning the best production I have seen in quite some time. Praise is still being heard here. It is Rupert Hughes' "The Old Nest," and anyone who, after seeing it, can offer any criticism, cannot be human. A picture true to life cannot be; and I cannot say enough—anyone who has seen it is missing something. Rupert Hughes has several other good productions, one being "Dreaming." He is a master of the style of plays that holds the interest of the audience from start until a few minutes after "the end" has flashed before them. He understands human nature, and pays special attention to the little things, tiny attentions and small, otherwise overlooked habits of life. Give us more of these style pictures. And again, before I close, I say go to see "The Old Nest," and I know that no one will be able to criticize it, as did the disappointed one after hearing so much concerning "Passion."

Oh, just another word about "Way Down East." That, too, is worthy of anyone's time and taste. These pictures that leave a lasting story in the mind, and are worth remembering. I would like to hear from fans who agree or disagree with me.

Sincerely,

ORLAE GEORGENSEN.
929 North Fourteenth Street,
Mantow, Wis.

The following letter touches upon many things; all of them pertinent and interesting.

Dear Editor: Most folks like to know what others think. I do. I get lots to chew on in these letters you print from other fans. So I am going to have a go at it, and I hope, Dear Editor, that you will see fit to print what I write.

Some one, not too long ago, wrote that she wished Mary Pickford would grow up. I dont. I saw her in "Pollyanna" and "The Little Princess," and she was wonderful. Mary Pickford is the only one who can play kid parts and play them so well that she will keep on playing them. Please, Miss Pickford, dont give us any more pictures like the "Lovelight," but more like "Pollyanna."

Mary Miles Minter cant play kid parts at all. I have in mind "Anne of Green Gables." Why cant she spend a few days on some play where she can be a regular American girl without having her hair skinned back so tight she cant close her eyes—and freckles? I am sure people would much rather see her beautiful golden curls and her complexion without freckles. That is why folks go to the movies, for there is lots of the other kind in real life.

Why isn't Lila Lee starred? She surely came very close to stealing the honors in some of the later pictures in which she appears. I remember one of them in particular which starred a well-known actor, but I went to see it especially because Lila Lee was in the cast. I do hope that in the very near future I shall have the pleasure of seeing her name head the cast.

The title, "Forbidden Fruit," promised more than it gave. I think you hit the nail on the head. Nonetheless, it was a fairly good picture.

Mae Murray and David Powell's "Idols of Clay" bored me beyond measure, and "Mae Murray and David Powell's "My Lady's Latchkey" was worse yet. It was badly done in both direction and construction. Miss MacDonald is a very talented actress, and I think it is too bad that she does not have better stories given her. Mae Murray, in
the "Gilded Lily," was very interesting, and she sounded a much more sincere note in this picture than in any other picture she
has made recently. I note that her hus-
band directed her in this one. Here's hop-
ing he will do so in future.
I have always liked Douglas Fairbanks in
every picture I have seen him in, but I
must say that I was very much disappointed
in "The Nut." It was interesting in one or
two places, but for the most part it was all "hoo-hoo." "The Mark of Zorro" was won-
derful.
Why does Mack Sennett persist in mak-
ing five-reel pictures? Why will he not
confine his "slapstick" to two reels? It was
interesting at that length, but five reels is
too much of a good thing. Come, Mr. Sen-
ett, let's go back to the dear old bathing
girls and custard pie tichs. "Them was the
happy days.
And now a word about the Talmadges.
Why doesn't Norma stick to light, airy
plays instead of dipping into tragedy? Why
cant the directors pick out the right person
for that kind of stuff? I have heard so
many people say the same thing. Please,
Miss Talmadge, stick to plays like "She
Loves and Lies" and "The Isle of Con-
quers..." I read a letter in a recent issue
of your magazine saying that Constance
Talmadge's "Mamma's Affair" was rank
foolishness. I must say that I do not agree
with the writer. People who have mothers
will appreciate the picture, while those who
came in cocoanut shells will hardly be
amused. The idea that a woman who has
given herself over to "nerves" may be the
cause of misery and distress to all who sur-
round her, and especially to her daughter,
is shown in this picture, and it teaches a
good moral lesson to everybody. I hope
Miss Constance will see fit to keep on giv-
ing us comedy pictures, as she has in the
past. I have enjoyed every one im-
mensely.
Everybody likes a good play, but deliver
me from the so-called "all-star" cast. To me,
it seems like a good bit of everything and
not very much of anything. I enjoy your
magazine, every bit of it, very much,
and here's wishing you all the success in
the world.
Many fans request other fans to corre-
spond with them, and I have written nice,
friendly letters to several, but never receiv-
ed an answer. It makes me think some-
times that the people who write the fan
letters are not human beings, but myths of
some one who found a way to the earth by mistake. However, want some of the fans write to me? I promise to answer
every letter that I receive.
Yours very truly,
JAPONETTE TENNANT
Box 920, Enid, Okla.

METAMORPHOSIS OF A STAR
By Vara M. Jones
I knew her in a bygone day,
That star, and say!
She was so dull she didn't know
B from A.
But now, I vow,
The way she talks
She's some highbrow,
And her talk.
At any topic of the day.
Her interviews are fine; first rate.
To hear her play -
So critically, analytically-
It's great.
So different from that bygone day -
Oh, my dear, I know now it's so!
I just want to say,
I'd like to know
How do they get that way!

Ask Us Now
This test will delight you
Again we offer, and urge you to ac-
cept, this new teeth-cleaning method.
Millions now employ it. Leading
dentists, nearly all the world over, are
urging its adoption. The results are
visible in whiter teeth wherever you
look today.
Bring them to your people.
The war on film
Dental science has declared a war
on film. That is the cause of most
tooth troubles. And brushing meth-
ods of the past did not effectively com-
bat it.
Film is that viscous coat you feel.
It clings to teeth, enters crevices and
stays. Then night and day it may do
serious damage.
Film absorbs stains, making the
tooth look dingy. It is the basis of
tartar. It holds food substance which
ferments and forms acid. It holds the
acid in contact with the teeth to cause
decay.
Millions of germs breed in it. They,
with tartar, are the chief cause of
pyorrhea. Very few people have es-
caped the troubles caused by film.
Two film combatants
Now two combatants have been
found. Many careful tests have proved
their efficiency.
A new-day tooth paste has been
created, and these two film combatants
are embodied in it. The paste is called
Pepsodent.

The New-Day Dentifrice
A scientific film combatant which
brings five desired effects. Approved
by modern authorities, and now ad-
vised by leading dentists everywhere.
All druggists supply the large tubes.
Now every time you brush your
teeth you can fight those film-coats in
these effective ways.

Also starch and acids
Another tooth enemy is starch. It
also clings to teeth, and in fermenting
it forms acids.
To fight it Nature puts a starch di-
gestant in saliva. She also puts alka-
Aines there to neutralize the acids.
Pepsodent multiplies the salivary
flow. It multiplies the starch digest-
ant in the saliva. It multiplies the
alkalies. Thus these teeth protecting
forces, twice a day, are much increased.

They must be done
These things must be done. Teeth
with film or starch or acids are not
white or clean or safe. You know your-
self, no doubt, that old tooth-brushing
methods are inadequate.
See what the new way does.
Make this pleasant ten-day test and
watch your teeth improve.

A few days will tell
Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube.
Note how clean the teeth feel after
using. Mark the absence of the vis-
cous film. See how teeth whiten as
the film-coats disappear.
Do this now. The effects will del-
light you and lead to constant de-
lights. To all in your home they may
bring new beauty, new protection for
the teeth.

10-Day Tube Free
THE PEPSODENT COMPANY, Dept. 536, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family
Danderine

Stops Your Hair Coming Out, Thickens and Beautifies

35-cents buys a bottle of “Danderine” at any drug store. After one application you seldom find a particle of dandruff or a falling hair. Besides, every hair shows more life, vigor, brightness and abundance.

He Maintains Illusion! (Continued from page 57)

said, “Oh, I guess they’d get us anyway, so it might as well be spoiled.”

“No, but really—” I persisted.

“I don’t see that it makes much difference,” he said, “if they care enough to know about us, it would seem ungracious to adopt a top-lofty reticence. On the other hand, when they do know us, it would be indicated by a gesture that the game was up!”

“Haven’t you any personal grievances?” I asked.

“Not one—save my looks.”

I had been eying him appreciatively. Tall and fair and what a lady novelist would doubtless describe as “well-built.” I felt he must know these things himself. Was he striking a false note? The first—

“I, Oh, come now.”

“But, I mean, limit me so,” he complained.

I had just been thinking there could be no limits.

“Here,” he said, dolefully, “that’s all they’ll let me play. A character part is out of the running for me. Directors say ‘He wouldn’t do for that—take a look at him. And they do take a look, too, with the result that I am inevitably cast as the injuring or otherwise virtuous hero making his way, in love and war, to some eventually glorious conclusion. Admittedly, it is not unpleasant, but it is rather confining and at times disgusting to such abilities as one may believe one possesses.”

“Now that I’ve had your grievance,” I said, “give me your enthusiasm.”

“I’ve two,” he said, promptly, “Ralph Ince and Cuba.”

I didn’t see the connection and said so.

“There is and there isn’t,” he said, “the only connection being that both have been wonderful to me. I would not have such knowledge of the screen as I have, nor such love of it, nor such small success if it had not been for the encouragement and friendship of Ralph Ince. He is a peer among directors and men. As for Cuba—well, just say that I love it, will you? The people are warm and hospitable and lovely, and I have never had so splendid a time as I had making ‘Bugsy Malone’ there.”

I thought it might be amusing, not to say enlightening, to hear Huntley Gordon who has made many love to many, talk about women. I wanted his ideas on the subject—
or does one refer to women as a subject?

He refused to be interviewed.

After prodding for some three and a half hours, I managed to elicit from him the information that he found them “dangerous”—that he is a bit shy of the altar—and that he has been in love! But how deeply in love; what type of gal he prefers and why; in what respect he finds them “dangerous” and the experiences letting that have led up to these rather sketchy conclusions—on these matters I found him—discussing Cuba or Ralph Ince! I

He maintains Illusion!

In Placid Mold (Continued from page 29)
cops never dare show their heads. The Chinese prints came from Chinese fans across the sea.

“I try,” said Edna, “to get away from Los Angeles or New York as much as possible between pictures. I go to Santa Barbara a great deal—and Coronado. It is fatal to stay here too long at a time.”

One cannot think of her doing things superlatively. That is, she would smile where we might laugh. She would say, “That’s nice” where we would exclaim, “Oh, wonderful!” But, on the other hand, she would say “It doesn’t matter” where we would grate out a “Positively disgusting!” or something more graphic. It is not a quality to be criticized. It is philosophical in a way. It is Edna’s denial of Worry, the bugbear of most of us. Without it, it is true, she might have progressed much further in the film world than she has. She has been for many years one of the most photographically perfect women on the screen. It is only that content, that resignation, that has failed to give her the necessary stimulus.

It is to be hoped that her tentative plan of joining the United Artists may be realized and carried thru to success. Edna has become one of the traditions of the American screen. It would be a pity if her departure from Chaplin pictures should in any way tend to lessen her appearance upon it. I do not think that she intends that it shall. She did not tell who it was that purposed to back her. Things are too indefinite for that yet, but she spoke with easy confidence. Her future does not detract her apparently.

Her last remark, when she came to the door to say “Bye, guess,” I said, “what quality will you seek in the woman above all else?”

“Goodness,” Bill Hart told us steadily. “Yes, dear, goodness.”

“No beauty?”

He smiled his low, undecided smile.

“I reckon every man wants his wife to be good and look good. And even if she’s handsome as sin, a man thinks she’s beautiful when he’s in love with her. But if she isn’t a regular wife who is a comrade, nothin’ else counts for much. I wouldn’t marry one of these here women who wants to live in a hotel with not a bloomin’ thing to do but take her noose for an airing and then rush to the theater or some dangfangled dance every blessed evening. Matter of fact, I always feel kinda sorry for them puddle dogs. No man. I wouldn’t want that kind of a woman.”

That was how we found Bill Hart when he came out of the West. His ideals are, forth sure. His standards are definite. He has not compromised. To prove yourself to him would be worth while, tho difficult, for in him you would find a valiant champion. He is of deeds, I would say, rather than words. He has not been handicapped by the highest forms of civilization.

Of stern stuff!

Out from the West (Continued from page 23)

should have a whole bunch of ‘em around me all the time, but I’m not figuring on to getting married just yet.”

“And when you do marry,” we insisted, “what quality will you seek in the woman above all else?”

“Goodness,” Bill Hart told us steadily. “Yes, dear, goodness.”

“No beauty?”

He smiled his low, undecided smile.

“I reckon every man wants his wife to be good and look good. And even if she’s handsome as sin, a man thinks she’s beautiful when he’s in love with her. But if she isn’t a regular wife who is a comrade, nothin’ else counts for much. I wouldn’t marry one of these here women who wants to live in a hotel with not a bloomin’ thing to do but take her noose for an airing and then rush to the theater or some dangfangled dance every blessed evening. Matter of fact, I always feel kinda sorry for them puddle dogs. No man. I wouldn’t want that kind of a woman.”

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Of stern stuff!

EVERYBODY SING! By Vera M. Jones

Vamp of the screen, to thee
All that I can say
Methinks it due;
Past, now, your hectic sway,
I chant the solemn lay,
Requiescat in pace!
Exit thy cue.
Mrs. Reid Returns (Continued from page 25)

the matron, but rather as the débutante. I left pictures just before baby, Billy, was born," Mrs. Reid said as soon as her duties as hostess permitted. "There was never any reason why I shouldn't go back, and my husband thought I should act if the right opportunity came along."

"There were various times I put on my make-up. First, to play the lead in one of Walter's father's plays, 'Mothers of Men'; and, more recently in 'The Fighting Chance,' at Lasky's."

I believe that any woman who has ever been a professional has always a desire again to be before that same public—even if she is married. When you're used to a life replete with excitement, you—" but I was as big then as I am now sit at home day after day with nothing to do but amuse yourself."

Our conversation drifted to what is the greatest part of any woman's life—her husband. Mrs. Reid's eyes shone when she remarked that Wally is one of her screen-favorites, and we commenced to discuss his Analyzer pictures.

"Heavens!" she exclaimed, "All during the making of that play we could hear of nothing else. I was crazt about Ama- tol. Anatol was exactly Wally himself."

"Wally has so many moods that it is impossible to concentrate. Tonight he may come home in a mood and paint like mad. Tomorrow the sketching is forgotten in favor of his saxophone, and after he's played that for an hour his thoughts turn to writing poetry fervently."

"A woman is always fascinated by a man of moods. She never knows what he is going to do next—and the watchful waiting is intoxicating."

The chief difficulty in her returning to the screen, she said, has been to get the proper vehicles.

"I am as I am to use Wally's name, I feel that I owe it to him and to the Lasky company not to play anything that will discredit them. Personally, I dislike the role of a man."

But, to be a good ingénue, you have to be born with the spirit of youth in your soul, she says. When I was fourteen I was playing the mother of a four-year-old child on the stage. Mother needed a leading woman and couldn't afford to get one so I did the part."

Every film fan knows that Dorothy Davenport (Mrs. Reid) is a niece of the late Fanny Davenport, one of the truly brilliant figures in American theatrical annals. And, the thereby representative of latter-day theatricals, she is in herself the soul of acting.

"He said, "where I may be or what I am doing, I shall always remember the public. I'm so surprised, tho, that they haven't entirely forgotten me, even now, after being off the screen all these years, I continue to get a number of letters, which always please me and me just a bit hungry to get back."

"But, somehow, nobody would ever be- lieve that I have really wanted to act and that Wally doesn't object if I do act. For no reason at all, everybody has married me; off and pulled away from the screen."

But, as I was saying, Mrs. Reid is one of those scintillant souls who've been born with a sense of humor. Furthermore, she knows how to make use of it. Her con- versation hits on all six all of the time and her train of thought keeps running in high.
Corliss Palmer Powder

Excerpts from Motion Picture Magazine, April, 1921

I have tried about every powder on the market and have done considerable experimenting with myself and on others. There is no denying that there are several very nice powders on the market, but I find that none but I am myself the judge of how they look--or how I look--after using them. You are, in the first place, a person who is concerned about the complexion and was very hard to please. I am very particular about tints and staying qualities, and I want a powder that does not look like powder, that will get out of the first gear of wind, that is not too heavy but too light, that will not injure the complexion, and that will not change color when it becomes moist from perspiration or from the natural oil that comes thru the pores of the skin.

There's a pleasant aroma in my powder, and one that lingers after experimenting with powders. After experimenting with powder, I can't imagine powder without the presence of rice powder, powdered arris, the powder, powdered chalk, fine powder, and other ingredients and after consulting authorities as to the effects of each on the skin, I finally hit upon a formula that has been tested and used.

It is a mixture of many colors, learned from an artist friend, and that there are no flat colors in nature. Look carefully at anything you find and you will see colors and color combinations, it is a process, and you can experiment with different colors and mix them to get the right color. The same way, you can experiment with different powders and find the right powder for your skin.

Do not think of sitting for a portrait without first using this powder!

And it is perfected for the photogallery, for evening functions, for street use, in the Movies and everywhere. Send a fifty cent coin (well wrapped to prevent its cutting thru envelope) or 1-cent or 2-cent stamps and we will mail you a box of this exquisite powder.

Beware of imitations and accept no substitutes warranted to be “just as good.” There is nothing else like it on the market.

WILTON CHEMICAL CO.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Cut out and mail today

WILTON CHEMICAL CO.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

For the enclosed fifty cents please send me a box of CORLISS PALMER POWDER.

Name ____________________________

Street __________________________

City and State ____________________

Justice (Continued from page 21)

No charity in Los Angeles ever appeals to moving picture people in vain. They give their services, time after time, for hospitals and anything else they are called upon to help. . . . And yet, now that one horrible orifice is exposed, all the good things that kept them are forgotten, and vials of wrath are poured out upon the entire company! I wonder how many people know of Mary Pickford’s private charities? How that “World’s Sweetheart” thinks out surprises to give pleasure to each inmate of poor old ladies’ homes and orphan asuums—without her name ever attached? How does it Fairbanks has a system of private investigation for hundreds of deserving cases who will never know who helped them? How our own Charlie (I say this with delight, because Charlie is English!) hands out help to poor boys and girls who are trying to get into the profession?

These are the three brightest stars of the screen, where success is concerned, and they epitomize the entire movie world in regard to the charitable attitude they take towards their fellows.

It must never be forgotten that when one is talking of justice, one must review the facts of the case. Now, there are some facts not so pretty staring us in the face, which must be touched upon presently.

People have rushed into this young industry from every grade in life. Many of the most ignorant, and recruited from the poorest and lowest sections of the nation, have become public favorites, either by their beauty or their talent. They have found themselves in receipt of from five hundred to fifteen thousand dollars a week, and upward, with no knowledge of how to spend that sum. No innate sense of the fitness of things, or education could instill good taste. Is it just to say that persons are to be restrained? They are intoxicated by their success, and are like children let loose from school; they want to be boisterous and kick over the traces. They have no tradition in the profession to guide them—and every possible opportunity which profligacy given rise to isRanges, the only thing which is in all human beings to grab at forbidden fruit, seems to rule in the screen world, as well as in every other world.

A journal which I have before me makes this announcement:

“The Chief of Police, in ordering the wholesale dismissal of the force, states that fifty per cent. are engaged in liquor traffic, and there is more drunkenness and more deaths from liquor than before prohibition.” And this is stated as an illusion which has been in existence since America was a country, and stands for law and order! But everyone is not in arms on account of this—which leads to saying something not only disgusting and disgraceful, but dishonorable and traitorous as well. Whereas, because of one hideous exposure (not fifty per cent., remember!) in the poor movie world, which has no traditions, and is not the guardian of law and order, is jumped upon and denounced! That is the unfair part.
BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc.
are pleased to announce a
NEW MAGAZINE

Beauty

Beauty Secrets
For Everywoman

AND, like "Motion Picture," "Classic" and "Shadowland" (particularly "Shadowland") it will be a Beauty. She will be dressed in the finest clothes we can find. The paper and printing, cover design, engravings, paintings and text will be truly beautiful, and you will want it on your library table for that reason alone. But if there is a woman in your family, either daughter, mother, grandmother or aunt, you simply can't do without it. If one does not insist on it the other will—probably all. The gentle art of

How To Be Beautiful

will be treated by the greatest authorities. Noted beauties will tell their Beauty Secrets. Beauty Parlor Experts will tell how to make the human face more beautiful and how to preserve Beauty. There will be an "Answer Man" who will answer all kinds of questions on how to powder, paint, cold-cream, bathe and treat the face, on how to manage the eyebrows, lips, hair, hands, etc., and on everything pertaining to beautifying the human face and form divine. Here is a list of some of our distinguished contributors:

Myrtle Kingston
Elise Ferguson
Katherine MacDonald
Dorothy Donnell
Constance Talmadge
Dorothy Gish
Pauline Frederick
Jeanne Jacques
Norma Talmadge
Cortis Palmer
Nazimova
Agnes Ayres
Lillian Gish
Gloria Swanson
Montanye Perry
Jules Lister
Corinne Griffith
Gladys Hall
Ruth Roland
Lillian Montanye
and many others

"I want to help you grow as beautiful as God meant you to be when He thought of you first."

We want to help every woman to be more beautiful than she is and then help her to preserve that beauty. We hold that it is the duty of every woman to be as beautiful as she can, and our duty to show her how. Just glance over a few of these titles:

- Rouge and Lip Salve
- Those False Eye Lashes
- The Harmony of Colors
- The Effect of Beauty on the Senses
- How to Train the Eyebrows
- Making the Old Look Young
- Preparing for Bed. What must my Lady do at Night for the Morrow?
- Massage
- Blackheads
- Pimples and Freckles
- Wrinkles, Their Cause and Prevention
- Fresh Air and Beauty
- Foundation Cream
- Charm. How Artificial Means Add To It
- Does Beauty Appeal to Man more Than Personality
- Expression. How Make-Up Can Make or Mar It
- That Muddy Complexion
- Do Men Admire the Painted Girl?

These few can give you but a vague idea of the plan and scope of this wonderful magazine. Every issue will contain an appropriate short story, good for anybody to read but particularly interesting to women who want to beautify themselves. And don't forget that many well-known beauties will write on

Beauty Secrets For Everywoman

Surely out of all this wonderful mass of material you can find one or more items that will alone be worth the price of the magazine. The first issue will appear on the newsstands about January 6th.

Place Your Order Now With Your Dealer!

There is always a rush for a new magazine. It will be a real scrimmage for this one, for we are printing only 100,000 copies to start with. If you wish to subscribe the rate is $2.50 a year. Each number will contain several paintings worth that, suitable for framing. And you will get twelve numbers.

The price will be 25 cents a copy

Dont Forget the Date, January 6th, 1922

BUY BEAUTY!
The Pioneer of the Shadowed Drama (Continued from page 42)

"Come, come into my kingdom. This is all mine, my view, my mountains—am I not rich?"

And I answering truly said: "You are indeed. I should never have believed you could make a home in the very heart of a hotel."

"Here we live without any worries over the servant problem," he went on. "If I want to have a dinner for a dozen guests for dinner, I don't have to shiver all the way home for fear the wife won't have enough lamb chops to go around. And yet we have the most splendid solution of the housing and servant problem. But shi... come here, do you want to see the cutest thing in the world?"

He opened a door and drew from the depths of another room a tiny laughing-cycled, more or less shy, little woman.

"I wanted a resemblance, and I got it, too!"

The pride with which he said this was not only the result of being still in the impression stage, but settled without question what Hobart Bosworth thinks about marriage. There was nothing more needed to be said concerning his views on that subject.

So we turned to his career.

"Life is a funny proposition," he said, lighting his great-bowled pipe, "it plays tricks by the same name. I have a suspicion that possibly I have been in another line from that in which I was seeking it. It is like adventurous souls who journey restlessly around the world in search of happiness only to find it at last in their own home."

"As a boy of twelve I was absolutely illiterate. But I had a great ambition burning within me. I wanted to be a painter. For three years I was at sea on old merchant sailing-ships, and it was good, hard physical labor. Every cent I earned I spent on books, determined to educate myself. Then in San Francisco I wrestled and boxed for a living and sometimes starved.

"There a lady who knew I had spent my last nickel for paints asked me why I didn't study more. I asked her to give me the name of the best school. She told me to go to the art studio there, and I have been going ever since."

"If you are a painter you have to be an actor, too. I had to paint for pictures, using the camera instead of the brush."

The play was "Miles Standish," "The Sins of Marcus," "The Eye of Conscience" and a hundred other pictures of the same sort.

In 1913 he produced Jack London's "Sea Wolf" which was one of the earliest multi-reel subjects ever made. A great success, it proved that the big men in pictures are all ruthless egoists," he told me.

"It is true that most genius is egotistical, but it is not the callous selfishness which makes the body feel new.

"Foolish overhead is eating up the profits in pictures. I made the 'Sea Wolf' for $9,000 in 1913; today a similar production would cost $900,000."

Dash of Scarlet (Continued from page 55)

in Hollywood with her maid. For a while she had Teddy Sampson (Miss Teddy Sampson) staying with her, but Rosemary was working very hard, getting up early in the morning, and she found it more restful to be alone. She would enjoy dancing and figure skating every night of the week, but not at the expense of her career; so, periodically, she swears off and will not go out for weeks at a time.

She has the divine spark, the flame that makes one person stand out on the silver screen, and the want of which makes an actress just a beautiful figure.

With her ability, she should be further than she is today. A flame, Rosemary, who only needs the proper harnassing to create great things.

THE ONLY DIFFERENCE

By JAMES B. CLARK

THE INGENUE: The art director speaks like a book.

THE HEAVY: Yes, but, unfortunately, he can't be as easily shut up.
Important Notice!

Quality has been our aim.

Quality is our aim.

But, beginning with the March Magazine, there will be greater Quantity.

There has been Quality and Quantity before.

There will be an even greater Quality and Quantity now.

Because of the addition of considerable pages to the March Motion Picture Magazine, there will be more clever articles—more beautiful and exclusive photographs.

Elinor Glyn concludes her series of articles on Hollywood as she found it—

Adele Whitely Fletcher and Gladys Hall have written another one-act interview playlet. It is decidedly clever, with Charles Ray the popular subject—

Perhaps you have wondered about the Main Street of Mary Pickford, Rudolph Valentino and Charlie Chaplin. Herbert Howe describes it vividly in “Main Street, Hollywood,” which is generously illustrated.

The added pages make scores of other features possible.

Dont forget, beginning with the March Motion Picture Magazine—

Greater Quantity and Quality

The March Motion Picture Magazine
Portraits of Your Favorites

TWENTY-FOUR LEADING PLAYERS

What is a home without pictures, especially of those one likes or admires? How they brighten up bare walls and lend a touch of human sympathy, alike to the homes of the rich and poor!

And what could better serve the purpose of decoration for the homes of motion picture enthusiasts than portraits of the great film stars, who have become world-wide famous?

The publishers of the three leading motion picture monthlies, the Motion Picture Magazine, Motion Picture Classic and Shadowland, have accordingly prepared at great expense, especially for their subscribers, an unusually fine set of portraits of twenty-four of the leading players.

These portraits are 5½” x 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 can 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

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 today, and we will mail the portraits at once.

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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.

P.O. Box 525

We have prepared a booklet entitled

Record Book and Criticisms of Picture Plays

which we want you to have. It tells how to criticise and enjoy the movies. If followed carefully, it will add to your powers of discernment and make you a first-class critic. It also contains a code, and many pages on which you can mark down every play you see and tell just why you liked it or didn't like it. When you have filled the book you will prize it very highly and you will send for another. We want every reader to have one, so we have made the price just what it costs us to produce, 10 cents. Think of it, only 10 cents! It will be worth many dollars to you!

You Must Have This Booklet

It will help you to remember who the great players and directors are, and then you will look for them again, and want to read about them.

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You, too, can have the clear, warm tints of youth, the alluring beauty of lovely coloring if you know the secret of instant beauty, the complete “Pompeian Beauty Toilette.”

First, a touch of Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing). It softens the skin and holds the powder. Then apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of fragrance. Now a touch of Pompeian BLOOM for youthful color. Do you know that a bit of color in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle? Presto! The face is beautified and youthified in an instant! (Above 3 articles may be used separately or together. At all druggists, 60c each). They come in shades to match your coloring.

TRY NEW POWDER SHADES. The correct powder shade is more important than the color of dress you wear. Our new NATURELLE shade is a more delicate tone than our Flesh shade, and blends exquisitely with a medium complexion. Our new RACHEL shade is a rich cream tone for brunettes. See offer on coupon.

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Kotex cabinets are now being distributed in women's rest-rooms everywhere—hotels, office buildings, restaurants, theatres and other places—from which may be obtained one Kotex with two safety pins, in plain wrapper for 10 cents.

Inexpensive, comfortable, hygienic and safe—Kotex
Charlie and Sarah
(Continued from page 37)

proposal once by mail. He said he would
rather clasp me to his bosom than be Presi-
dent of the United States.

Referee (fervently): Who wouldn't?
Alice: Well, I'm not going to stop any-
body's chances of being President of the
United States.

Viola: If they keep on making you play
grandmothers in your pictures, you cer-
tainly won't. Cheer up; in your next picture
you are to play a young girl of thirty.

Alice (addressing Referee): Do you
know what we call one another? I call
Vi "Charlie," and she calls me "Sarah." They
expect her to be as funny as Chaplin and
me to be as emotional as Bernhardt.

Alice: If we could only be ourselves.
I don't want to be Bernhardt—not so long
as I can get around as I am.

Referee: What are you going to do
when you start losing your beauty?

Viola: We haven't started having any
yet.

Alice: I'll be a censor.

Viola: I'm going to raise a family.

Alice: You're a fine person to raise a
family. In all your pictures, you vamp.
For your years they called you the Baby
Vamp, and now it's the Flapper of

Viola (dignifying slightly): I don't
know that anybody would get a very good
idea of your character from seeing you on
the screen. I haven't seen you in a picture
yet that you weren't seeking revenge on
some one.

Alice (addressing Referee): And in
real life I never seek revenge; do I, Vi?

Viola (suspiciously): Well, who said
I vanished in real life?

[Enter, F. Richard Jones, director of
Mabel Normand in "Mickey" and "Molly-
O." He is hailed familiarly as "Dick"
by Alice and Referee and introduced to Vi
and Duanne Leech. He shows a magnific-
ent platinum and gold watch, which he has re-
ceived as a gift from Mabel, who at the
time is having a vacation in New York. The
Referee recalls that Dick has the reputa-
tion for never knowing when to quit work.
Perhaps Mabel wants to provide him with
a copy of knowing before she starts her
next picture under his direction.]

Alice (to Dick, as he departs): We'll
be down to see "Molly-O" as soon as you
give a preview.

Viola: We're chronic fans. We went
to the movies every night last week; didn't
we, Alice?

Alice: We saw "The Queen of Sheba"
last night, and we cried so much we were
ashamed when the lights came on.

Viola: We cried so much that we had
the mee-mee's when we got home. Betty
Blythe is wonderful. I admire her refine-
ment in being able to wear those costumes
without ever suggesting anything vulgar.

Alice: Mrs. Blythe is marvelous, and so
is Fritz Lieber. He's a Shakespearean actor.

Viola: Alice goes to every kind of a
show—even Shakespeare. Can you im-
agine it? And she couldn't wait until Rob-
ett Mantell got here, to drag me down to
see him.

Alice: Well, wasn't he good?

Viola: Yes, but he sings. And he kept
coming back to sing without any encore.

Alice: All great actors sing when they
play Shakespeare.

Viola: I like Shakespeare, but I think

Greet Them
With these extra-flavory oats

Serve the oat dish at its best.
This is the supreme food—almost the ideal food. As a body-
builder, as a vim-food it holds a premier place.
Give it that fragrance and flavor which Nature confers on fine oats.
Make it with Quaker Oats always.
This brand is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump,
flavory oats.
All the small grains are discarded—the puny, unripe and insipid.
Thus millions of oat lovers, all the world over, have been won to
this luscious flavor.
Countless people send overseas to get it.
You have only to specify Quaker Oats to get it at any store...
For the family's sake, don't forget.

Quaker Oats
We get but ten pounds from a bushel

62 dishes for 30 cents

The large package of Quaker Oats will serve 62
liberal dishes. The cost is but 30 cents. It contains
6,221 calories of nutriment, of which one-sixth is
protein. It supplies 16 needed elements. This is the
cream of the oats—the choicest part of the greatest
food that grows.

Packed in sealed round packages with re-
moveable cover
he must have been asleep when he wrote
"As You Like It." What a dumb-bell play
that is. Can you imagine any girl like Rosalind, getting away all that time as a
boy, just by wearing a little boy's suit?

ALICE (somewhat irrelevancy): I love
Savoy and Breachway.

VIOLA: Savoy would make a fine Rosalind, wouldn't he? Can you hear him say-
ing, "You must come over," to Orlando?

ALICE: Savoy's favorite scene actor is
Douglas Fairbanks. He says he thinks
Doug is "gorgeous."

REFERRER: Have you any favorites?

VIOLA: Sure we have—a lot of them.

ALICE: I like Dick Barthelmess and
Jack Barrymore.

VIOLA: I think Jim Kirkwood is fine—and
Lon Chaney.

ALICE: I like Jim, too.

VIOLA: And Annette? Oh, Alice, give
your imitation of that Black girl that used
to hang around Vitagraph.

ALICE (proceeding to look cross-eyed
and talk in a nasal tone, with a lan-
tern-jawed effect not unlike Joe Martin): "All
the men are just crazy about me. Can't keep
them away—just crazy about me."

"[With loud roars from Viola, Refer-
eree and Director, Alice, who has
imitated the stride of the arctic Miss Black."

VIOLA (her laughter subsiding): Alice
nearly killed me this morning by giving
imitations as we were getting up. You
ought to have been the only one in the
household who was always getting us aside
to tell us his stories. They were all alike.

ALICE: Well, you had to admire him for
sticking to his story!

VIOLA: Anything I hate is to tell a story. It's
terrible to go to a dinner with a movie
actor, and have to sit next to a
director that wants to tell you about
the workings of his mind to do next. You
look away, and just get talking to some
other, and he needles you and says, "Oh,
say, I've got a wonderful gag!"

ALICE: Did you ever see a Mexican
jumping bean, Vi?

VIOLA: A which?

ALICE: They jump all around, and never stop.

VIOLA: My word! It must be embar-
ressing trying to eat a plate of them. What
do you use—a butterfly catcher?

ALICE: You don't eat them. They have
worms in them. When the worm turns
over, the bean jumps.

VIOLA: They must be spokey, like the
relatives of those people who have seams
at our apartment building.

ALICE (shuddering violently): Oh-oh!
They're awful. The room is all dark, and
their relatives come down—or up—and
juggle the tables, write on pads, ring the
alarm clock.

VIOLA: And put the cat out.

ALICE: Just suppose, Vi, that some time
when they are being subpoenaed or seamed—
or whatever they call it—the relatives
make a mistake in the number of the
apartment and get into yours. Oo-oo-oo-oo!

VIOLA: Alice is afraid of the dark. She
wanted a new alarm clock for the last night, and lay
three hours awake because she was afraid to
get up and get it.

[Al veins dange, passing our table,
catches the sheep and glances sus-
picitionnely then her double-barreled glasses.]

ALICE: I know what she's thinking. She's
thinking, "Those loud, vulgar movie people.

VIOLA (earnestly): Everyone is attacking
us now.

ALICE: Especially the San Francisco
people. And only last year we went up
Improve your Figure
Control Your Nerves—Enjoy Life
Be Free from Nagging Pains and Ailments
How? Correct your posture and strengthen your muscles and nerves. "Posture Cafe" gives a little while this gentle, easy, natural support. Nearly 200,000 have done it with the wonderful

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Direct tomorrow at dealers. Name of subject in every new issue. Free change of name of subject in every new issue. Free change of name of subject in every new issue. Free change of name of subject in every new issue. Free change of name of subject in every new issue. Free change of name of subject in every new issue.

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For Coughs and Colds
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PISO'S
This setup is different from all others. Pleasant-gives quick relief Contains no opium—good for young and old

35c per bottle everywhere

there to boost the town at some festival or something.

VIOLA: And you wore your new seventy-five-dollar hat in the rain.

ALICE (mournfully): It got all squared down flat on my head.

VIOLA: Yes. It looked like a cat had crawled up there and did.

(The lights begin to wink suggestively. Viola, with a sigh, commences to struggle with her glove.)

VIOLA (reaching under the table): My feet hurt.

ALICE (sympathetically): So do mine.

Having at last reached agreement on one subject, they are ready for home, where Viola, with the advice of her coun-

sellor, Alone, to face the man who wants to invest her money.

REFREER: Good-night. Charlie. Good-night, Sarah.

CHARLIE, and SARIH (in perfect har-
mony): Good-night. Now, don't you pub-
lish anything we said!

Charm—and the Woman
(Continued from page 47)

ride with her over the hills. Two little things—the barnal straws again!—marked the difference. Through some caprice, she wore French heels that morning. She exclaimed that she found them awkward, that she missed her riding boots. And later she remarked that she never uses face powder. French heels and powder! Surely the symbols of a woman's success. Only Pauline Frederick could have the audacity to ignore them. She, a Californian now, is content to be a sport! One cant deny that it becomes her.

Her next picture, tho, has yet to be chosen. It is for the luxe-lion, and the problem that Pauline Frederick presents to the producer. She is too big for the average story. When she is cast in one, one might liken her, perhaps crudely, to a powerful perfect engine in a dilapidated chassis. Only once was Goldwyn able to meet her ability with a story of equal caliber. That once was in "Madame X," her last Goldwyn picture. Now Robertson-Cole is proceeding cautiously, determined not to duplicate Goldwyn mistakes.

I believe that she stands today as our greatest emotional actress. I believe that she will continue so to stand, chiefly because with her the actress is the woman and the woman the actress, because she has height and depth, understanding and—God pity the woman who hasn't—subtlety, and because, once having undertaken a part, she gives herself, body and mind and soul—witness those mad sobbing rides after "Madame X"—to the business of living it.

She presents an interesting, a baffling, study. She is a woman of extraordinary contradictions, of multiple fascinations, of reckless gentilities. The thing above all that I would accentuate is her charm. It is the one constant color in a kaleidoscopic personality. I might have been brief and said at the beginning, simply, "She is charming." It would have given you a truer, finer picture than all my attempted analyses.

CHARLIE

By REUBEN PETERSON, Jr.

We watch the bill each day, And give a loud "hurray!" When he's to be seen Upon the screen— He's one of the best. Who? Ray!

Another $50 Raise!!

"Why, that's the third increase I've had in a year! It shows what special training will do for a man."

Every mail brings letters from some of the two million students of the International Correspondence Schools, telling of advancements won through spare time study.

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RESINOL

Soothing and Healing
Gives Speedy Relief
to Babies

Tortured by Skin Trouble

Will not irritate the tender skin
morals
(Continued from page 35)

horizon. There was nothing strange to her in Sir Marcus’ having a charming woman for a friend. She would have thought it stranger if he had not had. She felt that she didn’t like Judith very well, but that it didn’t matter one way or another. Judith was far more keenly aware of Carlotta than Carlotta was of her.

Judith was malicious. Marcus didn’t know that that was because she was so hurt. Hurt by Carlotta’s young loveliness; hurt by Carlotta’s naive sweetness. Hurt bitterly by her presence in Sir Marcus’ home; hurt, too, by the brain not to be despised. Judith knew that Carlotta was no mean rival. She had come into Marcus’ life bearing rich gifts. So Judith, in her weakness, was malicious—

“Has Pasquale met her yet?” she asked, in an aside. She asked it in such a manner as to stab Sir Marcus. Sebastian Pasquale was Sir Marcus’ one other intimate, besides herself. He was a man with a dash- ing charm and a dashing code of morals. His hit be in many hearts and a certain vivid gen- erosity of nature had endeared him to Sir Marcus. He was not the sort of man to meet a beautiful girl, with impunity. Yet here was Sir Marcus just now...

His eyes told her. Judith knew that it would not have oc- curred to Marcus to doubt him. She meant him to doubt him. She meant him to doubt Carlotta. She knew it wouldn’t do any good. She knew it would only do harm; but, like most women, gored in their emo- tions, she lost discretion, she lost her ability to play a consum- mate hand.

Sir Marcus smiled in the direction of Carlotta, looking at some books in a cor- nery of the room. “Yes,” he said, “Pasquale dined with me last week and came across a slipper of Carlotta’s in the drawing-room. I sent it to her room by Stenson, and she came out in her Turkish costume, the little rascal! Pasquale was delighted with her.”

“Of course,” Judith’s lips curled; “of course he was,” she said.

She saw Marcus glance again at Carlotta, switly, alarmedly, and knew that she had planted her arrow.

At home, Carlotta observed: “I didn’t like Mrs. Mainwaring. Marcus tried to frown at her. “She is my friend,” he said. Carlotta shook her head. “No, she isn’t,” she said. “She isn’t your friend. I don’t know what she is, but she isn’t a friend. She—she is something she pretends not to be... that’s why I don’t like her—"

There was something the matter with Sir Marcus Ordeyne. He couldn’t write with any facility or conviction at all on the Morals. He couldn’t go to see Judith Mainwaring. His even- ings with her had gone as flat as a saltless sea.

His club bored him to chronic yawning. It couldn’t be Carlotta. She was away visiting Mrs. MacMurray, and she was only a child, anyway; a whimsical, dear child, who thought of men as husbands, desirable if thin.

Yet how lonely the house was without her! It had never been lonely before. Breakfasts were dull, Banquets were... The evenings—good heavens, they were inter- minable! How dully people talked. Funny, a child—a child!

A child—but Judith didn’t think of her as a child. And Sebastian Pasquale—he didn’t, either. Only that morning he had admitted to Marcus that he had met her and walked with her. He had said flowery
things about her—about Carlotta. Suddenly something shook Marcus inwardly—he felt a pain that was sweetness smite him—a sweetness that was pain—he felt his heart grow great in his breast, and he was aware of his blood in his veins—he put his hands suddenly to his brow, and it was damp—to his eyes, and they were wet—to his mouth, and it quivered—

This was love. He loved Carlotta. Loved her.

Ah, now he knew. Now he felt sorry for Judith. Sorry for Pasquale, sorry for all men and all women to whom came this latter sweetness, with no promise of award.

"We are the fools of love whose hearts are heavy," he felt sorry for himself. Sorry because Carlotta was a child, an awakened. She didn't love him. The tragedy of today drowned for the new lover any true and whole. She died for him now, and now tore at him, spirit and flesh.

He got what relief he could by buying her beautiful things to surprise her on her return.

He did surprise her. And delight her. She told him if she didn't kiss him she would die. He felt that if she did, he probably would. But she did. She kissed him.

A child's kiss. It might have been given to Mrs. MacMurray. Carlotta was asleep.

Marcus gave a dinner party that evening, and two events conspired to make him ask Carlotta to marry him, after the guests had gone—the guests, who were Judith and Pasquale—and an invited guest—Hamdi Effendi.

The first event was a conversation directed more or less generally to all of them, by Judith, to the effect that Sebastian Pasquale and Carlotta would make an ideal couple.

The second event was the rather stormy entrance of Hamdi Effendi, and his musical-comedy stand to the effect that Carlotta must return to the harem. Marcus had an inspiration. "As my wife," he had told the Turk, "you have no further rights over her." Effendi had stormed out again, still muttering threats and anathemas.

After the guests had gone, Marcus asked Carlotta to marry him. "For your own protection, my dear," he said. He didn't add, "and because I want you so much." He knew that she didn't know what his kind of wanting meant.

But after Carlotta had gone to bed, thinking of her consent to Marcus' question, she knew that she hadn't said "yes" just because he was—thin—

Marcus had a very bad time of it with Judith. He went to see her one day, shortly after their dinner at his home, mostly because he felt he must. He had an idea that it was going to be in some sense uncomfor-
table for both of them. And it was. Judith "made a scene." She told him that she was going to behave very badly, very unpleasantly, but that she couldn't help it, because she loved him badly, unwise, and every other way; and, wise or unwise, she had to tell him, and she had to listen. She told him that she knew it was of no use that he loved Carlotta and that it was all over for her, but there it was. Marcus fidgeted and said it wasn't any use for him to say that he was sorry. But, anyway, he was, and he was awfully fond of her, and he wished they could continue to be friends and all that. Judith laughed at him, then. Laughed at him thru her painful tears, and told him she loved him just because he was so stupid and so blundering and so dea, and she told him that he couldn't do anything about it, of course, nor anything for her, save to go to
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I don’t ask you to starve or exercise, take medicine or treatments of any kind. All I ask is that you use my FAT REDUCER and method as per instructions and you will FIND REDUCTION TAKING PLACE in a few days; at the end of eleven days, which is full trial period, you either keep the REDUCER or return it to me complete and I will gladly refund your money.

You gently apply Reducer to fatty parts and by easy manipulation it performs a deep rooted massage which extends well down into fatty tissues. Contraction breaks down and dissolves the fatty tissues into an absorbent matter which is then carried away by the elimination organs of the body.

Dr. Lawton’s FAT REDUCER is a fat reducer, chemically, made from soft rubber and weighs but a few ounces. You can reduce where you wish to lose 10 or 100 pounds over weight.

The cost of FAT REDUCER is $3.00 (making more for buyers who are not insured).

BASED on my office experience, I guarantee this product and insure to the buyer that if you will use it intelligently it will produce the results promised.

Dr. Lawton 3.

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Dr. Lawton 3.
Deformities of the Back

Thousands of

Rockefeller Cases

An old lady, 72 years of age, who suffered for many years and was absolutely helpless, found relief. A man who was helpless, unable to rise from his chair, was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. A little child paralyzed, was playing about the house after wearing a Philo Burt Appliance three weeks. We have successfully treated more than 40,000 cases the past 13 years.

30 Days' Trial Free

We will prove its value in your own case. There is no reason why you should not accept our offer. The photographs show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjusted the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old tortuous planter, either of steel or wood.

Send for Our Free Book.

If you will describe the case it will enable us to better fit you. Send clear, full-page views on a special request.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO.
279-314 Old Fellow's Temple
JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

Stop Truss Torture

This modern, scientific innovation, the Berkley Truss, is a new discovery that relieves repair and rupture of a hernia. No expensive springs or pads.

Brooks' Rupture Appliance

Has automatic Air Cushions. Blinds and drapery that can be taken apart as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lie. Durability and beauty to prove it. Protected by U. S. patents. Catalogue and more complete information on request. Send name and address today.

Brooks Appliance Co., 2245 West St., Marshall, Ill.

PATENTS

All models designed or patented with description. We will make applicants for any device in our line. Write for full details.

A PERFECT NOSE FOR YOU

The Original

SEND MONEY NOW

ANITA - NOSE ADJUSTER

Patented

(A 100 model designed or patented with description. We will make applications for any device in our line. Write for full details.

A PERFECT NOSE FOR YOU

DEFECT OF NATURE?

ANITA - NOSE ADJUSTER

SEND MONEY NOW

The Original

Patented

This is an actual photograph showing the results obtained in one of the most troublesome cases of defective noses. Anita New Nose Adjuster is a simple, quick, painless, permanently and irreversibly effective method. It can be made in your own room, your nose can be made smaller, larger, or reshaped. NO ADJUSTABLE SCREWS. NO METAL PARTS. Gentle, posibly, permanent and troubleless. Write today for free book: "Happy Results and prices for nose adjuster when it reaches you. Anita New Nose Adjuster is the original and only comfortable and most effective." Write today for free book: "Happy Results and prices for nose adjuster when it reaches you. Anita New Nose Adjuster is the original and only comfortable and most effective.

SPECIAL SIZES FOR CHILDREN

(Continued on page 110)

do the sporting thing; but that you loved Mrs. Mainwaring, and everyone knew it, and that Handi Effendi had made threats on your life if I stayed in your house. Sebastian said that if I ran away with him, I would clear the way for you with—Judith—and save your life, and make him, Sebastian, happy at the same time. And so I did—

Marcus groaned out, "Oh, my child,—my love—"

But Carotta didn't hear him. She went on, trancelike—"When I ran out of the house with Pasquale and, in the cab, he put his arms around me, at all, a light lit up in my mind. His touch made me think of you, touch—Lucrapo—made me want it and I knew all about—everything. And I ran away from him that same day—I haven't seen him since—Mrs. MacMurtry helped me—she got me work to do. And then, suddenly, it came to me that I ought to come back and—and thank you—tell you that now I understand what you did for me—what you risked for me—how dear I think you are to have done it—and how happy I will be you will be with—"

But Marcus couldn't she could say the name. He knelt by her chair and took her hands against his breast—"Say 'with me,' he promptly, begged her—""said with me, my darling—because I can't be happy any other way, Carotta, not possibly."

Carotta bent to him, and her lips hovered against his charlie, whisper, passionate—"With me," she said; "with me alone—"

On the Camera Coast

(Continued from page 71)

"I am not that sort of girl. . . . It was much Missy Wright did not want to come to home and having him come to see me."

To which Missy Windsor made hot reply in the next day's paper. She said Charlie had wired her to meet him; so there!

When asked whether or not they were engaged to Charlie, both ladies were ex- cessively coy. May said she had a contract that forbade her marrying for a year, add- ing: "but, you know, this is sometimes granted special dispensations." Miss Windsor, who got lost in the hills a few blocks from Hollywood Boulevard a while ago, was able to find her way into town with a few remarks about the "wonderful friendship" between her and Charlie, etc., etc.

After all, what does it matter about who is engaged to Charlie, so long as both get a nice lot of publicity?

IN AND OUT OF JAIL

Texas Guinan is the latest star to go to jail. A grocerman alleged that she had given him a bad check, so the dicks went out right and grabbed the volcanic Texan. She spent the night in jail but got out the next day and made things merry by threatening suit against the officers who had dared incarcerate her. The judge politely dismissed her suit and with a few remarks about the "wonderful relationship" between her and Charlie, etc., etc.

There was no offense committed. It is an outrage that this woman should bear the humiliation."

It seems that the star had given the grocerman some money for her expenses when she reached New York. While she was absent, her bank account was attached as the result of a civil court action. If she had written a hundred checks and cashed a million dol- lars in the bank, the checks would not have been honored, because of the attachment. From henceforth, let grocers and cops have a cut of the way they handle our female Bill Hart.

The Other Day I was Watching Two Fellows Exercising in a Gymnasium—One was strain- ing desperately to do the same feats of strength his companions were accomplishing, but his efforts were in vain. He tried and tried and tried, but it was all in vain. Close- ly, however, was a robust young man who every muscle seemed to be strung and stretched. He moved through his exercises as though it was his play, bringing a smile and a laugh from the strong men and professional methods. I in- tended to report this in this second instalment but found myself in a place where I had learned many of the names of various centers of development. This is the secret of my success. After years of science, study and observation, I discovered the true secret of my success, and the true secret of my success is the result of many years of study and observation. And not surprisingly, the result was astounding. Just imagine a system that would produce the marvel of any other in less than half the time. It is now known to all that I am now appearing before others. My pupils are among the leaders in both the athletic and business world. One recently was given a special prize of $5,000 in a contest for the most perfect man, while many are living a life of ease through the money they receive by teaching others.

Only One of

The Acme of Physical Perfection

Letters which stream into my office. My pupils are my best argument, that the Acme progressive system is the sure road to perfect physical development.

The Answer is Simple

Who did these two men work out side with such opposite results! One apparently worked harder than the other but turned up his vitality and destroyed his body, while the other had learned the science of muscular contraction, which not only brings about a rapid increase in the development of muscles, but makes it possible to accomplish any desire of the body. I have been a witness to the success of many, and can give you the names of your friends and acquaintances.

The Eighth Edition of My Latest Book:

"MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

is just off the press. It contains 20 full-page photographs of the most successful men and women developed by your system. The book has been eagerly awaited by the best developed athletes, whom I have trained. Through the use of the Acme progressive system, the physical manhood but are noted successions in their business careers. I send every one who writes this page a copy of our book. It will in- terest you to find out the book is now available at

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

DEP. 302

305 Broadway. New York

DEP. 302

305 Broadway, New York City

Dear Sir: I am herewith enclosing a check which you will find for your bill for my book "Muscular Development." (Please write or print plainly.)

Name__________________________

Street________________________

City___________________________

State_________________________
A Great Art
(Continued from page 40)

saw there seemed to send him into convulsions.
He turned red and began ringing all the bells he could lay his hands on. Meanwhile, in a strangled voice he called, "Dont move!"

People came rushing from all sides, and the room was half full by the time his two partners entered. He then rose proudly to his feet. "Centles," he said, "I have the honor to introduce to you Sir Gilbert Worthing, the great English novelist and playwright.

"Stop!" he commanded, and held up his hand, as they all started to rush forward. "He has brought us an original manuscript.

He said this very softly—almost in a reverent tone. They all glanced lovingly now at our now bewildered friend, while he added, "And we are going to give him a hundred thousand in cash! Gentle- men, what do you say?"

His two partners stepped up and examined Sir Worthing in that same loving way. It seemed almost as if he were going to stroke his cheek, and he looked a little frightened. "Let’s give him a hundred and fifty thousand," purred the two partners. They mistook his silence for a refusal. Still he was speechless. Then Mr. E. D. Ess boomed out, "Two hundred thousand is the limit. What do you say, Sir Gil- bert?"

Slowly, the great playwright looked from one to the other of the partners. You want to buy my two hundred thousand?" he said. "Really, now, I think you didn’t like it." With a wave of his hand, Mr. E. D. Ess dismissed the partners. "Just another thing, you say?"

There was a slight pause. The Enormous Picture Company wondered if Sir Worthing was going to get more money out of them. His answer came very timidy, "Why, yes," he murmured; "charmed, charmed." And he smiled.

It was as if his laughter had touched a magic spring. Instantly a camera sprang up before his face. The partners surrounded him, a flash light flared; he realized that he had been played young as a boy, then dashed up and asked him a few impertinent questions, and then flew, without paying any attention to the answers, and he knew he would have to write in all the papers. Suddenly the room cleared and he and Mr. E. D. Ess were alone with the check. He took the check and looked at it. It was a fat check, and he saw jew- els and beautifully dressed men and women, and yachts, and mansions, and strange countries. Somewhere in him a little voice lifted thanks for his talents which were so valuable, and could bring him such rewards. He came back to the check again, and remembered he had to give up his man- uscript in return. Very graciously he handed it over to Mr. E. D. Ess.

"Oh, we want need all that, Sir Gilbert. You can have the money. Very carefully he tore off the front page:

"THE REBELLION OF RACHEL YOUNG

by

SIR GILBERT WORTHING"

The rest of the manuscript he handed back to our bewildered friend. The vision of a yacht and mansions returned, and he put his fingers lovingly around the check resting in his pocket. "He has it way of his own," he said pleasantly.

Mr. E. D. Ess rang another bell, and a little girl came briskly into the office. "Jenny," he growled. "Here you are. Wrap a story around that title. You know the kind I want!"

She took the title and glanced at it.

Drive Those Wrinkles Away

Wrinkles are the enemy of beauty, particularly in a young person. They begin to come at the age of twenty, unless care is taken to prevent them, and when they once start, the tendency is to lengthen, deepen and multiply. Don’t wait too long, don’t give them a chance to thrive. Massage helps, but it is not enough.

Palmer’s Face Lotion is the only remedy that actually ben- efits the complexion and actually pre- vents wrinkles. It contains, among other things, elder flower water and benzoin, which for ages have been famous for beautifying the skin.

There is No Reason Why You Should Have Wrinkles Until You Are Fifty! Apply Palmer’s Face Lotion every night, and you will be surprised at the results. It has a cooling, soothing, astrigent effect, and if your skin is at all inclined to be fudly, it will make it smooth and firm.

It is delightfully scented—it is a necessity in every lady’s beauty parlor.

After once using it, you will be without it. Send fifty cents (coin, stamps or money order) for a trial bottle, which will be sent to you by mail, securely wrapped.

RICHARD WALLACE
Department M2, Brooklyn, N.Y.
I'll but It's Chicago she but didn't, room, lorgnette "under violet In It thought dont necklace marry For Youthful
of lermen.

And, after that, it didn't matter about the prearranged dinners. They were postponed every night, and went to the most heavenly places.

And, do you know, in the end, Mimsey was burned up in a fire after a Christmas party she was giving to some little children; but it didn't matter a bit, because she was quite whole when she and Peter went up to their attic. It was all very exciting and sad, and I'd love to see the first part all over again. But I think I'd leave after the horrid uncle takes Gogo away, because the rest didn't interest me very much.

I asked Uncle Roddy if he thought I could "dream true," but he said I had too healthy an appetite. But then, Uncle Roddy is always saying things I don't understand. Your loving sister, Judy.

Pardon My French
(Continued from page 67)
to the hired help, but seems as if I'd got to kind of lay off my etikett once in a while, like those consarned corsets that I don't hardly dust out a chocolat drop in. It's a dreadful job, lori' refined; but I'm going to be refined if it kills me, and Paw, too, I do.

"Wec, wec!" said Polly, sympathetically. Her accent was as becoming as her uniform, which she had copied after the maids in musical comedy—a scrap of apron, a ruffle of a cap nested among her bright curls, high red heels, extremely abbreviated skirts. "Jeez rompy, Mo-damn! I—what you say? I under—stand!"

"I thought mibble you could sort of coach me," Ma continued. "But not what the Hawkers was very highly thought of back home, and the Squibbles, too; but me and Paw have associated more with males and hogs than with sassyflow folks, and now and then I can feel my grammar skidding."

The result was daily tutoring in the correct manner of entering a room, ducking hands, using a lorgnette and grappling with the silverware. Paw, a meek little man who addressed Bunny as "Sir" and Polly as "Ma'am," sometimes attended these lessons, and likewise the third member of the Hawker family, Zeke, the heir-apparent, a tall, gauntly youth with a prominent Adam's apple, carrot hair and huge freckled hands, something the size and shape of hams.

The French maid was not long in finding out what Zeke thought of her. "Like you lust rate," he told her without cumbrous circumlocution. "You and me could git along, well?"

A simple and direct soul, Zeke, without inhibitions or repressions, a very Freudian spirit! In the fulness of his heart, he attempted to kiss Polly, and she slapped him with somewhat more force than coquetry.

"Hayseed!" she cried, contemptuously; then hurriedly, "Beaucoup seed of the bay! Mouy Dieu, consomme filet de sole en caserole, biscuit tortoni, denli tassee!"

Polly's French was of the table d'hote order, but it served to rebuke Zeke. "You dont need to git bet up," he said scathingly. "I dont have to hang 'round hired gals now. I'm going to marry a countess. Leastwise, Mr and Paw and me is going to supper at her house tomorrow."

In proof, he exhibited a violet note, strongly scented and signed in dashing chirugraphy, "the Countess of Carstairs." Speaking vaguely of mutual friends, the countess invited Mr. and Mrs. Hawker and their son to dine with her and the Marquis de Void. The note-paper bore a silver device, not unlike the head of a bull.

"All them nobility have got trademarks," Ma explained; "they even hev them embroidered on their underwear, I've heard tell. It was the next evening, and she was dressed for the initial appearance into society, in a striking gown of bright yellow satin and a necklace of pearls. "Paw! For the land's sake, hurry up and git dressed. I dont aim to keep the Countess waiting."

Paw was perspiring and apologetic. "I cant seem to git this harness buckled up right," he confessed. "I've sweat two collars limp a-ready! I thought mible this young lady."

"I like Paw," Polly confided to Bunny, as they strolled about the garden later. "He's the only one of us that isn't trying to play another part. He's—"

The sentence was never finished. At this precise moment a tennis ball bounded over the wall and struck Polly full in the face.

(Continued on page 103)
reasonably serene. Dayne wanted money, of course. He always wanted money. He spent most of his time following Felice and her millionaire about, with what was pensive traveling. Celia was amazed at the change the last six months had made in him. He was morose and sullen, eaten up with the fierce fear of unprofitable things.

She longed to be rid of him, and had secretly made up her mind to buy him off, somehow or other. She sighed with relief when he left her. She wanted Cary. What was the use wanting him? He was in South America. She wanted to shake off the burden she was laboring under. But what was the use? It couldn’t be done. But she had her work, thank heaven for that, and now it was about to be crowned with success. Of that, she felt sure.

"Your cue, Miss Hughes," said a proud young call-boy, and Celia flitted thru the doorway out, pincushion, slippers, each little frill of tulle standing out from her slender waist, aquiver with eagerness.

Out front were three people she knew quite well, although she knew that two of them were there. Dayne, brooding on his fancied wrongs, had bought himself a ticket with some of Celia’s own money, hoping to find something that was the passion that was driving him mad.

A few seats in front of him, the same malicious fate had placed Felice and the man whose money she had elected to spend. Dayne’s sudden glow of baffled anger broke into a flame. He sat thru the first act with clenched hands and balled brow. He moved his lips, but no sound issued from them.

The third that Celia knew so well, was no other than Cary, back opportunity, from his trip, sunburned and husky, bristling with the confidence of success and as vitally alive and well as a young colt. He’d let Celia go thru with this performance—finish her engagement, maybe—and then she’d belong to him, he thought to himself, with the glorious assurance of youth.

At the close of her act, and after the riotous applause had subsided, the three went back-stage—Cary, to see Celia and congratulate her, and in company, Celia and Faithful Starr—Felice dragging the reluctantmillionaire to present him to Miltion—and Dayne, with a malevolent purpose in his mind, and a string of malicious words for tearings at his heart—a sinister note in the gay tempo.

"Oh, Cary," cried Celia when she saw him, unable to keep the gladness out of her voice and the welcome out of her eyes. "Oh, Cary," she repeated, standing beside him, flushed and triumphant, "when did you get back? Tell me about your trip."

But a thousand interruptions kept him from answering her. Friends and admirers crowded about. The host of friends were present and from the room. Celia sank down in an arm-chair. Cary and Milton stood by her, Milton holding her hand as she fanned her hair from time to time, and Cary wishing desperately that he might dare. Starr, standing between Felice and her fiance, uttered a contented sigh. Everyone had turned out right, after all. He was old, and ready to go now. He had done his best for this radiant girl, who never, somehow, seemed really to be part of him. Yes, it was all for the best. He found it in his heart to be glad for what he had done.

Into this gentle silence there suddenly burst a harsh, discordant voice. The door was flung violently open, and Dayne, wild-eyed and haggard, burst into the room, followed by several excited stage-hands.

"We couldn’t hold ‘im, Miss ‘Ughes."

"Why, it’s all right," said Milton, recovering from his amazement. "He’s a friend of ours."

The other men withdrew, leaving Dayne trembling and defiant, behind them.

"We’re going to give the show, that’s all!" exclaimed Milton, as soon as the door was closed.

Dayne swayed dizzyly to and fro. He began to mutter almost as if to himself.

But the rest of her heart—her heart is made of ice—no, gold. Gold! That’s all she cares for—but she won’t get it—if I can’t have him no man can. I’ll kill her first! Ah!"

He drew a long, thin knife from inside his coat, and, before the startled group could step in to prevent it, he pulled the knife out and stuck it into his heart.

Shrunken away in terror, and Stall, the faithful, the devoted Starr, stepped quickly in between.

It was a closed and subdued group that gathered around the cot in Celia’s private dressing-room. Starr lay quiet except for the horror-stirrormothings of those who are close to death. Celia, in her incongruous ballet skirts, laid an anxious head to his heart.

"Father," she said in pleading, "Daddy-boy, speak to your own little Celie."

He opened his eyes at the sound of the tender little pet name she had called him in her childhood.

"I am her father," he gasped. "I lied to you, Mr. Milton, sir. She is my girl, not yours—my girl—my little Celie—can you forgive an old friend—and faithful servant? I wanted her to be cared for—always—and so I lied about it, Daniel Milton—I lied to you—Celie—Celie."

"He’s gone, dear," said Daniel Milton, gently pulling the girl from the still figure, and holding her in his arms. "I want you to be my little girl just the same—I love you still, Celie, Child. Will you stay with me a lonely old man—whose last friend is now lost to him?"

"Oh, I’ve been a wicked woman," cried Celia, "I forgive you, Daddy-boy."

"Liar!" he exclaimed. "This is worth this dear old man’s death. But I will make reparation somehow. I’ll marry Roger Dayne—if he can be saved, and work for him and keep him straight, and I’ll be good myself. Oh, poor Celie—oh!—oh!—and her voice ended in a penitent wail.

But time takes care of grief, and love takes care of disappointments. And, when the spring came around again, it was not old Daniel Milton, her grandfather, who was taking care of Celia, but Cary Grant, her unmistakably real husband.

FOR A STAR ROUND-TABLE

By A. Powell John

How would you like to see:

Wallace Reid as King Arthur?

Thomas Meighan as Sir Lanceot?

Glaura Swanson as Queen Guinevere?

Lillian Gish as Elaine?

RALPH GAYES as Sir Galahad?

Douglas McLean as Sir Gaeloch?

Dorothy Peterson as nightingale?

Lovell Sherman as Sir Modred?

Theodore Roberts as Merlin?
Pardon My French

Before her startled shriek had died upon the evening air, a head appeared above the well, followed by the rest of a exceedingly handsome young man in a silk shirt and white trousers, who hurried to Polly and bent over her anxiously. "I hope I didn't startle you," he said in a low voice.

Polly gave one startled look up into the well-known visage of Ferdinand Aloysius MacGillivray, and then with great presence of mind, fainted away in his arms.

At this moment, Ma Hawker was trying her new social graces upon the romantic person of the Marquis de Void. "You just love to hear the French peasants sing the mazurka," she inquired, trying at the same time to hold her little finger crooked genteelly, smile at the Marquis and screw up her eyes, as her husband had tucked his napkin under his chin.

The Marquis leaned ardently toward her. "Ah, but you have the soul, the poetic soul! Oui! I would love to show you my beloved Paris, and Monte Carlo and Egypt and the pyramids, so old! Zey are as old as old as you are—ehem, I mean, zey are so wonder-

Across the table, Zeke and the Countess were getting along swimmingly. "I took to you right away," Zeke confided. "That's a party dress you've got on, whatever there is of it. And what there ain't of it is purdy, too.

"I am afraid," murmured the Countess, with a dazzling glance, "that you are a very dangerous man, Meester Zeke!"

Pardon My French (Continued from page 101)

They say it behind your back

EVEN as you read this, some of your friends may be saying it about you.

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is not a pretty subject. The thing is too delicate for conversation even among close friends.

Yet all the while, quite innocently, you may be offending your friends and business associates. Halitosis becomes a silent, unmentioned indictment that holds back many a man. And he is the last one to know why.

Why entertain uncomfortable doubts about your breath when there is a simple, scientific precaution that will put you on the safe—and polite—side?

Listerine, the long-popular, liquid antiseptic, will defeat most cases of halitosis. It is a wonderfully effective mouth deodorant that quickly arrests food fermentation.

Of course, if halitosis is a symptom of some more deep-seated, organic disorder you will want to consult your physician or dentist. Naturally you wouldn’t expect a mouth antiseptic to cure a bad stomach. But so often halitosis is merely local and temporary. The regular use of this excellent and pleasant antiseptic as a mouth wash and gargle will suffice.

Try Listerine this way today. Note the clean, fresh feeling it leaves about your mouth, teeth and throat. At the same time you freshen your breath you are guarding against throat infections that may anticipate more serious ills.

If you are not familiar with Listerine and its many uses just send us your name and address and fifteen cents and we shall be glad to forward you a generous sample of Listerine together with a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste sufficient for 10 days’ brushings.

Address Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, 2169 Locust Street, Saint Louis, Missouri.

For HALITOSIS USE LISTERINE

103 PAG
The Boat

Buster Keaton in the funniest comedy he ever did make

Buster Keaton is now the boss of his own studio, and making independent pictures for First National. You have laughed at his comedies before, but wait until you see this one.

First National has arranged with Joseph M. Schenck for the release of Buster Keaton comedies, in line with its policy of distributing the production of independent stars and producers.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc. is a nation-wide organization of independent theatre owners who foster the production of finer photo-plays and who are working for the constant betterment of screen entertainment.

It accepts for exhibition purposes the work of these independent artists strictly on its merit as the best in entertainment.

Watch for the First National trademark on the screen at your theatre. It stands for the best entertainment and the best quality of artistic pictures.

On the Camera Coast

(Continued from page 99)

THE INGRAM HONEYMOON

Rex Ingram and Alice Terry got married in Pasadena and left immediately the next day on their honeymoon, going to Los Angeles to see three motion pictures. Talk about a cabman's holiday! But they will have a real trip, with all expenses paid, when Marcus Loew, head of the Metro company, sends them abroad to make a picture.

BE MILE ADOPTS CHILDREN

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil B. de Mille have adopted two children, a boy and a girl, to educate, in addition to their own little daughter. Fancy being directed thru life by a man who helped to make Gloria Swanson and Thomas Meighan what they are today! The possibilities are infinite.

NAZIMOVA IN MARY'S HOME

Nazimova now occupies Mary Pickford's bungalow, on the Brunton lot, where she is filming Ibsen's "The Doll's House." She plans also to do Oscar Wilde's "Salome" and Beier's "Hedda Gabler." I have suggested that Buster Keaton direct her in "Salome."

DESAIRS HAROLD LLOYD

By the time this casserole has been digested, Harold Lloyd will have signed a new contract with Pathé or some other firm. But, wherever he goes, his leading lady will not follow. Mildred Davis intends to lead a dramatic life, even as Gloria, Marie, Bebe and others who were raised on mince and custard. Having met Miss Davis in person, I am no one to be a calm judge of her ability. She's a dizzying, electric person, like Mabel Normand, hence should do just about as she pleases with her emotions.

RODULPH VALENTINO FREE

By this time, Rudolph Valentino should be free to accept proposals. Jean Acker has sued him for divorce under her true name of Harriet E. Gugliemi, and he has filed a cross-complaint for divorce under his Italian nomber, Rudolph V. Gugliemi. Jesse L. Lasley has offered Valentino a five-year starring contract, I'm told, but it would hardly be wise for the signor to accept while the signora is calculating alimony.

MRS. EARLE WILLIAMS, HEIRESS

A fortune of several hundred thousand dollars has been left to Mrs. Earle Williams by Henry Walz, an uncle, who died in Paris. This is the second fortune bequeathed Mrs. Williams, the first coming from her father's estate. All in all, the Williamses should be able to struggle along for several years, despite the depression. Mr. Williams drew a salary check every week for ten years from the Vitagraph company, and he recently renewed his contract with that concern.

KATE VS. PATTI

When "The Lagoon of Desire" is released, it will introduce Miss Patti, a South Sea siren, Patti, who has been dubbed the Negri of the South Seas, or the Pola of Papeete. She won a prize of three thousand francs for being the best upaupa dancer on the Island of Tahiti. The manager of the Katherine MacDonald studio thinks that "The Infidel" produced by his organization, will prove as realistic in South Sea atmosphere as "The Lagoon of Desire," also the settings are all Californian. He further adds that by producing a South Sea picture in this country a vast amount of money is saved. As to that, I don't know. Miss MacDonald is reputed to get fifty thousand dol-
The usual fall housecleaning took place at the William Fox studios. Several stars were unwrapped, among them Eileen Percy, Barbara Bedford, Maurice (left) Flynn and Johnny Walker. With the exception of Miss Percy, none of them ever lived long enough, astray speaking, to justify their existence. The Fox business methods are truly wizardly. It would seem that players are starred forever, no reasons save that they are cheap. Those who escape the guillotine may linger for a while, but it takes a robust constitution.

Universal Stars Another
Universal has a rapid-change star system, second only to that of Fox. Sometimes it makes sudden "discoveries," such as Miss Dupont, and rushes them into electric lights before there is time to give them names. Anyhow, the critics usually do that. Now it has engaged George Walsh, who escaped from the Fox after he had been stripped to his B. V. D.'s.

Lottie Pickford to Marry?
The Coast oracles are prophesying the marriage of Allan Forrest and Lottie Pickford immediately upon Miss Pickford's return from Europe, where she joined her mother and sister. Mr. Forrest was divorced some time ago from Ann Little, while Miss Pickford severed matrimonial relations with Mr. Rupp. The child of the latter marriage has been adopted by Mrs. Charlotte Pickford and renamed Mary Pickford. Still other wise ones are predicting a revival of the romance between Lottie and Kenneth Harlan. They were reported to be engaged at the time Mr. Harlan married Flo Hart, a "Follies" belle, who is now divorcing him with allegations of cruelty. Mr. Harlan has returned to California to serve as leading man for Constance Talmadge. Mr. Forrest is also here, serving as a stellar right guide. Thus far, no duels.

Mabel, Remember the Main!
Mabel Normand is going to make two more pictures at the Mack Sennett studio and then skip for Europe, so she alleges. Her principal objective will be Spain, as she wants to see the country that sent us Charlie Chaplin and Antonio Moreno. To keep her satisfied in the meantime, Mack Sennett has written a play for her, dealing with the early Spanish days in California.

Chaplin is Busted
In case Charlie Chaplin is abducted by the ladies, we'll still have something to remember him by. Claire Sheridan is modeling a bust of him. In preparation for the task, Miss Sheridan practiced on Lenine and Trotzky.

A Young Visitor Expected
The Los Angeles Evening Express, claiming an exclusive dispatch as usual, announces that the bird called the stork will arrive here in the spring and will visit at the home of Buster Keaton and Natalie Talmadge Keaton.

The Boulevard Bookworm
I met Viola Dana on Hollywood Boulevard one o'clock the other night. When I asked her what she was doing out so late, she said she had become interested in a book and had forgotten to go to dinner. Now, that's what I call literary. She also informed me that she had purchased a house in the foothills and was moving with Papa and Mama Flaggth, Rich people. Those Metro folks: Marcus Loew builds a theater, Vi Dana buys a house, Alice Lake gets a winter coat and Rex Ingram a bride.
Pardon My French (Continued from page 103)

smoke and a contraband game of cabbages.

"She's downstairs," Paw explained, "pearl necklace, diamond stomacher and all. 'Full dress,' she calls it." His tone was gloomy. "Land knows, why seeing there ain't more'n half of a dress on her! And I've seen the day that woman wore red flannel until April, and a knit shawl 'round her shoulders in July, because she was chilly!"

Polly felt a sudden pity for the resentful bewildment in the thin eyes. She sidled down beside him. "I know a dandy game of solitaire," she suggested, "making kings meet! You lay out the cards in threes—"

Paw was staring at her wonderingly.

"What's happened to that frog-leg talk o' yours, little gal? My gosh, you don't mean to say you c'n speak American?"

The maid blushed. "Excuse my French!" Polly laughed. "You see, it wasn't mine. I borrowed it—I was born in Oskaloosa, Iowa, myself!"

They were chatting over the cards like old friends when Ma appeared in an aura of five-dollar-a-drop perfume. "Paw!" she reproved him, "put your shoes on. You're going into naughtiness, not to bed!"

Her husband regarded her reluctantly. "There don't seem to be much difference!" he remarked meaningly. "I 'd think your dress was more appropriate for a night-gown. An' you a Methodist!"

"Paw, don't talk so contrived!" Ma tossed her permanent wave as she turned to Polly, once more a French maid. "See, lest I want you should put on that low-necked dress I gave you and pretend to be one of the company. Stay close to me and keep an eye on my party manners!"

The French maid courteous. "Wee, wee, Ma-damin!"

The Hawkers' house-warming was well attended, for the Countess and the Marquis had both brought friends, and the titles were as common as the cocktails. Bunny had proved himself an efficient butler, and there was plenty to drink, which perhaps explains why Zeke became roguish and attempted to imprint an impassioned kiss upon Polly's lips. His plans miscarried, however, and the kiss landed on the tip of one ear.

"You ought to be proud!" he said, aggrieved; "it ain't every day you got a rich man's son like me to chat with. I bet I c'n kiss the Countess without half tryin'!"

Polly elevated her nose. "Omalette aux fines herbes, cafe parfait, marron glacé!" she shrugged.

"Plat du jour! Waa, waa!"

As Zeke, awed by these remarks, which he evidently took to be personal, departed in the direction of the Countess, who was watching imploringly, a deep laugh at her elbow brought Polly's mirthful gaze to the face of Ferdinand MacGillcuddy.

"You're a wonder!" declared the actor. "I've been looking for you for years, Little Girl—"

Polly's heart leaped. "You mean—you'll give me a part in your next play?"

"I mean," said Ferdinand, earnestly, "that I—"

But he didn't finish the sentence for three hours. For at this moment Ma Hawker, excused on one side by the Countess Carstairs and on the other by the Marquis de Void, and followed by most of the rest of the house party, appeared tumultuously on the scene. "I just happened to know that a gal that couldn't talk anything but that outlandish furin' language wasn't to be trusted," waved Ma. "Still, I'm that tender-hearted, Markis, I wouldn't of believed she

(Continued on page 109)
I WONDER WHAT WOULD HAPPEN—
By K. M. J. Lydon
If both corners of Eugene O’Brien’s mouth turned down,
If they tied Harry Carey’s thumb.
If the barbers caught William Farnum.
If Harry Pringle was retired.
If Tom Moore had his eyebrows plucked.
If Theda staged a come-back.
If Wesley Barry used a freckle remover.
If William Hart forgot to come back.
If Doug’s mustache grew up.
If Wallace Reid cultivated a Vandyke.
If Mae Murray lost her lip-stick.
If ingenues weren’t so sugary.
If you villain didn’t have a mustache to twirl.
If Theodore Roberts ran out of cigars.
If the stars’ fathers spoke up.
If the hero went to sleep on the job.
If Norma Talmadge’s shoulder-strap fused to slip.
If Conway Tearle didn’t frown.
If the bathing queens got wet.
If Ben Turpin wore glasses.
If Universal discovered an actress.
If “Foolish Wires” is shown to this generation.
If Cecil de Mille directed Charlie Chaplin.
If the villain planted one on Pearl White’s jaw.
If George Bernard Shaw wrote a scenario.
If Bebe Daniels starred in it.
If the press agents said what they thought.
If Alice Brady lost another pound.
If the Mounted Police didn’t get their men.
If Tom Mix’s horse balked.
If Griffith wasn’t such an artist.
If Gloria’s wave was washed out to sea.
If Constance Talmadge’s socks developed a ladder.
If Mary Miles Minter wasn’t so good.
If Irvin Cobb doubled for Rudolph Valentino.
If Marion Davies wore a hair-net.
If Rupert Hughes starred in his own stories.
If the censors went on strike.

ALICE IN CENSOR-LAND
(With the usual apologies.)
By Anna K. Bennett
“The time has come,” the Censor said,
“To cut out many things:
Your Star must neither smoke nor vamp,
Nor wear a gown that clings.
A kiss must never more be screened—
A wave of crime it brings.”
“Oh, wait a bit!” the Actors cried,
“Before you have your chat;
For most of us are out of work,
And all of us are flat.
Poor things,” replied the Movie Man—
They thanked him much for that.
“I weep for you,” the Censor said;
“I deeply sympathize!”
The while he held his handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes;
And then he calmly sorted out
One film of each size!
“Oh, Actors!” cried the Movie Man,
“Just what has he done?
We’ll have to close our picture-shop.
For films we have none!”
And that was scarcely strange, you see—
They were censored—every one!
Exercise for the Stout Figure
(Continued from page 62)

However, if in your zeal to reduce as rapidly as possible, you walk until you are fatigued and sore, get into a tubful of hot water—as hot as you can stand it—and stay there for fifteen minutes. This will relax the overstrained muscles, cause a good night's sleep, and in all probability prevent any feeling of soreness the next day.

And, by all means, take your walk again the following day, and every day thereafter, whether the muscles are sore or not. The muscles you have begun to exercise you must keep exercised, and the soreness will soon pass away, leaving an active, vital glow through the body.

Now, don't stop to listen to your friends about this. At least, not to those facetious friends who say you are all right just as you are, that your robust, huxom figure is lovely, and why should you deny yourself all the good things to eat and be bothered with unpleasant exercise? Cultivate the people who tell you the unflattering truth about yourself and count them your best friends.

The mirror and the scales are two more good friends. The latter looks much more than the former, as one is inclined to be blind and fatuous concerning one's reflection, while the scales will not lie. So consult them every week to see what benefit you are deriving from your exercises.

Fighting overweight is an abnormal condition, just as much so as being underweight. So do not fear those who ridicule your efforts to regain a slender figure. If beauty were walking, you would look right there from the viewpoint of health. Ten to one, anyhow, these snearers are jealous of your desire to look well and envy you the will-power that enables you to fulfill the desire. And you might tell them, as I will tell you, in the words of something I read somewhere, that walking or rolling we are all on the same road to the grave, but those who walk will arrive long after those who ride.

The most effective exercise for rapid reducing is rolling. I cannot recommend this as heartily as I do walking, since it lacks the health-giving power of walking. But, as it works more rapidly than walking, it may be employed to good effect and without any harmful results if one goes about it properly.

Rolling should be done on the floor. The hard surface does not yield to the contour of the body, as does the bed, but resists, and by its resistance crushes the cells of fat. A tight-fitting, inelastic garment should be worn, as it holds the flesh compactly, keeping it from yielding to the floor by any direction by spreading out laterally. This causes greater weight and pressure on the flesh and therefore is more effective in crushing the cells of fat.

Do not roll in a relaxed condition. Tighten up the muscles from head to toe. Keep your arms pressed close to your side. Start the rolling motion with shoulders and hips. Roll as far in one direction as the space will permit. Now roll back in the opposite direction. Since you must not use your arms or your knees, you will find that every muscle in the body is required to keep rolling. Three minutes of this the first day is quite enough, and may be increased slowly or rapidly after that, according to the muscles and muscles. It will undoubtedly cause soreness at first, which may be remedied by the hot bath before retiring.

All violent exercises taken in the morning should be followed by a cool or cold bath—preferably a shower—and a brisk rub with a rough towel. This washes off the oily secretions and closes the pores.

Between the extremes of walking and

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Page 108
rolling, there are many other reducing exercises. But there is no real substitute for walking, and it should continue a part of the daily routine regardless of any other exercises that may be added to the program.

The most pleasurable form of exercise is dancing. And there is nothing to be compared with, in the grace and poise it gives the body. It is so important and so beneficial that I shall devote a whole article to it in an early number of this magazine. In spite of the fact that modern dressing ignores the waistline, most women wish to preserve this attractive feature of the body, and no man or woman wishes a protruding, unsightly front. Most exercises that are good for reducing will help to restore the waistline, but there are two special ones that will do it more rapidly than the general exercises will.

The first is a bending exercise. Stand erect, heel to toe, shoulder back. Raise the arms to a straight, vertical position above the head. Now swing the body forward from the waist, trying to touch the floor with the fingers, and without bending the knees. Now up again to a vertical position, hands above head. Repeat the movement ten times the first day, fifteen the second, twenty the third. Then go through the movements twenty times every morning and twenty times every evening before retiring.

The other exercise for reducing the waist is also a bending exercise. Stand as in former exercise, only placing the hands on hips instead of above head. Now swing the body laterally as far as possible to the right, then to the left, describing a semi-circle at first, and more than that later, as the muscles become elastic. This should be done ten times the first day and increased at the same rate of speed as the former exercise.

Now, I have seen these exercises put into operation, and I know what they will do. There are many other gymnastics for reducing, but from the many with which I am familiar, I have chosen these few as the most effective. If you will look back over this talk and sum it up, you will see that the exercises recommended are few and simple. And with the one exception of rolling over, are safe. The thing to remember is to take them regularly and perform them with vigor. And always have the windows open when exercising, so there will be plenty of fresh air in the room. No matter what goal you are striving for, be sure to guard the general health as you go along.

Pardon My French
(Continued from page 106)
was a thief if you hadn't seen her take my necklace with your own eyes.

Three hours later, Polly, minus the French accent, returned with Ferdinand Aloysius MacGilligundy in the garden, finishing the account of her brief experience in jail.

"It's funny now, but while it lasted, it was horrid!" she shivered.

"You're cold!" Ferdinand said solicitously; "you ought to have something around your shoulders." And so he put his arm about them. "But how did you happen to discover about the Countess and her confidante?"

"I saw their pictures in the Rogues' Gallery when they were going to take mine," Polly explained, "and when I said I knew them they told me that they were Frico Lizzie and London Joe, the slightest pair of confidence workers that ever wore handcuffs!" she laughed reminiscently. "Will (Continued on page 115)
The Answer Man
(Continued from page 78)

"Eva on the Ice." Norma Talmadge has gone to the Coast, and she will produce three pictures.

MILLIE B.—Sorry I can't give you any information about George Le Guere.

TOSKY D.—So you have dandelions in your backyard. That's pretty early—or late. I wish I lived there! Did you know the dandelion is a corruption of the French dent de lion, lion's tooth, from some fancied resemblance of the leaves to the teeth of the lion? The Greek name, carduus, has the same meaning. Remember when you used to put them under your chin to see if you liked butter? I do. Ethel Clayton, Famous Playwright, 175 Duffield Street, Los Angeles, Calif. Gareth Hughes is with Metro.

CECILIA.—Nearly all people read, heard, and saw enough to make them wise—if they only could remember and properly use it. That's a mighty old picture—Norma Phillips and J. W. Johnston, in "Runaway June." Yes.

PEARL.—You just bet, my beard comes in handy these cold days. Yes, I'm still living in the hall, and I gas a stove which replaces the room for me. I live very economically. In the spring, I plant potatoes on the roof—you see, I live on the top floor—and all I have to do is to pick potatoes off the ceiling. You refer to Ben Deeley. Jane Novak was Joan. The Lee Children are in vaudeville now.

JANE H.—But the angels of this world generally carry very expensive feathers in their wings. Have no fear, there is no Mrs. Answerman. I'm all by myself, in my room. And I put my beard up on my chin. Norma Talmadge was born in 1897; Bebe Daniels in 1901; Vernon Steele is playing opposite Ethel Clayton. Lester Caine, in "Silver Spurs." Tom Mix, in "Traill." M. R.—Why don't you send a stamped addressed envelope for a list of the correspondents? I don't know. It has been said that to exchange them in wis, is a thing the men find it the most difficult to pardon in women. I do not agree, but think that the men think the same, which, unlike all others, borrows luster from its setting, rather than bestows; it is so easy as to fancy a beautiful woman extremely witty. We've said enough on the subject.

A. T. C. M.—Thanks for the compliment. Why don't you write to Katherine Kerr, Setonick Company, Part Lee, N. J.? She is playing opposite her husband, Owen Moore. You say you are eighteen, and you love old days. Your address is 175 Duffield Street. You can get in touch with Theodore Roberts at Lasky Studio, 1320 Vine Street, Hollywood, Calif.

HAL R.—No coat of arms. It is rather a sad fact that the ancestors of a great many men, who boast of their coats of arm, had no coats to either their arms or their backs, and those who have only their ancestors to boast of are like potatoes—the best part under ground. Charles Meredith, twenty-six; Ralph Bushman, about twenty.

TO A BEAUTY OF THE SCREEN
BY ALLENE GATES

Please accept congratulations, And my best wishes, too! I only wish my parents Had picked out a child like you!

The Motion Picture Magazine - Page 110

Beauty Yours! Secrets Centuries Old—Exposed! Bring Magic-Like Results Quickly.

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Once I was homely! The portrait above is living proof of what I can do for you, too. If your features are fairly regular you can be as fascinatingly beautiful as the women you have envied! My Secrets of Beauty tell you how—secrets based on mysteries of the French Courts, toilet rites which kept the flaxen French beauties young for many years longer than our modern women, mysteries which are hidden for centuries. These and many other beauty secrets are yours—under your skin, flushed with the glow of youth, to make you the center of adoration, to build your figure as Nature intended. They are all exposed in my book—"Confessions of a Beauty Expert."

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Across the Silversheet
(Continued from page 99)

The February
SHADOWLAND

For its second number of the new year, SHADOWLAND, the magazine beautiful, will have a number of striking features.

Frank Harris will contribute a new contemporary portrait, this time of Viscount Brice.

Benjamin de Casseres writes entertainingly and in fine critical spirit of Victor Hugo.

Alfred Kreymborg, the poet-radical, interviews Gordon Craig, the master of the newest stage craft, upon the shores of the Mediterranean.

Ernest Boyd, the brilliant essayist, furnishes a clever and sprightly article, "Indentured Morality."

Sheildon Cheney writes of the latest movement in stage art under the title of "The Naked Stage."

There will be many other things of note. An unusual one-act play, for instance. SHADOWLAND have a number of striking ones ready for publication, including another by the scintillating Franz Molnar.

The color plates and tint sections will be more dazzling than ever. SHADOWLAND for February will reveal the best, newest and most interesting in art and photography. There will be dozens of pages you will want to frame.

Don't miss the February number of the magazine de luxe.

SHADOWLAND
177 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N.Y.
the carefree Cleo. But the ending has a baby & apple-blossoms & a Normandy farm-house. Certainly, it is satisfactorily happy.

Miss Murray adds a decidedly attractive note to the production by those scenes which find her dancing, and Monte Blue causes you to give a second thought to the unfortunate Elmer Harmon.

It is a true classic, is "Peacock Alley," with gay trimmings.

**TWO MINUTES TO GO—FIRST NATIONAL**

If one may judge by Charles Ray's latest picture, he numbers among the scores of stars & producers who are having difficulty in securing material.

"Two Minutes to Go," as might be judged, is a story of college days & football. There was an idea there of the star player of the team scoring, victory after being misunderstood by his fellows because he had not played during the early part of the season. It was, probably a good idea. But it wasn't played for five or six reels, so the result is a preliminary three reels of Hallowe'en pranks & college froth.

It is a mildly amusing story, but certainly not equal to previous Ray productions. Nor is Mr. Ray fortunate in his role.

**DANGEROUS CURVE AHEAD—GOLDWYN**

"Dangerous Curve Ahead" starts off with a view of a disappearing motor, ribbons & decor in honor of the bridge pair it carries. As you know, it medially, even without remembering the threatening title, that trouble is brewing. It is not melodramatic trouble, but, instead, a slice & every day trial & family comes, and with it wealth, strange as it may seem. The little wife begins to be socially ambitious. And the events which occur are the sort of things which might happen to almost anyone you know.

"Dangerous Curve Ahead" is not a great picture—makes no attempt at being a super feature or masterpiece, or whatever they call extraordinary productions. It is a story of the todays & tomorrows of life, & quite pleasant.

Helene Chadwick becomes more and more attractive in her portrayals. She plays the wife. And Richard Dix is the young husband, fate, too, is human in his characterization.

At least, "Dangerous Curve Ahead" is logical. It proves entertaining without taxing the imagination to too great a length.

**UNDER THE LASH—FAMOUS PLAYERS**

A month or two ago we said that Gloria Swanson had lost her charm, together with her ecstatic coiffure & wardrobe. We apologize, for we have seen her in "Under the Lash." "Under the Lash" is one of the most interesting pictures we have seen in the last few months, in the first place. And Gloria Swanson offers a portrayal wrenched with a deep understanding & charm. The story tells of an old man on a South African veldt & his beautiful wife. A young English overseer comes to the estate—the couple are unhappy & are interested; developments are unusual as the locale of the story, but nevertheless logical.

The others in the cast, which includes Melvon Hamilton, were very good, especially Lillian Leighton as the shrivelled & avaricious Tanta—but, thrust the story, Gloria Swanson's interest & proves her ability to be quite as decorative in billovy laces as she has previously keen in creations from the Rue de la Paix.

**BITS OF LIFE—FIRST NATIONAL**

Marshall Neilan has done worthy things for the camera. He directed Mary Pickford in a number of her greatest successes & did it well. However, his "Bits (Continued on page 115)
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WITH RESERVATIONS

By Lloyd McFarling

Give me a life in the lonely places, Away from all people and houses and cars.

Give me a life in the wide desert spaces, Let me live with a horse and sleep with the stars.

Give me the life of the pioneer— Only, of course, keep the camera near!

Give me a life that is roomy and airy,
Give me a life that is lonely and free; Give me a life on the wide, boundless prairie,
A gun at my hip and a rope at my knee; Where there's room to ride for mile after mile.

But stop for a close-up once in a while.

Give me a life with the widest vocations, Away from the haunts of the maddening throng,
Away from the slavery of fashion's cruel

As, I care for the trappings of wealth.

Give me a life that is gay and sunny,
A life of danger and hardship and health,
Likewise—this is a minor part—
Give me the pay that they give William Hart!

MOVIE TITLES

When They Start Filming the Bible Stories

By Harold Seton

The episode of Lot and His Wife will be called "Dont Turn Around."

The episode of Cain and Abel will be called "Brother Against Brother."

The episode of Jonah and the Whale will be called "Inside Information."

The episode of Jezebel will be called "Going to the Dogs."

The episode of Absalom will be called "I'll Be Hanged if I Do."

The episode of the Prodigal Son will be called "The Price He Paid."

The episode of Aaron and His Staff will be called "Spare The Rod."

The episode of Moses and Pharaoh's Daughter will be called "Whence Came This Baby?"

The episode of King Ahasuerus and Queen Esther will be called "Behold My Wife."

The episode of Samson and Delilah will be called "By a Hair's Breadth."

The episode of Noah and the Ark will be called "The Beast-Boat."

The episode of Daniel in the Lions' Den will be called "Dauntless Dan."

The episode of Job and His Comforters will be called "Without a Friend."

The episode of Rebecca will be called "Well! Well! Well!"

The episode of Methuselah will be called "Mordeky Gladsy."

The episode of David and Goliath will be called "Davie Did It."

The episode of Shadrach, Meshech and Abaroch will be called "Tried By Fire."

The episode of King Solomon and his Wives will be called "One Man in a Thousand."

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Chicago, Ill.
Across the Silversheet

(Continued from page 113)

of Life is by far the best and most artistic thing he has given the screen. As a matter of fact, it is one of the finest things which the screen has shadowed, without making any attempt to set a standard or be extra- 
gant. If "Bits of Life" does nothing else, it may prove that a picture does not have to cost hundreds of thousands or possess a cast which, numerically at least, resembles the German army in order to be worth while. "Bits of Life" is just that.

Definitely, it is composed of four short stories, three of which have been taken from current magazines, and one which Mr. Neilan wrote himself.

The first story, "The Bad Samaritan," tells of a gentleman crook and the veiled cunning of his ways. He attempts to perform—and immediately the police suspect him. It is delightfully satirical, and Rockcliffe Fellows endows the title role with a humorous understanding.

The second story is "The Man Who Heard Everything." It tells of an earnest barber who has been deaf for years. He imagines life, and his life includes his pretty wife, his customers, his helper and one or two children who play in front of his shop. He would wish it to be that he saves his earnings, so he may purchase an ear telephone. It enables him to hear. Dreams crumble.

We would like to give honorable men- tion to the actor who plays this title rôle, but we have been unable to learn his name.

The third story has the colorful back- ground of Chinatown. It is based on the Chinaman's preference for a man-child. Lon Chaney slinks thru the incensed and silken-hung setting with a degree of art- ism which excels even his previous per- formances. The girl-wife, too, is splendid.

The fourth and last story is an imaginative adventure tale, with an explanatory ending. It has a brightening influence after "Hop," which is the name of the Chinese tale, and offers a clever burlesque.

"Bits of Life," we hope, inaugurates a vogue for other things of its kind.

Pardon My French

(Continued from page 109)

you ever forget Zeke's face when the cop turned the necklace out of the pocket is the Countess' underskirt? And poor Ma couldn't apologize enough. She told me just now that they were going back to associate with fancy-bred hogs, instead of staying here with the common, ordinary kind!

"So you're out of a job?" asked Ferdi-
nand. "I thought I heard Zeke offer you a position—"

Polly nodded. "Zeke is a very ardent wooer," she murmured. "He told me that he'd just as soon marry me as not! But I am rather expecting to get another posi-
tion before long—on Broadway."

She looked up demurely, under the very long, extremely ornamental lashes, and Ferdin-

and Aloysius MacGilliverty recognized his cue and drew her close.

"I want you for my leading lady on Broad-
way and off," he declared. "It's a life job. Will you take the contract, dear?"

Polly appeared to reflect. "If you will hire Denny as our butler," she assented.

Ferdinand Aloysius MacGilliverty kissed her fervently.

Polly looked up at him, and he saw by her eyes that last he had found one who believed in fairies and moonlight and love. "I think," whispered Polly demurely, "I think that I will take an—an encore, if you please!"

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To keep your complexion fresh and smooth you must keep it scrupulously clean. You can't allow dirt, oil and perspiration to collect and clog the pores if you value clearness and fine texture. You can't depend on cold cream to do this cleansing—repeated applications help fill up the pores. The best way is to wash your face with the mild, soothing lather blended from palm and olive oils, the cleansers used by Cleopatra.

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"Saturday Night"
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Betty Compson in
"The Law and the Woman"
Adapted from the Clyde Fitch play
"The Woman in the Case"
A Penthyn Stanlows Production

"One Glorious Day"
With Will Rogers and Lila Lee
By Walter Woods and O. B. Barringer

George Melford's Production
"Moran of the Lady Letty"
With Dorothy Dalton
From the story by Frank Norris

May McAvoy in
"A Homespun Vamp"
By Hector Turnbull
A Realart Production

"Boomerang Bill"
With Lionel Barrymore
By Jack Boyle
A Cosmopolitan Production

Ethel Clayton in "Her Own Money"
Adapted from the play by Mark Swan

John S. Robertson's Production
"Love's Roomerance"
With Ann Forrest
From the novel "Perpetua"
By Dion Clayton Calthrop

Constance Binney in
"Midnight"
By Harvey Thew
A Realart Production

Pola Negri in "The Red Peacock"

Bebe Daniels in
"A Game Chicken"
By Nina Wilcox Putnam
A Realart Production

William S. Hart in "Travelin' On"
By William S. Hart
A William S. Hart Production

Ethel Ferguson and Wallace Reid in
"Forever"
By George DuMaurier
A George Fitzmaurice Production

Gloria Swenson in
"The Husband's Trademark"
By Clara Beranger

Wanda Hawley in "Bobbed Hair"
By Hector Turnbull
A Realart Production

Cecil B. DeMille's Production
"Fool's Paradise"
Suggested by Leonard Merrick's story
"The Laurels and the Lady"

Constance Binney in
"The Sleep Walkers"
By Aubrey Stauffer
A Realart Production

Jack Holt in "While Satan Sleeps"
From the novel
"The Parson of Paramount"
By Peter B. Kyne

Marion Davies in
"The Young Diana"
By Marie Corelli
A Cosmopolitan Production

Thomas Meighan in
"If You Believe It, It's So"
By Perley Poore Sheehan

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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for future reference.

Belasco.—Lenore Ulric in "Kiki." David Belasco's production of his own piquant adaptation of André Picard's French farce. Miss Ulric scores one of the big hits of the season with her brilliant playing of the little gamin of the Paris music halls. You will love Kiki as you loved Peg—but differently. A typically excellent Belasco cast.

Belmont.—The first Theatre Guild production of the year is a droll but powerful American play, "A Woman's Revenge," by Arthur Richman, who has woven his theme—the readjustment of ideals to life—into an absorbing thing. Very well played by Florence Eldridge, John Hamilton, Reicher, Katherine Proctor and others.

Boa.—"The Green Goddess," with George Arliss, William Arche's adroit melodrama, revolving around a merciless rajah of a mythical land in the mountains of India and an accident which drops two Englishmen and an English woman from an aeroplane into his power. Finely staged and played.

Broadway.—Lenson Barrymore in a Parisian importation, "The Claw," dealing with politics, journalism and intrigue. Mr. Barrymore's performance is far bigger than the play.

Casino.—"Tangerine," with Julia Sanderson. A pleasant and entertaining musical comedy with scenes revolving between that almost historic locale, the "Theatre Club," in the South Seas, where the women do all the work. Color and tinkling music.

Eltinge.—"The Demi-Virgin." Avery Hopwood's latest thin ice venture. The drama that is the modern tabloid Babylon, Hollywood, and the opaque shows movies in the making. The big scene reveals a daring "strip show" in front of a stately progress. Down heads the cast, but Constance Farrell really runs away with the opus.

Fulton.—"Lilom," the Theatre Guild production of the French Molnar "legend." A remarkable and brilliant satire, tinged with the Old World cynicism of Molnar. Moves between the here and the hereafter, with a scene in the beyond. Eva Le Guelle stands out of the cast, while Joseph Schildkraut plays the name part. Dudley Digges is an excellent Sparrow. Well worth seeing.

Garrick.—The Theatre Guild's second bill of the season, numbering two French adaptations, "The Wife With a Smile" and "Bourdoumbe." Arnold Daly is visiting star in both.

Hoffman.—"Six-Cylinder Love," with Ernest Trues. The season's biggest sell-out and a real hit. Presenting the amusing problems of a young couple trying to live up to their car. "Rombo," is nearly all Al Jolson, although there are pretty girls aplenty. The Hart sisters stand out of the ensemble.

Klaw & Erlanger.—"The Field," with Marie Doro starred and Norman Trevor featured. Another flip and slyly "gold digger" play.

Lyric.—"The Three Musketeers," The United Artists presents Douglas Fairbanks in the famous D'Artagnan Dumas story. Undoubtedly Doug proves himself in this attractive special production.

Marine Elliott's "Hit with Hollander" with William Faversham. An admirable comedy by Frank Hamilton, written with keen satire and humor. Of a blinding brilliancy, inglorious, amiable wife and an idealistic poet. Splendidly acted by Violet Kemble Cooper, who scored last season in "Clair de Lune." Mr. Faversham is with Florence Grossmith, who gives a portrayal of superb subtlety; Ian Fleming and Vivienne Osborne.

Music Hall.—Irv-ing Thalberg's "Musical Box Revue." The biggest musical hit of the year and a fast-moving entertainment, studded with clever comic hits. The fine cast includes Sam Bernard, Willie Collier, Florence Moore, Wilda Bennett, Mr. Berlin himself, Miss Martha Raye and Miss Helen Wimbish; Loic Lindard. The staging is a credit to Hassard Short.

Palace.—Keith Vaudeville. The home of America's best variety bills and the foremost music hall in the world. Always an attractive vaudeville bill.


Ritz.—"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," with Ina Claire. A lively and more or less piquant Parisian farce imported from France during boudoir scene. Barry Baxter stands out of the cast.

Selma.—"The Circle," by Somerset Maugham. The masked illusionist, importation of the season. A sparkling and distinguished comedy of domestic misunderstandings, moral codes and human frailties. Finely played by Estelle Winwood, John Drew, Mrs. Leslie Carter (who makes a return to the stage in the "Circle"), Ernest Lawford, John Halliday and Robert Reniel. Don't miss "The Circle"—"Shubert.—"The Greenwich Village Folies of 1921." John Murray Anderson's latest revue, but not quite the equal of its two predecessors. Does not attain the heights of beauty and imagination achieved by the others, altho there are several gorgeous and colorful numbers. The revue average. Beautiful girls move thru the gliding interludes, while the hit of the revue seems to go to Irene Franklin, also Valodia Vestoff and others dance attractively.

Times Square Theater.—Allan Pollock, in "A Bill of Divestiture." An important English play by Clemence Dane, dealing with the British divorce laws. The story of a husband who returns after sixteen years of shell-shock and the re-
Be a Master of JAZZ and RAGTIME

Anyone who can remember a tune can easily and quickly learn to play Jazz, Ragtime and Popular Songs by ear, at a very small cost. New Niagara Method makes piano playing wonderfully simple.

No matter how little you know about music—even though you “have never touched a piano” — if you can just remember a tune, you can learn to play by ear. I have perfected an entirely new system. It is so simple, so easy, and shows you so many little tricks of playing that it just comes natural to pick out on the piano any piece that is running through your mind. Even those who could not learn by the old-fashioned method grasp the Niagara idea readily, and follow through the entire course of twenty lessons quickly.

Play By Ear in 90 Days

No need to devote years to study, in order to learn piano nowadays. Neither is special talent necessary. Every lesson is so easy, so interesting and fascinating that you “can’t keep your hands off the piano.” Just devote part of your spare time to it for ninety days and you will be playing and entertaining your friends almost before you realize how this wonderful new accomplishment has been acquired. No tiresome scales, no arpeggios to learn—no do-re-mi, no tiresome practice and meaningless exercises. You learn a bass accompaniment that applies to ANY SONG you play by ear. Once learned you have it for all time and become master of the piano.

A Simple Secret to Success in Piano Playing

You, like thousands of others, have perhaps given up trying to learn to play the piano. You can pick out the tunes to popular songs with the right hand, but you cannot get the bass accompaniment with the left—you fail to produce harmony. That’s been the stumbling block of thousands—yet this course shows you all this very clearly—so you can do it yourself. The Niagara Method does not give you the bass accompaniment as written in the music, but gives you a simple accompaniment which applies to any song you play by ear. Once learned you have it for all time and your difficulties are over. It is simple, easy and readily developed into ragtime and jazz. It has been the secret behind the Niagara Method.

Be The Popular One In Your Crowd

One who can sit down any time without notes or music, pick off the latest jazz and ragtime song hits that entertain folks—always being the popular one in the crowd, the center of attraction, the life of the party, sought and invited everywhere.

As easily as hundreds of others have learned, so you, too, can learn and profit by it—not only through the pleasure it provides, but also by playing at dances, movies and other entertainments.

Denise to begin now. Just spend a little part of your time with my easy, fascinating lessons, and see how quickly you “catch on” and learn to play. You will be amazed, whether you are a beginner or an advanced student.

Write for my book, “The Niagara Method,” describing this wonderful new method of playing by ear. It is sent to you FREE.

RONALD G. WRIGHT, Director,
Niagara School of Music, Dept. 436, Niagara Falls, N.Y.

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For how long a time?
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Write for the Movies! Let your ideas bring you

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Free to Writers—A wonderful little book of non-


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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Continued from page 6)
sultant effects upon his household. Mr. Pol-

lock is excellently cast, and will give an admirable performance of his high-strung daughter. 

“Underbill.—“Anna Christie,” with Paul-
maleon and Hazel Arnold, offers a new staging of Eugene O’Neill’s newest drama—a pow-

terful tale of the sea and the helpless human drifters in life. Miss Lord gives the best performance of the season as the old sailor’s daughter, while George Marion and Frank Shannon give superb aid.

On Tour

“The Return of Peter Grinn,” with David Warfield. Another interesting David Delasco revival, marked by the usual per-

fect detail of presentation. Mr. Warfield gives a compelling performance of a spirit.


Dramatization of Ibsen’s novel of the car-

racer with a heart. Elizabeth Calvert in the leading feminine role.

“Getting Gertie’s Garter.” Another thin-

ker farce by Wilson Collins and Avery Howard, this time with a daring scene in a barn.

“Back Pay,” with Helen MacKellar. A play of Farm Life, with the highly promising Miss MacKellar in the leading role. Interesting.

“Nice People.” Starts out to be a satire on

the loose living younger smart set and proves to be an entertaining, if conventional, drama. Francis Larrimore shines as the heroine who sees the evil of her ways.


The present revival is not particularly dis-

tinguished, however. The old dash and color of the leading roles, and the hands of Lydia Lipkowska, Reginald Pasch, Jefferson de Angelis and Raymond Crane.

“Honors Are Even,” with William Cour-

tenay and Lola Fisher. A fair, if frail, littl

e comedy by Roy Cooper Megure, pre-

senting the dual between two people who love each other but desist admit it. Mr. Courtenay and Miss Fisher are the lovers, while Paul Kelly makes a small role of a talking parrot.

“Welcome Stranger.” Aaron Hoffman’s story of a Skyhook in a New England town. Presents the battle of Jew and Gen-

tle. A gay comedy, with the Hebrew gets much the best of it, teaching a whole town kindli-

ness and religious toleration. George Sid-

ney is excellent as the twentieth century 

to-lock.

“Ladies’ Night.” About the most daring

comedy yet attempted on Broadway. This

passes from the boudoir zone to the Turk-

ish bath—latch on to the lessening of the

description of a good time. Full of excitement.

Loebs’ N. Y., and Loebs’ American Roof—Photoplays; first runs. Daily pro-

gram.

Loeb’s Metropolitan, Brooklyn.—Fea-

ture photoplays and vaudeville.

Capitol.—Photoplay features plus a de

luxe program. Superb theater.

Rivoli.—De luxe photoplays with full sym-

phony orchestra. Weekly program.

Radio.—Photoplays supreme. Program

changes every week.
The Only Sure Way to Avoid Embarrassment

We have all had our embarrassing moments. We all suffered from moments of humiliation, when we wished we had not done or said an embarrassing thing. We have all longed, at some time or other, to know just what the right thing was to do, or say.

Every day, in our business and social life, puzzling but important questions of good conduct arise. We know that people judge us by our actions, and we want to do and say only what is considered absolutely in good form. But, oh, the embarrassing blunders that are made every day by people who do not know!

The Only Way

There is only one sure way to be calm and well-posed at all times—owe, to be respected, honored and admired wherever you happen to be. This is that by being known definitely, positively, and the correct thing to do on all occasions. Whether you are dining in the most exclusive restaurants or at the most humble home, whether you are at the most elaborated ball or the most simple barn dance, whether you are in the company of brilliant celebrities or ordinary people, you will be immune to all embarrassment, you will be safe from all blundering mistakes if you know the simple rules of etiquette.

What Is Etiquette?

Etiquette is not a fad. It is not a principle or theory of belief. It is meant not merely for the very wealthy or for the extremely well-educated. It is meant for all people, who, in the course of their everyday life, find it necessary to keep themselves well in hand; to impress by their culture, their dignity; to know how to be trusted and respected in business, and admired in the social world; and for women who wish to be considered at all times cultured and charming.

It is embarrassing to overtake a cup of coffee and not know just what to do; to be lost for words; to be embarrasing to arrive late at an entertainment and not know the correct way to extricate yourself. It is embarrassing to be introduced to someone who is a celebrity, and not know how to acknowledge the introduction and lead subtly to channels of interesting conversation.

The man who is polished, impressive, and the woman who is cultured, will be pleased with the two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette. Within five days I will either return the books or send you $3.50 in full payment.

What Would YOU Do—

— if you are invited to a dinner party and do not know how to dress?
— if you speak a foreign language?
— if you know of people who are traveling on your host's train or are staying at your host's hotel?
— if you are invited to dinner at a private club?
— if you are invited to dinner at a home where there is a table-linen?
— if you are invited to a ball?
— if you are invited to any club?

There are a few of the situations in which you should know exactly the correct thing to do or say.

Do you know how to avoid embarrassment at social occasions?

Do you know how to avoid making blunders at the wedding?

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Do you know how to avoid blunders at the wedding?
Blackheads indicate your cleansing method is wrong

Can your complexion stand the test of outdoor light? Take a hand glass to the window, raise the shade as high as it will go—and what do you find? Is your skin faultlessly clear? or do ugly little blackheads become visible?

Blackheads are an indication that you are not using the right method of cleansing for your type of skin. Use the following simple treatment to overcome this defect:

Every Night before retiring, apply hot cloths to your face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury’s Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear hot water, then with cold. If possible rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in this treatment. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

The first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly drawn, tight feeling. Do not regard this as a disadvantage—it means that your skin is responding in the right way, to a more stimulating form of cleansing. After you have used Woodbury’s once or twice this drawn sensation will disappear, and you will notice how much firmer and clearer your skin is becoming.

Special treatments for each one of the commoner skin troubles are given in the booklet wrapped around each cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury’s today—begin tonight the treatment your skin needs.

The same qualities that give Woodbury’s its beneficial effect on the skin make it ideal for general use. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments.

A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing samples of Woodbury’s Facial Soap, Woodbury’s Facial Cream, Woodbury’s Cold Cream, and Woodbury’s Facial Powder; together with the treatment booklet, “A Skin You Love to Touch.”

Hum, hum. That's Mrs. Pickford, Mary Pickford (she's Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks really, of course), and Mary II. They do say, little Mary will follow in her famous aunt's footsteps. The Three Generations, you might say.
There's the William Desmonds. Mrs. Desmond was Mary MacIver before her marriage, you know. No, she isn't making pictures any more. Bill prefers her to play the role of wife and mother. And then, Mary Joanna does demand considerable time
Isn't Ruth the living image of her father! Conrad Nagel could never disown that baby in a million years. Not that he wants to. He's crazy about her. As a matter of fact, he's given up the idea of the stage for a while, so that she can have sunny California for her playground.
That's just a picture the photographer snapped on the Washburn lawn one afternoon. There's no prouder father in filmdom than Bryant. Not that you blame him, when you look at Franklin Bryant IV and Dwight Ludlow Moody.
There's the lucky man with three stellar daughters. No wonder Emile Flugrath looks so well pleased with life. That's Viola with him—Viola Dana is her stage name. Then, there's Edna Flugrath, who stars in English productions, and Shirley Mason.
Aren't Anita and George Stewart the living image of one another? George is the youngest, you know. Now, that he is out of military school, he's trying the screen, too. With Anita for a sister, it should be easy for him to get a start, outside of the fact that he really has ability.
HE thing to do to better the matter of morals in the motion picture world is to raise the position of the screen artist into one of dignity, and gradually create a tradition of fine conduct and decent living, as the legitimate stage has created for itself—rising from the time of Shakespeare, when they were considered to be but “Rogues and Vagabonds,” to a status of honor and public respect. So the thing is really up to the members of the picture colony themselves. They should be their own police and their own most severe judges, if they want to make their profession come up to the first rank of avocations.

The successful members should be the examples, and each individual who achieves fame, should realize that he or she has now taken on a grave responsibility, and must keep up the honor of the community by leading a straight and self-denying life. Just as the sentries in the war knew that the lives of their comrades lay in their hands, and at whatever cost, kept a sharp lookout. Once this principle of responsibility were established among the heads, how very soon all lesser lights would follow the lead, until it became the fashion to be decent and refined—The fashion! that potent arbiter of conduct! More forcible than any written law!

If the wisest and best men on the screen would show horror and contempt for the girls who become intoxicated at the parties, and behave badly, instead of encouraging them. If the really nice girls would refuse to consort with the men who are given to drinking and wild living, if they would try and aim at refinement in manners and habits, not only refinement in bodily raiment, in no time a new wave would sweep over the face of things. Why must people drink to excess? What weakness of will—what bestiality—indeed that is not a good word to use, for animals—beasts—never do these things. If I were a man and once saw the lady of my heart with a mandolin look in her eye, and a thickness of speech, I should be sick with disgust and would never want to kiss her again—and if she loved me she would never want to incur my disgust. So it lies in the hand of each sex in the movie world, as in all other worlds, to be the guiding stars of the other, show displeasure

Below is an informal portrait of Elinor Glyn, who says: "If all directors would sternly insist upon sobriety and good behavior on their sets, instead of often averting the eye from offenders, or glossing over the knowledge that such and such an actor or actress is indulging in excess while making a play, this would materially assist matters"
We Interview Charles Ray

of course everyone is here. Charles Ray, the newspapers will blurb, is such an inducement. Now that I see him I am inclined to agree with the newspapers, but I know, too, something of the alimentary needs of those poor hacks among whom it has pleased God to call us. It is not Charles Ray, artist tho he is, who has so illuminated their features. No, regard the.m. At whom do they look the longest and the most longingly—Charles Ray or yonder Czecho-Slovakian waiter, even now bearing down upon us with mushrooms under glass? (G. H. pauses in midst of

Scene I—A private dining-room of generous dimensions in one of Gotham's smartest hotels. The luncheon given the Press in honor of Charles Ray's first visit to New York is in progress. The editors and the writers of every magazine and every newspaper are very much among those present. They treat each course with concentrated attention. Between courses, they are conversational. During courses, they are silent. Among the number are GLADYS HALL and ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER. Charles Ray is seated at the head of the long and laden table. Mrs. Charles Ray is also present, very charmingly . . .

A. W. F. (in between courses, casting a predatory eye about her): Everyone is here, my dear, everyone . . .

G. H. (thinking it too long between courses): Don't "my dear" me, in the first place. It is an annoying little social habit you have acquired and, to me, at least, blatantly insincere. When I consider what you address me as in the office . . . ! In the second place,
harangue and turns her attention to Charles Ray, then mutters as tho to herself). Still the luncheon may be secondary in this case ... strange as it may seem ...

A. W. F.: Your own alimentary canal colors the alimentary canals of all with whom you come into contact.

Your aversion for food is an international fact. No living luminary would dare to respond to an interrogation from you with less than a dinner at Delmonico's. And to change the subject we wouldn't have missed seeing Charles Ray had we absented ourselves from the festal board today. We have an appointment with him tomorrow at the office . . .

G. H. (defiantly): I like seeing him twice.

A. W. F.: Nevertheless, even seeing Charles Ray twice . . . even this food hardly compensates us for the risk we're running this minute. They're going to call on people for speeches, you know . . .

G. H.: It's like you to ruin my luncheon. The only one I'll have this month, at the rate editors are paying special writers for their stuff!

A. W. F. (soothingly): Calm your fears: only the most important members of the industry will be called upon. You've never been safer in your life.

G. H. (emits a disdainful silence).

(One by one the important members of the unborn industry rise to pay tribute to the youthful host.)

(Continued on page 100)
An Ideal In Stars

One, upon meeting Betty Compson, is content to rest a while in the immense blue serenity of her eyes. Or again to speculate upon a distinctive trait of her smile, wherein one side of her red mouth, the left side, is lifted, fascinatingly, a little above the other. Her charm is in her apparent passiveness. It has warmth, a disturbing appeal. One is quickly enveloped.

There is, surprisingly, a touch of the child about her, in little mannerisms that under other circumstances one surely would come to adore. Now one merely beholds. Allah be praised!

Amidst well-placed luxury—unobtrusive tapestries, brocades, heavy silken pillows upon deep divans, a floor lamp tasseled in dull gold, the green of patio palms thru curtained French doors—I sat down with her to talk.

Her hair was red gold, hiding her ears; her face sweetly pale. There was a white column of throat and, encased in the black sheen of satin, the rich remaining contours of a pliant, graceful figure. Slender ankles, curled half beneath her on a long seat before the screened-in fireplace, gleamed thru stockings of black silk.

It was something of an ideal in interviews. Betty Compson, I think, is something of an ideal in stars.

I thought, watching her, that one could consecrate his life to no finer cause than the understanding of beautiful women. Koshchei has cloaked them, blessedly, in riddles.

I had to say something finally. So I ventured: "It was nice of you to send the car for me." I glanced thru the glass of the door to a blue sedan that stood at the foot of a flight of shimmering steps. It had borne me in swift silence across the city. "How," I wondered, "do you manage to be famous and thoughtful at the same time?"

She seemed a little startled at that. It was the only time that in answering me she did not

Photograph © by Nelson Evans, L. A.
By
WILLIS GOLDBECK

seem to be considering me. Her reply, when it came, was deprecatory, a little disconcerted.

Our talk was curiously half-articulate. Each of us had convictions; each of us lacked the words to convey them adequately. And those of mine that were really paramount I could not even attempt to express. My understanding of beautiful women has carried me at least that far! So I stuck to ideas, struggled with them, and surrendered consistently with a but-of-course-yow-understand gesture. Betty always did. It was quite charming of her.

It occurred to me that starting a career with “The Miracle Man” was like commencing a mountain climb at the summit. One cannot advance from the ultimate.

Her red lips parted a little upon white, even teeth; her eyes widened, deepened, with surprise.

“But I have not gained the ultimate! I have still so much to perfect!”

I was insistent.

“Practically you have. There is nothing now but repetition. It may equal the original in actuality; it cannot in satisfaction.”

I do not think she liked the thought. Perhaps it was unfortunate. Truth usually is. But I did not wish her to find it importunate. I attempted a diversion. Nemo, a grotesque Pekingese, who preferred discretion to dignity, fled ignominiously when I reached for him.

But there was a concealed return to the idea, a half-conscious admission, in Betty’s resumption of conversation, when our laughter had died.

“I used to live my roles,” she said, staring absentely ahead of her. “In the days of ‘The Miracle Man’ I was Rose, night and day, off the lot as well as on. I had Rose’s mannerisms, her slang, her likes and dislikes. I went to bed Rose; I awoke Rose. At the end I weighed only one hundred and five pounds—but I had done ‘The Miracle Man.’”

She was silent a moment, considering some

(Continued on page 92)
Lincoln: A Shadow Portrait

A new serial has come to the motion picture. Universal is now producing serials which find their background and action in the important events of American history. "In the Days of Buffalo Bill" is now being filmed, with Joel Day in the role of Abraham Lincoln. His is a splendid shadow portrait.
Main Street, Hollywood
A Grand Tour of the World's Cinematropolis
By HERBERT HOWE

A great deal of trouble can be saved in depicting Hollywood's business district, as pictured above, by asking you to give your own a careful scrutiny — providing you do not live in a town of more than a thousand inhabitants.

A great deal of trouble can be saved in depicting Hollywood's business district, as pictured above, by asking you to give your own a careful scrutiny — providing you do not live in a town of more than a thousand inhabitants.

As a master of fact, the Cinemese comprise only a small percentage of the Hollywood populace. Lords of oil, brewing, packing and mercantile trade hold the magnificent estates within the boundaries of the municipality. Only with an expert guide can you discover the homes of the movie peers. At the left, the square ochreous villa of Nazimova, which is discovered on the road to Beverly Hills.

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The invariable cry of the tourist.

Once upon a time people came to Los Angeles to revel in sunshine and scenery; today they seek the movie mills.

It is natural that the film ateliers should be the chief attraction, for they are the source of the world's most interesting com-

modily, and around them has been woven a glamour as rich — and as fictional — as that investing the Arabian Nights. Every year throngs of the worshipful make pilgrimages to this famed Mecca without coming any closer to the sacred shrines than they were back in Altoona or Muskegon.

It is easier to penetrate the Holy Sepulcher than to enter a film studio and gaze upon the sublime visage of an astral deity.

As a master of fact, the Cinemese comprise only a small percentage of the Hollywood populace. Lords of oil, brewing, packing and mercantile trade hold the magnificent estates within the boundaries of the municipality. Only with an expert guide can you discover the homes of the movie peers. At the left, the square ochreous villa of Nazimova, which is discovered on the road to Beverly Hills.
I fully expected to behold its lobby filled with familiar faces, but the only screen favorite that I recognized was the Potted Palm. I all but embraced it, so long has been our acquaintance via the screen. Show me any picture in which a palm, potted or potless, does not display its scantling form and I will show you a picture of the Statue of Liberty without her torch.

My first call at the desk was not for ice water but for the movie studios. I supposed, of course, that they would be as common and convenient as peanut roasters.

Upon arrival in Los Angeles, I expected to see the Sennett belles chasing butterflies around the station and Charlie Chaplin executing flank movements at the corner. Instead, there was the usual dingy platform thronged with dyspeptic people and their indigesto luggage. A neurasthenic taxi, which seemed to have gained nothing from the rejuvenescent clime, offered me conveyance to the Alexandria. Moving with the rhythm of a cocktail shaker, it jounced me over temperamental pavement to Fifth and Spring streets where stands the hospice frequented by transients who expect to be interviewed or otherwise mentioned in the public print. In a word, the hotel. No doubt you often have seen it mentioned in relation to the affairs of the Cinemese.
“Where is the nearest studio?” I asked.

With canonical intonation, the clerk chanted:

“Go to Fifth and Hill, take a Hollywood car, get off at Cahuenga and Hollywood Boulevard, and ask the first person you meet.”

Simple. Yet I had not contemplated even such a slight exertion. I had expected to find some industrial evidence in the air, I suppose—as it is in Pittsburgh. At least, I had been led to believe that persons of ravishing beauty and gorgeous plumage gauged the thorofares. Yet not a flashing eye nor glancing ankle did I see. On the contrary, I have never beheld so many octogenarians and anemic females. The traffic movements are as irregular as they are in Bingville on a Saturday; people eddying and clotting like dead leaves in a sluggish creek.

At Fifth and Hill I seized a red car by the fore-rod and swung aboard. It was a pay-as-you-enter coach; the fare six cents.

“What is the extra penny for war tax?” I demanded facetiously.

The venerable conductor shook his head and went on making change, slowly mumbling. His speed of subtraction made me suspect he was counting on his fingers.

Fate being kind, I took a seat in the prov, which was open to the air, determining to catch a fleeting view of a studio if any, forsooth, did fleet. One ear I posted to the breeze for the magic word “Cahuenga,” which I learned, too late, is pronounced “Kenga.” The conductor gargled it down to “Kenga,” as do the sovereignty squatters. A sure way of telling a foreigner from a native son is by the pronunciation of this word.

About twenty minutes out from the shopping district of Los Angeles, where the residential district began to thin and the stores appeared with the irregularity of teeth in a baby’s mouth, I was awed by gigantic white letters on a roof in a hollow—WILLIAM S. HART STUDIO. I marveled that such a modest structure could uphold such a Herculean name. It was not a glassy edifice such as I expected a studio to be, but a green clapboarded building that looked like a corpulent granary. Behind it rose the sage, moth-eaten hills over which a few timorous houses straggled lonesomely as tho the footing were hard. Further along Sunset Boulevard the residences multiplied. We were approaching Hollywood. As the conductor nasalized (Continued on page 102)
NOW that the excitement was all over, we were celebrating with a gala luncheon, Conrad Nagel, Mrs. Nagel and I, for at four o'clock that morning the final scenes of Cecil de Mille's new picture, "Saturday Night," had been filmed. This came as the climax of a strenuous week of long hours before the camera and was staged in a blaze of glory, a tenement fire forming the spectacular finish.

Mr. Nagel, playing the leading rôle, had made some thrilling scenes in a narrow street of flames with high buildings on either side burning at full speed, but after a few hours' sleep he appeared as fit as ever with only a row of blisters on his left cheek and a singed lock of hair as mementos of the occasion.

Hitherto, Conrad Nagel's experiences on the screen have been nice, safe juvenile roles where he encountered nothing more than emotional or temperamental obstacles, but as leading man in Cecil de Mille's last two pictures, "Fool's Paradise," and "Saturday Night," he has faced a number of dangerous chances that vie with the most daring serial stunts.

"The funny part of it all," remarked Mr. Nagel, ruefully, "is that the public will prob-
By MAUDE CHEATHAM

just a mass of flames that were very, very real.

"Don't forget Angie!" reminded Mrs. Nagel.

"Oh, yes, there was Angie, she was the ringleader of the thirteen alligators. I shared some scenes with in 'Fool's Paradise,'" explained Conrad.

"I got a distinct thrill out of these chances, they put pep into one, and I may start out in quest of film adventures.

"The trouble with us in California is that everything is so beautiful, so peaceful, and so wonderfully happy that we drift along too comfortably. It is devitalizing, we need a fight with Angie to stir us up.

"The Nagels chatted like merry children of their many plans for the short week of leisure before Conrad starts his next picture. When he is working, every other interest is side tracked, both devoting their entire time and energy to his art.

"I'm very fortunate," declared Mr. Nagel, flashing a warm smile across the table at his wife. "The Mrs. Nagel is a nonprofessional, she understands my work and sympathizes with all my varying moods. She visits the studio each day, and I talk over every detail with her. She's the best little playmate, too, that ever came down the pike, the baby is trying hard to get into her class, but--"

"She celebrated her first birthday yesterday," interposed Mrs. Nagel, eagerly. "There was a cake that looked like a frosted muffin, and one tiny pink candle--"

"Which she immediately grabbed and tried to eat," proudly supplemented Conrad.

Nature has been generous to Conrad Nagel. He is a very good-looking six-footer with firm, clear-cut features and is very blond.

Temperamentally, he is a student, and his illusions, ideals, dreams and hopes are imbued with a fine poise and wisdom that is surprising, especially when one considers that his years include but twenty-four.

His love of study and the contemplation of the worthwhile things of life have left their mark in his intense sympathy and understanding of humanity, its motives and struggles. He is an artist by every instinct and has trained his emotions to become his servants, tho never losing their warmth or vitality.

His parents being musicians, Conrad Nagel seemed destined from the first for an artistic career. They early (Continued on page 96)
It was over two years ago that Winifred Westover, with her blue eyes and sun-kissed hair, played opposite Bill Hart in "John Petticoats." A strong friendship was born of the days they spent together during the filming of this picture... Then recently, during Bill's visit in Gotham, Winifred Westover was seen in the Hart box at the theater; in the Hart car on the Avenue... And so the love, which found its dawning two years ago, was consummated one evening in December, when Bill took the gold-crowned Winifred for his bride.
THE Hon.
Irving
Marner

had got
into the way of
having what he
wanted when he
wanted it. This
felicitous state of things included posts
in the army, women, and even more
incidental pleasures. Money and posi-
tion were his at birth, and so he had
never wanted them, nor, indeed
thought very much about them. People said he was a
"selfish blighter" but he didn't know they said it, and
if he had known it, would merely have suspected them of
jealousy, which may, or may not, be so. The Hon.
Irving Marner was only annoyed when interfered with,
and as that, by the grace of his personal gods, was
seldom, he was almost always jolly and easy to get along
with.

Then to India, in the rainy season, came Emily, young
and desirable wife of Gilbert Raynor, occupying the
post next in subservience to that of the Hon. Irving.

Emily was beautiful and gay and sweet. Emily was
very much in love with her husband. Her husband was
very much in love with Emily. Emily was not exceed-
ingly strong, and the only reason she had come to India
in the rainy season was because she and Gilbert would
have died, separate and alone, if they had been forced
to remain separate and alone for another twenty-four
hours.

Intense were the misgivings that had passed between
them prior to the arrival of Emily. "O, darling, I can't
live without you"—signed, "Emily." "But, oh, darling,
you will die if you come to this accursed hole," signed
"Gilly." "I know, angel, but I shall die if I don't come,
for all holes are accursed where you are not," signed
"Emily." "Damn it all, my Heart of Hearts, then come
to me, for where we
twain are together
is Life Everlast-
ing," signed "with
my heart's blood,
Gilbert."

And so, of course,
Emily came.

The Hon. Irving Marner hadn't
seen, he told himself at the club,
a pretty woman in months n' months.
Small wonder he fell thuddingly in
love with the beautiful Emily when
she came to the dinner tendered her by the Indian Civil
Service Commission the night following her arrival.

Emily, he decided, upon sight, was the one woman,
the one love, the one and only thing on earth capable of
giving him an instant's happiness. He must have Emily
—but how?

It was evident enough to all beholders that Emily's
one love, one and only thing on earth capable of giving
her happiness was Gilbert. Gilbert, of course, must be
dispensed with. There was an advantage, never before
fully savored, of being the superior officer of the hus-
band of a beautiful woman. The Hon. Irving Marner
began to enjoy his authority. He began to use it a bit,
here and there, on Gilbert Raynor, just to let the young
man know who was boss around the "accursed hole.
Gilbert was a trifle surprised at the change in Marner's
attitude, but India did queer things to men. Perhap-
old Marner had a touch of the fever, or just the willies.
Gilbert was too happy with Emily to ponder much over
the sudden authoritative power gained by the Hon. Irving.

Prior to the arrival of Emily, Gilbert and his superior
had been rather pal-y than otherwise. They had things
in common. Of course, they didn't know then that they
would ever have anything quite so much in common as
the love of Gilbert's wife. And so, of course, when
Emily came and the Hon. Irving began acting the su-
superior officer rather than the equal and friend, Gilbert noted it and rather wondered over it.

He spoke of it to Emily. Emily smiled at him, strangely, he thought. He had the sudden knowledge that Emily understood the Hon. Irving better than he did, for different reasons. . . . Intuition, he supposed.

The Hon. Irving began to refuse him things. It was in his power to make Gilbert's job either very pleasant indeed or rather the reverse. He began to make it the reverse. He tried, and succeeded, in making Gilbert feel the hole very accursed indeed.

For instance, fever broke out in Kajra, the worst fever-ridden post in all the lowlands, and Brown, the resident agent, fell ill of it. Gilbert knew, and Marner knew, too, that Brown had a wife at home and two small children and another one coming and that it was a matter of dear and vital importance to at least half a dozen that Brown live. "For God's sake, Marner," Gilbert pleaded, "transfer Brown, or he'll go, sure." "Impossible," said Marner, grimly, when, certainly, Gilbert knew that there was nothing impossible about it.

Gilbert told Emily about it that evening over tiffin. "He had a funny gleam in his eye," he said, smoking perplexedly. "I don't get Marner at all lately. He's a devil. Seemed almost as if he hoped Brown would die; as if he was—well—I can't explain what I mean exactly, but as if he were experimenting with him. Run go, this is."

A day or two later Gilbert came in for tiffin and found Emily lying on a couch. The servant told him the mem-sahib had been like that all day. Gilbert felt a cold hand clutch his heart. The fever! Why, why had he ever allowed Emily to come to this vile hole? He had thought it was his love for her. Love! What kind of love was it that would permit a woman like Emily to come to this place of rains and fevers. Nothing had been right since she had come. There seemed to be a bird of omen, an ominous dark cloud over the whole place. Things threatened and insinuated. Everything was changed. It wasn't her fault. Quite the contrary. It was just that she was so fair and gay and sweet that she showed the hellish country up by contrast, made them all realize.

In a panic, Gilbert sent for the doctor. The doctor examined Emily and said that she was threatened with the fever and that she must go to Simla if she were to escape it. He didn't look very optimistic when he spoke of the chances of Emily's surviving the fever.

Simla was expensive: the trip and the accommodations and the care Gilbert felt...
that Emily would need, away from him. He would have to have a post with more pay. Marner ought to be able to fix it for him; Marner would fix it for him, especially when he knew what it was for, whom it was for. Gilbert was sure that Marner liked Emily. He always seemed to brighten up, to be more like himself when Emily was about. Yes, of course, old Marner would fix him up so that Emily might go to Simla.

Of course, there was the strange case of little Brown, and Marner's attitude, his inexplicable stand, about that. It was pretty sickening. But then, this would be different. Marner would never in the world see such a fate come to Emily, when, by giving Gilbert a better post, it could be prevented.

Gilbert went to Marner and laid his case before him. He told Marner that he didn't care what the post was, nor where, since he didn't suppose he'd land in Simla, no such luck, and so couldn't be with Emily anyway; and he didn't care how hard he'd have to work; he didn't care about anything at all, he'd sweat like a pig and live like a native so that Emily might escape the fever into the more rarified atmosphere of Simla.

Marner heard him thru with a curious twisted little smile. Gilbert didn't recall that he had ever seen Marner smile before in just that way. Curious chap, Marner. Full of moods. If he had been an actor or an artist instead of an employee of the Indian Civil Service Commission, Gilbert supposed he would be characterized as "temperamental."

Marner said he would "think it over." He told Gilbert to come back the next morning. Gilbert had the uneasy thought that there was that in his manner reminiscent of the Brown tragedy, something experimental.

Gilbert put a good complexion on the case when he told Emily about it. He said that Marner was "right as rain." He'd come thru. Emily would see. And he didn't understand why Emily looked at him with such a mothering little whimsy in her eyes. That is, he didn't understand it until later on, when he was destined to understand a great many things.

The next morning when Gilbert saw Marner he was told that he was to have Brown's post.

"You'll get more pay," Marner had said, with evasive eyes.

More pay. . . yes, yes, why yes, of course. . . . One always got more pay for going to fever-raddled Kajra where, as a matter of fact, one went only to die.

Marner knew that. Knew all about it. Knew more about it than any other man in that section, and yet he had sent Gilbert there. . . . knowing. . . . There were other posts. Gilbert knew that, too. Only yesterday.

And on the same morning Gilbert knew that the fever had got him. He had to be held up by his two English friends when he started on his rounds that morning. They pleaded with him to give it up, but he would have none of them.
After Marner had left her that night, Emily stood for a long while at the window, twisting her wedding ring on her finger—and thinking. 

blossomed reputation for ill doings.

When Gilbert broke the news to Emily (of course, she would have to know), Emily cried and had hysterics and begged and implored Gilbert not to go, to go back home, to throw over the whole proposition. She said there was no use in their staying on. The country was evil and the men were evil and the whole thing was evil.

It was no place for Gilbert or for her. But Gilbert said that he had a commission and he must stick to his job and that the first, imperative thing for her was to go to Simla and get well and strong again. Then, they would see.... He told her he was Heraclean and would weather the fever at Kajra. She was not to worry. Had she ever seen Brown? Well, please, if it were Brown’s case she was thinking about, she was to put it right out of her head! Brown had

fairly. Thus, the Hon. Irving as presenter about midday, a whipper-snapper with no more constitution than a gadfly. Brown would have gone down under anything. He would be all right if only he didn’t have to worry about her.

So Emily went to Simla, and Gilbert went to Kajra, and the Hon. Irving Marner remained where he was, directly between the two, and commuted with himself and was not altogether comfortable. The possibility of forbidden fruit had now, disturbingly, an acid tang. Poor Brown kept recurring to him. . . such an eager, hopeful little man, always talking of England and the missus, just like a Kipling hero. But then, of course, the Hon. Irving Marner had always had what he wanted. It would be rank stupidity if he could not “get” Emily, wife of an inferior. And, he hadn’t seen a pretty woman in God knew when, let alone make love to one. It seemed to the Hon. Irving, or rather, he tried to make it seem, that Emily was due him. Absolutely due him. Almost anybody would have said so, if they but spoke.

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In Kajra, Gilbert was working like a dog and feeling pretty rotten and reading the Bible at nights, simply because the other reading matter was so awfully bad and magazines more or less unavailable. Perhaps he felt, too, altho he never said so, that the profound sincerity of the greatest of all books could, alone, assuage his need just then.

One night he came across a passage in the Old Testament, and he read it, not once, but six exact times. After he had read it the six exact
times he knew it by heart; felt in fact that it was cauterized ineffaceably upon his heart. Felt in very fact that it was miraculous that he had come upon it; that there was a clowen tongue speaking to him. The passage dealt with one of the stories of David and told how he saw a very beautiful woman and learned that she was Bath-Sheba the wife of Uriah. David sent Uriah with a message to Joab instructing Joab “Get ye Uriah into the forefront of the hottest battle that he may be smitten and die.” The story continues to the effect that Uriah was killed and that, after her period of mourning had expired, Bath-Sheba became the wife of David.

Gilbert saw it with a painful clarity. Kajra was the forefront of the hottest battle. Marner was David. Emily—good God—Emily was Bath-Sheba, who, after her period of mourning.

The Hon. Irving Marner went to Simla.

His days were made feverish by visions of the beautiful Emily; and his nights were made hideous by nightmares of Gilbert, who, horribly, seemed to turn into Brown and be dying of fever in Kajra.

It became necessary for him to see Emily, not only because he loved her, or words to that effect, but because she must dispel for him the horrors of the night.

Emily’s first words to him were: “Have you the latest news of Gilbert? What is the situation in Kajra now?”

Marner answered her, casually. “But,” he said, immediately, “it is not about Gilbert that I have come to talk. It is about you—and me.

Emily regarded him steadfastly. “I hope I do not understand you,” she said, at length.

Marner smiled, “But I think you do,” he said, “if you know, that is one of the things I so like about you—you are a very understanding person. Besides being beautiful.”

They were sitting on the veranda now. Marner thought he had never seen the beautiful Emily so beautiful. Fragility became her, made her more lovely.

Her anxiety for Gilbert—how wonderful it would be if it were but transferred to himself. He had more to offer her. All women liked rank and wealth and standing. What had Gilbert Raynor but his graceful tamed body and his rather untamed ardor? Tiresome attractions at that. Women’s affections transferred readily; Marner had had experience.

Emily was speaking. She said, in a voice very steadfast for the frailty of her appearance, “I think understanding is a very essential thing, especially between a man and a woman; more especially when there is an element introduced such as you have introduced today. Mr. Marner. You see, I. . . . I am very medieval. I love Gilbert with all the love I am, or ever could be, capable of. There are things like that. There are loves like that. There are even—women like that. I am one of them. My love for Gilbert is such a love. Please believe me, for I am being very truthful.”

The Hon. Irving Marner didn’t pay much attention to women’s words as a general thing. He thought actions went better with women but there was no mistaking the tone of this woman’s voice. It rang, bell-like and unmistakable, into the recesses of his being. Once, long ago, before he had trifled so variously, he had thought that there might be a love and a woman such as this, but that had been long ago. Now, today, he learned that there was, but not for him. For young Raynor, whom he had sent to Kajra—from whence few men ever returned.

“What,” he said to her beyond his volition. “What if Gilbert were—not to return?”

Emily looked straight thru him. “Then, Mr. Marner,” she said, “I should hate you far worse than I do now, because I’d know you had killed him.”

“What makes you think such a thing?”

(Continued on page 98)
Cobwebs of Convention

But Mrs. Vidor is an iconoclast. An ultra-feminist. As much of an ultra-feminist as any of her sisters who’s ever carried a suffrage banner or been locked up in jail on a hunger strike.

She has no more actual regard for the “conventions” of marriage than a Bernard Shaw heroine. Yet there is nothing about her quiet demeanor that would hint at advanced radicalism. She’s like a scarlet petunia in a garden of hollyhocks.

When a woman marries nowadays, she seems to assume the idea that marriages are made in Heaven. Not Mrs. Vidor!

“If Mr. Vidor and I found it impossible to get along I’d get a divorce tomorrow!” she declared.

Out in Hollywood—where the movie heavies grow their whiskers long—the ordeal of Hymen is like vaccination. It doesn’t always “take.” Consequently, having been apprized of innumerable matrimonial infelicities in the film colony, I find myself skeptical about film colony nuptials. They seem—ahem!—temporal, unless proved otherwise.

However, my impression of the King Vidor’s has always been that they are the ideally mated couple of the flicker camp. It seems, however, that a coterie of matchmaking publicity proponents has created this matrimonial paradise for Florence and King—made her a sort of complimentary Beatrice Fairfax who is qualified and willing to reply saccharinely to all the wails of the lovelorn.

Disillusionment! Florence Vidor is far too intelligent, far too broad minded, far too unassuming. She has no Beatrice-Fairfax desires. While her own marriage has been a success, one cannot, she declares, formulate a set of rules such as one finds in a cook-book.

Marriage is a more pretentious state whose success...
or failure is due directly to the more or less transient instincts of the two parties involved.

We have, all of us, been led to think of Mrs. Vidor as the type of matron who carries her marriage vows about with her in her vanity case. On the other hand, she despises mawkish sentimentality and hypocrisy. She has perspective and foresight and an active brain. She would have the same personal magnetism if she were, instead of being beautiful, as plain as a charwoman.

She is disgusted with contemporary matrimony, the majority of whose principals are bored to death and don't know it. She remarked that her own wedding ceremony didn't impress her at all. Mere words! Filled with a lengthy clause about "whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder" and all that—stuff and nonsense, it is, inasmuch as the only thing that can bind two persons together is love and companionship.

"Most married women are parasites," she declared, "who live with their husbands because they believe they are doing their duty as good wives.

"They know their husbands don't love them because they have proof that they aren't faithful to them and are giving their time to others. Yet they continue to live with them.

"I have no use for this type of martyr. She (Continued on page 94)
Whenever nowadays we hear of some new star looming on the cinematic horizon, we get together with ourselves and agree that sometime or other she’s been in the Sennettian mid-day frolic. The story of erstwhile bathing girls becoming crowned queens of screen tragedy is getting to be a chestnut. It seems that at least a third of the present-day emotional heroines were at one time in the comedy beauty chorus.

Latest of the charmers to “arrive” in drama is Harriett Hammond. For nigh on to two years now have we seen her gracile lines, her shapely limbs and her lissome smile in Mack Sennett’s laugh fests. But, being an ambitious young lady, Harriett has taken her fling into the more serious side of pictures.

She is distinctly what one would not expect of a sheer beauty. Somehow or other, we have come to learn that brains and beauty are not handmaidens. Miss Hammond, on the other hand, contradicts that very impression. She is ultra-serious. She maintains no illusions about herself. She is avowedly ambitious, but, at the same time, her personality isn’t of the protruding variety that simply infuses itself into every one of her thoughts.

Naturally, she is lovely to look upon. Her eyes are very light grey, quite large and unusually luminous. She is a girl who does not apparently study her moods, and one finds that what she says is both sincere and spontaneous.

Early in her life she experienced a matrimonial disappointment. Consequently, she has little or no use for men. Ask her about her views of men and she waxes cynical.

Her ambitions do not run at all to domesticity, never to marriage. Of course, she’s been proposed to several hundred times by mail, but this thought she passed off lightly.

(Cont’d on page 88)
In the Land of Drowsy Waters
A Camera Study of South Sea Island Life
By Alvin Victor Knechtel
Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow

By

HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

Irving Cummings, he of the handsome brown eyes and villainous vamping ways, has turned producer. How often you have watched him wooing the girl on the screen; that manner of his of running his hand feelingly up her soft arm until it rests on the nape of the neck, the devil-may-care way he has of kissing her hand, that unforgettable caressing look in his deep brown eyes. How often you have thrilled as he out-"Codyed" Lew in his love scenes!

When Mr. Cummings came West about three years ago to play in pictures for Lasky, they cast him as the heavy villain.

(Cont'd on page 95)
John Barrymore
Cerline Boll Sketches the Cinema Artist
I have not been able to decide whether the four and a half hours of the interview were the result of capitulation or persistence—whether because of Mary Alden's wish or in spite of it. Certainly there was fascination there, something that with her first words stunned me—"brutalized" was the word I used later in a moment of mutual analysis—into a state of receptive immobility; determined immobility perhaps it seemed to her. At least I clung there to my chair, from three until half-past seven, absorbing and absorbed, while the grey expanse of Los Angeles roofs, visible from her apartment windows, melted slowly beneath the hot glare of the afternoon sun into the indefinite shroud of evening.

Mary Alden is dominant, compelling, beautiful; everything that the accepted mother, her own characterization of motherhood in the much-bruited "Old Nest" is not. There is something electric, intense, an almost hard brilliance about her. It is in her hair of japanned jet, her grey-green eyes, her scarlet mouth; is finally confirmed by the milk whiteness of her throat, the deep, surprising resonance of her voice. It is the picture of an enchantress, not a mother.

It was interesting to watch her mood soften as the interview progressed and the hours passed. After sending me on into the sitting-room, while she removed her hat—she had come in immediately prior to my arrival—she followed brusquely, found a chair, and leaning back so that she regarded me thru half-closed lids, remarked challengingly:

"I shall never play an old lady again."

I watched her for a moment, the whiteness of her throat, the almost arrogant curve of her mouth. Then I said, placidly enough:

"Why not?"

She stirred impatiently, swept back a vagrant lock of jet hair from her smooth forehead.

"No, not again. Not until
the wrinkles come of themselves, until I have no longer to pencil them in."

She was quite motionless in her chair, and yet the impression she gave was one of movement, tremendous energy.

"That woman, Mrs. Anthon, the mother in 'The Old Nest,' seems to have become a part of me. Thirteen weeks of her have made me feel ten years older! Before, I would have been pacing the floor instead of sitting here."

"Now I wait when I want something done until I hear the maid stirring; then I call her. Always I have done things myself, without thought of exacting service from someone else. But I am trying to get back my vitality."

This afternoon, before you came, I had been at a gymnasium, exercising, swimming in the pool, finishing with a steam bath. All that is why I shan't play an old lady again; until I am an old lady?"

"But," I suggested, "surely there is satisfaction in the mere ability to play such roles?"

"I never undertake a thing that doesn't bring me satisfaction," she said briefly. "I have come to that point where, tho' not overloaded with money, I am independent of it—materially at least, and in so far as it applies to my work."

The thought seemed to brighten her. She relaxed her position enough to sit upon one foot.

"To have achieved that is, to me, to have achieved something ultimate. I am content with that. I have no desire to go on piling up riches. Now I do not need to violate any of my cherished concepts, to undertake roles which I do not wish to undertake. I can be an artist." She smiled at me faintly thru the blue haze, her eyes widening for the moment to reveal their full intensity of flecked green. "I have dragged myself thru the mud to uphold an ideal," she said quietly.

She gave an interesting analysis of "The Old Nest."

"I have no idea whether it coincides with the Hughes point of view," she said, "but to me the Anthon children represent the repression of the Doctor and Mrs. Anthon. In Jim, the black sheep, we have what are probably Dr. Anthon's long suppressed desires at last breaking out. For we only know that the Doctor is the last of a long line of Dr. Anthons. We have no idea whether he really wanted to be a doctor or whether it was the weight of tradition that forced him into the old rut. And the other children, they are all like the mother, all individualists, each with his own fixed ambition, his one interest—as Mrs. Anthon's one interest was her children. I was not entirely in sympathy with Mrs. Anthon. Her love for her children seemed somehow not quite true, not quite unselfish. Her only grief was that she could not have them with her. They were all successful, yet she could not rejoice in their success. She did not need them. Materially, she was provided for. She was not alone. There was the doctor. And yet she was miserable. She really found greatest happiness in Jim because he was the one who failed and was forced back to her for succor."

"Why did I attempt old ladies in the first place?"

(Continued on page 90)
"To everyone beneath the sun," says Cecil B. de Mille, "Saturday night means something.

To one, it may mean the movies or an evening in the village with a strawberry soda at the corner drug store; to another, it may mean a dinner-dance or a week-end at some charming country house. Therefore, his next production, "Saturday Night!"

The silken and de luxe dramas of Cecil B. de Mille are always awaited with keen interest. There is always the anticipation of a brilliant cast, gorgeous gowns, priceless furs and priceless jewels. "Saturday Night" is no exception to the rule, with its cast including Leatrice Joy, Edith Roberts, Conrad Nagel, Julia Faye, and Jack Mower.
The New Course in Interior Decorating

By LAURA KENT MASON
Illustrated by Olive Butler

"I'm going to make a lamp for the living-room with a silk shade just the shape Lord Hartley had in his rooms," said the girl with the rose-colored blouse. "Yes, wasn't it a dear? And if I can afford it, I'm going to make some of those oblong pillows, like Margaret Sherman-Gilder had in her boudoir. I think they are awfully smart," answered the girl with the blue wrap.

No, they were not coming from a reception at Lord Hartley's nor a dinner at the Sherman-Gilders. Rose Blouse and Blue Wrap had been to that great educator of the supposedly middle-classes, the movies. For the movies have added one more branch to their long line of activities. They have become a complete guide to decorating the average home. Going to the movies, these days, is quite like taking a course in Interior Decorating. And, what's more, the average home is benefiting from the new ideas in decoration.

Years ago, when the movie plot consisted of a big-eyed Heroine, a noble Hero and a Villain in constant pursuit, the interiors shown on the screen were as simple as the scenarios. The exteriors were lovely, of course. But then, who can use, for home use, the fact that a group of trees forms an excellent background for a love scene or that distant mountains aren't half bad to look upon? Quite all right, of course, but no help at all to little Mrs. Just-married who, with Bill Just-married, is trying to furnish a four-room apartment or bungalow on practically nothing at all.

In the Bad Old Days of the movies, the interiors consisted, usually, of some poor back-drops which usually swayed in the wind and were painted to resemble, quite faintly, paneled walls or wall paper. When there was an opening to indicate a door, a huge pair of velour portieres were hung in the imitation door-way. For single doorways, there were property doors which some optimistic property man may have thought resembled wood. The furniture consisted of anything that happened to be around the studio or that could be hired from the nearest furniture store for a small sum. If it were a living-room scene, a "parlor set," in all the glory of its plush and shining wood, was used. A bedroom set had, very properly—or improperly, as the case happened to be, a bed in it, and perhaps a dresser and a couple of chairs, as well. A dining-room had a dining-room set. Why not? It was a dining-room, wasn't it? Yes, the furniture in the movies of, say, even ten years ago was just furniture. It may not have detracted from the plot, tho it did actually detract, in some instances, but it did not add to the beauty of the home. Things are different today.

Some of the loveliest of the interiors are those done by men like Joseph Urban, who have made unqualified successes as disciples...
of the newer stage art, before they entered the movies. Others, who are helping the movies, are famous interior decorators, who are more accustomed to "doing" famous country homes for millionaires than arranging just artificial settings for a mere photoplay. But they are adding their skill in making the movie a thing of beauty as well as a guide to what to have in the home.

Today, if a motion picture story is supposed to have taken place in the time of Queen Elizabeth, every detail of the period is correct. The walls are correctly paneled in Elizabethan oak. The refectory table is a copy of a table used in Elizabeth's time. The chairs are sturdy replicas of those of the Elizabethan period. If the scene of a movie is supposed to be in the Italian Renaissance, you may be quite sure that the scenes are reproduced with a fidelity that is remarkable. The Renaissance hangings, the carvings, are really the sort that were used in Italy's Renaissance period. Queen Anne or one of the Georgian decorators—the effect, for the movies, is carried out carefully in any case. Watch the settings, as well as the actors, when you go to the movies. You will receive, in painless, tabloid form, a course of decoration that will be invaluable if you have—or may have, some day, a home to furnish.

In modern scenery, the movies have much to offer. Watch your actors, first. If they represent culture, you may be quite sure that their background reflects this same strata of life. But don't be fooled by the glitter of a background. If your actors are playing the New-rich or the Too-vulgar-for-words, their background, no matter how appealing it may appear, is the background you want to avoid in your own home.

In the movies, as in life, the home of good taste is the one quite free from too many ornaments. Only a few years ago, the movie interior, intending to represent the home of a man of wealth, was one cluttered with useless and hideous vases, with scarfs and hangings and poorly chosen tapestries. The last few years have changed all this. Now, when you see, in one of the newer films, a representation of a young man's living-room, you may be sure that the plain-line furniture, the severe hangings and rugs, the comfortable chairs, the big fireplace, is really the sort that a young man of wealth is likely to have. The bedroom of the flapper is just as truly reproduced, with its dainty enamels, its soft taffeta hangings, its delicate informality.

The keynote of the modern living-room is simplicity, taste and beauty. All of these are echoes in the modern living-room of the films. Be sure that you are copying the right kind of rooms—the rooms inhabited by the people you want to be like—and then go ahead and copy. You won't go wrong if you follow the decorations in the films.

In color, of course, you must use your own judgment. Until some genius can really invent a film that will reproduce the real colors of interiors. But, even here, the pictures will help you. You can tell light and shade, of course. You can tell the color of wood-work by the gloss of the wood. Oak, and especially carved oak, is always dull. Mahogany may be highly polished or have a satin finish. Enamel can usually be told in the films. In decorating a home it is well to avoid brilliant colors. Keep to quiet tones, excepting in small touches, an occasionally small enameled table, a brilliant cushion, a daring vase. Your movies, if you watch them close enough, will give you the intensity of tone even in these things. If you develop even a small color sense, so as to learn the simpler matching of colors, you can tell by the movies what effect you want to produce and how to produce it.

The movies are doing one great thing for interiors that no other art could do—they are showing the people the real homes of people of culture and standing. The stage, at its best, could merely reproduce what a good home should be. The average play has three acts. In the most modern plays, one or at most two settings are used. So, if you can see only two interiors at each play, it will take you a long time to see enough good interiors to formulate your taste in good interiors. But in each motion picture that is a reflection of home life of people of a cultured class, half a dozen or a dozen interiors are shown. And they are all shown in detail and correctly. More than that, in hundreds of cases, these interiors, here lately, are not reproductions at all. They are the real things.

For years, of course, real exteriors were shown on the screen. You would see the outside of Lord Somebody's home. Then, when interiors were shown, they were poor imitations of what the real home looked like. Sometimes, no attempt was made at (Con'd on page 106)
THE Calpernia was due, and Cap'n Bill Herron concluded to go down and see some of his friends in the immigration service. Time was when these same friends had not been in the immigration service. Time was when they had been aboard the old Liza Jane, long since gone to permanent rest on dry dock; the old Liza Jane of which, in the hardihood of his vigorous youth, Cap'n Bill Herron had been skipper. Cap'n Bill Herron didn't take any offense, tho., that his shipmates of long ago were efficient immigration clerks while he, like the Liza Jane, was permanently in dry dock. He took a sort of personal pride in the statistical facts the immigration officers reeled off to show the extent of their knowledge and their importance.

Cap'n Bill agreed with them that there were "too many kids in Amurrica." And if there were too many kids in Amurrica, by that Cap'n Bill meant Amurrian kids, what on earth was the idea of admitting all the little Orlinskys and Levinskys and Petroshys and Schneiders and Yamblatts in Christendom and heathendom.

It always gave Cap'n Bill quite a thrill when the officials sent some hapless family, some strayed looking mother with a swarthy brood, back from whence they had come. Said Cap'n Bill, "Half of these foreigners take liberties with liberty—I know."

Then he saw Jackie.

Now Cap'n Bill had never had a kid of his own. Years and years ago he had been married, and years and years ago his wife had died. There had been one year of dreaming—the only dreaming Cap'n Bill had ever done—in the little old house where, now, the Cap'n had "rooms." Figuring largely in the dreaming was the image of the small boy they were to have some day when the Cap'n's "ship came in." The "little chap" was to have fair hair and wide brown eyes—like his mother—and when he was little he was to sing in the church choir, and when he grew big he was to follow the sea. The old Liza Jane would be painted afresh when the Little Cap'n took command, and so they dreamed on. But the Cap'n's dreams never came true and after awhile he sort of forgot to dream. He had the Liza Jane for a great many years and times were strenuous on the sea; and after that he had the rheumatism and it didn't give him much occasion to dream of anything, save his pipe and one or two cronies, and then, as the age rolled around, his younger friends rose with the tide of it, the immigration laws, and suchlike.

Then Jackie, the day the Calpernia docked Cap'n Bill was down on the docks early. There was always a lot doin' when a big ship like the Calpernia got in. There were celebrated folk aboard, such folk as figured in garish crayon sketches in the Sunday supplements, writers and artists and actors and other "queer folks."

And then Ellis Island where the flotsam and jetsam of the world was filtered thru the gigantic sieve of official inspection. Among the flotsam and jetsam was Jackie.

The Cap'n noted him first among a brood of young Levinskys. He was notable among that brood, indeed. His small, fair, eager face shone like a star in a dull sky. He wore his cap at a valiant angle. His eyes were twin questions; eager, intense. The Cap'n felt a tug at a particular heart-string long untouched. What was he remembering? Years and years ago . . . the wife, the little boy, the "little Cap'n," but why
should he think of those many years ago, today ... down on Ellis Island, watching with keen old eye while Russia and Italy and Armenia and Poland vomited forth their excrescences. ... It was the boy ... the boy among the Levinsky group ... the boy who shone from among them all, brightly, like a gem ... Funny ... Rum thing ...

One of the Immigration officers was speaking to Cap'n Bill, lost in unwonted musing. “See th' kid with the cap pushed back on his head,” he said, “he slipped in with the Levinsky crowd ... he's got to go back ... mother died at sea ... no place for him to go ... no one to claim him ...”

That night, he took Jackie home; Jackie tended house, while, from his corner, the old Cap'n chuckled and watched, puffed at his pipe and coughed to clear his throat when the smoke—or was it the smoke—choked him ...

The Cap'n noted. Generally he gobbled the details and asked for more. In this instance something odd was happening to him. He felt as tho the officer's words were words he had heard before; words that, somehow, had as much to do with him as with the eager-faced youngster staring about him with friendly, curious eyes. ... “Mother died at sea ... no one to claim him ...”

Cap'n Bill was getting old. ... “doddering” ... he muttered it to himself; “doddering ...” He added, “that's my boy ...” His old brain went on, turning over, spinning a curious texture, flavored with salt and sea, mellowed with age, sweet with remembrance. ... “My boy,” he kept repeating; “why, of course ... mother died at sea ... well, not precisely, perhaps, Liza didn't ...” but still, so she did in a manner of speaking. I wanted to, anyway, ‘I wish I could die at sea, Bill,’ she would say to me, ‘an’ you could put me down in the waves with your own hands. ‘Twould be kind of safe-like ... an' free ...’ That's how she'd talk, Liza would ... And then she died. You might say 'twas at sea. ‘No one to claim him ...’ that's right, too, that little kid we used to dream along of didn't have no one to claim him ... got left, he did ... poor chappie ... Now, here he be ... after all these years ... come back from sea ...”

“Say!” a hand tugged at the old man's oil-skin jacket. “Say, don't let them take me back, please. I don't want to go back at all. Say, please ...”

“Hey! Hey, what?” the Cap'n bent over, bones creaking, the better to inspect the small, upturned face. “What's that?” he snapped, “well, where do you want to go? Hey?”

Jackie met the old man's eyes, studied them, studied his whole face, then he said, “With you. I want to go with you.”

“Oh, now, bless my soul! Hear, hear, come hearty, mate, what would you do along with me? In one room? No way of taking care of you? Oh, now, oh, hear!”

“Oh,” Jackie stood erect, “I can take care of myself. Probably,” he gave the
Cap'n another careful survey, taking note, it seemed, of the slight trembling of the veined hands, the breaking of the unmistakably swollen joints, "probably," he said, thoughtfully, "I shall have to take care of you. But that's all right," he finished, pleasantly, "cause I almost always do — have to of oldsters."

Cap'n Bill burst into a loud laugh. The spell of his dream was momentarily shattered, and he thought the boy a jolly little chap. After all, he could take him to the room for the night. They wouldn't send him back before the morning anyway. Poor little shaver, with his mother buried at sea (where she wanted to be) it was a pity to send him back with the Levin skys and their kind, herded in, for one night. He could make him happy, he believed. Give him salt pork and good beans and spin him sea tales.... "You come with me, then," he said, "I'll take you for the night, anyway...."

Jackie and the Cap'n made good their getaway. The Cap'n ruminated to himself, holding fast the little hand on the home walk, "I'll bring him back in the morning. They can send him back then. 'Tisn't but right.... mother dead at sea.... no one to claim him. A pity! As likely a little chap as'd ever a man a ship. Well... the ways of the sea were devious ways...."

The Cap'n had led a lonely, undented life. Save for that one brief, halcyon year, he had fried his own vittles (and they were mostly fried), made up his "bunk" — cleaned out his room and generally tended house.

The night he took Jackie home Jackie tended house, while, from his corner, the old Cap'n chuckled and watched, puffed at his pipe and coughed to clear his throat when the smoke — or was it the smoke — choked him....

Jackie, fried pork and heated up beans and boiled a pot of coffee. All the while he talked cheerily and with a certain air of reassurance to the Cap'n. "You see," he said, in a lower key than he had been going in, "you see, Mother was sick for ever and ever so long. We didn't have any money and I had to be her mother and Daddy and her little boy. As she grew worse, I grew less and less her little boy and more and more her mother and father and sort of doctor and nurse.... you see, that's how it is I'm like I am, useful like." Cap'n Bill growled in his throat, but Jackie liked the growl. He took it for what it was worth. He added, softly, "That's why I don't cry much about Mother. I — I know she's happier now than she was. You see, that's how it is... about not crying.... 'Tisn't that I don't care.... she was all my friends to me...."

Only very late that night, after the supper dishes had been cleaned up spic and span, and spicly and spanly put away, did Jackie become a small, dependent boy at the mercy of the officials of Ellis Island, and that was just before he and the Cap'n turned in, when the Cap'n held him on his knee and spun him marvelous tales of the sea as it was in the old days, when there were schooners and traders and magnificent happenings... even pirates and things... and little Jackie thrilled and oh'd and ah'd and then grew drowsy and fell asleep with his head against old Bill's hairy chest.

For the first time in all...

MY BOY

Told in short-story form, by permission, from the First National attraction of the Irving M. Lesser production of the scenario by Lois Zelner, based on the original story by Jack Coogan, Sr., and Victor Heerman. Directed by Victor Heerman and starring Jackie Coogan. The cast:

Jackie ......................... Jackie Coogan
Cap'n Bill Herron ................. Claude Gillingwater
Mrs. Donaldson .................. Matilda Brandage

And sometimes Jackie was just a little boy, and would tease the old Cap'n — tackle him when he was snoring — or imitate him dancing a sailor's hornpipe, and then the Cap'n would awaken and there would follow a sham storm of abuse, such as delighted Jackie's soul.
And sometimes Jackie was just a little boy and would tease the old Cap'n—tickling him when he was snoring—or imitate him dancing a sailor's hornpipe and then the Cap'n would awaken and there would follow a sham storm of abuse such as delighted Jackie's soul.

And one night the Cap'n reminisced and told Jackie about Liza Jane, the girl with cheeks "like the pink in sea shells," who, briefly, had been his wife, and about the little boy they had imagined, who had never come, until now . . .

"Until now . . .?" Jackie was mystified. He looked about for the mysterious little boy, and then the old Cap'n hugged him tight and laughed chokily in his throat and muttered, "You, matey, you—y'know . . ." It was all quaint and Dickensian and gruffly tender . . .

And then trouble came to the Cap'n's quarters. The Cap'n came down with a cold and the cold developed into bronchitis and he was very bad indeed. A settlement nurse came in and looked grave and asked who was taking charge of him and Jackie said, "I—I am." He added, stoutly, "and I can, too . . ." The nurse looked puzzled and shook her head and left prescriptions which, at the end of a week, had consumed almost all the money before the boy came along—or if, indeed, it had been life at all. For now the measure of their days ran smoothly, sweetly. In the mornings Jackie straightened up the Cap'n's quarters and in the afternoons he minded Mrs. Carey's baby while she did her marketing or delivered her washing, or amused some of the numerous progeny of their other neighbors. Jackie was good at entertaining. He could sing and dance "as smart as you please" as Mrs. Carey was wont to say, admiringly. "It's as good as a show, 'pon my word of honor . . ." In the evenings the Cap'n would tell Jackie his choice sea yarns, which by now, had to be twice told. And sometimes Jackie told little stories of his mother and how she had been saving to get back to America where she had been born and how she was going to take Jackie to his grandmother's, but had never told Jackie her name, and how he was here now, and that was all . . .
he protested, "'Tain't right, someway. You're too young to be top-sailing it the streets with a wop . . ."

Jackie grinned proudly. "I'm a right," he said, stoutly, "an' Johnny Finnegan, the policeman on our beat, has been swell to me. The other day the wop tried to get away with my share of the coin as well as his own. Johnny had a run in with him. 'You lay off the kid's share, gummit!" he told him, 'or I'll see that you get a share o' somethin' you're not alookin for.' Oh, everyone's swell to me and you oughter see 'em laugh and clap and all when I dance and sing. I think I'll be a actor when I grow up."

And in between times Jackie kept the Cap'n's quarters redded up and the Cap'n fed and supplied with his medicine and even the District Nurse said that if he wasn't the most wonderful boy she had ever seen, it would have been a pity that he wasn't born a girl, to which Jackie whistled scornfully and muttered, "Aw, how'd you mean . . .?"

The Cap'n was nearly well, sitting up half the day, and telling Jackie the sea stories of an evening, when Jackie was invited to a party given, so he told the Cap'n, by a swell dame named Donaldson. "Mrs. Carey says," he explained, "that the old lady's mugs on charity for kids and every year she collects 'em from the different districts and has 'em up to her house and gives 'em ice cream and cakes with icing and candies and sandwiches . . . It'd be fair sailing," he added, wistfully, quaintly, "to have ice cream and cakes with icing on 'em . . ."

Cap'n Bill looked at him, hunched up on the floor at his feet, his little face ruminative, his eyes dreamy with thoughts of sweets long gone without, and his heart smote him. Jackie was such a little chap, after all, and little chaps do like ice cream and pink cakes and sandwiches and candies. The Cap'n had a sort of strong hunch that Jackie was born to pink cakes and ice cream, and that, somehow, his tiny craft had run aground.

"You must go along to the party, my boy," he said, gruffly.

Jackie shook his head. "Cant, Cap'n," he said, "'day set's a Saturday and the wop and I clean up on a Saturday. Be-

sides . . ." he considered his bare feet, his ragged trousers, "I don't look a party," he finished.

But the Cap'n persisted that Jackie must go; that he'd look a party in anything or nothing; that if he didn't go, the Cap'n would take a bad spell again and that the wop could go to blazes for all of him for that one Saturday afternoon.

Rather loath, Jackie went, with the rest of the kids from the district, to Mrs. Donaldson's party.

Almost at once Jackie liked Mrs. Donaldson and he gave a great sigh of pleasure when he saw her house. It was all like a dream; like some of the dreams he dreamed and didn't tell the Cap'n, for fear it might make him feel bad-like; dreams of things his mother had told him . . . things like that . . .

Mrs. Donaldson was a sweet-faced, rather elderly woman, with young eyes and a sweet-sounding laugh and placid looking grey hair. Jackie thought it would be nice to sit on her lap and lean up against her and tell her the lots of things that he . . . well, that he couldn't very well tell the Cap'n; not that the Cap'n wouldn't understand, for he understood everything, but that would make him feel bad because the little old sea-faring chest in the Cap'n's quarters was so lean . . .

Jackie danced at the party, too, and sang a little song, and when he had done he saw (Continued on page 91.)
The Gentleman From Japan

One finds in Hayakawa that consistent courtesy, that deference to another’s opinions which yet in no way sets his own at a disadvantage, which characterizes the majority of his race. It is impossible to observe whether his manner is concealing boredom or interest. It is always impassive.

T
o all intents it was an interview. To all effects it was a ballyhoo.

The perfumed censers, purple shadows, solitudes and silences of your true Oriental fable were ostentatious in their absence. Thus I offer you a Nipponese carte of which the main ingredients are, apart from M. Sessue Hayakawa himself, clam broth, chocolate cake, Bessie Love and the supernatural.

It was the lunch hour of the Fillumites at the R-C studio, with the soup chorus in progress.

There were, besides the suave gentleman from Japan and myself, ten others: an Art Director, a Director, an Assistant Director, an Assistant’s Assistant, a Leading Lady, a couple of Fillum Cutters, a Manager of Some-

Amidst confabulatory outbursts from The Ten, M. Hayakawa tentatively broached the Theory. (I draw aside the curtain momentarily, so that thee, gentle fan, may catch a literal glimpse of the scene, à la Hashimura Togo. M. Hayakawa opens the discussion):

"You think pippul believe mental telepathy nowday?" he offer brothishly, behind napkin.

Bessie Love interpret to me gratefully. Understanding, I prefer to him vigorously.

"Yes, indeedy!" I ingrate.

"That is my new picture," he volunteer tootharily.

"Pip——"

"An’ I alus marvels," drown out Knowing Gentleman impolite, "how all of this here Alexander Du-masses’ dreams is come true. The trip to the moon, the sub-mr’ines and such. It was faith that did it, like Seshoo here says. Du-masses believed."

"You mean Jules Verne," venture Fillum Cutter sniffishly.
"I do, at that," gargle Knowing Gentleman.

"If all you pass the butter!" exasperate Hon. Director.

When noise is dead, Japanese Gentleman pick up thread where dropped.

"Pippul in my new picture believe volcano blow up. They want it—blow up. They believe. So! Volcano blow up!" he prestidigitate. "Believe thing and it will happen," he addition to me happily. "Great picture.

All of which goes to show, if anything, that the game of interviewing, played over a lunch course, has its bunkers.

But seriously. I doubt the ability of any interviewer limited to

It is useless to attempt a description of the man. He is so exactly the likeness of his photographs that one need go no further. He is distinctive, in that his appearance is appealing, apparently, as much to Occidentals as Orientals. At the right a camera study and below with his wife Tsuru Aoki.

All photographs by Paul Grenbeaux, L. A.

an hour's spasmodic conversation, to penetrate to the most interesting recesses of Hayakawa's mind. In the first place he is intensely methodical in his thought. Having fixed upon an idea, he clings to it, elaborates it, exhausts it; interestingly perhaps, but to the detriment of all other ideas. That noon, as perhaps you have inferred, the idea was mental telepathy, or more broadly—faith. In "The Vermillion Pencil," a Chinese tale, which he is making as his latest starring vehicle for Robertson-Cole, the crux of the story hangs upon the explosion of a volcano, brought about by the concentrated prayers of the populace. It was this that prompted his question, "Do people believe in mental telepathy nowadays?"

Hardily we tossed the question back and forth across the table, mauling it, distending it, pinching it, inflating it, and in the end we had no more than that with which we started.

It is useless to attempt a description of the man. He is so exactly the likeness of his photographs that one need go no further. He is distinctive in that his appearance is appealing, apparently, as much to Occidentals as Orientals.

In conversation his eyes are (Continued on page 109)
PLENCH! DEAR! I don't blame you at all for hating it your favorite book. "It's just too perfectly thrilling for words. "The Three Musketeers" I mean. I saw it to-night at the movies and I can't go to bed until I tell you all about it.

Guess who was D'Artagnan? The very best person in the world—Douglas Fairbanks—and he was so real that I think he always has been D'Artagnan but has only just told people!

I remember every little thing he did, but of course I can't write it all to you, it would take too long. But here are the parts I loved best. First of all he starts out from his house and says good-by to his nice old father who reminds him to be "Loyal to the King; reverent to the Cardinal (a really horrid person), and devoted to the Queen; but above all—Fight!" Then he gets on a funny rickety old horse and starts for town (town was Paris, you know), everybody laughs at him and he gets just perfectly furious and wants to fight them all. When he gets to Paris, he kisses his horse good-by and sells him and buys a most dashing hat with a sweepy plume. And then, oh, Punch! Punch dear! he fights with just dozens of soldiers, one right after the other and beats them all, every single one. That's how he meets Athos, Porthos and Aramis. He makes an engagement to have a duel with each one outside the walls of the Carmelite Convent but instead of fighting them he joins them and fights a heavenly duel with the Cardinal's men. After that The Three are just crazy about him and they make a pact of friendship and say, "All for one, one for all!"

Then all sorts of exciting things happen but the most exciting part is where the King tells the Queen that she must wear a diamond clasp that he gave her—and, oh dear, the horrid Cardinal had seen her give it to the Duke of Buckingham—to a ball that is being given at court. Just imagine, Punch, the Duke was way over in England. Of course it was silly of the Queen to give a man a brooch, it would have been more sensible to have given him cuff-links (I'm going to give Uncle Roddy cuff-links for his birthday), but then men wore queer clothes in those days. Anyway, she simply had to have that clasp and so she sent off the Three Musketeers and D'Artagnan to get it for her.

They had dreadful adventures on the way but D'Artagnan got there in spite of everything and just when I thought he was going to get the brooch, Buckingham discovered that Milady had stolen it. Oh, Punch, I could have cried, but it didn't matter really because Doug wasn't going to let her get away back to the Cardinal with it. He followed her to the boat and at night he went right into her stateroom and tried to find the brooch but instead of giving it to him nicely Milady was awfully stubborn and oh, Punch, I know it wasn't very gentlemanly but Doug simply had to bite her.

My, but it was lucky he did because later when he had got back safely to the Queen, that wicked Milady pretended that she was the Queen and put her hand around the curtain to get the clasp. D'Artagnan almost gave it to her but then he saw the mark of his teeth on her hand just in time. I was so terribly afraid that he would think it was his Queen that I said right out, "Dont give it to her," and everybody laughed but Uncle Roddy said that Doug must have heard me because he stopped and gave her the empty box instead.

Oh, Punch you must go and see it, for there's just heaps I haven't told you about it. You'll just adore it. Uncle Roddy did tho, of course he wouldn't say so, but I know because he took me to Mirror's afterwards and bought me three ice cream sodas, one right after the other!

Your very sleepy,

JUDY

P. S.—Wouldn't you just die of joy if Douglas Fairbanks should make a picture of "Robin Hood and his Merry Men"? I would.

DEAR PUNCH: I do think Mr. Meighan must like (Continued on page 101)
Exercises for the Thin Figure

In my recent talk on beauty I gave some hints for the benefit of underweight persons who are desirous of filling out hollow places and giving a soft curving contour to the face and form. I outlined their diet and other habits, touching upon the beneficial effects of sleep and exercise, just as in a previous article I outlined the diet and habits for people troubled with obesity and eager to lose weight. Also in a recent talk I advised certain exercises which tend to reduce the weight and give grace and proportion to the body. So in this talk I will describe the forms of gymnastics most effective in filling out angles and increasing the weight and beauty of the thin individual, man or woman. The cry for symmetry, proportion, beauty is as insistent from the one extreme as the other.

To recommend walking as a means of gaining flesh after having recommended it as a means of reducing, may savor of the patent medicines advertised to make one thin or fat according to one's desire. But it is none the less true that walking is effective in either case. That is easy to understand when you consider its great value as a health builder. If the walk is taken briskly, the process of breathing increases in rapidity, the lungs are filled with fresh air, and the life-giving, germ-destroying oxygen puts in ten times its usual amount of work in the same length of time. The brisk regular motion of the walk is also very soothing to the nerves and consequently very beneficial to the thin person who is more frequently troubled with nerves than is the stout individual. Anything that benefits the nerves also benefits the general health, and thus tends to get one into a normal condition in which the food may be absorbed and assimilated by the body.

Another important consideration is the increased appetite a walk always gives unless one walks until too fatigued to wish food. This, of course, is an undesirable state of affairs and must be guarded against. Do not walk too briskly or too far the first day. Try a mile the first day and see what effect it has. If it causes only a little fatigue—a little is natural—then increase the length and the rapidity of the walk daily until you discover just what is best. Nobody can tell you: it is one of those things you will have to learn for yourself. But you, with the interest of health and beauty at heart, can study and form a pretty good estimate of just what is good and what is harmful, and act accordingly.

There are some thin people who have enormous appetites and eat ravenously, yet seem to get thinner each day. Some appear to be almost emaciated. Now anyone with ordinary intelligence knows that this condition is abnormal and can and should be corrected. It is not only a matter of diet and exercise, but the doctor is needed to prescribe special treatment. Many people are not aware of recent remarkable discoveries of medical science concerning terrible conditions existent in the alimentary canal, but all up-to-date doctors are thoroughly

(A continued on page 106)
An Open Letter to the Motion Picture Industry:

Every motion picture player should constantly bear in mind that the reputation of the entire profession is, to a large extent, in his or her keeping. Every time a player makes a misstep, the newspapers flash the news over the world and the whole industry and profession is damaged beyond repair. The recent Los Angeles scandal probably cost the industry many millions of dollars and gave it a black-eye that it will take years to heal. Things like this act as the last straw and thousands of people who were on the fence decide the whole motion picture business is corrupt and they, therefore, forbid members of their family attending the motion picture theaters.

Hence, every player and other employee connected with the industry owes it as a duty to be unusually careful and to avoid even the appearances of evil. You are under suspicion. You are on trial. You must prove yourselves worthy of the homage which has been paid you. Even the little things should be remembered—little things perfectly harmless, and yet, things which if published or thrown on the screen might give the impression of looseness. For example, a player was recently shown in Screen Snapshots at some kind of gathering, and was being photographed when, during the festivities, two or three men, including the director and cameraman, as we remember it, came forward and kissed her. Perfectly harmless and innocent, no doubt, but the impression is given that kissing is promiscuous in the movies and that directors and others are free to take such liberties, even with the stars who might demand respect if they desired it.

Censorship of the films is one thing and censorship of the morals of the players is another. Both should be unnecessary. Nevertheless, every player should try to do nothing which will convey the impression that there is any more looseness or freedom in the motion picture profession than there is in any other profession or walk of life.

Motion Pictures Sponsor the Classics:

Motion pictures have done many splendid things. They have proved themselves, time and time again, a friend of mankind. They have shown one half of the world how the other half lives—they have brought glimpses of foreign lands to those unable to roam—they have given romance to hungry souls—

And they have done another thing. They have given new life to many of the classics—to many of the splendid pieces of literature which have been forgotten in the wake of the modern fiction. Librarians and bookdealers declare that as soon as one of the old works is filmed there is immediately a demand for that author and that particular work itself.

Since Douglas Fairbanks has brought "The Three Musketeers" to the screen, more people have read Dumas and "The Three Musketeers" than before in years. The same is true of other instances. Of a certainty the motion picture has served many purposes!
Winter Blossom

Winter Blossom will again bring the poetry of the distant East to the shadows in the new Goldwyn production of the Gouverneur Morris story, "What, Ho! the Cook"
OPEN LETTER TO DOUGLAS

DEAR DOUG: You are our favorite actor. And your films are our favorite productions. We liked "The Three Musketeers." It's a great picture. And no matter what anybody else says, we know you're not only a good athlete, but a good actor. But please, Doug, don't move so quickly in your pictures. We all want to get a square look at you. But lately all we're seeing is just blur-r.

In "Peter Ibbetson" Wally Reid once again proved that he can act. And in the "Affairs of Anatol" he played thru the whole piece only putting his hands in his pockets twice. That's a test for any screen hero.

Carl Laemmle, head of Universal, has the temerity to suggest that in future productions be given to the public without the preamble "Mr. Whooziz Presents."

We wish to protest. This is grossly unfair to the public, which has a keen interest in all such things and an inalienable right to know whether it is Sam Silverman or Ivan Abramovitch who is presenting "Are Women Creatures?"

Some men go into the film business with the idea of leaving their footprints in the sands of time; and before they get out many of them are lucky of they dont have their finger-prints taken.

Roy Moutlon has invented a new glycerine tear for movie heroines, which he claims will not only roll down the nose and hang on the end for a moment, but it will float in the air afterward. An actress should be able to emit any number of these tears and have them infect the atmosphere for 1,000 feet of film like toy balloons.

WHY IS A PROLOG

We fear we are awfully low-brow but the prologs which some of the theaters are presenting with film productions not only bore us but appear to be pure hokum to get over a weak production or give excuse for higher admissions.

Prologs may be all right for the tired business man. They give him a splendid opportunity for a nap.

THOSE ELECTRIC SIGNS

Today "The Perfect Lover." Next week "The Poor Simp."

IT CANT BE DONE

The greatest ambition of most producers is to make a picture without a subtitle. That's possible. But just try and make one without a kiss.

Geraldine Farrar says that she'll fight her divorce case to a finish. Lou-Tellegen says that he will fight to a finish. This has all the makings of a good special production. What am I bid for the motion picture rights?

"Passion" and "Deception" having started the fad for historical subjects with one-word titles, some one now makes the suggestion that we may expect to find on the screen:

Nero playing a fiddle solo during the burning of Rome, filmed under the title, "Syncopation."

The Pilgrim Fathers landing at Plymouth Rock, filmed as "Transportation."
The Song of Life
By NORMAN BRUCE

LIFE means a different thing to different men. Some men, for instance, want a seat in Congress, and others want a seat in the orchestra row of the newest, least-clothed musical comedy, while there are still others who are looking forward to a chance to play a golden harp in Heaven.

But Life means the same thing to all women, even if there are some who won't admit it. And that thing is Romance. From the first time they look in the glass, they are expecting it, hoping for it, striving for it. Fitting the glamorous armor of the knight errant of their dreams upon the first male being who comes their way, whether he would naturally wear a size thirty-four breastplate or a size forty-four. Which is to explain why Aline Tilden, just twenty and—so her mirror told her, beautiful, was sitting on the fire-escape at eleven o'clock in the morning instead of washing the breakfast dishes.

The verdict of Aline's mirror was backed up by the glances of nearly all the men she met, except those with their wives, and the blind beggars on the street corners. And yet the one man who was privileged to gaze as much as he desired on her thick brown hair, and round warm cheeks and eyes that had flames in them, preferred sitting before a table scribbling endless words on bits of paper, and—crowning indignity!—he had made the heroine of his story a Titian blonde!

In the East Side street below, the pushcart men were doing a thriving business, selling pork chops, pickled watermelon, feather dusters, nursing bottles, silk petti-coats and other necessities of life to clamoring crowds of women who, not satisfied with talking with all the power of their tongues, eked out the limitations of nature by conversing with elbows, hands, shoulders, eyebrows as well. Aline watched them with a contemptuous knitting of her shapely brows; wops and ginnies and kikes, that's what they were! And she had to live down here among them and cook beef-stew and wash dishes—the latter item brought a curl to lips, charming, if a trifle too red and full. She had had such pretty hands, a girl had to, clerking, wrapping up bundles, handing things over the counter, especially in a store where most of the customers were men, like the Jazz Music Emporium.

"Manicure twice a week and cold cream every night!" Aline said resentfully aloud, "not to send myself any bouquets, there wasn't a prettier pair of hands on Broadway, even in the Profession!"

There was no need to state what profession,—there is only one that counts on Flash Alley. Girl clerks and waitresses who work on that street of mad magnificence know every musical comedy favorite, every varnished-haired leading man, every vaudeville star by sight, pattern their hair and dress after the glittering ladies of the stage and dream every night that they too are a part of the Profession. Aline remembered, with an angry laugh, that she had thought that David was a dancer when he first came into the shop to buy a copy of "The Roll Your Own Blues."

It wasn't till after their acquaintance had progressed to the confidential stage that she discovered he had wanted the song to quote in a short story he was writing. He wasn't on the stage at all. He didn't even carry a spear in the chorus—he was only a writer. "I'd ought to have looked around then and found the nearest exit!" Aline thought drearily, "now look at me! What fun do I get, slaving my life away in a dark, three-room flat on Mulberry Bend—Greenbaum would give me my job back if Dave'd let me take it, but no! He doesn't want his wife working! That's a hot one! I suppose he thinks that sweeping and cooking Life means the same thing to all women, even if there are some who won't admit it. And that thing is Romance. Which explains why Aline Tilden, just twenty, and, so her mirror told her, beautiful, was sitting on the fire-escape at eleven o'clock in the morning, instead of washing the breakfast dishes.
"I don't blame you for hating her, lad," said Mary; "but be sure she was punished for her wickedness! You can't run away from life. That's the woman in your story, now, that hated housework and drudgery so: who knows but 'twas her lot to drudge a thousand-fold worse all her days than she would ever have done if she had stayed at home!"

"Aline!"

With the martyred air which was becoming a habit, Aline slid her feet, and massaging greasy frying pans is a real vacation!"

In the room behind her she heard David's chair scrape back violently, then an exclamation, "—of all the damn things!"

Probably, thought Aline scornfully, a cockroach. David was always saying she ought to do something about them, but what was the use? They were grease and dust and ugliness, going up there and read the riot act to them!"

"I don't see what use it will be," Aline sniffed, but David was gone, taking the stairs two at a time. For an abused wife, the young Mrs. Tilden did a strange thing now. Looking about to make sure that no one observed her, she took the fountain pen still warm from the tight-clutched fingers and rubbed her cheek against it tenderly. It was some time before David returned. Aline made a few feeble pretenses at housekeeping, let the dish cloth trail back into the sink and resumed her favorite occupation of being sorry for herself. It wasn't as though she couldn't have done better, tho the conversation of her customers had run to jazz rather than Mendelssohn. If she had been That Kind, she could have had her flat on Riverside and her own maid long ago, but David had had a way with him, and so here she was, thrown away on a man that preferred to look at a sheet of paper to looking at her, absolutely wasted! Now David was returning, but what were those shuffling steps with encased in soiled grey kid pumps run over at the heel, across the sill and followed them into the sitting-room where David stood glaring down at a dark spot on the sheet of paper on which he had been writing. Aline was about to say defiantly that if he didn't like gravy on the tablecloth he could hire a housekeeper when she saw that his irritation was directed at some spot over his head. Something was leaking thru the ceiling. There came another drop now——

"I've had about enough of this!" the author exclaimed in a terrible tone, "how anybody is going to produce literature while the home brew of the tenant upstairs patters gently down on his head, I don't know! I'm
him? The little grey-haired old woman on his arm had quite obviously been weeping, the unlovely tears of hopeless age that leave the eyes bloodshot and dim. "Aline," said David gently, "this is Mary. I don't believe you told me your last name?" he was as deferential with this shabby, dreary old creature as tho she were a queen. That was the David of him.

"Just Mary," the old woman said timidly, "I lost the other name a long ways back." She was looking up into David's face with a kind of puzzled intenness as tho trying to remember something.

David proffered the broken-backed Morris chair with a flourish, and leaving the old stranger seated in it, looking about the room, he drew Aline into the kitchen. "Do you know what it was that fell on my head?" he was profoundly moved. "It was poison! She told me the whole story—she's been a dishwasher in some Sixth Avenue lunchroom, and this morning the manager told her that she was too slow, and he'd gotten a younger woman. There was just enough money for a bottle of carbolic acid, but when she came to lift the glass she'd poured it into, it slipped out of her hand!"

"What do you know about that!" Aline exclaimed. She was not gifted with words, and joyfully adopted ready-made phrases, but her sympathy was none the less sincere, "that was hard luck, I'll tell the world! But even if she hasn't got any money, she can always afford to fall off the elevated or jump into the river or something cheap."

It appeared that that was not quite what David had had in mind. Couldn't they ask the poor old lady to dinner and cheer her up? Besides—David's eyes gleamed with enthusiasm—she could probably tell a whackin good story if she would! "Just Mary,"—by Jove, that was corking! Aline shook her head helplessly. Who on earth would want to read about a homely old thing like that? The stories that were printed in magazines with bathing girls on the covers always were about golden-haired heiresses that wore diamond necklaces and rode in limousines. David did have the craziest ideas!

Mary offered to help get the dinner. "I used to be a good cook once," she hesitated, "I could make some biscuits if you like, and a pie—encased in one of Aline's aprons she became another woman, bustling about the tiny kitchen, peeling potatoes, measuring out coffee, looking expertly into the oven. She insisted that Aline go into the other room, and leave the dishes. "If there's any one thing I'd ought to know how to do," she said with a sorry smile, "It's wash dishes. I been doing it for twenty seven years!"

But that was all that she would say of herself, even after Aline had suggested that she should stay with them and do the housework in exchange for her board, and David, smacking his lips over the toothsome memory of the apple pie had willingly agreed. In the days that followed, the bent little figure moved happily about the tiny flat, scouring the floors blissfully, polishing the window panes until the sun actually looked into the sitting-room and discovered no speck of dust, no hint of disorder in the place. But she still remained a mystery in blue gingham.

"She acts," Aline told her husband wonderingly, "as tho she liked to do housework. All I hope is she don't get violent! People as crazy as that aren't usually allowed around loose!"

Aline was all rustles and flutters and Eau D'Amour perfume these days, for David

Mary's voice was like the cry of a hurt animal. "If I'd have stayed, I'd have kept my son! And now he hates me, and there's nothing ahead. I spoiled my life, but I won't let you spoil yours"
David's novel was getting along more swiftly nowadays. He had not been distracted by a cockroach since Mary had taken charge, his shirts were always mended, his socks darned, his meals hot. Pegasus may fly high but he appreciates a comfortable stall and a good meal as well as any truck horse. "You ought to have been somebody's mother!" he told her one day, when she silently set a cup of hot tea beside his papers, "some women have a talent for mothering! It's a pity it isn't often the ones that have the children." His tone was bitter, and his eyes, gazing away, seemed to see something ugly, so that he did not notice the sudden cowed, stricken look of her, the trembling of the worn hands. "Take the mother I'm writing about in my story for instance—"

Still staring, frowning, at the ugly thing his mind saw, David poured out the plot of his novel—the Woman Who Ran Away. In words that painted pictures, he described the little cottage of a railroad track foreman, and the young wife who left her work often to stand in the

"Where is Al-mer?" David hurled the question at Mary furiously, and then, when she did not answer, he searched the box from her hands. "I don't suppose any man is sending you flowers?"

had reluctantly allowed her to go back to the music counter on Flash Alley, and all day she stood looking out between sonatas and jazz songs and postal cards of ladies getting into bath tubs on the color and gaiety and movement without, or leaned gracefully on the counter, polishing her nails and exchanging banter with the customers.

"Not that I'd let any of them get fresh!" she assured David, "when any of them try that line I'm stone deaf!" But she did not tell David that she slipped the wedding ring, with its message of "Hands Off!" into her bag when she arrived at the store.

And she did not think to mention the fact that three times running she had gone out to lunch at the Golden Glades with a man who wore a pinch-back suit, a velour hat and a silver flask, curved to fit his hip pocket.

She didn't think David would be interested.
doorway and gaze longingly away down the shining rails that led to great cities, with their shops and bright lights and the excitement she longed for. With the art that was one day to make him famous, David seemed to bring his characters into the very room, make them breathe—Amos, the husband, trying pitifully to placate his wife's hunger for life with awkward presents of ribbons and gaudy boxes of candy from the company store, the tiny son whose baby hands were too feeble to hold his mother, the woman who deliberately set herself free from the safe, dear fetters of duty one afternoon took the train that would carry her along the shining rails to the city of her dreams.

"And as she rode," David said somberly, "she did not guess that her train had struck and killed her husband on the trestle and scattered the box of pink and white bonbons he was carrying home to her far and wide."

Now for the first time he became aware that the old woman had sunk down into the Morris chair, and was staring at him fearfully, pressing her work-worn hands to her heart as though shutting a door upon some fearful thing. "How—did you get the idea—for your story, lad?" the words quivered like live things from her lips, live suffering things.

David laughed harshly. "That was easy! You see. I happened to be the baby that was left behind. A three-year old baby is pretty young to learn how to hate, but I learned to hate my mother then, and I've never stopped hating her since. Why, I even changed the name she had given me—Cyril, the foolish, weak, romantic choice of a foolish, weak, romantic woman—"

Mary looked down at her working hands. "I dont blame you for hating her, lad, but be sure she was punished for her wickedness! You cant run away from life. That—that woman in your story now, that hated housework and drudgery so, who knows, but 'twas her lot to drudge a thousandfold worse all her days than she would ever have done if she'd stayed at home. Still, when one's young, it's natural to want a bit of fun—I—I dont suppose you cu'd ever forgive her? No, that would be asking too much!"

"I may have to forgive her—in the story," said David grimly, "the public wants everything to end sweetly and prettily with frostening an inch thick! But I wont if I can help it even there."

Within a few days the story was finished and sent to Richard Henderson, the publisher, and David tramped the streets in a frenzy of nervous impatience, hardly remembering to eat and sleep, as haggard and white faced as a man waiting outside an operating door to learn the fate of his dearest on earth. In vain Aline tried to coax him to take her to the theater or the movies. "You don't understand!" David told her passionately, "how can I do anything till I know—how can I live till I know?"

"You care more about your old story than you do about me?" Aline accused him. The flames in her eyes flared danger-high, "you'd better look out, or maybe you'll find that I can care more about some—something than I do about you! I'm getting sick of never going anywhere or seeing anything! A girl that can wear a low neck as well as I."

Two days later she returned from the store earlier than usual. There was something furtive, oddly em
Young Ideas

M y interview with Doris May proved to be something of an itinerant affair. Beginning in her lovely blue-and-grey dressing-rooms at the spacious Robertson-Cole studios in Hollywood, it progressed to the studio dining-room, then back to the stage for the afternoon's work before the camera. However, no time was lost in transit, for we chatted briskly every minute—there was so much to say.

Now, it is possible that 1921 will pass into motion picture history as a lean year, wherein few joys were registered by the industry, but to Doris it will always be her big year. First, because it marked her wedding day, for on May fifth she became the bride of Wallace MacDonald, the popular film actor; then, in July, she made her début among the cinema stars.

No wonder she is radiant and happy, and in quite the merry mood to play the comedy roles which seem destined to carry her to a high place in Hunt Stromberg's super-special productions.

The story of her first picture, "Young Ideas," was written by Mr. Stromberg himself, and was created especially for Doris May's gentle humor and rare comical spirit. To Doris, not only is the story "too wonderful for words, with a lot of really new twists," but the entire organization and cast are "simply perfect, so enthusiastic, so helpful, so harmonious"—her praise ceased only for lack of breath.

The title, "Young Ideas," typifies the endeavor for Doris is but eighteen; Mr. Stromberg and Director William Seiter, twenty-seven, while assistants and cast, headed by Hal Cooley, are all very young. "So," Doris glibly remarked, "we are rarin' to go, and nothing can stop us."

Doris has very definite ideas about stars and their relations to pictures, and she insists that everyone in her cast shall be given his full opportunity. She does not believe in sacrificing the story or production in order to give the star a series of close-ups, or should she be on the screen every minute.

"An audience goes to see a picture for entertainment," she explained, earnestly, "and they soon get tired looking at one face. The fact that I am the star doesn't mean that I am the whole show; far from it. I want the story so absorbing, the cast and acting so consistent, the general appeal so wholesome, that my name will become associated with good productions."

Tho she is an expert athlete, there is nothing of the tomboy about Miss May, nor is she ever boisterous. She is very pretty, very sweet and daintily feminine. Even her enthusiasms are expressed in a low, well-modulated voice, but one feels that beneath this surface of delicate humor there is a well-grounded determination that will carry her to success.

She was wearing a gymnastic suit and the black bloomers, white middy and heel-less shoes made her appear even more diminutive than her five feet two inches would suggest, and she seemed like a little girl rather than a bride and a star.

"Clothes affect my feelings," began Doris, as she cuddled her frisky bull-terrier puppy in her arms. "In these, I feel mischievous," and she gaily kicked her small feet into the air; "but let me put on a slithery evening frock with a train, and my, I'm too dignified for words.

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Doris marked really want but is entertainment," cinema well-grounded endeavor, I little feel pictures, but I always like to because Altho MacDonald, her brother, registered for GE now, no wonder he is the most popular film actor; then, in July, she made her debut among the cinema stars.
“I love pretty clothes — what girl doesn’t?” she continued, and, sliding back the doors to her closet, she revealed a dozen lovely frocks she will wear in “Young Ideas.” They range from simple school dresses to elaborate evening gowns — all of exquisite materials.

“I detest fussy or bunchy things,” she commented. “See? These are plain, with long, straight lines — maybe not so long” — and she held a soft gray satin dinner gown against her bloomers and pivoted before the long mirror, while we laughed at the picture she made with her cotton stockings and gym shoes showing.

“We moved into a dear little bungalow yesterday,” announced Doris, carefully (Continued on page 89).

Doris May has very definite ideas about stars and their relations to pictures. She insists that everyone in her cast shall be given his full opportunity. She does not believe in sacrificing the story or production in order to give the star a series of close-ups, or so that she may be on the screen most of the time. Above and at the right, new camera portraits. At the left, as she appears in “Young Ideas.”

Photograph (above and right) by Spurr, L. A.

alibi, like buying things for my pictures. Then, I feel justified in indulging my whims to any extent.

“I had never been to New York until this spring, when Maurice Tourneur took his company there for twelve days to film scenes in ‘Foolish Matrons.’ What fun I had roaming about those adorable shops, for I had a beautiful alibi this time. I was getting my trousseau, and old Conscience didn’t peep once while I bought loads of pretty things.
A Hundred Times a Father

By

MARGARET MACK

REALIZING the power of make-up and having seen Ralph Lewis, the well-known character actor, in a wide range of rôles, from fathers to villains, I wasn’t at all sure that I would recognize him.

While awaiting his arrival at the Metro studio, in Hollywood, I became absorbed in watching Rex Ingram direct pretty Alice Terry.

The set was a quaint interior of a French village home and Alice was registering great fear as she heard her father’s approach on the stairs.

"Ralph Lewis is my father, or rather, step-father, and he is very terrifying," Alice confided, at the end of the scene.

"In the rôle of Pere Grandet he exhibits two natures," commented Mr. Ingram, who had joined us. "He is a wealthy old wine-grower and a miser, not the cringing, wringing-the-hands type, but hard and scheming, and he is the menace hovering over the lives of the young lovers, but—love wins. While trying to think of someone for this rôle, I suddenly remembered the marvelous way Ralph Lewis played the malevolent Governor Stoneman in Griffith’s ‘The Birth of a Nation,’ and instantly decided he was the ideal actor for this part."

I remembered him too, who could ever forget Stoneman? I quakingly wondered how I could interview him.

The next moment the door behind us slammed noisily and in came the most cheerful looking man one could imagine.

His eyes were genial and merry, his round face had the smooth, ruddy skin of the schoolboy, while he gaily greeted everyone from the property boy scurrying past, to Miss Terry who smiled at him.

"Behold the menace!" and Mr. Ingram grinned, as he introduced us.

Later, when I confessed my qualms to Mr. Lewis and told him that at least I had expected to find him taciturn—stern—and old, he threw back his head and laughed heartily.

"That is a compliment to my make-up box and my acting," and he continued to laugh, for the (Continued on page 113)
On The Thames

When there was an exodus of many of our cinemates and it was announced that the English studios were their goal, there was curiosity galore regarding the productions. Hereewith are three scenes from “Perpetua,” in which David Powell and Ann Forrest are featured; Miss Forrest playing the title role. Many of the scenes were filmed on the Thames.
Romance comes down thru the ages—always potent of charm, always colorful. It is an inspiration to live. "Smilin' Thru" perhaps won its popularity chiefly because it was so finely wrought with the golden thread of romance. And, coming to the shadows, it has found Norma Talmadge with her vivid and dusky beauty for its heroine.
"Smilin' Thru" tells a tale of days when people living took time to live to the utmost—a tale of basques and crinolines and the scent of lavender... It tells, too, a tale of the age in which we live, where moments for romance are hungrily snatched from the rush of the days.

The cast which supports Norma Talmadge in "Smilin' Thru" is splendid. Wyndham Standing and little Miriam Battista are both entrusted with important roles, while Miss Talmadge creates the characterization portrayed on the stage by Jane Cowl.
The apartment was curiously "of the people" for one who, on the screen, is so richly an individualist. Two large leather chairs, the deep rocking variety that father likes, were the dominant features. The rest of the furnishings, done in a respectable, indeterminate brown, seemed even more stilted than was their natural wont in the face of Louise's few concessions to her calling. There was a tiger skin before the fireplace, yawning as tho it were bored stiff; another skin, smoothingly tanned, with a large photograph of Louise stamped upon it, her head becapped by another tiger's gaping jaws (or was it the same tiger?) was stretched upon the wall. A towering, flare-back wicker chair, posed with Nazimovesque insouciance in a corner.

I sank into one of the leather chairs. The shades were down, the room pleasantly dim. Thru the partly opened windows stole a soothing breeze and the sound of a garden sprinkler gushing its

Siren Stuff

If Ulysses, after he had lashed himself to the mast so that he could give heed to the sirens' song in safety, had been politely informed that they weren't tonsorializing that day, that they had the measles, he probably would have gasped, "You tell 'em, Houdini. I'm breaking out all over!" and collapsed, foaming at the mouth.

And so when they told me over the phone that I couldn't see Louise Glaum, luxurious siren of the screen, for weeks, that she was wrestling in a dark room with the childish rash at that very moment, I hung up hastily, feeling as tho someone had offered me absinthe in a silver mug marked Baby.

But after the passage of two months or more, a rather charming voice called up and said that I might come over, if I wouldn't stay too long; that all was now well if still a little weak.

She lived somewhere in the vastness of Los Angeles, two transfers and a bummed auto ride from Hollywood, in a district denoted as West Adams, between Fatty Arbuckle's place and the Christian Science Church. On the whole, recalling several of Louise's dramas, "Sex," "Love," "The Leopard Woman," the thing was intriguing.

Louise, of course, wasn't at home. What star ever is? But her mother was (I presume it was her mother: a kindly, dignified appearing woman), and she let me come in, said I might sit down, and assured me that Miss Glaum would be back directly. A doctor or someone, she finished vaguely, was looking at her, down-

Photograph by Hoover Art Co.

Said Louise Glaum:
"I'm not fond of queer things—exotic things, I mean. There is nothing psychic about me. I don't understand, either, why they go on speaking of me as a 'siren.' My last pictures have all contained the element of redemption. I have always reformed at the last!"

Photograph © by Abbe
waters over flowers and palm leaves. Out in the kitchen, a part of which I could see thru a vista of doors, I could hear the somnolent rattle of dishes, the siren song of home. It was quite too much for me. I dropped into a state of contented half-sleep.

The mellow chime of a clock brought me back to consciousness and the realization that an hour had passed. Just then I heard a car draw up outside, a murmur of voices as of mistress and chauffeur, the click of an opening door. A small bulldog tore into the room, passed my chair without noticing me, turned around at the far end of the room, spied me, and racing back, hurled himself, silently but with emphasis into my midriff.

Then that rather charming voice sounded again. "Is the gentleman here?" The small dog pricked up his ears, leaped down, and disappeared, leaving only his hairs behind him.

She came in finally, in a natty suit of some material or other, heavy stuff, faintly checked, producing a grey-green effect to match her eyes.

Her hat was small, fur trimmed. A toque, I imagine one might call it. It was quite a la mode and not at all vampish.

It is not until she begins to speak that you sense the possibilities of seduction. Her voice has a caressing deliberation about it; liquid vowels that are pure crème de menthe, carelessly tossed consonants that are unmistakably Haig and Haig.

Surprisingly, she seems younger than on the screen. Perhaps it was that trim hat, concealing the usual unrestrained profusion of her hair. Her mouth is moistly red.

"What must you think of me," she murmured, giving me her hand. "I dont want you to believe that I'm so hard to reach, and all that. But the measles and then moving! ... We have only just come in from Beverly Hills. I have been so tired and weak. I'm going to have an ice pack after you go. But do sit down. No, over here. Runty!"

She didn't mean me. Runty is the small dog, who had again hurled himself enthusiastically into my belt regions. Her tone was commanding. But Runty is a spoiled child. He wheezed at her and remained—on me.

"Does he annoy you?" asked Louise gently. "I dont know what I should ever do without him. He's been with me for seven years now."

Indeed no, I wasn't annoyed! See! I was scratching his back! (Aside) Darn him! And my suit just back from the cleaners!

She noticed my eyes upon a large gazing crystal on the mantelpiece.

(Continued on page 96)
THE last cinema month has proved an eventful one. Several well worth-while productions were released from the studios. As a matter of fact, practically every picture we reviewed during the last month was something of a definite effort.

Perhaps one of the most notable events was the first starring vehicle of Richard Barthelmess. For some time now, Mr. Barthelmess has endowed the D. W. Griffith offerings with one splendid portrayal or another. It was in "Broken Blossoms" that he gave the screen a characterization of the Yellow Man, colorful and poetic.

"Tolable David," an adaptation of the Joseph Hergesheimer tale of the West Virginia mountains, proves that Dick Barthelmess was quite ready for stardom. It is one of the finest pictures that the screen has shadowed in months. It is a plain tale, telling of the transition of the youngest son of the Kinemon family from boyhood into manhood. David is but a youth when the story opens—a youth who basks in the reflected glory of his big brother who drives the stage that carries the U. S. Mail, and dreams of the day when the reins will be relinquished to his hands. Tragedy visits the household and plays a large part in David's transition. There is a feudal difficulty between the Kinemon clan and the clan of the Hatburns—and the fact that the Hatburn daughter is a comely maiden with wind-tossed curls who has occupied many of David's day-dreams makes his task even more difficult.

Henry King has directed the story with a fine regard for all those qualities which compositely make for a good production. The suspense is maintained, apparently without effort, and the conception of the mountaineers is praiseworthy.

In the title role of David, Richard Barthelmess has created another portrait which will be remembered with his Yellow Man of "Broken Blossoms." We
expected fine things of him, and there has been a fulfillment. His David is a valiant dreamer with the spirit to make the dreams come true.

Mr. Barthelmess' cast is one of the important phases of the picture as a whole. Gladys Hulette, who has been absent from the screen lately, plays opposite him with a pleasing and quiet charm.

MISS LULU BETT—FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY

Miss Lulu Bett is one of the most beloved characterizations given to literature in years. She is the brain child of Zona Gale and won great favor between the covers of the novel during the last year. Then she lived on the stage, with the result that Miss Gale was awarded the Pulitzer prize for the best play of the season. Lulu loses none of her charm on the screen. In order to adapt the story to the screen, some minor changes were necessary, but they are quite in keeping with the spirit of the story and not to be criticized.

Lulu and her aged mother, Grandma Bett, live with Lulu's married sister, Mrs. Dwight Deacon. There is Mr. Deacon, of course, to a casual glance a well-meaning and commendable person, but really totally lacking in sympathy and understanding. And there are the two younger Deacons; Diana, struggling along thru her romantic and rebellious teens and Monona, the most curious of all curious children.

Lulu is, to outward appearances, one of the grey people of the world. For the keep of her mother and herself she does all the work of the Deacon household and furnishes Dwight with an unlimited source of humor. But as a matter of fact, Lulu is the one real person of the family. Hungry for the affection life denies her, she goes thru the days. When romance comes to her, she soon discovers it to be wilted and she returns

(Continued on page 117)
On the Camera Coast

As the wintry blasts ruffled the orange trees of Hollywood, several studios turned their starlets out upon a chilly world. There's another definite recess from production activities.

Goldwyn barred its gates in December and called it a year. No reopening date was announced.

The Lasky studio discontinued three companies, those headed by George Melford, Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt. Some say that Mr. Melford will return, but inasmuch as his recent productions have been disappointing, it is not likely. Miss Ayres and Mr. Holt were removed from the astral firmament before the public had a chance to turn thumbs down. The report was that they would co-star, but we now find them playing in a William de Mille production which will afford them only the usual cast mention.

Metro has closed for three months. Marcus Loew, the maharajah of the domain, is routing Viola Dana and Bert Lytell over his vaudeville circuit for personal appearances. Alice Lake's contract has expired, and she will now tilt a freelance unless contracted by another company.

Vitagraph valiantly wheezes thru its senility, its gait ever decreasing. The stars are worked by turns. This company holds in leash two of the finest box-office possibilities in the industry, Corinne Griffith and Antonio Moreno. Miss Griffith, who has been called "a young Elsie Ferguson," is subtle, decorative and of potent sex charm. Mr. Moreno needs only such opportunities as those accorded Valentino in order to establish himself in a place unique. He has the romantic Latin color of the more fortunate Valentino, plus a fiery dash and vigor.

Thomas H. Ince and J. Parker Read make a picture or two at a time. Neither employs stars.

Mack Sennett is starring Mabel Normand and Ben Turpin; Miss Normand in specials and M. Turpin in two-reelers.

Universal seems to be staging a comeback in quantity, if not in quality. Reginald Barker, who used to make Goldwyn productions with its name...
capitalized, is Universalizing "The Storm." Other directors of repute have been elected to the "U" faculty. The stars at this moment number Priscilla Dean, Herbert Rawlinson, George Walsh, Marie Prevost, Harry Carey, Hoot Gibson, Frank Mayo, Art Acord, Gladys Walton and Mr. Joseph Martin. Eddie Polo is reported out, but he may be back when this scroll is unfurled.

Anita Stewart has completed her contract with Louis B. Mayer and returned to New York. She plans to make only two or three pictures a year with her own company, probably under the auspices of First National. Europe is tempting her strongly.

BILL GOES BENEDEDICT

Three little male stars living all alone, one got married and now there are two.

So we might sing of the eligible bachelors of the film colony.

For several years there have been three wealthy stellar gentlemen without a wedding ring or a divorce decree. They are: William S. Hart, Harold Lloyd and Antonio Moreno.

Now William, the oldest and the hardiest of the three, has turned benedict. You know of his marriage, of course, to Winifred Westover, once his leading woman.

The wedding took place at six o'clock of an evening, as the sun was decorating the western sky with lavish color in honor of the occasion. It was celebrated in Bill's home, out beyond Wally Reid's, where he has lived for a long time with his sister, Mary Hart. Rev. Neal Dodd, rector of the Episcopal Church of St. Mary of the Angels, officiated, thus making a truly film event, for Rev. Dodd is a sort of official little father to the colony and his church "the little church around the corner" of Hollywood.

The only witnesses of the ceremony were the bride's mother, Mrs. Sophie Westover, and the bridegroom's sister, Miss Mary Hart. No one knew of the momentous event, hence there were no (Cont'd on page 114)
The next Rex Ingram production will not have the charming Alice Terry for its leading lady. The story, "Black Orchids," is from Mr. Ingram's pen and is one he produced sometime ago. However, this time it will be a de luxe production and Barbara Le Mar, who played with Douglas Fairbanks in "The Three Musketeers," will find her first big opportunity in the leading feminine rôle.

After a short vacation in England, Elinor Glyn has returned to the Lasky lot where she is again taking an active interest in the production of her stories. Rudolph Valentino and Gloria Swanson share honors in the next Elinor Glyn-Lasky production, "Beyond the Rocks."

There are all sorts of complications regarding the film version of J. M. Barrie's "The Little Minister." Sometime ago the Vitagraph Company purchased the screen rights to the story. Then Famous Players-Lasky purchased the screen rights to all the Frohman plays and "the Little Minister" was among them. So both companies immediately set forth to film the tale. Alice Calhoun plays Lady Babble while James Morrison plays the title rôle in the Vitagraph production. Betty Compson plays Lady Babble and George Hackathorn the Little Minister in the Famous Players-Lasky production. As long as two productions had to be filmed of some story, we are glad the producers picked a good one while they were about it. We shudder to think of two productions of some pictures we have seen.

Apparently there is just nothing which is not to be filmed. The Arrow Film Corporation announce their latest offering, "Ten Nights in a Barroom."

Ernest Lubitsch, the European director who produced "Passion," "One Arabian Night," and the other popular Continental productions, is now in this country. He is here for the purpose of studying film conditions and will return to Europe upon the completion of his study to begin work upon another spectacular production.

When Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks returned from Europe in time to dash to California for a Christmas with a tree, stockings at the fireplace and everything at their Beverly Hills home, they stopped over for a day or two in Boston. There was a good reason for this. Holbrook Blinn was playing there in "The Bad Man," and Doug hopes earnestly to obtain the screen rights for one of his future productions. And speaking of future productions, Mary is planning to do a revival of "Tess of the Storm Country," in which she scored such a success sometime ago.

The north winds may blow but that will not concern Mae Murray. Together with her company she recently sailed for Havana where her husband, Robert Z. Leonard, is directing the exterior scenes for their next picture, "Fascination." Fortunate is the movie star whose picture calls for a tropic cline.

The Metro studios have closed, for the time being at any rate. Of the stars, poor things—some of them are no more, and others are touring Mr. Marcus Loew's theaters and making personal appearances. Viola Dana is one of the latter.

"Lorna Doone" is the latest novel which has proved interesting thru the test of the years that is coming to the screen. Maurice Tourneur is the producer and Madge Bellamy has been selected for the title rôle.

Harold Lloyd is an uncle. Gaylord Lloyd and Mrs. Gaylord Lloyd are responsible, for they recently became the proud parents of a fine boy.

Dorothy Phillips Holubar and Allen Holubar took a long vacation after "Man, Woman and Marriage." However, they have started work again and are now busy at the United Studios on "The Soul Seeker." Incidentally, the United Studios were formerly the Brunton Studios, so when you hear them mentioned in the future you will know they are one and the same.

The author of "Sonny" refused to permit the story to be filmed, so they say, unless Richard Barthelmess played the rôle of Sonny. That suited Dick all right, for he wanted to get the motion picture rights to the story. They have already begun work with Henry King directing and Pauline Carson the leading lady.
Every normal skin needs two creams

One cream to protect it against wind and dust
Another to cleanse it thoroughly

**Flaws that need a protective cream without oil**

*Windburn, roughness.* To protect your skin from the devastating effects of the weather use Pond’s Vanishing Cream before going out. This disappearing oil-less cream acts as an invisible shield, prevents dust and dirt from clogging the pores, and guards against windburn and chapping.

*Shiny skin.* Pond’s Vanishing Cream used as a powder base will save you the embarrassment of a shiny nose or forehead. Dry and greaseless, it leaves a soft velvety surface to which the powder adheres smoothly and evenly for an indefinite period.

*Tired, lifeless skin.* When your skin needs instant refreshing smooth a little Pond’s Vanishing Cream into it. Notice how the color brightens and the texture of the skin takes on more vigor. This reviving cream is based on an ingredient famous for its soothing qualities.

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**Vanishing Cream**

Start today the use of these two creams

Both these creams are so delicate in texture that they will not clog the pores. Neither cream will encourage the growth of hair. They come in both jars and tubes in convenient sizes. Any drug or department store can supply you. The Pond’s Extract Co., New York.

**Flaws that need a cleansing oil cream at night**

*Blackheads.* Blackheads require a deeper, more thorough cleansing than ordinary washing can give.

Before retiring, wash your face with warm water and pure soap. Then rub Pond’s Cold Cream well into the skin. Do not omit this nightly cleansing if you would have a clear lovely skin.

*Wrinkles.* At night rub a generous amount of Pond’s Cold Cream into the skin. This rich cream acts as a tonic, rousing and stimulating the skin and supplying the oil that is needed to ward off wrinkles. Particular attention should be given to the fine lines about the eyes and mouth and at the base of the nose. Rub with the lines, not across them. Too vigorous rubbing is often harmful, but gentle, persistent rubbing is always helpful, no matter how sensitive the skin.

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Ten cents (10¢) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks’ ordinary toilet use.

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City__________________________ State________________________

Do not omit the nightly cleansing with Pond’s Cold Cream.
Greenroom Jottings

Soon the entire Reid family will shine in electric lights. Wally's name has belonged to the lights for sometime. And Mrs. Wally, or Dorothy Davenport, is now playing opposite Lester Cuneo. So is Bill Reid for that matter—and that completes the family.

Anita Stewart's contract with Louis B. Mayer soon expires and those who know say that Miss Stewart will then be seen in productions for her own company. It is to be hoped so!

Monte Blue by this time is in Paris where he is to play in the Pyramid Pictures' film version of "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge." Monte just completed his characterization in "Orphans of the Storm," and just before that opposite Mae Murray in "Peacock Alley." In both of these productions he played with a Parisian background and now he is in gay Paree for fair.

The D. W. Griffith version of "The Two Orphans" will be known by another name. Griffith has decided to call his production "Orphans of the Storm," because he was unable to copyright the original title and several other companies had prepared other productions which they planned to release at the same time as Griffith's film was released. Such a state of affairs is unfortunate.

Lucille Carlisle is again frolicking opposite Larry Semon in the Vitagraph comedies. It is not unlikely that this means the romance is on again. But Miss Carlisle is said to be engaged to marry the comedian, but when she left the comedies and spent several months in New York people began to doubt the rumor. But now—!

Fred Niblo and Anita Stewart have finally persuaded Rudolph Cameron to get out his make-up box, dust it off and apply the grease-paint once more. Mr. Cameron played opposite Miss Stewart when she was with Vitagraph; but since she has been a First National star, he has been the business manager of her company, and the business details have kept him very busy. However, he so admirably suits the second lead in her forthcoming picture, "Rose of the Sea," that Director Niblo and Anita Stewart Cameron persuaded him to combine acting with business details for the time being.

Lillian Walker has received an offer so flattering that it may cause her to forsake her voluntary retirement and play before the camera again. It is sometime now since the screen has shadowed her famous dimples.

Nazimova has completed her characterization in Ibsen's "A Doll's House," and is now at work on "Salome." Upon the completion of this, Madame will go abroad to do Sudermann's "Regina."

Mabel Normand has been one of the prominent sojourner at Palm Beach this winter. She contracted a frightful cold while working on her last picture, so decided to take her physician's orders and rest up. She has completely recovered now, however, and is at the Mack Sennett studios again working on "Suzanne."

William S. Hart and Winifred Westover, as you will— are planning a second honeymoon before they start work before the camera again. They are going to New Orleans to be there during the gay Mardi Gras season. And in the meantime they are spending golden days in the Hart home at Beverly Hills.

Charlie Chaplin refuses to divulge any information regarding the production on which he is now at work. All he ventures is that he is working hard to beat "The Kid."

June Elvidge, who was in Los Angeles on her vaudeville tour, canceled her bookings and remained to play with Gloria Swanson in "Beyond the Rocks."

Mary Anderson found herself three-quarters of the way across the continent one day not long ago while she was on tour making personal appearances. The temptation (Continued on page 120)
Why Film Stars Have Beautiful Hair

How they make their hair improve their looks

Mae Murray — Darling of the movies. Soon to appear in "Peacock Alley" following her triumph in the "Gilded Lily." Her hair proves her faith in MULSIFIED.

Corinne Griffith — Vitagraph star of wonderful charm and beauty. See her in "Received Payment" soon to appear. MULSIFIED keeps her hair beautiful.

Anita Stewart — Famous "Von National" attraction. Soon to appear in "Her Mad Bargain." Notice her beautiful hair. MULSIFIED keeps it that way.

STUDY the pictures of these beautiful women and you will see just how much their hair has to do with their appearance. You, too, can have beautiful hair if you care for it properly.

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 hasn't been shampooed properly.

Effect of Proper Shampooing

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 everywhere now use Mulsified Cocoanut 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.

It is surprising how really beautiful you can make your hair look by the regular use of Mulsified. The method of use is simple.

First, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then, apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut 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 teaspooonsful 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 dirt and dust that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary. You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water.
Once more this oft-repeated pleasant task, As Ruskin said, "A few words, well chosen and distinguished, will do work that a thousand cannot, when every word is acting, equivalently, in the function of another. Yet; and words, if they are not watched, will do deadly work sometimes."

HELEN B. H.—Neither of the players you mention have appeared in prominent parts. Address Harry Carey, Universal Studio, Universal City, Calif.

Pauline Frederick Fan.—Madge Evans will soon be starred. Pauline Frederick, in "The Glory of Clementine." Betty Ross Clark played in "Brewster's Millions" and "The Fox."

Olive Skin.—I hope you have seen our new publication, called Beauty, which made its appearance on January 6th. It is a beautiful magazine, and you can buy same on any of the newsstands for 25 cents. Well, I have been told that there are no marriages in paradise. Thank Heaven, that's where I'm going! I don't know whether Wallace Reid is very "high tone," but I know he is quite musical and quite high.


Inquisitive.—Ah, come on, be sociable, like the barber—he is always scraping acquaintances. When Mary and Douglas are back from Europe, they will do the honors of coming over to Brooklyn and visiting all of our employees. They are both just as wonderful off the screen as they are on the screen. Mary sat during her experiences abroad, while Douglas took the old Answer Man over in a corner and performed a psycho trick on him.

French Flies.—You want to know what makes the stars. Well, the producer may make a star from a picture, and if the public receives him or her favorably, then the star will continue to be a star; but if not, then the star goes back to the leading man or leading woman. Foundation. Well, I always believe in "Never spend your money before you have it."

Duckie Pitts.—Yes, and too many maidens think marriage as a journey in a carriage. You can reach Viola Dana at Metro, 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Calif. That suicide happened sometime last summer. So you think I am like a tree. But the oldest tree in the world is in Ceylon, and is said to be over twenty-two centuries old. One century will be enough for one.

Lucille B., Dallas.—You only sent the stamp. You must paste it on an envelope and then re-address it—time's money around here. Honest, engine? Earle William has renewed his contract with Vitagraph and is going to make seven pictures this year, the first was written by his wife, Shirley Mason. Mason is playing in "Jackie." Yes, at last, Bill Hart married Winifred Westover on December 7th in California. You know, she played opposite him about two years ago.

Porgur.—Well, common sense is more or less uncommon. That's one thing I find. There are a great many others. Don't believe half the things that are said. You are a der twenty. Elaine Hammerstein is pretty. She is playing in "Why Announce Your Marriage," with Niles Welch.

A. M. W., Evansville.—Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap; it will be dear to you. You just bet I drink buttermilk these cold days. It's the only stimulant I can get. "Course I have icicles on my beard—it's a real one. He is Italian. He is playing in "Moran of the Lady Betty," opposite Dorothy Dalton.

Miss Inquisitive.—But a man who begins to reform in his old age—well, it is about as futile as putting a bad egg in cold storage. Len Chaney played in "The Miracle Man." He is playing in Hope Hampton's picture, "White Faith," now.

Millenn S.—Bachelors are the free-booters of marriage. Vivian Martin, in "His Official Fiancée," Gloria Swanson has grey eyes. Someone told me the other day that if I desired easy traveling, I should mend my ways. So I'm going to try.

Bright Eyes.—You are jamais en arrière. Priscilla Dean was and is married to Wheeler Oakman. Don't know of any former marriage. The word educate is from the Latin educare, to lead forth. It is often improperly used instead of the words "to instruct." To educate means to "bring out" the latent or innate faci-
OF COURSE you know this popular motion picture actor, but do you recognize him as he is lathered with Colgate’s for his morning shave?

Take three guesses. Write them on the coupon attached, and mail it to us. If any of your guesses is correct, we will send you Colgate’s “Handy Grip” with a trial size Shaving Stick, free.

When the trial stick is used up you can buy Colgate “Refills,” threaded to fit the “Handy Grip,” for the price of the soap alone. Thus you save 10c on each “Refill” you buy.

In hot water or cold; in hard water or soft, there’s nothing like Colgate’s for the luxurious moist lather that means an easy shave.

Be sure to fill out and mail the coupon to us.

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The Answer Man

Polly Anna.—How glad I am! Earle Williams is in California. See above anent him. Yes, Rudolph Valentino. And you liked "The Charm School." Always glad to help from my best. C. M. M.—Yes, pena à pena. Orville Caldwell was the Prince in "The Eternal Two," with Corliss Palmer. No, I don't wear nightgowns. I'm up to date, and wear them as goods.

Mary H. S.—Never heard of him. Who is he?

Blanche D.—See you later.

Hattie W.—My advice to you: your letter was not too long.


Lenore.—People should not "fall in love; they should rise to it." As Will Carleton said, but that's autre chose. I wish I could help you, but you keep on thinking those beautiful thoughts, and some day they will come true.

Gertrude.—El ceo is a neuter plural, and should, consequently, never be applied to persons. It is, however, a common error of newspaper reporters, in clashing a list of persons present at a meeting or ceremony, to add the symbol, "etc." You might try Milton Sills on a photograph.

Harry S.—They are no relation, and Louise Huff is five feet tall and she doesn't tell her age.

Hot Doc.—He married a complexion, and she a fortune, and both were losers. God bless my eyesight! If you are all for Hobart Bosworth, He is directing now. Lucy Fox, Monte Blue and Sigrid Holmquist, in "My Old Kentucky Home."

Emily V. C., Chicago.—Guess I've already given those addresses.

Me.—Oh, I don't mind answering questions. I rather like it now, after ten years. Marjorie Daw is playing in "Penrod."

Patty.—Mae Murray is playing in "Peacock Alley." Glad you liked Bebe Daniels.

Mamie.—Thanks for the picture you drew of me. Wish I could use it, but space forbids.

Book worm.—Pretty clever letter. Texas Guinan has started her own company, and her first picture was "The Two-Gun Woman," Marie Prevost, in "Moonlight Foiles," for Universal.

Sam.—Well, Sam, I advise you to stay in the country. The cities are too full of people, and they are all in a hurry. You think May McAvoy would make an ideal Peter for "Peter Pan." Teney.—We have all wanted to read what you thought I looked like, but you have me all wrong. I'm much better looking than that. You want to know what has happened to Fay Wray? Come over to Hollywood. Marion B.—Ania Stewart is married to Rudolph Cameron. Wesley Barry, in "Penrod." Goldwyn is producing "The Wall Flower," by Rupert Hughes. Carmel Myers is with Vitagraph. Harry Carey, in "Man to Man." But I must move on—it's getting late.

Mary K.—Yes, Charles West was Jeffrey in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath."

Iona Fourn.—At least, you get there. More power to you. Yes, that was Gail Kane. Alice Joyce, with Vitagraph; Bebe Daniels, with Realart, and Ralph Lewis and Kathryn Adams, in "813." Your letter did not tire me, but it slightly punctuated my patience. Time is short, but space is shorter. Your terminal facilities are defective. However, write me soon again.

Bor.—No, sir-ee, Bob! Theodore Roberts was Jeremiah. So you have forty-nine pictures of stars. Why not make it fifty-seven? You seem to have a lot of fun. Si je puis. Gladys Walton, in "The Rowdy."

Lion Tamer.—No, May McAvoy is not married. Well, it's not what you say, but the way you say it, that makes her believe you. Helen Holmes is coming back, and is playing opposite J. P. McGowan, her husband. Why, Bert Lytell, in "The Right That Failed."

Betty Louise.—It is difficult to grow old gracefully. So you look like Molly Malone. I can imagine it. Yes,

(Continued on page 108)
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Everything in the Kitchen of Pure Aluminum—28 Pieces—Combination fox bottle and quart stock, 1-1/2 quart stock, 6-1/2 quart stock, 8-1/2 quart stock, 10-1/2 quart stock, 14-1/2 quart stock, 16-1/2 quart stock, 18-1/2 quart stock, 2-motion kettles, 4-motion kettles, 8-motion kettles, 12-motion kettles, 18-motion kettles, 24-motion kettles, 30-motion kettles, 36-motion kettles, 42-motion kettles, 48-motion kettles, 54-motion kettles, 60-motion kettles, 66-motion kettles, 72-motion kettles, 78-motion kettles, 84-motion kettles, 90-motion kettles, 96-motion kettles, 108-motion kettles, 120-motion kettles, 132-motion kettles, 144-motion kettles, 156-motion kettles, 168-motion kettles, 180-motion kettles, etc. These are just a few of the many fine utensils in this set. In all, there are twenty-eight pieces of pure aluminum, each stamped with the manufacturer's brand. All are guaranteed for life.

Notice: Some sets offered for sale are made of cheap, soft aluminum which bends easily, dentst with a little fall or knock and is not durable. This set offered here is made of genuine pure sheet aluminum, heavy gauge and extra hard, Guaranteed "Lifetime Ware."

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25th St. Chicago, Ill.
Concerning departments in the Magazine, plays and players.

Dear Sir: Before beginning, I would like to tell you how much I enjoy Herbert Howe's news of the California studios. His department to me is perhaps the most entertaining part of the magazine, with the exception of Adele Whiteley Fletcher's monthly review of the current photoplay productions. I don't always agree with Miss Fletcher, but I certainly like to read her comments. "That's Out" is another of Motion Picture Magazine's bright spots. Some of Mr. Lane's remarks leave me about helpless with laughter.

My two supreme favorites, standing, in my estimation, above all the others, are Eugene O'Brien and Ethel Clayton. My greatest temptation is to turn this letter into a eulogy of these two. I sometimes feel so bored while watching a picture and have a sudden frigid desire (not always conquered!) to laugh at a dramatic moment, but never when Miss Clayton is on the screen. I love and adore her, and always will. I can never forget her "Young Mary." Writers and directors, as players go, but ever new in my memory, I remember perfectly, as if I had seen it only last evening, every detail of that wonderfully beautiful, appealing picture. Some day I hope to write her personally and try to tell her something of my great admiration for her.

And Eugene O'Brien! To me, he is the very spirit of Romance. My earnest hope is that he may again be the personality that he was in his plays with Norma Talmadge. But whatever he has lost, and I know he will find himself again—all true artists must—he remains my cinema hero now and forever.

When I want to laugh, I go to see Wallace Reid. That boy is funny, spelled in capital letters. And handsome? Well! But in a thing like "Peter Ibbetson," not so. But when Mr. Reid is in a good type. He and Gloria Swanson, whom I like much better since she left the De Mille fold, make an unsurpassed comedy team, as did all the rest of the cast and certain incidents in "The Affairs of Anatol." "Anatol," by the way, was the worst slaughter perpetrated by De Mille since that outrage, "Male and Female." Egotism run riot.

Richard Barthelemy and Charles Ray are two of the best real actors we have, and I must not forget to mention the great charm of Wanda Hawley and Bebe Daniels. The beautiful Katherine MacDonald and the exquisite Miss Ferguson. I wish I may fall down in their worship. Success to Jack Holt, whom I have long admired. Alice Brady, too. "Little Italy" was splendid. I saw her on the stage, and don't know when I have enjoyed myself so much. That oh, so wicked Rudolph Valentino I am anxiously awaiting in the "Sheik."

At the risk of offending you, I must say in closing: long live the censorship! Sincerely, Observer.

About this and that.

Dear Editor: I have always read this department and enjoyed it very much. And, at last, have mustered up enough courage to write! I read with much interest what E. M. Johnson said about "warmed-over" entertainments. I saw "Up the Road With Sally," a year or so ago. I enjoyed it, however! Still, I do dislike seeing some of the real old films, if only for the poor plot—which was, I think, her first "star picture." It is disgusting.

I don't see why people rave so much about Vola Negri. Yet, she is wonderful, but I don't care for these foreign stars. I, too, am glad that May McAvoy has been starred—at last.

And I don't see anything wonderful about Greta Garbo. And when does she wear her ring?

Why don't we see more of Margarita Fisher? I always did like her. I wish we would see more of her.

Divided on the Chemical Memory concerning Alla Nazimova. I did not care for the "Red Lantern" at all. Why do they pick on poor Nazimova so?

And Norma Talmadge? I used to be an ardent admirer of hers—but now! They seem to think she is all "Movieland."

Thanking you for reading this letter and wishing you and the magazine all the success possible, I beg to remain,

Most sincerely,  
FRANCES K. BECKWITH.

It is undoubtedly true that the motion picture often creates a false impression. This letter quotes an interesting example.

Dear Editor: I have been conscious for some time of a nasty undercurrent of feeling borne by the public at large toward artists and their studios. Recently I took it upon myself to investigate this attitude, and in the greater number of cases I traced it to the movies. So many scenarios are founded on what Chemical Memory concerning Alla Nazimova. I did not care for the "Red Lantern" at all. Why do they pick on poor Nazimova so?

Perhaps the painters who live in the large cities are so plentifully supplied with models that they do not have to worry about the dumb opinion of a majority to public. But I believe another story for each of us who are attempting to work out our salvation in the provinces, where girls are so afraid of being found that they are afraid to be seen coming out of a studio, and figure models are unknown. (I speak now of the girls who work daily at soda fountains, and the like, who have their mornings and afternoons off, alternate weeks.)

To attempt portrait painting, with an encouraging influence of several years' study; to secure an old barn of fine architecture in a residential street, and attempt to tidy it up to a respectable degree; to work hard and long every day in an honest attempt to deliver full measure to customers; to foster a high ideal of better efforts in future, and then, to find that one is looked down upon for following anything but a fine profession.

I, for one, am sick of this disgusting propaganda, and I ask you, in the name of all who are striving for the future care must be taken to take strong measures to assist in removing the stigma of immorality from an already over-hazardous trade.

Very respectfully yours,

JAMES M. RUTTER.
In strong favor of films with American backgrounds.

Dear Editor: During the past year, many of the supposed, nearly superfine films have been based on European backgrounds. Whether it is the vogue, I do not know, for I have failed to see it so.

Norma Talmadge, who is one of the most brilliant stars in filmdom, played the leading role in "The Passion Flower," a picture of the Spanish type. No doubt, it was a fair picture, but it was rather drowsy—the same with Mary Pickford in "The Lovelight."

I have heard of doctors who prescribe "movies" to some of their patients. I cannot say that either of these pictures would enlighten them, for I know I felt more dead than alive when I left the theater.

A good American picture is far more impressive with its dazzling beauty than a forlorn, foreign film, whose lands are barred by nature.

If there were more pictures being featured, such as "Madame X," "Male and Female," "Hush" and "Why Change Your Wife," there would be fewer cries for "better movies."

Was the unsung character in "Torchy's Big Lead" a foreigner, just like the other characters? Why, he went into a booth, dropped his nickel before he put the receiver to his ear. He then started talking before giving the telephone operator his number.

It interests me, as well as my friends, to see that Anita Stewart, Constance Talmadge, Dorothy Gish, Gloria Swanson, Milton Sills, Thomas Meighan and Ralph Graves are having more of their pictures released.

Mary Pickford also deserves a good word, but I would rather see her in a "parlor-like picture," not as a wash-woman.

Where are Mack Sennett's Bathing Beauties?

I hope that one of the above mentioned stars will be the first to be starred in a merit picture.

I consider the Motion Picture Magazine as the "monitor" of all the magazines, and I hope to see it always in the lead.

With best regards to the Motion Picture staff, I am, Sincerely yours, Henriette Frederick, 50 Wildwood Ave., Waterbury, Conn.

TO EDITOR STOREY
(In the hope of inducing her to return to romantic roles.)

By Katharine Mytchall Roof

It is not beauty in your face,
But something born of dreams
(That may be true—who knows?)

Dreams that another life in some strange place,
Far from today, as a wind that blows
Across the garden, heavy with scent
Of many a fallen rose?

Did you live once (and love) in Spain,
With languorous fan? And did you gaze with cold Egyptian eyes
On torture, in Pharaoh's murderous reign?
Oh, reincarnate soul, reborn today,
Re-live those shadow memories of your soul
In shadow play.

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Send the coupon for this ten-day test. The results on your teeth will surprise and delight you.

Millions brush teeth in this new way. Leading dentists everywhere advise it. Half the world over it is bringing whiter, cleaner teeth. See what it brings to you.

The war on film

Dental science has found ways to fight the film on teeth. Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

It dims the teeth, clouds their beauty, causes most tooth troubles. And no tooth paste, until lately, could effectively combat it.

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Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Also of other diseases.

Now we combat it

Now we have ways to combat it. Able authorities have proved them by many careful tests. Modern dentists urge their daily use.

Both are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a scientific tooth paste. And other factors are used with them to bring five desired effects.

These things are essential.

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 teeth whiten as the film coats disappear.

Watch all the effects, then read the reasons for them in the book we send. It will bring to your home a new era in teeth cleaning. Cut out the coupon now.

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She is, as I have said, unusually thoughtful. There is just a trace of sadness in her lovely grey eyes—a certain wistfulness which always permeates her smile. Never has she, for years ago that I could ever do anything in pictures," declared she, "I've always loved music, and was studying. I thought that, perhaps, I could some day make my way either in vaudeville or in concert as a pianist.

She has done a little bit of professional piano work at clubs and societies. Ever since she's been on the screen she has continued to study.

"Sometimes, after you've worked innumerable hours during the day under harsh lights, you don't feel much like practising. However, I never have cared particularly about going out to places. In the evening, I come home and do something easy to practice. Then I practise for a couple of hours, and then I retire."

Her home is exquisitely simple. Just home! The Hammond house, of course, is conventional and not at all theatrical. Her father is a Los Angeles business man, and Harriet has always lived with her people.

One thing is very impressive. She does not object to saying exactly what she thinks. She admits that she has never particularly liked comedy.

"I went into it, not intending to remain, but because I thought it was an opening wedge into something bigger."

There are only one or two of the pictures I've played in. Somehow, after all the raiminerole one goes thru in making a comedy, he finds it difficult to sustain his interest in the finished product.

It is, I admit, quite an interviewial shock to hear an actress declare she's hardly ever seen herself on the screen. In Miss Hammond's case, however, the case isn't due to either ennui or indisposition.

"I've always been rather afraid I'd disillusion myself if I did go into the projection room and see myself."

There were a lot of questions I wanted to ask her—that is, that I determined to ask her—before I'd arrived at her home. What did she think about her going bathing suits for public exhibition? Had she ever gotten her feet wet in her career? These were among the number.

However, when I once arrived at the Hammond home, I could tell that there was a certain amount of objection raised to the Hammond idea in the industry.

"Personally, I didn't like the idea," she said. "Nevertheless, everything at the studio is done so very impersonally that you don't realize you lack clothes. And I have never gotten my feet wet in front of the camera. I can't swim—and the bathing suits would probably rip into shreds if the water was too cold. At any rate, they're made just for looks!"

Since she is an actress, Harriet's ambition naturally is to be the greatest, possibly the first. She wasn't even nervous the first day she walked onto William Christy Cabanne's dramatic set, which was the time she actually "broke into" drama.

"Comedy teaches a girl to take quick, little, jerky steps when she walks," explained Miss H. "When you get into drama, you have to forego these for the more lingering walk of the serious character you're playing. You don't work as fast. You have more thought to your facial expression."

Her career has been somewhat brief. She was born in Santa Monica, Calif., and lived there during her childhood. Finally, her family moved to Dallas, Texas, where she entered a Catholic school, and, after she had got well into her study of music there, the family moved to Santa Monica. Up to the time that she went into the Sennett comedies she had been a non-professional.

"Live and Let Live," was her entrance into drama. In fact, she was loaned to Cabanne, its producer, by Mr. Sennett. When she finished this, she went to Lasky to play opposite Roscoe Arbuckle in "Should a Man Marry?" and finally Marshall Neilan engaged her to play a dramatic role in "Bits of Life."

Nor, according to her, is the life of a professional camera beauty one entirely of beer-and-skittles. She arises every morning at six-thirty. It takes her at least two hours to get the parties. Even the theater at night is a dissipation for me—and I've gotten so that I don't care at all to leave the house, once I've come home from the studio."

In fact, Miss Hammond represents the very high type of independent young American woman. She is perfectly self-reliant. We might expect to find her either teaching school or managing a business office, were she not in pictures. She herself—her house—her dressing-room and all my pajamas, were all silly foibles at all. She wears simple, comfortable clothes, doesn't ruin her hair marcelling it, and her face bears no traces of make-up for street wear. Furthermore, she made no attempt to tell me that she is either psychic or scientific, and she left me no impression of having tried either to act or to think as the men do.

She is simply exquisitely natural, healthy and pretty—the sort of girl any man would be fortunate in marrying. I asked her again if I thought that some time she'd change her mind about men.

"Ah," she laughed and wagged her finger, "Don't ever marry!"

A PLEA

By BLAINE C. BIGLER

My grandson's house was old and mean, Tall poplars brushed the sagging roof; His land was poor, his cattle lean; His richer neighbors looked aloof, Till movie folks came by one day And turned the thing into a play.

My uncle wore a ragged coat, My sister's hat was getting old; My brother sailed no painted boat, Where she would have been as gold, Till long there came a movie man And made a star of sister Ann.

My clothes are getting rather thin, And I have scarce enough to eat. I hate to steal, for that's a sin— But, gosh, this game I've got to beat! So I must sell this little rhyme Or perish long before my time.
Young Ideas

(Continued from page 67)

putting the grey satin on its hanger and closing the doors. "We had an exciting time fussing around, getting settled. I'm a regular old maid when it comes to orderliness, but Mr. MacDonald never shuts a door nor closes a dresser drawer. When I speak of this, he teases me by saying he does it purposely, so I'll keep thinking about him. Isn't that a clever excuse?" and she laughed, indulgently, at her husband's shortcomings.

While leaning fragibly on salad and ice cream, Miss Mac Donald confesses her bugaboo is added weight—she told me her real name was Helen Garratt, and that she was born in Seattle. Her father was a well-known sporting authority, and under the pen name of Willie Green, wrote for a number of publications.

"I began my athletic training under his tutelage when very young," said Doris. "We had a gymnasium in our own home, and father was never happier than when I mastered some new stunt, and by the time I was eight I was a proficient swimmer and could ride anything. The only shadow in my life," she added, wistfully, "is that Father is not here to share my happiness."

It was music, however, that held the child's earliest ambitions, and she was given her first piano lessons before she was three, playing in public at six, and during the summer of 1915 she was accompanist for the great Kubelik in his concerts at the San Francisco Exposition.

With the development of a vivid dramatic imagination, she began to feel the urge of self-expression that acting, and, while attending school at the convent, she declares she was always enacting, turning each trivial event into a big scene, and dreams of becoming an actress lured her from her music.

"Quer thing," said Miss May, "Mary Pickford and Charles Ray were always my idols, and when we came down to Los Angeles and mother finally consented to me going into motion pictures, the first thing I did was to double for Miss Pickford in the diving and explosion scenes in 'The Little American.' My, but I was thrilled. Then, Mr. Ince engaged me to play opposite Charles Ray in 'His Mother's Boy,' and that sent me right into the seventh heaven," and Doris giggled delightfully at the memory.

There were five more pictures with Mr. Ray, then came the combination of talents in the co-starring team of Doris May and Douglas MacLean.

Her fourteenth picture was Tourneur's "Foolish Matrons," in which Miss May had a dramatic part that pleased her, for, like most comedines, she hopes some day to play emotional roles. "Foolish Matrons" was the first picture in which Doris and Wallace MacDonald ever played together.

We walked thru the lovely gardens to the big stage, where a perfectly equipped college gymnasium had been built, and preparations were being made for the scenes that will open the picture.

"I make my bow as a star upside down," laughed Doris, as she mounted a trapeze and, when everything was in readiness, she swung down until she was hanging by her toes, while the camera clicked.

As Doris May is a charmingly piquant little actress, her blithe young spirits make her work a continuous delight, as she whirls by in her ingenious nonsense, and possessing unlimited ambitions and a keen determination, she will easily take her place among the brightest of our youthful stars in—Young Ideas.

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No More Mothers

(Continued from page 45)

Because I had never been satisfied with the old lady as played by an old lady. In the parlance of the theater, she never 'got across.' She was very sweet, she undoubtedly looked fine; but she lacked the dynamic force, the personality, necessary to every stage or screen character. I puzzled over it for a while. At first, I promptly dismissed the idea of a young woman attempting it. But the problem resolved itself into an "impassé," and one day I asked myself why a young woman couldn't do it. She would have the requisite personality. It was a question, then, of make-up and acting. If she could cope with those two factors, she could get the role. It ended with my determination to try it. Since then I have played on the average one old lady a year. But I feel now that I have done enough. The strain is tremendous. I feel that I am hastening my own age.

We discussed the great exodus of American film stars to Europe.

"I do not think I can stand a trip to Europe now," she said quietly. "You see, I have been there often, before the war. I know it as it was. Now—well, it's a little too late to say "The sight of ruin hurts me somehow—here." She touched her breast.

But in another moment she was talking swiftly about the Hollywood literature that has been suddenly dammed upon the world. Famous authors swarm over Hollywood like flies over a trough of excrement: the best for three weeks usually, and then sit down to write lurid exposes of Hollywood's fads and follies.

It is a little annoying to think that these people, who come out here to earn money on picture money, are so ready to turn about and present Hollywood to the world as a fool-ridden universe. But it is not unnatural. The author has been given a fair chance in pictures, and—well, behold the results for yourself!"

The evening was closing rapidly in. She rose and snapped up a mink fur of yellowish hue, then turned to the phonograph to slip on a record, an elusive thing of Brandoz. Then "Schallerskow, Rachmaninoff and Heifetz's "Lament of L'ange de Grie's. And during it all she stood beside the phonograph, the diving notes mingling in her hair. She liked crystal drops caught in the green flame of a candle.

Mary Alden is a self-confessed radical. Please do not misunderstand the word. It is not synonymous with Bolshevism. But she is in revolt against the accepted canons of life, of art, more particularly of her own art of silent acting. She is a fire-thinker. There is an incensation of compelling power about her; there is the richness of experience tempered by a concentrated something that, even in the distant years when the wrinkles finally do come, none of herself, will keep her always young. Now, it is symbolized, satisfyingly, by that hair of japedent jet, her grey-green eyes and scarlet, pleasure-arrogant mouth.

NAZIMOVA
By ELIZABETH PILAT

Like a sea-gull with gilded wings
Fantastic flying in the deep blue air,
Fantastic flying with a silver dart
Into the red and laughing sea.

A purple bloom on a frail green stem,
A purple bloom with vermilion heart,
The languid curve of the lotus flower;
Exotic eyes in the Chinese dusk.
My Boy

(Continued from page 53)

Mrs. Donaldson looking at him, and her eyes were full of tears. That was curious, because it had been an awfully funny song. Purveyors of platitudes would call it "Fate." Well, perhaps it was, or it may have been, more literally, the law causing the immigration authorities to want just upon the trail of the unknown alien, "Jackie," believed to have come ashore from the California with the Levinsky family, and long ago to have returned—with the Levisky family. Only one or two of the officials (and they were not very official at that) suspected that Cap'n Bill Home knew really of the whereabouts of the alien, Jackie.

The immigration authorities chose the day of Mrs. Donaldson's party to investigate the mysterious disappearance.

And at the party, by way of mysterious disappearances, Jackie and Mrs. Donaldson's purse vanished simultaneously. Consternation reigned. Mrs. Donaldson said, more in sorrow than in wrath, that it was the first time such a thing had occurred during all the years she had been giving parties and children that she had ever been the little boy who sang—sang so that the tears came to one's eyes, and to one's heart. She would have affirmed anything else would have done her no good. She had thought his face showed an intrinsic worth, an utter sweetness, incorruptible. It was, she thought, rather more dear than the theft of her purse by an unknown child—it was in the nature of an illusion spoiled.

Mrs. Donaldson and the police traced Jackie to the homes of the nearest neighbors. They found the Cap'n bolstered up in a chair and Jackie disgorging his pockets with, obviously, the food supplied by Mrs. Donaldson. Apparently, Jackie hadforgotten the pink cakes and the bon-bons and the fruit to bring to the Cap'n. Opposite the Cap'n sat one of the immigration officials, arguing the ease of the unknown alien, Jackie.

After the arrival of Mrs. Donaldson, there was a sort of impromptu clearing-house, and Mrs. Donaldson realized that Jackie would never have been suspected if it had not been for the fact that he had refused to be searched when the other youngsters and the immigration officials explained back, with little reticence that he had refused to be searched, not because of the purse, but because of the food he had selected for the Cap'n.

"I watched," he explained, "what the other fellers took, and I didn't take mine share. So it wasn't stealing. It was just eating."—

Mrs. Donaldson stayed a long while with the Cap'n, the immigration officer and the aldermen. She learned a few curious particular questions, and learned where Jackie came from, and his mother's first name, and how she had died and been buried at sea, and that was how he arrived here. Mrs. Donaldson put Jackie in the care of his grandmother, but had omitted to tell the grandmother's name before she died. And then Jackie accused her very much about his Daddy, who was dead, and his home and his mother, and he finished up by producing a snapshot of his mother and himself as children. And then Mrs. Donaldson placed upon, very terribly and amazingly, Mrs. Donaldson began to cry. Jackie and the Cap'n blew their noses vociferously and explained with in excitement and, to her, wholly unintelligible terms. And after a veritable frenzy of tears and ejaculations and astonishments, it transpired, clearly, certainly, that Jackie was

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Look over the list of leaders in the motion picture industry who form its advisory council. These leaders realize (1) that the future of the screen drama is absolutely dependent upon the discovery and training of new writers. They realize (2) that writing ability and story-telling ability are entirely different abilities; many can write; many can tell a story, and, with training, can tell it in scenario form. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation is finding these story-tellers in homes and offices all over the land.

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The whole purpose of this advertisement is to invite readers of Motion Picture Magazine to take the Van Loan questionnaire test. If you have read this page up to this point, your interest is sufficient to warrant addressing the invitation to you directly. In all sincerity, and with the interests of the motion picture industry at heart, the Palmer Photoplay Corporation extends you its cordial invitation to try. Who can tell what the reward may be in your case?

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In a few days the second issue of Beauty will be on the stands. A magazine radically different. A magazine that is not limited to any class or order. It appeals to society women, débutantes and business women; to famous beauties of screen and stage and opera; to women in every walk of life.

In the March Issue

Elsie Ferguson writes on "The Inner Shrine of Beauty."

Laura Kent Mason contributes an article on "The Eternal Search for Youth."

An interview, intime, with Cléopatra. "Imaginary Conversations," by Gladys Hall and Dorothy Donnell Calhoun.

A story by Montanye Perry, author of "The Charm Shop."

"The Beauty Box," a veritable beauty encyclopedia, by Corliss Palmer.

Color plates of famous beauties of this and other lands.

Items of interest, authentic, interesting and valuable—scores of them.

The first magazine of its kind in the field—the one that every woman must have.

PLACE YOUR ORDER WITH YOUR NEWSDEALER NOW
during the first scenes of 'The Miracle Man,' I was so sweet, so shallowly sincere, particularly in my love scenes. He would cry out in protest: 'No! No! Say it from here, here! Get it low!'" One white hand went to her heart again, rested there like ivory against the black satin of her dress. "I used to laugh to myself and think, 'Aren't you a funny man!" And then, one day, it came to me suddenly what he meant. It is something deep down in you that makes you laugh and cry and sob from your very heart. Oh, even now I can explain it! But it means everything." She panned, one red lip caught in her white teeth. Then, her eyes all at once moist, she cried softly, "Oh, I wish I could tell everybody!"

If all of this has seemed vague, half expressed, remember that in the beginning I warned of inarticulateness. To me it was a curiously satisfying interview. Betty Compson, under the urge of self-realization, has blossomed into a womanhood amazingly serene, richly promising. By her "something deep down," I think she means sincerity, the power to live a rôle actually, rather than deliberately.

But there has come, now, the danger of discontent, disillusionment.

"I find," she said, "that it is no longer worth while to sacrifice so much to one's work. It means only that, in the end, that work will become an obsession. I have no longer the incentive to give myself so wholeheartedly. Perhaps because there is no one to awaken that response in me. I have disciplined myself to forget my work as soon as I leave the studio, to pick it up again only when I return. I do it, then, to the best of my ability. I have thought that I would never marry; but I have changed too. I know now that if I ever want to marry I shall do so.

One can understand, sympathize with that. Stardom with Lasky means popularity, comfort, comparative wealth; but it takes away individualism, the mainstay of art. Betty "lived" her last role, in Blanche, the heroine of "Prisoners of Love." It is perhaps not insignificant that, the "Sheik" did not officially direct her, he was still living and in constant touch with her when the picture was made. It, with two others, was the product of a venture with her own company.

For Lasky, Betty has already made three pictures, "At the End of the World," "The Woman in the Case," and "The Little Minister." It is not within the scope of interviewing to attempt judgment. But one knows that the beauty of Betty Compson will be in them. That, in itself, is a satisfying thought.

It was an ideal in interviews. Betty Compson, I think, is something of an ideal in stars.

HOW DO YOU PRONOUNCE "SHEIK"?

By Ruth Tinchere Fellows

We wish, Goddess of Knowledge, You would prove you're not a fake, And settle all the arguments About this "Sheek" (Sheek) or "Shake." Now, Rudolph Valentino Insists it should be "Shake," While dear old Noah Webster, Before whose authority we quake, Says that either is correct, But gives the preference to "Sheek," Thus the argument goes on, And to settle it, we seek. We'll make a wager here and now That the girls will not criticize, Or care just how this word's pronounced, With one look at "Rudolph's" eyes!

How Puffed Grains Disappear

The question with a million mothers is—Where do Puffed Grains go? Girls use them in candy making. Boys eat them like peanuts in the hungry afternoon.

For children, food confections. The taste is like toasted nuts. And the flimsy, flaky texture is to children a delight.

Keep them supplied

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice, however used, supply whole-grain nutrition in the ideal form. The grains are steam exploded. Every food cell is blasted, so digestion is easy and complete.

They are Prof. Anderson's inventions—the finest grain foods in existence.

Don't regard them as merely tidbits—just some regal breakfast dainties. What greater food can you imagine than Puffed Wheat in milk? Be glad the foods are tempting. Before they came, most children got too little whole grain diet. They can never get too much.

For between meals these are ideal foods. Digestion starts before they reach the stomach.

Puffed Rice

Puffed to bubbles 8 times normal size

For breakfast, Puffed Rice with cream and sugar—the finest cereal dainty.

Puffed Wheat

For supper, Puffed Wheat in milk—whole wheat with every food cell blasted.

The Quaker Oats Company Sole Makers
Cobwebs of Convention
(Continued from page 39)

If a man's not worth fighting for, why have him?" she blandly inquires.

"You can't make your husband by nagging him or pestering him with a lot of ideas that he's not interested in," she maintained.

"Neither can you hold him if you are ugly and unattractive. Entertain him and try to make him happier than any other woman could ever make him, and he'll always court you.

"Men make the greatest mistake of liking to eat their cake and have it also. A certain producer of pictures wants to get away from home and his wife every so often to 'recreate.'

"What is sauce for the goose, is sauce for the gander. He should at least have the consideration to permit his wife to have a week-end, away-from-home recreation also.

"But the trouble is that a woman in such a position will sit at home—and sit, when she should be brushing away the cobwebs of convention and maintaining her own self-respect.

"Women must have other interests than just their home. They must not tuck all their hopes onto their husband and children. They must accomplish something.

"Her ideal woman has always been Schumann-Heink, the singer, who has successfully been, without a proper husband, grand-opera star and world celebrity.

"She has accomplished so much," Mrs. Vidor commented, "that she has never had time to recite sub-stories at afternoon teas."

"Perhaps, in this age of modernism, the married woman with a career is the successful wife. She, at least, has something else to tell her husband about than her troubles. A few years ago people used to think that as soon as an actress married she lost her box-office popularity. This has never been true, at least, of Mrs. Vidor. Now she is one of the season's newest stars on the Associated Exhibitors' program. A few weeks ago, when she held me, her first picture, "Woman, Wake Up," contains several of the sentiments she has expressed above.

"Her career dates back to the Fox picture, "The Tale of Two Cities," when she rode in a cart in a mob scene, and was instantly recognized by the director as having all the attributes of a successful actress. Since then, she has enlivened the cast of such plays as "The Family Honor," "The Other Half," "Poor Relations," "Better Times," "Lying Lips," "Beau Revell" and "Hail the Woman." It was on completion of the latter that she was made a star.

"My ambition?" she echoed. "Not so high. I simply want people always to be able to say truthfully that I have done my sincere best in the accomplishment of things."

CURIOSITY

By GERTRUDE CHANDLER

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
We wonder just how old you are.
Not that we would love you less,
But because we like to guess.

With your childish ways so winning,
You have set our heads a-swimming.

On the screen we see you shine,
But, if we believe Einstein,
Things are not what they seem.

And your charms do drive us furious,
Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow (Continued from page 42)

"Now listen," placated the director, fearing a tempestamental outburst, "we have plenty of youths who can walk thru the hero part, but we need someone like you—someone who..." Iris turned away over the virility of this deep-dyed-villain stuff."

"Dont apologize," retorted the invincible Irving, "I'll do my best with whatever you give me." And his best in the villain roles was so vivid that it made one feel like the morning after when the heroine went back to the indefinite hero in the final reel. Women who have been suffer thru life with a he-devil like Irving Cummings depicted on the silversheet than live forever in placidity with a man who is perfect.

Perhaps the apex of the fascinating Cummings' villainy was reached when he took the part of Passion in "Everywoman." Then, Heaven knows just where he caught it, but he got the fever to direct. He went around the lot, asking Mr. Lasky, Mr. Eyton, or anyone of the powers-who-be when they were going to give him a picture. He was not accepted at all, but thinking he was kidding, as is his habit around the stages. Little roeck of that flame that burned within the erstwhile studious skirt was there when he was cast for "Sham," with Ethel Clayton.

"Sorry, old top," said Cummings to the casting director, "I'd love to do it, but I'm forming my own company and am going to direct." My G— IRVING," said the casting-director—or something more expressive.

Then quietly, Cummings drew out all his savings, "the savings of a lifetime, mind you," he told me, took a tiny office in Hollywood, built a camp high up in the most beautiful part of the mountains and started assembling his actors. All went well until it came to finding a leading man. No one quite filled the bill.

"By Gosh, I'll be my own leading man," slangily decided Irving.

And that is how those little two-deal gents with Irving Cummings impersonating the dashing Corporal Campbell of the Northwest Mounted Police were started. For the time being, Mr. Cummings will continue his playing man, but eventually he hopes to do nothing but direct.

"I love it," he told me, speaking of directing, and when Irving Cummings says he loves a thing, his eyes flash enthusiasm and the very air sparkles with electricity.

"I had faith enough to put in all my own money," he went on, "I couldn't fail." And he hasn't. His little pictures have received favorable notices and the best bookings all over the country.

I remember, back in the old days, when Irving Cummings was considered a gay dog—any man with flashings eyes, jet black hair, and a manner of saying the sweetest things that women love to hear is apt to bear that reputation. He spent his money as wisely as he scattered his compliments.

Then he married Ruth Sinclair, a well-known New York actress.

"In the morning of my one year," said Kitty Gordon, laughingly.

You see, they all thought he was a brilliant kid, but that he lacked stamina. That was just where his friends were wrong, just as the producers were wrong when they wouldn't give him a picture to direct. But he admits his development has been due to his wife. Some people need to be held in leash. Irving was too effervescant to have progressed without some restraining bonds of responsibility.

I want to digress just a bit to his yesterday. We were sitting in the magnificent Ambassador Hotel, when he told me of them. He had been up about our table solicitously, while all feminine eyes stole our way.

"I never had any schooling to speak of," Irving murmured, "and the age of ten I was dependent on my own activities. I had a job in a New York bank and it left little time for schooling. A couple of years later someone insisted I had a voice and should go on the stage, and there I have been ever since. I have read prodigiously and taught myself all I could hold that was ten times as hard as if I had had a college background."

When I think of the many film stars who are ashamed of their beginnings and whose pretense is such as if they had always been millionaires, I am filled with admiration and respect for Irving Cummings and his downright sincerity. Once upon a time he, too, might have had the glory that paves develops on stage or screen favorites, but somehow I feel that he has always been a "regular fellow."

But there is no denying that his marriage developed him. In the first place his wife gave up her career as a favorite leading woman in New York City to be with him all the time. Shortly after their marriage a honeymoon was taken, when Irving poured out money for meals, amusements, theaters, presents, the stark realization dawned upon him that he was broke.

"Ruth," he said to his wife that night, "I have exactly eighty cents left—what shall I do?"

His wife neither except nor scolded.

"Sell your Youngstown couple," she said, not once complaining that she would have to do without a car. He sold it for five hundred dollars cash, and since then—five years have passed—he has never been without a good fat balance in the bank.

"When a man discovers the glory of a woman who will sacrifice everything for him and without whining help him to build a successful career, his love, gratitude and devotion keep him from ever going wrong."

The Cummings have a wonderful little three-year-old son. His hair is light like his mother's, but he has the large brown Cummings eyes and vigorous physique.

"His chin is stronger than mine, a gift from his mother," said Irving proudly.

And so today Irving Cummings' ambition is more aight than ever. "For that boy must have the schooling I lacked. He must have the background of education and a fair start without grudging," he told me.

Out in Hollywood is a lovely home all paid for—a monument to the Cummings art, and tomorrow, in the dim distant tomorrow, it is to have savings that hope to give up acting and direct only, but let's not permit it. Let us all rise up and demand that he remain before our eyes an actor.

For we don't want to look forward to any more blue days than the law makes absolutely necessary.

What Every Woman Knows—and So Often Neglects

What woman does not know how becoming and abundant waved hair looks—and how the effect is reversed when the strands are straight! Yet hair waving has often been injurious and always a nuisance. No wonder one is so often tempted to slight the curling process. A most ingenious and satisfactory curler has recently been put on the market—Curlox Perfected Hair Curlers. Wind any quantity of hair on Curlox Curlers and be assured that they will not fly open. Yet at the same time of thumb and forefinger, they are immediately fastened or removed.

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And be sure to ask for the wonderful Curlox Hair Nets, companion product of Curlox Curlers. Made of the finest human hair specially processed to retain the life and elasticity of the hair, (Strech a hair from a Curlox net and see how elastic it is.) Each net gers the same requirement. Twice sterilized, hand made, inspected and guaranteed. The Curlox process makes them blend invisibly with the hair. Cap and fringe styles, all shades including grey and white. The shades of Curlox Netts are graded exactly. Only one quality—15 cents for one, 2 for 25 cents. Grey and white and double mesh, 35 cents each. At leading dealers, drug, variety and notions stores.
KATHERINE MACDONALD, who has been voted the most beautiful woman in the world, is now appearing in a new series of pictures for First National, the first of which is "The Beautiful Liar." This series of pictures is bigger and better, even than her former productions. They are lavish and artistic, with high entertainment value.

Miss MacDonald is one of the independent stars releasing through First National, which organization believes that the work of independent stars and directors, who are free to produce according to their own high ideals, reaches the highest standard.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc., is a nation wide organization of independent theatre owners, which foster the production of finer photo-plays and which is devoted to the constant betterment of screen entertainment. It accepts for exhibition purposes the work of these independent artists strictly on its merit as the best in entertainment.

KATHERINE MACDONALD

in the first of her new
Series for First National

"The Beautiful Liar"

Siren Stuff

(Continued from page 73)

"I'm not that way at all, really," she said, leaning forward earnestly. "Not fond of queer things, not exotic, I mean. There is nothing psychic about me. I can usually understand, why they go on speaking of me as a 'siren.' My latest pictures have all contained the element of redemption, I have always reformed at the last. True, several years ago, when Charles Ray and I were with Ince, I used to go thru to the bitter end a bad woman, an honest vamp. But no longer!"

She had been in conference with J. Parker Reid, her producer, just the day before, concerning the resumption of production. It was not yet decided when they would start again. Not even it seemed. During the summer Ince had been traveling extensively in Mexico. I mentioned Europe, where almost everyone else had fled. She shook her head.

"That always spoils a thing for me," she said, "to have everyone else do it. At least, my trip to Mexico was original."

Considering the bandits, almost aboriginal, I thought. But I said: "And enjoyable?"

"Yes, indeed," said Louise brightly, "altho the railroads were the most frightful things I have ever been on. But Mexico City is splendid. Just like Paris. Of course, it was terribly run down, and I've never been to Paris. But, anyway, I had a good time."

It was not improbable, she said a little later, that she would go to Mexico to make pictures, using it extensively, that is, for location work.

The picture that Louise Glauin presents to the passer-by, the interviewer, is one of promise rather than fulfilment. There are evident depths, inviting reserves, a pleasant hint of humor. Her poise is based on years of solid success. There is behind her a great deal of experience, both on the stage and screen, of which the interested picture fan is already too aware of to need any further definition. One realizes, after talking to her a while, that the bower of 'siren' is inevitable. There are little tricks, enchantments, of the sort that weave themselves quietly but firmly about their victim, until, lo! the capture is complete, the silken trap inescapable.

But, whoever wanted to escape a silken trap?

Connard in Quest of Adventure

(Continued from page 31)

recognized his dramatic ability and gave him every encouragement. His own definite ambition to become an actor was the result of an amateur performance of Dicken's 'Christmas Carol.'

He explained: "I was fourteen at that time and played the role of Scrooge. Can you imagine it? How I reveled in the old man character and make-up, and I recall that I was much pleased with my work!"

At seventeen he was graduated from the Highland Park College of Des Moines, Iowa, his native town, and immediately started on his quest of fame by joining the local stock company at seven dollars per week.

Altho so few years have passed since then, Conrad Nagel has a stage record of several Broadway successes, among them being his role of Youth in "Experience," which he played for two seasons, and that delightful whimsy, "Forever After," that brought much praise to him and Alice Brady during its long run. He continued
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The catalog explains the details fully.

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Branches, Offices and Mills: Portland, Oregon; Wilmington, North Carolina; Hattiesburg, Mississippi; Canadian Offices and Mills: Toronto, Vancouver, Winnipeg, St. John.

This engagement after enlistling in the Navy, securing permission to come to New York each evening on shore leave from the training camp at Hoboken, returning at midnight, to be ready for his duties early next morning.

The habit of doubling seems to have grown on him, for when the armistice was signed he began making pictures along with his stage appearances. You see, remarked Mr. Nagel, he was hoping to annex a wife, and wanted money for a honeymoon. After a winter of hard work, we were married, went up to the Maine woods with the family, found the Garden Springs, made a fortune, and had a beautiful time. Came back to New York to find the actors' strike on. Cheerful, wasn't it? Fortunately, the clouds didn't hover long, and I was soon playing 'Forever After,' on tour.

Mr. Nagel first came to the screen as the lovable Laurie, in the film version of "Little Women," and after making four pictures in the East, he was selected for the leading role in "The Fighting Chance," so the young couple flitted to California, claiming this as a postscript to their wedding journey.

It was in this picture that Mrs. Nagel made her first and only appearance on the screen, playing the part of Grace Farrel, under her own name of Ruth Helms. She admits that she enjoyed it, she says she prefers to be the inspiration of Conrad's film characters rather than to create her own. Anyway, she has many interests, for besides being her husband's constant companion, there is baby Ruth, her music, and the happy bungalow makes a real home. Mrs. Nagel is a charming girl, vivacious and enthusiastic, giving the impression that her joyousness bubbles from the depths of a great happiness.

Following "The Fighting Chance" came "Unseen Forces," with Sidney Franklin, and, just as the Nagels had packed their trunks and were about to return to New York, an offer came from Mr. Lasky and they have been here ever since.

A year in William de Mille's de luxe productions and two pictures with the master craftsman, Cecil de Mille, have raised Conrad's art to a very high standard that promises a glorious future.

He considers his role in "What Every Woman Knows" the most interesting he has had, for the reason that it was so totally foreign to his own nature that he had to build up the entire character bit by bit thru hard thought.

Both William and Cecil de Mille film their pictures in continuity, that is, they make the scenes as they appear on the screen, which gives the actor the chance to work up to the climaxes while developing the action naturally, and this is a tremendous satisfaction.

Watching Conrad Nagel and listening to him talk, I realized that, more than all else, he represents Youth, that untrammelled rudder of American film, which will remain unchangeable and steadfast throughout all the years. His artistic imagination changes the drab of everyday life into a thing of beauty, and, thru a deft psychology, his booyant, inspiring vision glows thru his screen roles.

"I shall stay in pictures as long as I can," he told me simply. "Some day I hope to direct, and eventually, I shall return to the stage. Tomorrow my father, mother and young brother arrive from New York to make this their permanent home, and I shall hold us together.

"Then, too," and Mr. Nagel gaily slipped into an exaggerated paternal role, "think what a wonderful place California is for baby Ruth."

Which shows that, after all, before the actor is the man!
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The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before you go to bed. You will be well enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four ounce bottle is usually all that is needed in the average family.

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**How to Get Into the Movies**

is the title of a booklet we have published because of an overwhelming demand for that information. We receive upwards of a hundred letters a day from would-be stars, asking us please to tell them how they can get into the movies. There are

**THREE WAYS**

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I herewith enclose 50c, for which please send me the booklet, "How to Get In"

Name: __________________________

Address: _______________________
Scene I.—The imposing offices of the Arthur S. Kane Productions. Mr. Ray is seated in an armchair behind a mammoth desk. He is immaculately groomed, wears a tweed suit and has a cold in his head. His be-spattered ankles are curled about the legs of the chair. He looks rather anxious. The Interviewers face him, impertinently, a few inches away. There is practically no escape, should flight occur to him.

A. W. F. (firmly): Your luncheon yesterday was a great success. Miss Hall and I commented upon it. Everyone ate so heartily and talked so seldom. One of the chief signs of a brilliant affair. People never turned out so before in the history of cinema astronomy.

Charles Ray (pleasure): I enjoyed it. I have found everyone charming. It is the first time in two years I have been away from my studios, and I'm enjoying the contact with new people.

G. H.: Let's talk about women. Which type of woman, for instance, do you think makes the best wife? An old woman from the small town? A. W. F. (breaking in, eagerly): Oh, yes—tell us—if you were not married, which type would you choose—metropolitans or truly rural women?

Charles Ray (a twinkle in his brown eyes and laughter in his voice): I think I'd want a wife who had enjoyed one trip to the city anyway. I'd want to be quite sure she had not chosen me because she didn't know any better—because she hadn't seen what there is to it. Because, chiefly, she hadn't seen other men.

A. W. F.: How did you come to do the bare-foot boy so well? Were you ever one?

Charles Ray: What boy hasn't been, brought up out of town? And then, I spent long summers on my grandfather's farm, in his orchards, in the bayloft. And always I have absorbed. Without my innate powers of absorption, I would be unable to do what I do today.

G. H. (to A. W. F.): You were going to ask Mr. Ray something: how he came to direct, I believe. Am I to be your prompter as well as the filler of your columns?

A. W. F.: Well, since you've asked it, perhaps Mr. Ray will answer it.

Charles Ray: It was unavoidable—

G. H. and A. W. F. (in an admiring union): Unavoidable—!

Charles Ray (shakes his head affirmatively): You see, my director became ill in the middle of one of my pictures, and at the time, no other director was available. Overhead was mounting and there was nothing else to be done. And since then I have found it easier to do a thing myself than to explain to anyone else just how I wish it done; just what I wish done. After all, no one else knows you quite so well as you know yourself. Please don't think me an egoist. I am not that, I'm sure, but it does seem to me that a one-man picture is the most essential as well as a more complete and individual psychology. You get a concrete result. Effects are not disseminated. G. H.: How about New York?

Charles Ray (enthusiastically): Great. Especially Grant's tomb.

A. W. F. (vaguely): Grant's tomb?

I don't recall ever having seen it. (Apologetically), you see, I've always lived here.

G. H. (efficiently): Oh, I'm very well acquainted with it. Isn't it— I think it is—

Gothic—

We Interview Charles Ray

(Continued from page 23)

A. W. F. (vocally): You would have seen Grant's tomb—[

Tales of phone postpones further conversation. Somewhere a clock strikes the twitching hour of another luncheon.]

Charles Ray (over the telephone): All right. I'll go to lunch together. I'll call for you. Good-bye.

[ A. W. F. and G. H. signify to one another that they had better go. They rise, rhythmically.]

A. W. F. (with her best, most elegant manner): We've kept you long enough. Thank you for your time and your patience. Come to New York soon again.

Good-bye.

G. H.: Yes. Do get on soon again. We—er—enjoyed the luncheon so much, too. Good-bye.

Charles Ray (escorting the interviewers to the door): You have all been very kind to me. I shall want to come soon again. Good-bye.

Scene III.—The inevitable elevator rapidly descending. The interviewers are crowded in with various persons, also in pursuit of calories.

G. H.: He's a little shy, isn't he? I rather expected that. And very well dressed, and sort of mild and modest. I imagine he's a very exemplary husband.

A. W. F.: What did you notice most about him?

G. H.: Er—his spats, I believe, and his evident desire to be nice and pleasant. What's the matter with you?

A. W. F.: There's a feather tickling my chin every time I try to formulate an opinion.

G. H.: Move, if the feather interferes with your mental processes.

Move, for goodness' sake!

A. W. F.: Move! Where to, I'd like to know? That was Mrs. Ray on the 'phone, wasn't it? Darn that feather!

G. H.: Well, he thinks clearly and speaks simply, and there's more to him than can be told—at one sitting.

A. W. F. (resignedly): Do you notice that we've started to go up again? I believe this is the third or fourth time? The elevator boy regards us curiously. Shall I tell him we do it for the good of our health?

G. H.: No, tell him we've just interviewed Charles Ray. Try the truth, dear; it isn't half what you think it is—and he'll understand. He's been a barefoot boy once in his time.

Elevator Boy (sentently): Ground floor! Street S-t-r-e-e-e-e-e-t-i-o-n-or—!

Hasty Curtain.

A HOLLYWOOD OMAR

By BLAINE C. BIEGLER

"The moving finger writes, and having writ,
Has given me a part of devotion nit.
But, with the old director looking on,
I cant leave out a single part of it.

"A book of verses underneath the bough;
A megaphonic voice to tell me how.
To act the lines so they will live again—
And I must act or raise an awful row.

"Like wind along the waste," forever blowing.
The stream of plays is ever, ever flowing;
And I am given parts in this or that,
But when I'll be a star, there is no knowing.

WOMEN of America, wake up!" writes Clarence Duncan, "I would like to tell my experience to sister sufferers, the agony and embarrassment I went through for ten years with a heavy growth of hair on my face and neck. I shunted society, hated to talk to anyone, even babies drew from me. But, thanks to ZIP, I no longer envy the lovely velvety skin of other women. I have a lovely skin of my own. ZIP not only destroys the growth but renewed and brightened the flesh so you would not believe there was ever a hair there.

Ordinary depilatories or shaving often cause the hair to grow faster and coarser—but ZIP removes hair in an entirely different way.

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temporarily opens the hair ducts, gently lifting out the roots, and in this way destroys the growth. Women everywhere are discarding the old, dangerous methods for ZIP.

ZIP not only removes hair—but checks the future growth.

Easily applied at home, pleasingly fragrant, painless, quick, effective, absolutely harmless, ZIP leaves the skin soft and smooth.

At all good stores or direct by mail. Which of the three types of superfine hair have you? Write for FREE BOOK, "Beauty's Greatest Secret," which tells you, or call at my Salon to have free demonstration.

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Mesas & Cerialis Cream—Cannot promote hair growths............. 60c
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NEW YORK
Letters of a Juvenile Critic  
(Continued from page 56)

children. He is always so nice to them in his plays. Today I saw him in such a sweet picture, "A Prince Was There," and, oh, he was just adorable, and I know that Charlotte Jackson thought so, too. She played the part of the little girl, and every minute I wished I knew her; she must be such fun.

The play, I mean the story, tho it really was more like playing at fairy tales, was about Comfort Brown, a poor child who did very hard work for Mrs. Prouty, a big, fat woman, who kept a grinding boarding-house and was hindered too by a lovely girl named Katherine Woods, who was trying terribly hard to earn money by writing, which Uncle Roddy says is next to impossible. But I think he was just meaning to be funny and tease. Anyway, Comfort calls her the Princess, and she calls Comfort the Fairy Godmother, and they just loved each other.

Well, Comfort hears that a man can help the Princess, and so she goes to "intercede," after she finds out what it means — the kind you know—and she gets all dressed up and goes all alone on the "L," and at the big hotel she finds the Prince. His name is really Mr. Charles Martin, but he tells her it's Mr. Prince, and, of course, that is Mr. Meighan, and he sends down for a glass of milk and a simply huge piece of chocolate cake, and she is so hungry she gobbles them up. Then she explains why she came, and he says he will go and live at Mrs. Prouty's house and make everything all right, and he does.

He sells, I mean, buys all of Miss Wood's stories, and even Mr. Martin's lecture, and everybody just loves him. He buys a perfectly enormous doll for Comfort, and she takes it to bed with her in the little room she sleeps in under the stairs. I don't see how she could really sleep in it, because there wasn't any window, but she seemed to.

There's a horrid man, too, who tells awful stories to Katherine about Mr. Prince, but his old valet, who is so funny, laughed till I cried at him, he tells her that all those things are not true, so she telephones him, and the next picture is after they are married, and they have adopted Comfort, and they are giving her, oh, such a surprising party on a beautiful lawn, and, Punch, what do you think happens? There's a perfectly enormous cake out there on the grass, and all the little children have ribbons that are tied to it, and I thought that it was just an ordinary Jack Horner pie, but, no sir, when they all pulled their pieces, the pie opened, and there was a pony!! Mr. Meighan put Comfort on his back and Miss Harris, that was Katherine Woods, stood on the other side, and that's how the picture ended.

Uncle Roddy says he hopes it didn't put ideas in my head, but I'm afraid it did, sort of. You know, I would adore a pony!

Your loving sister,

Judy.

WHAT DISTURBED HIM

By Ruth Tinchers Fellows

I had been napping, when a fearful noise
Made me straighten up in bed. Another earthquake, so I thought;
But before the words were said.

I looked right out the window—
It was an enforcing day—
And, behold! It was just a movie star,
CARTING HOME HER WEEKLY PAY.
George moves the dresser

Comedy with a serious side unless something is done to allay the pain of cuts and bruises.

Be ready for either! Absorbin, Jr., is both a liniment and an antiseptic. Used promptly for bruises or overworked muscles it dissipates the aches that would otherwise continue.

Besides being a preventive of infection, it is cleansing and healing to all open wounds.

And for the children's magic bottle, a trio of good properties recommend it. It is harmless of a clear odor and non-staining.

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Absorbin.

The Antiseptic Liniment.

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Stops Your Hair Coming Out, Thickens and Beautifies

"Russell Street" and the car stumbled to a halt. I experienced my second sensation—

CHARLES RAY STUART

The letters were quite as stringent as those of WILLIAM S. HARTS. I have found that in Hollywood all the debts are capitulated in the corner drugstore. Expectation prevails, from drawing-room "sets" and their circus wagon butlers to the importance of the studio gatekeepers. The studio bearing the mighty name at one time may be that RAY might easily have passed for a storage warehouse or a clutter of sanitary stables, were it not for the august name. It is a collection of vehicles similar in design to the Hart edifice, save for one glass stage, resembling an exaggerated greenhouse. This studio is known as the most exclusive in all the countryside about. I have heard that people get into the Vatican by going up a flight of stairs on their knees, but the saints themselves couldn't get into the Ray studio, if they stood on their heads and repeated the Scientific Statement of Being.

I'm not sure just where Hollywood begins, for the Low Angeles is bordered more or less regularly by domiciles. There is no distinct division between the town and its faubourg. I would say, however, that as the drug store, cattacorner across from the Mount of Olives on Vermont Avenue. Anyway, that's where Hollywood Boulevard, the Main Street of William Farnum. But still you are a mile from Cahuenga and the Boulevard, the center of the film district, and the Broadway-and-Forty-second-Street of the Wide West (at different times).

Hollywood curves like a verdant river along the base of low, dusty hills, covered by a scrubby sage growth that gives them an unshaven aspect. Here and there they are splashed high with foliage, where a villa has crept up from the town below. The most palatial houses are on the hillside or in the canyon terraced cliffs and bluffs. The higher you climb, the higher climb the rents. Thus, the section arising to the north of the Boulevard is known as the big-rent area. Magnificent estates, some of them valued at half a million, have been cut into the steep slopes.

The sunshine, of course, is a painted desert, a testimonial to the triumph of man over nature. Lawns are sustained by water pipes buried in the turf, which at intervals throw up fine threads of water, like little geysers. Such irrigation is needed all the year around, except for the two or three months of steady rainfall in the winter. Thus man has applied a cosmetic to nature that defies detection from the casual eye.

Hollywood is a tropical oasis, terraced with geraniums, bridged by calla lilies and thickets of rose, shaded by the graceful plumes of the palm tree, the feathered pepper and the stalwart eucalyptus, whose pungent fragrance, combined with that of the scent of flowers and orange blossoms in a perfume that is truly guelque fleurs.

Dreaming, motionless in the silken air hovers a sky-blue, a yellow, and white of the landscape stretches like a painted setting for some fairy tale. The streets, all paved with asphalt, have a bit of irregularity, like the rustic paths in a park.

In harmony with the scheme, the stucco walls of cottages and mansions are tinted with pastel shades of lavender, pink and blue, like the villas on the Riviera.

The styles in architecture are fantastic and sometimes strangely mixed—French chateaux, Italian villas, English manors, Swiss chalets, Colonial mansions, California bungalows, houses Spanish, Moorish, Gothic, Chinese, or oriental, simulating every type of human dwelling except the igloo. As every small town has its show place, so, too, has Hollywood. On a high, rocky bluff, enclosed with oriental gardens, stands the great Japanese house of the Bernheimers, the gilded cornices of its pagoda roof gleaming brilliantly in the sun. It is reported that Charlie Chaplin had purchased the place for two million dollars, but the plain residence which Charlie leases on Crotona Heights hardly indicates any such taste.

Robert W. Service, who recently returned from France and took an abode opposite my chalet on Hillcrest Road, says that the fame of Hollywood has spread throughout Europe. California, he says, means Hollywood to the European. Such is the advertising power of the screen. Yet the Cinemac comprise only a small percentage of the Hollywood populace. Lords of oil, brewing, packing and mercantile trade hold many stakes in the interests of the motion picture industry. Only with an expert guide, can you discover the homes of the movie peers. Seisse Hayakawa's concrete castle on Sunset in Highland Park, Anita Stewart's Colonial dwelling, which she lets for a thousand a month when she's in the East; the lofty mansion of William Farnum, sailing far over the valley and out to sea; Jesse Lasky's wide-winged chateau; the turret-ed castle where Bannie Ward and Jack Dempsey used to live; (at different times); Ruby de Remer's chateau, hanging perilously to a ledge on Crotona Heights; George Melford's house, perched high on Hillcrest; the semicircular habitats of Betty Blythe, Conrad Nagel, Milton Sills, Theobald Roberts, Rex Ingram and others—all mounting headward. And, on the road to Beverly Hills, is the square-ocherous villa of Nazimova, near the Moorish citadel of Wallace Reid, the plain New England house of William S. Hart, with the beautiful chateau of Pauline Frederick. In Beverly Hills, an exclusive section only a few miles beyond Hollywood, is Charles Ray's clifftop lodge, now in the March cartoon, or on the great square house of May Allison lives; the Pickford-Pairbanks home, which is now up for sale; Will Rogers' big house, with wide verandas; the new Colonial home, with a patio interior, which belongs to Priscilla Dean and Wheeler Oakman. To describe them all would require the eloquence and enthusiasm of a Hollywood real estate agent.

I can save a great deal of trouble in depicting Hollywood's business district by asking you to give your own a careful scrutiny—providing you dont live in a town of more than a thousand inhabitants. The city is divided into six blocks of low brick buildings that have the appearance of being very new. They are, for the most part, one- and two-story structures laid out in lines. A view of one in process of construction will arise to the dizzy height of six stories—only J. E. Husson's and the Boulevard.

While there are stores scattered all the way from Vermont to Cahuenga, the real Main Street doesn't begin until you reach the intersection of the Street and the Boulevard. Here you will find on one corner the Hollywood Trust and Security Savings Bank, where stars deposit—and borrow. Directly across is the Kress drug
store, where Lois Wilson satisfies her well-known passion for chocolate ice cream. As the car pulls away, the heavens go into quest of refreshment. The third corner is occupied by yet another drug store, Man- nisher's, equally fructuous of sundries. On the corner, too, is the magnificent structure of six stories, which I already have proudly mentioned. Just below is the one-story, white brick post office, with its box outside, that's almost as big as the building itself. Across the street stands the four-story Markham building, which holds a ladies ready-to-wear room on the ground floor. Above are offices pertaining to business connected with the industry, including the office of the New York Morning Telegraph. A large sign above the ground floor receives agents and stellar callers when she forgets to lock the door.

Another tale about Hollywood, which I must extract from your possession, is that in regard to the merry concourse of stars on the Boulevard. I, too, have read—and perchance have written—about traffic being held up by drug stores, and indeed I had expected upon my arrival to find stars tripping one another up and rolling together in the gutter. But, jolly as such things may sound, the traffic is by all the stars to tell the truth about Hollywood. The time-clock at the studios specifying an eight-hour day do not permit the wasting of time in the lane. Upon my first stroll down the Boulevard, I was treated to only one all-star spectacle. Miss Wanda Hawley tripped out of a grocery store with an armful of groceries ten feet from me; she dropped the bag, and six lusty cucumbers bounded over the pavement. With four other gentlemens rushing to the rescue, we retrieved the capricious vegetables. I believe one gentleman asked Miss Hawley to autograph a cucumber, that he might take it home for his wife to preserve. The gallantry evoked by this incident shows the truth of my statement, namely, that stars do not twirl quickly in the day time, even in Hollywood.

I lingered at Cahuenga, hoping to assist some other siren in a cumberous way, out, none appearing; I took up and, observing the traffic cop, the sole symbol of the law in Hollywood, who stood dreamily twirling his official thumbs in his hat, I asked one of the cabs to circle around him, leaped over him, did tail-spins, back-flips and all conceivable maneuvers, save those which he indicated. I regret to say that this brave officer was knocked down by an unconvincable Ford a few days later.

Jaded by the traffic activities, I moved leisurely up the Boulevard, noting that everyone else was doing likewise. Leisure is the principal occupation of Southern California. The monotous, wearying sun, has a nummifying effect upon the natives, who have few interests save those of their neighbors! Nowhere is scandal so intensively observed.

My first stop on the Boulevard was at a drug store, which offered sun-glasses for sale. I discovered that most of the movie stars buy their spectacles to protect their eyes from the unrelenting sun. Having obtained a rose-hued pair, which the salesman guaranteed was the double’s, I proceeded to Belladonna’s, my tour.

I passed two open-faced groceries, which are closed at night by sliding screens, safe-guarding against the outside odors. A clothing store, with stickers on the window, announcing unparalleled sacrifices on the part of the owner. A real estate office, with its boards or which were chalked “Bargains—six-room bungalow, close in, for only ten thousand dollars.” Another bank, a building of white glazed brick. A fruit store run by Japs, with great bunches of flowers for sale at twenty-five cents. The Iris movie theater, with its one-story brick structure, was under electric sign announcing “No Woman Knows.” Next door, a cigar stand with a scale outside, on which you are invited to weigh yourself free of charge. A male novelty store, with some dusty hats in the window. The Hillview Apartments, of Moorish architecture, where dwell Mac Busch, Viola Dana, James Morrison and others of the screen set. Miss Busch, the incorrigible vampire, was seated in the portico knitting a blue sweater. A residence behind a hedge, a gauged lunch room, titled “The Hole-in-the-Wall,” boasting “nice ladies eat here” and “fair dinner, thirty-five cents—good dinner, fifty cents.” Another drug store, with a handsome display of hot water bags in the window and a range of magazines outside. The Blue Front Restaurant, named for its frieze, that seems to have been laundered with too much bluing. A Marinello Parlor, where Viola Dana is always in a state of shampoo. A Catholic church, so hidden by foliage that one might stumble into it with a picnic lunch, mistaking its grounds for a park, and he compelled to drop the boiled eggs into the contraband plate. The Virginia Apartments, with shops downstairs. Frank’s Restaurant, under French management, with excellent French cuisine, which tempts the flower of stardom. More real estate offices. A hardware store, with a stock that embraces baby carriages, floor lamps and lawn grass, for elevators. An architecture, where whanging rings ring out the counis of high noon. A banner across the street, calling attention to the Knights of Pythias carnival in the Hollywood. The two-story Christie Hotel, with actors and pot-ted palms in the lobby. The Hollywood movie theater, same style as the Iris, advertising “A Perfect Crime.” A stretch of vacant-lots. An auto park, with Fords for rent, “three dollars a day—drive yourself.” A barber shop, with bootblack stand, cigar counter and book stand in front. A department store, with two counters, one for gentlemen and one for ladies. Graham’s Confectionery, where players have been seen tipping over Cigarette Club in the lobby. John’s Place, a restaurant with lunch counter and curtain booths, the only place open after midnight in Hollywood. Two phonograph shops, facing one another across the street, with machines in garous competition—the Hollywood spirit. A bank. A drug store...

I attained Highland Avenue, where the business district dribbles out with the Kwik Lunch, the Hillcrest Billiard Parlor and some art shops. Beyond is the new Masonic Temple, with pillars up the front, the Garden Court Tea Rooms, where stars lunch and dine; the Congregational Church; the beautiful Greek temple that houses the Church of the Christ Scientist. At the corner of Highland and the Boulevard is the Hollywood Hotel, three stories, with brown stucco walls, stretching the length of this street. It is of the picturesque mission style, veiled from the street by enormous spreading palms. To the rear are tennis courts, screened with rose vines, Church of the Christ Scientist, with rose-laden pergolas. Nearly every star has lived here at one time. On Thursday night—no, I withhold all revelry for a later chapter.

“But, where are the stories?” you ask. They are not in evidence on the Boulevard. Nor are they grouped about like the buildings on a college campus, as many
Your Figure

Has Charm Only as You Are Fully Developed

BEAUTY OF FORM

can be cultivated just the same as flowers are
made to blossom with proper care. Woman,
by nature refined and delicate, craves the
natural beauty of her sex. How wonderful to
be a perfect woman?

Bust Pads and Ruffles

never look natural or feel right. They are really
harmful and retard development. You should add
to your physical beauty by enlarging your bust-
form to its natural size. This is easy to accom-
plish with the NATIONAL, a new scientific appliance that 
brings delightful results.

FREE BEAUTY BOOK

If you wish a beautiful, womanly figure, write for a
copy of the treatise by Dr. C. S. Carr, formerly pub-
lished in the Physical Culture Magazine. entitiled:
The Bust—How It May Be Developed.' Of this
method Dr. Carr states:

"Indeed, it will bring about a develop-
ment of the bust quite astonishing.";

This valuable information, explaining the causes of non-development, together with pho-
tographic proof showing as much as five inches enlargement by this method, will be sent FREE to
every woman who writes quickly. Those desiring book sent sealed, enclose 2c postage.

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Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are
not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians
over 22 years and proved safe by millions for
Colds     Headache     Rheumatism
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Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

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"CUT DIAMOND" RING OFFER. You need not look elsewhere. Write for one or two of these rings 
for free. Finest in the land. Get yours now while stock lasts. In bottles 6 and 12 oz. for 10c and 25c. 

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Bathsweet imparts the softness of rain water and the fragrance of a thousand flowers.

Three sizes, 25c, 50c and $1. At all drug and dept. stores or by mail. Send 2c stamp for sample.

THE C. S. WELCH CO., DEPT. M.P., NEW YORK CITY

people suppose. There is no studio quar-
ter in Hollywood, comparable to the Latin 
Quarter in Paris or the Greenwich Vil-
lage of New York. The ateliers are 
strung all the way from Los Angeles to 
Hollywood, and on beyond Culver City.

Lasky's is the most accessible, situated 
only a block from the Boulevard, on Vine 
Street. The administration offices are 
located in a low wooden building with 
stacking the length of the block. Above the 
high board fence surrounding the other 
three sides, you may catch a glimpse of 
glass-covered stages and the rigging of 
big "sets." Another block of ground is 
given over to street settings and other 
exterior layout. It is significant that the 
least pretentious studio in California is the 
most profitable. Twelve companies now 
work on the "lot"; those headed by Cecil 
B. de Mille, William A. Wellman, 
George-Melford, Betty Compson, 
Gloria Swanson, Mary McAvoy, Thomas 
Meighan, Ethel Clayton, Agnes Ayres, 
Mary Miles Minter and Jack Holt.

Several blocks beyond the Lasky studio 
lies the Metro cantonment, a series of neat 
one-story buildings, painted white. This 
studio also covers two city blocks, one be-
ing open over to the stage area, and is 
rented to permanent out-of-door "sets." The 
Metro lot is somewhat more decorative than 
the Lasky. It has a small Japanese garden be-
 tween the stages and the administration 
building, where several scenes of "The 
Willow Tree" were filmed. Viola Dana, 
Rex Ingram, Garrett Hughes, Alice Lake 
and Bert Lytell lead the five production 
units.

Another group of studios may be found out 
on Melrose Avenue. Here is the great 
Barnum studio, with its ten vast enclosed 
stages and a great "lot," filled with ex-
terior "sets" of all varieties, from that of 
Le Hoya, India, used in Kipling's "With-
curt Benefit of Clergy," to New York's 
tenement district. Mary Pickford has her 
stage, her bungalow and administration 
offices on this domain. Nazimova is also 
on the lot, making "The Doll's House" and 
"Salome." The Brunton studio is like a 
great studio apartment house, leasing space 
to independent companies.

Next door is the beautiful Robertson-
Cole studio, designed in the Moorish style 
and resembling some museum of the fine 
arts. It houses Pauline Frederick, Sessue 
Hayakawa, Doris May and Louis Gas-
nier.

Douglas Fairbanks' studio, directly 
across the street from the Brunton studio, 
and hence convenient to Mr. Fairbanks' 
place, resembles a barracks, but certainly 
does the business.

In another section of Hollywood, where 
the Boulevard runs into its foothills, the 
Vitagraph studio sprawls out like an early 
mining camp. Here is a studio where the 
gates stand open, although a stranger may be 
challenged once he gets inside. But since 
you are apprehended you may have a 
chance to see Antonio Moreno, Larry Se-
mon, William Duncan, Jean Paige or Car-
nel Myers.

By following Cahuenga Avenue, where 
it quits the Boulevard and passes thru a 
raiven in the hills, you eventually will 
reach Universal City, it is ten vast enclosed 
radio domain in all California. It includes a 
ranch covered with "sets" that look like 
ancient ruins. Representing all periods and 
nationalities, they are rented for filming 
purposes to outside companies, who do not 
want the expense of erecting their own. 
Among the most pretentious of the mask 
cities is that of Monte Carlo, a remarkable 
facsimile, which Erich von Stroheim 
built for "Foolish Wives." This "set" will 
be "shot"—in fact, riddled—over and over
Have A Clear, Rosy, Velvety Complexion

ALL THE WORLD ADMires A PERFECT COMPLEXION

Don't doubt—because I give you a guarantee which dispels doubt. I repeat: A clear, rosy, and velvety face is the most astonishing and gratifying result. Your complexion may be of the sandiest, it may be hideously disfigured with pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, red spots, enlarged pores, wrinkles, and other blemishes, you may have tried a dozen remedies, I do not make an exception of any of these blemishes. I can aid you to a face as beautiful as this. I have the means of helping you. I can do it in a few days. My statements are absolute. I have furnished them to others who want you to believe, for I know what my wonderful treatment will do.

THEI'AM never have HEARD OF ANOTHER METHOD LIKE MINE. SCIENTIFIC—DIFFERENT.

My method is different; it has to be for I am going to warrant my statements. You know that, I get away from all that has been done before. No soap, salves, ointments, lotions, tonics, syrups, massage, tinctures, or other ointments. There is nothing to rub in, no diet, fasting or any interference with your accustomed way of life. My treatment is absolutely safe, it cannot fail the most delicate skin. It is pleasant, even delightful. No mess, no grime, inconvenient applications, only a few minutes a day required. Yes, results are astonishing.

I want to tell you in detail about this wonderful treatment. I must. I am free for my book is free. You are not obligated. Send no money. Just set the facts, the indisputable proofs. This is the one method that has responded to beauty the complexion of tens of thousands of women. Don't say your case is an exception. It can be the accepted proof. You have nothing to lose—everything to gain. Mail Coupon today.

DOROTHY RAY

14 E. Jackson Blvd., Suite 33, CHICAGO, ILL.

FREE

AMBITIONous Writers of photographs, short stories, poems, songs, sketches, etc., are invited to try their hand at the following short piece which is to run in our special American Edition of the Writer's Digest, - 6025 Butler Blvd., Cincinnati

FRECKLES

Don't Hide Them With a Veil, Remove Them. Other Ones Double

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of those minute blemishes, as it is now possible to remove them without any trouble.

Simply set an ounce of Othine—double strength—on any freckle and apply it according to directions on the label. If the victim should soon see that even the worst freckles have disappeared, it is plain that he has no need to worry about the lighter ones. Freckles have vanished naturally. It is seldom that a single freckle remains.

Rejoice, for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.
LIVE ONES and DEAD ONES

All the dead ones are not hostile to the living. I found them mingling with the populace in every street and alley, as if they had a legal right to be present on the streets, to the utter astonishment of the living. When the living are taken by surprise, they do not hesitate to strike at them. They may even gain too rapidly and have time to study the diet for the stout, rather than the thin person. Nevertheless, they must continue their daily walk, now making it longer than usual.

Next in importance to the walk for thin people, are the breathing exercises, which must be taken out of doors or at an open window.

The first one is the simple breathing exercise. Stand erect, heels together, head up, chin in, chest out, shoulders back, abdomen in, and breathing in, counting without using the lips—one, two, three, four.

The next is the breathing exercise with a hundred counts. Now inhale, using the same count. Do this four times. Now inhale as before, then exhale quickly, without a count. Repeat this four times. Now inhale more slowly and deeply, counting up to ten. Exhale to the same number of counts as before this four times, exhale quickly for four more times, forcing all the impurities from the lungs with one breath.

The next exercise includes the above breathing exercises, combined with rising on the toes and raising the arms straight from the sides forward and upward in a vertical position above the head, where both arms will be parallel, having described parallel semicircles from the downward position to the upward position.

Both golf and tennis exercise muscles of the arms, legs, and shoulders.

But perhaps you are a very busy person and cannot find the time to give to these games. In that case, here is a simple little game, all ready-made for you. It is similar to the game called medicine-ball, of which you have probably heard; you may even have played it. It was popular among various cattlers during the war, and derived from the fact that these animals are a medicine or tonic to the body. You will need a partner. Is there not some member of the family who also needs this exercise? Or would you be willing to give it to your partner for a few minutes each day? It is so simple, requiring no preparation and no special knowledge of the game.

I am now thinking back and forth a large leather ball about the size of a football. First you toss the ball to your playfellow, who catches it and tosses it back. You then take it from him and send it back to him. In catching the ball, you will probably have to throw your hands up high and back to the right. You will then position yourself to toss the ball back. Don't straighten your body and throw from the erect position; that is against the rules. You must always send the ball back from the position in which you catch it. This will mean that your arm will not be good—in fact, you do not want at all, simply toss it in the direction of the other player immediately upon getting your hands on the ball. The ball is sometimes flung from the head, to the feet in a gentle, easy way, and without any resultant weariness. In fact, it is usually followed by a vigorous and buoyant feeling. It is one of the best mild exercises there is.

Marching also is a splendid exercise. Start your victory going near an open window, and march back and forth on the floor, listening to the music. The rhythmic, regular, even stride is soothing to the nerves and invigorating to the muscles. Don't worry, lest your neighbor at your window should hear you. They probably will, but it is only when you have learned to be independent of what people say that you will ever accomplish anything.

These few, simple exercises, combined with proper diet and plenty of sleep, will prove worth a hundred times the biggest doctor's bill that was ever presented to you. Just remember to take them regularly and not to overdo. Modern physical science is now revealing many of the old violent forms of gymnastics and teaching exercise in moderation.

Exercise for the Thin Figure

(Continued from page 57)

Informed on the subject and are prepared to diagnose and treat these cases, most of which are easily cured. And when the cure is effected, it is sometimes astonishing to see how quickly the patient is restored to full health. You can see angles turning in curves and the rose of health blooming in the cheek. They may even gain too rapidly and have time to study the diet for the stout, rather than the thin person. Nevertheless, they must continue their daily walk, now making it longer than usual.

Next in importance to the walk for thin people, are the breathing exercises, which must be taken out of doors or at an open window.

The first one is the simple breathing exercise. Stand erect, heels together, head up, chin in, chest out, shoulders back, abdomen in, and breathing in, counting—without using the lips—one, two, three, four.

The next is the breathing exercise with a hundred counts. Now inhale, using the same count. Do this four times. Now inhale as before, then exhale quickly, without a count. Repeat this four times. Now inhale more slowly and deeply, counting up to ten. Exhale to the same number of counts as before this four times, exhale quickly for four more times, forcing all the impurities from the lungs with one breath.

The next exercise includes the above breathing exercises, combined with rising on the toes and raising the arms straight from the sides forward and upward in a vertical position above the head, where both arms will be parallel, having described parallel semicircles from the downward position to the upward position.

Some sports combine both healthful and pleasurable exercises. In fact, we know in this enlightened day that most pleasurable exercises are healthful, in spite of the old idea that anything pleasurable was harmful, just as our Puritan ancestors thought it unduly to be gay. Now quickly these people be banished, and the world will be more healthful, and that pleasure preserves the health.

From the many pleasant sports of today, I advise thin people to choose golf and tennis. I often watch people walking briskly, with an end in view. It presents itself in the light of a game, and games are always more pleasant than duties, since they are the next thing to play. Both golf and tennis exercise muscles of the arms, legs, and shoulders.

But perhaps you are a very busy person and cannot find the time to give to these games. In that case, here is a simple little game, all ready-made for you. It is similar to the game called medicine-ball, of which you have probably heard; you may even have played it. It was popular among various cattlers during the war, and derived from the fact that these animals are a medicine or tonic to the body. You will need a partner. Is there not some member of the family who also needs this exercise? Or would you be willing to give it to your partner for a few minutes each day? It is so simple, requiring no preparation and no special knowledge of the game.

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These few, simple exercises, combined with proper diet and plenty of sleep, will prove worth a hundred times the biggest doctor's bill that was ever presented to you. Just remember to take them regularly and not to overdo. Modern physical science is now revealing many of the old violent forms of gymnastics and teaching exercise in moderation.

The New Course In Interior Decorating

(Continued from page 48)

reproduction at all. It was just left to the property man, who knew little or nothing about decoration; or to the director, who sometimes knew more. There are a thousand ways of the moving studio lights, real interiors can be taken. Millionaires are taking as much delight having their interiors snapped as they did formerly in photographing the exteriors of their homes taken.

Instead of depending on the property man and the untrained director—so far as decoration is concerned—each studio, today, has its own decorator or corps of decorators, who choose personally each piece of furniture or decoration that is to appear in each set. If there is any question about the suitability of a piece of furniture, books on decoration are consulted, so that the period is absolutely correct. Color is chosen with as much care as if they were to be shown in their original hues. Yes, when you go to the movies today, you are not only given a picture, but you receive a full course in what to put into your home, and how to arrange it in your home, as well. Keep your eyes open at all times, and save the background as well as the foreground, if you are interested in beautifying your home.

POOR ARGUMENT

By Robert Hage

Film Salesman: This is such a wonderful picture that all your patrons will wish to have it at any cost. Exhibitor: I don't want it. I prefer to have my patrons leave the theater after seeing a picture once.
and contempt to transgressors, and encouragement and admiration for self-respecting ones. Take a pride in the honor of the profession and make a new standard of living to raise the industry to a loftier level. It is a glorious thing to aim high.

If all directors would sternly insist upon sobriety and good behavior on their sets, instead of often averting the eye from offenders, or glossing over the knowledge that such and such an actor or actress is indulging in excess while making a play, this would make the matter easier.

I am told that there are some actors and actresses who, the moment they have finished a picture, seem to think it is the right thing to get drunk, and spend money like wildfire, and that fragile-looking heroines of romance can be seen as intoxicated as abandoned women in the gutter. I am thankful that I never saw any of this, but if it is true that it exists, it is sad to think about. For the screen can only be a successful medium for female talent until about twenty-five years is roused; beyond that, unless the art is supreme, the faces take on shadows which the merciless camera discovers and chronicles. And, of course, all ridiculous living accelerates this.

During the ten months I was in Hollywood, I observed, with deep regret, one or two lovely young faces altering and coarsening, or evidence of other signs of over-smoking, and over-drinking, and late hours, and want of restraint. But even among the most self-respecting and abstemious, the period of success is very short, and in the heyday, how much more sensible to save money and amass enough to start a new career elsewhere—or retire to a position in the teaching, travel and education, than to squander it all on these much-talked-of orgies, when the drink has to be obtained at fabulous prices and thru the breaking of the law of the country. And now is the time to begin a new state of things, to show the public of what good stuff the large majority of moving picture people are made. What pride they take in their profession, and what a fighting spirit they possess, which is not going to take the scorpion whip of denunciation lying down.

Public: Try to think of the movie world with justice and gratitude. Remember the dull evenings you would spend but for the movies.

Movie World: Wake up! Look to your laurels, make a firm stand, and within yourselves weed out the notorious offenders—and then hold your heads high—the proud equals of any other community in the civilized world?

Your friend,

ELINOR GLYN

CHARLES CHAPLIN

By A. R. WEITZEN

A grotesque mask that shields a soul, A little solemn, perhaps afraid; A fleshy cloak that shields the whole world from the cold fires that God has made.

Perhaps, 'midst crowds he is all alone, As are such who often sway The passion on this ball of stone That twirls swift on its lonely way.

His subtle lure now does confound The moody creeds of sages blest, And mayhap all the world swings round He who is the world's great jest!

Who Wants $2500

Who's going to win it? We want everybody to get acquainted with Do Do, the exquisite new odor used exclusively in our toilet preparations, so we make this offer. The first prize in the contest is $25.00, but if the winner has made a $2.00 purchase the first prize is $50.00, if a $2.00 purchase the first prize is $100.00, and if a $2.00 purchase the first prize is $200.00, more than the average man can serve in a lifetime. IT PAYS TO TRY FOR THE BIG PRIZE.

De Do Exquisite Requisites for the Toilet

Exquisite is the only word that really tells how wonderful these preparations are. They are the highest quality that can be made and are put up in charming packages. You could find nothing that will surpass them for gifts or personal use.

List of Offers

$1.00 One full size box of De Do Face Powder, white, flesh or natural (guaranteed). Repaired for: $1.00
$2.00 One large jar each of De Do Night Cream and Day Cream. Repaired for: $2.00
$5.00 One box of De Do Toilet Water, Face Powder, one jar each of Night Cream and Day Cream (as above), one $1.00 bottle of exquisite De Do Toilet Water, one 25c box of Nail Polish, and one 2c can of De Do Tooth Powder. Total $5.10. Repaired for: $5.00

Sold Under Absolute Guarantee

Cash Prizes

If No $1.00 $5.00
Purchase Purchase Purchase
Made Is Made Is Made
First prize... 7.00... 250.00... 8,000.00... 2,500.00
Second prize 10.00... 250.00... 500.00... 1,250.00
Third prize... 15.00... 250.00... 500.00... 1,000.00
Fourth prize... 5.00... 150.00... 500.00... 375.00
Fifth prize... 3.00... 100.00... 250.00... 250.00
Sixth prize... 2.00... 80.00... 250.00... 150.00
Seventh prize... 2.00... 60.00... 150.00... 100.00
Eighth prize... 2.00... 50.00... 75.00... 75.00
Ninth prize... 1.00... 50.00... 75.00... 50.00
Tenth to 14th... 2.00... 10.00... 50.00... 50.00

Wonderful Opportunity for Workers

Start in business for yourself. Be your own boss. Supply Heinrich products to your community, either town or country, and make $1.00 every hour you work. Write for list of open territories and full particulars.

Heinrich Chemical Company

1951 East Homepin Ave. Minneapolis, Minn., U. S. A.
PERFUMES

JEANNE JACQUES begs to announce a series of new perfumes for the American market. Perfumes have again come into fashion, and the present demand for a dainty, delicate fragrance for milady’s kerchief, wardrobe and person has stimulated and hastened my cherished resolve to supply that demand. All of my perfumes are made from the finest essential oils of France, Persia, Arabia and England, and are so blended as to give not only an enchanting fragrance but a permanence not often found even in the best makes. Among these are the Corliss Palmer formulas. It is no secret that Miss Palmer has been working daily for over a year on the perfecting of a perfume for her own use. Daily she placed her several experiments into similar numbered bottles, and passed them around on a tray, asking twenty friends to vote on them. Over 100 different combinations or formulas have thus gone the rounds, and each has been changed, drop by drop, until all were agreed on its superiority. To compare her best with standard makes, she would frequently put in a famous French make, and not until her own blends received higher votes than these French makes (which were of course disguised by placing in new bottles) was Miss Palmer satisfied. Her laboratory has been enlarged and I am now prepared to supply

PERFUMES OF EXQUISITE LOVELINESS

at prices far below the usual prices for products of similar excellence. We are offering the following varieties, each being put up in attractive bottles and packages suitable for the most dainty boudoir:

CORLISS PALMER

A delicate, exquisite blend, Miss Palmer’s favorite. People say it has that alluring “come hither” aroma—that draws one to it, and you want to smell more. Put up only in 2-oz. cut-glass bottles (the bottle alone is worth $1.00). Price $5.00 a bottle, mailed to any address on receipt of price.

ARABIAN FLORE

This odor is a blend in imitation of the finest perfumes of Arabia, that the poets have sung about. It may not please all, but those who do like it will love it so much that they will have none other. Remarkable lasting qualities. Price $2.50 for 2-oz. bottle, mailed to any address on receipt of price.

PERSIAN VIOLET

Very few perfumers have ever succeeded in making a successful violet. We have here a dainty blend of delicious fragrance, sure to please all who like the aroma of this exquisite flower. Price $2.00 for 2-oz. bottle, mailed to any address on receipt of price.

TURKISH BOUQUET

For those who prefer a distinctive aroma, favoring of the Orient, this delightful blend will surely please. An entirely new odor—something different. Quite enchanting to those who like the sweet odor of the magnolia and honeysuckle. Price $3.00 for 2-oz. bottle, mailed to any address on receipt of price.

A $10.00 Bill Will Bring All Four To You

They will all be found enduring as well as pleasing. Even a single drop will retain its fragrance long after it has dried, particularly if moisture or heat is applied to it.

We want to prove that the French are no longer superior to the Americans in making perfumes. We use the same essential oils that they do, and we believe we have them beaten in their combinations.

JEANNE JACQUES, BROOKLYN, N.Y.
The Gentleman From Japan

(Continued from page 55)

interesting. One begins to speculate upon the slumberous, half-closed aspect of them, when suddenly they flare open, starting in their black brilliance.

The same moralistic tendency which seems to dominate his mind is to be found, too, in his attention to physical well-being. He is a disciplinarian, if ever there was one, subjecting himself to rigorous limitations and, what is more, living up to them. That day he had entered upon a diet to strip himself of a little surplus pompadour, too, the idea of which was emphasized in his appearance. But apparently it finds its justification in its ends. He is a powerful swimmer, a fencer, a splendid athlete. It is said that he habitually swims three or four miles out into the open sea, beyond reach of any possible succor in event of sudden distress.

Hayakawa hailed originally from Tokio, Japan. It was not until he had migrated to America and undertaken a career at the University of Chicago that he became interested in acting; but since then he has played in his native country several seasons, heading his own company in spoken drama.

He is not only the genuine Oriental star on the American screen, but he has excelled where many of our own stars have fallen by the wayside. There is the magnetic attraction of all impermeable things about him. The Oriental cast of countenance has always been and always will be a riddle to the Occidental.

He lives in Hollywood with his charming little wife, Tasuru Aoki, for a time a star in her own right, but now retired. Her last picture she made with her husband, "The Street of the Fallen Dragon." In Castle Glengarry, a well-known residence above place, they have fitted themselves a home that in its apparent furnishings and atmosphere is quite American. Both Hayakawa and his wife dress in the smartest of modern modes, and the latter speaks English with the ease of one to the manner born. They are two of Hollywood's most interesting personages.

One finds in Hayakawa that consistent coolness, that deference to another's opinions which yet in no way sets his own at a disadvantage, which characterizes the majority of his race. It is impossible to obtain a glimpse of him in his manner is concealing bored or interest. It is always impassive. Only in the brief, brilliant flashes of his eyes does one catch the intense illumination within him. In his American experience, and his American clothes he yet remains a splendid example of the Japanese gentleman.

HAS THE COUNTRY GONE DRY? By RUTH TINCHER FELLOWS

Every day you hear it said
That the country has gone dry;
But with the reign of moviedom
This seems to be a lie:
For the picture show still has its flood
Of patrons every day;
The movie queen still sheds her tears
Of glycineer on the way;
The cameraman yet has his "stills,"
The musician plays a bar;
The country hero raises rye,
If he plays a movie star.

So, don't you worry too wet,
These are the reasons why:
With oceans, queens and bathing girls,
One could not call it dry!

We Will Send You This

BONCILLA

"PACKAGE-O-BEAUTY"

The complete Bon- cilla Method of facial treatment. Its use will convince you of the wonders it will do to give you that facial attractiveness you desire.

Does These Definite Things for the Face

Thousands upon thousands of users praise Boncilla Beautifier. You will yourself, after the first treatment.

Boncilla Beautifier Does These Definite Things

1. Clears the complexion and gives it a close-packed, lifelike quality.
2. Makes the skin soft and velvety.
3. Lifts out lines.
4. Removes Blackheads and Pimples.
5. Builds up drooping facial tissues and gives new life to the nerve centers.
7. Closes Enlarged Pores.

Boncilla Beautifier, the world's greatest classic, facial pack, really does the above things—we guarantee it to satisfy you or your money will be returned.

LEARN TO DANCE WELL!

DE POPULAR! Don't miss your chance! Arthur Murray is conducting a 4-week class in the fundamentals of Dancing. Evening classes, 9 to 10 p.m., Monday through Thursday, in your neighborhood for only $10.00. Every girl in town can't stop talking about the class. Get in to the class today. It pays to be popular.

To Obtain the Above Use Coupon Below

Take it to your dealer with 50 cents or send to us with 50 cents, and we will send you a return mail, postpaid.

BONCILLA LABORATORIES
415 East South Street, Indianapolis, U. S. A.

I enclose 50 cents. Please send me by return mail, postpaid, your Boncilla "Package-O-Beauty."

Name. 

Address.

Bobbed Hair

Bobbed hair, bewitchingly youthful, universally fashionable! Women and girls appreciate the comfort and vivacity of "bobbed hair." A National Bob "bobs" yours without cutting. Hairpins secure it quickly to bobbed or uncut hair. Send us $1.00 and a strand of your hair, and we will mail your "National Bob" perfectly matched. Satisfaction guaranteed, or we refund your money. Send for FREE catalog.

National Hair Nets
Special offer—send 15c for Bobber kit of 6. Guaranteed perfect extra large sizes. Send address and size (top or fringe).

65c plain
NATIONAL HAIR GOODS COMPANY
366 Sixth Ave., New York

The National
Bob

Bobbed hair, bewitchingly youthful, universally fashionable! Women and girls appreciate the comfort and vivacity of "bobbed hair." A National Bob "bobs" yours without cutting. Hairpins secure it quickly to bobbed or uncut hair. Send us $1.00 and a strand of your hair, and we will mail your "National Bob," perfectly matched. Satisfaction guaranteed, or we refund your money. Send for FREE catalog.
Why Let Your Beauty Fade?

A Skin Preserved At Twenty Is a Skin Still Fine At Fifty!

There is not one of us who wants to look old. By old, I mean, "a flabby, sagging skin and wrinkles. We do not want them nor do we need to have them. These enemies begin to come in the twenties unless care is taken to prevent them and when they once start, their tendency is to grow worse daily. Don't wait too long don't give them time to thrive. Massage helps but it is not enough.

PALMER'S FACE LOTION

It is the only remedy that actually benefits the complexion and actually prevents a flabby, sagging skin and wrinkles. It contains, among other things, elder flower water and benzoin, which for ages have been famous for beautifying the skin.

AID NATURE AND DEFY AGE

Fine Skin Is Better Than Fine Clothes

Apply Palmer's Face Lotion every night and you will be surprised at the results. It has a cooling, soothing astringent effect, and will make your skin smooth and firm. It is delightfully scented—it is a necessary luxury to milady's boudoir. After once using it, you will not be without it. Send fifty cents (coin, stamps or money order) for a trial bottle, which will be sent to you by mail, securely wrapped.

RICHARD WALLACE
Department C1
Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Song of Life
(Continued from page 65)

barrassed in the way she glanced at old Mary, mending socks at the window. "David out?" She asked the question with studied carelessness, as if laying out the pavement as usual or breaking the spell limit with some of those queer friends of his that is so literary they don't get a chance to come.

Mary's tone reproved her. "David is a great man. He'll be famous some day!" There was a queer exultation in her tone, and the color rose to her father's cheeks, "he got a letter from the publisher man this afternoon telling him to call at four. David says that's a good sign. He says if he was going to return it he wouldn't bother to have him call, he says—"

"He says—you make me tired with your 'David says!'" Aline mocked. "You think there wasn't anyone else in this family. Well, maybe there won't be pretty soon," she turned away into the bedroom and slammed the door. A jerking open of bureau drawers and rattle of hangers in the closet ensued, bringing a terrified look into the old woman's eyes. The sound fell on uncurtained fingers. She rose to her feet with a little cry as Aline came out, carrying a hand bag.

"Where are you going?" She hurried to the door into the hall, and leaned against it with the attitude of a little, frightened creature at bay. "You mustn't! Not for David's sake, the he's or crying about you and I guess it would pretty near kill him if you ran away from him. But you mustn't go for your own sake—"

Aline laughed jangally, "Don't you worry. I won come back thru the falling snow to soft music! I can take care of myself all right. As for David, I don't believe he'll know I'm gone if you don't mention it to him. He's so near dead that all he needs is a pair of silver handles to make his funeral a family."

"Wait!" said Mary again, "you poor little thing, you don't know what you're doing. I didn't know either, when I ran away from my home at twenty-five years ago. I thought, same as I s'pose you're thinking, that I was going to have a finite time, and pretty dotes and like that. Well!" after her work-scared hands, "you see what I got! I was sick of working, of doing dishes—and I've been doing dishes ever since. It was all I knew how to do.

Aline was staring at her in amaze. It was evident that she was unwillingly impressed, but she adopted an air of bravado, "Pooh! You didn't look where you was going, that's all! And anyhow, maybe you wouldn't have been any better off if you'd stay."

Mary's voice was like the cry of a hurt animal, "If I'd have stayed I'd have kept my son! And now he hates me, and there's nothing ahead—poisoned my life, but I wont let you spoil yours!—"

"You can't keep me from doing what I want," Aline said stubbornly, "and I want to go where there is music, and somebody that knows I'm alive."

Suddenly Mary seemed to shrink within herself. She stood away from the door, "No, I can't help you," she said hopelessly, "my trouble most is there have been some good after all if it would have saved you, but nobody can save a person except himself. It seems kind of wasteful, don't it?"

She hardly heard the door close on Aline. Later, hours or minutes she did
The March SHADOWLAND

ANOTHER beautiful issue of "the magazine beautiful"! Among other interesting color items is the first of a series of striking and piquant posters by Albert Vargas.

And the intriguing literary items:

Sheldon Cheney writes upon the latest investigations in setting mobile colors to music —something soon to startle the artistic world.

Babette Deutsch writes on Robert Frost, in her series of articles on foremost American poets.

Frank Harris discusses Lord Northcliffe.

Franz Molnar contributes a new one-act play, "A Street and Number."

Pitts Sanborn writes on the musical artists who are popular in their tours of the country, in "Musical Meadows."

The issue will be replete with beautiful pictures, interesting articles and live-wire interviews. You must read the March Shadowland.

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not know, when the door bell rang she needed to answer it like one groping thru the mists of a dream, and brought back the florists' box without a glance at what she held in her hands. She was standing, still holding it when the door was flung wide and David stood on the threshold, panting as tho he had been running.

"Where is Aline?" He hurled the question at her furiously, then when she did not answer he snatched the box from her hands, "I don't suppose any man is sending you flowers?" It was as if some other one stood there in David's hand, some young body, tearing the pasteboard ruthlessly apart, snarling out violent words. "I was talking to Henderson—danger him! And that boy had his shot on his desk was his picture! What was my wife's picture doing on another man's desk? It may be all right—tha's why I didn't tell him then and there—but I've got to know!" He hurled the flowers to the floor with such force that their bruised petals filled the room with swooning sweetness, as he read the card aloud.

"Richard Henderson—damn him! Oh, damn him!" Now he was almost sobbing like a hurt little boy as he caught the old woman's hands, "why was he sending Aline flowers?"

Mary spoke clearly, "Why weren't you sending her flowers?"

He winced as tho he had struck him, but his jaw went out savagely, "I want to speak to Aline—"

"She is gone," the old woman looked at him steadily, with dim, unfathomable old eyes, "An hour ago, carrying a bag—"

David caught at the table edge, and his head went back and his eyes closed with intolerable pain. Then, opening them, he laughed almost gaily with white lips. "That had about done it. No I'd have published it if I'd made a few changes—made the mother more sympathetic and so forth. But a man cant very well publish a book if he's dead—" he picked up his hat and put it on with auculious care in the arrangement.

"Where are you going?" Mary whispered.

David looked back, surprised as he went out of the door, "Why," he said, as tho answering the obvious, "I'm going to talk Richard Henderson, of course, as soon as I can get a gun."

It was this latter circumstance that brought a small, panic-stricken figure to the publisher's house just of Fifth Avenue the day after day of David. The maid who answered the bell gazed curiously at Mary's white face and wild eyes, as she faltered out that she must see Mr. Henderson—must see him. Snarled, polished, Richard Henderson bowed over the wrinkled little hand that she held out to him; "You wanted to speak to me? About what?"

Mary made no circulations, but came to the point at once, "Aline! She mustn't stay here—her husband is coming! Send for her and let me take her home."

The man's clean-shaven, rather heavy face hardened. "The lady you speak of is not here. I admit I was expecting her, but she has not arrived. No doubt she has changed her mind in the charming fashion of your charming sex." he continued to stand before her, the little crimson smile twirling on his lips, his head a trifle bent, differentially—then very slowly, as a tree falls, he pitched forward upon his face on the carpet and lay still. Mary's dazed glance met from the sprawling figure at her feet to David, standing on the threshold, holding

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No Studies

PAG1
the smoking revolver crookedly, "You've—killed him?"

"I expect so," David nodded, "I didn't aim very well. I was too excited—one ought to be very calm about a murder. There was a silencer on the gun, that's why it didn't make more noise." He might have been talking leisurely about a trivial matter, of no especial importance.

Mary went to him, holding out her hand. "Give me the gun, dearie."

"What for?" But he obeyed like a child.

"Now I want you to go home," she said soothingly, "Alina isn't here. I've got a notion she thought better of it and went back to the flat. You don't want to get her name mixed up in this, do you?"

"Not—here?" He stared at her blankly, then began to shake from head to foot, "then—I needn't have done it? Oh—God—"

She patted his arm, all her denied motherhood in her wistful eyes, "I know, dearie! Don't you worry a bit—I'll fix everything up all right. I'll explain how it was. Run along and find Alina, and David, and the house, arm, "you find her, dont you let her go again! Do you hear me, dont you let her go!"

Dazzled, only in a trance, David Tilden went out of the room and back to the house. She waited rigidly beside the dreadful figure until she was certain that he was gone, then she moved to the door and called the maid, "Shot your master," she said quietly, "maybe you'd better send for the doctor before you do the police. I wont run away."

The District Attorney had ambitions for another term, was inclined to be bitter about the new prisoner brought in for his questioning. "You expect me to prosecute that, too? Or, gentle white-haired old lady for attempted murder! I'll be the laughing-stock of the state. Why she makes you think of fresh doughnuts and waving glory covered porches and your childhood days— can't you hear the Herald and the Globe kid me? And the sob sisters will fall over themselves and splash ink around and aloud, you know as well as I do, she couldn't have done it! If she's a murderer, I'm a Hoheuzollern!"

"Oh, dearie, I'm only myself!" said the chief inspector, aggrieved, "I've been at her all night, but all she'll say is 'I did it.' We might put her thru the Third here in the office, if you say so."

"Bring her in!" the District Attorney fretted, "I declare things have come to a pretty pass when people come around begging to be put in jail! We'll try the arc light stunt on Grandma and see if we cant induce her to change her mind!"

Under an intense white glare of light from there seemed to cut up from the darkness of the world, Mary answered the questions that were hurled at her from the darkness on every side. Her eyes were red and her hair, with sleep, her head drooped, but her voice was steady and clear. "I shot him. I wont tell you why. I wont tell you where I got the gun. I shot him, yes. I was thick, began to waver, 'I—shot him—"

"Oh, damn!" sighed the District Attorney. "A gentleman to see you, sir," his secretary said woodedly, "he says that he wants to confess to shooting Mr. Henderson, sir."

"Good! Show him in!" the D. A. was visibly cheered, "Turn off the arc light boys, we've got another candidate! I (Continued on page 119)
A Hundred Times a Father

(Continued from page 68)

picture of himself as taciturn, stern and old amused him, as, indeed, it did me, now that I really saw him as he was.

"The rôle of Père Grandet is most interesting, very difficult, and something like anything I have played for some time," said Mr. Lewis. "In the first place, it is French, and I wear a beard and ragged clothes. Using it is the same as being dull. You must know your ground, the fundamentals of your characters, and while emotions may be alike in all peoples, the mode of expressing them is wonderfully different. However, I've played every nationality, was even a German—once. It was in a Raoul Walsh picture, and when it was cut, about all I did was to twirl my mustache."

A hundred times a father might describe the stage career of Ralph Lewis, for he has fathered and grandfathered almost every star of boys and companies in the cinema world.

"The habit began when, as Stone- man in "The Birth of a Nation," he grandfathered Lillian Gish, and during the intervening years they have grown splendidly. Out of the seven pictures he made last year, he appeared as the father of five stars in succession, a unique record probably never made before.

All were good roles too, for he was the reformer crook in "Outside the Law," his daughter being Priscilla Dean. He was the straightlaced father of Annette Keller in "What Women Want"; Betty Compson had him for her father in "Prisoners of Love"; another screen child was "Sowing the Wind," and he was Dorothy Phillips' father in "Man, Woman and Marriage." Besides these, Mr. Lewis grandfathered Mary Pickford in "The Hoodlum," was Douglas Fairbanks' father in "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By," and fathered Clara Kimball Young in "Eyes of Youth," and many more.

Now he is cruelly step-fathering Alice Terry. "It is mighty hard to be mean to a sweet little girl like Alice," and the genial actor smiled.

If only scripts and directors were to have, there is no doubt that Ralph Lewis would make the most indulgent screen parent, for he hasn't forgotten his own boyhood, not one mischievous prank that colored those days.

He was born in Chicago. His father, Captain E. R. Lewis, eighty years old, a prominent G. A. R., veteran, still lives there. After completing high school where his companions included Samuel Merwin and Henry Webster, Ralph entered the Northwestern University. He was initiated into the Phi Delta Theta fraternity and stayed second on the Varsity ball team.

"My father was Welsh, my mother Scotch, both belonging to a long line of dreamers, and I revolted at the thought of tiresome routine and monotony in thinking of a career," said Mr. Lewis, reviewing the early days. "I had always been interested in drama and cosmetics when I went to high school I affected long hair and low collars and could recite Byron and Keats by the yard. Naturally, I took part in the college drama and dance and when I had been chosen to join a little repertoire company, I diligently learned the fourteen plays in two weeks and started out to carve my career."

"That was in 1894. It has been a long, hard journey, with many steep grades, yet there has never been a time when I didn't love it and feel its thrill. I would rather be a fine actor than the richest man in the whole world."

In this simple statement of a great ambition lies the secret of Ralph Lewis' success. He loves his work for itself, escaping all the essence of "Pottersim"—that striving for things for what they will bring rather than the thing itself. He appreciates the art of his calling, the art of reproducing the emotions so clearly, so perfectly blended that they seem to be a natural possession, and thru his superb sincerity he has won the actor's greatest jewel, a wide versatility.

"The transitions of mood must be made rather quickly before the camera," he explained. "Look at the genius of Mary Pickford, in one short moment she presents a kaleidoscopic range of feeling which carries the audience thru every change of thought.

"I have just completed two very strong pictures, "Salvage," with Pauline Frederick, and "The Scandal," with Kathleen Williams. They are both wonderful women and exceptional artists.

Before coming into pictures, Mr. Lewis had a long and varied stage career. He played three years with Mrs. Marlowe, made fourteen plays with Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin and played with Hackett and Wilton Lackaye. He was in musical comedy with Lulu Girase and spent four years in vaudeville, most of this time playing sketches with his wife, Vera Lewis, also well known to film fans.

"I made several pictures with D. W. Griffith in New York, among them were "The Great Leap," a Kentucky melodrama, with Mae Marsh and Bobby Harron, and "The Avenging Conscience," which I consider the best picture I ever was in. There was a corking cast with Henry Walthall, Blanche Sweet, George Siegmund and Spottiswoode Aitken, and I often wonder why this picture has never been revived.

"Griffith is a great director, a great show-man. He knows human nature as few do," continued Mr. Lewis. "I came to Los Angeles to play "The Birth of a Nation." I came to stay six weeks and it was six years before I returned East."

"Last fall, my wife and I decided to go to New York and give the old haunts the once over—I thought I'd get a great kick out of it, for I had lived there twenty years. Will you believe me when I tell you that on the way from the station to the hotel we looked at each other and exclaimed in unison, "Let's go back," everything looked so different. We stayed awhile, however, saw new shows, all the old friends, and visited the nearby towns where we had tramped for years. I hunted up my favorite saloon where a bunch of young men used to hang out —it had been turned into a Greek candy shop. That was the last drop, I was ready to come back to California and remain for the time being."

"Why not? Vera and I have our work, our home, our friends, and we are very happy. We play with the same enthusiasm as we work. We enjoy entertaining our friends, the hard work, the play alike—kids, wife, family—bunch of really good people.

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Douglas Fairbanks Earle Williams Vivian Martin
Charlie Chaplin William Farnum Pauline Frederick
William S. Hart Charles Ray Billie Burke
Wallace Reid Norma Talmadge Madge Kennedy
Pearl White Constance Talmadge Elsie Ferguson
Anita Stewart Mary Miles Minter Tom Moore

These portraits are not for sale. They can be secured only by subscribing to the Motion Picture Magazine, Motion Picture Classic, Shadowland or Beauty for one year, and then they will be sent free.

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On the Camera Coast

(Continued from page 77)

old shoes or rice as the couple left on their honeymoon for San Francisco.

You remember Winifred as the blonde petite whom Bill courted—and won—in his picture, "John Petticoats." She was born in San Francisco and educated in a convent. David Wark Griffith guided her first footsteps along the celluloid way.

Later she appeared as leading woman for Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Ray, DeWolf Hopper and other stars. Only last year she went to Sweden to make a picture. Upon her return she appeared in several Selznick films.

Only a few months prior to the wedding, the Mesdames Rumor were predicting a matrimonial alliance between Bill and Jane Novak. It was known that Bill cherished a good friendship for Miss Novak, who had been his reformer in a number of buckskin dramas.

At this point no one knows what Mrs. William Hart's film plans will be. It is probable that she will continue on the screen and perhaps may star, for she was considered for a part in "Arabian Nights." It is said that Bill will be returning to work soon.

HOW ABOUT HAROLD AND TONY?

As yet Harold Lloyd and Tony Moreno, the most eligible of the remaining bachelors in the West, have showed no marked signs of deflection, but things have been cooking up in the movie business as Bill demonstrated. Marriage is like shooting, as Bill would say; it just happens suddenly, and before you know it you ain't what you was.

Harold told me the other day with a chuckle that he had stuck it out longer than his brother Gaylord, with whom he lives, but he admitted that he never can tell. He is a more or less regular escort of his leading lady, Mildred Davis. But then, he was also the gallant guide of Bebe Daniels when she was his film adored.

Tony Moreno insists that he has been staying at his club every night and has contracted a horrible habit of playing dominoes. Tony has been reported engaged at various times just to about every beauty of filmdom. Of late he has been going with the blue-eyed society people of Los Angeles, so it may be that he will marry outside the profession. He swears that he considers it bad policy to marry within—but policies do change, yuh know.

VIVE LA REINE!

First nights may come and first nights may go, but none will be starrier than that heralding the opening of Mabel Normand's "Molly-O" in the Mission Theater, Los Angeles.

From the audience standpoint it was a 35 million dollar show, proving my contention that the witching Mabel is the most popular individual in the film colony. Hardened habits bellowed and wiped their bone-rims at the optical command of Mabel. My cynical confère, Willis Goldbeck, so far abandoned himself as to be seized with a heat attack. He was stricken, as I recall, by a close-up of Mabel's eyes.

"Molly-O" has crowned Mabel Normand queen of the screen forever, and none can judge her supreme triumph with more enthusiasm than those who know her personally. Of all the cinema fair who have moved by interesting scenario, Mabel is the most genuine and enchanting.

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**HAYAKAWA’S JAP PARTY**

Once or twice a year, Sessue Hayakawa and his wife, the ex-actress, Taunde Noki, entertain the Japanese youth of Los Angeles. During the holidays they gave a ball at their home, the Castle Glengarry, for the gentle and singers. A Hawaiian orchestra furnished song and music, and during the evening there were interpolations of hula and Japanese dances. Mr. and Mrs. Hayakawa, the president of the Japan Society in Los Angeles for the purpose of discovering and developing talent among their countrymen. He is educating several men at his own expense.

**ANOTHER SPANiard WITH US**

The public most certainly is showing a predilection for foreigners. The success of "The Four Horsemen" was due in some measure to the dance moment and romantic appeal of Rudolph Valentino. Recognizing this—after Van Dyke and Hogan had made the Metro lot—director Rex Ingram went forth and found a young Spaniard, Ramon Samaniegos, who is playing Rupert in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Samaniegos also is a dancer, formerly with the Marion Morgan group. His only screen experience, prior to playing Rupert, was in the leading juvenile role of "The Rubaiyat," which Ferdinand Pinney Earle has been working on for more than a year. Yes, my dainties, Ramon is très, très beautiful.

**HARRY CAREY DESAIRS**

After writing letters to various senators, secretaries and other potentates interested in disarmament, Harry Carey, Universal star, has decided to join with Balfour, Briand and Kato in bringing about world peace. He will disarm. Or maybe he will carry a squirrel gun instead of the hardy gat which has brought down so many villains of the opposition party. Senator Lodge in a letter to Harry—I believe it was Lodge—said he thought gun-toting on the screen was suggestive of unkindness and that the situation should be denied the spectacle. With gun and jocker gone, the cowboy's teeth are well-nigh drawn. All he can do is drain schooners of malted milk and stick out his tongue at the villain.

**THE STORK ACTIVE**

Despite the depression in the industry, the Stork, Inc., is filing orders as usual. He is expected at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mix, this spring, following a call at the Buster Keaton residence. Mr. Mix's nine-year-old daughter—a previous marriage was recently placed in an Eastern school after some legal discussion between Tom and his former wife.

**COLLEEN MOORE, GODMOTHER**

Colleen Moore now acts as godmother to the infant daughter of Director Sidney and Mrs. James Patrick Hogan. The fortunate child was christened Colleen Patricia Hogan, being of pure French stock.

**NO FAIR SPANKING**

Mrs. Jacques Jaccard has sued for divorce and one thousand a month alimony, alleging, in her petition, that her husband often spanked her. Before getting married and spanked, she was Helen Dracca Leslie, flickering occasionally on the screen.
to the dull routine of the many, many days which have gone before.

There is a vibrant chord within and Luhn goes on, finally achieving her shining goal.

We feel a personal interest in the screen production of “Miss Lulu Bett.” We read the book and saw the stage play. Could we have selected the director, we would have selected William B. de Mille, as Mr. Lasky did. And we would have selected Lois Wilson, also as Mr. Lasky did, for the title role. Theodore Roberts plays Dwight Deacon; Ethel Wales portrays Grandma Bett, who finds tantrums the easiest way to an easy life. If Lulu plays the vapid Mrs. Deacon; Helen Ferguson is cast as Diana; May Giraci, as Monona; Milton Sills is Neil Cornish, and Clarence Burton is Nixan Deacon, Dwight’s roving brother.

We had not thought about the rest of the cast, up until the time we saw the picture, but in this, too, we agree with Mr. Lasky’s “Miss Lulu Bett”, of the screen will probably equal her two earlier achievements in the world of novels and the stage.

THE LOTUS EATER—FIRST NATIONAL

It is seldom, indeed, that John Barrymore comes with his gift to the screen. Far too seldom. That is, perhaps, why we begrudge his presence to “The Lotus Eater.”

This is an interesting production, delightfully directed by Marshall Neilan who has done consistently splendid things of late. However, it offers John Barrymore no particular opportunity. There are a number of screen actors who could have played the part, which is the main role in which Mr. Barrymore is cast. They would not have played him quite so skillfully perhaps, but it would not have made any material difference whether they did or not.

The story is a fantastic and improbable fabric, richly interwoven with a satirical background. As a matter of fact, the proportion of the audience which sat behind us declared the greater part of the production to be more a dream. We wanted to advise them of their error and explain it was rather a burlesque of the high civilization in which we live but we deferred.

The plot concerns the adventures of Jacques, who, in accordance with an unfortunate father’s will, is kept upon a yacht until his twenty-fifth birthday. Naturally, this has a disastrous result, for the very first girl he meets upon his arrival in the city he believes to be the girl of his heart. Two or three reels find their background in the fashionable circles of New York. The other part of the story is laid on an island in the Pacific, inhabited entirely by shipwrecked persons who have only very roughly, preferring Crescent robes, tipless barbershops and free restaurants to the civilization from which their particular shipwreck rescued them. This is the episode which the audience behind us declared a dream.

The cast includes Anna Q. Nilsson, Wesley Barry and Colleen Moore, all of whom are excellent.

Mr. Neilan has made the utmost of his story and was fortunate in having John Barrymore for his leading man. Mr. Barrymore is the part, and was cast for his role in the stage play. We hope that someday he will be permitted to give the screen another production similar to “Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.” We suggest Oscar Wilde’s “Dorian Gray.”

THE LITTLE MINISTER—FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY

The Vitagraph Company controls the screen rights to J. M. Barrie’s story of “The Little Minister.” Famous Players-Lasky control the screen rights to all of the Frohman plays, and “The Little Minister” was a Frohman play.

That is how there have come to be two productions of “The Little Minister.” And, incidentally, both of them were filmed at practically the same time.

It is the Famous Players-Lasky screen version which we saw, the version directed by Perrymn Stanlaws, in which Betty Compson plays Lady Babbie and George Hackathorn is entrusted with the title role.

Months have passed since we have enjoyed anything more than we enjoyed this charming tale of the provincial Scottish town, inhabited chiefly by poor weavers, governed first by the little minister and the elders of the kirk, and then by the Englishman up in the great house upon the hill. There is no vital plot to the story, which tells how Lady Babbie, from the great house, alleviates the poverty of the weavers when she passed thru the town in the guise of a gypsy, and finally finds a romance with the little minister. But it is, all of it, fraught with a whimsical charm which is delightfully refreshing.

Betty Compson brings to the screen a rare personality, and to the role of Lady Babbie, in particular, a deep understanding. She plays it with that whimsical poetry which is charming. George Hackathorn will long be associated with the title rôle and pleasant things might be said of every individual member of the cast.

To Perrymn Stanlaws there must go a great measure of credit for his editorial judgment. At no time are you conscious of the mechanical workings of the production. It moves along surely, always possessed of your interest, always receptive of your sympathy.

MY BOY—FIRST NATIONAL

This story permits Jackie Coogan to wear the same huge and tattered trousers, the same hokey sweater and the same cap which he wore with such success in “The Kid.” It permits him several opportunities similar to those of “The Kid,” telling, as it does, of a little steerage passenger who takes up his abode with an old sea captain upon his arrival in America. After days of caring for the room in which they live, sacrifice and baby caresses, the little fellow wins the hardened heart of the old fellow, and, thru it all, Jackie fulfills the great promise he offered with Chaplin in “The Kid.”

Personally, we feel that “My Boy” is a trite story, totally lacking in suspense, manufactured to permit its tiny and very capable star to do many of the things he has done with such success before. But at the same time, we realize the great difficulty which must undoubtedly be encountered in finding story material for Master Coogan.

Claude Gillingwater, who was so very excellent as the Earl in “Little Lord Fauntleroy,” plays the old captain, and while his performance does not equal its predecessor, it is, nevertheless, a splendid performance.

As for Jackie Coogan himself—he is certainly far from being a flash in the pan—he is possessed of no uncertain or limi...
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short ability. The teachings of Chaplin are still manifest in his work, and we hope that it will be possible to secure a vehicle permitting him unlimited opportunities in the near future.

A FOOl'S PARADISE—FAMOUS PLAYERS—LASKY

This latest Cecil B. de Mille production is a feature production and a travelog all in one. As a matter of fact, some one said there was just everything in "A Fool's Paradise" but the Siamese Twins. They were correct.

The story is Leonard Merrick's "The Laurera and the Lady," but it has been so remodeled, expurgated and elaborated that there is but a slight resemblance to the tale of Merrick's.

The plot concerns itself with a prospector in the Western oil fields, Willy Childers by name, and his love for Rosa Duchene, a dancer, who comes to the fields with her company—it concerns itself, too, with Poll Patchouli and her love for Willy.

Poll, who in the very beginning would seem to be the most unworthy of all of the characters, proves to be the finest soul among them. She finds her renascence in love, and after enacting the works to satisfy his love for the butterfly dancer, Willy Childers returns to her and the great love she offers.

This story is not typical De Mille material. There was only a short episode which found the characters in India or some far Eastern clime, which permitted Mr. de Mille to indulge in a lavish luxury, but in these scenes everything in the world was done to compensate for the crudity of the mining camp.

Mildred Harris is the dancer, and Conrad Nagel plays Willy Childers. Dorothy Dalton, however, in the role of Poll Patchouli, carries off the honors of the picture. We have never seen Miss Dalton to more splendid advantage.

ORPHANS OF THE STORM—UNIITED ARTISTS

The latest D. W. Griffith production, "Orphans of the Storm," comes during a month when the new pictures have been unusually fine. When ninety per cent of them have had something very definite to recommend them. But it loses nothing by comparison. It stands forth surely—Griffith has done greater things.

There is always "Broken Blossoms." And "Orphans of the Storm," before being a great picture, permits both Lillian and Dorothy Cash personal triumphs.

The story is that of the "Two Orphans," which has been filmed before. It is because these two productions were to be re- issued that Griffith changed the title of his work to "Orphans of the Storm." This is apt, inasmuch as the French Revolution has been staged as a vibrant background for the tale, throbbing and poignant, of the two rural French girls, Henriette and Louise, who come to the city. They come to Paris, hoping that a surgeon will be able to restore Loinie's sight —the story of how she falls into the clutches of the old hag, Mother Fouchard, and is forced to go thru the streets, tattered and begging, is familiar to everyone.

We have marveled over the stupendous staging of innumerable European productions; have gasped over their ballroom scenes and feet backgrounds. In "Orphans of the Storm," Mr. Griffith causes us to gasp anew.

Whether or not history has been faithfully portrayed, it is not possible for us to say—we remember several discrepancies, but in haring up them we would feel peculism.

Griffith always finds it well to have a

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$SELL US YOUR SPARETIME$
The Song of Life
(Continued from page 112)

I don’t know when I’ve seen such a popular crime!”

David Tilden made a warning gesture. “As Mary rose to meet him, “It’s no use! I didn’t realize yesterday you meant to take the blame—I guess I didn’t realize much of anything yesterday.” He turned to the silent circle of listeners, “you see, she’s trying to spare me, sir, because she’s my mother. I just found that out too.”

The District Attorney held his head, “Just found out she was your mother! Oh, what a story for the papers! Why couldn’t you have put off shooting Hender-son till election day?”

Mary cast a single agonized glance at David, then looked away. “Don’t believe him! He’s trying to take the blame because he’s my son. I shot him! I shot him! I shot him—”

The telephone shrilled across the mon-otony of her confession. “Another ward! Murder! I suppose!” ground the District Attorney, jerking down the receiver, “well, hullo! Yes, I’m him—or I’m he or whatever it is! What’s that you say! Only a besotted fool! Hen- derson says he won’t prosecute because he doesn’t want it in the papers? Oh, very well.

He exclaimed the receiver on the hook and turned back to the dogged old wom-an and her equally determined young man. “Go on! Get out of here and don’t you let me hear of your trying to break into our jail again! I declare you both not guilty, but don’t do it again!”

But he was not to get rid of his un-welcome guest so easily. Mary was speaking to her son as tho they were alone in the room. “Aline told you what I said to her? That’s how you guessed?”

David told me a good many things that I didn’t understand be-fore! I see now how dull it must have been for her—and for you—”

out his arms, “I’m going to try to make it up to both of you!”

The small face under the grey hair quivered into a piteous, frightened smile, “You dont mean—of course—that you could forgive me?” Mary whispered, “You you couldn’t mean that?”

“Forgive you!” cried David, “after what I did yesterday I dont feel qualified to do much forgiving myself!”

“Father! what I did yesterday—”

“For the love of Pete, have they begun that all over again?” muttered the Dis-trict Attorney, but his eyes were sus-piciously moist as he led his cohorts away, leaving Mary in the haven she had traveled such a weary way to reach—her son’s arms.

On the Camera Coast
(Continued from page 116)

BETTY’S COUSIN IN FILMS

Bettty Compson’s cousin, Thelma Worth, has left college to illustrate the films with her blonde beauty. She is following in the footsteps of the celebrated relative by starting out in machine-gun costumes. Her first appearance will be noted in “Be Careful,” with Monty Banks. I think of no better advice for Thelma than the title of her first picture.

ANOTHER VAUDEVILLIST

Louise Fazenda, who used to be chased by the geese at the Black Sennet lot, has determined never to be touched by pie again. She is traveling the vaudeville route, now, the popular forerunners for so many popular films.

BACK TO NATURE

Pauline Frederick, who favors cowboys and cowboys, is getting closer to nature in preparation for the spring. Tired of the luxurious environment of her chateau between Hollywood and Bever-ly Hills, she has built a rustic bungalow on the estate and there will dine al fresco when in the mood.

MAY AND EDDIE DENY

Edward Sutherland had to come for-ward recently and deny his alleged engagement to marry May McAvoy. When I met Eddie on the boulevard the other morning, neatly attired in his morning dress of sun glasses and knickerbockers, he intimated that he had started the propa-ganda. And I wouldn’t be surprised if I were right, for I have never known M. Sutherland to be so industrious before. He now will give up a game of golf most any time just to help out Jesse Lasky or some other poor producer in need of a leading man. This is particularly true when the call happens to be for a leading role with Miss McAvoy.

A HARDY SOUL MATE

Rudolph Valentino recently told a re-porter that he wanted a soul mate. His wife, Jean Acker, suring for separation and claiming that Ruddy knocked her down, used her perfume and performed other acts of violence, came forth with the decla-ration that she was his soul mate only he didn’t realize it. After embarrassing him with all sorts of allegations in the court-room, she declared she adored him! Just a woman’s sweet way, I suppose. Well, by this time the judge has granted a separation or divorce or other nominal severance, but, take it from Jean, their souls go marching on!
PERSPIRATION

can be remedied without harm to the skin or clothing. There are several
deoctants known to chemistry, but there is only one formula that possesses
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Greenroom Jottings
(Continued from page 80)

was too great. Mary stole a few days
and gave them to a visit in her home
in Brooklyn where she has not been
for four years.

Pola Negri, who caused such a furore
by her appearance in several of the
film importations which have come to
our screen, chiefly among them "Pasion"
and "Gypsy Blood," is soon to visit
our shores. Needless to say, the
various interviewers on the magazines
and newspapers are already planning
to interview her. Be prepared to learn
her favorite color, vegetable and au-
thor. There will be a deluge of Negri
interviews!

"The Shepard King" is to be shadow-
owed. J. Gordon Edwards, having
completed "Nero," which took him to
Rome in the interests of the Fox Film
Company, is about to start on "The
Shepard King." It will be Mr. Ed-
ward's next European production.

There is a story being written re-
garding the life of Jackie Coogan
which reveals his long career, from
the time of his first stage appearance
at the age of eighteen months. We
have heard it said that it will be an
autobiography.

Lon Chaney came to New York long
enough to play with Hope Hampton
in her forthcoming production. He
plays a crook of lower New York.
E. K. Lincoln, long a cinema favorite,
is seen opposite Miss Hampton.

FROM MR. EVERY-FAN

By THERESE H. McDONNELL

When my day is long and weary,
I am tired and feeling blue—
Sometimes, far away from home-folks,
In a world of faces, new—
Then, I'm longing for the night-time,
For I put dull care to rout
And forget about my troubles,
When
the
Stars
come
out.

Watching someone else's problems—
Makes me soon forget my woes,
As, with them, I walk in fancy,
Through the land of "Let's Suppose ."

And I just can't help a-hoping
I'll be happy, without doubt,
Like the ending of the stories,
When
the
Stars
come
out.

Won't you tell all of the "knockers"—
Always the censor-men, and things—
To realize the happiness
That every picture brings!
Why, they should not try to change them
(They don't know what they're about),
For there won't be any sunshine,
If
the
Stars
go
out.
The Invisible Director behind each R-C Picture

"We will keep faith with the public" is the invisible ideal written between the lines of every story that sees the light as an R-C picture.

Pledged to this principle, R-C writers, directors, stars and camera men, playing with all the emotions and passions that sweep the human mind, create a world of shadows that loving, daring, flaming with hate or ablaze with noble purpose, roar and strut and creep across the screen.

We have no desire to make the most stupendous, spectacular production ever filmed. We have no purpose to produce all the motion pictures.

We have a very great ambition, already begun to be realized, that wherever people see the R-C mark instinctively they will know "There is a clean, clever, beautifully staged and beautifully acted photoplay."

For a solid hour of intensely interesting drama that will send you home with a pleasant thrill of satisfaction we invite you to see Pauline Frederick in "Two Kinds of Women."

Pauline Frederick in "Two Kinds of Women"

At the untimely death of her father Judith Sanford (Pauline Frederick) inherits one of the biggest farming and stock raising enterprises in the West. Coming home to take control she finds herself engulfed in a venomous plot to despoil her. To circumvent the conspirators calls for great diplomacy, feminine finesse and the most audacious physical risk. The resources of this dual-natured, high-bred western girl are taxed to the limit, but from the very lips of ruin, with the loyal support of a few faithful employees, she snatches mastery—only to lose her heart.

R-C PICTURES
New York
Corliss Palmer Powder

is the result of scientific research and experiment. Miss Palmer, by winning first prize in the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, was adjudged the Most Beautiful girl in America, and her beauty articles in the Motion Picture Magazine have attracted wide attention.

We have secured the exclusive American rights to manufacture Miss Palmer's Powder. We put it up in pretty boxes, which will be mailed to any address, postage prepaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents a box. It comes in only one shade and is equally desirable for blondes and brunettes. It is a powder that does not look like powder—"art that conceals art."

Do not think of sitting for a portrait without first using this powder! And it is perfected for the photogallery, for evening functions, for street use, in the Movies and everywhere. Send a fifty cent coin (well wrapped to prevent its cutting thru envelope) or 1-cent or 2-cent stamps and we will mail you a box of this exquisite powder.

Beware of imitations and accept no substitutes warranted to be "just as good." There is nothing else like it on the market.

Extracts from Motion Picture Magazine
April, 1921

I have tried about every powder on the market, and have done considerable experimenting on myself and on others. There is no denying that there are several very fine powders on the market, but I felt that none just suited me, and so I determined to make one that did. You see, in the first place, I had some very peculiar ideas about the complexion and was very hard to please. I am very particular about things and staring qualities, and I want a powder that does not look like powder, that will not blow off in the first gust of wind, that is not too heavy nor too light, that will not mar the complexion, and that will not change color when it becomes moist from perspiration or from the natural oil that comes from the pores of the skin. I also like a pleasant aroma to my powder, and one that lingers. After experimenting with powdered starch, French chalk, magnesium carbonate, powdered corn roof, rice powder, precipitated chalk, rice meal, and other chemicals, and after consulting authorities as to the effects of each of these on the skin, I finally settled on a formula that has been tried out under all conditions and that suits me to a Becky. And, most important of all, perhaps, this powder which finally perfected had the remarkable quality of being equally good for the face, for evening dress and for motion picture make-up. I use the same powder before the camera for exteriors and interiors, and for daily use in real life. So many of my friends, and they will tell me that they will use no other no long as they can get mine. As to the tint, it is a mixture of many colors. I learned from an artist years ago that there are no solid flat colors in nature. Look carefully at anything you choose and you will see every color of the rainbow in it. Take a square inch of sky, for instance, and examine it closely and you will find every color there. Just so with the face. Any portrait painter will tell you that he uses nearly every color when painting flesh. Nothing is white—not even snow, because it reflects every color that is around it. White face powder is absurd. White is not a color. The general tone of my powder is something like that of a white satin. I therefore call it "Corliss Palmer Peach Bloom Powder."

Corliss Palmer

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Take a lesson from Cleopatra, who kept her youthful beauty long after girlhood's days had passed. She used cosmetics to embellish and enhance her charm, just as women do today. But the foundation was a skin thoroughly and healthfully cleansed from all clogging and dangerous accumulations.

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Palmolive is blended from the same palm and olive oils Cleopatra used—they are the mildest, most soothing ingredients science has been able to discover.

The scientific combination of these rare oils produces a smooth, creamy, lotion-like lather. Palmolive soothes and beautifies while it cleanses. It keeps the skin of the face and body beautifully soft and smooth.

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It is absolutely essential to complexion beauty to wash your face thoroughly once a day. Palmolive makes this cleansing doubly beneficial by its mildness.

The profuse, creamy lather penetrates each tiny pore, removing the deposits of dirt, oil and perspiration which cause clogging and enlargement. Such cleansing is the secret of fresh, smooth skins, as results prove.

Don't neglect the body
Care of the complexion only begins with the face. Neck, arms and shoulders should be kept white and smooth.

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VIOLET CREIGHTON

How little Social Errors Ruined Their Biggest Chance

VIOLET CREIGHTON was proud of her husband. And she had reason to be. Mr. Brandon was at the very bottom of the ladder. Now he was almost at the top. One more decisive step—and they would be ready to step across the boundary, for the second time, of wealth, power and influence.

No wonder Ted was elated when he brought the good news home. "Well, Vi, it has come at last!" he beamed. "Brothers has left and I'm to be first the first time, the Creighhons are going to be one of the vice-presidents of the company!"

Violet was duly surprised—and delighted. "The wife of an officer of company," she laughed. "Sounds good, doesn't it?" and together they planned for the wonderful days to come, of the big things he would accomplish and the charming functions of which she was to be a part. Yet both of their happy planning was a subtle, unexpressed fear which both realized—yet which both ignored.

The Creighhons Suffer Keen Humiliation

Violet, sitting by herself and quietly to the conversation. She wished that Mrs. Roberts would not watch her, that she would not make any more mistakes, that the order would soon be over. The butler stopped at her side with a dish of olives. "Here we are, ma'am," he said. "A boy or not?" With a start, Ted turned toward his host. He had not been listening. He had not been paying attention. How could he, when directly opposite him, before all the guests, his wife was taking off her hat with a fork? Violet glared up and saw the look of horror in his eye. She crumpled, became embarrassed. But though Mr. Brandon seemed mildly surprised and Mrs. Roberts seemed very near the edge of smiling, the incident was smoothed over and conversation began once again.

For Ted, the evening was irretrievably spoiled. He knew that the others were watching Violet and him, reading in their embarrassment their lack of social knowledge, consequently their ill-bred and uncultured. But when the ladies rose from the table to retire to the drawing room, and he rose at their follow, he knew by the amused glances of the others that they had hopelessly failed, that they had socially disgraced themselves.

He wasn't surprised, then, when Mr. Brandon remarked, after the other guests had left and Violet had stepped into the next room for her scarf. "I'm sorry, Creighton, but I've decided to consider Roberts for the vacancy. I need a man whose social position is assured, who can meet men of any position comfortably. The executive in our company must be able to make a good impression, for we are completely dependent on the type of men one instinctively trusts and respects."

An Opportunity Is Lost

At home that night, Violet refused to be comforted. "It was all my fault—I have spoiled your best chance," she cried, but Ted knew that he was as much to blame as she. "Another chance is bound to come," he assured her. "They will be ready for it. I'm going to buy a new book of etiquette at once."

The second volume of the Book of Etiquette was in her hands, and she saw how easy it was, how to acquire the social knowledge, the social poise and dignity that are the outgrowth of correct training. Yet, as she read, she knew that violet would not need to be humiliated again. They would never make mistakes again. They would never be humiliated again. Here was the very immense new knowledge, the knowledge of do's and don'ts, of what to say, to write and wear on all occasions. Ted and Violet read parts of the Book of Etiquette together every evening. It revealed to them all the mistakes they had made, and told them exactly what they were to do, how to act, with complete, absolutely a revelation! By the time they had finished that splendid book they knew that they would ever after be well poised and at ease even in the company of the most brilliant celebrities!

The Importance of the Book of Etiquette to You

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A Metro Production
Agnes Ayres in Sir Gilbert Parker's story
"The Lane That Had No Turning"
Thomas Meighan in "A Prince There Waited"
From George M. Cohan's play and the novel, "Enchanted Hearts," by Darragh Aldrich
Marion Davies in "The Bride's Play" 
by Donn Byrne
Supervised by Cosmopolitan Productions
Rebe Daniels in "Nancy from Nowhere" 
by Grace Drew and Kathryn Finperton
A Reallart Production
A George Fitzmaurice Production
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A Reallart Production
Cecil B. DeMille's Production
"Saturday Night," by Jessie Macpherson
Betty Compson in "The Law and the Woman"
Adapted from the Clyde Fitch play, "The Woman in the Case"
A Porthay Stanlaws Production
"One Glorious Day"
With Will Rogers and Lila Lee
By Walter Woods and O. B. Barringer
George Melford's Production
"Marx of the Lady Letty"
With Dorothy Dalton
From the story by Frank Norris
May McAvoy in "A Homespun Vamp" 
By Hector Turnbull
A Reallart Production
"Boomerang Bill"
With Lionel Barrymore, by Jack Boyle
A Cosmopolitan Production
Ethel Clayton in "Her Own Money" 
Adapted from the play by Mark Swan
"John S. Robertson's Production
"Love's Boomerang," with Ann Forrest
From the novel, "Perpetua"
By Dion Clayton, Calthrop
Constance Binney in "Midnight"
By Harvey Thew. A Reallart Production
Pola Negri in "The Red Peacock"
Bebe Daniels in "A Game Chicken"
By Nina Wilcox Putnam
A Reallart Production
William S. Hart in "Travelin' On" 
Adapted by William S. Hart
A William S. Hart Production
Ethel Gerson and Wallace Reid in "Peter Ibbetson" 
by George Du Maurier
A George Fitzmaurice Production
"The Mistress of the World"
A series of Four Paramount Pictures with Mia May. Directed by Joe May
From the novel by Carl Pigor
Wallace Reid in "The World's Champion"
Based on the play "The Champion"
By A. E. Thomas and Thomas Louden
Gloria Swanson in "Harry's Husband's Trademark"
By Clara Beranger
Wanda Hawley in "Bobbed Hair"
By Hector Turnbull. A Reallart Production
Cecil B. DeMille's Production
"Fool's Paradise"
Suggested by Leonard Merrick's story "The Laurels and the Lady"
Constance Binney in "The Sleep Walker"
By Aubrey Stauffer. A Reallart Production
Marion Davies in "Beauty's Worth"
By Sophie Kerr
A Cosmopolitan Production
Betty Compson in a William D. Taylor Production
"The Green Temptation"
From the musical play "The Moon"
By Constance Lindsay Skinner
May McAvoy in "Through a Glass Window"
By Olgia Printzianu. A Reallart Production
"Find the Woman," with Alma Rubens
By Arthur Somers Roche
A Cosmopolitan Production
Ethel Clayton in "The Cradle"
Adapted from the play by Eugéne Brieux
Mary Miles Minter in "The Heart Specialist"
By Mary Morrison. A Reallart Production
Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt in "Bought and Paid For"
A William de Mille Production. Adapted from the play by George Broadhurst
Pola Negri in "The Devil's Pawn"
Dorothy Dalton in "Tharon of Lost Valley"
Wanda Hawley in "The Truthful Liar"
By Will Payne. A Reallart Production
John S. Robertson's Production
"The Spanish Jade," by Maurice Hewlett
"Is Matrimony a Failure?"
By T. Roy Barnes, Lily Lee, Lois Wilson and Walter Hiers
Gloria Swanson in Elinor Glyn's "Beyond the Rocks"
Mia May in "My Man"
Marion Davies in "The Young Diana"
By Marie Corelli
A Cosmopolitan Production
Jack Holt and Bebe Daniels in "A Stampede Madonna"
A George Fitzmaurice Production
"The Man from Home"
With James Kirkwood, Anna Q. Nilsson, Norman Kerry, Dorothy Cumming and John Milhorn
From the play by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson
Agnes Ayres in "The Ordeal"
Thomas Meighan in "The Proxy Daddy"
And from the novel by Edward Peple
Wallace Reid in "Across the Continent"
By Byron Morgan
Sir Gilbert Parker's story, "Over the Border"
With Betty Compson and Tom Moore
A Porthay Stanlaws Production
"Sisters," by Kathleen Norris
A Cosmopolitan Production
George Melford's Production
"The Cat That Walked Alone"
With Dorothy Dalton
Thomas Meighan in "The Leading Citizen"
by George Ade
Pola Negri in "The Eyes of the Mummy"
Jack Holt in "The Man Unconquerable"
By Hamilton Smith
Ethel Clayton in "For the Defense"
From the play by Ben Hecht
Mia May in "West Conquers"
Agnes Ayres in "The Three of Us"
By Rachel Crothers
"The Beauty Shop"
With Reymond Hitchcock
From the musical comedy by Channing Pollock and Renoul Wolf
A Cosmopolitan Production
Mary Miles Minter in "South of Suva"
By Ewart Adamson

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Motion Picture Magazine

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Founded by J. Stuart Blackton

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82
Stage Plays That Are Worth While

Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for future reference.

Apollo.—"Orphans of the Storm." D. W. Griffith's latest epic of the screen, a re-telling of the old melodrama, "The Two Orphans," with a French Revolution as the background. Lillian and Dorothy Gish have the leading roles. This is Griffith at his best and the photoplay is well worth viewing.

Belasco.—Lenore Ulric in "Kiki." David Belasco's production of Renan's piquant adaptation of Pierre Carlet's French farce. Miss Ulric scores one of the big hits of the season with her brilliant playing of a little garnet of the Paris music halls. You will love Kiki as you loved Peg—but differently. A typically excellent Belasco cast.


Broadhurst.—"Marjolaine," a musical adaptation of Louis N. Parker's romantic comedy, "Pomander Walk." An above-the-average, intelligent offering with able lyrics by Brian Hooker and a tuneful score by Hugo Felix. Little Mary Hay runs away with the hit of the piece, although Lenox Pawle and Peggy Wood are more than adequate in the featured roles.

Casino.—"Tangerine," with Julia Sanderson. A pleasant and entertaining musical comedy with scenes revolving between that alimony center, Ludlow Jail, and an isle in the South Seas, where the women do all the working and the men do all the music.

Century.—"The Chocolate Soldier." An attractive revivial of the delightful comic opera, with Donald Brian and Tessa Kosta featured.

Cohan.—"The Perfect Fool," with Ed Wynn. A musical concoction in which Wynn is the whole show. He was never funnier, or at least he supports his singing by a splendid cast of the Meyako sisters, personable Japanese maids.

Ethinge.—"The Demi-Virgin." Avery Hopwood's latest "thin ice farce." The locale is that modern tablet Babylon, Hollywood, and the opus shows movies in the making. The big scene reveals a daring "strip plot" at the end time, and time prodigious. A typically excellent Belasco cast.

Eltinge.—"The Theatre Guild's" production of the Andreayev tragedy of a circus clown, told with all the haunting overtones of the Russians.

Harris.—"Six-Cylinder Love," with Ernest Truex. The season's biggest sell-out and a real hit. Presenting the amusing problems of Weber and Fields. The first revue, "Bombo," is nearly all Al Jolson, altho there are pretty girls aplenty. The Hart sisters stand out of the ensemble.

Klaw.—"Lilies of the Field," with Marie Doro starred. Another flip and slangy "gold digger" play.

Marine Elliott's.—"The Mountain Man," with Sidney Blackmer. A charming Clare Kummer comedy of a rugged man of the Virginia hills and how he became the pride of a Paris product. Superbly played by Sidney Blackmer. This is one of the pleasant things of the season.

Morse Hall.—Irving Berlin's "Music Box Revue." The biggest musical hit of the year. A result of a superseding entertainment, studded with clever comic hits. The fine cast includes Sam Bernard, Willie Collier, Florence Moore, Wilda Bennett, Mr. Berlin himself, Mr. Marguerite, Emma Haig and Rose Roland. The staging is a credit to Hassard Short.

Palace.—Keith Vaudeville. The home of America's best vaudeville.

Plymouth.—"The Deluge." An interesting revivial of the Henning Berger drama, depicting the reactions of impending death on a number of people imprisoned by a flood.

Republic.—"Lawful Larceny." A conventional melodrama by Samuel Shipman, with a cast including Margaret Lawrence, Allan Dinhart, Lowell Sherman and Gail Kane.

Selwyn.—"The Blue Kitten." An exceedingly mild musical entertainment intended to please the tired business man. Joseph Cawthorne and Lillian Lorraine are featured. Miss Lorraine's costumes are the last word in chic, and Margaret Lawrence, Allan Dinhart, Lowell Sherman and Gail Kane.

Times Square Theater.—Allan Pollock, in "A Bill of Divorcement." An imported English play by Clemente Dane, dealing with the British divorces. The story of a bachelor who returns after sixteen years of shell-shocked insanity and the resultant effects upon his household. Mr. Pollock is excellent, and Katherine Cornell gives an admirable performance of his high-strung daughter.

Vanderbilt.—"Anna Christie," with Pauline Lord. Arthur Hopkins' able production of Eugene O'Neill's newest drama—a powerful tale of the sea and the helpless human drifters in life. Miss Lord gives the performance of the season, the old sailor's daughter, while George Marion and Frank Shannan give superb aid.


doing

ON TOUR


"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," with Ina Claire. A lively and more or less piquant Parisian importation, with a very daring boudoir scene. Barry Baxter stands out of the cast.

NERVOUS AMERICANS

By Paul von Boeckmann

Lecturer and Author of numerous books and treatises on Mental and Physical Energy, Respiration, Psychology, and Nerve Culture

We are the most "high strung" people on Earth. The average American is a bundle of nerves, ever ready to spring into action, mentally and physically. The restless energy of American is proverbial.

We may well be proud of our alert, active, and sensitive nerves, as they indicate the highest state of civilization, courage, ambition, and force of character, but this high nerve tension has not been without its grave dangers and serious consequences. Neurologists agree that we are more subject to nervous disorders than any other nation. Our "Mile a Minute Life" is tearing our nerves to shreds and we are deteriorating into a nation of Neurotics.

Since the Nervous System generates the mysterious power we term Nerve Force, that controls and gives life and energy to every muscle, every vital organ, every drop of blood and cell of the body, nerve exhaustion necessarily must result in a long train of ailments and weaknesses.

The noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves should be in order."

How often do we hear of people running from doctor to doctor, seeking relief from a mysterious "something-the-matter" with them, though repeated examinations fail to indicate that any particular organ is weak or diseased. In nearly every case it is Nerve Exhaustion—Lack of Nerve Force.

The symptoms of nerve exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows:

FIRST STAGE: Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling," especially in the back and knees.

SECOND STAGE: Nervousness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headaches; backache; neuritis; rheumatism, and other pains.

THIRD STAGE: Serious mental disturbances; fear, undue worry, melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies, and, in extreme cases, insanity.

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental instability, you may be sure your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

Nerve Force is the most precious gift of Nature. It means everything—your happiness, your health, your success in life. You should know all there is to learn about your nerves—how to relax, calm, and soothe your nerves, so that after a severe nerve strain you can rebuild your lost Nerve Force, and keep yourself physically and mentally fit.

I have written a 64-page book which is pronounced by students of the subject to be the most valuable and practical work ever written on nervousness. The title of the book is "Nerve Force." It teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves. The cost is only 25 cents (coin or stamps). Address Paul von Boeckmann, Studio No. 114, 110 West 40th St., New York.

The only way to judge the value of this book is to read it, which you may do at your own risk. In other words, if after applying the advice given in this book it does not meet your fullest expectations, I shall return your money, plus the outlay of postage you may have incurred. I have advertised my various books on health, breathing and other subjects in this and other magazines for more than 20 years, which is ample evidence of my responsibility and integrity. Over a million copies have been sold.

You should send for this book to-day. It is for you, whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living; for to be dull-nerved means to be dull brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more important it is that you care for your nerves. The book is especially important to those who have "high strung" nerves and those who must tax their nerves to the limit. The following are extracts from letters from people who have read the book and were greatly benefited by the teachings set forth therein.

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have read your book at least ten times."

A woman writes: "Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping so well and in the morning I feel so rested."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

The APRIL SHADOWLAND

As sprightly and as daintily winning as the first Spring days of April will be the SHADOWLAND issue for that month. Replete with beautiful pictures and gorgeous color plates, the April number will set a new high water mark even for SHADOWLAND.

Among the interesting articles will be:

Kenneth MacGowan, whose new book, "The Theater of Tomorrow," is the talk of the stage world, will be represented by an absorbing article on Leon Bakst.

Pitts Sanborn, the well-known music critic, writes on "Musical Spain in the United States."

Louis Raymond Reid contributes an amusing and entertaining essay on "Temperament," artistic and otherwise.

Frank Harris will offer another distinguished contemporary portrait, this time of Frank Swinnerton.

Louise Bryant has secured a remarkable interview with Chaliapin, the Russian basso-baritone, who has taken New York opera goers by storm.

SHADOWLAND
177 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N.Y.
Stage Plays That Are Worth While
(Continued from page 6)

tation of the season. A sparkling and distinguished comedy of domestic misunderstandings, moral codes and human frailties. Fine stage plays. John Drew, Mrs. Leslie Carter (who makes a return to the stage in "The Circle"), Ernest Lawford, John Halliday and Robert Renold. Don’t miss this excellent revue, but not quite the equal of its two predecessors. Does not attain the heights of beauty and imagination achieved by the others, although there are several gorgeous and colorful scenes. Still, it is "way above the revue average. Beautiful girls, though the glowing interludes, while the hit of the revue seems to go to Irene Franklin, altho Valodia Vestoff and others dance attractively.

"The Clew," with Lionel Barrymore. A Parisian importation, dealing with politics, journalism and intrigue. Mr. Barrymore’s performance is far bigger than the play.

"Lilom," the Theatre Guild production of the Franz Molnar "legend." A remarkable and brilliant satire, tinged with the old-field humor and sentiment of the masters. Missing the charm of the box scene, but an excellent play. The American premiere was at the Fine Arts Theatre, Boston, with the following cast: Miss Helen Westley, John E. Wilson, Jr., and others. A complete success, and a fitting climax to the season’s entertainment.

"The Merry Widow." A revival of the one-world premiere of Franz Lehár’s opera. The present revival is not particularly distinguished, but the old charm and color are lacking.

"Welcome Stranger," by 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 the better of it, teaching a whole town kindness and religious tolerance. George Sidney is excellent. A cool old-fashioned comedy that is well worth seeing. Not only skates on thin ice, but smashes thru.

Loew’s N. Y., and Loew’s American Roof—Photoplays; first runs. Daily program.

Loew’s Metropolitan, Brooklyn,—Featuring Photoplays and vaudeville.

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Great silk manufacturer makes tests and finds safest way to wash silks

TODAY silk is used as much as cotton in making women's washable garments. Silk blouses and silk stockings, every woman owns — and many of her underclothes are of silk.

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Gentlemen:

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All the silks showed so few signs of wear that it was hard to believe that they had been washed so often. This we think is undoubtedly due to the fact that it is not only unnecessary to rub with Lux, but that the Lux lather is absolutely mild and pure.

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Very truly yours,

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS.

Won't injure anything pure water alone won't harm
BABY PEGGY

It is quite difficult to look at Baby Peggy and suppress a yawn. Perhaps you have exclaimed over her in the Century Comedies. Altho she has only known a few summers, she has achieved an enviable success.
Gladys Walton is being starred in Universal productions. The vivacity and charm which she brings to her work have created a vogue for her flapper roles.
LOUISE FAZENDA

Louise Fazenda must find it a serious business being funny, when it means, as it does, judging by her photograph, such a sacrifice of pulchritude
"Cornered," the stage play, has kept Madge Kennedy on tour thru the season. However, she is shortly to return to the screen in an adaptation of a beloved novel, under her own company. All's well!
MARIE PREVOST

The drama has many things for which it must answer. And not among the least of these is Marie Prevost's desertion from the aquatic fold. She will soon be seen in "Dont Get Personal".
PAULINE STARKE

In playing now here, now there, Pauline Starke has created a wide variety of roles. To all of them she has brought an abundance of comprehension and understanding. Recently she was seen opposite Thomas Meighan in "If You Believe It, It's So"
When the above photograph of Jackie arrived, we could not refrain from printing it immediately. It has all the mischief of "Peck's Bad Boy" and a touch of the pathos of "The Kid." Jackie's next production is to be "Nobody"
LOIS WILSON

Lois Wilson is one of the most promising players shadowed upon the screen today. Upon her completion of the title rôle of "Miss Lulu Bett," for which she will long be remembered, she played opposite Wallace Reid in "The World's Champion"
ANITA STEWART

"Rose o' the Sea" is the next Anita Stewart production. Rudolph Cameron, the husband of this charming young star, will play opposite her, as he did formerly when she was with the Vitagraph.
Two

Wallace Reid and Lois Wilson Photographed
In "The World’s Champion"
The Screen Needs Photoplaywrights

By
CHARLES KENYON

THE EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr. Kenyon, who has established himself firmly as an American playwright with his play, "Kindling," has for some time, been a member of the Goldwyn editorial staff. Two of his photoplays are "The Invisible Power" and "Beating the Game".

The screen has never had a Shakespeare, an Ibsen or an Augustus Thomas. It never will have until conditions are materially changed. And until it does, there will never be a motion picture masterpiece.

The photoplay has its own technique, just the same as the stage play. Yet we have not developed any great photoplaywright. This is not explained by the tender age of the art of screen writing. They have been content to buy stories in novel and play form and then turn them over to a "continuity" writer for adaptation. This means that the story must be filtered thru several minds before it reaches the public. The continuity writer must needs take certain liberties with it. Then comes the director, who must also weave his interpretation into another man's story.

Such a thing could never happen to a stage play by a recognized dramatist. Why? Because the playwright understands technique and writes his story in the most effective way.

Why can't the scenario writer do the same thing. He can if he will devote the same amount of study to the screen as the playwright gives to the stage, and not until he does, will we have motion pictures possessing subtlety, individuality and grand passions.

Great stories cannot be written by a committee, nor can great photoplays be produced by soviet control.

The time will come when screen stories will be purchased only in continuity form, just as plays are purchased in dramatic form.

There have recently been encouraging signs of reform. Producers have been sending authors to the studios to study and learn the craft of making photoplays. This is a step forward in the development of motion pictures, which will reach their full stature when the photoplaywright comes into his own.
"I read and read and read," Bebe Daniels said, regarding her evenings. "I have a big home with a mother and a grandmother in it, whom I love very much. I bought it to stay in, and I stay there. When I put my cap and bells away, I also broke my jazz records. I'm a big girl now."

Above, a new portrait; at the right, the Daniels domicile, and below, Bebe in the garden with her dog.

"Let's stand up," murmured Bebe. "I had rather stand up."

On Pomander Walk

The cumulative effect of Bebe Daniels on the optic nerve is a knockout.

I was struck in the Paramount publicity parlor, whither I wended three quarters of an hour late for this interview, expecting to find a raving star—or a vacuum. With explanations of a leaky and obstreperous flivver bubbling to my lips, I gradually subsided into abject silence under the battery of Bebe's million-dollar eyes. She smiled—and the room brightened. But the Hollywood sun was shining without, and Bebe, her furs and I wandered forth into the Paramount fastnesses, where lurked Wallie Reid and Gloria Swanson, Elinor Glyn and Agnes Ayres.

In back of the big sets we could hear the property boys calling to their mates, or whatever it is property boys call to, and the voice of William deMille, chanting thru his megaphone echoed back from canvas walls.

We strolled slowly down the board walk which flanks the casting offices, the pay-teller's window and the general rooms wherein is transacted the business of the company.

And it is noteworthy to remark that as we passed, many half-drawn shades were whisked up, and many faces appeared at the windows to observe Bebe in the passing—for when Bebe passes it is worth stretching a neck to get an eyeful. You'll never see her the same again.

Well, anyway, under this battery of windowed eyes, we proceeded to the end of the walk, where I searched helplessly about for seats, and found none.

"Let's stand up," murmured Bebe. "I had rather stand up."
"Sall right with me," I returned, willing to stand on my head to be talking with the dark-eyed vision of the Daniels.

I wonder if the truth has ever been written about Bebe? She flared forth so suddenly in scrambled drama after having appeared for years in scrambled comedy—slapface comedy at that—with Harold Lloyd, that the cinema world was rather numb during the discovery that this queen of custard could really act.

Out of the facts that rained upon the land from busy publicity offices, we learned that Bebe Daniels was born of a Scotch father and a Spanish mother from South America. That "Bebe" is her real name and that it is pronounced Beebee and not "baby" and that her middle name is Virginia. All these facts, I say, and more, we learned from that avalanche of publicity and interviews which Mr. Lasky poured forth upon the land when first Bebe moved her paint box under his roof-tree. We decided that this newcomer from the land of jazz was peppy, flirtatious, different and that we liked her, and let it go at that.

Then came Satan Synne—DeMille's idea of the wickedest woman in N'York, and Bebe played the part without ever having set foot in the Big Town which is supposed to be the incubator of wicked women, and Bebe, in her octopus gown, got away with the part.

All of a sudden we decided that this jazz baby had brains and dramatic ability, for we actually felt sorry for Satan Synne, in "The Affairs of Anatol," whether DeMille intended that we should or not, and it was on account of the acting ability, long lambent, of this sloe-eyed beauty.

But what is the real Bebe like? Tell me what you like and I'll tell you what you are—that was said once by some wiseacre, and so I tried it there, on Lasky's Pomander Walk, on Bebe.

"What do you do with your evenings?"

I asked, following rule number one of the Young Reporter's catechism.

"You'll never believe me if I tell you," she replied. I am repeating our conversation verbatim, so that you will know just as much about her as I do.

"I read and read and read," she went on, with a very direct gaze into my eyes, which is disconcerting because she is very, very

(Continued on page 97)
"There are two types of women," Cecil B. de Mille said, "the woman who can wear silk, and the woman who can wear gingham. There are a great many more of the latter." Above, a portrait of Mr. de Mille; at the right, with his family at his Hollywood home; and below, in his Gothic office.

There are two types of women," Cecil B. de Mille said, "the woman who can wear silk, and the woman who can wear gingham. There are a great many more of the latter." Above, a portrait of Mr. de Mille; at the right, with his family at his Hollywood home; and below, in his Gothic office.

We Interview Cecil B. DeMille

WE . . . . . . | Gladys Hall
CECIL B. DeMILLE | Adele Whitely Fletcher
G.W.S. (Goes Without Saying)

Scene I.—Fifth Avenue. Dusk of a winter's day. Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher are not discovered, but wish they were, hurrying in the direction of the Famous Pl., sers-Lasky offices. Pedestrians regard the voluble, pair with some anxiety—and give them the right of way. They advance.

G. H. (ingratiatingly): I've thought of several good things to ask him about.

A. W. F.: Really! You're a great help. If we don't hurry, he'll never wait. It would be a pity for him to miss those questions. He doesn't get much out of life. Why can't we ever be on time?

G. H.: (martyred, as Joan d'Arc): I suppose it's my fault. It would be! My taxi was blocked in the traffic turmoil, but that is my responsibility. The way I have to rush to interviews! It's making me old before my time. Not even a minute to powder my nose, and him the great director!

A. W. F.: Please powder it then. Otherwise you'll make the omission of those questions the outstanding feature of the interview. Not that it won't be anyway. Have you an aspirin?

G. H.: No, but he will have.

A. W. F.: "He?" To whom do you refer this particular time by he?
G. H.: Cecil B. De Mille, Director-General of Bathrooms. Aspirin is always to be found among the effects of every well-regulated bathroom. And the De Mille bathroom effects are ... of, Glory-Be-To Swanson!

A. W. F. (evincing no appreciation): We're interviewing him in Mr. Zukor's office. The effects are not precisely the same. He probably doesn't carry his effects with him. He is a director, you know—not a star.

G. H. (intoning as in a dirge): No need to keep mentioning the office setting. You know what that means, I hope. No food. You're some manipulator, you are! What do y's'pose I do interviews for, I'd like to know?

A. W. F.: The last one you did was for a henna hat, if I remember correctly. As for my inferior powers of manipulation, I admit them. To interview the master of the silken drama in a business office is to loudly proclaim your lack of fitness. No sense of fitness—none—none—none! I've thought we might interview Jackie Coogan in the Old People's Home next. Well here we are!

Scene II.—The dignified office of Adolph Zukor, headquarters-in-office of Gloria Swanson, Wallace Reid, Rudolph Valentino, Betty Compson, etc., etc., ad infinitum.

Cecil B. de Mille is seated at a large desk to one side of the room. Beyond the window may be seen the grey skyline. Some half a dozen newspaper men and office executives occupy other chairs. They are, so to speak, hanging upon his words, which happen as the interviewers enter to concern the fallacious rumors of his marriages in various places at various times. The interviewers bustle in, breathlessly. The introduction is effected. G. H. pushes A. W. F. forward. They locate two chairs with considerable confusion. The various members of the Press depart, leaving the office to Cecil and Millicent, the interviewers and Mr. Zukor's secretary.

Mr. De Mille (affably): It is a pity we couldn't have had another setting for our interview, but I am sailing tomorrow, you know, for a much-needed vacation. Going to South Africa for some big game. This isn't just my background, is it?

G. H. (pleasantly polite): This is very nice, I'm sure. It was good of you to see us when your time is so short.

A. W. F. (glaring in G. H.'s direction): Had we seen you in California, what would your setting have been?

[The glare signifies to G. H. that they are there for the avowed purpose of getting copy—getting it abundantly and quickly—not to exchange social amenities.]

Mr. De Mille: That would depend. In my office

G. H. (as tho to encourage): If it were your office . . . ?

Mr. De Mille: If it were my office, the setting would be Gothic. My office was built some time back when I was doing "Joan, the Woman," you remember. I was immensely interested in Gothic things at the time.

A. W. F.: An attractive office is unusual. Offices and beauty generally part definite company.

(Continued on page 93)
Joe Martin has a rival. Above is a reproduction of a poster from Japan, depicting Joe's imitator. There could be no sincerer flattery!
Half Priest —

By
HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

HALF priest is Ralph Graves, yet a very generous share of his princely nature is pure humorous—boy.

He loves to tease, to indulge in witticisms at his own expense or his friends'. Naturally, his persiflage is harmless banter, for he is by nature a golden-rule person. How to picture to you a man who is a Christian, yet lacks priggishness, a natural preacher, yet an actor in pictures, a "regular guy" as the fellows put it!

Ralph is the sort of person who is always glad to see you. He was glad to see me when I came out to the Goldwyn studio a-interviewing—he was jovially glad in his greeting and smashingly glad in his handshake. His smile was all enveloping... his air of camaraderie was so whole hearted that the months since our last meeting melted into days.

But Ralph had good reason for being unrestrainedly ecstatic that afternoon:

his bride had arrived that morning from the East. He was frankly thrilled. His happiness bubbled over naturally like a joyous brook in springtime which ventures afield from the parent stream. Ralph's eyes danced, his lips smiled and his feet jigged. It was a great old world and he didn't care who knew it. The four walls of the studio cramped him. He brought a chair for me out onto the glorious green grass that Goldwyn grows and flung himself at my feet.

"She's such a great little kid," he enthused, as he restlessly dug his feet into the sward or swallowed the green blades bit by bit thru his powerful white teeth, "you must meet her. Such a brain, such a wonderful little girl. You'd love her... everybody does."

Of course, you know he was speaking of his bride, formerly Marjorie Seamon, of Philadelphia and New York.

"She was just a little flapper when I met her. She had graduated from a fashionable school and had toured Europe. She had dozens of men rushing her—I don't know how I happened to be lucky enough to get her—guess it was (Continued on page 86)
In the Sessue Hayakawa shadow tale of Nippon, "The Vermillion Pencil," fragile Bessie Love plays the leading feminine role of Hyacinth.

The illustrating photographs find her appealing as a girl of the cherry-blossom island. In truth, a delicate white hyacinth.
Hollywood Night Life

By HERBERT HOWE

Illustrations by
G. Francis Kauffman

Consider the following newspaper headline:
"ONE HUNDRED HOMICIDES HERE THIS YEAR"

And the alluring announcement on a billboard:
"WOMAN SAWED IN HALF AT PANTAGES"

THIS, my friends, is the City of the Angels, the place where
pastors shriek about the evil influence of the movies—Los Angeles.

The newspapers are never without a dramatic story recounting
a local manslaughter; sometimes there are two or
three. They say that the prayer of Los Angeles editors is, "Give us this day our daily murder." If this be true, Providence certainly lends an ear. World news has to
make way for interviews with ladies and gentlemen
indicted for murder or other achievements generally considered shady. Recently a headline appeared to the effect that "Slayings Here Inspire Poet." There is so much truth and beauty in the last stanza of this inspired epic, composed by "Doug," of the Jerome, Arizona, News, that I quote herewith:

They can lynch forty niggers in Georgia,
They can blow up a bank in St. Paul;
They can burn Louisville or Seattle,
And it interests me not at all.
But a Los murder story's so zippy—
She knows how to trim and emboss;
So slip me the dope—and it's shocking, I hope—
On this latest big murder in Los."

While strolling down the Angellean Broadway, I had
the pleasure of witnessing a regular movie thriller which
the censors surely would have cut. A gentleman hurried past me and with a brisk shillalah crowned the pedestrian just ahead. He did it with such nonchalance that I expected to hear him say, "Tag, you're it." But he let actions speak stronger than words, and the tagged victim sought immediate repose upon the pavement, while the wielder of the baton continued on his way. There was not a cop in sight, and the crowds were too busy gaping at the gent in recumbent posture to give chase to the caveman. I suppose the censors would claim that the evil fellow got his slugging ideas from Mack Sennett's comedians with their slapsticks and bladders. Perhaps they're right, for the victim did a flop as pretty as Buster Keaton.

Hold-ups are such common features that it is difficult for highwaymen to get publicity any more. The other
night all the lights in Hollywood went out before eight-thirty. The next day the press informed us that they were turned off by burglars, as a convenience for some night work that netted several thousand.

Amid this murder and outlawry, the civic octogenarians sit in solemn conclave while pastors rant about the iniquitous movie, which, they say, might show someone how to conduct a murder or a hold-up—as if the Angelic citizens were not already well informed by newspapers or personal experience.

Somehow, all the crimes of this town seem to be credited to the movie industry, despite the fact that retired school ma'ams, farmers and ministers far outnumber the cinema herd. The real sufferers from the reputation given Hollywood are the people who come here hoping for moral freedom and the right to sin lightly. In the entire cinematopolis, which is Hollywood, there is not a single café boasting an orchestra, not one that offers dancing for its diners, and only one that remains open after midnight. The latter has some eating booths and a lunch counter; the only wicked looking thing about it is the pie.

By ten o'clock Hollywood Boulevarde resembles the main aisle of the catacombs. I have heard newboys being reprimanded at that hour for crying their wares, thus imperiling the sleep of the citizens.

The one public function of the week is a dance on Thursday night in the lobby of the hotel. The floor is always circled by venerable dames and sires who keep rigid spectacles upon the Terpsichorean antics. Here is the one time and place where you will see stars gambolling in Hollywood. On a recent Thursday I had the pleasure of jostling next such celebs as Frank Mayo, Dagmar Godowsky-Mayo, Gloria Swanson, Betty Blythe, Marjorie Daw, F. Richard Jones, Walter McGrail, James Morrison, Betty Compson, Hoot Gibson and Mr. and Mrs. Mahlon Hamilton.

The only other resorts which attract stars are the Ambassador hotel, situated on Wilshire Boulevarde between Los Angeles and Hollywood, and Sunset Inn which is located at Venice on the ocean front about an hour's motoring from flintown's Main Street.

Finding that a ballroom was not in demand, the management of the Ambassador converted its large salon into a cabaret with Art Hickman's orchestra luring couples out to dance. By virtue of a few leaves and a cocoaanut or two hung around the balcony, it took the name of Coconut Grove. Here you may dine, sup and dance from seven until midnight. Occasionally a special night is declared in honor of some stellar personage. When Constance Talmadge came to the Coast, the distinction was hers, and a heavy array of asterisks punctuated the assemblage:

Mabel Normand, Mary Miles Minter, Betty Blythe, Viola Dana, Alice Lake, Betty Compson, Claire Windsor, Eileen Percy, Lila Lee, Juanita Hansen, Natalie Talmadge-Keaton, Mae Busch, Phyllis Haver, Mr. and Mrs. Mahlon Hamilton, Antonio Moreno, William Desmond, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mix, Jack Conway, Marshall Neilan, Paul Scardon, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Meighan, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gordon . . .

The affair was quite as sedate as any Epworth League banquet. The stars, all brilliantly caprisoned, sat at the tables bordering the floor like display counters. When the music flared out, the great open space took on the appearance of a scething caldron such as Machbeth's witches knew how to brew. Hundreds of nonentities toddled right alongside the gods and goddesses without being the least unmvered.

During the summer months Sunset Inn casts the stronger spell, the ocean breezes thru the windows keeping one from being asphyxiated by the perfumes. The light is mellowed down from orange balloons, and the mural decorations are as bizarre as Bakst would conceive under the influence of East Side Zest.

Wednesday night is Photoplayer's Night at Sunset. One of flintown's leading citizens acts as host or hostess and presents the silver loving-cup to the winner of the dance contest, always a feature of the evening. Occasionally a stunt of some sort is staged by the patron, such as the exciting strip poker party put on by Viola

(Continued on page 87)
School-days! When apples and peppermint sticks were hidden behind the lids of desks and story-books were flanked by ponderous geographies—when notes were passed by grubby fingers and the world called outside the window—this is the atmosphere of the new Warner Brothers' production, in which William Neigh has directed Wesley Barry. There could be no more universally popular story.

When William Neigh began to film "School-Days," he decided there was no one shadowed upon the screen more ideally suited for the leading rôle than Wesley Barry. Wesley is, of course, under contract with Marshall Neilan. However, when Mickey heard that a picture with the name of "School-Days" was to be filmed, he decided that Wesley simply belonged in it, so he loaned this freckled youngster for the leading rôle. Here are three scenes from the production which call forth memories, whether you mastered the Three R's in town or country.
MORE latterly observations of the Hollywood film colony develop the fact that its denizens are not, as a whole, as sinning as they are singed against.

We who write pieces for the papers sometimes are led to believe that film people are an enigmatic, irresponsible coterie of Mammon devotees. On the other hand, I, for one, have been pretty generally disillusioned. The screen folk you meet are, with but few exceptions, sincere, simple souls with lofty hopes and ambitions, kind hearts and broad-minded intelligence.

Well educated, as a rule. All rules, however, have exceptions—but on the "lots," where serious, thematic drama is being reeled, we find gatherings of actors who are not only valuable civic assets, but are, as well, members of a set of seasoned cognoscenti.

Personally, I am weary of saying in print that I am either shocked or thrilled. Very few actors can either greatly surprise me or contribute to the upsetting of my cerebral equilibrium. But having now met with the piquant little Edith Roberts, I am wont, hereafter, to mistrust my preconceptions.

She is the ingénue de luxe—the soul of a tragedienne born in a body as tiny as a child's. You talk to her and you do not think of fire-cats and adorable savages—as Universal described her in a couple of her pictures. Rather, do you regard her as an American Cho Cho San in whose wistful eyes lies the tragedy of all the ages.

For in her real, very personal life, Miss Roberts has none of the habiliments of the flapper nor the flaneuse. She doesn't pose, nor act, nor make you feel that she is trying to impress you because she is what she is. She is very real.

During the course of my conversation with her, we spoke of...
Presenting — —

— Lillian Gish, whose fragile beauty and unfailing artistry have placed her as one of the greatest artists of this age. Her characterization of Henriette, in Griffith's "Orphans of the Storm," will live always —
"You bet I'm glad to be back in N'York," said Tommy, as he stretched his feet out to a friendly chair in the Meighan suite. We were killing the early afternoon in a congenial fashion.

"They made me homesick in Hollywood by building a set for 'A Prince There Was,' showing a street in the 'Fifties.' The elevated was represented, the cops, the taxi-murderers and everything. All so realistic that I was aching to get right back." He grinned ruefully. "They wouldn't let me go, tho, until I had finished my next picture."

"Which is . . . ?"

"That George Loane Tucker story, 'If You Believe It, It's So.' George was about to produce it, when he passed away, unhappily for all of us, and Mr. Lasky acquired the story. It is great stuff, I think."

I asked Meighan what type story he considered great stuff.

"No particular type," he said. "I won't tell you what I like to do, because that is so much bunk. I'm hired to act, and I act in whatever is assigned to me. However, I will say that any human story suits me from the ground up. Heart interest, real appeal, genuine drama—that's me."

It seemed logical enough. Tom Meighan looks for all the world like the successful family physician his folks wanted him to me. He is severe in his dress, easy in manner, unaffected in pose. He has no pose that I could
discover, unless it was that he felt a trifle ill at ease being typographically photographed.

You have to worm facts out of him. He won’t recite his favorite poem, nor will he prattle a list of his favorite books, plays, or pastries. Any information you extract from him you must extract warily, deftly. I did my best.

“The last time I was in town,” he said, “I went to see Dave Warfield in his revival of ‘Peter Grimm.’ I wanted to see how the old play looked. You see, I originally did the young lover . . . It was a privilege to witness Warfield every night. It inspired us to be acting with him.

“Somehow, I take acting seriously, I think. It is a profession to me, not a vague thing called Art. When I say I take it seriously, I mean that I study it, keep abreast of current works on technique, read books about acting.”

“Criticisms?” I suggested, dubiously.

“Surest thing you know! Nathan on drama, and all of ‘em in the movie magazines. Smith

—Fred and Agnes both—Fletcher, Parsons, Broun . . . I try to keep up with all of them.” He grinned again, boyishly. The Meighan smile is a charmingly confidential affair. One of those “Just between you ‘n’ me” smiles. . . . “Not that I worry over criticisms I read,” he said. “One fan letter roasting me worries me much more. The fans are the ones that give me this day my daily bread. But I’m glad to say the fans are very kind . . .”

The Meighan following ranges, in most families, from grandpa down to Willie-aged-eight. His appeal seems to be as nearly universal as Mary Pickford’s, even tho his popularity has hardly, as yet, equaled America’s Sweetheart’s.

Among the authors he reads, his wife told me, are Leonard Merrick, Charles Belmont Davis, Booth Tarkington, Rita Weiman, and George Ade. You will note that almost all of these writers tell stories of the stage. The theatrical atmosphere holds Meighan’s attention every time.

It is interesting to note that George Ade is a close friend of the Meighan menage. On his last trip West, Tom stopped off at Mr. Ade’s invitation, and spent several days at Brook, Indiana, on the Ade farm.

(Continued on page 89)
The “Punch-the-Clock” Girl

years, from time-clock to time-clock. Oh, I don’t mean the wicked-looking mechanism you find in some offices, but the busy little time-clock that some people carry in their head. Another name for it is Conscience. Jane has always obeyed her clock-like conscience when it had anything to do with work.

“I don’t believe in being late at the studio, and I don’t believe in beating the clock when it comes to going home,” she confided to me between bites of a lobster salad which the waitress had assured us would not make Jane fat. She has the present-day horror of fatinom.

Other stars have blossomed, if stars may be said to blossom, into being almost over night, but Jane Novak has been years in achieving the dream of the screen. A suspected resemblance to Alice Joyce comprised her initiation into the film world. When she applied at the old Kalem studio, eight and a half years ago, for a position, they decided that she had another Alice Joyce and took tests with that idea in mind. But they soon learned that Jane was just Jane, and like nobody else in the world. Then, of course, she played at Vitagraph, as all good little motion picture girls do at some time in their career.

“I made nineteen pictures in two years, once in my career,”

The corners of Jane Novak’s mouth. They are the most poignant, pathetic, laughy, tearful mouth corners ever seen. By the simple quirk of the corner of her mouth, Jane Novak has become a star. At the left, a camera study, and below, in the Hollywood garden with her daughter, Virgin — usually called “Mickey”

“T’S her eyes!”
“No. It’s her nose!”
“Mais non! It’s her eyebrows!”

And then one of them decided that it was her chin. They were discussing Jane Novak and the methods by which she gets her expressions of emotion “across” to the audience.

But after lunching with Jane, I decided that it is with none of these. It is with the very corners of her mouth! They are the most poignant, pathetic, laughy, tearful mouth corners I have ever seen in my life. By the simple quirk of the corner of her mouth, Jane Novak has become a star.

Stardom for Miss Novak has been achieved after eight years of clock-punching. She has lived, during those eight long
she said, with a sigh, as much as to admit that her life has been a very hard one. "But during that time I remained true to my ideal. I would not consent to be cast in parts which were not of my type, even if I did need the money. A picture career is not all money."

She is beautiful. With her natural pallor, her corn-silk hair, her large blue eyes and those emotional mouth corners, I think, she is more beautiful off the screen than she is on, and that is saying a great deal. She was busy making the picture which is to be her second starring vehicle under the Chester Bennett banner, and al- tho she admitted she was made-up for the part, that she was to be horse-whipped in a scene that very afternoon by Alfred Allen, she gave the impression that she had no make-up on at all. Her skin is so creamy that she needs very little paint, or whatever it is they call that gooey stuff they smear on their faces.

"Is Novak your real name, and if so, what is it?" I asked, when the lobster salad had gone the way all good little lobster salads go.

"Yes, it really is my name—and it is Bohemian. My father was born in Prague," she re-

plied, glancing out of the broad window of the Hollywood café to where Jackie Coogan was climbing in and out of his big limousine in a restless manner. "But I'm not a bit Bohemian in tendency," she went on, reflectively, "if Bohemianism means being flighty, and queer and bobbed-hairish."

No, one feels that Jane would be very much out of place in the Greenwich Village made famous by cartoonists. She loves to be at home; she loves to cook things like roast beef and baked potatoes—not goulash or chop-suey or whatever it is Bohemians eat—and she likes to go to bed early and rise early, even at the risk of not meeting any prominent people.

Jane became famous, as everyone knows (Continued on page 94)
Shadow-Drama in the South Seas

By OLIVE BUTTER

"I'm afraid of the sharks," whimpers poor Gladys, while Paul, who is insured at five thousand a limb, founders beseeingly in the tropic waters. "No danger!" shouts the cameraman, for the thirtieth time, as he scans the wavelets for a fin or two now, that the rescue is effected, how can they shoot an appealing love scene with a curious female populace at their heels. "It's getting hot," urges the jaded Gladys. The redoubtable Paul falters in his proposals, as he feels his manly flesh scorching.
At four o'clock, the director decides to revise the scenario. Frenziedly arriving at page thirty-nine, he misses pages thirty-one to thirty-five. But, never mind, the little brown boys will return them faster than they got them. And they will be the richer for a coin or so, since the director lays the disappearances to a wandering zephyr.

The story continues, with the wretched Gladys at the primitive frying-pan. She is ensconced before a hut, borrowed for the afternoon, and is being filmed in a carefree, primitive phase of existence, with the aid of Wear-Ever aluminum. It doesn't go very well, with the smoke blowing the wrong way.

But there is always compensation. At last, the pleasant moment arrives when, on the hotel veranda, the musical tinkle of ice is heard. Gladys smiles once more. Paul is positively beaming when he contemplates the cool green cherry in his glass and gazes down upon two intact limbs.
Something To Write Home About

morning—late. I'll probably be a bit sleepy, but I'll be glad to do what I can for you and the Magazine.

So I thanked him and withdrew to my seat to admire Betty Blythe's coiffure, just in front of me, and the lustrous Murray's shoulders, two seats to the east. That's the beauty of first nights—the play's not the thing.

Any man who can talk interestingly at high noon elicits this particular (very particular) person's praise. And Conway Tearle not only could: he did.

In order not to be interrupted later on in my discourse, I will state right now, and gladly, that Mr. Tearle is a handsome devil, easily the 'ideal' in his drawing-room, and a tasteful one it is, that he is on the screen or the foot-lighted stage.

His clothes do not look like costume-stuff. The slashed pockets and the braided lapels are happily lacking, and the shoes are simple, rather than ornamental. When I saw him, he was well groomed, but not highly polished, if you follow me—neat but not gaudy. He looked like a man, not an actor.

Photograph by Campbell Studios

The current exhibits of his work are far from his own designs. If he had his own way about it, he said, he would star in athletic melodrama, not unlike Fairbanks, but with more drama wrapped round it.

"Times," said Conway, "have changed. I do not hesitate to tell you I was once a prizefighter, and that I now am married. Ten years ago, I admit either of these facts would have been foolishly in the eyes of the world."

He ultra-efficient office-boy at Selznick's Fort Lee film factory assured me, the bell, that Mr. Tearle was too busy to even think of being interviewed.

That night, to speak in the language of the subtitle, I attended, along with Jean Nathan, Aleck Wolcott, Mae Murray and Bob Leonard, Frank Crowninshield, Louis Mann, Pearl White, and dozens of other White Light luminaries, the first night of "Nobody's Money." Between the acts, smoking one of them, I ran head-on against Conway the Tearle I was looking for!

His brow wrinkled wearily as I explained to him that I wanted a condensed version of his views on matinée idolatry, home brew, directors, the Einstein theory, and celluloid translations of old masters.

"I'm tired," he said, pleadingly. He started toward the interior of the theater slowly. "Tell you what," he decided finally. "Come up to my apartment tomorrow morning—late. I'll probably be a bit sleepy, but I'll be glad to do what I can for you and the Magazine."

So I thanked him and withdrew to my seat to admire Betty Blythe's coiffure, just in front of me, and the lustrous Murray's shoulders, two seats to the east. That's the beauty of first nights—the play's not the thing.

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"Times," said Conway, "have changed. I do not hesitate to tell you I was once a prizefighter, and that I now am married. Ten years ago, to admit either of these facts would have been foolishly in the eyes of the world. An actor never used to marry, and heaven forbid! he never was an ex-prizefighter. But now that Carpenter has raised the level of boxing to one of the arts, and Nat Goodwin elevated marriage, I guess there's no longer any objection to 'fessing up.'

"How much of your domestic affairs," I asked, "do you think the fan is entitled to know?"

He scratched his head for an instant before replying. "It's hard to say. There is no definite line that can be drawn. But I do think that the more the public finds out about us the less it can be artistically fooled by us. The illusion is gone. When I am doing a love scene with Martha Mansfield, say, Mamie Smith will ask Susie 'I wonder if Mrs. Tearle's watchin' that!' Hardly good
KENNETH GARDNER

for the complete success of the story.'

I wondered whether the fact that people knew him to be in the throes of matrimony had any effect upon his mail.

"No, I don't think it has. My mail is curious in its general tone. Most of the folks who write to me ask me to be a friend. Few of them are mushy, foolish affairs. Of course there are always some of them, but those writers would not care if I were a Mormon with twenty wives. They'd write anyway. For the most part, tho, I believe the fan public and I are connected by an intangible bond, that is acquaintance, rather than any-

thing emotional. And I enjoy getting fan mail immensely, even tho,—he smiled ruefully—"it runs into thousands yearly to send out photographs."

"Shaw should do well upon the screen, with clever subtitling," he said, in response to my question. "The ideal director would be Cecil de Mille, providing he promised to omit bathrooms and enameled butlers, and do his best with G. B. S. Griffith, I think, would fail, because he is at heart a sentimentalist. It would not be easy, but I should like nothing better than to try Shaw on celluloid."

Another of his ambitions is to do Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" and the antithetically tragic "Coriolanus." These, of course, as stage plays.

"I used to play in Ben Greet's repertoire company in England. Graham Browne and I alternated in leads. One day Mr. Greet assigned me to Lysander in the 'Dream' and I had always been accustomed to Lysander, assigned this time, to Mr. Browne. I asked him to change but he said that he wanted a crack at Lysander himself, so I studied up—I had only a day—on Demetrius. Needless to say I didn't study enough, for when the evening of the performance came, and we went on, I would repeat Browne's speeches word for word. I was Lysander and nobody could convince me that I wasn't. It was a weird performance."

The big part, he feels, is Oberon, the fairy king, which should be, according to Tearle, a magnificent, swaggering rôle of majestic splendor . . .

"It almost broke my heart to see Bert Lytell get (Continued on page 102)
Lights  . . . .
Action  . . . .
C-a-m-e-r-a!

ENTER

Filmdom's most famous
Leading Man . . . .

I don't know why Fate
Picked on me . . . .
For such distinction . . . .
Time was . . . .
When I was an obscure Stock Actor
In the Middle West . . . .
And I played everything
From Fauntleroy to J. Caesar
And back . . . .

AND BACK
Is right . . . .
For I'm the grown-up Fauntleroy
Of Moviedom . . . .
I'm the Supreme Heart Smasher
Of the Silver Sheet . . . .
My chief regret . . . . that I
Have but one heart . . . .
To give to the
Fair damsels of
My country . . . .

(Sag gimme a cigaret.)

Tis joy to slave for
My dear Public . . . .
Oh how I rejoice . . . . when I
Receive their kindly letters . . . .
With requests for photographs!
Of course I answer every one myself . . . .
(That's why I have
Three secretaries . . . . and a
Rubber Stamp . . . . .)

Yes . . . .
I am happiest when
At my work . . . . and I enjoy
Most heartily those scenes . . . .
When all my dear co-workers are
Behind the camera . . . .
I am quite willing to
Do everything . . . . myself . . . .
And
There are times . . . .
When one prefers to be
Alone . . . .

What's that you say?
Ah no . . . . my leading lady
Has not won my heart . . . .
(She is too fond of Close-Ups
For one thing!)
I'm quite domestic tho . . . .
And ever on the search
For My Ideal . . . . .
(Here's hoping . . . . that
She doesn't come in search . . . .
Of Me . . . . . . .)

(Continued on page 100)

Of course, I answer every
one myself.
(That's why I have
Three secretaries ... and a
Rubber stamp ...)

I . . . .
Love my Art . . . .
At least all Interviewers
Say I do . . . .

(Continued on page 100)
The Vermilion Pencil
By PETER ANDREWS

"It is written," rumbled the deep sonorous voice of the hermit priest of Changchow-fu. "My son, I speak the truth when I say this old dragon will rise again and belch forth his thousand fires. It is foretold. And what will your labor be then? A crumbling ruin, a wasted step on the sands of time, naught but a memory."

He paused and pointed dramatically up the slope on which they stood to the threatening volcano immediately above them. His eyes swept the horizon. Before him at the foot of the mighty range of mountains dominated by "The Sleepless Dragon," stretched a monstrous barren plain, dotted irregularly with straggling villages, huddled miserably around the few fertile spots the dry land afforded. But the young man beside him, but recently graduated from a great American university and whose mission in that far-away place was the reclaiming of that barren soil, saw hope and promise, and a vision of fruitful prosperity. Eyes of youth and age! Would that there were some subtle alchemy to reconcile your separate visions.

Li Chan shook his head. He was strangely drawn to this old man who came so often and talked so earnestly, but he remained unconvinced. Let the priest reclaim the souls of men, he would reclaim their land and help make life more livable for a miserable sweating humanity. Besides, there was Ilyacinth. Should he enter a monastery when that lovely flower was promised him? The idea was preposterous. And so his engineering and his love affair prospered, and the old priest went his saddened way back to his eternal hills.

As he stood, still and respectful, watching the old man out of sight, the younger man did not know his eyes were on his own father. He did not know from what a terrible fate his father was trying to save him. He did not know there was a curse upon his head. He was not thinking of the "sins of the fathers." He knew none of these things, nor, mercifully, ever learned them. His father's life had been a dark tragedy and for the tranquil spirit he now possessed he had paid in agony and remorse unthinkable.

The hermit priest was once a great ruler in China, the viceroy Tse Chan, no less. A humane and enlightened administrator, his greatest concern was the abolishing of the ancient and cruel forms of punishment which still flourished in his kingdom, the most barbarous of which was the dread Ling Chee, "the execution-of-a-thousand-tortures" for faithless wives. He had successfully set in motion the vast and cumbersome machinery of the law, to have it stopped, when something happened, and Ling Chee emerged more firmly fixed than ever as an inviolable institution.

His own beloved wife had betrayed him. He had caught her himself in a situation that apparently admitted of no exculpatory circumstances, with that oily official, Pui Kwang. Forgiveness is distinctly not an oriental trait, and the man's striken grief and outraged pride took refuge in the cruel satisfaction of Ling Chee.

As the vermilion...
ion pencil, which was a small baton wielded by the viceroy, gave the signal for his wife's horrible death. Pui Kwang confessed that the woman was absolutely guiltless and denounced the viceroy in violent anathema: called down the wrath of the gods upon him and his infant son; prayed that the oblique shadow of the vermilion pencil might rest forever on the soul of Tse Chan and darken the life of his only child. Aghast and repentant, Tse Chan sent his son to America to be educated, and entered a monastery. Years of repentance and the constant ministering to the wants, spiritual and physical, of others had brought peace to the man's troubled heart. When he learned of his son's presence in Changchow-fu, he hastened from his retreat. Altho he had not disclosed his identity, he had done all in his power to get his son to enter the monastery and thus escape the shadow of the vermilion pencil, whose malevolent power his oriental mind feared would somehow bring harm to the boy.

No, Li Chan knew not the grim story and because of the little Hyacinth remained politely unconvinced.

Hyacinth's station was lowly—her father was a basket weaver—but her face was fortune enough, tho it had almost proved her undoing. A pretty romance, the chaste sweet story of all young men and maidens, blossomed on the barren plain. She brought his lunch to him at noon time and they ate it together. And at night when his work was done, they walked in her garden and told each other their wild sweet foolish thoughts, and played as lovers are wont to do, with the tremulous joy of newly discovered love. Life was a blissful dream for the little maid and her gallant lover.

But a grim shadow hovered over their happy hours. It lay athwart the moonlit garden that night, as Hyacinth waited once more for Li Chan. When he came, it was too late.

Hyacinth's pretty face, her dusky almond eyes, her skin pale and smooth as a lotus petal, her little hands made for caressing, had not gone unnoticed even in that remote village. The mandarin, Ho Ling, was out scouting for a wife for the present viceroy. No flower was born to blush unseen, that he might garner, but his quest ended at Hyacinth's gateway. It was in vain that she beat her maiden breast and wrung her slender hands and refused to accept the high honor conferred on her humble household. Ma Shue, her greedy old parent, was overjoyed. His avarice was gratified—in advance. Of parental responsibility and tenderness he knew nothing and felt less.

But still Hyacinth stubbornly refused and became unruly. Ho Ling, who had reported the "heaven-born loveliness of the lily flower" to the anxious Fu Wong, dared not return without her. His life would be forfeit, and what were the tears of a base-born maiden to the life of the great Ho Ling? Nothing!

Ma Shue tore his scanty locks over the dilemma. Here was a quandary. It was true that Li Chan was younger and finer, but he had not wealth and position. Should Ma Shue give up peace and comfort and honor in his old age for an ungrateful and rebellious child? No! A thousand times no! And so the little flower was uprooted from its soil and sent to fade and mayhap die in strange and glittering surroundings, a living sacrifice to lust and avarice.

"She waits tonight in the garden, for her lover," said Ma Shue to the vigilant Ho Ling, squeezing out the words unwillingly, as a miser yields up coin. "Have a litter ready, and one or two men. It is simple. But do not make any noise, for I shall be asleep," he added with a wicked leer. "Be sure to come before the moon reaches its highest peak, for at that hour her lover comes. He is a brave youth and I do not know . . ."
he ended dubiously.

"Fear not," replied Ho Ling, "as you have spoken, so it shall be."

And that is why Li Chan came too late to the moonlit garden.

Unable to elicit any information from the sleepy Ma Shue, and mistrusting his ill-feigned concern, the young lover was almost beside himself with grief. Of what use was his work now if it was not to be crowned by the praise of Hyacinth? Why bother with humanity when the one dear desire was lost? Of what value was any earthly thing without the love of his heart? And as the calm after a storm, the healing balm to a wound, the teachings of the old priest came back to him—to teach—to heal the heart—to save the souls of men! Ah well, the world held no allure, lacking Hyacinth. He would enter the monastery. But first he must perfect himself in their learning. He would sit at the feet of the hermit priest. He would study—human nature. He would go down and live among the people, speaking their speech and thinking their thoughts. He would teach them in turn, until he should be chastened and worthy of entering the august assemblage that gathered to worship in the monastery.

And so, in time, it came to pass that the fame of the errant Li Chan reached the ears of the great viceroy himself. Fu Wong prided himself on his enlightenment. He was a modern monarch, no antiquated old reactionary. Altho he still stalked warrs as hunters do prey, he managed to keep that shameful traffic from the knowledge of his subjects. Yes, he believed in modern methods, education, progress, advancement. And putting himself figuratively on the head for his acumen and intelligence, he summoned the scholar Li Chan.

"The niece of Ho Ling," he began pompously. "I shall take to wife—when she is suitably instructed and properly schooled in the various matters befitting her new station. The wife, my dear master, of the viceroy, must have well-developed brains as well as beauty. She is very young, so I can afford to wait. Your duties begin at once." He waved an arrogant hand and Li Chan was dismissed from the august presence.

Not very many lessons had passed before the identity of "the niece of Ho Ling" was learned, altho master and pupil were separated in oriental fashion by a screen.

"And these are the great truths, my daughter," ended the lesson for the third day and Li Chan's voice trailed off in a whisper. "Is—it thou, my moon flower?" he asked with tremulous eagerness.

"Yes, it is I," replied the tense voice of Hyacinth. "Oh, my own true lord. Hast thou come to save me from my doom?"

"Yes, yes. Be patient, heart of my heart. I must think. Oh, to find thee again! Thru many weary days have I sought thee, but I thought my Hyacinth blossom was dead..." But he dared say no more. Hyacinth's attendants came to bear her away...
fresh plucked flowers and ribboned with confetti, overwrought with decorations, fantastic and beautiful, and lighted by myriads of gaily painted lanterns.

"Set me down," she ordered pre-emptorily, "I want to watch the people." And altho they knew their burden was preciots and must be guarded, neither bearer dared disobey the command.

"Here, Ching Fu," Hyacinth spoke again, according to instructions, "here is gold—go buy yourself some wine. Misao will remain with me."

Bewildered by this unprecedented offer of his mistress, Ching Fu departed across the street to a wine shop. Misao was the smaller man of the two, be it noted. Then things happened quickly, too quickly for Misao. Two men emerged suddenly from the crowd. Misao was bound, and helpless with a rag thrust in his mouth, before he could utter a sound. They picked him up and put him inside the curtains with Hyacinth. It was the only way. The two then picked up the litter with its added burden, and walked off at a leisurely pace—until out of sight of the crowd. Then Misao was ignominiously thrown out by the roadside and the two men broke into a run.

Hyacinth's heart beat high, but not with fear. Soon, soon, she would be in the arms of Li Chan, and safe from the haunting vision of the gross Fu Wong. She sprang out of her litter to greet him but they had no time for embraces. Ching Fu had given the alarm and the viceroy's soldiers were in hot pursuit. They made their hazardous way to the water front, but had to turn back. Fu Wong's police surrounded them. There was only one way—one desperate chance, and that was the grotto of the Sleepless Dragon, in the very side of the volcano itself. No one would dare follow them there. They seized this last forlorn hope.

Li Chan laid down his precious burden on the damp warm floor of the grotto. He breathed heavily. Was it from exertion—or was it the gaseous mist in the cave? Hyacinth opened her eyes and gave him a long, long look full of love and compassion. She could not speak. He gathered her to his breast again as her eyes glazed. He was growing faint. Altho the sun beat down in the mouth of the grotto, he could scarcely see. He tore at his throat, panting for breath. Sulphurous fumes floated down the sides of the volcano and were sucked into the orifice of their hiding place, fumes impalpable, invisible, insidious, a creeping death. Li Chan had often been here before but he never remembered the air so thick, or the rumble so insistent, nor yet the walls and floor of the grotto so warm. Had it an ominous significance? A ghastly numbness was stealing over him, and concentrating all his straining wits and wanling strength in a last mighty effort, he staggered to the opening with the senseless form of Hyacinth in his arms. Outside, as near as they dared come, the viceroy's soldiers waited.

A great crowd gathered in the big open square in the heart of the city. Men joked with men and forsook their daily occupations to wait patiently for the spectacle. Women shuddered and clung to each other. The air was pregnant with anticipation. The promised wife of the viceroy had been convicted of unfaithfulness and had been sentenced to die by Ling Chee. A few there were who recalled the last great occasion when it had been employed to sate the vengeful lust of a high official, one Tse Chan. Gossip and reminiscence grew thick and fast. An undercurrent of excitement permeated the atmosphere. Outwardly the oriental is calm, but who knows his inner fire? And altho their faces remained immobile and the hubbub subdued, the air was electric with suppressed feeling. It was thick with a yellow and unnatural mist, too, but no one seemed to notice that.

An old man, in the ragged garb of a hermit priest, made his way thru the heedless crowd, their customary reverence for the priesthood, in abeyance before the excitement superinduced by the fascinating horror of the approaching Ling Chee. The man's face was pallid with anxiety and lined with fatigue, and he
At Omar Was Sidney He had wings Misao sacrificed. He whispered. Bessie breathed. Thomas be Lote Viceroy.


Li more than presumption in stealing what belonged to the viceroy. He would have hung, no more nor less, if he had stolen an earthen dish. He was in prison now and there would be no ceremony attached to his death. Vile rat! He was worth no more. But of the woman, Fu Wong thought in unholy anticipation. She would die for the edification of the populace—a thousand deaths each one more harrowing than the last. A thousand tortures would burn their way into that white body. Oh, yes, it would be a grand occasion. Li Chan should come from his cell and see the squeaking little mouse. Women screamed so shrilly when you hurt them. He, Fu Wong, would hold the vermilion pencil in his right hand. He would wait—after she had mounted the block—for a while, and let the pretty bird beat its wings in vain. He would sit and listen to the crowd deride and jeer. He would tip the vermilion pencil ever so slightly. The crowd would hold its breath. But not yet. He would prolong it as long as—as long as he enjoyed it. He laughed and licked his dry lips. No. This was no time for priests.

Outside the doors the trembling old priest pleaded in vain. In vain he told the jeering rabble that he was the former viceroy. In vain he told the steering officials he had a massage that would save the happiness and reason of Fu Wong. At a word from inside the gate he was forcibly escorted away from the premises. He could not save his son, nor the girl for whom he had risked all. Was the shadow of his crime never to lift? He stumbled onward in

THE VERMILION PENCIL


The cast:

PROLOG

Tse Chan (later The Unknown) Sessue Hayakawa
His Wife Ann May
Pai Wang Misao Seki
The Unknown Sessue Hayakawa
Li Chan Sessue Hayakawa
Hyacinth Bessie Love
Fu Wang Sidney Franklin
Ho Ling Thomas Jefferson
The Jackal Little Du Cray
Ma Shue Omar Whitehead

"Oh, Sleepless One," he prayed. "Set thy seal upon my fate. Spare my son and his mate. Thou art all-powerful. Cities tremble at thy voice. If there must be a sacrifice, let it be this broken spirit, not the young lives just beginning. Thou art great, O Mighty Dragon. Hear my prayer!"
The Gold Girl

She has the face of a saint and the spirit of a Hollywood flapper. She has an Old-World charm, an elfin lure, in the very small body of an American girl who knows darn well what she wants and is in a hurry to get it—Madge Bellamy. At the left, a charming camera study, and below, in "Hail the Woman!"

She has the face of a saint and the spirit of a Hollywood flapper—what a pitiful pride in her little one! "And he hardly ever cries!" And did you feel almost as if tears were dripping from your heart, as the spirituality of the scene gripped you? If not—then something needs fixing in your heart!

"Hail the Woman"—which Tom Ince claims is the crowning achievement of his life—stamped Madge Bellamy as a tragedienne.

She gives in a few brief passages a perfect cameo of the screen: a reaching-out of a girl-mother's very soul to you from the silver sheet. It clutches at your heart. It is not pretty. It is life in the raw—unvarnished by petty, pretty mannerisms. The burden of her grief and despondency,

more self-reliant woman to care for her baby—"He dont eat much!"—what a pitiful pride in her little one! "And he hardly ever cries!" And did you feel almost as if tears were dripping from your heart, as the spirituality of the scene gripped you? If not—then something needs fixing in your heart!

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She has the face of a saint and the spirit of a Hollywood flapper. She has an Old-World charm, an elfin lure, in the very small body of an American girl who knows darn well what she wants and is in a hurry to get it—Madge Bellamy. At the left, a charming camera study, and below, in "Hail the Woman!"

Quaint mixture of dreamy girlhood, a hang-over of spirituality from some serious-minded forebear—and the modern independence of 1922 girlhood—Madge Bellamy. This apparent contradiction is Thomas H. Ince's newest "discovery," the most delightful mixture ever I met. In a land of paint and shadows that do not mean much as they play, one finds in her a welcome sincerity; yet she is refreshingly naive and girlish.

Who is she? She is Nan. Not the heroine of "Hail the Woman"—but the tragic motif of its theme. That bedraggled little footpad for men to besmirch, who never loses her quaint dignity. That pathetic little mother jauntily stepping forth to the painted lanes that her baby may have a pair of pink booties for Christmas! Did you see that? And the death-scene, where she begs the

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which she tries with whimsical pride to make light—you feel it is for her baby's sake—hurts you soul and blinds your eyes with scalding tears at the injustice of the whole fabric of woman's existence. She makes you believe her. And I haven't yet figured out whether Madge Bellamy is a consummate actress—or whether she doesn't know a thing about "acting" in its superficial sense and just felt her rôle so brutally real on the screen that you thought it was life itself.

Madge doesn't want to do "pretty" pictures. "It is not so much the mission of the motion picture to realize the ideal," she said to me once, "as to idealize the real."

And there you have something of the girl herself—a striving for the blending of reality with dreams. She is a bantam-weight intellectual; she has thoughts, deep, serious ones, which girls of nineteen with fluffy auburn hair and warm brown eyes and red lips don't really need. She is a student of the life that is broadening about her . . . but she is groping, she cannot find the words to express what she means. She isn't quite sure of herself yet. I don't believe she realizes what she has accomplished in "Hail the Woman"—and I don't think it will spoil her when she does find it out. For she has a quality of taking everything that comes as a just fulfillment of her dreams. And then she has a sensible mother for a lesson. They live in a charming little house here in Hollywood—and nine o'clock every evening finds Madge getting ready for bed, eager for tomorrow with its constant promise.

There is about her an electric vein as of life itself. Youth. Magnetism, in spite of her delicate fragility. A quality of exuding sunlight—like the changing gleams on a golden locket. She is no milk-and-water heroine—there is a depth one realizes only when one sees her performance in "Hail the Woman" or remembers her work as leading-woman on Broadway with William Gillette in "Dear Brutus." It takes grit to tread the boards, year in and year out, when the joys of girlhood call.

It was during the December "rainy season" that I first saw her, when veritable floods engulfed our fair California.

Studio-folk were going about with long faces, working perforce had ceased on the open stages, and companies were struggling in from "location" with misery in their eyes and water in their shoes. The box-like little dressing-room had an air of depression which even the presence of chintz curtains could not brighten. . . . Yet out of this fog of gloom there came to me as I talked to Madge Bellamy something of gladness, as tho there were a bit of golden light somewhere in the world. Maybe it was her years living "Pollyanna" on the stage that gave her that ability to brighten your saddest day; but hers is not the typical glad-girl of cloyish sweetness; it has humor, frankness, in it. Hers is rather the vivid sparkle of a real girl who is trying to get the very most out of life because she feels that it is her due and that she has much to give in return—and these people just can't help spreading happiness. . . .

She talks at random; you don't remember all of it, for (Continued on page 101)
The Dance of the Apaches

Betty Compson and Theodore Kosloff in a scene from "The Green Temptation"
When young Shirley Mason (Durning) came out of the West, she brought with her her husband's tie.

And, I suppose, some other things. Quite likely. Such as a toothbrush of her own, and some shoes, and a secretary and other highly personal things like that.

But I couldn't get much beyond the tie, and you musn't expect me to write much beyond it. There are limitations to the 'man mind.

It was such an ugly tie. Sort of vaguely brown, with spots here and there. And a bit crumpled. I asked her why, if she must bring a tie, she picked in that one, and she informed me that it was the last one Bernie had worn before her departure, and it is her custom always to take with her on trips the last tie worn by Bernie. She further informed me that she wears the tie about her neck when she goes to bed at nights. Incongruous glimpses of the tie in—er—juxtaposition to pastel shades of Georgette or crêpe de Chine assailed my mind's eye, but I suppressed them.

Such personal data is not, methought, for the impersonality of an interview.

Still, there's two sides to every tie. And so I asked her to please tell me with what small article Bernie concealed himself during her absence. She said an old dress of hers. The last one she wore before leaving home. He takes it to bed with him o' nights.

I said "glug"—or something like that, in my throat. We are not used to such like things among the literati, so to speak.

Of course the tie led us to marriage and a discussion thereof—as, chronologically, a tie would. I said to Shirley, "To say the least—the very least—you and your Bernie appear to be supremely, not to say ecstatically, not to say (here I ran out of superlative superlatives) happy."

"Well," said little Shirley, with her quirkily little smile, "I guess we are. We almost never fight—that is, in public. And really, we hardly ever do anyway."

"How've you done it?" I demanded to know.

"Done what?"

"Oh," I said expansively, "how've you been—happy, the married?"

"We'll," considered Shirley, "we're happy mostly because we are married, I believe, and I think the only secret to it is, if it can be called a secret, that we have tried to know one another and study one another. We know what the other likes and dislikes and why, and we try to cater to the one and avoid the other. We are both home-lovers and we don't care much for running around, and, of course, we have the same working interests. We criticize one another and praise one another and are just good pals, first and foremost.

(Continued on page 107)
A man has invented a new revolver which he boasts will shoot twelve bullets without reloading. That would never do for the movies. Mack Sennett comedians eclipsed that record long ago.

Dr. Edgar James Banks, known as one of the world's greatest authorities on Mesopotamian archaeology, has arrived in Hollywood to do research work in the film colony.—News Note. Perhaps he will be able to find the thread of the story in "Ladies Must Live."

On account of the mild weather, no doubt, only six heroes were cast ashore on desert islands this month. They each had a torn shirt and a pair of trousers on.

Out in Minnesota a censor died while watching a film production. It wasn't stated whether it was "The Vendetta" or not, but somebody ought to find out what kind of a production it was and make a lot more like it.

Ex-Postmaster Will Hays will have a harder job than he imagines in organizing the various motion picture interests into one pleasant working unit. It will sound good, but a film producer can make anything sound good. And Will had such a bright future, too.

(Continued on page 93)
An Average Girl
By
HELEN CARLISLE
Who Interviews Her Sister
Lucille Carlisle

HERBERT HOWE is to blame for this. Of course, you all know Herb, thru the pages of Motion Picture Magazine. I ran into Herb in the lobby of the Astor Hotel, one night. (To tell the truth, I had an engagement with him, but I'll put that part in parentheses, as it will cause many heart pangs among our younger film set, even to the gnashing of teeth.) Said Herb to me: "Let's go over to the Claridge." That is his favorite slogan when in New York. I, having been in the city but forty-eight hours at the time, was in no mood for argument. Grasping me firmly by the gloved hand, he dragged me forth into the maelstrom of Times Square, thru it and into the peaceful shelter of the Claridge, across the street—the underwear, automobile and cloak-and-suit signs losing a wink or two, in watching our headlong progress thru and under all sorts of traffic. Then he popped the question. No—not the one you mean. Another one. "By-the-way," he observed, diving for a shock-proof maraschino cherry that floated lazily on top of his lemonade. You know how those things are! "By-the-way, aren't you related to Larry Semon's leading woman, Lucille Carlisle?"

"Slightly," I replied, wondering if he'd finally get the cherry. "We're related by marriage—have the same father and mother, y'know. Herb—" suddenly I had a brilliant inspiration, "if you'd grab for it, with your fingers, instead of using that straw—"

Herb grabbed. "Why don't you interview her, for the Magazine?" he asked, attacking the cherry, fore and aft.

"I know her too well—let's dance."

But he was not to be thus thwarted. We danced—and later we interviewed! The latter event took place (Continued on page 105)
Dorothy Dalton

A new portrait of the vivid cinema star soon to be seen in
"Moran of the Lady Letty" with Rudolph Valentino
LAST night I was beguiling the idle hours with Milton's "Comus," when I came to a passage that made me pause and consider a new phase of beauty, one that is seldom mentioned but that seems to me supremely important. The passage was:

"Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded, but must be current, and the good thereof consists in mutual and partaken bliss; unsavory in the enjoyment of itself: if you let slip time, like a neglected rose, it withers on the stock with languished head."

At last I had found my theory of the democracy of beauty already put into words. Not that I had ever thought seriously about it; in fact, it had never been more than an indefinable feeling. But the passage awakened me to the realization that democracy of beauty was a real and definite thing, and that it was a pity more people did not realize it; and I decided to confine my next beauty talk to this subject, giving a few of my ideas that I hope will carry a message to my readers.

The first is: if you are a woman you must have some claim to beauty: every woman has. Perhaps you have fine eyes, or abundant hair, a pretty foot, or a shapely ankle.

Whatever your best feature is, take note of it and make the best of it, and take whatever steps you can to bring your other features up to the perfection of this one. Your best feature is your starting point.

Never console yourself by saying, when you see a very beautiful woman, "My nose is much more shapely than hers, and I am sure her eyes are not so nice as mine when she takes off all that Egyptian black and lets the brows grow in the way nature meant for them to grow."

(Continued on page 104)
Speaking of Jack Mulhall, he has no overwhelming desire to create some "big" role. He is the first cinema player I have yet discovered who is content to take things as he finds them. At the left, an informal snapshot taken in the studios; at the right, a recent character; and below, a camera study.

Photograph by Hoover Art Co., L. A.

Once
The
By ROBERT

THERE is one adjective above all others that fits Jack Mulhall. He is "breezy."

Genealogically, he belongs to the early Irish period. He is one of that group of young Irishmen who have grown up with the pictures and who now compose much of the vertebræ of the cinema world. He is a compatriot of Marshall Neilan, Rex Ingram, Tom and Owen Moore, Jack Pickford and Eugene O'Brien.

After various attempts to get clubby with Jack, and al-

Gibson
Man
DREW

ways missing our various appointments by a hair's breadth, I finally ran him down out at the Realart studio on the edge of Hollywood. It was during the noon hour and guess where he was? Drinking tea with Constance Binney in her dressing-room. Being only a heartless interviewer, I broke up the match and demanded a story.

In the good old days, when films were young, the players sought the privilege of being interviewed. Now the interviewer is
hard put to it to catch 'em if he can. It is no unusual sight these days in Hollywood to see a perspiring magazine reporter, pad and pencil in hand, facing about the streets, dodging in and out of cafés and barber-shops, seeking one whom he wishes to devour editorially.

"Interviews are getting too truth-ful," explained this breezy young Irishman with the clear blue eyes and the crinkly hair to me when I had him cornered at last in his own dressing-room, far, far from the Binney charm. "Maybe that is why we seem to be dodging them. We really do not dodge them, but we are probably only stalling for time until we can think up some jazzy fibs to make ourselves sound interesting, for we are only quite ordinary mortals after all. Our private lives aren't so much more interesting than those of the street-sweepers. In fact, I think a street-sweeper probably lives a much more exhilarating and adventurous exist-

Above is a new portrait of Jack Mulhall, and at the left, a scene from one of his new pictures. Before his entry into the films he was a model for Gibson. However, Jack doesn't talk about it.

ence in his private life, that is, when he is out of the public eye, than I do. He hasn't got the same responsibilities!"

Would it surprise you to know that Jack Mulhall was the famous "Gibson Man" of Gibson's Mid-victorian period? Jack, who was a personal friend of the artist, posed in an ill-advised moment when visiting the Gibson studio, and almost before he knew it he discovered his likeness in the pages of millions of magazines throughout the country. He says he has lived it down, and wouldn't tell anyone now for worlds, but that it popped out before he knew it. If you look closely you can perhaps see why Gibson chose him for a model.

"But I looked hungrier then," explained Jack, "and much more like a bachelor." The Gibson man was popularly supposed to be a bachelor, but I have never in my life known a bachelor who allowed himself the discomfort of being hungry!

It was Rex Ingram who started the young Mulhall in pictures several years ago when Rex was a scenario writer at the old Edison studios in New York City. They became acquainted at the apartment-studio of F. Graham Cootes, the man who

(Continued on page 95)
DEAR PUNCH: I've just this minute come home from Paris, France, you know—and I'm very tired, for I have been thru a most terrible war, and almost had my head chopped off by a dreadful person who looked like a butcher but didn't wear nearly so many clothes.

There! I know you are saying to yourself, "where's Judy been to now?" and I have to answer, "the movies." For, of course, I haven't really been to France, nor nearly lost my head, but I may just as well have.

Punch, I could just feel that awful knife tickling my neck and, oh dear, I thought if something didn't happen, I'd faint. It was too awful for words, but Uncle Roddy says I mustn't tell you about it because that would spoil it for you when you see it, and of course you simply must see it.

It's called "Orphans of the Storm" and that doesn't just mean a rain storm, either, but the whole French Revolution. The Two Lovely Gishes (that's what I always call them) played the orphans.

Of course, I won't tell you all about it, but just the first part won't hurt, will it? Don't read it if you'd rather not.

Well, it was about two girls, one was a real child and the other was adopted, but they were just like sisters. One of them was blind, Louise, she was Dorothy Gish; and the other was Henriette, and, of course, she was Lil-lian. Lillian took the dearest care of Louise and they did love each other.

One day they came up to Paris to see the Doctor because perhaps he could make Louise see again. On the way they met the Marquis de Presle, who didn't seem to be much thought of by the audience but I thought he was quite nice. Well, he wanted Henriette to come to his garden party, so he had an old ruffian just tear her away from Louise, tho I'm sure he told him to ask her politely. They brought her to his palace on a lovely couch. She was asleep when she got there, but when she woke up she was very angry. I didn't see just why, because it was a beautiful garden to wake up in, but of course she was worried to death about Louise, and no wonder, and something dreadful had happened to her too. She had nearly fallen into the river, don't forget she was blind, but a beggar, (a very nice sweet man, really, but awfully dirty) saved her. Then his dreadful mother had grabbed her and put her in a cellar and the mice had run over her until she had promised to beg for that horrible old woman. O Punch, it was such a terrible place, way underground and dark and dirty, where they lived.

Of course, for the rest of the picture you keep hoping that they (Louise and Henriette) will find each other, but they don't until—but I can't tell you any more about that.

Henriette, who didn't like the garden at all, was finally taken away by a beautiful man. The very handsomest, loveliest, gentlest, kindest and most polite man I ever saw. I just loved looking at him. He was the Chevalier de Vaudrey (really Mr. Joseph Schildkraut) and he had to kill the Marquis de Presle because he wanted Henriette to stay and entertain him, only she simply wouldn't.

The Chevalier took her to a house where Robespierre lived and one day she hides a friend of his, Danton, (and I can't tell you, but it makes a lot of difference later on), and that old snoopy Robespierre doesn't like it.

Well, then the poor people, and O Punch they were so poor, they made me think of the starving Armenians, they got very angry at all the fine ladies and gentlemen. And I must say it was piggy of them to have all those luxurious things to eat when there were so many little children hungry. So they started a war.

After that—well, one awful thing after another kept happening, but I mustn't tell you what except that Louise's mother wasn't dead at all. She was the Countess de Linières and the aunt of the Chevalier who kept getting more and more in love with Henriette.

Wasn't it funny, Punch, that no matter how sad things were, I didn't shed a tear? I just sat on the edge of my seat and waited and said "hurry up" at the last, till Uncle Roddy made me stop. He had to remind me that

(Continued on page 106)
"FOOLISH WIVES," the long-heralded production, is undoubtedly the high spot of the month. The Universal Company declares it cost over a million dollars and took over eighteen months to produce. Right here let it be said that we resent the presumption that a motion picture is worthy because fortunes have been expended in its making. However, "Foolish Wives" is a better production because of the eighteen months which were dedicated to it. There is throughout a fine regard for details and a finesse which we have never heretofore beheld in a production. It should blaze the trail for other productions which are not ground out of studios in six or seven weeks according to schedule, as so many sausages.

Eric von Stroheim wrote the original story, adapted it to the screen, directed it, played the stellar role, and then undertook to cut the production from the three hundred and twenty thousand feet of film which had been filmed to a superfeature length of approximately twelve thousand feet. When he was halfway thru his work, the Universal Film Company turned over the remainder of the cutting of the picture to someone else. It may be that Mr. von Stroheim was unable to cut his own picture. It is possible, of course, that he lost his perspective, and with so much involved it would not be reasonable to expect any company to permit additional months to pass before they received any revenue upon their investment. However, we think it would have been better for the art of the motion pictures, first of all, and better for the Universal Film Company, "Foolish Wives," and everyone and everything else concerned if some co-operative cutting (Continued on page 119)
The Lady of the Big House on the Hill

met the lady of my seeking, and I failed to ask if she would be wearing an American flag or something equally distinctive, as people do who meet strangers in railway depots or on street corners.

But when she came into the big, palm-strewn lobby, followed by her retinue, I knew her at once—for an actress. She was covered with fur like an Eskimo and the click-click of her heels on the mosaic floor demanded attention. I first presented myself to the secretary, a charming person of distinct brunette qualities, who in turn presented me to Rubye, who in turn presented me to another member of her entourage—a young man with the most precisely waxed mustache it has ever been my misfortune to see. I couldn’t take my eyes off it, and consequently I lost several minutes which might have been spent in devouring a couple more eyefuls of the De Remer beauty, and the etc., as Ring Lardner laughingly puts it.

Our little party grouped itself at a table midway between the tabouret in the din-

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

"We are not responsible for our good looks," said Rubye de Remer. "Our mothers and fathers gave them to us. But our brains! Our brains are our own. We can develop them or leave them just a mess of pottage."

Photograph by C. Houghton Monroe

The beauty of Rubye de Remer has steeped me like tea-steeping in a tea-pot.

If haunts its victim. The screen gives only half an intimation of it because the screen can't adequately reproduce color—and she is all color and vibration.

Since yesterday, or was it a month ago, or a year—or a minute—when we met for luncheon at the Hotel Ambassador, I have moved in the midst of a tiny aura of mental clouds. Each cloud half obscures, half discloses, the face of Rubye de Remer framed in its fluff of golden hair. So cherubim have floated about the canvases of some of the Old Masters.

It was the second day after she had completed a picture that I endeavored to make an engagement with her for an interview. All such dirty work is carried on thru her secretary, and I discovered from this not-to-be-disputed source that Miss de Remer was booked up for swimming parties and Lottie Pickford "breakfasts" and tea-dances galore. Finally we compromised by my being invited to luncheon at the hotel. I had never
ing-room, where they keep those delicious looking cold boiled ham and things on ice, and a large hollow-square banquet table where an animated group of women were having a chattering lunch.

"Oh, dear," sighed Rubye, as she sank into her seat, and the waiter arranged her furs, and her gloves and her cosmetic trunklette. "I don't suppose we'll be able to hear a thing with all those dear women here."

But I didn't care whether I could hear a thing or not. I would have been satisfied to sit and look at Rubye's animated little peaches-and-cream-face as it peered sideways at me from under a tiny henna tri-cornered hat, which looked to be very, very new and which harmonized perfectly with the snug little henna-and-blue tailored suit she was wearing.

As in a dream, other days in the history of motion pictures welled up in memory. I could see Kathlyn Williams, as a petite blonde ingénue entering a den of lions. I could see her bright face looking into an engine of death. And I wondered why this memory was stealing back upon my consciousness. It was because Rubye de Remer and Kathlyn of the early days are almost counterparts.

Having sprung from a "regular" family in Denver that never had a trace of theatricalism in its veins, Rubye has certainly climbed the ladder, as Kleigs and Cooper-Hewlitts about as rapidly as any other member of the shadow profession I can recall. She calls herself a "newcomer" compared to Mabel Normand and the little Pickford.

"When I looked at the work of these girls," she volunteered in a serious moment midway between the bouillon and fish, which is a very serious time of life indeed, "I sometimes wonder how I have the nerve to tackle some of the things I do. I feel just like an infant in pictures, and I have been in them five years."

She is very humble about her success, and very open minded about the future. Unlike so many, she has not fallen into the fatal error of imagining that she is at the top just because she has appeared in such successes as "The Auction Block," and "The Passionate Pilgrim," as the featured player. Her rather wide, mobile mouth and the quick intelligence of her eyes indicate why she is saved from this.

No doll-like, quiescent pose for Rubye de Remer.

"We are not responsible for our good looks—if we have them," she explained; "our mothers and fathers gave 'em to us, and so we really shouldn't feel that we ought to wiggle and smirk when people mention the fact that we are beautiful. Nor should we feel hurt if we are not so beautiful as some others."

(Continued on page 95)
The oft-threatened is about to happen. Douglas Fairbanks is going to make a picture of Robin Hood. Not right away, y’understand; but it is one of his plans for the near future. He expects to go to England and put on the picture in the original setting—in old Sherwood Forest. In preparation therefor, Doug has begun to practise archery. Bull Montana, having anxiously inquired, has been positively assured that Mr. Hood was not the marksman who shot the apple off the boy’s head, and anyhow Bull would be too big for the boy. But he is still uneasy and skeptical.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Fairbanks, like Mrs. Fairbanks, is having a hard time finding a good story.

His intention was to put on a sequel to the “Mark of Zorro” and, to that end, brought the author, Johnston McCulley back to California. There seems nothing very definite in the matter, however.

“Zorro,” in truth, was an early day Robin Hood of California. Nearly all these California bandit stories are based, avowedly or otherwise, on the adventures of two chivalrous Mexican bandits, Tiburcio Vasquez and Juaquin Murietta. It seems unlikely that Douglas would put on a Mexican Robin Hood and then follow it with a real one.

When summer takes the ice and snow off the surface of Montana, Mr. Fairbanks will probably film the “Virginian” over again. This plan, too, seems to be a little vague.

Mary Pickford is arranging to supervise her brother Jack’s next picture and professes to be greatly concerned whether or not she should be a puttee-wearing director, or just a regular one.

She says she is going to do “Tess of the Storm Country” over again;
but her plans seem uncertain, owing to the lack of real stories.

Mary and Doug were the guests of honor at the Writers’ Club in Hollywood one night recently. Both made speeches. Doug told one on Mary.

“I got pretty tired of being ‘Mister Mary Pickford,’ ” he said, “but I got my revenge at last. When we were in Spain, I had to explain to one of the dignitaries who Mary Pickford was. He interrupted my explanation with a lofty wave of the hand. ‘Ah,’ he said, ‘I feel honored to meet the lady. We have long known of the fame of the Pinkertons.’”

Rex Ingram, at this writing, is making the big scenes of the “Prisoner of Zenda,” which promised to be a beautiful and brilliant spectacle. His wife, Alice Terry, is the Princess Flavia; Lewis Stone has the double part of Rudolph and the King of Ruritania. It is a gorgeous and expensive production.

Mr. Ingram has discovered a new star in the person of a Mexican dancer, Ramon Samanogos, who plays the part of Rupert of Hentzau. He is very glowing as to orbs and very romantic; but is an entirely different type from Rudolph Valentino.

All the flappers in Hollywood are in a profound state of agitation, by the way, owing to the fact that Valentino has purchased a house in the most fashionable part of Hollywood. It is a very colorful and romantic-looking house—old Spanish and so on. There was a furious rumor that Natcha Rambova, a former Russian dancer, now a costume designer, was to occupy it as a bride; but the report is denied. Anyhow, there’s the house. And there’s Valentino, now properly divorced.

(Continued on page 114)
Parent Versus Actor

By

MAUDE CHEATHAM

These remarks show plainly that tho the DeHavens are screen favorites, rollicking thru some of the cleverest comedies ever put into motion pictures, their favorite roles are being the adoring parents of ten-year-old Carter, junior, and Marjorie, aged eight.

Turning to me, Mrs. DeHaven explained. "We are so devoted, the four of us. Even when we toured on the road we always took the children with us; we've never been separated and I have tucked them into bed every night."

"She's the best mother God ever made," is Carter's tribute. He continued, "Sometimes when we work at the studio at night she'll miss her dinner to drive all the way home to hear their prayers."

As the DeHaven's are inclined

TURNING off Hollywood Boulevard at Vine Street and going north three blocks, you come to the Carter DeHaven's magnificent new home.

It is an imposing Italian villa of seventeen rooms, set picturesquely in splendid gardens comprising something over an acre, recently purchased by this merry team of fun-makers, and now after redecorating and adding several improvements, it stands as one of the most beautiful places in all Hollywood.

"We bought it for the grounds," remarked Carter DeHaven, with his characteristic cheerful briskness.

"We built a swimming pool and a theater with a projection machine." gaily chimed in Mrs. DeHaven, adding eagerly, "It has a stage and dressing-rooms, too."

"And I have equipped a gym," continued Carter.

"It's wonderful for the children," his wife concluded, while the two exchanged happy glances.
“Do we ever really succeed?” the DeHavens wanted to know. “One never reaches the end of the trail, always there is something ahead, beckoning...”

Above is a new photograph of Mr. and Mrs. DeHaven; while below, the two beloved DeHaven children are found ready for their daily dip.

to be stay-at-homes, everything possible for the pleasure and amusement of the little family has been considered in planning the new home.

On the second floor is a fascinating Chinese sun parlor, forty by fifty feet, with twenty-four windows to the west, east and south. The hand-painted walls are gay with butterflies, dragons and temples, while palms, ferns, chirruping canaries and a rainbow fountain have turned it into a veritable garden. At one end is the electric piano with Mr. DeHaven's drums and traps, on which he is an expert.

“After dinner we come up here and dance and Carter stages little entertainments for us,” laughed Mrs. DeHaven, pivoting on the smooth floor between the gorgeous Chinese rugs.

Mr. DeHaven's own apartment is most unique, for rare old Paisley shawls have been used for the bed covering and to upholster the furniture; the remainder of the decorations conforming with the subdued colors hinting of Oriental luxuriance, making it a very beautiful room.

Mrs. DeHaven's boudoir is a bower of rosiest pink and apple green, its exquisite details being a reflection of herself, for she is the quintessence of daintiness.

(Continued on page 98)
Greenroom Jottings

It was ten years ago this month that Adolph Zukor, president of Paramount Pictures, decided to make five-reel productions. He had Sarah Bernhardt play "Queen Elizabeth." So an anniversary has been planned and a host of the leading stars of the screen have cabled the Divine Sarah inviting her to be present at the occasion. It promises to be a gay birthday party.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks have evidently decided to continue making their record-breaking productions in sunny California, for they have purchased the J. D. Hampton studio, and special dressing-rooms and a new administration are being erected. It will be known as the "Pickfair Studios." Doug will shortly begin work there on "The Spirit of Chivalry," a costume story written about the period of "Ivanhoe," while Mary will do "Tess of the Storm Country."

Speaking of Mary Pickford Fairbanks, she is about to accept directorial responsibilities. Jack Pickford is soon to begin work on the screen version of "The Tailor-Made Man," with Mary behind the megaphone.

Recently May McAvoy journeyed to New York for a holiday. Her mother accompanied her. In Trinidad, Colorado, they were in a wreck, when a broken rail caused the ditching of five cars. However, they were not hurt and May regretted there was no cameraman there to film the narrow escape. It would have made a splendid climax for a picture.

It is rumored vaguely that Rex Ingram will do a production of "Ben Hur." They say he refuses to attempt it unless there are no financial restrictions, for he realizes the enormous cost which would be entailed. At any rate, Marcus Lowe has an option on the screen rights and we have noticed that rumors usually materialize in some degree. Also Blasco Ibanez, the author of Ingram's successful "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," has offered the young director the film rights to a new novel which has not yet been printed. Such an offer from an author confers great distinction.

Marguerite Marsh, sister of Mae Marsh, is playing opposite Dustin Farnum in his forthcoming production. It is being directed by Bernard Durning who is, incidentally, husband to Shirley Mason.

Lottie Pickford was recently the bride of one of Hollywood's most important weddings. Alan Forrest was the groom. Mary Pickford Fairbanks attended her sister and Jack Pickford gave her away. The bride wore a beautiful white gown with orange blossoms entwined in her hair and Mary, too, wore white. The guests were among the most brilliant members of filmdom. Douglas Fairbanks was there, of course. So was Mabel Normand, who was with Mrs. Charlotte Pickford, Alice Lake, Bebe Daniels, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Meighan, May McAvoy, Lila Lee, and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Moore.

Tom Moore has not deserted the screen. At present he is back in California with his bride, Renee Adoree, and playing with Betty Compson in her new production "Over the Border." Of course, Tom has been considering forming his own company, but it would not be unlikely if he would abandon these plans to sign with Famous Players-Lasky.

Bobby Vernon is now Bobby Vernon. Yes, that's right. You see his real name was Silvion de Jardins but now he has been granted permission by the Superior Court to legally adopt his profession cognomen. Mrs. Bobby will be known as Angel Vernon.

They do say May Murry is going to Spain for the exteriors of her new production "Fascination." Not very long ago she sailed for Cuba, where they planned to take these scenes, but the desired atmosphere was not obtainable and the company returned. This speaks well for the intentions of the Mae Murry company.

Norma Talmadge's next picture is to have a brilliant cast. Norma, naturally, plays the title role of "The Duchess of Langeais." Others entrusted with important roles are Conway Tearle, Rosemary Theby, Irving Cummings, Welgwood Nowell and Adolph Jean...
Just two things to do for a perfect manicure

Cuticle smooth and even—Nails polished and pink
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SHAPELY nails, exquisitely pink and polished, framed in smooth cuticle—at last you can have them without the time-consuming bother it used to mean. Now, with Cutex, there are just two things to do, instead of half a dozen, to make your nails look as if they had just been professionally manicured.

Instead of tedious soaking, and instead of dangerous cutting, you just work carefully about the nails with an orange stick dipped in Cutex Cuticle Remover, then rinse, and the hard dry edges of dead cuticle will simply wipe away.

You can form no idea of how this one thing alone has simplified mani- curing until you have tried it for yourself. In just a fraction of the time that soaking and cutting used to take, you can achieve the smoothness of the nail rims that was never possible when you cut the cuticle—and with none of the ill effects.

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The new Liquid Polish used as a finishing touch will make your manicure last twice as long. It goes on swiftly, easily and with uniform smoothness, dries instantly, and leaves the most brilliant luster. It will keep its own brilliance for at least a week. When it begins to grow dull, you do not have to put on a separate preparation to take it off. You simply put on a fresh coat of polish, and wipe it off quickly before it dries.

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Greenroom Jottings

Menyon. Fidelity to the masterly Balzac story is promised and there will be no effort spared to make this a superfeature in every sense of the word.

Jackie Coogan now has his own gang. Scores of youngsters have roles in his latest picture, "Lost and Found," and Jackie insists upon calling them "My Gang."

Colleen Moore is driving her own car in the direction of Goldwyn studios these days. Her chauffeur has resigned. His wife inherited twenty thousand dollars.

Benjamin Turpin has obtained a policy from an insurance company, which provides that he will get twenty-five thousand dollars if something should take the cross out of his kinked eyes. Undoubtedly his face is his fortune.

Jack Mulhall, the popular leading man, was married last week to Miss Evelyn X. Winans of San Francisco, who is now an actress of the Los Angeles film colony. With the mysterious X for an initial, she has one of the most necessary attributes of stardom.

Larry Semon becomes more and more important in the Vitagraph organization. Now a separate and complete studio is being constructed for Larry on the Hollywood lot where he can carry on his comedy capers without interference or interruption.

Glenn Hunter finds life a busy affair. When he returned from playing with Billie Burke in the Booth Tarkington play "The Intimate Strangers," he began work immediately upon "Stage-Door Johnny," a comedy drama of boy life. It was written and directed by Frank Tuttle who also is responsible for Glenn's first production "The Cradle-Buster." This was originally called "Apron Strings." We think Glenn is one of the most promising shadows now upon the shadow cloth.

While in San Francisco doing scenes for "Moran of the Lady Letty," Dorothy Dalton bobbed her hair. Must have had it done on the well-known Barbary Coast.

Anyway it makes Dorothy look years younger and very beautiful indeed.

There has been a great deal of controversy over the spelling of the popular Valentino's first name. It was first Rudolph, then Rodolfo and now they declare it is Rodolph and will remain this way, combining the American and Italian spelling.

John Robertson has returned from Spain and London to California. His first production at the new Wilshire Paramount studios—formerly the Realart Studios—will be "Blood and Sand," an adaptation of the Vicente Blasco Ibanez's play which was so popular in the stage with Oris Skinner and Catherine Calvert thru the last season. The colorful and vivid Rodolph Valentino will have the leading masculine role of the toreador with May McAvoy, opposite him.

William De Mille is now filming the well-known production of "Bought and Paid For." Agnes Ayres is one of the principal members of its cast.

They say that there will soon be a vogue of Italian imports. The first picture which has recently come from Italy is a historical film "Julius Caesar." These films have been imported because of the popularity of the German historical dramas which recently came to our shores.

George Fitzmaurice also has returned from foreign shores. Mr. Fitzmaurice recently completed "The Man From Home," the exteriors of which were filmed in Italy. He also produced "Spanish Jade," at the London Paramount studios. Looks as tho the native studios were most popular after all.

Wally Reid's next picture is "Across the Continent." As might be judged from the title it is another of the favored racing car stories. Mary MacLaren is the leading lady who acts as a mechanic for Wally.

Anita Stewart is about to complete her contract with (Continued on page 105)
Every normal skin needs two creams

One for protection and to hold the powder
A wholly different cream to cleanse at night

One cream alone cannot supply the skin with all the elements that are needed to keep it in perfect condition. Certain flaws to which the skin is subject can be prevented only by a softening, protective cream. Other flaws need a cream rich in oil that cleanses and stimulates.

Flaws that require a daytime cream without oil
If you do not protect the skin against sun and wind, it will protect itself by developing a rough, coarse surface. To give the needed protection apply a little Pond's Vanishing Cream before going out. This cream is based on an ingredient famous for its softening effect. It leaves the skin fresh and invisibly shielded. Dust cannot work into the pores, wind and sun cannot dry out the skin and make it rough and coarse.

Before you powder, smooth a little Pond's Vanishing Cream on the face. It is absorbed instantly, removing any shine there may be on the skin. Moreover, it cannot come out in a shine later, for there is not a drop of oil in it. With this softening cream as a base, powder just as usual. You will find that the powder lasts many times longer, and that it shows less, for there are no rough places for it to catch on.

Whenever your face feels drawn and tight touch it lightly with Pond's Vanishing Cream. It brings instant relief to a tired skin, relaxing the muscles, softening the hard, set lines, giving the whole face a fresher color and added vigor.

Flaws that need an oil cream at night
Have you begun to notice little fine lines under the eyes, depressions at the corners of the mouth and the base of the nose, a tendency to flabbiness under the chin? The way to prevent little lines from becoming wrinkles is to give your skin regularly a tonic rousing with an oil cream.

Pond's Cold Cream is a rich oil cream that stimulates the skin, lubricating it and restoring its elasticity. Smooth the cream into the little fine lines, rubbing gently the lines, not across them. By the faithful use of this rich cream, you can keep the lines from fastening themselves on the skin and forming real wrinkles.

The dust and dirt that clog the pores, working their way under the surface of the skin, help to form blackheads. Ordinary washing will not remove them. They demand a deeper, more thorough cleansing. After washing the face with warm water and pure soap, rub Pond's Cold Cream into the skin. Let it remain on a few moments, then wipe it off with a soft cloth. This rich cream contains the oil necessary to penetrate the pores and rid them of every particle of dirt.

Begin using both these creams today
Use regularly these two creams that every normal skin needs. Neither will clog the pores nor encourage the growth of hair. Your druggist

Pond's Cold Cream
Vanishing Cream
ADA L.—Glad to hear from you, but I cannot help you.

BLUE BEARD.—That's beyond me: What do the actresses do with their old clothes? In the good old days, they probably gave them away; now, during the hard times, they perhaps pawn them or sell them to the second-hand-clothes man. Let me see, I'm about Earle Williams' build.

ALICE.—You have hit the mark. Better have sense in the head than cents in the pocket. Some of us have neither. Rudolph Valentino has just signed a three-year contract with Lasky to appear in his pictures. His first will be "Blood and Sand," with Bebe Daniels and May McAvoy.

M. E. C.—Yes, I do believe in osteopathy as a cure for certain ills—particularly for those persons who are too lazy to exercise themselves. The principles of it were discovered and formulated by Dr. Andrew T. Still, in 1874, and the first college of osteopathy was opened in Kirkwood, Mo., in 1882. Mary Miles Minter, in "The Heart Specialists," with Allan Forrest and Noah Beery. Yes, Bert Lytell is married to Evelyn Vaughn.

MICHAEL N.—I cannot play alone, so come on. Robert Warwick is not playing in pictures just now. He is on the stage. Shirley Mason, in "Little Miss Smiles." E. S. H., Philadelphia.—Yes, Peter B. Kyne's "Kindreds of the Dust" has been pictured. Thanks, I appreciate the thought. Let me hear from you again.

FAYE E. W.—Your letter was very interesting. I hope you must keep busy. As Voltaire puts it, "Shun idleness; it is the rust that attaches itself to the most brilliant metals." Mary Pickford is going to do "Tess of the Storm Country" over again. Won't you be glad to see it?

FRED L.—Cheer up, Freddie. Omnia vincit amor. Mae Marsh is playing on the stage now. No, they are no relation. Why grumble because roses have thorns. Why not be thankful that thorns have roses?

TOM MIX ADMIRER.—Surely, the stars are images of love. You say at a five o'clock tea and at making love, Wallace Reid is right to home. Well, he's had enough practice. Barbara Bedford is playing in "Winning With Wits." That's a woman's trick. At present, May McAvoy is playing in "Thru the Glass Window."


You're entirely out of the world slide. As for "The Answer Man," I enjoyed the desk top for a dear school, scarce in that.

"Buttercup"?

You want to get your mother's consent to go into the movies. Take my advice and don't get it—it won't do you any good. Betty Beery in "Watch the Weather." "At the Sign of the Jack o' Lantern." Bert Lytell and Viola Dana are to tour the United States, making personal appearances at the different theaters. You're very welcome. Run in again.

ANNA A.—Thanks for the candy hearts. They were sweethearts. Jackie Coogan has started on his next picture, "Nobody." In the cast are Wallace Beery and Gloria Hope, and it is to be directed by Jerome Storm.

M. A. F.—Certainly, a man may be his own grandfather. This seeming anomaly is provable thus: A widower and his son marry: the father marries the daughter of a widow and the son marries the young lady's mother, thereby becoming father (in law) to his own father, and consequently grandfather to his father's son—that is, himself. "Nestor"? Gloria Swanson and Rudolph Valentino, in "Beyond the Rocks.

R. B., New Zealand.—Yes, you refer to True Boardman. I haven't his present address. Sorry.

I. K. A.—Yes, I am just eighty-one years old. Old men are as anxious to live as the young. I don't feel that old, tho. You want too many casts. It would take up too much room here. Don't say "you can write good." You should say well. No offense.

THE KERRGAN-MOORE FAMILY.—You want to boost little Patty Moore of "Out of the Dust," and you want to see more of him in our great paper. VILLAINESS.—"Gas" is from the German geist, a ghost or spirit, and was introduced by Van Helmolt, a physician of Brussels, who employed the term to represent all the non-condensable gases; but his first application was to what he called the "gas of water," now known as hydrogen. (I hope all this gas won't be wasted on desert air.) Address Earle Williams at the Vitagraph Studio, Hollywood, Calif. And you, too, are for Valentino.

BIG BROWN EYES.—So you want to call me Grand Duke, do you? I don't mind. You know, some one said "take the humbug out of the world, and you haven't much left to do business with." Tom Moore is playing opposite Betty Compson, in "Over the Boarders."

GILGUM.—Always put a certain amount of play into your work, and of work into your play; it will make both "go" easier. Wanda Hawley is not playing no. Write me any time.

W. E. D.—Yes, that's sweet of you, but did you know that musclage on the back of a postage stamp is made from the syrup of sweet potatoes? Mae Murray's next picture is "Fascination," and most of the scenes were filmed while in California, but half an hour was spent on October 13th, 1921, in filming one scene; write any time you like. Why, Viola Dana was interviewed in the June, 1921, issue of the Classic. So you think I am about thirty or thirty-five. All wrong. Send a stamped addressed envelope for a list of the clubs.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS NOT.—The first telegram in operation in America was between Washington and Bal-
Do you recognize this motion picture star?

You can see that he enjoys lathering up. That is because he uses Colgate's "Handy Grip" Shaving Stick.

But do you recognize him with the fragrant, softening lather on his face?

You may have three guesses. Write them on the attached coupon, and mail it to us. If any of your guesses is correct, we will send you Colgate's "Handy Grip," with a trial size Shaving Stick, free.

"Refills" cost you the price of the soap alone. Thus you save 10c on each "Refill" you buy.

There's nothing like Colgate's for Shaving Comfort and Economy.

Be sure to fill out and mail the coupon to us.

Colgate & Co. Est. 1806 New York
timore, May 27th, 1844. That was Anna Nilsson, in
"The Figurehead." Yes, all the correspondence clubs sprang to the telephone. A lady can start one, but there seems to be enough of them now.

GLADYS.—All that I ask is but a patient ear—listen. A woman's way worries a man, but it's her weight that worries her. The ceremony was Pearl White's first serial. She is not playing in serials now. No, "Ben Hur" has not been filmed yet. Kalem tried it some eight years ago, but was stopped by a Harper's lawsuit. It suggested Betty.—Well, I swan! You want to be my assistant, and you promise to keep my head out of the inkwell and shine my venerable bald spots once a day. What more could I ask? Engaged—I mean, hired. You may start any time. Most of the players furnish their own clothes, but the company furnishes the rooms they play in. Yes, Viola Dana is playing in "They Like Them Rough." She ought to know.

LONESOME.—Yes, Julian Eltinge has fully recovered.

INQUISTIVE GIRL SCOUT.—Salute! Lady Diana Manners' first picture had a private showing at the Alhambra Theater in London, and Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks were among the invited guests.

HELEN E. L.—That was Elmo Lincoln in "Son of Tarzan." But you've got to have the right stuff. Agnes Ayres and Florence Reed are playing in "Bought and Paid For." You're welcome.

RHYDA K.—That was a mighty interesting letter of yours. You say noise is not sufficient to make a sound argument. Right? Yes, Letitia Joy, opposite Tom Meighan, in "The Proxy Daddy".

S. G. W.—No, I don't ice-skate. You must cut quite a figure. No, Janet Reid, our writer, is no relation to Wallace Reid. In fact, she has no relation. Yes, Earl Williams is playing in "The Man from Downing Street."

WICKED EYES.—Play on, play on; I am with you. If it wasn't for my good readers, I wouldn't be earning my ten dollars a week. Yes, Edna St. Vincent Millay's poems, and she is truly a genius. Mary McAllister is not playing at present. Malvern Polo is about twenty.

DAISIES DELL.—Of course, I approve of women doctors—for women. England has more women medical students than any other country. Betty Compson is playing in "The Great Temptation." No, I don't mind the cold weather—I manage to keep warm with my red flannel and white beard, altho it would be more patriotic if I were a little blue. (A little slow music here, Please.)

JEANNE KAY.—Yes, the Talmadges are on the Coast at this writing. No, I have never been to Paris, but I would like to go some time. Paris was known as Lutetia until 216 A.D. when the name of the great French capital was changed to that which it has borne ever since. Let me know when you are ready to take me.

PEEK-A-BOO.—Yes, I have had the pleasure of meeting both Harold Lloyd and Richard Barthelmess. They are both fine, clean-cut boys. Harold took a trip over to Brooklyn when he was East to see us, and we all were mighty glad to see him. I think his "Sailor-made Man" was one of his best pictures, and Dickie "Thelma David" was his best. That's kind of pictures we need. Now, I don't think there is a child in the Meighan family, but there is a Wallace Reid, Jr., the Watson children, Alice Joyce's little girl, and Gloria Swanson's infant. You're welcome.

FREDA G.—Why don't you write them direct? MIGNON M. TERMINAL.—They have all written to me, and they say that glow-worms are not a worm at all! It's a beetle, the female of which never gets beyond the larva-like form. Her mate is a hard-shelled little beetle, not luminous as she is. Yes, Wallace Reid's "The Champion" has been retitled "The World's Champion." Agnes Ayres, Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, Calif. G. D.—Yes, they are all playing now. Colleen Landis, in "Watch Your Step." By initiative, she meant doing what should have been done without being told.

made up now, aren't we? Francis Bushman is traveling—playing at different vaudeville houses under the Keith circuit. Last I heard of him, he was in Minneapolis. Sorry I can't get that picture of yours. Best wishes.

BOBBI.—It is not where you work; but take care how you work. The "Betrothed" was filmed in Italy. Ruth Roland has aurora hair. Well, I just couldn't call her cute—she is a real person. Bert Lytell's last picture was "Sherlock Brown," with Orca Carew. He and Viola Dana is are matched. Of course, Helene Chadwick is playing—her latest was "Brothers Under Their Skin."

GERTIE.—To ease your mind, Gertie, Charlie Chaplin was born in Paris in 1889. Other reports notwithstanding.

MASCARO.—So you, too, are an admirer of Beauty, and of its Answer Man. Say, I'm getting terribly jealous of that Corliss Palmer. Stand by me girls and dont let a mere woman take the lunks out of my beard. If I didn't love her so much, I would get real mad. But I'm setting a trap for her; I'm going to ask her how to make hair grow on my head instead of on my chin.

C. K. F.—You write, to-wit: "Kindly advise us what Rudolph Valentino ut the hair to give it that polished ebony or patinated olive look I might get it on sale at all drug stores." Take two ounces of stout blackening, one ounce of olive oil and apply with a whitewash brush. Let me know if it doesn't do the trick.

GEORGE F. G.—The more we know, the less we grumble. That's some verse you write me. Charles Ray is playing in "Smudge." Yes, Tom Mix is married to Victoria Forde. Thanks for your good wishes.

THE NOMAD.—I read your letter thru, and enjoyed it very much. As Emerson said, "The only way to have a friend is to be one." Hoot Gibson is changing his name to Eddie Gibson. It is also said that when he marries, his wife will change her name. J. Warren Kerrigan is not playing now. It's a shame; he was such a handsome, popular chap.

THE IMPS.—Help! Help! You want to know how many freckles has Wesley Barry? "Who designed the costume for Pola Negri in 'One Arabian Night'?

What costume? I didn't see any. And, 'is Mary Pickford wearing her dresses long or short?" As to the last, I might add, seriously, that Mary is wearing her dresses longer since she has returned from Paris. She had a beautiful Parisian creation on when she called on me here. Call again, but ask me something easy.

MRS. L. S.—Thanks a lot for the beautifully versed you composed for me. I wish I could print them here. Write me great letters.

HAROLD MILLER A. —Your letter was very interesting. You want more about Harold Miller, Edward Hearst and George Larkin. Last I heard of George Larkin, he was playing in a serial for Universal.

ELMO LINCOLN ARMER.—Enjoyed yours, too. There are about twelve million negroes in the United States. They constitute one-seventh of the working force of the country. Don't lose faith, things will change some day. Madge Bellamy is playing in "Lorna Doone."

SHIRLEY KAYE.—Glad to know you! That was the prize letter for the month. I wish I had time to write you personally, but, of course, I am much too swamped with mail. Will always be glad to hear from you and about your success on the stage. A pleasure.

RICHARD G.—Glady's Walton was born in Boston, Mass., and she is five feet one and one-half inches high. Pauline Starke is in California. As Benjamin Franklin said, "No, no, no!" Whatever you do, tell the government may tax us, we are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride and four times as much by our folly." So, get busy.

P. C. K.—Yes, you are all playing now. (Continued on page 111)
Can lovely hair alone give charm?

An interview with winsome Vivian Martin

"REAL charm is something more than being merely beautiful. It is the creating of an atmosphere of loveliness around you—an atmosphere that makes you different from all the rest."

"Of course, a pretty face or figure make any woman attractive. But no matter how pretty the face—no matter how beautiful her figure—the real secret of charm lies hidden in your hair, just waiting to be brought out."

That is how Vivian Martin answered our question.

And then this little star, who has won her way into the hearts of thousands of admirers, went on to say, "Beautifully arranged, soft, fluffy hair can give to you a personality that is different. And even the plainest girl can bring about a remarkable change in her whole appearance."

While Miss Martin was telling me this, she was a perfect picture of loveliness, and I knew that she had thoroughly learned the secret of charm.

The secret of charm

It doesn't matter whether your hair is dull, lifeless, impossible to arrange, or even full of dandruff—the following treatment which you can use at home will bring out loveliness you never knew you possessed. And your friends will soon notice a remarkable change.

Apply Wildroot Liquid Shampoo (cocoanut oil base), and wash as usual, rinsing three or four times. After drying, massage Wildroot Hair Tonic into the roots of the hair with the finger tips.

Send two dimes for three complete treatments

Send in this coupon, with two dimes, and we will send you enough Wildroot Liquid Shampoo and Hair Tonic to give you three complete treatments.

Or you can get these Wildroot products at any drug or department store, hairdresser or barber, with a guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money refunded. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

WILDCROOT COMPANY, Inc., Dept. MP-4, BUFFALO, N. Y.

I enclose two dimes. Please send me your traveller's size bottles of Wildroot Liquid Shampoo and hair Tonic.

Name

Address

Druggist's Name

Druggist's Address

WILDCROOT
Hair Tonic and Liquid Shampoo
Only Women Know The Real Net Cost

What woman would care to forego the utility, neatness and coiffure cost made possible by the hair net? Yet what an annoyance and constant expense it is to use a net only once or twice! Women who have deplored the frizziness of hair nets will welcome a new and decidedly different kind.

Only the longest and finest human hair is used in fashioning Curlox Nets. The hair is slowly processed to retain its natural life and luster.

Curlox hairs stretch but do not easily break. The increase in wearing ability is great. Since the original lustre of the hair is preserved, Curlox Nets blend invisibly with your hair.

CURLOX TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
OVERSIZE HAIR NET

Another exclusive feature of Curlox Nets will appeal to every woman. Each net is generously oversized. Each tiny knot in Curlox Nets is tied by hand, the nets are twice as broad, and painstakingly inspected for flaws. Should any net prove defective, it will be replaced free of charge.

Curlox Nets are made in both cap and fringe styles, in every wanted shade, including white and grey. Shades always match perfectly. They come in only one size—OVERSIZE, and only one quality, the best, for each—2 for 50¢, grey and white and double mesh, 25¢ each.

Notification, department, variety and drug stores everywhere are stocking this better hair net. If your dealer does not handle Curlox, send us his name and address, together with purchase price, and we will supply you direct.

DIRECT TO THE PUBLIC

Sold everywhere at regular retail prices. Not subject to special orders.

National Commodities Co.

You'll welcome, also, these clever, patented Curlox Hair Curls. These inimitable, effective features curled last hour prevents cutting or breaking the hair. Opens or closes at mere pressure of the thumb and forefinger, yet cannot fly upon accident, no matter how much hair is wound upon them. Cost no more than others—7 for 10¢, 5 for 25¢. At five- and ten-cent stores, notions, variety, department and drug stores everywhere.

because I hurried her so; made her think I was a regular fellow instead of a bum actor.

"No, I don't want her to go on the stage or screen. I want her to be my wife and there are certain things that wives are meant for; home, for instance, and not the stage; but if she really wanted to take a flying at the screen I wouldn't stop her. Of course, I'd prefer that she play in the same company I do, but it's all up to her.'

In other words, whatever little Marjorie Scorman Graves says, goes—so far as her huge and handsome young husband is concerned.

"But you really must come out and see her for yourself," he reiterated, consuming more quantities of grace until I feared for the health of Marjorie's husband. "We have the densest bungalow perched right up in those wonderful old people mountains. You'd adore it, I know."

Later on, after much conversation had temporarily calmed the ecstasies of his sublimated state, we spoke of pictures, and I found that the fire of love instead of dulling his ambition had lighted even stronger fires to do great things: to achieve miracles.

"I am nothing but a kid," said the giant sitting at my feet with a lustre of imagination to do great things in pictures. "I want to develop a real human character on the screen—not one of those heavenly heroes or terrible villains, but a regular fellow who acts as people do in real life."

Ralph actually burns to prove to all how great is the screen. He has a pride in his adopted profession which would never allow him to do anything questionable, anything that might drag it into the mud. He wants to prove that righteous people can succeed in the movies. He loathes muck-rakers with a vehemence which is awesome. While he thinks that any actor who brings scandal on the profession is bad enough, he believes that those who slander such one as a prig, a case of the pot calling the kettle black. He has a healthy hatred for the sincler eccentricities of De Mille—and altho he is a young actor with a clever acting head, he does not hesitate to air his beliefs. He would never thrust his creeds down anybody's throat, yet at times he has to use an adornant self-control to keep from preaching.

Don't let me obscure the picture of him, for he is first of all a light-hearted, jocose player, a merry companion, a pleasant fellow.

Born into the best society in Cleveland, Ohio, Ralph Graves upsets the household traditions by choosing to go on the screen at the age that Booth Tarkington made famous. His father, a wealthy steel man, was somewhat displeased at this queer choice instead of the usual college curriculum. However, he left his son to the training school of life. Now that he sees how earnest Ralph was about his career, he is reconciled to his offspring's failure to follow in his footsteps.

But Ralph finds himself in rather an analogous position. Some society people sneer at picture actors; certain film people consider the denizens of society parasites and rather useless individuals. By starting in at the bottom and working his way to the top, Ralph Graves has convinced the cinema people that he is a capable actor—but he also became an actor to society in general. Now there is a certain fashionable club in Los Angeles that bans picture people, but it numbers among its members a certain somewhat richie who has made a great splurge with his money. One day at another Los Angeles Club which is proud to number the world-while cinemates in its roster, Ralph happened to hear his man bragging. Ralph smiled quietly:

"Back in Cleveland that man worked in my father's steel mill."

And in Los Angeles Ralph is unacceptable in certain circles because he is earning his living as an actor. And this is a queer old world for a democracy...

But to be perfectly serious, the cinema needs more young folk like Ralph Graves; idealistic ambitions and a background fortified with traditions which make going straight a matter of course, regardless of how much money one attains.

Ralph has splendid plans ahead. At present he is busy homoeopathy and playing the lead in "Sent for Out," for Goldwyn.

"IF"

[The inspiration of which may be found at any picture house, any night, anywhere—Apologies to Mr. Kipling.]

By HUGH HOLBROOK

If you can hold your tongue when all about you Are using theirs to comment on the play— Its plot, its scenic merits and its actors—In undertones both eager and blase— If you can hear to the crunch of peanuts While tempest tragic scenes before you float, And, hearing, not give way to the temptation To seize the guilty party by the throat; If you can grit your teeth and never murmur When late arrivals stride across your feet, And after having reached their destination, Decide to move and try another seat—If you can witness some beloved story, Twisted, distorted, cheapened to a joke Of its once wholesome self, and not be angry, Or hope the fool producers all go broke; If you can listen to the strains of jazz-time While grande-dames step the stately minuet, Or watch an English romance to the thunder Of Holby's newest "blues," and still not fret; If you can talk with fans and keep your temper, Or sit, unvexed, behind some spoony pair, If you can smile when candy-eating archons Thrust sticky fingers forth into your hair; If you can force yourself to see the ending Of morbid "classics," boresome from the start, And not begrudge the sums we're daily spending Upon such crimes done in the name of art; If you, from every hour spent at the studio, Can sixty minutes worth of pleasure find? You've got the whole world by the tail, my boy. (There are not very many of your kind.)
Dana and Alice Lake last summer. The famous feather-weights took a table in the center of the dance floor and there proceeded to play their denuding game with extreme realism. Alice lost and removed her hat. Viola took off a slipper. Excitement went up several calories before Buster Keaton, uniformed as an officer of the law, rushed in and dragged the fair gamblers from their seats.

Since there are no stellar cafes worth mentioning, since murdering has supplanted drinking as a national dissipation, tipping has been replaced by yawning. Of course, as in all parts of this great democracy, the principal dinner course is served under the table, but you are taking your life on your hip by inducing liquid provision into the places mentioned. I understand now why the hold-up artists find work so pleasant on the streets; the champions of the law are all hanging around the cafes looking for a drink to confiscate. Two or three civilian cafes have enjoyed a raid, but thus far the cinematic resorts have not a blot on their 'scutcheons.'

The uplifters will tell you that the real tobacco stuff is unco orthodox at private parties in the players' homes. True, the residents of Hollywood still have the freedom of their domiciles just as have the citizens of Newport and Bar Harbor. As yet I have heard of no constitutional amendment taking away the liberty of the home.

The most unwise utterance ever made by man, barring none—not even those of presidents or congressmen—is that of a Los Angeles clergyman, one of those conscientious objectors to the movie. Said the archdeacon:

"People who play noble characters on the screen do not in their daily lives always sustain these characters."

There are scandalous goings-on among the cinema just as there have been among the clergy from time immemorial. But public objection should be raised only when these didos affect others than the cutters. If a producer chooses to put his mistress, wife or mother-in-law on the screen simply because she is such, the public has the right and power to refuse to pay for her upkeep. It is not a question of morality, but mercantile dealing. The public has the right to refuse patronage of humpback stars which the producer has raised for his adoration, just as the customer has the right to refuse spoiled vegetables when the grocer tries to put them off on him.

A great deal has been said about the fake publicity sent out by press-agents concerning players. I have never seen any as mendacious as the stuff which has been spouted about Hollywood, making it appear a civic daughter of joy, an off-spring of gay Paree. As I say, there are wild parties without a doubt, just as there are in New York, Chicago and San Francisco, but the tourist has no chance of sitting in on these. Therefore, I say, if you want to sin, go wrong where you are. If you come to Hollywood you might have to go right, and what could be more stupid or disillusioning?

WHY?
By Ruth Tincher Fellows

If silence is "golden,"

An answer we would seek,

Why is the Silent Drama

Then called the "silver" sheet?

A Delightful Test
To bring you prettier teeth

This offers you a ten-day test which will be a revelation to you. It will show you the way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth.

Millions of people of some forty races now employ this method. Leading dentists everywhere advise it. You should learn how much it means to you and yours.

Clouded by a film

Your teeth are clouded more or less by film. The fresh film is viscous—you can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

Old methods of brushing leave much of that film intact. The film absorbs stains, so the teeth look discolored. Film is the basis of tartar.

How it ruins teeth

That film holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So most tooth troubles are now traced to that film, and they are almost universal.

Now we combat it

Dental science, after long research, has found two film combatants. Many careful tests have proved their efficiency. Leading dentists everywhere urge their daily use.

A new-day tooth paste has been created, called Pepsodent. It compiles with modern requirements. And these two great film combatants are embodied in it.

Two other effects

Pepsodent brings two other effects which authority now deems essential. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube and watch these effects for a while. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Then judge the benefits by what you see and feel. You will be amazed.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 714, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family
MAGAZINE

“I Got the Job!”

“’Tm to be Manager of my Department starting Monday. The boss said he had been watching all the men. When he found I had been studying at home with the high school, I was surprised. I never knew he knew I had the right stuff in me—that I was bound to make good. Now we can move over to that house on Oakland Avenue and you can have a maid and take things easy. I tell you, Nell, taking that course with the I. C. S. was the best thing I ever did.”

Spare-time study with the I. C. S. is winning promotions for thousands of men and bringing happiness to thousands of homes all over the world. In offices, shops, stores, mines, mills and on railroads, I. C. S. trained men are stepping up to big jobs over the heads of older men, past those whose only qualification is long service.

There is a Job Ahead of YOU

Some men are going to be picked for it. The boss can’t take chances. When he selects the one to hold it he is going to choose a trained man with sound, practical knowledge of the work. Get busy right now and put yourself in line for that promotion. You may have a spare time for your own home through the I. C. S., just as nearly two million men and women have done in the last 50 years. Just as many have been doing and are doing today.

The first step these men took to mark and mail this coupon. Make your start the same way!

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

ROBERTS, PA.

Without cost or obligation, please explain how you can qualify for the position, or in the subject before which you have marked X in the list below:

---

[Various options listed]

B. P. Wrinkle Eradicators

Made in two styles—Eradicators, for lines in hair, and Wrinkle Eradicators, for lines in face and neck area at good drop and department store prices. For booklets, send fifty cents.

B. P. C. O. (Two Weeks) 12219 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, O.

The Aid Nature

Smooth out the wrinkles and crow’s feet that mar your beauty with Wrinkle Eradicators. Use one bottle less—simple and easy to use—a benefit nenecarily.

(Continued from page 33)

Miss Roberts is a sensitive woman. When she saw that I had the right stuff in me—that I was bound to make good, she was surprised. She told me that I could have a maid and take things easy. I told her that I was going to be a good employee and that I would do my best. She was pleased and gave me a promotion. I am now a manager in my Department, and I am happy that I have a job.

Grief and Hair

She will not pose for her photograph. I wanted to ask her how she felt when she was married to Mr. Roberts. She said that she was happy and that she had a lot of work to do in the office. But she had to go home and see her mother, who was sick with grief.

The Unmarried Life

“Don’t be so silly,” said Mrs. Roberts. “I have had to keep him up and about the house. If he gets into a bad mood, he will break something. Every woman owes it to herself. Motherhood should come as the climax of her life.”

“I, for instance,” I inquired, “Miss Roberts should marry a man whose salary is one-third hers at the present time, then:

“I believe that she would continue working,” added Mrs. Roberts, “until a nest-egg had been laid by. After that, she—or any other girl in a similar position—should acquire the same knowledge of running her husband’s household that she could provide.”

A certain psychic sense pervades Miss Roberts. She believes in the psychic, yet to her it seems rather new. She has a good business asset or a superstition. She is not a spiritualistic fanatic; she rather refrains from talking about the matter.

Her knowledge that she is psychic came to her perhaps three weeks after her father’s death. He had accompanied an expedition sent by Universal into Africa for the Smithsonian Institution. The actor, William Stowell, was also in the party. Suddenly, one day the film world was shocked to hear that the train bearing the expedition was a failure and that several members of the party had been killed, including both Mr. Stowell and Miss Roberts’ father.

“I was sitting in the breakfast room one morning trying to write a letter,” Miss Edith said, “when, all of a sudden, I felt my hand making peculiar signs. Soon I began to write. It was a message from Mr. Stowell, which I had written in the quiterest, most unfamiliar sort of writing. Since then, other messages, from other people, have come into my hand. She has never “gone into a trance,” she said, a bit wonderingly. Such a procedure isn’t a sign that one is going to receive spiritual messages. I find myself just writing and writing. Afterwards I have tried to copy that same hand script, but I have never been able to.”

“The whole spirit parade has only made me more firm in my belief that we are not guiding our destiny. Certainly not,” I agreed, a bit shame-facedly, because when Miss Roberts speaks about “Dad,” as she calls her father, there are tears in her eyes.

If we interview people deep enough, we invariably find that there has been some force—generally a sorrow—which has come into the life of the really successful actresses. The cases are individual—but in every case where a young girl shows genuine emotional ability one can find that there has been a certain mellowing influence. If a girl is wholly scatterbrained, silly, and always carefree, she lacks the first habiliment of an actress—sympathy.

And I believe, perhaps because of her father’s death that Miss Roberts cries real tears in an emotional scene. She has acquired the background of understanding. When she was still a child, she “broke into” theatricals by doing a song-and-dance turn in vaudeville in New York.

Later, she went into pictures with the Imp company, and finally, played as her first lead, the role of a mother. She was then fourteen. King Baggot was then the leading matinee idol of the screen. She and her mother lived on the same street as he, and she used to watch him enter and leave his apartment, wishing she could be in pictures. Finally she played with him in a film.

And, several years later, after she had starred in such pictures as “Lascas,” “The Addition Story,” “China Cal,” “The Unknown Wife,” and “Open Shutters,” Mr. Baggot was selected to direct her in “Luring Lips,” her final Universal picture. It was a coincidence.

Shortly after she severed relations with the Universal company, Miss Roberts was selected by Cecil B. De Mille for a role in his latest play, “Saturday Night.” She is a devotee of the De Mille art.

“When a newcomer goes onto his lot,” she explained, “he has to pass all sorts of muster. Mr. De Mille brought me wearing a gown from the wardrobe room and walking up and down in front of Theodore Kosloff, Clare West, Alvin Wyckoff and Mr. De Mille himself. Mr. Kosloff passes on your grace of movement and general artistic effect; Miss West looks over to see how your head is being given; the designer for Mr. Wyckoff is very critical as to how you will photograph—and Mr. De Mille takes in all your other qualifications or disqualifications.

I have heard he is very temperamental, nervous,” I ventured.

“Not at all!” she contradicted. “He is simply an artist who is paying other people to follow his scheme of things. His art tells him to insist upon accuracy of the finest detail.”

Of the De Mille picture, suffice it to say that Miss Roberts at one point wherein a complete bedspread of ermine kept her from showing anything that might be deleted by the censors.

“We had probably hundreds of dollars in a bathroom scene!” she marveled. “And I wore a sable coat lined with ermine which cost thousands—and Mr. De Mille insisted that it be nearly ruined in a fire scene.”

“But all this necessary?” I questioned. “Absolutely!” she replied. “That’s why the De Mille society characters do not look out of place. They are real. They have an atmosphere to work in. They do not have to imagine or originate.”

The last title I have used—Fidelis—means a lot. But, in the case of the tiny bird-like Miss Roberts, it means more than a lot. She has lived her life upon one thing—sincerity of purpose.

She believes in a dollar’s worth of effort for a dollar’s pay. She does not believe in wearing a glass bead in a platinum setting.

DISARMAMENT IN THE MOVIES

By Ruth Tincher Fellows

Now that disarmament is in vogue, we are to see De Mille get a start, and become a clever movie queen; and will they cut out William Hart? Or will Bill throw all his guns away and decide to take the lead With spats and pencilled eyebrows, arched, and out-class Wally Reid?
“George is one of those gentlemen farmers,” said Meighan, when I quizzed him about the greatest change in the English Language in the world. “A quiet, cynical chap, of remarkable gifts. He sees right thru a person when he meets him. And if he doesn’t like you, he carries you in writing. After a great deal of persuasion, I got him out to Hollywood. He wrote an original script for me. Our Leading Citizen, he calls it. I think, for once, they’ll let the first title stand with it.” Meighan grinned at the novelty. “You know, Will Rogers says that, as a rule, in Hollywood the titles as often as they change wives.”

In that respect, this picture star is individual. He married Frances Ring, sister of “Yip I Adly I Aye” Blanche, long ago, shortly after his success in the “College Widow,” and, strangely enough, he’s been very much married to her ever since. Another distinctive feature about Tom is the fact that he does not own a car. Think of that! A celluloid celebrity without a Rolls Royce!

Simplicity spells it all, in his case. He gets up about seven every morning, before the tires are up eleven every night—except when he’s vacationing in New York, as he was when I saw him. Then he spends every night in his own home, the theater, or over the telephone until the early hours. The “College Widow,” which is a swell shock to most teachers of the “old school,” who still think that the piano is solely a problem of “finger gymnastics.” When you sit down to the keyboard, you can accomplish twice as much because you understand what you are doing. With his love lessons, I enable you to play an interesting piece, not only in the traditional way, but in other keys as well.

I make use of every possible scientific help—many of which are entirely new to the average teacher. My patented invention, the COLOROTONE, success away playing difficulties that have troubled students for generations. By its use, Transposition—a usually ‘nightmare’ to students—becomes easy and fascinating. With my fifth lesson I introduce another important and exclusive invention, QUINN-DEX. QUINN-DEX is a simple, hand-operated moving-picture device, which enables you to see, right before your eyes, every movement of your hands at the keyboard. You actually see the fingers move. This makes it possible to reproduce your teacher’s finger movements from MEMORY—which cannot be always accurate—so that you can play the correct models before you during every lesson of practice. The COLOROTONE and QUINN-DEX save you months and years of wasted effort. They can be obtained only from

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 many players of the piano or organ who obtained their training from me by mail. I have far more students than were ever before taught by one man. Investigate by writing for my 64-page booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ."
Letters to the Editor

Letters to the editor cannot be used in this department unless the name and address of the writer is given. If the writer desires that only initials be used in publication, please specify.

Requesting Theda Bara!

DEAR EDITOR: I should like a few words of inquiry as to what has become of Miss Theda Bara. She seems to be the most cruelly criticized woman of the films. To me, she is one of the most delightful of actresses. Her beautiful and entertaining presence, together with "Cleopatra" and "Salome", seem to have been forgotten by the film public in their deep interest of the latest works of movie art; but I shall consider "Cleopatra" of the best photoplays I have ever seen.

Whatever Miss Bara is now doing, I am sure her return to the films would be heralded with much delight, and I should suggest a play founded on the famous plots of Samson and Delilah as worthy of displaying once again her exceptional talents.

Very sincerely, WILLLIE BURFORD, Waukomis, Oklahoma.

Regarding the Gish Sisters in particular

DEAR SIR: Is it necessary for an actress to fuss with her feet in order to portray a young girl? I think not, for I am under eighteen myself, and I never do it, nor have I ever seen anyone who did, except Lillian and Dorothy Gish, and Carol Dempster. And I am quite sure they never do it except for the camera.

"Cleo of the Golden Age" is an actress. And who ever would have dreamed she was pretty before she appeared in "Way Down East"? Do you remember her costume and coiffure in "True Heart Susie" and "The Great Love"? How could anyone look well in such things? I should like to see her in a picture where Bendel made all of her clothes instead of only two or three things, as in "Way Down East".

Speaking of clothes, I am afraid I cannot admire those worn in the DeMille productions. There is only one word that describes them properly—grotesque. They might do very well in something like "The Follies," but could scarcely be worn in private life, and are supposed to be in the scenarios. Of course, there are some that are not very strange—quite good looking, in fact—the majority, I think, are rather awful. How much more beautiful and in what better taste are the gowns worn by Norma and Constance Talmadge?

I think one of the nicest of the new stars is Agnes Ayres. She does not appear to be so very youthful, but she is good-looking and a good actress. Gloria Swanson, too, Gish is a born actress, but I had almost sooner see her look pretty than exotic—she is much too tiny to be laden with heavy looking furs and to wear eccentric coiffures with paddles stuck in them. I liked her in "Under the Lash" better than anything she has done.

I see in the January number there is a letter from one of the writers from whom the writer thinks are the most beautiful on the screen. I agree in nearly every case, but where is Norma Talmadge? How could anyone make such a list and not include her?

Wallace Reid's remark, "Heaven forbid that I should ever become a motion picture idol!," I think is very funny. I wonder what he would do if someone told him he was one. However, he doesn't try to be dramatic, as so many do, and until he does, I shall continue to go to see him.


Commending the motion picture and some of its stars.

To THE EDITOR: As an old reader from your pages, I am herewith taking the wonderful opportunity to say something on the subject concerning some of my favorite actors and actresses, and why.

First of all, I would like to congratulate the movie industry for its great progress and better pictures during the past year, which is due to the fact that a few types being introduced to the public.

Rudolph Valentino, Colleen Moore, Glenn Hunter, May McAvoy, Richard Dix, Garret Hughes, and scores of others are responsible for cleaner and better pictures.

I would like to hear more of the wonderfully talented little actress, Patricia Palmer, who has done some remarkable work in "Things Men Do," but she has dropped out of sight. We are all anxious to hear from her, when any director considers her a favorite.

There is another lady who deserves praise, and she is Mabel Baffin, she of the beautiful eyes. Hugo Ballin is a genius, and no wonder his pictures are so clean and pathetic, with Mabel Ballin enacting the leading roles, could it be otherwise?

As for the men, Norman Trevor is my favorite, and Rudolph Valentino is certainly gaining popularity and will be long before long a celebrated star.

Glenn Hunter is favored by many people on account of his being so natural, which puts him in the class of Garret Hughes and Charles Ray.

Wishing you and your magazine success.

Yours truly, BLANCHE KATZ, 2183 Washington Ave., Bronx, N. Y.

In protest of the out of focus closeups.

DEAR EDITOR: Will you print this as a protest against the blurred close-ups so many films are showing now? In the first place, they hurt the eyes, having the same effect as a picture out of focus. Have come away from a picture of that kind feeling that my eyes were crossed. Another objection is this: the audience is taken back to reality and the spell of the picture is broken.

If the actors are capable of throwing that spell and making us forget the butcher, the baker, etc., why wake us up? If the scene is pathetic enough, and we are supposed to look at same thru tear-jammed eyes, why not use the magnifying glass of bringing them there? Nazimova can do it when she forgets to pose; then why does she use the blurred close-ups almost entirely?

Another objection to the close-ups is that the actors consent to blurred close-ups of Mr. Valentino, he is making a great mistake, for it is his eyes, the most expressive I have ever seen. I have seen him filmed, and winning smile (one other I know of having a smile of the same charm—Dustin Farnum in the old Virginian days) that in some way carries personality, magnetism, whatever it is, enough to grip the spectator without being only a shadow. Then, surely, the director ought to do nothing to bring the audience from the spell of make-believe. It is blurred close-up, such as cold water in the face. Hoping you will find room to print at least part of this protest, I am,

TRULY YOURS,

MAX PARKER, 3743 Newcomb Place, St. Louis, Mo.

A reader traveling in Germany writes interestingly of German motion picture production.

DEAR EDITOR: A message of cheer to the U. S. motion picture industry. For some time our industry feared the invasion of the German films. When studying to a fine point, we need not be alarmed of them.

Some time ago there were released several German films. First came "Passion," the story of Madame Du Barry; next "Carmen" was shadowed upon the American screen under the title of "Carmen Blood," followed by "Deception." The leading roles of these films were played by the foremost German film stars, as Pola Negri and Netti Porteke directed by the famous producer, Herr Lubitsch.

Summing the entire question in a nutshell, these are just a few of the master pictures produced by the German film industry and come into our country.

The usual German film is nothing when put into competition with our ordinary films. Not even going into our wonderful films as "Way Down East," "Dream Street," "The Heart of Maryland," "Bob Hampton of Placer," and "The Blind Husband," with hundreds of others which can be recalled.

Then call to your mind the excellent type of directors and producers: D. W. Griffith, Thomas Ince, Charlesalt, Neilan and Maurice Tourneur. With the support of the army of movie stars which these men have made in years past.

Among the talented are Katherine MacDonald, Clara Kimball Young, Lilian Gish, Dorothy Dalton and Mary Pickford. With our men of the screen, Richard Barthelmess, John Barrymore, Bert Lytell, Wallace Reid, George Walsh and Douglas Fairbanks, and anyone interested in the movies may name many more.

With our vast army of stars and excellent staff of producers, also the unconquerable field to work in. What nation's pictures have we to fear, none can surpass ours. The only advantages the German producer has to compete with the American is the cheap labor in Germany. Extras may be had for the price of a meal, or a dollar and a half.

The great trouble the German producers have is when employing several thousand extras for mass films. They will accept the work for a set amount, and when at the studio and the stage is all set ready for work, will strike. The other day I heard of an occurrence at a studio a short distance near Berlin. In our studios, we were staging "The Wife of Pharaoh" and needed a thousand extras for the same, which (Continued on page 112)
We Interview Cecil B. DeMille

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25)

Mr. De Mille: Nothing should part company with beauty. Why not beauty in everything. People everywhere you'll find beauty.

G. H.: Is that, fundamentally, what you try to give in your pictures?

Mr. De Mille: I think. A woman is always something for it—to-groups for it. They may all of them, do it in different ways, but they do it none the less. The little woman in the mining town may only cut a colored picture from the Sunday supplement and paste it on her wall—but that is her desire for beauty—the means she has at hand to gratify it. Give beauty to the world and you'll be successful.

G. H.: But the Sunday supplement isn't beautiful.

Mr. De Mille: It is as near to beauty as that particular woman can get at that particular time. The desire is a greater thing than the means of gratification. I am not much a devotee of beauty. I believe in beautifying the simplest, most staple commodities . . . A. W. F. (brilliantly): Even telephone.

Mr. De Mille: Even telephones. Everything possible, whenever possible, and it is almost always quite possible.

G. H.: Your women are always beautiful in your pictures—silken creatures. They seem, somehow, to give forth a silken atmosphere. How do you choose them? How do you make them give that effect?

Mr. De Mille: There are two types of women—the woman who can wear silks, and the woman who can wear gingham. There are a great many more of the latter.

G. H. (aside): There are a great many modern opportunities for the latter.

Mr. De Mille (wheedling): The silken woman does interest me rather more, altho in my last picture, "Saturday Night," you will findatrice joy change from the one type to the other. As for making them give forth what you call a silken atmosphere, I never "make" them do anything that doesn't belong to an atmosphere for them; of well being, of luxury, and then I call forth what they have within them. If I were to direct you in a scene now, I would not tell you what to do: I would suggest to you what I wanted and there would come forth in response that which is within you. It is what they feel that matters. If they feel silken then, they are silken.

(The INTERVIEWERS fall into a bit of silence from which, vehemently, A. W. F. rises again:

A. W. F.: You sort of make the stars, don't you?

Mr. De Mille (smiling): I am the star milly. They come as grit and I turn them out as stars, so speak . . .

G. H.: How do you handle the artistic temperament?

Mr. De Mille: I have never encountered it. It belongs to the Dark Ages. The people I have come into contact with have been earnest and hard working and perhaps create beings, and that Genius (he shrugs his shoulders suggestively) if I may borrow—genius is perspiration, not inspiration. I've been working with the people there for eight vacationless years, and they've run pretty true to form.

A. W. F.: You must love it to be able to keep at it for that length of time, steadily.

Mr. De Mille: It would be impossible in any other line, but creative work has the faculty of self-renewal.

A. W. F. now signals to G. H. that the time has passed. The pit of silence yawns before them again. G. H. is engaged in pulling beads from her bag. A. W. F. has taken to tracing the gar- "poodles in the arm of her chair. Possibly she believes them to be Gothic. The sig- nal is eventually received and the Inter- viewers rise to go. The secretary to Mr. Zukor probably decides that the stars earn their salaries if all interviews are like this. He strikes a few keys over in his corner. The room is now deep in shadow. Mr. Mille rises from the official looking desk.)

A. W. F.: Good-bye. And a pleasant trip.

G. H.: Good-bye. And fine game. Mr. De Mille.: Good-bye. When you're in California drop in and see me in my Gothic office. And don't forget, beauty in everything.

SCENE III—A long, narrow corridor in the office-building. Fifteen minutes has elapsed. The interviewers walk aimlessly toward a distant door.

G. H.: We wish you, very, very bright. I must say. Such clever questions! A. W. F.: Acted like two adolescents outside a stage-door. Why didn't you ask some of those questions you press-agented with such superiority at the beginning of this auspicious occasion? I gave you an opportunity, I waited.

G. H.: I showed you that, you mostly waited. I didn't expect him to be like that—a business man or a banker or something. I cant take a cue when it isn't given.

A. W. F. (as she looks about in search of her bearings): No doubt, he would have acted differently if he had known of your expectations. Personally, I don't believe he had the aspirin you mention with him.

(The interviewers have now described a cycle and are about to enter a door next to the one from which they lately appeared when an office-boy emerges from the general obscurity and leads them in the opposite direction.

OFFICE-BOY: This way, Ladies. That's the vault—that's the safe, the vault. Look out for the stenographers . . . This way out, ladies!

Exit G. H. and A. W. F.

That's Out

(Continued from page 58)

We Take Our Hats Off To Madge Bellamy. A charming actress who, if properly handled, has the makings of a star.

There's no doubt about the motion picture progressing, there is always a time the movie hero used to hit a villain over the head with a bottle. Now he uses a chair. Thick skulls (or rather, thicker skulls) will be destroyed for a few years in the future, when, no doubt, ice boxes, sideboards, will be used.

Latest dope says that Mr. and Mrs. Francis X. Bushman are to return to the screen. Why not bring Theda Bara and Mary Garden with them, and make it an all-star cast?

Often a bridesmaid but never a bride

THE case of Geraldine Proctor was really pathetic. Most of the girls in her set were married, or about to be, and there they possessed more grace or charm than beauty. And as Miss Proctor's birthday crept gradually toward that tragic thirty-mark, marriage seemed farther away from her life than ever. She was often a brides- maid but never a bride.

* * *

Your mirror can't tell you when your breath is not right. And even your most intimate friends probably won't.

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath). Halitosis creeps upon you unawares. You may even have it for years without knowing so yourself.

That of course is when halitosis is a symptom of some deep-seated organic trouble a doctor must correct. Or maybe a dentist.

But so commonly halitosis is rather a temporary or local condition that will yield to more simple treatment.

Listerine, the well-known liquid antiseptic, possesses wonderful properties as a mouth deodorant. When regularly used, it arrests food fermentation and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean.

As such it becomes an indispensable friend to people who wish to enjoy the comfortable assurance that their breath is always beyond reproach.

Listerine will put you on the safe and polite side. Provide yourself with a bottle today and use it regularly as a gargle and mouth wash.

Your druggist has handled Listerine for years, and regards it as a safe, effective antiseptic of great merit.

Start using Listerine today. Don't be in doubt another day about your breath—Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE
COME the winsome, the whimsical, the altogether fascinating "Connie" Talmadge in a comedy-drama that is unquestionably the greatest work of her screen career, "Polly of the Follies," by John Emerson and Anita Loos. It is filled to the brim and overflowing with laughs, with an underlying story of love, pathos and romance that will touch the heart. This is one of the pictures no one should miss. Miss Talmadge is one of the independent artists whose pictures are released through First National.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc., is a nation wide organization of independent theatre owners which is banded together for the purpose of fostering the production of finer photoplays and which is working for the constant betterment of screen entertainment. It accepts for exhibition purposes the work of independent artists strictly on their merit as the best in entertainment.

The "Punch-the-Clock" Girl

(Continued from page 43)

now, in "The Eyes of the World," by Harold Bell Wright, as well as for the fact that she played in five pictures with Bill Hart, and in three pictures with Charley Ray. Perhaps her long period of hard work is what has made her accept stardom so gracefully. She is anything but upstage. And perhaps her punch-the-clock-on-time conscience has had something to do with it.

She has not become afflicted with chauffe-ritis, which means that she still drives her own coupé. She drove us from the Chet Bennett stage up into the busy marts of Hollywood with capable hands, and I'm here to say that she yields a mean throttle!

And here is a secret about Miss Novak which I am giving to a waiting world for the very first time: She was once a song-and-dance "artist" on the vaudeville stage. Can you imagine Jane doing a song and dance act? Neither could I, but the truth came out as the result of a perfectly innocent question from me. I asked her if she had ever been on the stage. She flushed under the smooth pallor of her skin, and laughed, musically. She also glanced in a startled manner at "Scoop," who was the ever-present third party to the interview.

"Shall I tell him?" she inquired of the third party, who is her business manager, if you must know it.

"Oh, you might as well," replied the third party, resignedly.

I thought I had stumbled upon something terrible, which Jane would conceal at all costs.

"Yes, I went out of Notre Dame Convent in St. Louis right straight into vaudeville," she said, with the manner of one taking a cold shower and getting it over with as soon as possible. "Another girl and myself made up a 'team,' and the manager booked us. But he was a naughty rascal and our 'act' went broke. We almost had to walk home. Then I did some work in my uncle's stock company, until the stage virus had thoroughly got in its deadly work, with an inoculation of motion pictures."

Some of the things Miss Novak would never do during her picture career are: Not to play with a woman star, not to be late at the studio, not to allow the casting director to put her in any part but one which would fit her type, and not to attend "movie" parties, whatever they are! It is remarkable how many little girls and boys I have talked to in Hollywood recently, and I think that they have never attended a so-called movie party. What can be the matter with a movie party? Some day, I am going to write a story about a movie party.

For any girl who loves her family and loves her cute little home as does Jane, I'm here to say that she is certainly a bear for location stuff. She has established a reputation for herself as an "out-door" girl, and so outdoors she has been.

"I've spent six months of every year on location," she told me, as we motored back to the studio, so she could be properly horse-whipped. "I think that is a record. Life seems to be made up of things like this. The more we love some one thing in this mortal existence, the more we are denied it. Perhaps it is good for us."

With this bit of philosophy on her lips, we swung up to the big Bennett stage.
Once the Gibson Man

(Continued from page 63)

illustrated the various and sundry books written for an eager public by Harold Bell Wright.

"You ought to get into pictures," said Rex to Jack. "There'll be millions in it!"

At that time Jack was playing very good parts in Broadway productions, but he was not rapidly becoming a millionaire. So he got himself a job playing in a picture at the old Biograph. In his first picture were Blanche Sweet, Micky Neilan, Lionel Barrymore and Antonio Moreno, the latter playing the insignificant part of an oyster.

Only a short time ago, Rex Ingram selected Jack Mulhall to play the juvenile part in his big picture "Turn to the Right." In that pie was a half fortunes, to the Right! he already had in the spring engagement for his life. The life of the nance, as many part under con that if he accepting enty securing remain. "You main a for a a con was a. When I kee in ne new once! Wlpectin

"P own 'em I've Jus. see A cor for a po. Eli for Eli Th ov ar "S th
York and Hollywood, and on the screen. She knows and admits that she is beautiful, but she takes no great pains to preserve that beauty. It is not her fetish. It is not an Old-Man-of-the-Sea hanging about her creamy white throat. Nor does she employ "street" make-up to enhance it when she is out of the studio. Perhaps, because she is only about twenty-two years old, she has not taken to worrying about the preservation of it yet. There are no mascara rims about her liquid-clear cornflower-blue eyes, and you do not feel that you would like to wipe the red off her lips.

"Do you think," I asked, by way of probing that intellect which shines from her wide-apart eyes under their level, unbleached brows, "that you would be temperamental if you had gone on living in Deni...ing in the church choir?"

known what 'temperamental', throatily. "My it 'temper,' and it acting in pieces of emotional-be called 'out-doubt really think intimate peculiarities of cause she happen can get away a player should peculiarities of as a result of studio—long lack of con- character, to laugh, and us to cry, follow each and it's no gurkey

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How the Shape of My Nose Delayed Success

By EDITH NELSON

I had tried so long to get into the movies. My Dramatic Course had been completed and I was ready to pursue my ambitions. But each director had turned me away because of the shape of my nose. Each told me I had beautiful eyes, mouth and hair and would photograph well—but my nose was a "pug" nose—and they were seeking beauty. Again and again I met the same fate. I began to analyze myself. I had personality and charm. I had friends. I was fairly well educated, and I had spent ten months studying Dramatic Art. In amateur theatricals my work was commended, and I just knew that I could succeed in motion pictures if only given an opportunity. I began to wonder why I could not secure employment as hundreds of other girls were doing.

Finally, late one afternoon, after another "disappointment," I stopped to watch a studio photographer who was taking some still pictures of Miss B—a well-known star. Extreme care was taken in arranging the desired pose. "Look up, and over there," said the photographer, pointing to an object at my right, "a profile—" Oh, yes, yes," said Miss B instantly following the suggestion by assuming a pose in which she looked more charming than ever. I watched, I wondered, the camera clicked. As Miss B walked away, I carefully studied her features, her lips, her eyes, her nose. "She has the most beautiful nose I have ever seen," I said, half audibly. "Yes, but I remember A Maid, who was standing near me, "when she had a 'pug' nose, and she was only an extra girl, but look at her now. How beautiful she is."

In a flash my hopes soared. I pressed my new-made acquaintance for further comment. Gradually the story was unfolded to me. Miss B—had had her nose reshaped—yes, actually corrected—actually made over, and how wonderful, how beautiful it was now. This change perhaps had been the turning point in her career! It must also be the way of my success! "How did she accomplish it?" I asked feverishly of my friend. I was informed that M. Trinity, a face specialist of Bing-hamton, New York, had accomplished this for Miss B—in the privacy of her home!

I thanked my informant and turned back to my home. Determined that the method of overcoming the obstacle that had hindered my progress was now open for me. I was bubbling over with hope and joy. I lost no time in writing M. Trinity for information. I received full particulars. The treatment was so simple, the cost so reasonable, that I decided to purchase it at once. I did. I could hardly wait to begin treatments. At last it arrived. To make my story short—in five weeks my nose was corrected and I easily secured a regular position with a producing company. I am now climbing fast—and I am happy.
NATURE places in fruits and vegetables certain elements which help to keep the human body healthy. Those who eat an abundance of such foods seldom suffer from indigestion, sour stomach, bitterness, constipation, headaches, and the endless train of distressing symptoms with which such disorders cause.

You may not always be able to choose your diet carefully or avail yourself of the benefits of a scientifically-selected variety of foods, but you can give your system the benefit of the same vegetable laxative properties contained in vegetable foods.

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I look sophisticated, it is because I make a pose of looking that way."

And there is Bebe Daniels! She tells the truth. Her soul, I am sure, is tender and sweet and naive under her pose of sophistication. Our conversation turned to the subject of friends.

"My two best girl friends I have had for six years and I claim that is pretty good—in Hollywood," she exclaimed, tilting her Napoleon hat, with its red velvet façade, at a triumphant angle. I agreed that was—in Hollywood or anywhere else.

"I don't have much time for acquaintances," she went on, more seriously. Here was the "big girl" Bebe speaking again.

"They don't do much as friends, but I must have friends. I have never had many acquaintances, as some girls have.

"Ever since I was a kid, I have had to work."

"I didn't go into moving pictures for a lark, but because I needed the money. I started in with slap-face work, because it was the quickest and I made the money that didn't give me much time for casual acquaintances, but I did gather some friends. Maybe I did get a jazzy rep—but hadn't any time for that, either, either!"

Yes—Bebe is a big girl now, and I am certain, after our Pomander talk, that the land of silversheets will come to accept her as such—and as a friend, rather than as a jazzy acquaintance that one meets on the screen in passing. For I am sure that Bebe would like to have us all for her friends, rather than just smiling faces—if we'd promise not to take up too much of her time—for she is so very busy—growing up!

Parent Versus Actor (Continued from page 77)

The Italian living-room in rich sapphire tones—where even the victrola is camouflaged within a stunning hand-carved cabinet—served as the bronze and leather den and lovely lavender breakfast room open on to a spacious patio, the white pillars of the verandah beautifully covered with cascades of Ceci Brunner roses, in full bloom. With a bubbling fountain, rugs scattered on the red tile floor and comfortable wicker chairs, it is a most attractive spot in which to linger.

"This is where we live," remarked Mrs. Smith, curling up in a big rocker. I selected a seat that commanded a striking view of the shaded lawns, while Carter, the perfect host, hovered about with tinkling glasses after I had experienced an awesome moment of hesitation trying to choose from the array of forbidden tongs. His is a friendly cellar, for neither he nor his wife ever touch a drop, and there are no wild parties in their social calendar.

A few informal affairs, an occasional theatrical and the regular Friday night excursion with the children to a motion picture show are about all of their social life.

Carter DeHaven has been in dramatic work twenty-three years and, with masculine frankness, adds that he started at the age of ten. "I was bored and attracted attention with his remarkably high voice while a choir boy in a Chicago church. Soon he was featured in vaudeville, having added dancing to his song numbers, and later he appeared in many of the best known musical comedies on Broadway."

Mrs. DeHaven, as Flora Parker of Perih Amboy, New Jersey, started out as a concert singer, but her first real professional engagement was with Nat Goodwin. The marriage of this highly talented pair came as a climax to a summer meeting, love at first sight, and a romantic elopement, both being under age.

"We've been married fourteen years," demurely chronicled Mrs. DeHaven, who looks as if she should be carrying school books under her arm, she is so tiny and gentle with mischief ever lurking in her dark eyes.

After their marriage, the couple played in musical comedies, then went into vaudeville with Carter writing and staging their sketches.

They tried pictures five years ago with Universal, but it was hard luck breaking away from the Studio. And it was not until some time later that they were finally lured by the prospect of continuing their profession and at the same time having a permanent home.

Now, they have their own producing company, with both fame and fortune still following them as if they had not tried pictures at all.

"My Lady Friends," their third picture to be released thru First National, has just been completed, and Mr. DeHaven has declared that he is going to try the amusing farce this coming Sunday. Yes. It has proved to be a film success, and he is satisfied it is the best picture he has made.

"We've gone to New York in a few weeks to buy new material," he said, "and I am going to get away from farce into comedy-drama. A frequent trip East is a great stimulant, and a new state of mind is produced.

"Carter wrote all our vaudeville sketches and early scenarios, and even now he rewrites and co-directs our pictures," interjected Mrs. DeHaven, with undisguised pride.

"I'm outgrowing my love for acting," continued Carter, "for I find the producing end of the business much more fascinating, so, eventually, I shall probably get into it, even tho it does mean more responsibility and worry."

As the clock in the hall beyond chimed a quarter to four, Mrs. DeHaven exclaimed: "The children go into the swimming pool at four each day, let's go down and watch them swim.

Seated under a mammoth pepper tree that shades the pool, and watching the children splash in the clear water, we chatted of many things.

"Do we ever really succeed?" questioned Carter DeHaven, thoughtfully, when I spoke of the joy it must be to have won success with the time to give all this to Junior and Marjorie. One never reaches the end of the trail, always there is something beyond, because we always go on with strained muscles and taut nerves trying to win the next race.

Our real achievement will be in giving the children a happy childhood and helping them attain their full expression," and he turned to catch his wife's answering smile.

"So, it is first the rôle of parent, then the actor, with the Carter DeHavens.
Her Husband’s Trademark
(Continued from page 38)

Lois did not sleep for hours. She went over in her mind, word for word, her talk with Allan, his talk with her. It was as if she had come into a promised land, where misunderstandings were dashed away. She thought of his hands—honest, capable, tender. She thought of his eyes, warm and frank. Of his hair and the way he brushed it all the idiosyncrasies of him. The details she felt to be dear.

The next morning at breakfast, she told Berkeley that she would accompany them over to Berkeley. “I warn you,” she said, “that I am apt to fall in love with Allan Franklin. I think it is only fair to warn you.”

James Berkeley laughed, indulgently. “What a child it is,” he said, disinterestedly; “still... I cannot afford to leave Franklin here, Lois.”

Lois smiled. He had rather run the risk of her than the risk of the agency. What ran in his veins in place of blood? She wondered.

On the way down Lois contrived not to see too much of Allan. The suppression of the past fifteen years was breaking loose within her, and she knew the limits of her color. To be known by an instinct surer than spoken words, that Allan loved her, had always loved her, and she dreaded and desired for the moment when—but there should be a side.

She wanted to play fair. She knew that Berkeley hadn’t, but she didn’t feel that that absolved her. Two wrongs could not make a right.

In Mexico they were thrown a great deal together. Time and time again, when Berkeley could have avoided a tête-à-tête between them, he left them alone. It was as if he were saying, “Give me the agency of these oil lands and I give you the agency of my wife.” And it was as if, with hidden contempt, Allan and Lois realized this—and would not take advantage of it. They were pitting their honor against his dishonesty.

There was the time when, after an ugly scene with Berkeley, Allan met Lois coming from her room, white, strained looking, her nose—her breath—hearing the distinctness with his two hands went out to her, protectively. And he knew that she saw his hands—and turned away from them, not because she wanted to, but because she could not take them would be to keep them—always.

There was the time when Allan came upon Lois in the forest, riding—just in time to save her from the spring of a mountain wildcat. The moment when, the woods darkening, the animal’s crouch at their feet, the dark red, acidic blood staining his fur, staining the dank earth at their feet, the primitive odors rising from the ground to assail their nostrils, the two stood very close, breast to breast, mingling with Lois’s. One’s breathe—the words coming from their clamped throats—with admissions clamoring for utterance—and being strangled. In that close moment, almost simultaneously, they felt, crushing the forces of life itself between their two bodies. They were scoring a bloody, tremendous triumph. And they rode home from the forest, with their legs stiffly up under them, with no song of victory in their hearts. Rather, they felt that they had strangled something splendidly vital; something big—big—big. A sensation of creation. Thus meager is the reward of virtue!

That evening Lois told Berkeley that she must return home the following morning. “If it is necessary,” she said to him, “we will return without the agency; we will cast aside the bluff of the Berkeley fortunes, we will live honestly and be honest. I had rather work—than suffer so. But I am going back.”

Berkeley puffed hard on the cigar Allan Franklin had presented him with the evening before. “I will get Franklin to sign the contract tomorrow,” he said. He regarded Lois thru half-closed eyes. It seemed to her as tho he were seeing Allan, too. “I think,” he said, with a covert sneer, “that he should be about ready to sign it—tomorrow.”

Berkeley went to his room after dinner, merely saying that he would see Franklin later on. And Lois and Allan were left alone on the moonlit patio. The night crowded to their very feet, and breathed its odors into their senses. It was as tho the night was pleading with them, for a token, for a sign.

The woman shivered in the warm, laden breezes. The man sighed thickly—and moved away. They were making their last fight. They were being pressed against a wall. The stars seemed to weigh down upon them with separate, burning weights. Their spirits faltered, failed, rallied—failed again.

In the distance, and the growing nearer, a Mexican started to serenade his lady. His throaty, impassioned voice rose with heavy, amorous cadences—down, fell, only to rise again. And, as if a part of the song, Lois heard Allan’s resistance break in uttering her name—again—again—again... Lois, he muttered, Lois, Lois, Lois.

The Mexican’s voice took a minor key, pleaded, surrendered, gloriéd.

Lois stretched forth her arms and drew Allan against her heart. “I know,” she whispered, “I know, my Love, I know. . . .”

At a window, overlooking the patio, Berkeley smiled down on the little scene. “Very pretty,” he said, to himself, “very timely...” And he took the contract from his pocket and sat down to await Lois.

When Lois came in, she went swiftly, flaminóly to Berkeley.

“James,” she said, her breath coming in little gasps, “I can’t talk.”

“T’ll have to tell you this—quickly—if—if I am to tell you at all—I—I Allan and I—on the patio”—she stopped, unable to go on. Berkeley went within her revolts at laying bare the exquisitiveness of that few moments to this woman no exquisitiveness could touch.

Berkeley puffed rings. ‘I know,” he said, in a matter-of-fact tone, “I shall spare you the trouble, Lois, of putting into words what you just so charmingly put into action...’

“Lois looked at him and smiled—affably.

Lois gasped, “You saw! You—you don’t mind—you—”

Berkeley stretched forth his legs and his hand went to his pocket, where the edge of the yet-to-be-signed contract protruded. “My dear,” he said, “I came down here for the sole and single purpose of getting Allan Franklin to sign this contract. I happen to need this more than I need anything else on the face of the map. I am going to help Allan and not going to let any hysterical woman and a moonstruck man interfere with me.”

Lois turned to leave the room. She couldn’t talk to him. There was nothing she could say to him, and less than nothing for him to say to her.

On the threshold she collided with Allan, coming, apparently on the same confessional errand. Berkeley greeted him with an affable
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An Interview
(Continued from page 48)
I have a
Purple stucco bungalow . . . in
Hollywood . . . it is so
Peaceful . . . there
We love
To have the Tourists come . . .
In the evening
Thrills . . . they look so
Disappointed . . . when they
Find it just a pleasant
Country Town
With false-front buildings
On the Boulevard.
(Oh, Hollywood . . .
What crime, if committed
In thy name . . .)

You're going?
Well . . . we do call again
Some day . . . and
By-the-way . . . don't miss
My latest film . . . it is my
Favorite
I play a
DUAL ROLE
And am finest actor
With Myself
There's my Director
Calling me — Good-bye
Lights
Action
C-a-m-e-a-
This is the picture!

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The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio
The Gold Girl
(Continued from page 55)

it is of transitory things; but in it you understand the girl herself—and like her.
She admits frankly that she isn’t such an “old hand” at this business of talking for publicity, and she is so bubbling-over with interest in her work that she can’t tie down long to talking of anything else.
And, while she may not have said anything to set the world on fire, and you feel that you haven’t been so brilliant yourself, you, and her with a feeling of having met someone you’d like to know.
“I can’t honestly say,” she was replying to my question as to which she preferred, stage work, or picture acting. “I love the pictures—I am literally full of them! I think, act and live motion pictures—it is all so new, so marvelous!” Little lights came out in her limpid brown eyes; now they seemed more alive, gold-flecked, and she sat bolt-upright, dropping that air of a haunting melody, of dreaming. “But there is so much better way you and your audience! You miss that—that—electric contact which seems to make you one with them.”
Again that feeling of something keenly vital in the air around the grey curtains all about the world seemed to part.
Talk to her of her Broadway success, and she will charmingly, naively switch you back to motion pictures. There is little of the stage about her, tho she has been on it for five years—perhaps because her mother is always with her. And she will ask you, in a voice all give, if you don’t think it a marvelous gift straight from Heaven that Mr. Inco saw her on the stage and made her come right out to Hollywood, and changed her to pretty nose a most wonderful contract!
She has appeared in but about six pictures. She was with Hobart Bosworth in “Bird Hearts,” and Jack Holt, in “The Call of the North,” and in King Vidor’s production, “Love Never Dies.” Her character-ization of Pain in “The Cup of Life,” had all the sweet potency of the Orient, and was remarkably free from petty tricks of technique such a role usually calls forth. But it is as Nan, in “Hail the Woman” that the world has greatest ambition.
She has just completed “The Hottentot,” with Douglas MacLean, and is to be featured in “Lorna Doone.” For this,—which she looks forward as do the kiddies to Christmas—she has invaded Grandma’s garret for her clothes and a plot, and emerges looking like a fragile miniature.
Analyze her? Catalog her? As well at-
tem to harness the elusive qualities of Youth itself! Something of amber about her—maybe it’s her auburn hair, perhaps the glow that suddenly swells in her hazel-like eyes, mayhap her thrilling all-girl response to the new fairyland opening up before her. But you get the impression that she still has her illusions. She has something difficult to describe, of a past daydream that you’ve carried in the pocket of your soul without knowing you had it—yet there is a very decided modern air to her, an independence, a sparkle that pops out all of a sudden—as the light that began to seep thru a grey world into that limpid brown eye.

The sun was shining when I emerged from the dressing-room. I stood a moment and watched Madge Bellamy, slim, erect, young, lithe, all snug and composed, and serious one moment—the next, darting off, with fluttering, across the big stage, to wave a hand out and love of somebody! There is no graveyard of a Past for her, no ringing echoes of days gone beyond recall. Before her is the Valley of Golden Light.

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101
The Vermilion Pencil

(Continued from page 53)

The Vermillion Pencil, Li Chan broke from his dazed guards and with winged feet ran up the stone steps of the block, where his little parcel of chaff, torn and trampled to death by a thousand heedless feet below. Li Chan seized the huge sword and cut the thongs that bound Hyacinth, unmoledest now, every terror-struck heart thinking only of its own safety. He picked her up in his arms—she was mercifully unconscious—and plunging down a narrow lane, ran with her, with unbreakable courage and strength that is sometimes miraculously given to the desperate. If he could make the seaport, they would be safe—safe from the blazing fire of The Sleepless Dragon and safe from the grim vengeance the viceroy's descendants would surely lay upon them. He was blinded by the whiteness of the ice crystals. This time Li Chan knew no longer a breathing, a resolution and destruction at every footstep.

In front of a wineshop on the outskirts of town, lay a drunken sailor, sprawled across the doorway. There was a dullness—like the dazed sense of a man whose mind would never again function as a child in a cradle. Li Chan kicked him to consciousness. The man's dazed senses scarcely took in the mighty catastrophe. They were hissing and cackling, with a venomous sneer.

"Quick, man—find a litter and help me bear this woman to the seashore. The river is near.

Mirasurally, an abandoned litter was forthcoming, and the senseless form of Hyacinth was gently laid inside. At last, when Li Chan's strength was almost spent, the air grew clearer. A little breeze made itself felt, and in its passing, the tang of salt water! Over the crest of the final hill, they saw a shimmering blue. The sea!

The Sleepless Dragon had accepted the sacrifice. An old man's prayers were answered. Peace to his gallant soul!

Something to Write Home About

(Continued from page 47)

'Li-lon' for the screen. I had that play, translated into cockney dialect, three years ago (it was written in 1909) and peddled it all up and down Broadway, without finding a single manager big enough to produce it. That version was called 'The Daisy,' and it was a daisy! Then it was put on by the Guild with Schildraut, and nobody cared for it. But I might have at least have had it in pictures.

The actor, says Conway Tearle, has too little opportunity to play his screen-role on the stage, because of his immense authority. And that is the reason, he says, that plays have grown standardized on the screen.

"The director should suggest, not dictate. Ralphlice is a real artist in directing, and Archibald, and the De Milles and Zanuck and the rest of them. I might think at least have had it in pictures."

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"The director should suggest, not dictate. Ralphlice is a real artist in directing, and Archibald, and the De Milles and Zanuck and the rest of them. I might think at least have had it in pictures."

"But then," he added, philosophically, "we always want what we can't have."

By this time we were discussing the ways and means of pictures over a cloudy bottle with a silver lining, and the more I heard of Tearle's opinions, the more I admired him as a man of intelligence as well as pictorial appeal. He is as cynical as you would expect him to be, but he does not parade his contempt for playwriting or for other people's sense of humor. He believes that marriage is the greatest thing in the world—if you draw a lucky partner and he hates to be called a marriage idol. In fact, he says, that is one reason he regrets having come to the screen.

"When I played opposite Grace George and Ethel Barrymore (in 'Camille'), and Emily Stevens, and other stars on the spoken stage, I enjoyed a reputation of some sort. But I wanted a more hero-fellow. Hardly had I made my screen debut, with Norma Talmadge, I believe, than the newspaper boys started christening me 'The King of the Films,' and all that rot. I dislike that sort of thing more than I can adequately say for publication."

And had you been there, certainly you would have believed him. He seemed insufferably bored at the mere thought of such fulsome praise.

"The strangest thing that happens," he said, switching his mood, "is when I receive letters that assume I am like the character I am playing. Recently I played a waiter, and a few months later I had a letter from an elderly lady, who said, 'I wish to send you an old trunk. Even though I was a waiter, I was just as good as anybody else.'"

He grinned at the memory of that. "I am fully aware of this photoplaying than you or I ever dream of Horatio!" he paraphrased. "And, incidentally, the humor of it helps alleviate the constant pressure of working for a different light or a darker curtain or a blonder ingénue. It is no place for a man without a sense of humor!"

I wish to add that nothing of the sort has ever been spoken. And, obviously enough, Conway Tearle has a sense of humor. In fact, he has a number of good qualities. He's a regular fellow, I should say, from an unbiased referee's bench, and should you ever meet him, and get his views, and hear his opinions as I did, it will be something to write home about.
Open to Everybody

Send us a list of all objects beginning with “S” (saw, spoon, etc.) you can find on this picture. Largest and nearest correct list wins 1st Prize. 104 other cash prizes.

Costs Nothing to Try!

While this contest is for the purpose of introducing Reefer’s Yeast Tablets, you do not have to purchase any to win a prize. Even if you do not order a single package of Reefer’s Yeast Tablets, if you are awarded First Prize, you win $50.00.

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Reefers' Yeast Tablets are ordered

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1st prize $50 $750 $1500 $5000
2nd prize 35 275 550 1500
3rd prize 20 150 300 500
4th prize 12 100 250 500
5th prize 7.5 75 150 400
6th to 105th prizes of each

1 2 3 4 5

OBSERVE THESE RULES:

1. The contest is open to every man, woman, girl or boy living in America, except employees or relatives of employees of E. J. Reefer, Inc., and their families. There is no entrance fee of any kind.

2. You must use only one side of paper. You must number your list of objects in regular order—1, 2, 3, etc. Your full name and address must be written on each page in the upper right hand corner. Use a separate sheet for anything you may wish to write outside of the regular order.

3. English words only will be accepted either in the English dictionary. Omission words will not be counted. Both the singular and the plural of a word will not count; either one of them may be used.

4. Compound or words which are made up of two or more complete English words cannot be used.

5. The meaning or spelling of a word will be counted only once even though it is used for different articles or objects, or parts of them. Each article or object can be given only under one name.

6. Two or more people may co-operate in answering the puzzle. However, only one prize will be given to any one household. No prize will be awarded to more than one of any combination outside of the family where a number—two or more—have cooperated together.

7. If a contestant sends more than one list under the same name, an assumed name, or a pre-married name then all lists of such contestant will be disqualified. If more than one list is sent by any group or by any members of the same group who have co-operated in the preparation of such lists, then all lists by such contestants will be disqualified.

8. All answers must be received through the mail by E. J. Reefer, 9th and Spruce Streets, Philadelphia, Pa., and must be post marked by first oice closing time, April 10th, 1922.

9. The first prize will be awarded for the answer containing the largest and most nearly correct list of the names of visible objects and articles beginning with the letter “S” shown in the picture. In other circumstances, such as questions, state or hand written will be awarded.

10. The full amount of any of the prizes will be awarded to each contestant in the event of a tie.

11. The decision will be made by three judges entirely independent of and having no connection with E. J. Reefer. They will judge for correctness and will award the prize at the end of the contest. Participation in the contest carries with it the acceptance of the decision of the judges as final and conclusive. If it has been graded, the names of the prize winners will be announced and the list of words will be sent upon request to any participant who sends a stamped, addressed, 10 cent, envelope.
How I Increased My Arm 6\(\frac{1}{2}\) Inches

When younger, I was a thin frail boy who shrankling at the mere mention of bo- ine. But many years later, after much living, I always considered my arms a bit com- plains and dissatisfied. Well, I could be said to be a bit flabby; but I had been read the old story that strong man born, not made. Why, a man with a fals- false falsehood the fact. But the day I entered School I was looking for something enough to meet the requirements of the gym- master, who was willing to work with me and who helped me on my road to success. Faithfully fol- lowing his teachings and hard work - I gradually developed my arm muscles. Averag- aged-inch increase in circumference of my arms at least need led to self-confidence. The Secret Discov- ery: I was so pleased with my results that I decided to make my life study so I bought all the books I could obtain on "muscle building" and practiced various forms of exercise to see what their effects would be on my body. I finally discovered the real secret of progressive exercise and I want to say that my arm muscles grew by the inch. I know at this point I have gained 6\(\frac{1}{2}\) inches in circumference of my arms and my whole body has de- veloped into fair propor- tions.

The Secret Discov- ery: I was so pleased with my results that I decided to make my life study so I bought all the books I could obtain on "muscle building" and practiced various forms of exercise to see what their effects would be on my body. I finally discovered the real secret of progressive exercise and I want to say that my arm muscles grew by the inch. I know at this point I have gained 6\(\frac{1}{2}\) inches in circumference of my arms and my whole body has de- veloped into fair propor- tions.

EARLE E. LIEDELMAN

Earle E. Liederme

The Result

As I mentioned before, my biceps had measured but just over 3 inches. Now I can say I made this discovery: Today they are exactly 6\(\frac{1}{2}\) inches. This is not only far better than the average strong man of today, but it is conclusive proof to me that my secret muscle building exercise is effective. It is now time for me to share this knowledge with the world and I am now in the process of writing a book on the subject. I will be happy to share this information with you if you are interested.

What This Means to You

If you have ever tried to increase your arm muscles, you know how weak you are. I will share my successful and easy methods with you so that you can increase your arm muscles quickly.

Don't delay. Start today and watch your arm muscles grow. You are probably doing more harm than good if you do not use the right methods.

Send for my new book-

"MUSCLE DEVELOPMENT"

It tells the story and is illustrated with photographs of actual progress and of the methods used by the thousands of men and women who have followed my program. The book is sent free of charge.

Earle E. Liederme

504 Broadway, New York City

The Democracy of Beauty

(Continued from page 61)

Instead, you should learn something new from every beautiful woman you see. What is there in her face that is lacking in yours? Where do you feel what is lacking, then take steps to supply the lack, whatever it is. There is always something for every need, and now beauty culture has developed so many new and wonderful possibilities. There is no need for any woman to despair of having her share of physical beauty.

Modern beauty culture has proved that beauty is democratic. It is meant for all, just as the air we breathe and the water we drink. It is not to be hoarded any more than the air we breathe. You may have to a good, close-grained, skin, and feel that you would injure it by applying powder or rouge and therefore you prefer to go about with shiny nose and pale cheeks, thus hoarding your beauty. This is a mistake. Don't be satisfied because a feature is fairly good; you can improve a lot of it, by the use of artistic applications of the right cosmetics.

No matter how good the complexion may be, if it is not embellished with a light coat of powder and a touch of rouge, its qualities will go unrecognized, especially by artificial light. Of course, a fine skin would be recognized at once without any artificial means and everyone else would not be able to even notice without powder or rouge. But we all know very well they do not, and that we have to compete with clever women who are artists in facial make-ups. Beauty is meant for all. If nature neglected to give a fair share of charm to a woman, then it is that woman's privilege to use her good looks and her common sense to supply the lack. Do not wait. Begin at once. Study your face and your figure. In what lies your chief charm? Whatever it is, give it your first attention. Is it all that could be desired? Is it perfect? If not, what does it lack? Is not the lack something that can easily be supplied? For in- stance, take the chin. Perhaps it is well formed and would complete the perfect oval of the face were it not for the fact that it is the smallest fraction of an inch too long. How can this be remedied? To the uninitiated, it would seem impossible. But it is not. Here is your recipe for mak- ing a chin that is too long look shorter and rounder. Powder the chin with a heavy complexion powder a shade darker than that used on the face. Then carefully ap- ply a spot of rouge in the center of the chin at the lowest point in such a way as to give the effect of a dimple or a cleft in the chin. Just the size and shape of the spot of dull-shaded rouge will have to be determined by yourself, after making va- rious experiments. You will probably be surprised and delighted with the amount of difference this will make in the appearance.

Now, that the contour of the face is perfect, you may bring every other smallest detail of the face to the example of per-fection set by this contour, as nearly as possible. And do not think that the min- ute detail is of too little consequence to give special attention to. Frequently the smallest change in a feature will make a vast amount of difference in the general appearance.

In rating the most of your youth and health, and beauty, you are doing nothing wrong. You are merely meeting the re-quirements of the time. You have as much right to the pleasures resulting from the possession of beauty as anyone has. Do not wait until, "like a neglected rose, it withers on the stock, with languished head."
An Average Girl

(Continued from page 59)

when My Sister and I were homeward-bound—the train making sixty miles per hour, and nothing in sight but Kansas.

"Tell me, Miss Carlson," said I, glancing admiringly at my new silk negligee, which she originated and for which she was to receive a thousand dollars, "do you think comedy training is valuable to a girl who desires to become a dramatic actress?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, fixing me with her steady eye, in which there is just a hint of the mysterious. (No one quite knows what that means, but it always gets over nicely in an interview.) "Certainly, comedy training is valuable. In my work with Mr. Semon, of course, I play straight parts always—I am not a comedienne—but, whatever the rôle, I must express quickly and definitely the thing I wish to express. Comedy is, in fact, not infrequently, simply an exaggeration of tragedy."

"Very pretty," I agreed. "You said that exactly as tho we were strangers. What?"

I added, "is your opinion of the European films?"

Miss Carlson gazed thoughtfully at a contended Kansas cow that happened to synch up with our train, and returned to the scenery. "Good, bad and indifferent," she announced brightly, "and, whichever they are, we can beat em."

"Do you think there might be a market for European comedies in this country?"

"I saw one of their features, just before leaving New York, that struck me as being something of a comedy—a comedy of errors. At the time I thought it would have a success here, but I didn't like it. Of course, I think the importance of the European films has been exaggerated, here. But there is a market for good, clean comedies, evidently, and will always be. That is what Mr. Semon endeavors to give the public, always."

"Call him Larry," I protested, "so I'll know whom you're talking about."

"I'm afraid it will never be dignified," she turned upon me bitterly.

"Pardon, social error on my part," I said soothingly. "Now, do you think, Miss Carlson, that it is advisable for the average girl to cherish ambitions toward the screen?"

The young actress flattened her nose against the sooty window-pane and studied the Kansas horizon for the next fifteen and one-half miles. No marked change becom- ing visible at the end of that time, she returned to me.

"Show me an American girl who will admit that she is 'an average girl,' and I'll answer your question," she announced.

"Whether you find her in a New York subway jam, on this deadly prairie—thank Heaven, we'll be on the desert tomorrow, where, at least, there is some cactus to look at—or on the fringes of moviedom, in Los Angeles, she'll never consent to being called 'an average girl.' I don't want her. I wouldn't consent to it, either."

"It's a good thing that no one but your own sister can see you, with that sort on your face," I edged in. "They would never believe that Lilian itself once called you the most beautiful—"

"Let's get dressed and go in to dinner," snapped the interviewed one, vigorously ap- plying cold scent to her classic features, and rubbing briskly with a Santa Fe towel.

"The interview is closed. I'm hungry."

In the dinner, the lights were glowing brightly at the so-called linen and silver. We were propelled by superior force to a table at which a well-known film man (no names mentioned) and a blonde negress from Illinois, were already seated.

"And do you really think, Mr. Blau, that there is a chance for me in the pictures?" the Blonde One was inquiring hopefully.

"My dear, if you were an average girl, I should say not," he replied, attacking the regular dinner. "But with your beauty—"

My Sister spared an olive. "I thought of Herb and the maraschino cherry. The fireman added another ton of coal and the engineer threw 'er in high."

"And, the Kansas prairie reeled by. The Blonde One saw it not. She was viewing castles in Spain! She was not an Average Girl! But My Sister leaned toward me presently and smiled in quite her nicest manner. I knew then that she wanted me to do something for her."

"What is it?" I asked patiently.

"Will you let me title that interview?" she begged. "I've changed my mind on an important subject."

"What do you wish to title it?" I asked cautiously. "No use being too reckless with one's relatives, is there?"

"An Average Girl," she replied, demurely, "as the California poppies that decorate all Santa Fe dinnerware."

"All right," I agreed. "You can afford to make the admission. So would I—with a bias like yours."

Which last was good business on my part, for she bought me a Navajo rug in Albuquerque next day.

Greenroom Jottings

(Continued from page 80)

Louis B. Mayer. Her plans are elaborate they say, but as yet she has made no definite announcements. It is just possible that she will vacation for a month or two before again starting work.

Mildred Harris is now in New York. She is undecided whether she will keep right on in motion pictures or appear in vaudeville for a few months. Outside, in the night, theenville offer is decidedly attractive, and there are hundreds who would like to see her in person.

MY HERO

By Alice James

My hero's face is strong and good, His form is lithe and thin, All ideal traits of young manhood One may discern in him.

He plays his parts with careless grace; He strikes the occasions right; His aim is always to please. The darkest hours with light.

The world pays homage at his feet. The foremost one am I. Long to meet him on the street For his easies I sigh.

I view him on the silver screen, But phantoms don't breathe life, Sadly I lay away my dream, Because he loves his wife.

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Name__________________________
Address_______________________

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The Juvenile Critic (Continued from page 64)

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FAT REDUCER
FOR MEN AND WOMEN
Will Show Reduction Taking Place in 11 Days or Money Refunded

Results usually in three or four days, but if you do not get 10 pounds in 11 days (the full trial period) return the Reducer at once, together with the instructions that came with it, and we will return the money. Dr. Lawton, shown in picture, reduced from 214 to 192 pounds in a very short time. The Reducer is not electrical; made of soft rubber and weighs but 1 lb. 80 oz. Whether you are 10 or 100 pounds overweight you can reduce any part you wish, quickly, safely and permanently by using the Reducer a few minutes right and morning. It is a gentle manipulation the body draws down and disintegrates fatty tissue which becomes easy to wash and is carried out of the system through the organs of elimination, thereby the body is cleansed and improves. For years Dr. Lawton’s Fat Reducer has been successfully sold and is used by thousands. It is ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS and its use requires no dieting, starving, medication, or exercises. Sold generally by standing dealers. Reducer comes in plain wraps on receipt of $5 plus 25 cents to cover cost of Parcel Post and Insurance (5.25 in all).

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Page 106

The Juvenile Critic (Continued from page 64)

it wasn’t my neck, all the time. Of course, it wasn’t, but it was next worse having it Miss Gish’s.

Please, please, Punch, see it!

Your tired

Judy

P. S. I’ve just told Uncle Roddy that I didn’t tell you everything, and I haven’t, have I?

Dear Punch: I have a brand-new favorite leading man! Uncle Roddy says I am fickle, but I’m not really, because I have always loved just Douglas Fairbanks, and Wallace Reid and, oh yes, Mr. Hart, and, of course, Charlie Chaplin, best, but now they have to take second place.

You’ll laugh when I tell you who he is. I don’t think you’ll ever guess, so I’d better tell you straight off. Well, then, it’s Jackie Coogan. It truly is. I think he is simply wonderful, and I wish I knew him. He makes other little boys look perfectly silly and slow.

I saw him at the beautiful New York Strand Theater with Uncle Roddy, in “My Boy,” and oh, I just simply adored it. I don’t care if it wasn’t exactly probable—as Uncle Roddy said—I think it was perfectly heavenly.

The first part of it was on a ship, and Jackie was all rolled up in a big piece of canvas, and the sailors came along and spilled him out. Well, it didn’t take very long to discover that he was unhappy. His mother had died on the way over from France. He was all alone on that big boat, with just nobody to take care of him, and one of the officers said they were going to send him back to France by the next boat.

When they landed at Quarantine, he went off in a corner and sat on his bundle, and I wanted to just put my arms ’round him and hug him and tell him I would take care of him forever. Uncle Roddy would have let me—but I’m forgetting it was just a picture.

Well, as he sat there, the most precious thing happened. He was a darling old soul, or with a white beard came and took him by the hand and over to some children who were playing ring-around-a-rosy and made them let him play, too. Well, those children all belonged to one family, and there were just loads of them, so when they went out thru the gate with their mothers, to meet their father, a horrid man, Jackie went with them, and nobody stopped him. Then, as they got onto the car, that hateful father wouldn’t take him, when he found he wasn’t really one of his children, and they were none of them nearly as nice, either. And, oh, Punch, there he was all alone in New York City.

Well, thank goodness, just then the old sailor came along and Jackie followed him home, tho the old sailor pretended not to want him to, and kept sending him back all the way. But Jackie would hide and then run after him, just the way our collie, Moglie, used to when he followed us to school.

Anyway, he did get to the old sailor’s room, and he made him love him and washed all the dishes and took a bath in the washtub and, when he tried to empty it, he filled it up again.

Then the old sailor got sick, and he went out and danced on the sidewalks to the tune of a lurdy-gurdy and everybody gave him money, but the old organ-grinder took it all away from him. Jackie got it back and gave half of it to the monkey and told him to give it to his father, and I laughed and wept, while he danced, I had wanted to cry.

Then he went to a party at the Mission and the nice woman who was giving it was—guess—his very own grandmother, but they didn’t know it.

Oh dear, so much happened after that. They thought he had stolen her pocketbook, which was perfectly silly, and I said so. All he had was his share of food that he was taking home to his dear sailor.

Well, anyway, it all turned out just beautifully, tho I thought for a minute it wasn’t going to, and in the last picture Jackie and his sailor were on a see-saw and the nice grandmother was smiling at them.

I hope you go to see it, but you’re more grown up than I am, so probably you won’t precipitate it as much. Anyway, Uncle Roddy says you want.

Your affectionate sister,

Judy

BALLADE OF THE ANSWER MAN

By REUBEN PETERSON, JR.

Harlan played in “Manana’s Affair.” Earlehamness married Mary Hay. Billie Burke has golden hair. Clara Grant’s married to Charlie Ray. Lida Lee’s in “One Glorious Day.” Griffith is starring Monte Blue. McDonald’s husband of Doris May. Wally was born in ’92.

Mabel Ballin plays “Jane Eyre.” Fanny Ward was in “Common Clay.” Miss Windsor is better known as Claire. One Paramount favorite is Julia Faye. Doug and Mary are home to stay. Norma is playing in “Smlin’ Thru.” Bull Montana’s engaged, they say. Wally was born in ’92.

Selig-Rork’s to give “Deboraime.” Schuworth will feature Fred Beauvais. Robertson-Cole Stars Helen Ware. Triart’s director is Monte Blue. "The Rainbow Trail’s" a story by Grey. Constance is Mrs. Finoglo. Metro has Marguerite Laurier. Wally was born in ’92.

Reader, have you a question, pray? Ask and it will be answered you. Chaplin? "The Kid" was his finest play. Wally Reid? Born in ’92.

GIVE US THE RECEIPT

By RUTH TINCHER FELLOWS

Oh, movie queen, tell us, we pray,
For we really want to know,
We wish from you a little tip,
So don’t offended you.

When you’re stranded on a desert isle,
With a ship-wrecked suitor dear,
A million miles from everyone
And no beauty parlor near

How do you keep that lovely hair
All curled and right in place?
And whence the faithful lip-stick, red,
And the powder on your face?

How do you manage high French heels?
And your sweeping gown of beauty?
Come on and give the girls a tip,
We think it is your duty.
Some Personal Data
(Continued from page 57)

“When I grow older, I want to be a director, and Berne encourages me in the ambition. You know, I would always be home” (this is a riddle and I just have to keep on working. I’ve been at it practically since I was born, and I’d never be able to stop. I make a lot of suggestions about my pictures now—and they take ‘em all at that!”

Shirley says that she loves the Fox Film Corporation, and while I was there they testified their love of her in a very lovely tribute of a box of gorgeous autumn flowers—chrysanthemums, roses, orchids and quaint old yellow and orange garden blooms. Small Shirley hung over them, suspended for all the world like a skylark-humming-bird, with a very large delight.

“Don’t people nice?” she said.

She had come to New York, she told me, primarily to shop.

“Produce the fruits of labor,” I demanded.

She produced eight hats—and tried every one of them on for me. “I can’t resist a hat,” she said, expressively. “They’re practically the only thing I can buy like other people, and even then I have to have them painted an unusual shade and made to fit. For trocks and things like that—well, the Lilli-putian Bazaar is none too small for me!”

She also produced various shoes, but he without her was unable to receive the number naughts.

I imagine that the young lady departed for the West upon the very heel of my talk with her, for there reposed at that time in her dressing-table drawer some half a hundred night letters, telegrams, et cetera, from her director-husband. What time out of the twenty-four hours he can find to direct in, is past my feeble powers of computation.

Anyway, it was nice to see Shirley. When I think back on that hour in her room at the Biltmore, I recollect eating myself sick from huge boxes of candy (presented by Berne upon her departure); watching Shirley little-girl, enthusiasm over the people, and the theaters, and the flowers sent by the Fox people, and the dinner she was going to with her brother-in-law, and every one, and everyone in general. And then, as a sort of under-current, running more deeply, her little-womanly enthusiasm for her young husband and their home and the work they are both doing. Such is the attitude toward life and love that keeps wholesomeness in the dictionary, and out, and makes of cynics fools.

THE NORTH-WEST ROYAL MOUNTED

By THOMAS J. MURRAY

The dim North Woods and crowding snows
With stretches sultry as a knell;
A trapper and his daughter Rose.
(No other name will serve as well)
From Hudson Bay to Calgary;
There riled force to swiftly stem
The subtle unleashed banditry—
N.W.R.M.

The slogan “Get your man” burns thru
The famed baton like a prayer;
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Travelin' On

(Continued from page 69)

you again," said Susan Morton, faintly. "I
seem always to be thanking you!"

J. B. turned roughly from her, jerked
his head toward the door and following
his gesture, she saw the dim forms of two
horses packed for the trail. "You were
coming here to take me away with you?"

She breathed. He nodded. "And now?" she
asked, "and now?"

J. B. looked at her strangely, baffled as
Dandy McGee had been baffled. Within
his soul, he felt a crumbling of old walls giving way, letting in strange light
where there had been darkness. "I reckon,"
he said with an effort, "I reckon we'll wait
a day or so." For the life of him, he
could not have touched her. It was as tho
something stood between. He did not
guess that that something was a self he
had never suspected, battling for her, even
against his own desire.

Her lips were like a prayer. "Read the
best I sold you," she whispered. "I knew
that you were a good man the first time
I saw you. My trust is in God."

"And mine's in J. B.," the man rejoined
roughly, as he stepped by her into the
darkness and spoke to his laden team. In
his tiny cabin he paced up and down the
night thru, wearing himself out in a fruit-
less battle against some unseen force that
was taking the woman he wanted away from
him. "Keep out of this, you, God!"

he said aloud once, lifting his haggard
face. "Ain't I had a hard enough life in life,
without You come buttin' in? Never own-
anything, not even a name—call myself
after a cow-brand! And always year in
and year out, travelin' on, never stoppin';
everything and everyone ag'in me till I
come to her! When I looked at her, with
those kind eyes and those white, strong
hands, and that warm way she has of
smilin', it was like I'd come to the stop-
pin place at last; like I'd got home. Don't
you interfere, God."

At dawn, with a beaten look about him,
J. B. got out the book that he had taken
from her hands, and opened it, gazing
down on the puzzling marks painfully.
And that afternoon he and Jokko went
round-aboutly to the shack where Susan's
little girl, Mary Jane, played with a corn-
cob doll before the door, and beckoned her
to come to him.

"I reckon," J. B. said humbly, with a
queer hopefulness, "I reckon a smart little
gal like you can read, ch?"

Mary Jane reflected. "I got a primer,"
she said guardedly. "I've got as far as
'Three little kittens have lost their mitt-
tens.' Want me to read it to you?"

J. B. nodded. "Dont tell nobody. Bring
it out to the barn. Ain't be added craftily,"
that I care about such foolish-
ness, but I don't want Jokko should grow
up without an edication."

And so, while Dandy McGee nursed his
humiliation behind his gilded bar, and
tried to persuade himself that he wasn't
afraid of anything or anyone; and while
Hi Morton struggled hopelessly against
stacked cards until the third man
was

driven and the church was still only a
sketchy thing, J. B. sat for hours at a
stretch in the hay-sweet shadows of the
barn, trailing on his great blunt finger
across the page of a primer, while the
c-a-t pursued the r-a-t to the bitter end.

His breath came heavily, the perspiration
stood out on his forehead, but still he
clang doggedly to the task he had set him-
self.

He thought that Susan knew nothing of
his attempt to learn to read, not guessing
that more than once her clear eyes watch-
ed him unseen, tenderly, pitifully, proudly
as a mother watches her child. As a tutor,
Mary Jane had her drawbacks, preferring
to play with Jokko, yet somehow, after a
fashion, the mysterious marks began to grow
less mysterious, and he was even
able to pick out a word here and there
from the book that he had bought from the
itinerant parson’s wife. And so matters
stood on the night of the rainy day.

It came down like water pouring over
a mill-race, as J. B. was going home from
his afternoon lesson in the barn. In a mo-
moment it had blown out the world like a
wet sponge. Gropping for the saddle,
he discovered that the monkey was gone.

A little later on the trail the afternoon stage
loomed out of the welter of waters and
passed by a drowned-looking traveler stag-
gering along the pathway, now become the
bed of a raging torrent. Still later, unreal
as a fragment of the brain, a plumping shape
came soundlessly thru the curtains of the
rain, almost riding down the man on foot.

J. B. looked up into the white face of
the minister, Hi Morton. For a moment,
their gaze was as revealing as that of two
souls passing along the trackless way to the
Hereafter. “That damned monkey got
away, and I’m hunting him!” J. B. shouted
with tremendous effort, and he was even
the storm tore the words from his lips,
mocking him. The minister’s white lips
moved, like a dead man speaking, then he
was gone. “Something’s happening!” the
man muttered to himself. “He’s riding
hell-bent-for-leather!” It seems like I
know the horse, but it couldn’t have been.

It was noon, sullen and overcast, when
J. B. came up the path to Morton’s
shanty, rapped and, without waiting for
answer, shouldered the door open and
came in. The woman, crouched in a heap
beside the bed, lifted a face of leaping
gladness, which sank to ashes as she saw
who stood over her.

“They suspected him?” J. B. said har-
shly, to cover the pain in his heart at what
the look had told him. “Well, he deserves
to save—holding up the stage, stealing
McGee’s money and riding my horse most
to death to do it! Let him stretch hemp,
what do we care, eh?” He was savage
with heart-sickness, and the desire to hurt
someone else as he was hurt. Stooping,
he drew her to her feet, held her so close
that she felt the strong beating of his
heart. In the eyes lifted to his, he read
no thought of self or of him.

“Save him!” Susan whispered thru dry
lips. “He stole it for God! He thought
it was right to take enough to finish the
church.” She pointed toward the bed. “It’s
all there, under the mattress. Take it and
save him.”

you! I’d have you, and you know it—if
that croaking psalm-singer was out of the
way.”

“You want me?” Her gaze was crystal
clear. He could read the very soul of her,
read the struggle, the sublime betrayal of
self, for what she held more precious still.
“Very well, save him—and I will go with
you! I swear it before God.”

He had never dreamed of a loyalty like
this. It was as the her hand had pushed
back the shutters, unlocked the door, and
left the light into the dark places within him.
And his poor soul looked out upon a world
it had never seen. Without his own will.
his lips found one word, spoke it like an
appeal—“God!”

Her face was very close. He had never
known that her lips were so red and
smooth. He closed his eyes lightly to shut
them away. If he looked at her, he could
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not go—and he must go. Not for him, the lingering, warm fire on the hearth of home. He put her aside gently, sprang to the bed, and took a handful of golden coin from the bag under the mattress.

"Keep the rest to build your church!" he told her, as he went. "Pray for him and—a little for me!"

"You believe!"—she forgot the danger to her beloved in her joy—"You believe in God!"

"At least," J. B. said briefly, "at least I believe in you!"

Tumble Bluffs agreed afterwards that they had always thought J. B. was too close-mouthed to be honest. But the crowning insult of the whole affair was when the self-confessed stage robber tossed a handful of the stolen gold pieces into their cowled mists and drewled as he wheeled his calico horse. "After I'm gone, have a drink on your own money!" It was then that Dandy McGee thought that he had caught him jumping and shot at him, and J. B. almost at the same instant sent a bullet thru the gambler's heart.
Then, covering the crowd with his der- ringer, J. B. smiled wistfully. "Well," he said, "well! I reckon now I'll be travelin' on..."

A lonely figure he had come among them, a lonely figure he went away along the sodden trail until the distance effaced him from their view, but he carried three things with him that he had not had when he came, a child's water-soaked primer, a Bible, and—in his soul, sacredly, the belief in one woman's goodness, which to a man is very close akin to a belief in God.

AN EYE-WITNESS

By Gwendolin Cumnor

I knew a woman who had wicked eyes, A wondrous figure, and black, silk-smooth hair.

Deliberately, I saw her choose the prize She sought from Life and set her subtle snare.

The man was famous and a millionaire— She pilfered her witching wiles and won His love. They were together everywhere She stripped him of his treasures, one by one.

Good name and wealth, and then her game was done.

He went to prison—none would intervene— She kissed another in the fade-out scene. All this I saw myself—upon the screen!

ANY SUGGESTIONS?

By Willa M. Phillips

What's all this noise and fuss about? That's what I'd like to know.
O'er all the land goes up the shout "Reform the picture show!"

In every paper, "mag" or book, The thing is just the same; "Quick! To the movies give a look, They're not quite nice and tame."

Yet if you'd go on any night, Or to the matinee, You'd see the house packed good and tight, With "good!" folks, that I'll say!

If all the folks, who make the row, Would tell the others what to do, To better shows, 'Twould be done now; I sure think so, don't you?
The Answer Man
(Continued from page 84)

dual, after the crudities, exaggerations and
crowds of "One Arabian Night." Write
me again, won't you?

MISINFORMATION.—You say the roll-
ing-pin the average wife uses on her hus-
band is not made of wood, but of words.
That's true! The pictures you mentioned
are very old now.

A. J. S.—But you must keep absorbing
new ideas as well as new air. Clara Bow
was the winner of the 1921 contest, Cor-
liess Palmer and Alene Ray of the 1920,
and Virginia Faire, Blanche McGarity,
Antha Getwell and Anita Booth of the
1919. They have all gotten along fairly
except Blanche, who retired after her first
picture.

MARY K.—Dorothy Dalton and Milton
Sills, in "The Cat That Walked Alone." I
was told once never to look a gift horse
in the face—but he sure of his feet. Most
of the players you mention are not working
now. That is true of a great many play-
ers. These are hard times!

MRS. A. B. O' M.—Thanks for the verse.
It seems to apply. Did you know that
James Kirkwood is to play the lead in "F
Winter Comes," for Lucky? Address him
1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, Calif. He
will make a splendid "Puzzlehead."

TAB.—There's nothing exaggerated about
me, except probably my head, and why
wouldn't it be, with all this glorious praise?
Douglas Fairbanks is thirty-eight, and he
don't tell his weight.

ELISE K.—Well, James Kirkwood has
been on the stage for eighteen years. See
above for his latest. Keep up the good
work. Those who bring sunshine into the
lives of others, cannot keep it from them-
selves.

ETHEL SIEVA.—The estimated number
ranked in the World War with 7,450,200.
You refer to Wade Boelter, in "The Home
Stretch," Shirley Mason, with Fox, 1401
Western Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.
Dorothy Dalton, Famous Players-Lucky,
1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles. Write me
again.

JEANE.—Right to the point, all right.
Rodolph Valentino is with Lucky; see
above. I think he will answer you; try it
anyway. He's just arriving, you know.
When they get there, they're not always
so particular.

BOBBIE.—The first steamer crossed the
Atlantic in 1819. That was about twenty
years before my time. So you have seen
Mae Marsh in "Brittie." I haven't seen it
yet. To settle that argument, Lois Mere-
dith played in "Over the Top," and not
Martha Mansfield.

BESSIE.—Thanks for remembering me.
Vera.—Make your chart before you
start. Know what you're after before you
start out for it. I've answered your ques-
tion about Rudolph Valentino several
times this month. Well, he was married,
but has just divorced. Yes, Cullen
Landis, in "Remembrance." Alice Lake
is playing in "Hate." There are only four
players in the picture—Conrad Nagel,
Harry Northrup and Charles Clary.

VIRGINIA.—Come to my Way buzzin',
my long-lost cheddar! Yes, I am still a hale-
room boy, an honest and dollar per. Did you
think I moved into an above? Well, I
can't tell you where your best loved Jack
W. Kerrigan is. Neither can I tell you
what makes Rudie Valentine's hair look
like your best patent leather shoes after
their ten-cent shine." Better luck next
time.

THE NIGHT OWL.—Thanks for the photo
(Continued on page 116)
Letters to the Editor  
(Continued from page 90)

were engaged for forty marks for the day, with train fare paid. When they ar-
ived, everything was ready for work. They refused, stating they all deserved
sixty marks for the day. The sum was granted, being about eighty-five cents in
our money.
In this respect, the American is more of a man and loyal to the film produc-
er when the bargain is made, he will work for said amount, not hindering the
finishing of a production.
That should be the duty of every American—producer, star, extra or film
fan—to do all in his power in any manner or respect that the American film
industry will rank “supreme” in the world.
Yours truly,
CLARENCE R. DOBBINSKI,
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MOTION PICTURE
PUBLICITY

112

PAGE
zine to brand me as a pessimist. I am not. I have merely stated my opinion, backed by public opinion.

I believe, taking a broad view of the many productions, we are getting better pictures, but the super-productions are not to be compared with those of one, two and three years ago. I believe original stories for the screen will meet with a more hearty approval of the public, tho of course we must not forget the fact that many great productions are based on plays or stories written in the past.

When I went to see "The Affairs of Anatol," I was looking for a treat. I was disappointed. To my mind, the picture lacked a strong central theme. I still believe "Something to Think About" is DeMille's best, and "Forbidden Fruit" a close second.

The discussion of serials has so far been forgotten in the "Letters to the Editor," so I wish to have my say.

The public is getting very, very poor pictures in this line. The days of the real serials are past. Compare "The Purple Mask," and The Voice on the Wire," the serials of three and four years ago with those we are now getting. So poor are the serials now being shown that I rarely see one thru.

The question of the fewer the sub-titles the better for the production is absurd. I wish the affirmative of this subject would please show us one single instance wherein a great production contained very few or hardly any sub-titles.

Of the eight screen publications that I have read, Mormor Picture and Classic are the best two. I hope that these publications will continue to give us readers the entertainment that they have been giving in the past. Here's wishing the Reader Publications much success during the coming months and years.

Most cordially,

ALDAN B. SMITH
Gustonia, N. C.

MOVIE MAD
By S. E. DUNBAR

I want to be a movie queen.
And ride around in a big limousine,
And have my face shot on the screen
In many a romantic scene.

I want to make that director swear,
Walk the floor and tear his hair,
And when I'm late say "I don't care,"
And call him a cross old bear.

I want to be in the vampire ranks,
Playing opposite Doug Fairbanks.
I'd like to be photographed every day
With a handsome fellow like Charlie Ray.

I want to take cow-girl's part,
And be saved from bandits by W. S. Hart.
I'd like to be featured, yes indeed.
With that jolly, rollicking Wallace Reid.

Should Harrison Ford give me a chance,
I'd join him at once in some funny romance.
Another film favorite for whom I fell
Is that graceful, handsome Bert Lytell.
There is William Farnum, and Duskin, too,
And the smiling, fascinating Monte Blue.
Of all the actors I most adore,
Is that clever genius, Owen Moore.

There's Richard Barthelmess, a "reel" man,
I'd like to get in with him if I can.
Oh, I am just wild for a movie career,
And you bet I'll be in by the end of the year.

* * * * *

I know it inspected I surely would pass;
Though you can't see the nose look in the glass.
When the stars & I have mentioned want
beauty and poise,
Let them send a night message, collect, to
Maude Noyes.

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THE ANITA COMPANY, Dept. P, SOUTH ORANGE, N. J.
When Marriage is a Crime

(Continued from page 75)

To go back to Ingram, that young director says he hated doing "Turn to the River." He claims he can't get a thrill out of mule driving and horse-drawn dragoons. He yearns for the flavor of drawbridges, and moats, and swords, and dark passages, and torches, and ladies who do not chew gum. Teresa Wright, who is spoken of as the picture's most promising young star, that his pictures will have the European atmosphere. Baehr, author of "The Four Horsemen," has written to Ingram offering him the pictures of his new story that has not yet been printed. It will be printed first in Spain; then, in England and America simultaneously. Rex is also engaged in re-making of his old Universal hit, "The Black Orchid," which was very gruesome, but very beautiful. He also burns to put Robert Emmett, the Irish patriot, into a picture.

Richard Walton Tully has begun his motion picture producing career with "The Masquerader." James Young is his director, and Wilfred Buckland, his art director. It is Tully's intention to film all his stage plays, including the "Rose of the Ranch," which he has written with Belasco, and "The Bird of Paradise." He states that he has been offered $250,000 for the screen rights of "The Bird," but will permit no one to present it himself. He has been fortunate out of the play, but his heart is still unequal. He is bowed down with sorrow because it was he who really started the present fad for South Sea stories, but the credit went to others. There is a fact that the real impetus for South Sea literature was the second act of "The Bird."

Nina Novina has a daring innovation—a gorgeous and elaborate production of "Salome," with not more than two sets. She has cut the story of the Magdalen and the "Salome." She has cut the story of the Magdalen and the "Salome." She has cut the story of the Magdalen and the "Salome." She has cut the story of the Magdalen and the "Salome." She has cut the story of the Magdalen and the "Salome." She has cut the story of the Magdalen and the "Salome." She has cut the story of the Magdalen and the "Salome."

Douglas MacLean has just finished "The Hottentot"; his future plans are uncertain. Speaking of Tourneur, he has arrived at a determination exactly opposite to that of Rex Ingram; he is for home-atmosphere American pictures. He is trying to find one in which there is a waiter for a hero. Flappers, take notice: His name is not spelled "Rudolph," nor yet "Rudy."

It is the way you have been thinking of him. It is "Rodolph Valentino." He wants it spelled that way as a compromise between the original "Rodolph" and the currently popular "Rudolph" that you know. And he also says, while he is very much honored by the rumor that he is to marry Madam Rambert, that he has not to have that pleasure.

Mr. Valentino is now playing the lead for Gloria Swanson in an Elgton Glyn story. This, of course, the completion of this he will commence a three-year contract for Paramount, for whom his first appearance will be as the Toreador in "The Mask." Bebe Daniels will vamp in this picture and Mary McAvoy will be the wife. The laurels of any "handsomest man in pictures" can't seem to put squarely on his head. Someone is always getting them away from him. Now, it is said, they are to be placed on the very worthy brow of—Robert Ellis, leading man for Katherine MacDonald, in her new picture, "The Inflexible," which, by the way, is expected to find the end of the story before Miss MacDonald started out, and which has widened somewhat. Mr. Ellis is comparatively new to the screen, having made but a few pictures. His first picture has the legitimate before the films lured him and had made good there, not alone for good looks. Dorothy Phillips has his support in "The Inflexible."

Constance Talmadge having finished "The Divorcee," her first picture since her return to California, is traveling around a bit before starting her next. She is hard at work on "The Duchess of Langsge," with Conway Tearle playing her husband. Lapino Lane, erstwhile star of "Afish," has gone to making comedies for Fox. He is anxious to see if his antics will be as funny on the screen as they are on the stage. If he should, for he should have pannome in his blood, being one of the Lapino family of Covent Garden fame. These Lupinos have been represented in the West End for the last 174 years.

There is not the slightest doubt in your mind about the title of Marie Prevost's new picture, "Kissed," when you call on this dainty French beauty and ask her if the shadow of a chance of getting any nearer, you will pay your money just to see it happen over and over again, as it does in the story of the married young lady who fell in love with a masked gentleman who kissed her. That is her only echo to his identity, and how is she ever to find the right man except by sampling the osculatory offerings of all the anxious willing ones she meets? We just regret not having taken them in the worst sense of the word. Chester Conklin is doing something with which there has not been enough done—travesty, not burlesque. It is so easy to exaggerate the popularity with which ruin artistry with horseplay. Conklin, in "The Pick-Eyed Piper," a travesty of Browning's "Piper," keeps on the right side of the line.

The Farnums are both making West erns for Fox. Buck Jones is doing likewise.

They call him the "unimpressionable" hero here, this Charles A. Logue, because, with a long string of Broadway successes behind him and all kinds of good publicity material about himself which he could have used and didn't, he slipped quietly into Hollywood a short time ago and began writing pictures, quietly, and with no ostentation whatsoever. First, "The Infidel" for Katherine MacDonald, then "Friday to Monday" and "Gay and Devilish" for Doris May, and now "Breaking into the Moat," for which he has written since 1741.

"The Mask" being very much all Lon Chaney, he can't complain of its humor him at all, which suits Mr. Chaney, and his admirers, too.

Wild times at Universal City. "Stanley in Africa," "Robinson Crusoe," "Buffalo Bill" are marching forth there at once. They are all serials, and are going to be around for some time. It is certainly to be hoped that they don't mix. Mr. Chaney, his admirers, too.

There are only two places in the United States where, "and is back," means he's back from New York. Cecil B. de Mille will be back the latter part of Feb.
ruary, to commence the screening of “Manslaughter,” by Alice Duer Miller. Leatrice Joy will be the wealthy young woman who serves her sentence in the penitentiary for running over a motorcycle policeman.

Also apropos of these “two places,” the Long Island studio which was to have been opened April 1, will remain closed indefinitely, and Mr. Lasky announces that the Realart studio which, it was understood, would be closed when Realart pictures were abandoned, will be kept open to take care of the Paramount overflow.

Betty Compson is freezing her pretty toes just now way up in the snowy mountains at Truckee, California, where Penrhyn Stanlaws has taken the company for four weeks of snow pictures. She and Tony Moore are making “Over the Border,” from Sir Gilbert Parker’s “She of the Triple Chevron.”

Priscilla Dean can get just as excited in the studios as she does in her pictures. In “Wild Honey,” the big scene shows a bursting dam, and it was wet and cold, and Priscilla didn’t like it, and all the dams didn’t show in the picture.

TO THE OPERATOR
By John Ben Stotts

Ah, the show now has opened—the pictures, I mean—
The overture’s played, and there on the screen
See—the star—and the cast and the author pass thr’
Producer, assistants, photographer, too—
All their names have we read—now, go on with the show.
There’s only one chap that we’ve missed,
He’s too busy to care that he’s not on the screen—
He’s the man operating the picture machine.
How we curse him if ever the sheet should run dark,
Or the pictures grow dim—not be up to the mark
We expect when we go to the cinema show;
Why, surely, it’s easy to make the films go.
Up there near the roof, in a cell built so tight
That he can not annoy us with noise or with light,
There’s the guy that we call for all faults on the screen,
The poor fool that’s running the picture machine.
But the star would not twinkle, her cast matter not,
Scenario to be worthless, unbecued the plot,
And we’d be unhappy with no place to go,
Were the man in the booth taken out of the show.
For, ’mid whirring motors and sputtering arc,
Is a real producer, I rise to remark:
The chap we owe most, tho be never is seen,
The man operating the picture machine.

GLORIA SWANSON’S WAY
By Byron Emery

Certain things are mine,
The motion of a vessel standing out at sea,
A certain Oriental musk,
A wind-bell, a tree-tedl,
A violin played at dusk,
Or the sound of feet upon the road,
The things I feel but cannot say,
And Gloria Swanson’s way.

The Latest in Perfumery

Midgets

TAKE one to the theater or dance, empty it and throw the tiny bottle away (or save it and refill it). The finest perfume in the world, when placed on a handkerchief or gown, lasts only a few minutes after it has dried. Only moisture or heat can bring out the aroma again. Hence, the perfume millady applies in her boudoir is usually lost by the time she arrives at her destination—the place it was intended for. Midgets overcome this waste. They take up no room, are easily opened, and you can always have the dainty, delicate, bewitching aroma clinging and lingering about your presence. Ten Midgets, filled with the most delicious perfume, accompany every two-ounce cut-glass bottle, together with a filler, all neatly packed in a beautiful box. The perfume is

CORLISS PALMER

named after its inventor, who is known as the Most Beautiful Girl in America. It is her first choice of 100 accepted formulas. It is distinctive, subtle, illusive, charming. Its enchanting fragrance is exceedingly lasting, and you can often detect it on your handkerchief after it has been laundered. To introduce it to the American market, the price is at present only $6.00 a box, complete.

Jeanne Jacques

(16th Distributors)

BROOKLYN, N. Y.
The Answer Man

(Continued from page 111)

of "Strongheart." You say, "The Cross Pull," by Hal Evarts, has been filmed, and is called "The Silent Call." Thanks; my error. Well, I can't be expected never to make a mistake. William Farmar was Francois, Betty Compson was Katherine. Fritz Leiber was Louis XI. Walter Law was Thibault, Harry Carvill was Tristan, and Claude Payton was Montagu in "If I Were King." You're very welcome.

Jewel—That's a clever little verse—
"I cannot live without you." He murdered with a look.
Said she, "I do not doubt you—
Unless you get a job."

Walter Lewis was in "The White Moll." Allan Dwan is going to produce "Legend of Sleepy Hollow."

Dick—Don't fear, I never expect to cut my whiskers. A woman's hair is her crowning glory—ditto. Viola Dana is not married now. Shirley Mason is. Betty Blythe is coming back in "The Net."

Cat—It's my own.

Audie—All the way from Australia. Wish I could accept your invitation. Have passed your letter along to Miss Fletcher. Mabel Normand is playing in "Saratoga."

Ethel Mae—Well, if you are that fond of Katherine MacDonald, you want to get a copy of Beauty, our new magazine, which appeared on the newsstands every ninth, with a beautiful picture of Katherine MacDonald on the cover. She is playing in "The Beautiful Liar."

Slim—I can only refer you to the different companies. Send a stamped addressed envelope for a list of their addresses.

Marie Antoinette—But, pleasure is the flower that passes; remembrance, the lasting perfume. Ralph Graves is married, but Gaston Glass isn't. I pass. Marriage is sometimes only a long quartet. Mahlon Hamilton, opposite Betty Compson, in "The Noose." Eddie Polo, in "The Secret Four."

American Girl—A person emigrates from one country and immigrates into another. Hence, an emigrant is a person leaving his native land, and an immigrant is one who has arrived at the country of his adoption. Wanda Hawley was Beauty and Ethel Clayton was Maggie Pepper.

C—Here.

H—Every woman thinks she has the right to make a fool of some man, but I don't quite agree with you. E. K. Lincoln and Lon Chaney are playing in "White Faith," with Hope Hampton. Tom Meighan, in "The Proxy Daddy."

Selma—No. I don't mind criticism; they tell me, no one ever accomplishes much that is original until he learns two things: how to listen to criticism, and how to rise above it. Marjorie Prevost, sister to Marie, has changed her name to Marjorie Maurice. She has an important part in Viola Dana's "The Five Dollar Baby." But Renee Adoree is playing in "The Count of Monte Cristo."


Lieutenant Locklear Admire, Billie, Black Eyes, Fantastick Fanny, Ginger-Snaps, Puck, Celia S., E. E., Wimbington, Desperate, Annie C., Miss Winter, Betty D., Margery Daw Forever, Two Talmage Tulips, Jean Flag, Mr. L. N. Que, Marion, Yakima—Better next time.

Dorothy C., Little Kiddle, Diosa, Wee Wee, Blonde, Ram, E. V. N., H. K. S., A Nazimovskye, Polaris, E. P.

W. L. W., Dallas.—You refer to Cecil B. De Mille as the director of "Don't Tell Everything.

TYLIE.—To a woman, the romances she makes are more amusing than those she reads. Yes, no! Yes, Mollie King is playing in "Giant Suspicions." Yes, Johnny Hines is playing in "Doggo Torchey." Yes, Grace Darling, in "For Your Daughter's Sake." You sure are for Milton Sills.

SYLVIA.—Well, I hope Santa was good to you, too. Thanks. Alice Brady was born in New York City. She won't tell when.

BOBBIETTE.—Well, a lover is loved most, a wife best, and a mother always. Most of the players have secretaries. They wouldn't be able to answer their correspondence, as well as perform their other duties.


BROWNIE.—Well, if you enjoy repeating anything overmuch, you have probably told it twice to the same person. Yes, Shirley Mason is married. Jack Mulhall is playing opposite Constance Binney for Realart.

GURNEY NO MO LI.—Getting musical all of a sudden? Emory Johnson is directing Leah Baird. That was a great letter of yours. Florence Vidor is playing in "Judith Balfourford." Madge Bellamy is also in the cast.

LEENA.—But the first newspaper advertisement appeared in 1652. No. I don't remember. Mary Pickford's name was Gladys Smith.

KID SALLIE, ROSE PURCELL, MABEL WALECON, DUCHESS LUCILLE, BOOTS, BOB McCOUNT, ELSIE P., "K", DORIS M. A., LEA BOWIE, HENRY, FRANCES, ELDEN R., INTERESTED, FRANCES B., AN INQUIREL, GRETHER W., ETHYL.—I'll try not to put you in the ads, I promise.

LOVING ROSE.—Goldfish are natives of China, and were introduced into England about the end of the seventeenth century. They are bred principally in ponds, fed with the waste hot water from condensing steam-engines. Yes, Mary Pickford was born in Canada, but she has a bit of Irish in her. Max Linden is playing in "Be My Wife," for Goldwyn.

SLIM.—Mary Pickford is out West at this writing. Constance Talmadge married a Greek, but she hasn't gone to Greece. Sue Carol is playing opposite Bebe Daniels. Wanda Hawley, in "The Love Charm.

RETTE ROMAIN.—Well, well, glad to see you again. You sure do write an interesting letter, remember me to Vyr- gimmia. Tell her not to forget me.

VERA.—Yes, I am very fond of ermine. It is called so from having been originally imported from Persia. Send me your stamped addressed envelope for a list of the correspondence clubs. Of course, it is interesting. Lillian Walker is playing in various pictures. Francesca Billington is not playing now.

PEP.—Why don't you get a copy of "The Three Musketeers" at your library, and you will find them. Anita Stewart, at 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif. Wyndham Standing and Alma Tell are playing in "The Iron Trail."

VALENTINE ADMIRER.—Je vous remercie. So you liked Rudolph Valentino in "The Sheik." George Raft is playing in "The Sign of the Rose." He played in the same picture some years ago. They also tell me "The Night in a Barrroom" is being produced. That will be something new every day.

ANSWER MAN ADMIRER.—Thanks for your good wishes. Come again.

SUE N.—George, I. L. RUTH, CYRIL SMITH, HARRIE, HELEN, RICHARD, MAE, BELLA, CHUBBY P., HILLY B., LIZZIE, JUNE, MARIE LOUIS, BETTY, JULIUS, A STAGE ASPIRANT.—I'm sorry.

GEORGIA CRACKER.—Je vis un espoir. George A is playing in "The Green Goddess" on the stage. Yes, he was immense in "Disraeli." Yes, Doris May, in "Eden and Return." Mae Marsh is playing in "Eriste" on the stage.

SALISBURY FAN.—No, I don't give advice and never take it. Ruth Clifford is twenty-two years old. Yes, and the city of cheaters and crooks is built with asphalt, driven in the ground. It is intersected by numerous canals, crossed by nearly three hundred bridges.

TYLIE.—For you. You want Kenneth McGuffy to interview Milton Sills. Sure, I like French ice-cream. Are you thinking of sending me some?

HOOPER DOOBA.—So you think I must have some woman in my life to inspire me. Nay, nay; there is no woman in my life—not on your life. Conway Tearle, in "A Wife Openly Owned." Yes, Maurice Cas- tello played in "Concett," for Selznick. I'll be waiting.

DESPERATE A MUSE.—You're all wrong. I don't look like Little Brunette.—But the greatest misfortune one can wish his enemy is that he may love without being loved in return. You want Richard Barthelmess and Lil- lian Gish to play together always. I'm afraid it can't be done. Good night.

COPPERTO.—Fiasco is an Italian word—Olo, olo, fiasco! Mabel Trunnell, Mary Full. They are not playing any more. Sarda, our old chum, is married. Zella Carr, in "The Doctor." Cul- len Landis is playing in "A City Fellow." Levy Stone and Alice Terry, in "The Prisoner of Zenda." All right; come in any time.


LILLIAN GISH'S FRIEND.—As William Carleton says, "People should not fall in love; they should rise to it." Just send a stamped addressed envelope for a list of the Correspondence Clubs.

BEANNA L.—What a lie! What's the use. Sure, I have buttermilk every day. Fred Nilho is directing Anita Stewart in "The Woman He Married." Gladys Hal- lent and Convy Tearle are "The Reformer." But you know, to invite a guest is to take the responsibility of his happiness during his stay under your roof.

Who is S. B. C.? Thanks. Glad to hear from gay Paree. I wish I could help you. You say grief has two forms of expression, laughter and tears; and tears are not sad. "Our Mutual Friend" is being filmed. Yes, Nazim- ova is playing in "Salome" and "The Dolls' House." Write me again.

BARB.—The tallest man was John Halle,
Your Figure
Has Charm Only as You Are Fully Developed

BEAUTY OF FORM

can be cultivated just the same as flowers are made to blossom with proper care. Woman, by nature refined and delicate, craves the natural beauty of her sex. How wonderful to be a perfect woman!

Bust Pads and Ruffles

never look natural or feel right. They are really burdensome and retard development. You should add to your physical beauty by enlarging your bust-line to its natural size. This is easy to accomplish with the NATIONAL, a new scientific appliance that brings delightful results.

FREE BEAUTY BOOK

If you wish a beautiful, womanly figure, write for a copy of the treatise by Dr. C. S. Carr, formerly published in the Physical Culture Magazine, entitled: "The Bust—How It May Be Developed." Of this method Dr. Carr states:

"Indeed, it will bring about a development of the busts quite astonishing!"

This valuable information, explaining the causes of non-development, together with photographic proof showing as much as five inches enlargement by this method, will be sent FREE to every woman who writes quickly. Those desiring book sent sealed, enclose 6c postage.

THE OLIVE COMPANY Dept. 205 CLARINDA, IOWA

Build an Aladdin Home
Save $200 to $800

Aladdin success is chiefly due to the money saved for Aladdin Home owners. You will save a substantial amount thru eliminating dealers' profits, saving over 16% waste lumber, and lowering labor costs in building. Aladdin Homes are cut to fit, saving waste of lumber and hundreds of hours of carpenter labor. Over a hundred beautiful homes are pictured in the Aladdin catalog. Send stamps for this catalog No. 1637, at once.

Sold Direct—No In-Between Profits

The Aladdin Company is the greatest home building institution in the world and it does not sell thru dealers. It manufactures the lumber at the edge of the four greatest timber-producing states. It prepares the houses complete ready to be shipped direct to the home builder. You save the dealers' profits. Your carpenter installs the ready-cut lumber just like in any other first-class, permanent home. The catalog explains the details fully.

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Aladdin Homes are designed to use standard lengths and sizes of lumber so that there is practically no sawing, measuring and fitting to be done by the carpenter on the job. You receive in one shipment all the timbered framework, millwork, the windows, the doors, interior finishes, lath, glass, nails, hardware, lock sets, paints, stains, and varnishes. Send stamps today for catalog No. 1917.

The Aladdin Co. Bay City, Mich.

GET THIS WONDERFUL RING. IF YOU CAN TELL IT FROM A GENUINE DIAMOND SEND IT BACK

These amazing, beautiful CORIDITIE diamonds positively match genuine diamonds in every way—same glitter, beauty and costumary play of living rainbow fire. They are, indeed, the diamond twins, including the iridescent rainbow fire. Never before have such radiant, sparkling diamond twins been available to the American public. These amazing CORIDITIE diamonds are made of pure 24-carat gold to the same proportion of gold and silver as are genuine diamonds. You can't tell these CORIDITIE diamonds from fine diamonds. Send now or send back at your leisure and we will pay you the full diamond price. Both diamond experts and connoisseurs and jewelers declare CORIDITIE diamonds are the most splendid and stylish imitation diamonds ever made. You and your friends will be delighted at the beauty and splendor of these CORIDITIE diamonds. CORIDITIE diamonds are genuine imitations of the genuine diamond. They are genuine imitation diamonds, and you are entitled to the privilege of seeing if you can tell them from genuine diamonds.

Send No Money—Keep your money right here. Just send for this amazing CORIDITIE diamond ring today. The cost is just $2.94. This is the greatest thing since the discovery of gold. If you are not perfectly satisfied return the ring engraved and size as agreed by words of regret and ring will be returned, postage paid. Mail the coupon today. If you are not satisfied send the ring back in 10 days and get your money back. You are entitled to your money back if you are not satisfied. Send your coupon to-day.

E. RICHWIN, 33 South Dearborn Street, Dept. 91, Chicago, Ill.

of Lancashire, England, who was nine feet six inches in height. His hand was seventeen inches long and eight and one-half inches broad. Jerome Patrick was Montana's "Don't Call Me Little Girl." No, "Big Champion" hasn't been released as yet. You refer to Virginia Lee, the Howard Chandler Christy girl.

Rosenmeyer—I'm always here. You know what General Granit said: "No personal consideration should stand in the way of performing a duty." Carrie Clark Ward was Nora, Bele Daniels and Gloria Swanson, in "Women of the Year." Ojos X—Sorry you didn't get to New York. Rudolph Valentino was Juliannino in "Once to Every Woman." Mary Astor did the unpalatable work in "The Bigger Maid" that she signed a contract with Triart Films. She is playing in "The Young Painter" now.

Henriette, Hester V., Billy, Captain Kirk, Atina Relleck, Yutch, Cape Canem, Alice D., Huck, Carrots, Granny, Nidie B., Annie, Sue je, McFunkley, E. M., President of a Job; The B. V. D. Boy, Motion Roland, Alberta K., Peggy Q., Deanah, S. T. H., Big Feet; Sorry to have to judge in the above.

Hurry Up—Hugo Ballin is producing "In Old Madrid," and, after that, "Luxury Tax." He sure can make a feature of the latter. "Priscilla" is on the horizon. "The zim," Gloria Swanson is with Famous Players, playing in "Gilded Dreams." What's your hurry? I'm J.—It is well for you to love your work; but be careful not to let your affection for it release it from supporting you. Herbert Hayes and Edward Coen, in "We Are Dearly Loved" make Clayton expects to go back to the stage.

Dingbat Birth—That's right; he might be President some day. Andrew Jackson, our seventeenth President, spent seven years tailoring before he began to learn the alphabet. That was March, 1915. Your letter in verse was clever.

Mary L.—There was no mention of the Judge in my cast of "A Trip to Paradise." Try Metro, 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Calif. Now, Mary, stop your tricks. You're not eighteen, and you don't weight 340. You must be a young hippo.


Isa Parrott—Pretty Poll! You refer to Bert Lytell. Don't he too sure of what you are marrying, until you have several times interviewed her small brother. 'Bright!' Clever stuff, yours.

Pauline Adoree—"The Valley of Death," in the Island of Java, is simply the crater of an extinct volcano, filled with carbonic acid gas. It is half a mile in circumference. Pauline Fredericke played in "Sphizo" in 1917.

Priscilla Mau—Villa—Dorothy Mesinger was Creton.

Critics—Sorry I cannot enlighten you.


Blanch L.—Well, I hope you're not like the woman who is never happy because her husband is forever tracking dirt into the house. Blanch L. is not playing in anything just now. Else Fergusson, in "A Varying Shore," on the stage in Broadway.

(Continued on page 121)
Across the Silversheet

(Continued from page 71)

method could have been evolved. As it is, " Foolish Wives" has undeniably lost more than can be said. There is a lack of regard for Mr. von Stroheim's basic theme that the American woman is the man in the American woman, even tho she is capti-vated momentarily by the sophisticated veneer and ceremony of the Continental. There are rough edges and inconsistencies which prevent " Foolish Wives" from being the masterpiece it might so easily have become.

The story tells of the United States special envoy to Monaco, and his wife. At Monaco, in a luxurious villa, live three adventurers, Count Sergius Karamzin and the Princess Olga and Vera. The Count is perhaps the most decadent figure ever shadowed upon the screen; he determines to cultivate the envoy's wife in order to further his own ends. Whether or not his amorous inclinations eventually master his discretion is a question.

There are five scenes in this production which are thoroughly breathtaking upon the edge of their chairs. They leave you exhausted after having held you spellbound. In them Eric von Stroheim has presented his producer with a producer of thrills as well as of the sophisticated life of the Continent.

His creation of the Count is perhaps one of the and, at the same time, subtle portraits contributed to the screen. In his portrayal, as in his producing, Mr. von Stroheim has unfailingly chosen the mood, the setting, the suggestion which he has desired to put across. Simple incidents compositely form his story.

The atmosphere of Monte Carlo has been wonderfully portrayed.

As to the other members of the cast, they are, without exception, splendid. Rudolph Christians played the Special Envoy; Miss Dunonti is his wife; Maude George plays Princess Olga, and Mae Busch, Countess Vera. Malvina Polo proves her ability as Marietta, a half-witted personage who has until this time been cast in slapstick comedy, contributes one of the most tragic characters ever witnessed as Mariuscha, a maid. So vivid is her portrayal, we cannot but repeat the regret voiced in the beginning—

"Foolish Wives" is a great endeavor—

It is an artistic and tasteful tapestry, in which the delicate thread which intricately wove the picture has been ravelled here and there—

R. S. V. P.—FIRST NATIONAL

"R. S. V. P." exists because of two struggling artists, Richard Morgan and Benny Fielding—Richard's invitation to a formal reception—and the fact that, while Richard only possessed a presentable dress-coat, Benny had the necessary trousers. How they both used the invitation, Richard waiting in the dressing-room while Benny gaily danced below with the beauteous Betty, and the one dress-coat, and then rip her, makes an amusing tale.

It was this idea which scantily called a plot, upon which the picture is based, and because of this there is considerable drudgery and froth, which does not make for government.

Charles Ray is pleasing, but we can call to mind countless other pictures in which he has been seen to infinitely better advantage.

LOVE'S REDEMPTION—FIRST NATIONAL

If you like stories with a tropical background, where the unregenerate son of English aristocracy is eventually redeemed thru the pure love of some girl—stories where the girl's parentage is unknown, so that, at the last minute, the blue blood in her veins permits her to dominate in cultured surroundings, you will like Norma Talmadge's latest picture, "Love's Redemption."

Norma plays the girl who saves the unregenerate son from the oblivion to which his drinking is carrying him. Harrison Ford plays the son and Montague Love is cast as the sophisticated clubman who desires the dusky and vivid beauty of the heroine.

We are sure, if you like such a story, you will like "Love's Redemption," because it has been given no original twist or unexpected episodes. It might readily have been cut out of the same piece of cloth and with the same pattern as countless other photoplays which we have seen. There are numerous beautiful exteriors, exquisitely photographed, and Miss Talmadge is often seen in such beautiful gowns that is permitted a few scenes in which to demonstrate her warmth or ability, and even the regeneration possesses no great dramatic strength.

It is a story, however, which gives one who has improved herself one of the most popular players shadowed upon the screen such inconsiderable material with which to work. 

NANCY FROM NOWHERE—REALART

"Nancy from Nowhere" is the sort of picture which they turned out by the score when the demand for shadowrama entertainment was far in excess of the supply. Personally, we can see no reason for it whatever.

The story is that which tells of a little slavey who finally breaks free from her bondage, only to find herself in the home of the wealthy young hero she had previously met in the fields and in the woods. His people are away and, of course, he proceeds to establish her in his house and falls madly in love with her. You can imagine the rest. The family is shocked, even the she is captured by the slower, who has admired her despite the chasmatic difference in their cases—but the hero is brave and bold and his love is great—and there is a happy ending.

Bebe Daniels is starred in this picture. She often photographed very well, but it would have been impossible for anyone to have done anything with such a trite role in such a trite story.

THE RULING PASSION—UNITED ARTISTS

Herefore in his screen portrayals, George Arliss has had a colorful role. He has been endowed with the dignity of a personage and the romance of a celebrity, touched with mystery. This is not true of his characterization of James Aiden in "The Ruling Passion." Nevertheless, Mr. Arliss continues to convince and to fascinate.

The story tells of the president of a corporation who is forced to retire thru ill health. How he finds a remedy far more helpful than that prescribed by his physicians. He adopts his business methods and grit and determination in effecting another success, makes a pleasing tale. A youthful romance is contributed to the story as a daughter and his youthful partner in the new enterprise.

It is a trite tale, but there is a fresh charm in its manner of unfolding, which maintains a high interest.

Mr. Arliss further demonstrates his art-
Why Let Your Beauty Fade?

A SKIN PRESERVED AT TWENTY IS A SKIN STILL FINE AT FIFTY!

THERE is not one of us who wants to look old. By old, I mean, a flabby, sagging skin and wrinkles. We do not want them nor do we need to have them. These enemies begin to come in the twenties unless care is taken to prevent them and when once started, their tendency is to grow worse daily. Don't wait too long. Don't give them time to thrive. Massage helps but it is not enough.

PALMER'S BEAUTY LOTION

It is the only remedy that actually benefits the complexion and actually prevents a flabby, sagging skin and wrinkles. It contains, among other things, elder flower water and benzoin, which for ages have been famous for beautifying the skin.

AID NATURE AND DEFY AGE

FREE SKIN IS BETTER THAN FINE CLOTHES

Apply Palmer's Beauty Lotion every night and you will be surprised at the results. It has a cooling, soothing astrigent effect, and will make your skin smooth and firm.

It is delightfully scented— it is a necessary luxury to milady's boudoir. After once using it, you will not be without it. Send fifty cents (coin, stamps or money order) for a trial bottle, which will be sent to you by mail, securely wrapped.

RICHARD WALLACE
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Beauty for April

BEAUTY is first and foremost a magazine of charm. It believes wholeheartedly in the development of beauty. Its purpose and object is to help every woman to make the best of herself—to cultivate and develop personal charm.

Beautiful and distinguished is the April number of BEAUTY. Color plates of singular beauty, striking photographs and a number of remarkable articles make up its interesting contents.

The Greatest Beautifier, by Corliss Palmer, a scientific article that every woman, also every chemist and cosmetic manufacturer will find of absorbing interest.

Imaginary Conversations, another piquant interview, this time with Madame Récaurier, by Dorothy Donnell Calhoun and Gladys Hall.

The old question "Do Men Admire the Painted Girl" is discussed by Laura Kent Mason.

There is an entertaining one-act play by Hadi Barron and Saxon Cone.

From cover to cover the book is replete with valuable, interesting and authentic material.

Beauty for April

The Answer Man

(Continued from page 118)

HELEN M.—Well, if you must know, the Lincoln Highway is the longest road in the world. It connects twelve States, and is laid out between New York and San Francisco, as directly as possible, consistent with the topography of the country. Its length is about 3,284 miles, and it is constantly being shortened by improvements and elimination of curves. Mary Mikes Tarrant is twenty years old, Pearl White about thirty-four, and Billie Burke thirty-six.

TEN E. TO.—So you think I am thirty and good looking, rather bald, clean shaven, a sense of humor and a great deal of patience. Well, then "ain't" me—except the good looking part. You also think I get paid well for my trouble. Is that a compliment? You know full well that I get paid very well for my trouble.

AULTON B. S.—So you didn't like "The Affairs of Anatol." You thought it lacked a central theme, and that it was too rambling. Of course, I enjoyed yours, write me again.

ANSWER MAN F.—Well, you start off well by saying "A woman by whom we are loved is a scarcity; a woman whom we love is a religion." You also want to know whether I eat a great deal of green food, and if I did, would tell your grandfather, so that he will live as long as I have. If you mean to insinuate that I eat grass, you are in error. I much prefer hay. Send your grandfather in some day, and I will tell him the secret. You also further want to know which actress has the best figure. Do you mean, income or form?

COLONIAL Joe.—You say, "Persons are preaching for the good things of the world, lawyers are pleading for the hero, physicians are prescribing for them, true philosophers alone are enjoying them." Guess you are right. Your letter was mighty interesting, and I was glad to hear all about New Zealand. William Hart was born in Newburgh, N. Y., and he is about forty-five years old. Wrote him, Hart Productions, 1215 Bates Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

VIOLA W.—You are quite a poet. The poet is the only artist who cannot be laborious. His work does not depend on him. And he cannot spend on his work. Katharine MacDonald is playing in "Her Social Value." Well, love and a cough cannot be hid.

BEARIE.—So you call me an old sinner and expect me to answer. I will this time, but dont let it happen again. Eugene Corey was Ruscino in "The Velvet Hand." William Pike, in "The Master Mystery." Your favorites are Antonio Moreno and Bert Lytell and Houdini.

ENQUIRER.—You say I am conscious. Wrong. Conscience is the voice of the soul; passion, the voice of the body. I have neither. Yes, there is special music for "Broken Blossoms." Well, I liked "Orphans of the Storm" much better than "Broken Blossoms." Anyway, Lilian Gish is art thru and thru.

PLAIN KID.—So Mary Catt is your type of girl. She is very charming. I met her the other evening and fell in love with her. (That makes two hundred and seventeen.) I dont know how many freckles Wesley Barry has—never saw any of them.

HELEN G.—As Andrew Carnegie says, "Dont be content with doing only your duty. Do more than your duty. It's the hearts who finishes a neck ahead who wins the race." Norma Talmadge was born in Niagara Falls. Not exactly in the Falls, but in the city near them. You're welcome. (Continued on page 123)

Banish Coarse Pores

My Methods have brought Beauty to Thousands

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Let me rid you of Coarse Pores, Wrinkles, Blackheads, Pimples, Freckles and Superfluous Hair

This Portrait Is My Proof of what my Beauty Methods accomplish

My heart goes out to every girl and woman who has ambitions to be beautiful. You owe it to your self to be attractive, admired and courted, and I am proud that it is my privilege to help you.

If you want to know the Methods used by famous actresses, who have kindnesses, and most highly appreciated for their perfection. I will send you my free work "Stepping Stones to Beauty," with full and complete information of my Methods and HOW TO USE THEM in the privacy of your own home. To get this amazing wonderful result which thousands of others have had. This knowledge has cost me years of patience, faithfulness, meticulous study and research.

Send no money-write your name and address plainly and you will receive at once complete information on the following Beauty Methods—any or all:

To Banish Coarse Pores,
To Banish Wrinkles,
"Allee"—A new revolutionary compound which leaves your skin soft, smooth, and perfect.
To Banish Blackheads, Pimples, Tan, Freckles, and oily Skin,
To Beef Beauty the Figure, Hands and Arms,
To Remove Superfluous Hair,
To Grow Beautiful Eyebrows and Eyelashes,
To Clear the Skin of Acne.

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Please and complete information under your FREE OFFER, also "Stepping Stones to Beauty," FREE.

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The woman who is "up-to-the-minute" from head to foot, appreciates the rest in comfort and charm of our beautiful "National Bob," just as a farmer appreciates "bobs" there was a "national" demand for the "bobbed" effect—especially from the woman who advocated to cut her own hair.

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Your all-delled and all-lacquered looks like she has a black eye.

HER MAKE-UP RAN, Can't happen if you use Wm. H. Ivans's Red Rouge Color Y-shower. For extra large envelopes, write for free sample and price. W I L L N O T R U N.

COLORS: Black, Brown.

HAIR SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 74, 24 E 21ST ST., NEW YORK

THE DIRECTOR LAMENTS

By Edgar Daniel Kramer

"It really makes me tear my hair," The screen director bemoaned.

"When I dream of all I missed, When Trojan Helen died, She was a beauty, I am told, And she vanished like a dream; I could have made a mint with her Upon the silver screen. A-vamping Moulin Rouge. And Paris, and some more, Who struggled for her favors, And only got the door.

"Then there was Cleopatra, Who lived upon the Nile In a manner most becoming To her own peculiar style. And when she set to lamping Marc Antony et al., They were very easy pickings, And they simply had to fall. I would have made the world stare, If I'd had the chance To film fair Cleopa tra. In her poison-adder dancer.

"Now, that Borgia woman Was no picker in her day: She had a disconcerting But a most efficient way Of dealing with the problem Of that unpainted guest— A prussic acid salade. And St. Peter did the rest. If I had scotched the doings In her fascinating home, I'd thrill the movie maniacs From Capetown up to Nome.

"The fluff that foxed old Samson, Delilah was her name, Would have been a wonder In the modern picture-game, Starring in a big hit— Get this electric flare: Delilah in her latest, The Lynx and the Hair." It nearly sets me weeping To know I missed this frail, The Bernhardt of the movies, And the consequent kafe.

MOVIE CHATTER

By Thomas J. Murray

The screen show was splendid and promised a treat.

It swept me in to fancy to tropical street; Brought a thrill voice from a neighboring seat— "I hope you remembered to put out the cat." I marked the screen star pleading strong for her life, Avar in the desert in love's fervent strive; Right there came a whisper from somebody's wife— "Her husband told mine that he left her quite flat!"

Annoyed, I endeavored to follow the play, And soon trailed the hero to lands far away. A crisis approached and a voice that called "Say!" Now what do you think that I heard about Joe? Small pleasure I got from the wonderful screen, My interest distracted from source unforeseen, And leaving, I prayed that the talkers, so mean, Might lose their false teeth when they come to the show.
The Answer Man
(Continued from page 121)

HELEN M. R.—Ruthe de Renor's last picture was "The Unconquered Woman." Thanks for what you say. No, I can't tell you what's the matter with Pittsburgh, unless it's smoke. I've never been there. Art Acord is playing in a serial called "In the Days of Buffalo Bill."

I'LL GET 'EM YET.—You say you have no desire to enter pictures. Thanks to goodness for that! You should have a monument to your name. Nothing Plutie. It is "The Hardest Way." Dolores Casinelli, Winifred Westover and Joe King, in "Anse of Little Smoky. Little Clara Horton is playing in "The Light in the Clearing."

WATTLE BLOSSOM.—Well, nothing makes old people who have been attractive more ridiculous than to forget that they are so no longer. You say you don't want to know about the private lives of your favorites, that you would rather think of them with a halo of mystery and romance about them. That's one reason I am against personal appearances. Yes, Margarette Clayton had the lead in "Eride 13." Send a S. A. E. (stamped addressed envelope) for a list of correspondence clubs.

BETTY WOODLAWN.—Yes, and if I were you, I would stop him. Your letter was splendid. Of course you are invited. Send the picture.

BON LOOKEMOVER.—So that's you, is it? And Marjorie Daw is your favorite. Eva Novak is playing opposite Tom Mix in "A Brand New Forty. Nothing Plutie." Buck Jones and Eileen Percy, in "The Fast Mail."

OLIVEIRA.—Well, Contucci said—I know him well—that our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall. I attribute my vigorous old age to all the exercise I have had in this respect. I cannot tell you about the film conditions in South America. You say the films are very old when they come to Brazil, and some of them you have seen five years ago in the States. You must write me again.

PAT.—Certainly, I enjoyed your letter. I can stand anything, and I could usually stand Pat. You're the first I heard who didn't care for "The Old Nest." Don't mind me in the least.

MRS. D. S. SEELEBACK.—What a thought! Come in here some time and let me show you the stacks of letters I get. You say you would like to see Eugene O'Brien play opposite Katherine MacDonald in "When Ice Meets Ice." "Blur-R-R-R-R-R! Marjorie Seaman played in Griffith's "Dream Street." No, I never play the ponies. If I did I would be played out by this time.

FIRST TIME.—So this is your début. Lillian Rich, opposite Harry Carey, in "Man to Man."

GIFT o' WAR.—Glad to meet you. Don't talk of what you are "going to do"—do it! Yes, that was Bebe Daniels and Jack Holt in "A. Stampele Madame."

So you don't care for Frederick James Smith's criticisms. Well, up to now he was considered the ablest critic in America. But now, that you have appeared on the horizon, we shall have to readjust our calculations.

ALFRED J. W.—I never lost a conversational battle in my life. Once I fought a verbal duel, but my opponent drove home in a limousine, and I had to save strength to walk. Thanks, old man. I was glad to have that bit of news, but Edison and Thanhouser produced "Silas Marner" some years ago, and it has just been produced by a new company.
FORTUNES GOING BEGGIN

Photoplay producers ready to pay big sums for stories can't get them. One big corporation offers a novel test which is open to anyone without charge. Send for the Van Loan Questionnaire and test yourself in your own home.

A SHORT time ago a Montana housewife received a handsome check for a motion picture scenario. Six months before she had never had the remotest idea of writing for the screen. She did not seek the opportunity. It was thrust on her. She was literally hunted out by a photoplay corporation which is combing the country for men and women with story-telling ability.

This single incident gives some idea of the desperate situation of the motion picture companies. With millions of capital to work with; with magnificent mechanical equipment, the industry is in danger of complete paralysis because the public demands better stories—and the number of people who can write these stories are only a handful. It is no longer a case of inviting new writers; the motion picture industry is literally reaching out in every direction. It offers to every intelligent man and woman—to you—the home test which revealed unsuspected talent in this Montana housewife. And it has a fortune to give you if you succeed.

Send for the Free Van Loan Questionnaire

H. H. Van Loan, the celebrated photoplaywright, is responsible for the invention of the novel questionnaire which has uncovered hitherto unknown photodramatists in all walks of life. With Malcolm McLean, formerly Professor of short story writing at Northwestern University, he hit upon the happy thought of applying the tests which were used in the United States Army, and applying them to this search for story-telling ability.

The results have been phenomenal. In the recent J. Parker Read, Jr., competition all three prizes amounting to $5,000 were awarded to students of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, which is conducting this search by means of the Van Loan Questionnaire.

The experiment has gone far enough to prove conclusively (1) that many people who do not at all suspect their ability can write scenarios; and that (2) this free questionnaire does prove to the man or woman who sends for it whether he or she has ability enough to warrant development.

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC for APRIL

Overheard in the subway:

"D'ga see las' mont's CLASSIC?"

"Sure. Swell! Wassn't it?"

"Betcha lif. Gonn' get next mont's?"

"Certain'y. Wouldn't miss a number now. Say, if I'd come home widout the latest CLASSIC, my old lady would walk out on me. She cuts out the pitchurs of her favorites and pases 'em in a scrap book—for keeps —see? Some book! Some pitchurs?"

"You said it. Some class to CLASSIC?"

Overheard at the Opera:

"Did you happen to see last month's CLASSIC, Mrs. Van Astor?"

"Yes, I did. Beautiful book, isn't it?"

"It surely is. Shall you get the next issue?"

"Oh, certainly. I wouldn't miss a single number now. My family would repudiate me if I should come home without the newest CLASSIC. Really, my dear, for a mere movie magazine its pictures are beyond comparison. It is an artistic achievement."

"It is indeed. You know, they call it—'The Picture Book De Luxe of the movie world.'"

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC for APRIL
is the result of scientific research and experiment. Miss Palmer, by winning first prize in the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, was adjudged the Most Beautiful girl in America, and her Beauty articles in the Motion Picture Magazine have attracted wide attention. Read the Extract from April Motion Picture Magazine.

We have secured the exclusive American rights to Miss Palmer’s Powder. We put it up in pretty boxes, which will be mailed to any address, postage prepaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents a box. It comes in only one shade and is equally desirable for blondes and brunettes.

Do not think of sitting for a portrait without first using this powder! And it is equally desirable for street use, in the Movies and everywhere. Send a fifty cent coin (well wrapped to prevent its cutting thru envelope) or 1-cent or 2-cent stamps and we will mail you a box of this exquisite powder. Remember that we have the exclusive selling rights to Corliss Palmer Powder.

Beware of imitations and accept no substitutes warranted to be “just as good.” There is nothing else like it on the market.

Corliss Palmer Powder

Extracts from Motion Picture Magazine
April, 1921

I am often asked what kind of face powder I use. I have received more letters asking this question than I could answer, so I had a little circular printed stating that I make my own powder. And now they are asking me to tell them how I make it. Well, I can’t tell how, but I can tell why I have tried about every powder on the market and have done considerable experimenting on myself and on others. There is no denying that there are several very fine powders on the market, but I felt that none just suited me, and so I determined to make one that did. You see, in the first place, I had some very peculiar ideas about the complexion and was very hard to please. I am very particular about tinted and staying qualities, and I want a powder that does not look like powder, that will not blow off in the first gust of wind, that is not too heavy nor too light, that will not injure the complexion, and that will not change color when it becomes moist from perspiration or from the natural oil that comes thru the pores of the skin. I also like a pleasant aroma to my powder, and one that lingers. After experimenting with powdered starch, French chalk, magnesia carbonate, powdered orris root, hibiscus subarbortum, precipitated chalk, zinc oxide, and other chemicals, and after consulting authorities as to the effects of each of these on the skin, I finally settled on a formula that has been tried out under all conditions and that suits me to a nicety. And, most important of all, perhaps, this powder when finally perfected had the remarkable quality of being equally good for the street, for evening dress and for motion picture make-up. I use the same powder before the camera for exteriors and interiors, and for daily use in real life. So do many of my friends, and they find that they will use no other so long as they can get mine. As to the tint, it is a mixture of many colors. I learned from an artist years ago that there are no solid flat colors in nature. Look carefully at anything you choose and you will see every color of the rainbow in it. Take a square inch of sky, for instance, and examine it closely and you will find every color there. Just so with the face. Any portrait painter will tell you that he uses nearly every color when painting flesh. Nothing is white—not even snow, because it reflects every color that is around it. White face powder is absurd. White is not a color. The general tone of my powder is something like that of a ripe peach, and I therefore call it “Corliss Palmer Powder.” I have made up a few boxes of it for my friends, and I feel justified in asking them to pay me what it costs me, which is about fifty cents a box or $1.80 for two boxes. I am not in business and do not want to make a profit. If any of my readers want to try this powder I will try to accommodate them, but I cannot undertake to put this powder on the market in a business way—that is something for a regular dealer to do if there is enough demand for it.

WILTON CHEMICAL CO.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Cut out and mail today

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For the enclosed fifty cents please send me a box of Corliss Palmer Powder.

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A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations
For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream, Cold Cream, and Facial Powder, together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch!"


PERHAPS you have always longed for a beautiful skin—but felt that your skin was something you could not change.
You are mistaken: your skin is what you make it.
Every day it is changing in spite of you; old skin dies and new takes its place. This new skin you can make what you will!
If some special condition of your skin is giving you trouble—find the treatment that will overcome this trouble in the booklet of famous treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Begin using this treatment tonight. You will be surprised to see how quickly you can free your skin from faults that have always troubled you.
Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, New York, and Perth, Ontario.

Woodbury's Facial Soap
My! That looks like

JELL-O

America's Most Famous Dessert can be made wherever hot water is available. Its convenience, its economy, and its deliciousness have taken it everywhere. The above is one of a series of pictures from our new Jell-O book, sent free upon request.

On the other hand we have a "Book of Menus" written by an eminent authority and illustrated by silver and china service from the most exclusive shop on the Avenue. This will be sent for twenty cents in stamps. Our address is on our package.
May She Invite Him Into the House?

They have just returned from a dance. It is rather late, but the folks are still up. Should she invite him into the house or say good-night to him at the door? Should he ask permission to go into the house with her? Should she ask him to call at some other time?

There are countless other problems, that arise every day. Should a woman allow a man she knows only slightly to pay her fare on a car or tram? Should a man offer his hand to a woman when he is introduced to her? When walking with two women, should a man take his place between them or on the outside?

Those who know how to act under all circumstances are usually considered charming and cultured. But those who are always committing embarrassing mistakes, who do and say the wrong thing at the wrong time, betray themselves as uncultured.

The Value of Social Knowledge

Everyone loves to attend dances and theatres, to mingle with cultured, brilliant people, to take part in social functions. Without a knowledge which gives one polish and poise, one cannot hope to be happy and at ease in these circles. Social knowledge, or etiquette, serves as a barrier to keep the crude and unpolished out of the circles where they themselves would be embarrassed and where they would cause mortification to others.

Through generations of observation in the best circles of Europe and America, these rules of etiquette have come down to us—and to-day those that have stood the test of time must be observed by those who wish to be well-bred, who wish to avoid embarrassment and humiliation when they come into contact with cultured people.

The man or woman who knows the rules of etiquette should be able to mingle with brilliant, cultured people, and yet feel entirely at ease, always calm and well-poised. As every one knows, how to conduct oneself with grace and confidence, one will win respect and admiration no matter what his or her position in life.

The charm of manner has a greater power than wealth or fame—a power which admits one to the finest circles of society.

What Do You Know About Etiquette?

Perhaps you have often wondered what to do on a certain puzzling occasion, what to wear to some unusual entertainment, what to say under certain circumstances. Do you know, for instance, how to word a wedding announcement in the newspapers? Do you know how to acknowledge a gift? Do you know the correct thing to wear to a formal dinner?

Do you know how to introduce a man to a woman, how to plan a tea-party, how to decorate the home for a wedding? Do you know how to overcome self-consciousness, how to have the charm of correct speech, how to be an ideal guest, an ideal host or hostess? Do you know all about such important details as setting a dinner table correctly, addressing invitations correctly, addressing servants correctly? Do you know the etiquette of weddings, of funerals, of dances.

The Famous “Book of Etiquette” in Two Volumes Sent to You Free for Examination

There are two methods of gaining the social polish, the social charm that every man and woman must have before he or she can be always at ease in cultured society. One method is to mingle with society for years, slowly acquiring the correct table manners, the correct way to conduct oneself at all times, in all places. One would learn by one's own humiliating mistakes.

The other method is to learn at once, from a dependable authority, the etiquette of society. By knowing exactly what to do, say, write, and wear on all occasions, under all conditions, one will be better prepared to associate with the most highly cultivated people and yet feel entirely at ease. At the theatre, in the restaurant, at the dance or dinner, one will be graceful and charming—confident in the knowledge that one is doing or saying only what is correct.

The famous two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette has solved the problem in thousands of families. Into these two volumes have been gathered all the rules of etiquette. Here you will find the solutions to all your etiquette problems—how to word invitations, what to wear to the theatre or dance, how much to tip the porter or waiter, how to arrange a church wedding. Nothing is omitted.

Would you like to know why rice is thrown after the bride, why a teacup is usually given to the engaged girl, why the woman who marries for the second time may not wear white? Even the origin of each rule of etiquette is traced, and, wherever possible, explained. You will learn why the bride usually has a maid-of-honor, why black was chosen as the color of mourning, why the man raises his hat. As interesting as a story, yet while you read you will be acquiring the knowledge that will protect you against embarrassment and humiliation.

Examine these two famous volumes at our expense. Let us send you the Book of Etiquette free for 5 days. Read the tables of contents in the books. Glance at the illustrations. Read one or two of the interesting chapters. And then decide whether or not you want to return the splendid set. You will wonder how you could have ever done so long without it!

Within the 5 days' free examination period, you have the guaranteed privilege of returning the books without obligation. If you decide to keep them, as we believe you will, simply send $5.50 in full payment—and they are yours. But be sure you take advantage of this free examination offer. Send the coupon at once! Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 755, Oyster Bay, N. Y.

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Without cost in advance, send us the two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette free for 5 days' examination. Within 5 days I will either return the books or keep them and send you only $5.50 in full payment.

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[Choose this square if you want these books with the beautiful full-leather binding at $5.00 with 5 days' examination privilege.

Page 3
Are you talking to the right man about your motion pictures?

Get acquainted with the manager of your theatre

You people who care more about better motion pictures than any other section of the community, must act.

There is one man in your midst who desires nothing better than to be guided by your wishes.

If your ideals of quality in photoplays are as high as Paramount's, he wants to know about it, and he wants to show you and your friends all the Paramount Pictures he can get.

It's no good simply talking among yourselves when your indignation is aroused by some inferior picture.

Talk to the man who can change it, the manager of your theatre. If you like the show, tell him—if you don't like it, tell him.

His creed is the survival of the fittest pictures, which means Paramount Pictures—the photoplays that bring large and admiring audiences.

If you want the world's greatest entertainment, all you have to do is to act,—and remember that

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town

Paramount Pictures

listed in order of release
March 1, 1922, to June 1, 1922

Ask your theatre manager when he will show them.

"The Mistress of the World"
A Series of Four Paramount Pictures with Mia May Directed by Joe May From the novel by Carl Figdor
Wallace Reid in "The World's Champion," based on the play, "The Champion"
By A. E. Thomas and Thomas Louden
Gloria Swanson in "Her Husband's Trademark" By Clara Beranger
Cecil B. DeMille's Production "Pooch's Paradise"
Suggested by Leonard Merrick's story
"The Laurels and the Lady"
Mary Miles Minter in "The Heart Specialist"
By Mary Morton
A Reelart Production
Marion Davies in "Beauty's Worst"
By Sophie Kerr
A Cosmopolitan Production
Betty Compson in "The Green Temptation"
From the story, "The Notice" By Constance Lindsay Skinner
May McAvoy in "Through a Glass Window" By Olga Printzlau
A Reelart Production
"Bind the Woman"
With Alma Rubens
By Arthur Somers Roe
A Cosmopolitan Production
Ethel Clayton in "The Cradle"
Adapted from the play by Eugene Drieux
Constance Binney in "The Sleep Walker" By Aubrey Stauffer
A Reelart Production
Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt in "Bought and Paid For"
A William DeMille Production
Adapted from the play by George Broadhurst
Pola Negri in "The Devil's Pawn"
Dorothy Dalton in "The Crimson Challenge"
By Vingie E. Roe
Wanda Hawley in "The Truthful Liar" By Will Payne
A Reelart Production
John S. Robertson's Production
"The Spanish Toreador"
With David Powell. From the novel by Maurice Hewlett
"Is Matrimony a Failure?"
With T. Roy Barnes, Lila Lee, Lois Wilson and Walter Hiers
Gloria Swanson in Elmer Glyn's "Beyond the Rocks"
Mia May in "My Man"
Marlon Davies in "The Young Diana"
By Marie Correlli
A Cosmopolitan Production
Jack Holt and Bebe Daniels in "Val of Paradise"
By Vingie E. Roe
Agnes Ayres in "The Oriental"

In Production: two great Paramount Pictures
Cecil B. DeMille's "Manslaughter." From the novel by Alice Duer Miller
George Melford's "Burning Sands," from the novel by Arthur Weigall
A man's answer to Mrs. E. M. Hull's "The Sheik"
Established December, 1910. “We lead, others follow,” and it was ever so

Motion Picture Magazine

(Trade-mark Registered)

Founded by J. Stuart Blackton

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No. 4

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A. M. Hopffmiller

Associate Editors

Art Director
Stage Plays That Are Worth While

Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for future reference.

**Apollo**—"Orphans of the Storm." D. W. Griffith's latest epic of the screen, a re-telling of the old melodrama, "The Two Orphans." Griffith keeps the French setting and the background. Lilian and Dorothy Gish have the leading roles. This is Griffith at his best and the photoplay is well worth viewing.

**Belasco**—Lenore Ulric in "Kiki." David Belasco's production of an amusing and quaint adaptation of André Picard's French farce. Miss Ulric scores a hit in the hit of the season. The Paris music halls. You will love Kiki as you loved Peg. But above all he has a really typically excellent Belasco cast.

**The Magazine's List of Plays and Revues You Should See**

- "Anna Christie"
- "The Music Box Revue"
- "Kiki"
- "The Mountain Man"

**Marine Elliott's**—"The Mountain Man," with Sidney Blackmer. A charming Clare Kummer comedy of a rugged man of the Virginia hills and his attempt to bring the product of Paris. Superbly played by Sidney Blackmer. This is one of the pleasant things of the season.

**Music Hall**—Irving Berlin's "Music Box Revue." The biggest musical hit of the year and fast-moving entertainment, studded with clever comic hits. The fine cast includes Sam Bernard, Willie Collier, Florence Moore, Wilda Bennett. Mr. Joseph Cawthorne and Lillian Lorraine are featured. Miss Lorraine's costumes are the last word in dramatic suspense.

**Plymouth**—"The Deluge." An interesting revival of the Hemingway drama, depicting the reactions of impending death on a number of people imprisoned by a flood.

**Republic**—"Lawful Larceny." A conventional melodrama by Samuel Shipman, with a cast including Margaret Lawrence, Allan Dinehart, Lowell Sherman and Gail Kane.

**Selwyn**—"The Blue Kitten." An exceedingly mild musical entertainment intended to please the tired business man. Joseph Cawthorne and Lillian Lorraine are featured. Miss Lorraine's costumes are the last word in dramatic suspense.

**Times Square Theater**—Allan Pollock, in his Irving of "Dance," an imported English play by Clemente Dane, dealing with the British divorce laws. The story of a husband who returns after sixteen years of shell-shocking and the resultant effects upon his household. Mr. Pollock is excellent, and Katherine Connell gives an admirable performance of the high-strung daughter of Mr. Pollock.

**Vanderbilt**—"Anna Christie," with Pauline Lord. Arthur Hopkins' able production of Eugene O'Neill's newest drama—a powerful tale of the sea and the helpless human drifters in life. Miss Lord gives the best performance of the season as the old sailor's daughter, while George Marion and Frank Shannon give superb aid.

**ON TOUR**


"Blueboard's Eighth Wife," with Iva Claire. A lively and more or less piquant Parisian importation, with a very daring bordoir scene. Barry Baxter stands out in the cast. The "Circle," by W. Somerset Maugham. The most brilliant dramatic impor-
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20.胃炎
21. Urethritis
22. Rheumatism
23. Heartburn
24. Croup
25. Tuberculosis
26. Gout
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New Discovery Explains Why Hair Turns Gray

Science Shows How Any Man or Woman Can Now Quickly Restore Hair to Its Own, Original Color

GRAY hair is simply hair without color! Science has discovered that if a certain natural process in the root were not affected by worry or by advancing age, the hair would never become gray, but retain its natural color throughout life.

A remarkable new discovery now makes it possible for the original color of the hair to be restored quickly and easily through a simple, natural process. Hair acquires its color (blond, black, brown, auburn, etc.) from the presence of coloring matter or pigment in tiny cells found at the root of the hair. This coloring matter is given off at the tip of the papilla, enters the cells, and is dissolved in the middle layer of the hair. The process is known as pigmentation. (See diagram.)

**Gray Hair Not Always a Sign of Age**

Gray hair, which is regarded by many as an indication of approaching age, is simply due to the absence or loss of pigment in the cells. That explains why one woman may be gray at thirty, while another retains the lustrous color of her hair until extreme old age.

As long as the process of pigmentation continues, the hair remains black or brown or whatever the original color happened to be. But as soon as this process is affected by advancing age or by shock, worry or illness, the pigment supply lessens or fails — and so coloring matter is sent up into the hair. The result is that the hair becomes streaked with gray. This gray does not indicate a change in color. It indicates an absence of color. A total absence of pigment is incorrect, the hair will soon become entirely gray.

**The Only Way Color Can Be Restored**

If only one hair in your head is gray, it is a danger signal. The cells of pigmentation need nourishment and stimulation. If the hair is streaked with gray, instant action is necessary, otherwise the hair will lose all its color. If the hair is entirely or almost entirely gray, there is only one way to restore it to its natural color — and that is by stimulating the cells of pigmentation so that they function properly and supply the hair with natural coloring matter.

The ordinary hair "restorer" is a dye or tint that merely colors the gray hair artificially. It makes the hair coarse and brittle, and artificial color gradually wears away. But Tru-Tone actually strengthens and nourishes the pigment cells so that they once more supply the hair with natural coloring matter.

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Tru-Tone is not a dye, or a stain, or a tint. It does not act on the hair at all, but on the tiny pigment cells that supply the hair with color. These cells can supply the hair with only one color — and that is the natural color. If your hair was originally auburn, Tru-Tone will restore it to its true auburn color. If it was blond, or brown or black, Tru-Tone will restore it to the exact shade and just as it had in youth.

**Take Advantage of This Special Free-Pay Offer**

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Clip the coupon and mail it now, before you forget. Bear in mind that this is a free-proof offer; the test of Tru-Tone need cost nothing if you are not absolutely delighted. Act NOW! Domino House, Dept. T-225, 267 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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MILDRED DAVIS

Mildred Davis is undoubtedly a throw-back to some gay ancestor. Her recent ancestors were Quakers. Just a few years ago, as a matter of fact, Mildred was a demure pupil at the Philadelphia School of Friends. It is a far hall from Quaker Town to the rollicking comedies of Harold Lloyd with whom she has just signed another contract.
LEATRICE JOY

Leatrice Joy is also Mrs. Jack Gilbert. However, this is still something of a news item. Nevertheless, she will continue to be a silken creature in the luxurious dramas of Cecil B. deMille. "Manslaughter" will be the next production.
BETTY BLYTHE

Betty Blythe, vividly remembered as the regal Queen of Sheba, will endow the title rôle of the Rex Beach romance, “Fair Lady” with the color and charm always at her disposal. In sooth, she is queenly . . .
MARY MacLAREN

Mary MacLaren will act as a foil for the débonair Wally Reid in his forthcoming "Across the Continent." Mary has become one of the most sought-after leading ladies on the Pacific coast.
Norma Talmadge is wearing heavy brocades with long trains and sweeping plumes these days. She is creating the title rôle in the Balzac novel of the 18th century, "The Duchess of Langeais"
SESSUE HAYAKAWA

The distant East—romance, mystery and exotic color! This, Sessue Hayakawa of the ivory-tinted skin and almond eyes has brought to the silver cloth. And, at the same time, he has created innumerable worthy roles.
"Shattered Idols" brings James Morrison a characterization different from the sort of thing he has been wont to do. It is, for example, unlike the title role in "The Little Minister" and the other earnest youths he has given to the shadows.
For months Alice Brady has not reported at the studios. After a sojourn abroad she opened in her new play, "Drifting," which kept her occupied during the winter season. Now, however, she has entrained for California where she will resume her work before the camera.
The photographer has caught an Old World lure in this portrait of Estelle Taylor. At present Miss Taylor is at the Fox western studios where she is creating the leading feminine rôle in "The Count of Monte Cristo"
Springtime
A Camera Study of Bessie Love in
"The Vermilion Pencil"
Where Is My Wandering Plot Tonight?

By ANITA LOOS

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In this article, Miss Loos tells of the progress made in scenario technique during the last few years, and explains just where the photoplay is heading, if anywhere.

EVERY once in a while some of us who have grown away the golden years a-writing of scenarios have occasion to look back over an old script—perhaps in the hope of plagiarizing a few of our own ideas. Those are sad, sweet moments, partaking of the reminiscent mood which surrounds the reading of faded love-letters or a dinner with an old flame five years after he has been happily married.

The sprightly "scenario technique" of five years ago has wandered far from the old homestead of Biograph-Vitagraph-Triangle lots. No longer does it boast the blushing innocence of the Polychrome comedy, but, instead, exhibits a brazen sophistication and is, at times, only restrained by the censors from actually speaking out and telling some truth about life.

The fact of the matter is that the movie scenario has become a regular stage-door Johnny. More and more, it is hanging about the legitimate stage, watching the ways of the spoken drama, and learning more therefrom than could be discovered in a lifetime of California sunshine. For playwriting is an art as old as the race itself and knows of more things than are dreamed of in the celluloid belt.

Let us be specific. In the first place, the movies are rapidly reducing the number of sequences, that is, the episodes which take the place of the acts of the legitimate play, and which begin and end with a "fade" effect, just as the act begins and ends with the raising or lowering of the curtain. In the old days, there were as many as thirty or forty of these sequences, just as in the Elizabethan plays there were dozens of scenes. But the modern stage play has reduced these scattered scenes to the three- or four-act form; and the best movies of this year confine their sequences to a total of, say, sixteen or seventeen. Only in the foreign-made pictures do we still find that technique which is usually designated as "jumpy," and put down to bad cutting, whereas, as a matter of fact, it is due to an over-supply of sequences in the original scenario.

No one can ever be sure whether a development of this sort is good or bad, because, as soon as you are convinced that the modern tendency is right, some chap is sure to come along and, using the old technique, produce a masterpiece. However, it seems to me that the old theory that audiences liked to see as many different locations as possible for their money is all wrong. Audiences like to see a good story, told as simply as possible—and that means a reduced number of sequences.

Again, the theory of simplified scenery, developed on the legitimate stage, is at work in the movies. No longer do the best producers insist that the story be subordinate to gorgeous settings. Instead, the problem is to write the best possible photoplay, regardless of how much or how little money is spent on scenery.

Character development is another fundamental of legitimate playwriting which has been taken over by the movies. The old-fashioned scenario spent little or no time introducing characters; look at the next foreign film that comes your way and you will see what I mean. But today a great part of the picture is devoted to building up personalities for each of the story people and to creating a subjective interest—on the part of the audience—in them.

There are many other ways in which the stage is molding the photoplay—just as the movies, in their turn, are exerting an influence on the stage. The foreign films, too, have made their influence felt, especially in the matter of popularizing historical stories and imaginative settings. Lastly, that change in national viewpoint—the reaction from Victorian sentiment toward Continental realism—which is sweeping over post-war America—is making itself slowly felt thru such pictures as "Miss Lulu Bett," "Main Street," or the greater part of "Foolish Wives." Particularly in the title writing field is this true. Where are the old rhetorical joy-rides, the high-flung phrases and stilted speeches which once filled our scenarios? Gone, we hope, like the well-known snows of yesterday. Instead, we find that title writers who have nothing to say are saying it in three words instead of thirty.

No one knows what role the photoplay will take tomorrow—whether it will devote itself to story-telling or, as some critics think, to pictures. But this much is certain: It will be nearer, in some undiscovered manner, to legitimate play technique than anything we have today, simpler in form, and, in viewpoint, as near to truth as the censors will let us come.
Speech of Gold

Charlie Chaplin is a golden talker. He talks—and you forget the comic "trick" shoes, you forget the little mousy adornment of his upper lip. You know only that somebody has taken the world away and you are alone—cut in a scintillating snow-storm of brilliant ideas. You feel as tho' you were being pelted with subtleties.

Brother Syd, his fastidiousness smothered in plasterers' overalls with a broken Billycock hat on his head, was sitting curled up in an iron wheel-barrow looking up at Charlie with very much the same affectionate look that you see on the face of an admiring little dog squatting down to watch a Saint Bernard.

On another scaffold, perilously hugging the edge of a new brick building sat Mack Swain heavily engaged in being funny. If there is any forlorn, desolate, heart-rending picture of woe and agony, it is a scared fat man tettering on a dizzy roost and trying to be gay and jolly.

Mack was supposed to be eating a comic tin-pail dinner that kept mysteriously disappearing. Charlie kept telling him it was funny, but Mack did not seem to be convinced. When he grabbed for the fugitive sausage, Charlie politely shrieked with glee and wiggled his feet over the edge of the platform in an ecstasy of merriment, but Mack only looked at him reproachfully and sighed heavily. Down in the wheel-barrow, Syd chortled loyally like an amiable echo.

Edna Purvis was sitting on the airial plank next to Mack Swain. She was sitting on her feet; one of them had gone to sleep and she was afraid to budge. When the audience laughed and the illustrious feet wiggled by way of applause, Edna smiled a wan, scared smile.

Charlie was determined they were going to do it in the proper spirit of joy, but it was the distinguished feet and Syd who seemed to get most hilarity out of Mack and his disappearing lunch.

"Mack, you move around too much, you want to make it more subtle. You see, you don't know what on earth became of that hot dog and it bewilders you."

"Yeh, but Charlie,"

remonstrated Mack, looking with a shudder down over the edge of the scaffold, "when I get funny I have to do it with my hands and my face—everything."

Charlie's feet suddenly vanished. The next thing I saw he was sitting up on the scaffold with his hat cocked down over his eyes and his feet stuck out in front of him.

"This is how you want to do it, Mack," he said. "See, like this. It's a lot funnier, Mack, if you just sit still and let it get over with your thoughts. Just try it, Mack; it'd be funny." Mack had relaxed into gloom. Someone joggled the scaffold and he gave a wild look of alarm, then sank into fat despair again.

"Get him a new sausage," said Charlie with vivacious cordiality. But Mack declined to be moved to exuberance by a new sausage. Out of the depth of his defection he said he would get along with the old sausage. And so the comedy went on with Charlie bubbling with gleeful encouragement and Syd echoing from the wheel-barrow; and Mack Swain and his sorrow—fat and forlorn on the scaffold. Presently the winter sunshine began to fade, and to his unspeakable relief they let Mack come hobbling stiffly down from the scaffold. One of his legs was asleep and he was bursting with "prop" sausage, but his soul was at peace.

Then the famous feet disappeared from the rim of the scaffold and Charlie came down and we talked.

We talked of many things. We may have omitted the sealing-wax and the cabbages; but we touched upon the ships and shoes and kings.
By
HARRY CARR

Charlie Chaplin is a golden talker. He talks—and you forget the comic "trick" shoes—you forget the little mousy adornment of his upper lip. You only know that somebody has taken the world away and you are alone—out in a scintillating snow-storm of brilliant ideas. You feel as tho you were being pelted with subtleties.

He isn't funny in the general acceptance of that word. If he had been "funny," one of the two of us wouldn't be here to tell about it. I am a patient man, but I have sat for the last time with a frozen smile on my face and a desolate ache of utter boredom in my heart listening to someone be "witty." The next one dies like a dog. Charlie Chaplin is too profound and thoughtful to make funny tricks with words.

We talked about Europe. He said he was glad to go there and glad to leave.

"It is a sad place to see," he said. "It is like having some saddened old woman show you the pictures of herself when she was a belle in the pride and glory of her youth. Europe is as sad as an old ball-room with the candles burned out and the whispering spirits of dancers who are gone.

"I was glad to see it, but I was glad to come away. Europe will never be the same again."

I was curious to know how the big crowds that received him in Europe had affected Charlie.

It has always struck me as one of the most dramatic incidents of this generation—how this frail boy had left crushing and agonizing poverty in London and returned to be received like a Roman conqueror—to be received as few kings have ever been received.

When you come right down to it, no king that the world has ever known has held the place that Chaplin has. He is an intimate part of the lives of more people than were in the world at the time when the greatest kings of history were flourishing.

A king really means nothing to his subjects—just a far-off, half mythical figure. The average subject never sees but once or twice in a lifetime. To his millions of subjects Charlie Chaplin is a part of the family—just as real as the kitchen stove or sister Mary's beau—someone to be copied and quoted—and loved. They love him for his wealth and for the memory of his poverty. And such bitter poverty.

I remember being at a party in Los Angeles when a woman was talking to Chaplin about poverty.

(Continued on page 100)
WHAT to write about Constance? That she sat on the desk in the publicity office and talked about tonsils?

That the California mud oozed and sucked outside; a brown sea of muck viewed thru the window, with Alla Nazimova momentarily framed therein as she splashed by in a rakish roadster, a liveried chauffeur erect by her side?

That Constance, in a brown fur-collared wrap clinging limply to her figure, was slim? And rather suave? And unquestionably pretty?

That she murmured bored, polite anathemas against the weather, which, as I have said, was wet?

That she opened the fur collar of her clinging brown wrap to show me the approximate latitude and longitude of the aforementioned and wearisome tonsil in her slender white throat?

And more?

It was true, all of it. In the United Studios, the gigantic picture factory bought recently by Norma Talmadge's husband that his two beautiful stars might have a worthy place to emote and temporize, in a bare little office, I straddled a chair and Constance perched upon a desk.

She is quite charming to look upon, the skilled coloring of her face, the keenness of her brown eyes, the whiteness of her slim throat, lending added charm to the familiar contrasts of her screen person. Otherwise she is exactly as we all know her, slender, graceful, with potentialities for folly.

There is, tho, no naiveté. She is quite calm, quite cool. There is no sign of impulse, no particular enthusiasm. There was one spark of it, when I mentioned another interviewer.

"Oh, yes!" Constance exclaimed. "I like her. She never interviews me. She just drinks tea and consumes sandwiches."

Clearly, when Constance is not interested, she is not interested. But I imagine that when she is interested, she's darned interested — and interesting — a piquant sort

Photograph (below) by Puffer, N. Y.
And Europe! Ah, yes, Europe! Constance rocked in her approval, swinging a pair of trim silken ankles. She would go back one day.

And ever in the background hovered Maurice, the dancer, who is gyrating at the Ambassador Hotel these days, more often than not with the fair Constance upon, within his arms. In spats and penciled serge and a singular aspect of gloom he hovered. Between tonsils and Terpsichore the interview—but no matter.

She had just done one picture since coming to Hollywood, "The Divorcee."

"Not quite so frivolous as my average," said Constance. "Frivolous enough. I suppose I shall go on making the same sort of picture forever."

She lives with Buster Keaton and sister Natalie, whom Buster took to wife not long since.

"We are going to have a child," explained Constance. "That is," she added hurriedly. "Natalie is, in the spring. The men, Buster and Mr. Schenck, want a boy. The women, Mother and Norma and I, hope it'll be a girl. Boys are so darn free when they get about this high."

She illustrated.

"And girls are so darn knowing," I replied loftily. "And they never get over it."

"Let's fight," said Constance.

We laughed, of course.

"But anyway," Constance went on firmly, "girls are better because you can dress 'em up in bows and pink ribbons and things."

"And do you want to have a baby, too?" I demanded recklessly.

"Huh?" said Constance glancing widely at me and then up at the ceiling. She twisted around on the desk and said, "Well——" and "Why——" and one or two other things before she finally shook her head firmly and declared, "I'm not being married just now. How could I?"

"I thought——" I began.

"Yes, of course," she said hastily, "but think of Natalie! I'm going to get all the excitement of having Natalie's. She's got trunks and trunks of clothes for it already. It'll be the only baby in the family. Wont' it be the most spoiled child you ever knew?"

"Maybe it'll be two," said I.

"Heavens!" said Constance. California, that is to say Los Angeles (ask any Los Angelier if you don't believe me), met Constance at the station with a "Welcome Home" sign, a brass band, the fire department and delegates from the Chamber of Commerce, each bearing a monstrous prune labeled "Burbank's latest, Burbank's greatest"—or so I heard. Constance smiled sweetly, christened the fire department's (Continued on page 98)
"The Whims of the Gods," the new Goldwyn production, is a story within a story. The principal tale is pictured upon the screen as the children to whom it is being told visualize it. Here are three scenes, delicately touched with the whimsy and poetry of a child's imagery.
My Lady’s Slipper

A new camera study of Betty Compson, the charming cinema star
Sans Mask

luncheon delectable, yet secondary to the interest of what he had to tell us.

"Regarding 'Foolish Wives,'" he said, "I feel too much. It is short sighted to place your every hope in any single thing. One blow and what happens? You are spiritually bankrupt. I placed my every hope in that picture. For over a year I have known nothing else. Then the cutting of it, the finishing touch, was taken from me and given to another. And so you see me sit here with bent shoulders and lowered head."

There was a moment's silence. We realized that at our side was a man worthy, striving to create things and believing in the appreciation of his public.

From the stringed orchestra came faintly the strains of "Tales from Hoffman"—

Eric von Stroheim raised his head and his voice sought understanding. "It was not immoral, my picture. I have known Monte Carlo. I have lived there. I passed it on to the best of my ability. I have also known decadent nobles and adventurers. I portrayed them as they are. To take truths and gild them until they are not to be recognized—to give your audiences..."
false impressions—surely that is not art. In my story I wanted to tell how the American man is the only man for the American woman, even tho’ she may be temporarily fascinated by the supersophistication of the Continental man. But now ‘Foolish Wives’ doesn’t do that. Entire episodes have been omitted. Scenes I would have discarded have been permitted to remain. The American envoy whom I conceived as a good sort is now a boor!”

“And how did it come to pass,” we asked him, “that you placed all your hopes in this picture? There was some reason, surely!”

“There was.”

He bowed affirmation. Militarism was manifest in the inclination of his closely cropped head.

“I have many enemies. I have more enemies than it is pleasant to have. You see? Whatever I may have achieved in the past has not shown them my ambition to make worthwhile pictures. It has not proved to them my desire to fulfill the faith which has been placed in me.”

There was a faint smile in his brow eyes—a hurt smile perhaps.

“Nor has my physiognomy helped me in proving my right to any success in this country. I believe in ‘Foolish Wives.’ With it I hoped to prove, first of all, my right to any success I may have won and then to prove myself. Now I know that to be futile. There is nothing left for me but to go into the country where I hope to recover health and enthusiasm.”

That his vitality has been broken thru his concern in this instance is evident. With him it is not where half gods go—— If anything, he is an extremist.

Apropos of the title of the picture, we asked him if he thought wives were often foolish, pretty; creatures with parasitic tendencies.

“Unless a woman is made from fine stuff, very fine indeed, she is, sooner or later, a victim of the very system of which she is a part,” he told us. His relief in talking ‘of something else was evident. “And if it is particularly true of American women, then it is because what I have to say is particularly true of American husbands.”

“What invariably happens? When a man and woman marry and they are off, by means, she is relieved of responsibility. She has servants. Her husband adores her. He does everything but actually put her upon a throne and worship at her feet. He gives her whatever she desires in so far as lies within his power. The woman next door has a maid. She must have a maid coat. So it goes.

Eric von Stroheim has known the gay and brilliant courts of Europe. And he has known poverty and destitution and scorn in New York. He has imagination and color and vital beliefs—all of them things which the shadow-drama needs. Above, a portrait of the character of the Count in ‘Foolish Wives’ comes a chasmatic difference in their interests. He bores her.

(Continued on page 88)
Caught on the Boulevard

As it was, I stumbled in upon the scene of Helen having a terrible time to get a couple of incense cubes lighted—the scene of a disgruntled young woman very much upset, because I had caught her in the act of trying to fool me.

Kingdoms have been wrecked, church dynasties destroyed, because incense wouldn't light. Both Miss Ferguson and I burned our fingers trying to set ours on fire. I swore, but Helen, being a lady, said she knew all the words but wouldn't use them. And finally we gave up the attempt.

It was one of those peculiar California afternoons when the out-of-doors air is warmer than the interior of a house. That and the fact that Miss Ferguson needed the aforementioned silken hose gave us an idea.

Her own car was in the repair shop. Cars usually are when you

Miss Ferguson doesn't want to be a star. "Any day in the week," she declared, "I would rather play in a first-rate all-star cast, where you really have a chance to act, than to star in a picture where the supporting cast is bad!"

All photographs by Hoover, L. A.

BLAME it all on a pair of sheer silk stockings. If Helen Ferguson hadn't been going to a party; if she hadn't been needful of a new variety of hose, this particular interviewal incident would, perhaps, never have taken place.

But, as it is, both she and I had to withstand the embarrassment of seeing all our filmdom friends and otherwise whiz by us down Hollywood Boulevard in well-powered cars while we almost tearfully sat in front of a garage and waited for a slow-moving Swedish gentleman to fix a punctured tire.

Miss Ferguson is a sweet-natured girl. Apparently nothing can ruffle her. At least, such things as punctured tires and automobiles—that-wont-run are nothing in her young life. She is a motorist first, a film actress second.

In fact, she was setting the stage for this story when I arrived at her bungalow—one of those fashionable court affairs whose very tinniness makes you wonder where one can find room for the folding-beds and all that. La belle Helen likes incense—for interviewal purposes. Never should I have known this if I hadn't gotten there too quickly. I was fifteen minutes early for my appointment with her. Otherwise I should have witnessed the picture of a grand leading lady very much surrounded by starrish atmosphere.
want them. But a friend had loaned her one of motorom's aristocrats as a substitute. It was a big, bulky thing, resplendent in a coat of bright, new red paint. But that was all. It had a terrible motor—and I almost had a chance to hear Helen use a few of the w.k. cuss words before she could get it started.

We started down the boulevard snobbishly. Other less-important cars got out of our way when they saw us coming. We passed Tom Mix, who nearly broke his neck to look at the gas buggy. Whereupon Helen admitted that this one look of envy was worth all the trouble she'd ever had to get the thing started.

In front of a hosiery emporium we stopped and waited. A carful of giddy girls passed, and the occupants eyed us covetously. We waited—and waited—for the delivery of the stockings. More motorists passed and all of them gave us the heavy once-over. And then the stockings arrived, we started back up the boulevard toward home and the coca Helen's mother was making for us, when lo, a look of anguish crossed the face of Ferguson.

"What's the matter?" I inquired, worried-like.

Miss Ferguson groaned. The terrible truth had made itself known. "Puncture!" she affirmed cryptically—and we made for the curb.

But, a block up the street was located the garage kept by the before-told slow-moving Swedish gentleman and his sons. Somehow or other, we got there, got the garageman out of his erstwhile lethargy, got him interested in our case. He sagely suggested that we use one of the spare tires on the rack back of the tonneau.

"Great!" said Helen—and fished for the key to unlock the tire rack's padlock.

But—she had lost it!

"I'll have to buy a new tube!" she almost wailed.

"For this car it'll cost a million."

"No, six dollars," came in deliberate tones from the Swede's eldest son.

But Helen is resourceful. You have to be to get ahead in the movies.

"I'm an actress," she vouchsafed. "Can I get professional rates? I'll give you my photograph for your show window."

The stolid Swede and his husky offspring gaped, open-mouthed. Personally, I thought that everybody in Hollywood is used to the sight of screen people ad lib. Evidently, the garageman's Minnesota breeding, however, proclaimed him a different sort. For a full minute he and his sons cogitated. Tried to make up their minds as to who the young lady might be.

(Continued on page 89)
On the “Lot”

A Story of What You Would See at a Motion Picture Studio

a man ever to become a drawing-room favorite.
If you have a friend in a position of authority around the studio, you get the desired pass and all is well. But if you haven’t, you had just as well travel on. Motion picture people are not anxious to show their secrets.

You pass into the “lot.” It is a big open space filled with all the contraptions of a picture plant—wagons, trucks, a chariot from the last Roman picture, rented furniture being unloaded; a man in shirt sleeves carrying a bowl of goldfish, a mother sitting on an orange crate nursing a baby, a man in evening clothes playing solitaire on the top of a barrel. People are coming and going; some seem to have all the time in the world, others are rushing around furiously. A circus moved into a madhouse. The most impossible things go on with no one giving them the slightest heed. A man is getting into a diving suit under a cherry tree; a girl in a shimmering ball-room gown is laughing and talking to a bum—and later you hear that they are engaged. A girl is smoking a cigar—then you find that it is a boy prepared to “double” for a girl. A man in puttees is teaching a boy and girl a dance step. A Parisian apache in a sweater is sitting propped up against a stage brace reading Wells’s "Outline of History." The big gate flies open and a truck comes clattering in with a load of lambs—"property" for the next set. But no

The first thing which greets you on visiting a studio is a high board fence. There is no welcome sign in sight, for, be it known, visitors are not wanted. You go up to a door where a guard sits on a box reading a crumpled newspaper. As he looks you over carefully and analytically, he knocks the ashes out of his pipe. "Extras, second door down."

"I—I just want to look around the studio," you hesitate.
"Got a pass?"
You haven’t.
"You got to have one to get in here," he says, turning to the crumpled-up newspaper. Unless you have the desired slip, the conversation is closed. He is not

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one pays any attention to it—it is all part of the daily madhouse that goes on behind the walls of every motion picture plant.

Outside in the long waiting-room is a crowd of people sitting on benches; some yawning, some talking, some staring moodily into space—some such glorious confusion. Extras in dress suits with startling and unnatural eyebrows; lounging on boxes, sitting on stairways, yawning and gossiping. Every available chair is taken—all except one. It is a folding chair with arms. Across the top is the star's name. Above, the filming of a scene in "Foolish Wives." If you look carefully, you will see the man with the music. At the left, the little sign that brings sorrow to so many hoping hearts. Below: It would be a terrible blow to a banana to know that a studio could turn out an imitation that an audience couldn't tell from the genuine

young, some old, some are pretty girls with their mothers hanging anxiously over them, some are boy scouts in uniforms with their fathers ach-ing for a chance to tell what good actors they are. But when the door leading to the "lot" opens, the buzz of conversation stops; eagerly they peer at the men entering, for they are "extras" waiting for the casting director to come in.

Morning after morning they appear at the studios hoping there will be "work," and day after day they go away dis-couraged, forlorn, for there is no harder, more bitter life than that of an extra haunting the studios hoping for some small part. There are young ones who come with hope in their eyes, dreaming of the days when they will be stars, draw-
Tut! Tut!! Tut!!!

Maclyn Arbuckle in "The Prodigal Judge"
WITHERBEE MORRIS blamed himself for the whole affair. What had people always told him? Why, that if he brought the girl up himself and read her poetry and fairy-tales and took her to cruise on the Caribbean and the Mediterranean, she would grow up to believe that the world was truly fairy-land; that there were no North Seas nor wintry gales and that wands made magic of despair.

He blamed only himself. Of course, the child had not been able to read George Potter correctly. How could she? All she had seen was his handsome face, his rather good position, the fact that other, older women were "running after" him. Then, when he turned to her, with a sweep of arbor she had never experienced, her poor little heart fluttered like a bird distraught and she thought her wild disturbance must be love.

If only her mother had lived—or if only he, Witherbee Morris, had not been such an old fool. It didn't pay, he saw that now, to increase a Snow White in a crystal case and permit her to look at the world only thru prismatic colors—the world and men.

Witherbee Morris thought he should never forget her face on that ugly morning. He had waked rather later than usual to find her gone. At once, it must have been instinct, he had thought of George Potter. That was because Potter had come into their theater box the night before. He was always somewhere in the paradoxi-cally near offing. But that last night he had seemed very intimate with Edna. He had leaned over her chair and Witherbee Morris remembered that he had whispered during the whole of the third act. Edna, he knew, had seemed disturbed. The little, cool tranquillity of her manner had been tempest-ruffled. But Witherbee Morris had not felt seriously disturbed. He had not thought that Edna liked George Potter and that therefore the danger was negligible. He should have known that it wasn't a question of a particularized liking. It was just . . . oh, cosmic. It was just that George Potter was young—black or white, he was still young—and she was young and it was spring and all along the park and the border of the walks the starry crocuses were pushing toward the sun, regardless of whether they were trampled under heel or left to live . . . Edna had been like one of these.

Before he had dressed, two detectives had come to his room and informed him that George Potter was guilty of a serious defalcation, that they had absolute evidence and that they were then hot on his trail. Would Ambassador Morris accompany them?

Ambassador Morris would. Fear had stabbed at him again. What was Potter up to? He had been afraid of the young man for the past month and yet Potter had come so highly recommended; his family were so substantial—the Ambassador had found it hard to believe even the evidence of his own best judgment. He shook his head as he followed the officers into their waiting car. He would resign, he thought. He was getting too old; getting sentimental. His cold, hard perspective was...
"Oh, but, Daddy," Edna followed him from the breakfast-room, and perched on the arm of his chair in the library, "you see it is to be immediate, because Jack and I are both set on October."

which Edna, his Edna, and George Potter were just issuing.

Edna saw him and her eyes widened. George Potter saw him and smiled. The smile was bad to see.

Ambassador Morris stepped from the car, accompanied by the two detectives.

"What does this mean, Potter?" he said. But he knew. Of course.

"It means, sir, that I am your son-in-law," young Potter said, in an arrogant voice.

"No son-in-law of mine," the Ambassador said, "but that, just now, is neither here nor there. Do you know what these men are here for?"

"I can guess."

"Yes. Well?"

"Well, Mr. Morris," young Potter faced the older man with a gathering of all his bravado; "you will hardly see your—your daughter's husband—in jail."

"Unfortunately, Mr. Potter," the Ambassador said, "the matter is entirely out of my hands. Officers, do your work."

But apparently Potter had planned for this contingency, remote as it may have seemed to him. The officers stretched forth their hands— to grope in empty air. Young Potter had fled. His athletics stood him in good stead. He was practically out of sight before any of the four watching him quite realized that he had given them the slip.

Then Edna fainted and the Ambassador took her home while the detectives gave chase.

Three hours later the men returned with the report that Potter had headed straight for the river; that as he jumped, they had fired at him and he had sunk.

The Ambassador and his daughter waited two weeks for a recovery of the body. It was never recovered.

Morris Manor, just outside of Philadelphia, was to be occupied again for the first time in many years.

Witherbee Morris had been born there, his mother and father had died there, he had brought his bride there, his baby had been born there, and then his wife had died there. Memories had crowded pretty heavily and Witherbee Morris, with his entrance into active public life, had closed the old place up, and he and his daughter had lived wherever his diplomatic duties carried him.

Now he was coming back again. He had written the old housekeeper that they would be very quiet; she would not need a large menage.

After all, those memories were sweet. And he was very tired. He and Edna had traveled for eighteen months and she had agreed with him when he said that he thought it would be nice to "go home." She had known, too, what he meant by "home."

"We'll forget, dear," Witherbee Morris had said; "and try to keep any scandal from the old name. You're young and I'm old—and we'll forget."

Edna had smiled and nodded, but deep in the sore recesses of her heart she had thought that she never could. Not the Riviera, nor the chaste Alps, nor Paris, not even Sicily, had been able to quite take from her the acid taste of that morning, the look on George Potter's face, the thought of his body, "never recovered."

She had never loved him. She knew that now. But, just for a maddened hour, she had been in love with love... and
he had been there. That was all. Spring had burst upon her overwhelmingly, had sort of knocked her over—and he had picked her up. He had called her beautiful things, too. At least, they had seemed beautiful. She knew now that it had been a fevered dream from which, painfully, very illy, she had awakened.

She would have to be very old indeed, she thought, before she could pull the last thorn of that memory from her flesh. But she didn't want her Daddy to know; he had been sufficiently hurt, as it was. He had resigned the ambassadorship, stabbed in his pride. He had only a few years left—and her. She couldn't mask them by letting him know that the thought of that Spring still ached, intolerably.

And then she met Jack Dart.

Senator Dart had bought the estate adjoining the Morris estate. When the Senator learned the identity of his next-door neighbor he was exuberant.

He enlivened the dinner hour by telling Jack tales of the Morris' family tree; anecdotes of Witherbee's father, grandfather, great-grandfather and the sire before that. Jack told his father that he had no sense of humor when it came to a family tree. His father told Jack that there was no sense of humor when it came to a family tree. "Lineage, sir," he told his disinterested son, "lineage and tradition are the only things money can't buy. No, sir, not with all my money can I buy myself a grandfather!"

Then Jack met Edna, and he looked more kindly upon a family tree; particularly the Morris family tree. He even encouraged the old Senator to talk about it over their after-dinner coffee, which greatly pleased the old man and gave him some hopes of his son's eventual recognition of the worth - while things of life.

Of course he didn't know, not yet, that his son was merely in love and that if Edna Morris had had no father, let alone no grandfather, he would still have been in love with her. But he did know, with a warm feeling about the heart, that the boy was over at the Morris home most of the sunny days and a great many of the moonlit nights. Sitting alone on his porch he could hear, across the wide spaces of the lawns and over the odoriferous privet hedges the thin strum-strum of a ukulele, and, occasionally, the blend of his boy's voice singing with Edna Morris.

He wished, rather wistfully, that he could meet former Ambassador Morris. He had beat 'most every game he had tried, but he had never tried the social game, not to speak of. His wife had died when Jack was a tiny chap and with no women folk about, the "glad-rag" side of life seems inconsiderable. But now, with Jack grown up, with the political battles all fought—and most of them won—with finance beaten to its craven knees—it would be nice, he thought, if the Dart name could begin to mean something. He had worked like a war-horse to make it solid. It would be "awful" nice if it could be allied to heritage and he could die, having accomplished so much; having lifted his name from the alley-ways.

It would mean a lot, too, to know a man like Witherbee Morris. Old as he was there were many things the Senator would like to know;
On the Jersey side, in the "antimacassared" parlor of a village rectory, Edna Morris was being made Edna Dart... As her father said, "I'm sorry. Sorry..." the Rev. Dr. Whalen pronounced them "man and wife" before. It did him good, too, to see that she had got her ukulele out again and that, now and then, quite often as the days went by, she sang little snatches of old, favorite songs.

They rove together, too, and went to one or two of the smaller dances, and picnicked and talked to him, and one night Jack Dart told, with a sort of humor that was really pathos, how much his dad thought of the Morris family tree and what a lot it would mean to him if he could meet and know Witherbee Morris.

The lad's ingenuity pleased the older man, and he said that a family tree was sort of wished upon one, but such achievement as had been Senator Dart's was the man, the man alone, and that was victory! And he'd be glad and pleased and proud and honored to know "Honest John Dart"... And so, by midsomer, the adjoining estates were adjoined friends and while Edna and Jack played under sun, moon and stars, the two older men sat and smoked and talked, and quite often, were comradely quiet, reliving tender, personal memories as a dream was born...

"Daddy," Edna said to him one day as the summer was drawing to a close, "Do you know that Jack and I love one another?"

Witherbee Morris drew her to his knee. "I've—it's occurred to me," he said, quizically.

"Daddy," the girl's voice was gravely sweet: "I want you to know how—how sure I am. And—and I don't want you to be so deeply sorry for— for what happened in Washington—any more. Because, if that hadn't happened I wouldn't know—now—just how sure I am. How different it is, the false and the true. I think you must have felt like this when—you married Mother."

"Let me see your eyes, dear," Witherbee Morris took the softly fleshes young face between his hands. "Shaped like a heart," he thought; and looked into the illumined eyes. His own eyes filled with tears; tears without pain. "I did, my child," he said; "I did..."

"I knew it," Edna bent over and kissed him; "Jack asked me this morning," she said, "I am so happy... of course," she laughed, elfishly, "I've known it from the first day;" she said.

"You don't seem so glad this morning, Daddy," Edna said, when she sat opposite him at breakfast the following morning and found, time and again, his brooding eyes on her face; "you're different. Aren't you happy for me today?"

Witherbee Morris avoided the widely puzzled gaze. "I don't want you to be in too much of a hurry, Edna," he said, "after all... I've... er... been thinking, and you've plenty of time. Plenty. I—I can't have anything immediate about this. Nothing immediate!"

"Oh, but, Daddy," Edna followed him from the breakfast room, and perched on the arm of his chair in the library. "You see, it is to be immediate because Jack and I both are set on October. It has got to be October..."
We've — reasons. Beautiful ones, honey, that you mustn't ask about, but when we're gone, just for a tiny while, you and Daddy Dart can sit before the fire and make guesses and the one that comes the nearest to the truth can . . ."

"Please! Edna!" Witherbee Morris' voice was sharp, unnerved, "let us drop the matter for today. It has—quite naturally, after all, upset me considerably, 1—1 must have time to think."

Jack came over early the following morning to "talk it over." Edna, perched like some precarious bird on the stone coping of the well, gave him her hands and let him draw her down to him. "I feel better about it this morning," she said, "after all, perhaps I expect too much of Dad. He has always been so extraordinarily balanced and steady and poised that I forget he is growing old, and may have little tantrums and things now and then. I'm sure he'll be himself today and see things as he did at first."

But he didn't. Pressed by Jack and Edna and even Senator Dart for consent to an immediate marriage, he definitely and absolutely refused.

"But, my dear Witherbee," the old Senator said, "surely, without encroaching, you might give the children a reason."

"My reason, John," the ex-Ambassador said, "is my own. I refuse to give it. I refuse to make explanation. It is the first time in a long life that I have asked to be taken on faith—only to be refused. I can only say that I forbid my daughter to marry your son—and there's an end to it!"

Edna, infuriated by her future's apparent injustice, went home to luncheon with Jack and his father.

"I can't understand Dad," she kept saying, over and over, "I simply cannot believe this of him! Why, he wasn't any more like himself than if he hadn't been himself. It's just unbelievable!"

"Have you ever seen him like this before?" the Senator asked.

Edna stated an emphatic denial—and then remembered a morning in the spring two years ago—and her father's face when George Potter had said, "I am your son-in-law" . . . her father's face, then, had been strange . . . unlike his own. But what could that have to do with this? Surely her father's values were not so confused, so blurred. Surely, he was not making so horrid a comparison!

"It seems to me," Senator Dart said, "that Witherbee is just in a funk over losing you, Edna. He can't quite make up his mind to say 'yes' and see you step off. That must be it, for I've had two or three long talks with him since you young people came to your decision and I believe that I know how he feels about it in his heart. If I didn't know that, I wouldn't poke a finger in the pie, which, after all, is more his than mine. But I do know how he feels, if ever one man could read another. The thing for you two to do is to skip over to New Jersey, get married and come back here. In the meantime I'll go over and spend the evening with Witherbee and break it to him while we're talking. Better plan, all around. What could two old men like us do about giving you children a wedding? We'd be in our graves before we could get thru the first fol-de-rols of veils and satins and cakes and those bridesmaid girls and all that fixing. Get dressed up nice and run over to Jersey and get it over with, I say!"

"But Daddy . . ." whispered Edna, torn.

"I'll attend to him," promised John Dart.


"Married! MARRIED?"

Witherbee Morris rose from his chair and faced John Dart on legs that seemed, before the Senator's eyes, to shrivel and totter.

"Yes, married," John Dart returned, stantly, more stony than he felt, "married— and if you hadn't been so all-fired mysterious and

(Continued on page 92)
The Perfect Lover

"Ah! Very much antiques, yes. This car I have bought for nothing, as you would say, because it is a Fiat, which I have driven so often in Italy. I have bought two ancient ones, for the good engine. I shall build bodies about them."

He shot me a triumphant glance from his kohl-fringed eyes. His eyes are intensely dark, inscrutable. In make-up they are amazing. With a 'savor of the Orient, his lids are lost beneath the smooth continuance of his brows, lending his countenance its inscrutable caste, its hint of mystery. He is of medium height, supple, erect, distinguished not in the ramrod traditional way, rather to a degree of which little urbanity is but embryonic; caressingly almost. His is a passionate, curiously colored nature, over which, for the moment, repression has gained mastery.

"Woman!" Rudolph Valentino murmured reflectively.
"She is like a violin." Balsac has said. 'A man who understands her can evoke beautiful harmonies.' But the man who does not understand her...!" At the left, a camera study, and below, with Gloria Swanson, in the Elster Oyin story.

"Beyond the Rocks"

SUAVE, enigmatic, with a glinting courtesy alien and disarming, Rudolph Valentino greets, converses with, and departs from the interviewer. Torturing the gravity of his words there is, mowing from the corners of his lips, the shadow of a faint guffaw. Inside, one knows it certainly, he is laughing. But at what? That is the devil of it.

First of all dismiss the idea of the sleek and the insidious. There is nothing repellent, nothing unmasculine about Valentino. Merely a heavy exoticism, compelling, fascinating, perhaps a little disturbing, as might be asphalt to the average cobbler.

He has been called, with tentative reservations, "the perfect lover." Not because of any boasted prowess at the art—he has been stung by wisdom; more perhaps because of his polished front, his savoir faire, so productive of cosmic complexes that shudder ecstatically down feminine spines. It is not his fault; so let him suffer for it.

His greeting snare the eye, his conversation lampoons argument, his departure leaves a residuary smolder of rebellion.

In his Fiat, antediluvian model, he took me to lunch. Noting the car, I remarked: "One good scrap of conversation, anyway!"

He regarded me, and the car, dubiously.
"It is very old," he agreed.
"You go in for antiques?" I suggested pleasantly.

Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes
Prosaically enough, we both ate corned beef hash. But the conversation—his conversation!—paprika! anchovies! avocados! mustard! persimmons! pomegranates!—horseradish occasionally.

"Prohibition has wrecked your American Constitution," he declared. "Waiter!" I bellowed. "Cancel my milk order!"

"No; quite seriously. The Eighteenth Amendment is the first deliberate deprivation of your personal liberty. If it is accepted it will not be the last. It is not the liquor; it is the principle. I can get, you can get, you can get all the liquor you want. Anyone with a little money. That is another wrong. Pro-

"The American man," said Mr. Valentino, "makes the mistake of supposing that, for a woman, jewels and fine silks are more to be preferred than caresses. So he sits and slaves in his office and makes appalling sums of money." At the right, another new portrait. Below, two character studies from "Beyond the Rocks"

Photograph (right) Donald Biddle Keyes

Photograph by Paramount

hibition establishes class privilege. And much of the blame for it, tho I do not say all, falls on your women, your young women.

"Your women have done nothing with the vote. Those young enough to espouse progress prefer to concentrate on marcel waves. The power falls, then, to the disappointed woman, the old woman, the sex-starved woman often. She is inevitably a reactionist, a censor, an interferer.

"I cannot understand you Americans. You have the finest educational system in the world. Practically all of you can read and write. Yet you do not think, except in masses. You hide your individuality. You accept. That is the sum of it. The newspapers propound and you accept. In Europe, where many, many can neither read nor write, do you suppose for an instant that the so-called reforms established here would

(Continued on page 94)
The Vampire

By HELEN CARLISLE

Illustration by G. Francis Kauffman

I am
The Vampire of Yesterday . . . . .
Dont ask me how I
Got this way . . . .
I
Wish I knew . . . .

Do you remember
When I slithered silkily
Across the screen . . . .
I'll say you do!
I was
Forever on the track . . . .
Of the
Tired Business Man . . . .
He was tired all right . . . .
When he got rid of
Me . . . .

You always knew
That I had lured him to my
Lair . . when'er he
Telephoned his Home-Sweet-Home
To say . . . .
That he was Dining Out

With Business Friends . . . .
His Wife
It seemed in those Old Days . . . .
Had nothing else to do but
Celebrate some Anniversary . . . .
I dont know why
But she was always . . . .
Celebrating Something . . . .
All dressed up and lighting
Candles on the dinner table . . . . or
Looking at the calendar
Just as he telephoned . . . . Remember?

Or perhaps . . . .
She had decided after many close-Ups to tell him her secret . . . .
I . . . .
Dont know what it was
The censors since have
Censored secrets . . . . and
I never did find out
But anyway . . . .
The telephone would ring . . . .
And Wifey would fade out

(Continued on page 88)
Señorita Mae

A study of the Charming Mae Murray in "Fascination"


Constance: The Brute-Breaker

I

WAS late. No matter why. It does not matter. I do not matter. The only things that seemed to matter that noon were the fact of Constance, who was waiting for me—Constance Binney and her chicken salad, and that I was about two backfires and a probable blowout, not to mention a traffic cop and a possible damn away. In Los Angeles that is quite a distance.

But there was a new gentleman at the helm of the Realart news department, who must have hailed from Indiana, or else had read "The Go-Getter" or "The Message to Garcia" or something. At all events he came, I swore and he honked—when a flivver persisted in sprawling all over the road along which he was driving me in a high powered bus to Constance—or death; I was a little vague on that point. The wind was high, too, and between lurches and clutches I wondered dazedly whether Constance minded mussed-up hair, because I had forgotten my hat, or lost it, and I didn't have Wallie Reid's recipe for a permanent varnish.

And then we arrived. Behind the reception committee—he was in shirt sleeves—I apologized my way to the bungalow of the fair maid Constance, allotted her as a dressing room by the studio high-muckamucks.

She was quite charming about it; even offered to apologize in her turn. She was very small, cool, widely grey-eyed and quaintly pale under the white powder of her make-up. Because of the evening dress she wore, I was vouchsafed the delight of round smooth shoulders and smooth round arms; the former, she volunteered modestly, quite too plump. My silence gave dissent.

To me, lazy with two unremitting years of California sunshine, she was distinctively, pleasantly crisp. Over the table, the chicken salad and the tea she chattered breezily, leaving me gratefully free to absorb food in unpardonable quantities.

She flutters, does Constance, upon an interesting verge of flapperism. That cool little something, poise, aplomb, whatever it may be,

Photograph by Royal Atelier, N. Y.

Said the grey-eyed Constance Binney: "I wasn't intended to be an actress, you know. Not by my family, I mean. I was sent abroad to France, to a convent there, to be educated. When I thought I had had enough education, I left it and went on the stage. No, I didn't run away. I just left."
prevents her from ever quite slipping over the edge. There is the savoir faire of success about her, which, without success, would probably have resolved itself into pertness. She had, that day, an amazing verve and liveliness. The East was still keen in her blood. The idea of Western vitality, so carefully nurtured, is something overdone, methinks. In California, anyway, there is a sensuous strain in the atmosphere, enervating, danger-

photograph (below) by Donald Biddle Keyes

ously perfumed with the lotus. One succumbs—that is the pitiful part of it—with a sigh of contentment. Occasional reactions stir the blood sluggishly, but vainly. Ambitions wither to beautiful drowsy abstractions, from which all disturbing tactile elements have been removed. Satiety comes eventually, of course; but that is another story. Conversation leaped from the broken spout of the teapot to preferences and prejudices concerning cream or (Continued on page 95)

"I think American men are the nicest and most considerate of their womankind in the world," declared Constance: The Brute-Breaker. "They attempt no superiority. They are willing to take us on an equal footing." Below, Miss Binney is seen on the veranda of her Hollywood bungalow.
As In Days Beyond Recall

An Attractive Study of Gloria Swenson and Rudolph Valentino
in "Beyond the Rocks"
We Interview the Two Orphans

THE CAST

THE TWO ORPHANS
Henriette .................... Lillian Gish
Louise ....................... Dorothy Gish

WE
First Interviewer ........ Gladys Hall
Second Interviewer ..... Adele Whitely Fletcher
A Husband ................. James Rennie

Props include cakes and sandwiches and bon-bons; flowers in pale vases, books by Bernard Shaw and other food, mental and physical.

Scene I.—The softly tinted living-room in the Gish town apartment. The grey walls are touched here and there, reflectively, with a few good prints. There are low, cream-painted book-shelves—shelves that are filled. Intriguing volumes of fiction, old as well as new; philosophy, travel, and a great deal of poetry. Deeply armed chairs are flanked by end-tables holding shaded lamps or a book which is being read. To one end of the room is a baby-grand. On it stands a bowl of early spring flowers and a portrait of Mrs. Gish with the two girls. Beyond the chintz-framed windows the roof-tops are growing fanciful in the twilight. It is tea-time.

Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher are sitting together in the recesses of a wide lounge, when Lillian Gish enters. They look up, hearing her soft, light footfalls on the rug. She is wearing a quaint velvet gown, dull blue. Her corn-silk hair is brushed softly back. There is a wistful note in her voice: the note—you-know-is-there. The hand she offers in greeting is shy and sensitively welcoming.

Lillian Gish: Dorothy will be in directly. She just came uptown from the Rennie apartment and is in with mother. Mother has been so ill, you know, and we have had to be out of town so much, attending the different premieres of "The Two
Orphans.” Each week it has opened in a different city and 
together with the travel, it has meant two or three days in 
every instance. Three days out of a week leaves so little 
time to do the things one has to do.

GLADYS HALL: Have all of 
the premières been as enthusiastic as the New York one was?

A. W. F. (reflectively): I know they have been. It is 
a really great picture.

LILLIAN GISH: There has been a great and general 
enthusiasm. I think it is the greatest thing Mr. Griffith 
has ever done.

A. W. F.: Greater than “Broken Blossoms”?

LILLIAN GISH: “Broken Blossoms” was so different. 
They are really not comparable. In “Orphans of the 
Storm,” Mr. Griffith has done more than make a beautiful 

photograph. He has made history live again. And no one 
in the picture was more important than anyone else. 
The least was the greatest; a part of a stupendous whole.

G. H.: Did you like doing Henriette?

LILLIAN GISH: Yes. Oh, very much. And it was 
different. I had to get my appeal in a different way 
than I have done in previous pictures. In “Broken 
Blossoms,” for instance, and in “Way Down East,” I had 
physical distress to help me out. My appeal was in a 
measure made for me. I always had something the 
matter with me. In one I was a poor, frail, half-living 
little thing and in the other a down-trodden, storm-
tossed girl. As Henriette I was well taken care of, 
beloved by the dashes. Chevalier, watched over by Danton. Of course, I had 
lost my sister, but I was not sure that she was not well 
cared for, too. I had to make the loss of my sister 
and my instinctive fear for her overshadow my own 
personal well-being. That made Henriette a more difficult rôle than any I have yet 
played.

[As stir is heard in the hallway. Dorothy Gish Rennie stands there. Her dress is black and 
old blue, and hangs, cape-fashion, from her shoulders. One suspects Paris. She wears woollen 
stockings and her brown hair curls glibly about her ears. She advances ...]

DOROTHY GISH: Ah! we meet again! You make me 
remember the terrifying occasion of my first tea as 
Mrs. Rennie. Remember 

how nervous I was? Just sure I’d do the wrong thing. 
The whole family thought I would, too. Only Lillian 
had the nerve to appear and watch the social structure 
totter. I was so sure I would make some horrible blunder. 
In fact, I was sure of everything but the fudge ... I 
made that! (To Lillian): Are we to have tea this 
afternoon? When people are interviewing you, Lillian, 
(this with deep solemnity), and you invite them at tea-
time, it is quite the proper thing to have tea! Wrong 
again! Here it is!

[The maid wheels in the tea-wagon. The edibles have been 
mentioned along with the dramatic personage. Lillian, curled in a chair, 
pours. Dorothy curls, but does not pour. The doorbell rings—and she starts ...]
Dorothy (accusatively): Madam, are you trying to lure my husband from his fireside with tea? That should come to this! And in the family, too! (Lillian smiles her three-cornered, whimsical little smile at us, as who should say, "Isn't she a naughty child?")

[James Rennie, popular leading man of stage and screen, also popular husband of Dorothy Gish, enters. Dorothy, with widely solicitous, offers him a meager share of her chair, which offer is promptly and also affectionately accepted.]

Lillian: Let me recommend the blonde cookies. Stella made them for us—fresh this morning.

Dorothy (gravely): Plainly, I must keep my eye on you! You've been sampling them! First my husband... and then the cookies!

Lillian (coolly, smiling): Is your tea right, Jim? There is hot water here... sugar? Lemon?

J. R.: Quite right, thanks, Lillian.

Dorothy (with hauteur): To save my peace of mind, then, you should be present at the Rennie breakfast to fix Jim's tea.

G. H. (teasingly): Being sisters, how did it seem being sisters?

A. W. F. (with professional fraternity): She means...

Dorothy Gish: Odd as it may seem, I get what she means. However—simple. Simple. Not her—but playing sisters. You see, we've done it so often, "Hearts of the World," for instance. And anyway, I love playing with Lillian. Wasn't she lovely as Henriette? Will you ever to your dying day forget her love scene with the Chevalier?


Lillian Gish (with that lovely little twist to the corners of her mouth): Dorothy, do be quiet, dear. Please.

James Rennie (enthusiastic): And the suspense! That ride of Danton's!

Dorothy Gish (comfortably ensconced on the arm of her husband's chair): Jim first saw the picture in the projection room with Lillian and me, and when they closed the gates before the onrushing Danton he said to me, "Henriette is dead so far as I'm concerned. Here's where I leave. I can't be tortured any longer!"

Lillian (from behind the tea-cart, sly among the shadows): You know, Jim and I had to fairly insist upon Dorothy playing Louise. She refused to do it when Mr. Griffith first asked her.


Dorothy Gish: I felt it was so wonderful a rôle; that it should have everything that could be given to it. I'd been playing in almost a slapstick tempo, with no previous dramatic training whatsoever. I told Mr. Griffith that I thought I should do two or three dramatic

(Continued on page 97)
The early life of Theodore Kosloff was troubled. Tragic. When he was a very small child, his family's home in Russia was stormed by the Cossacks. There was terrible, barbaric fighting. It is a memory that he can never forget.

THEODORE KOSLOFF is actually an inspiration. I have to hand him the gold-embroidered ice cream for originality in everything he is, does and says. I don't believe I've ever met another person quite like him—at least not in Hollywood, where the movie actors drop their h's and raise their salaries.

He literally learned to smile. Perhaps that is why he is what he is. Perhaps that is the reason he can play the violin and paint and create marvelous dance ballets and teach dumb-bells how to dance and act in films for C. B. de Mille—all in twenty-four hours. Seriousness tempers thought, they say. Kosloff is very serious.

He has literally brought old-world Europe into new-world Hollywood. That sanctum sanctorum of his—his home—is as unlike any of the film-colony domiciles as Gloria Swanson is unlike Mae Murray. The whole atmosphere is Russian. Yet there is one thing that still puzzles me: I couldn't find the samovar. And I thought all Russian folks had to have their samovar—at least, according to Hoyle and the moving pictures.

Photograph by Hartswok, L. A.

But, seriously, Kosloff is inspiring. In a simple, direct, yet almost child-like way he shows you, the stranger, results of his art. Strange oil canvases in pastel shades—his paintings—hang on the walls of his tiny bungalow. Tapestries and other art objects a la Russe are all over the place. It is of them that Kosloff speaks; not of himself. He has a fascinating habit of obscuring his own personality—yet everywhere is it in evidence in his work.

The English that he speaks is very broken. He speaks slowly, deliberately, choosing his words carefully, interrupting himself with a "No?" as if he were afraid he had made a mistake in his language. He is all brain. His thinking processes work so fast that his recently learned English can't follow in their wake.

Essentially he is a dancer. His splendid physique, his quick, graceful movements, his inherent pantomime are witness. He is now a man of forty. Personally, I should not believe him a day over twenty-four. He is a subtle contradiction to the average neurotic American of forty. In fact, he seems to have no nerves.

Since he was a boy of ten, he has been dancing. At that age he entered the Imperial Russian Ballet School—the Czar's conservatoire—to make his way as a dancer. At seventeen he made his première. At eighteen he was a sensation in Paris. And, during the next few years he was the rage of Europe. It was not until he was considerably older that he came to this country to dance with his troupe.

Being first a European, second an artist, Kosloff is grave in temperament. He stands as the personification of temperament, that mis-used word. And yet his temperament is not the sort that rages and snorts and puffs when he, the individual, becomes annoyed. Not at all! His temperament is the embodiment of that inborn flame of desire to create, that either is or is not inherent in a person—that flame whose very presence in a soul distinguishes the creative artist from the artizan.

It is inborn in so few of Hollywood's bosoms that temperament there has come to mean temper—the manifestation of disgust! rage.

Moscow is Kosloff's birthplace, forever of his childhood. He is not purely Russian by birth, however, as his grandfather was a Tartar chieftainness from faraway Asia Minor. Perhaps this explains the strange, mystical appearance of the man—his olive skin, his nationed blue
OUR OWN NEWS MONTHLY

WILL ROGERS again proves he is one of the screen's foremost artists, by his performance in "One Glorious Day."
The moneyed powers are exerting every influence to move the film colony from Hollywood to Long Island City.

Great surprise is registered in New York when Elaine Hammerstein smiles pleasantly at an Interviewer.

Nazimova almost does a come-back in "A Doll's House."

Another of our predictions comes true. Pearl White is returning to serials.

Johnny Hines is beginning to take a position among the leading comedians.

George Walsh is also going in for serial work and the other serial kings will have to step lively.

Everyone is beginning to wonder what has happened to King Vidor, who at one time appeared to be a most promising director.

I AM—

I am the best-dressed woman on the screen. I am a super-production. I am the greatest film ever made. I cost a million dollars. I cry real tears. I am the picture you will never forget. I am an all-star cast, my hair is naturally curly. I receive fifteen hundred fan letters a day. I am funnier than Harold Lloyd, I will dethrone Mary Pickford—

I am—The BUNK.

It is mighty hard on Geraldine Farrar to be supplanted at the Metropolitan Opera House by Marie Jeritza, the Austrian beauty. But the cruellest blow of all, we imagine, is the fact that Jeritza is a blonde—

while blondes have nothing but good words and admiration for their raven-haired rivals, brunettes give one the impression that fair-haired beauties are the bane of their existence.

It is now announced that Bull Montana will be advanced to stardom on the screen. With typical motion picture consistency, Mr. Montana, we presume, will be presented in series of lavish society dramas—or perhaps, a screen version of Oscar Wilde's "Dorian Gray."

Heywood Broun, in the New York World, says that Strongheart, dog star of "The Silent Call" is the most beautiful of all male stars now appearing in the films. This doesn't seem quite fair to Ben Turpin and Larry Semon.

WE TAKE OUR HATS OFF TO Leatrice Joy, captivating actress, for her work in "Saturday Night." Watch her grow.

Evelyn Laye, English beauty, who has been signed up by Myron Selznick. She has the making of a popular screen star.

BEST PICTURES OF 1921

Everybody else has written what they thought were the "Ten best photoplays of 1921." As the constitution gives us the same privilege, here's our selection.

"The Old Nest."

"The Three Musketeers."

"A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court."

"Passion."

(Continued on page 100)
I did my business of sizing The Little Minister up. And he knew he was being sized up. He fidgeted. For you see, it is only recently that he has won the accolade of interviewdom, and he is fresh enough at the game to be refreshing. The same pleasure derived by an entomologist from pinning bugs onto cards was mine in crushing an interview out of this very recently arrived young man. He had ideas about interviews, too, which made it more intriguing.

"I dont think I ought to tell you very much about myself, ought I?" he asked, opening his thoughtful brown...
By GORDON GASSAWAY

eyes very wide. He is as naive as Gareth Hughes. "I don't think the public really cares much about our lives, do you?"

With some haste, in order to dislodge what I foresaw might be an obstacle to the truth, I assured him that the public liked very much to know all about the players. The public, I explained, was made up of persons like myself, blessed with an inordinate and insatiable curiosity about all people who worked in motion pictures. We liked to know what they preferred to oysters for breakfast; if perhaps they enjoyed maple syrup on them? or not, as the case might be! And so on.

"I don't think I can afford to take every part that is offered to me," said George Hackathorn. "It wouldn't be fair to myself, because I want parts which are pleasant . . ."

Above, as the Little Minister; and at the left, another camera study

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

George Hackathorn is destined for the seats of the mighty. He is a Richard Mansfield in embryo. I am fading into the midst of my interview with this observation, so you will see what an intense and sincere young artist he is. He would never tell you so himself. He has all the true artist's reticence about himself. For the life of me, I don't see how he has gotten so far as he has in the hard, hard life of Hollywood, where the rule of the survival of the fittest must have originated. But you see, he has plugged along for five years in pictures—five interviewless and unrecognized, for the most part, years. And then came "The Little Minister" with Betty Compson. It was one of the four things George craved all his life to do—play the Little Minister. But let us get back to our muttons, as Dickens puts it, with a smile.

Having massacred the malted milks, we hastened back to Broadway and plunged into the gloom of the cinema palace. The picture was well on its way, so we whispered. Even the best families whisper in picture palaces, and the more palatial the palace the louder they whisper, as a rule. People who pay for expensive seats seem to think they have also taken out a whisper-

(Continued on page 101)
DEAR PUNCH: I do think Uncle Roddy is a terrible tease. Last night he said to me, "Well, youngster, I've heard about Jackie Coogan long enough. Tonight, we go and see somebody who I expect will completely cut him out."

So he took me to see Wesley Barry in "School Days," but, oh, Punch, he didn't cut him out, and I didn't like the picture one tiny bit.

If it wasn't being terribly sad, it was being terribly silly, but I'll tell you the story just so you will agree with me.

It's about a little boy that a simply horrid man took out of an orphan asylum just so he could work for him, and the boy, who was Wesley Barry, liked to go fishing much better than going to school, and every time the horrid farmer caught him he used to beat him.

There were some funny things happened in the school house, but it seemed to me that it was a queer kind of a place, because I never heard of children being so bad anywhere. I asked Uncle Roddy, and he said it was a bit overdrawn, and I think that meant he agreed with me, but I'm not perfectly sure.

The boy had a dog, who was quite the nicest thing in the picture, and he liked to go fishing, too. Well, one day, the boy, whose name was Speck, was in the graveyard, crying beside his mother's and father's grave, and a man came along, and asked him all kinds of questions, and then told him to come to breakfast with him at the big house he had taken. Everybody knew that the man was his uncle, before he told the horrid farmer so, but Speck didn't know.

I am skipping the part about his friend, a perfectly silly man who had invented a clothes-pin. And I am forgetting, too, the teacher who had been in love a long time ago, and it had made her very unhappy, I guess, because the man she was in love with went to the city.

Well, anyhow, one morning the farmer was terribly nice to Speck, and Speck didn't know what to make of it, and after breakfast, he took him upstairs and showed him some new clothes. Oh, Punch, you never saw such silly looking clothes, and he told him to put them on, and that he was going to the city to be educated and that he would have just lots and lots of money, and everything in the world that he wanted.

Well, he went, but he said good-bye to his dog, and it wasn't Speck that made me cry, but the dog did. I cried and cried and cried. He didn't want him to go away, and he struggled under the fence, and followed him a long way, even after the train. Well, he went so many miles that I was just sure he was lost, and so I hated the rest of the picture.

When Speck gets to the city, he has all kinds of automobiles and servants, and he goes to a most ridiculous school, and the rest of the children just hate him, and I don't blame them, because he is so conceited and stuck-up. He puts limburger cheese in the box that the teacher keeps the stuff he puts on his mustache in, and, of course, he gets it all over his face, which I thought was perfectly horrid.

Then things get very confusing. They gave a party, and instead of its being a party to give Speck a nice time it was to prove to him how silly he had been, and a man who called himself a friend and wasn't, tried to steal some money, and, oh dear, there was all kinds of excitement all over that foolish clothes-pin; and, oh, I forgot to tell you, Speck wore long trousers, and very sporty looking coats and hats, just as if he were trying to be grown up when he really wasn't.

I truly remember about the party, but it would take too long to explain it to you, but it seemed to me that they went to an awful lot of trouble just to show one small boy how silly he was. Uncle Roddy would have said, "Punch, you are being ridiculous," and that would have been enough.

But it all comes out nicely. Of course, you know, it is going to, and Speck runs away home, and puts on his old clothes, and his dog swims across a lake to him, and

(Continued on page 108)
Smiling Eyes

By CORLISS PALMER

In the bright lexicon of advertising the most alluring words are health, youth, beauty. They are the attributes every woman wishes to personify and every man wishes his sister, sweetheart, mother or wife to possess.

Yet in our eternal search for beauty how few of us remember the old adage of our grandmothers, "Pretty is as pretty does." Or if we do remember it, we usually do so with a mental shrug, thinking how foolish our forebears were not to realize that beauty is a real physical attribute and has nothing to do with prim little misses in starched white dresses, such as they wore when they were girls. Of course we are partly right, and of course they, too, are partly right. They did know some things as well as we do and they couldn't know everything any more than we can. It is their viewpoint that I am going to take in this talk.

Our disposition predetermines our actions. Gentle, kind, thoughtful actions indicate a similar disposition. Such actions make people love us, and think we are beautiful even if we are not. This is the reason the most handsome and eligible men sometimes fall in love with plain women; even women who take little interest in their personal appearance and have never felt the soft pat of a rouge puff on their cheeks. They are women with personality, sunny, cheerful dispositions, or vital, energetic, quick, sympathetic, understanding sort of women. You who have mere physical beauty, beware! You may have admiration, but you have not love. You may win friends, but you cannot hold them. Tho your features are faultless, your complexion like rose leaves, your hair luxuriant and wavy, there will still be nothing to hold the heart. Undoubtedly you have heard people say about you: "Yes, she is beautiful, but I do not care for her style," or "The cold perfection of her features is not beauty. She lacks warmth, vitality, spirit." And you must have experienced similar feelings on beholding certain famous beauties of the stage or screen. You could not take your eyes from them, at first. Yet soon after, you discover that their beauty ceases to appeal. There is no soul in it.

How can this be remedied? Can one cultivate this special form of attraction that is lacking? Undoubtedly. Cultivate the disposition. Think of something pleasant upon arising in the morning and again before retiring at night. Especially at night. A pleasant thought raises the corners of the mouth and gives a lifted expression to the eyes. It smooths out wrinkles and lines of depression and unhappiness. Wear a smile in the eyes and on the lips and you will make friends. It will prove more charming than your newest frock or your prettiest hat. It will even attract more attention than a handsome coiffure and a perfect complexion. Think, then, how irresistible one is who possesses all these attributes. This beauty with a spiritual quality is the only perfect beauty. It cheers and warms and brightens. It captivates and it holds.

Instead of thinking of your troubles, think of your blessings. If you must think sad thoughts, think of your friends' troubles and do something to help them. Plan something that will give them a pleasant surprise, a visit, a present, a flower, a book or just a cheery letter, and you will find that the thought that started out to be sad is suddenly pleasant and full of anticipation.

I know that this is advice that cannot always be followed. A smile in the eyes means a smile in the heart, which is not always there, and which it is not always possible to bring there. But, little by little, one can learn to control one's disposition until happiness and sympathy are second nature. Smile and perhaps the smile on the lips will react on the heart and then you will feel better, and then perhaps the smile will force its way to the eyes. Remember that smiling eyes speak a more eloquent message than smiling lips.

It would be foolish to say that a smile on a beautiful (Continued on page 95)
Another importation has come to the American screen. Like two or three of its predecessors, it finds its color and background in history. It is "The Loves of Pharaoh" and once more Ernest Lubitsch is the producer. This fact, in itself, is an assurance of a worthy photoplay.

Love and the Ancients...
"WRETCHED service on these trains!" exclaimed Elmer Slocum Young, erstwhile son of a hard-hearted millionaire. "As a pullman drawing-room this place is a washout. It does leave a great deal to be desired in the way of accommodations, but really, you know, beggars mustn't be — er — too damned meticulous!" He gazed ruefully at the bottom of the freight car before which he stood, stretched himself out full length on the bumpers, sighed resignedly and went to sleep without more ado.

He was worn out — what with having run at least forty city blocks thru an impenetrable forest, pursued by three tramps who had all his clothes and money anyway — he couldn't see what else they wanted of him, and before that having been in an automobile smash-up because of a kind but misguided heart, and immediately before that — but let us explain.

Elmer Slocum Young was right in the midst of sowing his wild oats, a bountiful crop, and he did not wish to be interrupted. Watered by the steady stream of his father's great wealth, the wild oats grew apace with Elmer's tastes and inclinations; and there was nothing small or mean about Elmer's inclinations. The best, the noisiest, the most exciting was none too good or too noisy or too exciting for Elmer. If he entertained, the red glow didn't fade from the town in which he happened to be entertaining, for weeks afterward. The memory lingered. If he bought a car, he "demonstrated" every expensive foreign make before charging the most expensive to his father. If Elmer was in a hurry he hurried, and thereby hangs a tale. Elmer held the record for being arrested for speeding, and being haled out of jail by a reliable and indefatigable parent—seven times in the last six months. But the seventh time his father's patience gave out. It has been known to before, and Elmer was summarily remanded to jail, where, it must be confessed, he spent a profitless and not too unpleasant sojourn.

Upon emerging from the corrective portals, he did not betray and perceptible remorse or repentance, and succeeded so well by this indifferent attitude, in angering his father that, that long-suffering person was moved to denounce him in floods of paternal wrath.

"The next time — if there ever is a next time, young man, you can hang for it! I've reached the limit of human endurance. Get out of my sight. You're incorrigible!" he wound up his fatherly peroration.

Elmer flounced — or whatever its masculine equivalent is — out of the room in a bad temper at the unreasonableness of parents in general and the cussedness of his own in particular. He snatched a cap from the top of the lamp in the hall, where it was forbidden to lie, and banging the front door behind him, jumped into his always waiting motor, a modest little roadster painted an inconspicuous vermillion with black trim.

His seven arrests and prison sentences were as nothing to Elmer as he "gave her the gas" on his way thru the city to his club. Gad! Prison was better than home. Any place was better than home. He'd never come back. He'd roll the dust of the city from his wheels in short order. That was really what brought Elmer to riding the humpers to freedom—or to Green Forks, to be exact, tho not in just the manner he had anticipated, nor yet with the disconcerting promptness with which Fate had managed it.

He slowed down and stopped—several blocks away to be sure, but courteously returned to the smashed-up car by the roadside he had noticed in passing.

"Give me a lift, will you?" asked the familiar voice of Doctor Nugent. "My car's gone, absolutely, but I've got an awfully sick patient out on Carter Boulevard. Got to get there quick, Elmer." He climbed in without waiting for Elmer's eager assent and the orange car was off again. Forty-five miles an hour, fifty miles, sixty-five miles, and Elmer heard the familiar chug chug of pursuing motorcycles. He ignored them this time. He did not dare let them get anywhere near him, and when the doctor was dumped unceremoniously out before the house of his patient, Elmer turned down an unobstructed
He gazed ruefully at the bottom of the freight car before which he stood, stretched himself out full length on the bumpers, sighed resignedly and went to sleep without more ado.

...side street to avoid them and ran his car blithely into a lamp-post; which caused him to describe a perfect parabola in the air above the heads of the three motor cops and descend quite involuntarily into their midst.

All four men lay there cursing and groaning, but Elmer got to his feet first, nor did he wait to investigate the mortality rate. He was alive anyway and his legs were still good. He tore down the deserted street—deserted because all its inhabitants were clustered around the dazed and indignant policemen by this time—and made his get-away unobserved. He struck out thru the little woods on the outskirts of the city, taking a short cut to the railroad. He'd never dare go back now. And what did it matter any way? He had plenty of money with him. Elmer always carried a wad. He paused a moment to reach down into his pocket to reassure himself about the money. It was then that the tramps bore down upon him and stripped him of his money and his snappy suit as well.

"You dirty ruffians!" he yelled after them in a voice hoarse with wrath. "Wait until my father hears of this. You'll pay damned well for what you've got," forgetting in his helpless rage his recent and complete repudiation of his only father.

"Stow yer cheek, young-un," said one of the men, the one who had...
Russ Weaver," she finished in response to her father’s inquiring glance. It seemed to Elmer that the constable’s glance was not only inquiring but penetrating. But they all dwindled away in time and the wretched and cramped Elmer climbed out from under the car and stood forlornly on the station platform, which was piled with trunks and baggage of every description, but destitute now of people.

"Here boy," said the station agent, appearing suddenly in the doorway, "help me with these boxes and I’ll give you a quarter."

Elmer smiled inwardly and hastily moved to obey. Elmer Slocum Young, heir to concrete millions, was glad to earn a quarter. It was the first money he had ever earned in his life—and very nearly the last. Hauling the boxes around in an excess of zeal, one of the biggest and clumsiest fell on him. It was as effective as lethal gas—if not so pleasant. Elmer passed completely out.

When he came to, he was lying on a cot in a small cluttered-up room in the back of what appeared to be a general store. Two friendly old faces bent over him.

"You’re all right now, boy," one of the men said kindly. "Old Doc Price, here, says there ain’t no bones broke an’ all you need is a bit of a rest. So take it easy, lad. You’re in good hands—if Russ Weaver does say it, as shouldn’t."

Elmer closed his eyes again and slept—and slept—and slept. He was in good hands, as Russ Weaver proved upon his recovery, by giving him a job in his store. It was a new and interesting experience for Elmer, for he had never lifted his hand before to do anything that remotely resembled work. He was janitor, clerk, bookkeeper and advertising manager of the firm. He worked hard with his head and his hands, too, from morning till night. He brought youth and inventiveness and modern methods to a worn-out old institution—all of which old Weaver appreciated. He gave him a suit of clothes out of stock as a sort of bonus. He could easily afford it, his business was prospering as it had never done before. Elmer was grateful for the suit, altho a few months before he would have characterized it as a crime! An atrocity! Furthermore, an impossibility! Elmer would have been as witty as he could be about it, but never would he have considered it in the light of belonging to him! However, several other salutary changes were taking place in Elmer’s hitherto purely ornamental existence. Gone was the old ennui, gone the constant craving for excitement and the inclination to break loose every so often. All that Elmer craved was another glimpse of the girl with the hat—without the hat rather, and that was soon gratified.

Everyone came to Weaver’s sooner or later, for he furnished everything that anyone could want from furniture to food, pianos to cattle fodder, and Margaret Andrews came too, for—no matter what—she came! It was not an unmixed blessing however, for she brought with her the village belle. What more meet than that the village belle should capture the village dandy? And if this agreeable arrangement was entirely satisfactory to Margaret’s father, it was decidedly not so to Elmer. After a glance intended to be scathingly contemptuous at the vivid checked sport coat, scarlet tie, and protuberant wrist-watch of his already hated rival, Elmer ignored him. But Lon Kimball could not be snubbed by a village clerk—so he thought, at any rate—so he ignored the ignoring and treated Elmer with a condescension that only amused him. He was busy making out a slip for Margaret’s purchases anyway. At the foot of the bill after the last interesting item about "6 spoons of 70 white thread," he wrote, "You have the prettiest blue eyes I ever saw." Margaret watched him fascinated, and his boldness went unrebuffed.

After that, Margaret did all the shopping for her family, of whose constantly growing needs, they were mercifully unaware. In the morning she marketed—at Weaver’s, and in the afternoon she shopped for odds and ends—at Weaver’s, and at night she treated her girl friends—or got her boy friends to treat her to ice cream—at Weaver’s. Lon Kimball complained and grew surly, but life was coated with an impenetrable sweetness for Margaret, and altho her father chided her and Lon redoubled his efforts, nothing outside of Weaver’s made any impression.

Weaver, feeling sorry for the young lovers and being all on Elmer’s side, loaned them one glorious Sunday his decrepit old buggy and they went off by themselves for the first time to picnic by the roadside. Altho Elmer had entertained many ladies of
various strata in society at luncheon, and was as self-
possessed as a cabinet official, he found himself tongue-
tied and awkward before the smiling sweetness of this 
rural little miss. Vocal utterance is, however, somewhat 
superfluous between lovers. Their hearts say so much, 
and Elmer's heart was beating out a very symphony of 
words which echoed and sang in Margaret's maiden breast 
when a Ford clanked noisily toward them.

"Damn Fords, anyway," cried Elmer in exasperation. 
"You can't get away from them. They're everywhere!"

But it was worse than that, for in the Ford, which was 
new and shining, by the way, and belonged to Lon Kim-
ball, sat its owner and Margaret's father.

"What is the meaning of this, Margaret?" asked Mr. 
Andrews, but that's only what fathers always say when 
they find the wayward daughter, no matter what she is 
doing.

"It means, sir—" exclaimed Elmer, rising to his feet. 
"Now, Elmer, I'll manage father," said Margaret soothe-
ingly.

"You've done altogether too much managing, young 
woman—of every one but yourself. Get in the car. 
We're going home. This is the limit of human endurance 
—to find my daughter picnicking in the roadside with a 
common tramp. You're incorrigible!"

Elmer had a momentary twinge of homesickness at the 
familiar words. All fathers were alike, he had time to 
think, and perhaps his wasn't any worse than the others. 
But Lon was cranking the Ford and Margaret waved a 
pitiful good-bye and blinked at him thru humiliated tears.

"Good-bye, Elmer, I'll see you later," she said in a 
pathetic attempt at bravado, and the car moved off.

Elmer kicked savagely at the inoffensive pop bottles 
which had laid down at the approach of the in-
truders. "If my father ever 
gets his hands on you, you old 
dumbbell!" he muttered furiously, and then recalled with 
a pang that he was to all in-
tents and purposes fatherless. 
He had to fight his own batt-
tles now. Well, he would, by 
George! He had money in the 
bank and when he had a little 
more he and Margaret would 
elope. In a sorry frame of 
mind, tho not entirely discour-
aged, he drove home alone, 
figuring out frantically how 
two people could live on 
twenty dollars a week when 
one had not been able to live 
on two hundred a week be-
fore. He longed for his dis-
carded parent and the com-
forts of the home he had left, 
but stuck resolutely to his 
plan to elope with Margaret. 
Of her consent he never 
doubted. Had she not showed 
him where she kept her preci-
cious ship of paper—the one 
about the "6 spools of 70 
white thread"—in the front 
of her waist, where she might 
read it as often as she 
liked?

Thereafter the young lovers 
met surreptitiously and man-
ged to extract considerable 
joy from the stolen sweet-
ness; for youth is confident 
if nothing else, and Elmer 
ever doubted that his ship 
was on her way toward port. 
Lon Kimball went around the 
town swaggering like a mili-
tant cock sparrow. He was 
perfectly content with life, 
too. Had he not taken Mar-
garet away from her humble 
lover? Was not Mr. Andrews 
plugging for him? Already

"Hang the ice cream!" retorted Elmer 
 wondering how it could be managed. 
But he waited until the immoderate 
 wedge of cake and unconscionable 
mound of ice cream was deposited safely 
on a nearby table.
Margaret seemed to be "getting over it." Women always "got over it" if you gave 'em time enough. She went around with sunlight in her eyes and laughter in her heart. Dear child! She could no more hide it than the fact that her eyes were blue. Youth is mercifully blind too, and Lon never guessed he was being rather an ass.

Finally the matter came to a head. Margaret gave a party; but, of course, she could not invite Elmer—not openly that is. They arranged a place to meet, where Elmer might be fed and kissed, maybe, unnoticed. It was out on the lawn under the rustling cottonwoods with the hammock stretched between—and dark as needs be, heaven knows. Elmer had never before been in enemy territory, and he reconnoitered as carefully as tho an entire German battery awaited his appearance. He found the hammock and the rustling cottonwoods all right and waited as patiently as any man ever waits for anything. Elmer missed a great many bets by not being born a poet. He could have whiled the time away by reciting Tennyson's "Maud." You know:

"Come into the garden, Maude,
For the black hat, night, hath flown . . .
And I am here at the gate alone."

But outside of "The Charge of the Light Brigade" which he was forced to learn in school, Tennyson meant nothing to Elmer, so he waited in silence and no recitation was born to sing unheard in the still night air.

Suddenly a hand reached out of the darkness and a voice said, "Elmer, where are you?"

"Here, sweetness," replied Elmer, leaping precipitously toward the hand.

"Oh, Elmer, the ice cream!" exclaimed Margaret, emerging from the shadows. "Look out! Elmer behave! Let me put it down first."

"Hang the ice cream!" retorted Elmer, wondering how it could be managed. But he waited until the immediate weight of cake, and unconscious mound of ice cream was deposited safely on a nearby table. Youth must be fed on food as well as kisses.

They sat down in the hammock which sank obligingly in the middle and jammed them uncomfortably but blissfully together. The world floated away on impalpable wings of mist. They sat silent as the under a spell, when out of the sweet scented dark crashed a hideous discord.

"Get up, you bum!" screamed the voice of Lon Kimball.

Elmer got up and Lon went down as quietly and unceremoniously as tho he had really planned to take a nap right about there.

After that the town grew pretty warm for Elmer. The constable called formally and haled him into court.

The untoward fact of his dirty ragged outer garments and the immaculate Italian silk B.V.D's in which he had made his début in Green Forks, took on a damaging significance.

People began to wonder who, if anybody, his parents were. What was his real name? Where was he born? Where had he come from, and why? An aura of mystery surrounded him. In short, from a commonplace grocery clerk he had suddenly become a figure of menace and danger to the community. Mr. Andrews was the richest and most important man in Green Forks, and what he said, went, irrespective of any intrinsic merit or demerit in the case. And Mr. Andrews wanted Elmer run out of town; so Elmer came very near to being run out of town. The second most important personage was Russ Weaver, fortunately for Elmer, and he wanted Elmer to stay; and Elmer came very near to staying, as we shall see. Perhaps the third most important villager was Margaret, and she wanted Elmer to stay, too. Constable Anderson was on three horns of a dilemma. He wanted to satisfy Russ Weaver. He couldn't help trying to please the beguiling Margaret and he was afraid not to appease his patron, Mr. Andrews.

Into this hopeless deadlock there drifted a minion of the law, that is, a policeman, looking for Elmer. Elmer had visions of three dead motor cops, a summons for speeding, a warrant for his arrest on fifty irredeemable counts and other distinctly unpleasant fancies. Elmer hoped the officer wouldn't find him, but it was a vain hope. Frying pan or fire thought he bitterly, disliking either rôle, what did it matter? He was going to lose Margaret anyway, so he surrendered to the strange officer, deciding that it was less ignominious to leave town with him voluntarily than to be driven out by the village.

(Continued on page 107)
Remembering Other Easter Days

Easter Day!
Pale spring sunshine sifting thru cathedral windows—
Starry lilies upon slender, swaying stalks—
And gay Easter bonnets above smiling faces—
For, verily, the chapeau is the herald of the season.

Dorothy DeVore, the vivacious Christie comedienne, has posed in a series of hats which attractively illustrate the evolution of the Easter bonnet.

At the top of the page is the quaint head dress worn by the ladies of 1862—
Just above is the demure bonnet of 1875—
And at the left is pictured the elaborate chapeau of 1900.

All photographs by C. E. Day, L. A.
Dorothy DeVore Illustrates the Evolution of the Easter Bonnet

Brocaded silks and satins and sweeping willow plumes were the vogue in 1902, while feather boas of the pastel shades protected white throats from stray winds—At the right is the feathered picture hat of 1910 which was placed with a definite touch upon a high coiffure; and just above is the infinitely more practical Easter bonnet of today. What it lacks in the picturesque qualities it makes up in utility.
The Idealist Speaks

By KENNETH CURLEY

“I believe absolutely in divorce!”

I sat up suddenly. I’m afraid I stared. I recall that I said, “What!” loudly and rather gapingly. And then Bessie did it all over again, this time thumping her elbow upon the desk and nodding vigorously.

“Ab-so-lute-ly!” she said, tightening her lips. “I’m for making divorce a good deal (Continued on page 109)
The Holubars Incorporated

Modesty and Love married!

It was the stage production of "Everywoman" that brought Dorothy Phillips and Allen Holubar together, when they played these roles—

The difficulties of hotel life, road shows, the irregularity of rehearsals and the few opportunities of always obtaining roles in the same company blocked their path.

So they came to the screen.

Now Mr. Holubar has his own company and Dorothy Phillips is the star. They have their charming home a short distance from the studios where they may run their unfinished pictures in their private projection-room and work over their stories undisturbed.

Their next production will be "The Soul Seeker."
NAZIMOVA takes her innermost reactions and emotions and flings them tempestuously upon the screen. Neither is there shame in the nakedness of their revelation. Perhaps that is why she has always been such a splendid Nora in Henrik Ibsen’s drama of “The Doll’s House.” Perhaps that is why she chose this production, which has been filmed before in the last few years, for her first release under her independent company.

Altho Ibsen wrote “The Doll’s House” in the latter half of the nineteenth century, it is particularly pertinent today. As a matter of fact, he was undoubtedly premature in his conception of Nora, the woman who demands her right to be an individual before and above everything else.

Nora has made great sacrifices and dedicated the years to pleasing her husband. It is after an exhibition of his selfishness and his disregard for her as an individual that she realizes that she has been as a doll in a doll’s house, a pleasant toy for her successful husband when he desired amusement. Then Nora goes forth into the night, sacrificing all she has held unutterably dear, that she may salvage her individuality.

In the early scenes wherein Nora endeavors to amuse her husband by her coy and kittenish antics, Nazimova has gone to great extremes. Personally we think this unnecessary. She might have suggested the doll in the doll’s house by far more subtle methods—methods of which she is undoubtedly capable. Explaining these antics, her Nora tells a friend that she is keeping the secret of the great sacrifice she has made to tell her husband when they are older—when she cannot keep his love by amusing him in such an acrobatic fashion. This was depressing, for if it is by such methods that the love of husbands is retained, innumerable women will find themselves the objects of waning affections.

It is in the latter scenes of this production that...
Nazimova does her best work. Her Nora who dances frantically to keep her husband from the letter-box wherein lies an incriminating letter; her Nora dancing at the masquerade with a worried heart; and her Nora stunned by the discovery that she has been little more than a pleasant toy despite her effort toward comradeship and understanding—they are, all of them, human characterizations.

"The Doll's House" is the best thing Nazimova has done in some time. In spots it displays a continued lapse of perspective, but on the other hand, there is a definite purpose in its existence. Alan Hale was well cast as Torvald Helmer, the misunderstanding husband, and Nigel De Brulier was very real as Doctor Rank, loving Nora. Others in the cast were Wedgwood Nowell, Florence Fisher, and Philippe De Lacy. Charles Bryant did well with the direction.

THE BRIDE'S PLAY
—COSMOPOLITAN

Some of the titles in "The Bride's Play" said "Acushla," and there was an old servant who said "Wurra," so you knew the story was laid in Ireland. Then, to be sure, the explanatory title at the beginning of the story told you of the locale. Whether you would have dreamed it was Ireland otherwise is doubtful. Personally, we felt no Emerald Isle atmosphere. Oh yes! There was a row of thatched cottages too—such very clean cottages. You might have mistaken them for the latest things in Hollywood dressing-room bungalows.

Now it seems that the bride's play is a custom where the bride accosts every man present at the marital festivities and asks him "Are you the one I love the best?" When she comes, at last, to the groom he answers "Yes." There are lots of other games we could

(Continued on page 116)
Doing As the Movies Do

whilst I fished about in my mental pabulum for a direct query to fire at him. After a struggle, the cigarette was rolled—and lighted. Sawyer, the Man Friday of the Post dressing-room these six years past, presented the match at the psychological moment.

It was a sort of gala occasion, this first interview granted by America's greatest stage lover since he entered the realm of reels. He didn't know what to say, and he was so famous already that I stammered. It looked like an awful mess. One by one the big peaches of the speakies have dropped off the dramatic tree, and in some

"In this play, 'The Masquerader,' I play two roles, as you know. The movies seem to love to have their stars play two roles, and, of course, I am doing it!" Above, a portrait of Mr. Post taken in the studio; at the right, in a scene; and below, on the lawn of his Pasadena home with Adele Richlie Post.

"I am just as much an authority on the movies as a bull in a china shop is on china!" smiled Guy Bates Post as I bearded him in his Sawyer-guarded den.

"And just as much at home," he added, starting to roll a cigarette, taking some paths. I think the early Bill Hart period had already begun to get in its dirty work on Mr. Post. He started off with one hand at it and finished up with both and wishing for a third.

"When you're in the movies, do as the movies do," he went on, staging a sort of little monolog

I

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"I've been working before the camera for two weeks, and I feel like a veteran at it already," he went on, laying the hand-made cigarette aside and selecting a Turkish, which Sawyer produced as if by instinct.

"But nobody else around the studio seems to think I am a vet. I hear the prop boys and the 'lights' sighing like cyclones because I am

instances off their high horses, into the laps of the movie gods. Here I was face to face with the last of these. And one by one, they have murmured sweet nothings about "what they think of the movies." For the most part, these murmurings have taken the form of faint praise—with reservations.

"Oh, the movies are all right," they say, "but then, you know, of course . . ." and so on. But not so with young Mr. Post. He is head over heels in love with a new mistress—the fillums, by gosh!

"I've been working before the camera for two weeks, and I feel like a veteran at it already," he went on, laying the hand-made cigarette aside and selecting a Turkish, which Sawyer produced as if by instinct.

"But nobody else around the studio seems to think I am a vet. I hear the prop boys and the 'lights' sighing like cyclones because I am
By GORDON GASSAWAY

so slow. Camera angles make me feel like an animated lesson in geometry, but everything is fascinating. Not nearly so hard as the stage, because we get breathing spells every few minutes; while on the stage I worked for two and a half hours without drawing a free breath, sometimes twice a day."

Guy Bates Post, who sprang into fame many years ago on Broadway at Daly’s, who gave us “The Heir to the Hurrah,” “Soldiers of Fortune,” “Omar, the Tentmaker,” and his never-to-be-forgotten beach-comber in “The Bird of Paradise,” is a new young man of the movies. In California and picture-land, age is never counted. There is no age in the cinema—if you can get away with it. Lewis Stone has played The Prisoner of Zenda in Rex Ingram’s production of that name. Elsie Ferguson has played the elderly Duchess of Towers in “Forever,” and even Nazimova gave us the sixteen-year-old “Brat.” No, age is a matter of make-up.

But with the marvelous Post, it is more than that. According to stage history, he might be anything, as mortals reckon time. But as we chatted in his dressing-room near the Richard Walton Tully stage in Hollywood the other day, I swear I might have been discussing pictures or bull in a china shop—or in a cigarette, with a youth of twenty-eight or a man of thirty-five. You young ladies of another day, who thrilled at the young Post’s past declarations of love on the stage, look to your ironguettes when you see him in “The Masquerader” on the screen!

Lest you think I do protest too much—of age—I’ll take up the thread of conversation spun by this rarely interesting artist. Oh, and he is an artist! He acted out the interview for me! I was only a spectator, and his little reception-room, the stage.

"In this play of ‘The Masquerader’ I play two roles, as you know. The movies seem to love to have their stars play two roles, and, of course, I am doing it! Anyway, one of the characters is the good man, and the other is the naughty dope fiend. He just loves his dope, and it does him in. It ruins him, as dope ruins everyone who looks upon it. But in America we cannot show him taking dope, and enjoying it. I have to do it this way . . ."

Then he jumped to his feet, seeming to tower above me in my rockin’ chair, altho he is really quite short, which (Continued on page 105)
On the Camera Coast

There was a rumor afloat that the studios of Famous Players-Lasky in Hollywood would be transferred to New York; presumably for the "divine" purpose of protecting the "family name" from another Arbuckle affair or case as startling as the murder of director Taylor. There is a peculiar logic in such reasoning—however, the attitude of the Lasky Corporation was forcibly expressed by one of its officials: "There is just as much possibility of Famous Players-Lasky moving the extensive Hollywood studios to New York to get away from any unfortunate happenings which bring broad notoriety to the entire picture industry as there is of Wall Street's moving to Hollywood to break away from such scandals as the Stillman case."

The original plan of engaging John S. Robertson to direct Rudolfo Valentino in "Blood and Sand," Ibañez's novel, has been altered and Fred Niblo will hold the directorial reins for this production. Mr. Robertson will be remembered for his direction of Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy." Mr. Niblo, famous both as a director and the husband of Enid Bennett, has been enjoying free-lancing for some time and has to his recent credit Douglas Fairbanks in "The Mark of Zorro," also in "The Three Musketeers" and the Thomas H. Ince special, "Mother O' Mine."

Valentino's sensational success in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" has recently resulted in his signing the dotted line on a Famous Players-Lasky contract for a reported salary of $2,000 per week. It is interesting to note that his first starring feature under the new contract will again bring him in an Ibañez's story, and, still more interesting, that the woman to whom he owes his real discovery, June Mathis, who adapted "The Four Horsemen" to the screen, will write the scenario for "Blood and Sand." Miss Mathis first noticed Valentino as a type and personality in Clara Kimball Young's picture, "The Eyes of the World," wherein he played a small part. Just about that time the screen version of "The Four Horsemen" was taking definite form in her mind, and she felt that Valentino was the ideal type for Julio. Her engagement was probably a case of returning the favor. At least, it is believed to be that. Perhaps
Valentino’s sincere appreciation of her belief in his ability produced the thought vibration that suggested to Famous Players-Lasky Miss Mathis as the logical writer to build the second Ibañez scenario.

Elsie Ferguson and Alice Brady will, it is said, join the Hollywood Lasky colony in the near future. Miss Ferguson has abandoned appearing in a new stage play to fulfill her Paramount contract. There probably will be as much "ado" about Miss Brady's initial trip to this Coast as there was when Norma Talmadge, husband Joseph Schenck, and sister Constance recently arrived in the poppy state, altho the Talmadge girls had made pictures here before.

Norma Talmadge is going to give her "fans" a distinctive and rare treat as "The Duchess of Langeais," the French heroine of Balzac's novel, laid in the 19th century, judging from the sumptuous sets being used as background for the unfoldment of this romantic tale. Women, especially, are going to revel in the be-trained brocade gowns and be-plumed hats that bring to the beautiful Norma a stately and picturesque charm.

Connie Talmadge is vacationing for a month until her next comedy will be ready for production. In the meantime, she is thoroughly enjoying living at sister Natalie and brother (in-law) Buster Keaton's Westchester Place home—and apparently gaining extensive knowledge of the art of ball-room dancing from the French favorite, Maurice, who has added to the pleasure of "Cocoanut Groovers" at the Ambassador. Maurice has been at the famous hostelry for about a month—and, of course, Constance loves to trip the light fantastic. Maurice probably is interested in the making of movies, and under the generalship of so famous a star as Constance the heavily barred gates of the studios are, we should say, widely swung open for him. But then, Connie is busy with other important details also—such as adding to her smart wardrobe (Constance is a chic dresser) and possibly buying dainty little pink and white adornments for a big springtime event at the Keatons' which will crown her with the title "Auntie."

Another busy studio on the United Artists' lot, where the Talmadges work, is that of Nazimova. Ibsen's "A Doll's House" has been released and Mme. Alla has since been intent upon an interesting adaptation of Oscar Wilde's "Salome."

(Continued on page 110)
Letters to the Editor

Letters to the editor cannot be used in this department unless the name and address of the writer is given. If the writer desires that only initials be used in publication, please specify.

Happy endings accepted in novels—then why not on the screen? writes this reader.

DEAR SIR: I should like to state how much I appreciate reading "Letters to the Editor" in your publication. Being a very ardent reader of the Motion Picture Magazine, I wonder why I have never written to you before.

I agreed with "Virginia Movie Fan" regarding the happy endings of photoplays. Occasionally, it is all right to see a tragic finish, such as in "Broken Blossoms," but for the majority of the plays I think this "happy ever after" ending is the brightest way to go. No doubt it will please people say, "But that is not true to life." It is seldom that anything happens in the movies that is true to life. They are, to me, a form of entertainment. No doubt I am to expect this happy ending in most of the plays, and as I said above, it is only for our entertainment and enjoyment, so why should we feel sad and depressed when the show is over?

When you read a novel, you generally expect the hero and heroine to marry and live happily ever after, so why not in the movies?

It seems a pity to me that our favorites of a few years ago—take Alice Brady, Clara Bow, and Lillian Gish—art—are hardly ever seen now, at least it is so in Montreal, and that, I believe, is the reason for their decline in popularity. They possibly act in one or two plays during a year; then, in the meantime, some new star is heralded and featured in about six or seven plays within that time, which keeps her before the public. You cannot always boost players when you seldom see them.

Wishing your magazine every success in the future which it now enjoys, I am, Sincerely yours,

MURIEL C. MORRIS, Montreal, P. Q., Canada.

Scotland—and the shadow drama's conception of it.

DEAR MR. EDITOR: As a reader of your very artistic and interesting magazine living in "bonnie" Scotland, I am writing to you now to air a grievance which I have against certain American films.

Before starting to criticize, however, I would just like to say how deservedly popular American photoplays and players are over here. American players also seem to be possessed with a superabundance of charm. Hence, the reason for their being such favorites. As thought, I believe, America leads the motion picture industry of the entire world, without a doubt, but the time is not very far off when some of the European countries must begin to take account in the race for world dominance in the industry.

Now, my grievance is this: why do you American producers make your screen plays dealing with Scottish life and character without first gaining a knowledge of their subject? "Bunny Pulls the Strings," a Scotch comedy, was an absolute failure, but as a burlesque it was quite good. And again, why do they attempt to transmute Berrie, the Scottish genius, to the screen, without making a mess of the process? Living in the district where Barrie was born, and practically in the midst of most of the scenes described in his works, I can assure you that I have a knowledge of what I am talking about. "The Admirable Crichton," shown in the United States as "Male and Female," was a glaring instance, as the character of the janitor was based on a piece of caricature of Scotch aristocracy. It was very good; but it is by no means the only example of this.

The last one was recently seen in the "White Light." The hero of this was the one star not mentioned in fan letters, and that particular star is one of my favorites. The reason is that she is of one of the favorite type of beauty rarely found among other players. Her charm does not seem to reflect her personality and her acting casts a spell of silent wonder on her audience. She is the "lily maid of the screen." Now, can you imagine what the American producers can do with her?

I have only missed two of her plays, "Broken Blossoms" and "The Greatest Question," the very ones I wish so much to see. I like film acting of the true-life type, and I believe that the things of life are the source of the best material. The "Little Minister" scene on the screen. Betty Compson, a very competent actress, I admit, is not a suitable type for the role of Barrie. After consideration, I have come to the conclusion that America cannot cinemate Barrie, Scotland's renowned son.

I don't see any reason, either, for the difficulty in securing one some to take the role of Peter Pan for the movies. There are dozens of young and talented actresses over here who have played the part on the stage and are competent to play it in the screen adaptation. It is a role for a British actress, anyway; I doubt if any American could even give sign of such a part to a true British atmosphere. Why doesn't Paramount produce their Barrie adaptation in their London studio, and come up here for exteriors? Such an arrangement might be more conducive to retaining the elusive Barrie element.

Here's wishing every success to the American studios. There are no other magazines of their kind in the whole world that can hold a candle to 'em.

Please excuse me for taking up so much of your valuable space.

Faithfully yours,

DAVID D. JOLLY, 27 Queen St., Forfar, Scotland.

Lauding Mary Pickford and Lillian Gish.

DEAR EDITOR: Will a Florida movie fan have a chance to express his opinions to others thru the letter column of the Motion Picture Magazine? I am a devoted reader of the Magazine, and have been especially interested in the letter department. So far, I have failed to see a letter from Florida, and I thought it time for a Florida fan to appear on the scene.

In the September issue I read an interesting letter in the defense of Mary Pickford, and I wish to say that the person who wrote it has the true spirit regarding her place on the screen. I, too, am an admirer of Mary. I think that she is the greatest star in the game! Without a doubt, Mary Pickford will always be dear to the American public.

Of course I do not think "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Pollyanna" and "Daddy Long Legs" are the best, and I shall never forget them. I saw "Rebecca" twice, and am ready to see it the third time.

"The Love Light" was a wonderful picture, and Mary acted her part well; but, somehow, I could not help but think why she was out of place. I do like to see her as a child; simply because she has the talent of portraying childhood as no other star can, and why she could have played "The Love Light" with as much success. I think Shirley Mason would have been better fitted for "The Love Light."

There was been one star not mentioned in fan letters, and that particular star is one of my favorites. She is of a type of beauty rarely found among other players. Her charm does not seem to reflect her personality, and her acting casts a spell of silent wonder on her audience. She is the "lily maid of the screen." Now, can you imagine what the American producers can do with her?

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Here's wishing every success to the American studios. There are no other magazines of their kind in the whole world that can hold a candle to 'em.

Please excuse me for taking up so much of your valuable space.

Faithfully yours,

DAVID D. JOLLY, 27 Queen St., Forfar, Scotland.
What causes hangnails?
You need never again have a raw, ragged cuticle

AUTHORITIES agree that hangnails are caused either by neglect or by wrong methods of care. If neglected, the cuticle will grow fast to the nail. As the nail pushes forward, the cuticle stretches until it can stretch no more. Then it splits—and you have a hangnail. Or, if you cut the cuticle with knife or scissors, you are likely to pierce through to the nail root and then you get the same result.

To prevent hangnails, therefore, you must constantly detach the cuticle from the nail—but you must do this without cutting or breaking it or you will have hangnails just as surely as if you neglected it.

This thin fold of scarf-skin is like the selvage edge of a piece of cloth. When it is cut or torn, the whole nail rim gradually ravelis out. This is why you can never have smooth nail rims when you make a practice of cutting the cuticle.

Cutex Cuticle Remover will soften the cuticle, gently loosen it from the nail, and take off all hard, dry edges. If you will throw away your manicure scissors and begin to use Cutex regularly, you will never again have hangnails. Your very first trial will leave your nail rims smooth and even—however rough you may have made them by cutting.

Two new polishes to complete your manicure

Then for the gleaming luster that you want for your nails, try the two new polishes that Cutex now offers you. Cutex Powder Polish is practically instantaneous. With just a few light strokes, it gives you the highest, most lasting luster obtainable. Cutex Liquid Polish goes on with an absolutely uniform smoothness, dries instantly, and leaves a delightful luster that keeps its even brilliance for at least a week.

Cutex Sets in four sizes
To many thousands of people, a Cutex Set is now an absolute toilet necessity. You can buy them in four sizes, the Compact Set at 60c, the Traveling Set at $1.50, the Five-Minute Set at $1.00, and the Boudoir Set at $3.00. Or each preparation can be had separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada.

Introductory Set—only 12c
Send 12c today in coin or stamps for the new Introductory Set, containing samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), the new Liquid Polish and the new Powder Polish, with orange stick and emery board. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. 805, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12 CENTS TODAY

Northam Warren, Dept. 805, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

Name ________________________________

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City and State ________________________
Greenroom Jottings

Charles Ray is going to play the title role in "The Tailor-Made Man." The screen rights to this popular stage play were originally purchased for Jack Pickford, but it has since been decided that the role is not quite in keeping with the personality which Jack hopes to create. On the other hand, it is ideal material for Mr. Ray. Jack wants to be a human being, so to speak. He wants to do things like "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," and "Bill Apperson's Boy."

Eric von Stroheim recently spent two or three months in the East while his production "Foolish Wives" was being shown upon Broadway. Now, after weeks of vacationing and rest, he will return to Universal City to resume his responsibilities in the production department.

Charlie Chaplin has practically completed his latest comedy "Pay Day." It is said to border upon the broad slap-stick variety. In the cast are Edna Purviance, Sid Chaplin, Mack Swain and Henry Bergman.

There have been no announcements of new stars in a long, long time. However, Bull Montana has been elevated to a star's estate. Just what his first picture will be has not been announced but it is said that it will be admirably suited to Mister Montana's talents.

"The Magnificent Ambersons," the Booth Tarking-ton story, will soon belong to the screen. The Vitagraph company are to film it and it is likely that Jean Paige will be the featured player.

Bryant Washburn is to be the leading man for Katherine Mac-Donald in a forthcoming production.

It is quite true that Norma and Constance Talmadge will continue to make pictures in the California studios which have been purchased for their use. However, between pictures, they may be found in New York. Here they visit with their friends and enjoy the theaters for a week or two, after which they return to the land of orange trees and disappearing beds. A trip from one coast to the other means nothing in the life of a cinema star—just nothing! Other people plan for it for a lifetime.

Many of the stars have returned from Europe.

Pearl White came back and remained in New York about three days, if we remember correctly. Then she sailed again for some other foreign shore.

James Kirkwood is back—for good, so far as we can learn. He will leave shortly for the California coast where he will start work.

Ruby de Remer too has returned—with trunks upon trunks of importations. Two or three of them, we understand, were filled with filmy black lingerie. It is the latest thing in gay Paree.

Speaking of Pearl White—she is going to return to the Pathé Company and serials.

Henry Walthall has deserted the stage for a time. "The Able-Minded Lady," the popular Saturday Evening Post story will serve as his forthcoming vehicle. Certainly the screen is the loser when he confines himself to his stage work.

Recently when Mary Pickford was in New York, she had a theater party. It wasn't a great affair. Lillian and Dorothy Gish and Mary have been friends ever since the old Biograph days when they all worked under D. W. Griffith. So when Mrs. Fairbanks gets to Gotham they usually take advantage of it. This time Mr. Fairbanks took them all to see Lenore Ulric in "Kiki." Needless to say, it was a big night for the audience and the famous four had to get to their car thru a side exit.

Elmer Clifton is looking for a whale with a screen personal-
One cream to protect against wind and sun

A different cream to cleanse the skin thoroughly

WIND and dust whip the natural moisture out of the skin. Sun burns and tans it and coarsens its texture. To keep your skin from becoming permanently rough and coarse, you must protect it yourself before you go out.

The cream to use before going out
Pond's Vanishing Cream gives the skin just the protection it needs. It is a softening cream based on an ingredient famous for its soothing effect on the skin. This cream acts as an invisible shield against the drying effect of wind and sun. It keeps the natural moisture in the skin and prevents dust and dirt from clogging the pores.

The moment you smooth Pond's Vanishing Cream on the face it disappears, leaving the skin delightfully soft and velvety. Moreover it cannot reappear to make the face shiny for it is entirely free from oil.

The smooth surface which it gives the skin forms a perfect base for powder. In warm weather when the face has a greater tendency to shine, use Pond's Vanishing Cream to hold the powder and see how much longer you can go without powdering.

The cream to use for cleansing
At night, just before retiring, or right after you have come in from an automobile trip or any unusual exposure to dust and dirt, cleanse your face thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream. This cream is entirely different from the protective daytime cream. It is made with just enough oil to penetrate the pores and rid them of dirt without overloading them with oil.

When you have smoothed Pond's Cold Cream well into the pores and allowed it to work its way out of the skin again, wipe it off with a soft cloth. This deep cleansing leaves the skin free from the grime that pores too deep for ordinary washing to remove.

Once or twice a week after this nightly cleansing, give the face a second application of Pond's Cold Cream. Work it in gently where lines are starting to form. The oil in this delicate cream lubricates the skin and keeps it elastic, so that little lines cannot fasten themselves on the face and form wrinkles.

Start today to use these two creams
Both these creams are too delicate in texture to clog the pores and neither cream will encourage the growth of hair. Get them in jars or tubes in convenient sizes. Drug and department stores can supply you. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.
it. Recently he sailed for a ten weeks' cruise in the Caribbean, where he will film a whaling spectacle. Aboard the whaling schooner there was a crew of forty whalers and Mr. Clifton's company, including Raymond McKee, who is the leading-man. The story is a colorful one and deals with the famous whaling industry.

Sophie Irene Loeb, the famous author and newspaper woman, has written a novel story for Jackie Coogan. Incidentally, she will go to the Coast and assist in the production of her scenario.

William de Mille, who so successfully brings the drama of everyday to the screen, has been entrusted with the production of "Nice People," the stage play in which Francine Larrimore scored such a success.

Loyalty is often rewarded. For years Edna Purviance has been the leading-lady of Charlie Chaplin. Now Mr. Chaplin will commence the production of a series of pictures with Edna as the featured player.

Raoul Walsh and his wife Miriam Cooper will, in all likelihood, sail for Europe where they will produce their next production.

William Fox has secured the screen rights to the A. S. M. Hutchinson novel, "If Winter Comes." This is, without any doubt, one of the finest novels we have had in years and it should prove a foundation for an extraordinary photoplay. Someone suggested that it was not for a Sunshine comedy—.

Frank Mayo and his siren bride, Dagmar Godowsky, are contemplating a vaudeville tour. And there is perhaps no fairer compromise between the screen and opera.

Despite frequent denials, there is a persistent rumor anent Estelle Taylor and George Walsh. Mr. Walsh and Miss Taylor are constantly together and it may be that a final divorce decree is responsible for the delay of nuptials. Seena Owen was formerly Mrs. Walsh.

Raymond McKee, the popular leading man, has announced his interest in wedding bells and things matrimonial. Frances White the musical comedy star is the reason.

Remember Bryant Washburn in "Skinner's Dress Suit"? Almost everyone does. It is not unlikely that Mr. Washburn will again undertake the role of Skinner. It was this role which brought him so unmistakably to the fore and furthermore, it was chosen for him by Mrs. Washburn.

Anita Stewart has bobbed her hair!

So has Dorothy Phillips!

There is an heiress in the Mix family. Thomas is wearing a broad grin these days. Thomasina Mix arrived one February day and all's well.

Charlie Chaplin's book "My Trip Abroad" has met with great popularity. Already the first edition is exhausted and the critics, even those notably difficult to please, have praised it lavishly. In its pages Mr. Chaplin tells about the celebrities by whom he was entertained abroad and thru it all there is a sense of humor which does credit to the author.

Ferdinand Pinney Earle who has completed his film translation of Omar Khayyam's "Rubaiyat" has announced his intention of eventually filming several of the (Continued on page 107)

Allan Dwan will assume the directorial responsibilities of the next Douglas Fairbanks production—the title has not yet been announced. And Enid Bennet will be the leading lady.
Tests made by great manufacturer of blankets show safest way to wash them

FINE woolen blankets will last a lifetime if properly cared for, but a single careless laundering can ruin them—felt them and make them harsh.

The manufacturer is as interested as the owner in finding the safest way to wash fine blankets. For this reason, the makers of the North Star blankets had extensive washing tests made.

The letter from The North Star Woolen Mill Co. tells what these tests showed them about washing blankets and why they enthusiastically recommend Lux.

Leaver Brothers Co.
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

We picked out several of our finest blankets and had them washed in Lux. Each blanket was given the number of launderings it would normally receive.

The blankets were still soft and fleecy at the end of the washings. They showed no signs of fraying or spotting and the colored stripes and fancy borders did not run. There was a complete absence of the little balls of matted wool that make a blanket lumpy in texture. Washing with a strong soap will not woolen in this way.

We attribute the satisfactory results we obtained with Lux only in part to the fact that its flake form does away with rubbing. Even more important to our minds is its absolute purity and mildness. It will cleanse the finest woolen with entire safety.

Very truly yours,

S. D. Russell
The North Star Woolen Mill Co.

Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 15
Cambridge, Mass.

LUX

Wash your blankets the way the North Star Woolen Mill Company recommends. These directions are in our booklet of expert laundering advice. Send for it today—it is free. Lever Bros. Co., Dept 15 Cambridge, Mass.
Spring has come! I raise my glass of buttermilk and drink this toast to you.

A glass is good, and a loss is good,
And a pipe to smoke in cold weather;
The world is good, and the people are good
And we're all good fellows together.

Mary.—And, sure, it's a grand old name. No record of Henry Updegrove. Sorry.

GLADYS F.—Norma Talmadge is playing in "By Right of Purchase," and Constance is playing in "Good Night, Paul." Both are revivals. You say, "Lots of people act well, but very few people talk well, which shows that talking is much the more difficult thing of the two, and much the finer thing also." Yes, it is an art to talk well—that's why I write. Some are best qualified for the movies, others for the speakeys, but, as for me, I give me the writers.

ETTRICK A.—Thanks for the card. Sorry I can't be of more assistance.

RUSSELL B. H.—Well, now, that's a mighty good photo. You're a fine looking boy. Your letter indicates that you have a sense of humor, too. As for becoming a Valentino—you have my permission. Write him Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Los Angeles, Calif. Write me again.

USBULA S.—Well, a man who is so much talked about is always very attractive. Yes, Joseph Moore is one of the brothers. Constance is the younger. Louise Huff is married to a Mr. Stillman. So you like to see Gloria Swanson and Wallace Reid play together.

SULTANA.—Come, and I will play with thee. What shall it be? Do I think Eugene O'Brien would correspond with a girl? Well, I have known him to. But she must be astoundingly good-looking and write entertainingly. Jackie Coogan is to make "The Prince and the Pauper," "Buster Brown" and "Just David." I am anxious to see him; aren't you?

VIRGINIA.—De tout mon coeur. I welcome you. When I read your red-hot letter, it nearly scorched my whiskers. I don't need anyone to feed me mush, thank you; my teeth are all working. No, I haven't heard of J. Warren Kerrigan signing up for the legitimate. Poor Jack! Once he was the most popular of them all. You ask, "Do you think a strong gal would have the power to ruffle Ruddie Valentino's brilliantly plastered locks? Does he glue them together in order to make them lie so? For heaven's sake, old sensitive, what do you do?" Ask dad; he knows. Write me soon again. You know, you are one of my first loves.

L. E. B.—Well, I haven't tried to psycho-analyze myself as yet. Have read a bit of Fred, Tridon and Brill, but it's too deep for me. You write a very clever letter, and I sure do appreciate your kind remarks.


MARGARET J.—No, I didn't go to Harvard. It is the oldest college in the United States, established in 1638, so I suppose that's why you suspect me. And please don't call me Noah. No, I don't know who said, "Industry is the right-hand of fortune, the grave of care, and the cradle of content." I guess it's Job, in "The Book of Job." You Leave Home," Pauline Frederick, in "The Glory of Clementine," and Dorris May, in "Boy Crazy.

RESTLE.—Do you refer to Alfred Hickman? Yes, Rosemary Theby has been on the stage. William Faversham is playing in "The Squaw Man," on the stage. Monte Blue is six feet two inches tall.

MISS SPEER.—Don't rely on women. Woman seldom hesitates to sacrifice the honest man who less impress her, to the libertines who please her, without loving her. You say you put your hair up on curlers every night and you can sleep with the things in your hair. I advise you to cut your hair off. So you are in love with Jack Holt. Walter McGrail was Charles in "Hab."

MADLYN Y.—Thanks, but we always find wit and merit in those who look at us with admiration. Yes, Charlie Chaplin's "A Dog's Life," "Sunnyside," "Shoulder Arms" and "A Day's Pleasure" are to be revived. So you think I am about twenty-three. Keep on guessing. I will give you eighty-one more guesses. Marshall Neilan is to direct Mary Pickford in "Tess of the Storm Country" which she is going to do over again.

BABBIE.—Toacco was discovered in San Domingo in 1496, afterwards by the Spaniards in Yucatan in 1520, and was introduced into France in 1560 and into England in 1583. Eugene O'Brien is playing in "Prophets Paradise" and Tom Mix in "Free Range Ranch." Gloria Swanson and Wallace Reid both with Lasky.

MARMION H.—Funny, you have the same name as I have. See above for Valentino's address.

R. V. ADMIRER.—Well, prior to the World War we owed other countries five billion dollars; foreign peoples now owe us in excess of twelve billions. For further figures, I refer you to Mr. Mellon, William Ducean and Edith Johnson, in "Man Hunters." Wanda Hawley in "The Truthful Lie.

CURIOS.—No, the old believe everything, the middle-aged suspect everything, and the young know everything. Grace Darmond is playing in "Handle with Care," Harvey Mather in "Mystery of the Mission." William Russell in "Strength of the Pines." Yes, Pearl White in "The Broadway Peacock."


MILDRED.—Gloria Swanson is about twenty-five. Viola Dana is twenty-four, Elaine Hammerstein is twenty-five, and Harold Lloyd is twenty-nine.
Making the MOST of Your Hair
How to Make Your Hair Make You More Attractive

EVEryWHERE you go your hair is noticed most critically. People judge you by its appearance. It tells the world what you are.

If you wear your hair becomingly and always have it beautifully clean and well-kept, it adds more than anything else to your attractiveness and charm.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck; it is simply a matter of care.

Study your hair, take a hand mirror and look at the front, the sides and the back. Try doing it up in various ways. See just how it looks best.

A slight change in the way you dress your hair, or in the way you care for it, makes all the difference in the world in its appearance.

In caring for the hair, 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 luxurious.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together and feel 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 discriminating women, everywhere, now 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:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRSt, put two or three teaspoonsfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear, warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonsfuls 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.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

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 at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.
LOVER OF MOVIES.—There's no way you can get into pictures that I know of. There are a great many experienced players and not working. 

VALENTINO FAN.—As Oscar Wilde says: "Love is all very well in its way, but friendship is much higher. Indeed, nothing in the world is either soberer or, rather, than a devoted friendship." And then my sentiments all over!

BILLBILLY.—Yes, that is true. Even business should have a picturesque background. Yes, Bebe Daniels in "Nancy from Nowhere." 

FRANK T.—Well, there are more men who have missed opportunities than there are who have lacked opportunities. "Cabiria" was produced in Italy and they were all foreign players. Ben Turpin is playing in "Bright Eyes." I hope he doesn't want to play "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Write me again.

WEEPING WILLOW.—You have a great heart and a great heart has no room for the memory of wrong. Agnes Ayres in The Ordeal." Clara Kimball Young is playing in "What No Man Knows." We can all learn from the "Young." That's a bad one. Betty Compson is not married, but Zeena Keefe is. Yes, Wallace Reid is the father of a child.

MADCAP.—No, I don't intend to get a new spring suit—I can't who make their do a principal part of themselves will, in general, become of no more value than their dress. No, Mona Lisa is not a star. You want to see her on one of our covers.

ALAN B.—It is caused by the time we live. No more birthdays for me. I will be eighty-one from now on. Mary Miles Minter's name is Juliet Reilly and she is playing in "Tillie." You say you sent twenty-five cents to Forest and Constance and to Mae Murray and they haven't answered your letters. Well, you know times are hard and they may need the money. They make only a few thousand dollars a week, you know.

FANNIE G.—Your letter was a work of art. Write me another.

DOH.—That's the way it goes sometimes. The worst work is always done with the best intentions, and that people are never so trivial as when they take themselves very seriously. "The Goddess" is an old serial picture with Anita Stewart in the lead, and I doubt whether it will ever be revived.

FAT.—So you have been in a "Selling B." It is many years ago that I used to spell. I remember sitting down on the word "thesis." Marie Prevost is playing in "Kissed," directed by King Baggott. It ought to be easy to direct, No, I don't mind reading thru your letter. Send me another.

HELEN J. H.—Remember the old saying: Helen: "Love exists only, but can be relived; live worn out—never," How far has it gone? Better join one of the correspondence clubs. Send a stamped addressed envelope for a list of them.

GALVE S.—It was Shakespeare who said: "If music be the food of love, play on." Thanks for yours. Yes, this is sulphur and molasses season, you know.

HELEN E. P.—Well, women and music should never be dated. Thomas Meighan is sixty-three. Baby Mary Osborne is not playing now. I hope you have fully recovered by now. Let me hear from you again.

RUTH Z.—You say you dont know which of the three you like best—Rudolph Valentino, Richard Barthelmess or Antonio Moreno. Well, you like dark men, dont you? Sorry I'm a fool. Richard Barthelmes was interviewed in April, 1921, issue.


R. B.—Politics is to do or say the kindest things in the kindest way. Yes, Florence Lawrence in "The Uoftoldment," which was released the first of the year. Cortine Griffith and Rockcliffe Fellowes, in "Island Gordon" was Clarence and Harry Myers was the Yankee. No, May McAvoy is not married. Sisters.

ALAN M.—I'll keep your old answer. Ralph Graves was born in Cleveland.

Ohio. As Whittier says: "One brave deed makes no heros." ALLAH.—Better write to our editorial department about that.

CARROTS.—Talking about production—a female spider can produce two thousand eggs. A queen bee produces one hundred thousand eggs in a season. Thats going some, isn't it? Neely Edwards was Daddy Toto in "A Little Clown" and Betty Ross Clarke was Peggy in "Brewster's Millions." 

JEAN M. S.—I'm sorry. Thomas Meighan was born in Pittsburgh.

WALLY REID ADMIRER.—No, it wasn't very cold this winter, but I can remember days that I had icicles hanging from my beard. I immediately put them into my refrigerator and my ice bill was greatly reduced. Beards have their advantages. Priscilla Deon is playing in "Under Two Flags" after "That Lass O'Lowry." 

KHALI CLAY.—See above. Betty Blythe in Rex Beach's "Fair Lady." Others in the cast are Thornton Hall, Hady Huguet and curve. Galvanized iron, I don't mind answering questions. If you didn't write to me I would never have any work to do.

THE MADAM.—Certainly we have trusts there. Yes, there are even M. P. Trusts. A trust is a body of men who have banded together to make others trust them because they can trust themselves. Bushman and Bayne are playing in vaudeville right now. Elsie Ferguson was playing for Lasky, but is now on the stage.

LITTLE DORY.—You say you are a good little wife to the bestest man in the world. Well, then you ought not think of going into pictures or musical comedy. You have a wonderful part in life to make—it make it a leading part.

H. R. H. PRINCESS.—Men in opinion vary, but women are contrary. The woman's opposite Constance Talman's in "Good References." No, about the Barthelmess affair. Your letter was a jewel. Wish I could give your advice to the young girls. Better tell me who this player was.

RUTH A.—So you saw "The Sheik" four times. I know of a woman who read the book eighteen times. Yes, "The Four Horsemen" was a wonderful picture. Yes, and here are a few your hat. Sealing-wax is not wax at all, but is made of shellac, Venice turpentine and cinnabar. Baffin Bay is not a bay at all. Carpeaux is not galvanized, but simply coated with zinc. Rice paper is not made from rice, but from the pith of tungtset or hollow plant.

In CASKET R. S. T. Ruth Roland is all right now. She writes to us every now and then. Maud George, who made a hit in "Foolish Wives," was in to see us the other day.

WIT IV.—Purity and Sweetness. That's right. So you wish you could marry Harrison Ford. Well, I know he has been married once, but he might consider trying it again. You sure do say a lot of excellent things about this department. Only the wise can appreciate the wise. You must write me again.

MINETTE.—But nowadays people know the price of everything and the value of nothing. So you would like to be Rudolph Valentino's sister, I imagine he would be very good to a sister. Thanks for the jokes. William Farnum in "A Stage Romance." 

MAURICE.—Well, at this writing Mary Pickford is West, but she intends to come East. Somebody keeps suing her and that keeps her busy. It's no fun being rich.

BUTTERFLY.—Elevie! Zowie! et al! You want me to give you the addresses of twenty-five players. Good night.

OTTAWA.—Look up one of the back issues for that interview.

PEGGY P.—Well, Oscar Wilde said: "The mind of the thoroly well-informed man is a dreadful thing. It is like a bric-a-brac shop, all trinkets and dust with everything priced above its proper value." Yes, a beauty. I wish you much success. Buster Keaton in "The Paleface.

CELLA W.—Oh, I can eat anything. Were you (Continued on page 113)
Here is an easy guess for you

YOUR motion picture favorite shown here is lathered for a comfortable shave.

Do you recognize him?

Probably your first guess will be the right one, but we will give you three. Write your guesses on the attached coupon, and mail it to us.

If any one of your guesses is correct, we will send you, free, a Colgate "Handy Grip," with a trial size Shaving Stick. When the trial stick is used up, buy Colgate "Refills" for the price of the soap alone. Thus you save 10c on each "Refill" you buy.

There is no guess about Colgate's. In hot water or cold, in soft water or hard, there is nothing like it for the moist, softening lather that means an easy shave.

Be sure to fill out and mail the coupon.

COLGATE & CO.  Est. 1806  NEW YORK

The motion picture actor shown in your advertisement in Motion Picture Magazine for May is

(1) .................................................. (2) .................................................. or (3) ..................................................

My name is ..........................................................

My address .........................................................
The Vampire

(Continued from page 42)

Registering nothing but a
Dazed expression . . . . .
And not very much of
That . . .
Friend Husband would
Remove the skid chains then . . . .
And head for
Me . . . I was his Shock Absorber and
The Only One who
Understood him and who
Knew him as he
Really was. I
Didn't tell him that his
Valves needed grinding . . . .
and
His engine had a . . . .
Knock . . . So long as
He was not a wreck . . . financially . . .
I let him park . . . and
Think himself a
Brand-new model
I, o. b. Detroit . . . .

Until
The Wife came looking . .
For Him . . . we would have a
Scene . . . but usually
All ended happily . . . . and I
Reformed . . . . when I
Recalled my early life
Back on the farm . . . . before the
City Stranger
Promised me Orange Blossoms . .
At the County Seat . .
(Orchestra Note: Play
"Hearts and Flowers" here . . . .)

The joyous Couple
Would leave me . . . .
Alone . . .
With just one Kleig-light
Shining . . . . in my eyes . . .
To show that I'd become an
Honest Woman . . . . despite
The fact that I'd been
Side-tracked for a while . . .
On the
Best Temporary Route . .
All well . . . .
Life is a game of
Put and Take . .
What matter if I
Found it mostly
Put . . .
I had a Good Time
While the Top was
Spinning . . .

I am
The Vampire of Yesterday . . .
With 1912 chassis
I'm quite passive . .
I do characters . . . . bits . . . for
An Extra's sake . .
(I am hardly worth that
So the censors say . . . .)

. . . . And I cant
Vamp the Censors
I tried!

Sans Mask

(Continued from page 29)

"And there is, unfortunately, always the other man, who is free of responsibility, has all the time in the world to read and to dance and to amuse the Wife. He whis-
psers in her pink and charming car that her husband is not artistic—that he does not under-
stand her.

"If the man and his wife have children, then they are fortunate. They are an in-
dissoluble bond. If not, there is a rift in the lute which spreads—and spreads—and spreads."

People had begun to drift in for tea. Not a few stopped to look again at the
man who is one of the few individuals the screen has produced. Outside it was softly
dusk.

He walked with us to the doorway—
"Forgive me if I have talked too much of
myself," he said, "or if I haven't given
you any thoughts to pass on. Sometimes
we get beyond ourselves—sometimes we
lose our perspective."

There was a quiet and decisive military
bow and we parted.

And that was how we found Eric von
Stroheim. Let what he said proclaim him.
He has suffered immeasurably because of
what he feels to be the destruction of his
brain child. He will probably always suf-
fhere is one of those people with
a vision seeing high and far ahead. May
his strength be proportionate.

Today he is broken in spirit, but not
irredeemably. He still suffers. He is not
apathetic. That is a good sign. He has
known the gay and brilliant courts of
Europe. And he has known poverty and
destitution and scorn in New York. He has
imagination and color and vital be-
Likely all of the things which the shad-
owdramas needs. He is believing, tolerant, vital and hum-
ble—sans masque!"

TO MOTHER

By HUGH HOLBROOK

[From a popular bobbed-haired screen
image, who has just been given her first
real opportunity—the title role in the great
Cecil W ork De Fox production of "Lady
Godiva."]

Just before the big scene, Mother,
I am thinking most of you,
While upon the lot I'm waiting
For the calling of my cue.
Extra girls are 'round me staring,
Filled with envy, rage, regret;
For well they know I'll knock the world
over.
When I ride across the set.

Farewell, Mother; we may never
Slemp again on clothes and cars,
For, if this thing goes over big, dear,
I'll be numbered with the stars.

Hark! I hear the sound of yelling:
'Tis the signal for my ride—
Heaven keep this wild mare gentle
While I champion up her side.
If I've grieved you, dear, forgive me—
I, for Art, must do this big.
P. S. Almost forgot to tell you,
That I'll wear a nice long wig.

DRAWDACK

BILL—I want to follow in Charlie Chap-
lin's footsteps.
PHIL—Your feet aren't big enough.
Caught on the Boulevard

(Continued from page 31)

One of them asked the other if she was Mary Pickford. In a whisper came the reply, “No, she ain’t got curls!”

“They don’t know who I am,” titthed Miss Ferguson. “Great! I’ll have to fire my press-agent.”

But, without either Helen or myself disclosing the secret of her identity, we managed to get a dollar reduction on the tire tube. Helen handed the man a five-dollar bill. He beamed.

“I bet you’ll never think to send him that photograph,” I commented, knowing, as I do, of the forgetfulness of the famous.

“I’ll bet I will!” she said. “You think I won’t, if I’ll get me a reduction on all my garage bills!”

While the tire was being fixed, we stood on the curbstone watching operations. Any number of film satellites passed by in their gasmobiles—at least half a million dollars’ worth, if salaries are to be taken into consideration. Tom Mix went by again. There was a smile on his lips when he noted our fallen glory. Ralph Graves and his wife waved felicitations from a speeding Stutz. Earl Metcalfe, two old ladies and a tired-looking man breezed by: Nazimova’s Rolls-Royce passed, showing the Russian star taking a nap in the back seat. Altogether, it was a festive occasion.

We managed to drive home without further mishap. On the way there, Miss Ferguson chanced to tell me about her little pictures—their thrill at motoring, and all that. It seems that they are a pair of Jewish youngsters who worked with her in “Hungry Hearts” at Goldwyn. They knew how to wear so well that it attracted her attention. Not having any children of her own, she started in to reform them. Now she’s got them so that they can come out of her house without scandalizing the neighborhood.

Personally, Miss Ferguson is the sort of girl to whom any mother would like to see her son married. Quick on the mental trigger, good-natured, capable. She can cook and do housework, besides act.

Very recently she obscured her rather Southern type of beauty to play the leading role in “Hungry Hearts.” It is that of a Jewish immigrant girl, and Helen got the effect by shrinking her hair back and drawing down the corners of her mouth by make-up. It is, she says, the best chance she has ever had on the screen.

She doesn’t add to her star. “Any day in the week,” she declared, “I would rather play in a first-rate all-star cast, where you really have a chance to act, than to star in a picture where the supporting cast is bad. Companies always save expenses in star-pictures by cutting down on the salaries of supporting actors. It spoils the picture—the star comes in for the critical panning, and pretty soon we hear that another luminary has died a natural death.”

“Burning Daylight” and “The Mutiny of the Elsinore” were the two plays that first brought Miss Ferguson into real prominence, altho before that she had played at Fos in a number of pictures, among which was “The Challenge of the Law,” opposite William Russell.

Now she is decidedly big-league in the film colony. She was one of the cast of “Miss Lulu Bett,” in which her work was outstanding.

But, withal, she would never be taken for a typical motion picture actress. Frankly, amusingly, she tells of her former experiences as a stenographer in a Chicago business office. She was too pretty to stay there—the films had to get her. I told her I was going to say this in print.

“Oh!” she groaned, “If you do...!”

---

The Price You Pay

For dingy film on teeth

Let us show you by a ten-day test how combating film in this new way beautifies the teeth.

Now your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. It forms the basis of fixed cloudy coats.

That film resists the tooth brush. No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it. That is why so many well-brushed teeth discolor and decay.

**Keeps teeth dingy**

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film. And, despite the tooth brush, they have constantly increased.

**Attack it daily**

Careful people have this film removed twice yearly by their dentists. But the need is for a daily film combattant.

Now dental science, after long research, has found two ways to fight film. Able authorities have proved their efficiency. A new-type tooth paste has been perfected to comply with modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent. These two film combattants are embodied in it, to fight the film twice daily.

**Two other effects**

Pepsodent also multiplies the starch digestant in saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which otherwise may cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature’s neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Thus every use gives multiplied effect to Nature’s tooth-protecting agents in the mouth. Modern authorities consider that essential.

**Millions employ it**

Millions of people now use Pepsodent, largely by dental advice. The results are seen everywhere—in glistening teeth.

Once see its effects and you will adopt it too. You will always want the whiter, cleaner, safer teeth you see. Make this test and watch the changes that it brings. Cut out the coupon now.

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**The New-Day Dentifrice**

**Endorsed by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists nearly all the world over. All drug-gists supply the large tubes.**

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10-Day Tube Free

**THE PEPSONDENT COMPANY, Dept. 877, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family
if they think they are more effective than
destine notes, presumably if some one will take in their "stills" to the direc
tor. But they cannot see him. Everybody
is pulling and hauling at him; he is a man
of a million worlds; he is a man who can
draw them to fame; his word can keep them
carrying shoe-rags. They stop his car in
the morning; they wait at the gate for
him but in the evening; they seek him
call on him in his home; he haunts his
club and they get his private telephone
number. They mail him pleading notes
after they send him telegrams. They get
visited to his Sunday teas and they make
friends with his wife; they linger on the
stage to strike up a flattering acquaintance
with his child; they steal his pet dog and
when he advertises for it, they "find" it
for him and come with their oilcloth and
their photos. At the theater they guard his
automobile and they send him fresh vege-
tables from their garden—they even
throw themselves in front of his car and
threaten to break it unless he does the
"square" thing. But he is inaccessible; he
must put on a good picture, unmoved by
outside circumstances.

So there is the casting director. He is
the first butler. There may be half a doz
en "companies" working at the studio, and
the casting director has a list of the wants
of all the different directors. He looks
the extras over, makes a tentative selec-
tion, and then passes them on to the as-
sistant director, who is more familiar
with the particular needs of the house.
He combs them over, eliminating the
openly unfit, until at last the chosen few
go up to the director for a final selection.

When he chooses them, he looks over
their stage work; he has them move about, he
gives them a simple scene to do.

"Let's see you find a letter on the floor. The
letter has bad news. Go to it."
The ambitious girl who thinks the
whole world is before her, or the dodger-
ning old man who expects his grey locks to
usurp his place in the hurly-burly of the passing
people, lay aside their handicap and their hat and go thru the
scene.

The director taps his pencil on the con-
tinuity sheet. "Hunt—m-m, very interesting,
but I don't believe you are quite the
person the story calls for."
The assistant director dismisses the do-
or.
People, people everywhere—more people
than you ever knew existed around a
studio; carpenters, electricians, stage-
hands, routabouts, cameramen, papier-
мache workers, "still" photographers,
scenic artists, warehouse men, property
men, musicians, set dressers and endless
others, all coming and going anonymously in
an endless confusion. Shouting, arguing,
sweating, smoking, some reading letters
from home, others sitting on boxes idly
banging their heels.

Looming up in the "lot" is the "studio,
cool and auraticum as a jail. We start in:
Stairways, breezeways, corridors, go-
ing up and down, fire hose on the walls
—miles and miles of it—fire extinguishers,
doors slamming, the sweet, sickening
smell of chewing gum, cats, drying drums,
tinting tanks, elevators going up and down
with stage properties, the heavy smell of
cabbage from the employees' lunch
rooms, hand a dog briefly with a
monkey, the clatter of typewriters, narrow
aisles among the business offices, with men
in green eye-shades hurrying up and
down: carrying a single sheet of pa-
er, an annunciator monotonously calling
over and over and over some indistinguishable
names, the ceaseless ringing of a telephone
bell, a crap game behind a stack of gilted
chairs. It is all a meaningless welter, a
child's glorious playground; and then, as we
remember the long sleepless nights, the
runaway leading out of the building, sobbing...

Then on to "the floor."

There is room for a dozen companies to
work; bears, elephants, herds of horses, and
groups of furniture and knots of people show where
different pictures are under way. There
are empty spaces—the people are "on loca-
tion", and the net is tight as they travel
through a large house. The heavy, powerful
lights are to be swung along; a traveling crane waits its
orders, with a workman sitting aloof in
his tiny perch. On the floor, rows of
flood lights stare dispassionately at the
scene, as gloomy and as silent as pelicans
by a fishless pond; but when the switch
is thrown, the stage begins to sputter, sending
out a blinding glare. Something towers
overhead. It is the king of all lights—the
giant "mole." The chief electrician places a whistle to
his lips and the switch is closed. One
square look and your eyes will be blinded.

Such a glorious confusion. Extras in
dressing rooms, with a dozen hands on
eyebrows, lounging on boxes, sitting
on stairways, yawning and gossiping; an old
man in a corner, trying to write a post-
card on his knee; the telephone rings;
he shakes it and then patiently tries it on his thumb-nail. At last he puts it away
and takes off his glasses. People
talk. Everybody! Every available chair is tak-
en—all except one. It is a folding chair, with
arms. Across the top is the star's
name.

Overhead, the great lamps, swinging
from their iron bridges, send down their
brilliant and merciless glare. A stage-
hand inserts his fingers into a sweaty
pocket and works out a cigarette. A moment
he holds it before an open arc, then applies
it to his lips.

A movie scene—skating, snow-ball
skating, and a scene—supposed to be at a
fashionable country place in the
Swiss Alps. Out the door of the villa
may be seen a private skating rink
—and a crowd. But it is all part of
the business, this dressing and
sunny-sacking. The view seems to
stretch for miles over the snow-clad
mountain tops—all crumbling canvas. Almost un-
noticed, near the rear, there is a hammering, and a
carpenter crawls out. He has been put-
ting a stage brace into place—one of
the snowy firs was about to topple over. And
then you see a stage-hand with a step-
ladder, a pail on his arm, going among
the trees, putting on the "snow" with
a brush. Plaster of Paris. An electric fan
whirls the wind among the branches.
It is disillusionsing, and yet wonderful.
A few men with canvas, plaster and a load
of sawdust. If baths have made a lake and a
mountain-side.

A seamstress from the costume depar-
tment pauses a moment. Her tired, worn
dress sits snugly up. She looks at the illusion and she starts to sit down. One
of the stage-hands, hurrying over, whis-
ers in her car. The woman leaps out
of the window. No one notices.

You begin to wonder what keeps the ice
in the lake from melting.

"Pretty good imitation, isn't it?" your
guide asks.

"What is it?"
"The ice."

You had not thought of that; you had
supposed that in some mysterious way it
had been frozen; but it isn't. Even that is

In bed for his
carelessness

A nail—inflection—worry and anxiety—loss of time and money.
And to prevent it all, it is un-
necessary to keep an army of
silves, ointments, lotions and ointures.

Know how Absorbine, Jr. acts
quickly in all such emergencies.
It is an antispetic and germicide—an
application of only a few drops suffices to
cleanse the open skin; kills germs and
prevents infection.
It is painless—does not sting, irritate muscles,
giving instant,athing relief; lameness and
soreness are dispelled.
It is antispetic—reduces inflam-
mation in a natural manner.
And, withal, it is perfectly safe:
A clean, pleasant odor and
cannot stain. It is the children's
magic bottle.

AbsorbineJ
THE ANTISEPTIC LINFITMENT

One Dollar an Hour
For Your Spare Time

Subscription. Representatives are wanted
in every locality at once for our four popu-
lar magazines. If you are in need of extra
money, and have some time to spare, even
if only a little, write today for full par-
ticulars of our plan for turning spare
hours into dollars. Address,
Subscription Department,
BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC.,
125 Dufield Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.
 imitation in this little world of make-believe.

"It's hand skating. The people have to be trained to it. A person might be a good ice-skater, and yet not be able to judge on this."

You want to hear more, but the director lifts the megaphone to his lips. "All skaters ready. Lights." A shrill whistling sounds; there is a heavy clank, like the frog in a street-car track turning, a spatter and the lake is a brilliant blaze of light. The skaters take their place and the scene is rehersed. Twice after time it is repeated, while under the snow-tipped fris the dripping orchestra pulls and saws away. "All set now," calls the director. "Camera!"

The music swells out louder; the extras dart in and out, whirling, leaping, spinning, their long caps flying out behind. Suddenly the director leaps to his feet and begins to wave his arms. He throws his megaphone to the floor, and suspicious-sounding words rise above the din of the orchestra. His eye has been quicker than yours. A dog belonging to one of the carpenters has run out on the ice. The embarrassed workman darts among the gay throng and carries it off, kicking. Finally the director conveys down. "Take-re," he calls, and watches the carpenter omnously, while the man creeps away among the snowy fir.

The scene is gone over again. The director lifts his hand, the camera stops its ceaseless turning. Two sharp blasts on the whistle and the lights go off. The dripping skaters rush back to their seats and one more scene is added to the play.

The director studies the scenario a moment. He lifts the megaphone to his lips: "Now, all you dress-suit boys!"

The actors in evening clothes hastly regard themselves in the mirrors of the little dressing-mirrors and gather in the entrance hall of the villa, under the sizzling lamps. "Lights!" calls the director, and another scene is on.

You pass on. What seems to be merely a jumble of furniture is before you. Lights go on and you hear voices. You pause to discover that you are behind some scene among the stage braces. Outpourings of plaster and papier-mâché show ragged, disjointed ends and back-side views that never appear in the picture. On the other side a scene is being taken. On this side is disillusionment; on the other brightness and romance. It is a bird and dog store. An eccentric old man, slouchy and bespectacled, displays a parrot on his proud finger, while a girl plays the part of his daughter. The guide whispers: "She used to be our telephone girl."

But you can only think of the girl who had slipped sobbing out the back door of the studio. They dont all go up.

A handsome young man with splendid curly hair, a quick, intelligent face, is standing silently at a light switch with the rough stage-helpers. As he turns, you see that he has only one leg. "I used to be an actor," the guide whispers behind his hand. "Getting ready to make him a lead — then he had an automobile accident."

On what a slender thread life hangs, and now it is blown and tangled by the winds of chance. No one can make head or tail of it. All we can do is to face it firmly and go full-steam ahead.

A man in shirt sleeves bawls thru a megaphone: "All ready for stage 6. Shake a leg!"

A clutter begins to gather around a jumble of furniture half way down the floor, leaving their gilded chairs and bare

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Midnight
(Continued from page 39)

stubborn, Witherbee Morris, you wouldn't need to be standing in front of me now like a human aspen-leaf, scrimin' me half out of what wits I've got left!"

Witherbee Morris became, of a sudden, galvanized action. He seized John Dart by the stalwart shoulders and shook him violently. "Stop them," he shouted; "stop them if you can, for the Lord's sake! Edna—Edna is married—has been—I didn't know—stop them!"

Senator Dart, the "lion man" of Omaha, pushed Witherbee Morris back into his chair.

"Now tell me, man, for heaven's sake," he said, grimly, "what are you saying? Shoot!"

Witherbee Morris told of George Potter, of the defalcation, of the marriage in Washington, and of the apprehension of Potter. "He escaped from the detectives," Morris said: "jumped into the river, was fired at as he dived, sank, and was never recovered, until...Until," interpolated Dart, keenly, "until he reappeared, I suppose, here, within the past twenty-four or forty-eight hours. But..."

"Yes," groaned Morris, "at midnight, the other night—after Edna had gone to bed. He suddenly stepped in thru those French windows. Said he'd been living in New York, under an assumed name. That he had heard about Edna and Jack, and that if I would pay him a sufficient sum of money he would disappear—forever. That was out of the question. Entirely apart from the ethical consideration, I knew that he would never disappear—forever. Not his kind, and still—Edna is gone and Jack is alone. I knew it. I knew what a terrible, terrible thing it is—to kill it—to lose it. I—I didn't dare. I stalled. I hoped he would play into my hands; that they wouldn't want to marry so—so soon. But there you are. Now, what shall we do?"

John Dart threw up his hand. "I only know they've gone to Jersey!" he said. "They could be married and divorced by the time we'd catch them. Witherbee. Witherbee, why didn't you tell me?"

Witherbee Morris nodded. His rage, his excitation, seemed to leave him. Seemed to leave him suddenly limp and resigned and humble. "I should have, John," he said. "I'm too much of a habit of keeping everything to myself. I'm sorry. Sorry..."

On the Jersey side, in the antimacassared "parlor" of a village rectory, Edna Morris was being made Edna Dart... As her father said, "I'm sorry, Sorry..."

the Rev. Dr. Whalen pronounced them "man and wife."

Edna and Jack stepped into the library at Morris Manor with some trepidation. "I'm sure Daddy'll be kind—even glad," Edna said, vexed and over, on the return trip—and yet the memory of his face when he forbade the marriage troubled her assurance.

But marriage and fear and hope alike were confounded when they opened the door and saw the horrifying scene within. In the far corner, the figure of a man lay, face downward. Not far from it stood Senator Dart, a revolver in his hand.

There was a moment of tense, terrible silence, then Edna gave a shrill, terrible scream. "Tell me," she cried, "tell me quickly, what does it mean? Why are you..."
there—that pistol? What does it mean? What does it mean?"

Senator Dart seemed dazed. "It must have been Potter," he said, almost as if in a trance, "it must have been Potter. Your father told me less than four hours ago that he is alive. That was why he forbade the marriage. Potter appeared the other night—tried to bribe Morris into paying him a large sum of money to keep away—it was refused, of course. I went out fifteen minutes ago to see if I could gather some trace of you—when I came back..." He pointed to the rigid form across the room.

Edna, before Jack could stop her, ran across to the dead man. "Oh, Daddy," she sobbed. "Oh, Daddy—dear—dear..." She pulled the man's shoulder and turned the heavy figure over. It was George Potter.

Day was breaking with slim white fingers thru the night before Morris Manor settled into any sort of peace or understanding.

Potter, it seemed, had come into the library shortly after Senator Dart had gone to his own home to see what he could do about the elopement. Witherbee Morris had gone to his own telephone. While they were away, the old butler, Dodd, had come into the library with some wires and had found George Potter there. Potter had threatened to kill him if he didn't get out without raising the alarm that he was in the house. Dodd had refused to keep silence, fearing the man's desperate look and a fight had ensued, during which Dodd had shot Potter in self-defense.

Dodd had gone to call the police, and Senator Dart had come into the room to see the body of his friend, as he thought, on the floor. He had stood guard over him until such time as Dodd should return with the police. Upon that scene Edna and Jack had returned.

The police came, and the story was told. Potter, it seemed, was known to them, and sought by them. Dodd's story was clear and thoroughly substantial.

With the removal of the body, came the question as to whether or no Edna and Jack had committed bigamy or had been legally married.

"The ceremony," Jack explained, "was performed exactly at midnight. Of course, I can get proof of that—and, besides—I remember. I looked at the clock as the minister was speaking, and knew that I would remember that it happened just at midnight—all my life."

"It's up to you, Dodd," Witherbee Morris told the old man, "to recall, at what time the shooting took place—"

Dodd rubbed his eyes. The crowded hours of that night were mixed in a sick confusion in his brain. The whole of his uncivilized life had not been to him what the past two hours and more had been. He felt confused. "I can't remember," he said, dully. "I— I didn't look, sir."

"What time was it when you did look last?" asked Senator Dart.

Dodd thought. "It must 'a been about a quarter to twelve, sir," he said, "because the wires came in at eleven-thirty, and I thought I'd put 'em on Mr. Morris' desk for his attention first thing in the morning. I came into the library—and we had our words, and then—he fired his shot. It hit..." He looked around him, then, suddenly, at the ancestral clock, silent, against the wall. "Look!" he cried out sharply. "His bullet hit the clock, sir. Stopped it. It was just five minutes to twelve!"

Edna turned, then, to her father, who had been standing, wide-eyed, rigid, against the door. "You see, dear," she said, "it's all right, after all. Why didn't you tell us all?"

(Continued on page 112)
The Perfect Lover

(Continued from page 41)

he accepted? Never. Because, education or no education, each person is an individual."

He paused to brush off the gathering glances of waiters and guests, from all corners of the dining-room, thru the street window next which we were sitting, were settling upon him. That faint shadow of a smile appeared as he vanished. He made a slight gesture with one hand, resumed his careful, faintly accented speech. His master, even under the repressions—volcanic repression, one thinks nervously. "Woman!" he murmured reflectively. "She is a woman who understands her can evoke beautiful harmonies. But the man who does not understand her—"

"Sorriest!" I muttered beneath my breath.

He went on, tapping the table in emphasis. His hands are muscular, suggestive, in their sinewy rugosity, of years less plump than which these have come to him.

"The man who does not understand her! He is like the gorilla who has seen his master play the violin and who, when the master has gone, attempts to awaken the same sound. In stead, he produces horrid shrieks. He has failed. In his rage, he breaks the violin, the woman. It is a pity, isn't it? Sometimes, yes, a master may repair the broken violin, a lover who understand may piece together the woman's shattered soul;—he shook his shoulders, shrugged a little—"the original tone can never be regained."

He fell silent a moment, his dark, indolent eyes staring into the crystal of his glass. At once, a dapperly passed by, peering glamorously in, for the tenth time. "I would recommend to every American man," he resumed finally, "that he read Balzac's 'Psychology of Marriage' before he takes a wife. It would help tremendously. The American man makes the mistake of supposing that, for a woman, jewels and fine silks are more to be preferred than caresses. So he sits and slavés in his office and makes appalling sums of money. But this is so necessary pettings that every woman loves."

"American men do not know women. They are, at any rate, uneducated and ignorant of its very essentials. In Europe, youths are urged to do that which over here is regarded with hands raised in horror. They 'have their fancy,' as you would say. They are educated in the mysteries of woman-kind, even supervised in it by their fathers, who see that the 'filing' shall be productive of no evil results. The result? An infinitely greater proportion of happy marriages. Woman is the creator of life. To understand life, you must understand woman."

"But the American woman—" I began.

He interrupted quickly.

"No; do not differentiate. The American woman does not vary, fundamentally, from those of any other country. I care not whether she wear a straw skirt or a Paquin wrap—woman is woman!"

But, surely, the American woman is more independent, possessed of greater initiative!"

He shrugged a little.

Greater initiative, yes. But why? It is the result of education, of the neglect of her by your men. There must be a leader, one sex or the other, and women in America have found that the men are not leading them, so they have proceeded to lead the men. Commercially, the initiative of the American man is supreme on earth. Socially, domestically, he is subordinate.

"That phrase, 'just like a woman!' has been the death-knell of man's leadership in America. Woman has heard, reacted, and conquered."

"Unless man asserts himself, once and for all, as the dominant intellectual sex, we shall witness a cataclysmic upheaval wherein man becomes the domestic beast, woman the wage-carrier, the arbiter."

"Indeed? Attempted feebly. He smiled faintly, swept on.

"Do not misunderstand me! While I believe that man should assert himself, I do not advocate brute methods. The way to a woman's heart is beautiful. She is piqued by flattery, enthralled by immundo, snared by subtlety. You Americans have employed none of these. For the average American woman, marriage is a benevolent endurance."

"But never deceived! Woman is always the pursuer. It is only that fifty years ago she was more clever."

Do you experience that residuary snobbery of rebellion? But do you feel that, of the fascinations of life, you cannot accept—not immediately. But ponder some of them. I put that last one to Grandmama. She chuckled.

"The side of Valentine that I have presented to you is the worldly side. There are others, more remote. When I put to him the question of his own marriage and its failure, he said to me:"

"It has in no way turned me against marriage. But I have learned much. Mine was not a marriage. It was a ridiculous tragedy.

And another, a rather beautiful side.

"My character has been forged beneath the hard knocks of experience. It is to my respect for my father, my love for my mother, that owe whatever good there is in me. Thought of them has often saved me from the fatal step."

But, developing that thought, he perhaps makes us uncomfortable.

"The parental disrespect is a sign of decadence! It is only another step towards that crisis in the eternal cycle where ultra-civilization becomes again barbarism."

And then a sudden revulsion to boyishness, when we were in the Fiat again, on our way back to the Lasky studio, where he is making "Beyond the Rocks," an Eliot Glyn story, with Gloria Swanson.

"See, with the cut-out open, it will make a bigger noise than a Stutt!" He yanked a small lever that threw the disintegrated machine into an alarming frenzy, that culminated in a throbbing, deep-throated roar.

But at the end it was Valentino again, the cosmopolite, the actor, the hero of "The Four Horsemen," "The Sheik" and "The Conquering Power," the idol. He took my hand, bowing a little.

"I hope I am to have the charm of knowing you again."

And then I was too incrustably, but moving at me from the corners of his lips was the shadow of a faint guffaw.

O YOU VAMP!

By Ruth Tincher Fellows

While wickedness, the movie vamp Registers upon the screen, She makes the old cash register, For she's some Movie Queen!"
Constance: The Brute Breaker

(Continued from page 45)

lomen, skirted them and the relativities of The Illuminations and Science and Health. In Hollywood one stumbles terribly upon facts and реакs inevitably to paganism. Following Constance's fickle lead we roamed about the market and peddled the American Man, evaded Literature with a reference to Gouverneur Morris and his hatred atavism, more particular is, he had broken out on a previous day in "the Major"—who shall be unnamed, except for the admission that he was, for a major, a trifle concept. After attempting to play the Original Man, he had been utterly floored by Constance's retort. With a sweet flirt of her nose and a sigh of the eyelids, she said to him, "I have to deal with a real star! Then you had better look out!" She had exited, queen-like, to her bungalow—and stayed there until he said he was sorry. One cannot easily blame the brut—er—the Major. A woman is often fairest when flustered—or so, at least, they say. Anyway, it was a good story ended two cups of tea and three buns in the listening.

"And you," she had appealed, "the you must say so, I am an age in New York, where the age limit is eighteen. 'Smatter of fact, I would be of age, just, in the other states—but you mustn't say that either.'

"I must consider you a generous slice of apple pie, an exact counterpart of one before me, that had been served by a genial elderly woman who, Constance had observed, was her nurse and her mother's nurse before her and was now her companion.

"I wasn't intended to be an actress, you know," she had confided, "I'm by my family. I mean, I was sent abroad to France, to a convent there, to be educated. When I thought that I had had education enough I left it and went on the stage. No, I didn't run away. I just left."

But behind her brief explanation, there is a story of strenuous parental prejudice, of obstinate objections, of determination in the face of it all. That cool little something, then, that remains one now and anon that she is not a flapper, is probably a flexible but uncomparable determination.

She danced—one surmises delightfully—in that memorable musical comedy, "Oh, Lady/Lady," and appeared upon the stage in various Winthrop Ames enterprises. In pictures she came nicely into prominence playing with John Barrymore in "The Test of Honor." From there it was but a comparative moment to her present starring contract with Realart Pictures. Her first with Realart was "Erstwhile Susan."

As all roads lead to Rome, so do all interviews take one eventually to the topic of love and marriage. Seeing it ahead, Constance dropped in and took it neatly, with a, "Well, I expect I'd better be getting married pretty soon, if I'm ever going to." Which meant, pleasantly but deceptively, perhaps, that Constance is good at hedging.

She had been in California but two months. But... "Home is where the heart is," she said, and the man asked: "And my mother and sister, Faire, are in the East."

We became very serious, over the remaining cups of our lunch at the ways of a modern maid with a man.

Constance-from-abroad remarked: "I think the American men are the nicest and most considerate of their kind around the world. They attempt no superiority, They are willing to take us on an equal footing."

I—also-from-abroad (to we were both born in New York, U. S. A.) recalled my one secret desire: a seraglio, with the privilege of whimsical disposal. But with other dears Yanks I bow deeply before the enthroned American She. So when I ventured, I veered timidly:

"But do you not think that that willingness is too often taken advantage of? With women in your position, who earn more than the average man by many times, we have no argument. You force and deserve equality. But with the great majority who will have neither the work nor the honor, we believe equality in spending is so far as one need consider, that equality in earning is irksome, ridiculous; what of them? It seems now that man, weighted with laws obviously favoring women, is being garroted for his indulgence."

She immediately demanded my antecedents. No, I was not, had not been married. Nor was I a misogynist, still adored the fair sex. At that, she agreed with me. Having settled the world we returned to our pie crumbs.

But the noon hour had waned rapidly and the Major, so a polite emissary informed us, would be highly grateful for Miss Binney's attendance on the set. Miss Binney demurred:

"I'm sure he will place a cushion for me," she chortled. "He has been so dear since our little lift! I do wish we had had it sooner. Isn't it too bad?" Apparently, with other women, she finds brutality, in reminiscence, quite intriguing; particularly if the possible inquisition has sought pardon on bended knee. We shall have to lift her a nouveau de guerre from one of the stalwart Frank Mayo's fantastic horrors. Gentle Fan! Meet Miss Binney, the Brute-Breaker! You'll be charmed."

Smiling Eyes

(Continued from page 61)

face is not more attractive than a smile on a plain. It is. But remember that you do not have to be plain. Nobody does. Learn how to make yourself attractive. You have your own individual type of beauty. Learn what it is and develop it. But do not forget what a tremendously important factor the disposition is.

Unless there is some serious defect in the eyes, it is possible to make them very lovely. Apply a dark eyebrow pencil—not black, unless the owner is a decided bruette, shaping the brows and darkening the lashes. Then brush the eyelids lightly with rouge, and apply rouge around the eyes to make them darker. Do not use belladonna in the eyes. It is true that it enlarges and darkens the pupils, but it injures the eyes, and nobody wants to buy beauty for today at the expense of tomorrow.

Before retiring, remove the rouge and the penciled black with cleansing cream and tepid water. Wash with warm water and soap and then apply a cold cream. Let this remain on for the night, to prevent wrinkles. In the morning wash the eyes with cold water! If the eyes feel sore or tired, wash them with a warm saline solution, letting the drops get into the eyes. And all the time you are preparing your tea and eating your breakfast, smile. You are a soldier starting the day's journey, and the best thing you can do is pack up your troubles in your make-up box and smile, smile, smile."

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Flavored With Tartar (Continued from page 51)

studio where she was the principal scenario writer.
At first, Kosloff was too surprised, too overjoyed, almost to recognize her. But she was the same person.
She took him to the studio, introduced him to Cecil de Mille. The latter was just a young man with curly hair who had written "The Woman God Forgot." He was selecting his players. When he met Kosloff, who spoke practically no English whatever, he immediately took him in the Aztec role. Kosloff accepted.
What makes motion pictures effective is the pantomime of their actors. Yet Kosloff’s training him to sustain a pantomimist. He was accused of over-acting in his first picture. He found it necessary to "cut down" on his miming.
On completion of "The Woman God Forgot," he went on with his ballet tour. That was in 1917. Late in 1919 he and his dancers played for an Australian tour. Before departing, he stopped again at Lasky’s to meet his old friends. He was asked to reconsider pictures—and he did. At the studio, they gave him a unique position. For C. B. de Mille, he acts as chorographic advisor. All the actors playing in one of the De Mille productions are required to pass his test as to their bodily movements and grace. He teaches them how to walk; if it is necessary, he instructs them in dancing. He is the only person of characters on scene, advises the art director as to detail. In short, he is C. B.’s ballet master.
In an article about his father, he acts himself. In his later picture, "The Green Temptation," he played the villain, an apache, with Betty Compson, and taught her three separate dances for the performance of her role.
And he also maintains his world-famous school in Los Angeles.
Pupils have come there from all parts of the world. Kosloff himself teaches a few of the advanced students. The rest of the school is under the direction of Mr. Vera Maslova, the principal danseuse of Kosloff’s ballet productions.
In between times at the studio and his dancing school he finds moments to paint and to study when it is necessary he creates costumes and dance productions for such of his students as are ready to go on the stage themselves. He doesn’t care for society; he has no time for it.
Since his return to pictures after his first attempt, he has not played his role. "What Change Your Wife," "Something to Think About," "Forbidden Fruit," "The Prince Chap with Thomas Meighan, "The Affairs of Anatol," "Foot’s Paradise," "The Lane that Had No Turning," and the aforementioned, "The Green Temptation." He has never wanted to star in pictures. He likes acting—but, essentially he is a dancer.
"What will you do when you grow old?" I inquired of him.
"Dance!" he inquired thoughtfully—and then there was a twinkle in his eye. "Even when I am dead I think I shall—you dance!"

WHAT NEXT?

By Ruth Tinchers Fellow

Poor little vamp of Pictureland Just what are your plans, we pray. What cameraman do you select, If you’re forced to run away? Or if you stick around awhile, When you cut out “rolling your own” And film your skirt, short skirt, Do you think you’ll win a home?
We Interview the Two Orphans
(Continued from page 49)

things first, but there wasn’t time. I was
terrified—afraid I’d ruin the picture—and,
after we started, terrified to see the scenes
run off. I thought I was terrible.

G. H. (receiveing smiles and nods from
Lillian and James Rennie): You may say
that now. We’ve seen. What shall you do
next?

DOROTHY ( briskly): Study for the
stage. I think, at any rate, I shall take
voice culture—have my voice placed, and
all that. And then I’ll be on the lookout
for a play.

A. W. F.: What type of play?

DOROTHY: Something along comedy-
drama lines, with sentiment, I imagine.
G. H. (to Lillian): And what shall you
do next?

LILLIAN ( gently): I have no plans—

G. H. and A. W. F. gather their wraps
and rise to go. G. H. is carrying a copy of
"Chryseis," the new Hegesheimer novel.
Lillian Gish expels it and remarks that there
are two copies in the Gish family, but that as
yet she has been unable to get one. She looks,
with meaning, at Dorothy Gish Rennie.

DOROTHY GISH: All right—you may
have one of the copies. I’m reading
George Bernard Shaw’s "Blacks to Methu-
schah." George Bernard Shaw is my idol
One evening when a guest of mine belfelt him,
I asked him to leave my table. That’s what I
think of Shaw! (Lillian and James Rennie laugh.)

A. W. F.: Good-bye. The blonde
cookies were good. So (regarding Mrs.
Rennie) was the tea.

G. H.: Good-bye ... Good-bye
... LILLIAN GISH (earnestly): I do hope
we could do something which will help you.
It doesn’t seem to me we’ve been very enten-
taining.

DOROTHY: I think I have! Anyway,
I’ve done my best, than which no one can
do more. I’m going to have another tea-
party at my house soon. Will you come?
(Immediate and unanswerable acceptance.)
Fine. Good-bye.

JAMES RENNIE: Good-bye. Visit the
Rennies sometime. Don’t wait for the tea-
party.

SCENE II.—The Interior of a Taxi.

G. H.: How lovely they are! How
simple! How sweet! No trace of profes-
sionalism adulterates them! This after-
noon will stand apart with me.

A. W. F.: But we’ll never get their
personalities down on these papers. As
great as they are, one must feel it. It is
less than concrete and very much more.
G. H.: In their simplicity lies their
greatness.

A. W. F. (with detached hopefulness): I
am going to the Rennie tea-party ...

G. H. (briefly): Foregone conclusion.

WHAT SHALL WE CALL THEM?

By Ruth Titcher Fellows

Just what should we call the movies?
It really is quite baffling

To hear the many, many names,
"Is it enough to start one laughing:
It’s the Photodrama, Movietone,
Filmland and Picture-play;
Cameraland and Shadowland,
Or SCREENLAND, some folks say.
It’s Panorama and Shiffsie-

Silent Drama, Silversheet;

Then some high-brow says "Cinema,"
Just to give us all a treat.

Oh, ANOTHER Man, so quiet, yet so wise,
This question we implore thee settle now.

I really is a very puzzling thing—
We are all confused, we vow!

Corns?

—just
say

Blue-jay
to your druggist

Stops Pain Instantly

The simplest way to end a corn is
Blue-jay. A touch stops the pain
instantly. Then the corn loosens and
comes out. Made in two forms—a
colorless, clear liquid (one drop does
) and in extra thin plasters. Use
whichever form you prefer, plasters or
the liquid—the action is the same.
Safe, gentle. Made in a world-famed
laboratory. Sold by all druggists.
Free: Write Bauer & Black, Chicago, Dept. 5,
for valuable booklet, "Correct Care of the Feet."

AGENTS: $6 PER DAY AND UP

Selling concentrated, non-alcoholic food flavors. Always fresh. Put up
in attractive bottles. 121 cases Guaranteed under U. S. pure food
laws. All flavors, sells to every home. Used every day. Not sold
in stores. Big demand. Big repeat.

100% profit.

Men or Women

can make big money. Fast sold
everywhere you move. If you
will send us a few samples
we will write up our

promptly.

Write for further information. 12 1/2 percent
is paid on all sales above sample.

Bauer & Black, sales office, 225 W. Harrison St.
Chicago, Ill.

Free Book

Containing complete history of the origin and history of that wonderful instru-
ment—the saxophone.

SAXOPHONE

This book tells you when to use
"Hornophone"— how to use it;
in every possible way, and what
many other things you would like
to know. A must for every music
lover—except the one who

enjoy no use of wind instruments to play. You can
learn to play the saxophone in your own room,
with your own saxophone, with pleasure and your popu-
lar, "The Hornophone," the world’s most

with a sample box of "Hornophone" at no cost.

FREE BOOK!

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
ELKHART, IND.

"Queen of Toilet Pow-

ders." The favorite of
three generations.

Refuse Substitutes

Per Box

"Pre-War Price"

BEN. LEVY CO.

Dr. Lawton's Guaranteed

FAT REDUCER

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

will show Reduction Taking Place
in 11 Days or Money Refunded

Saves even usually in three or four days, but if
you do not see positive reduction taking place in
11 days (the full trial period) return the package
of soap along with the instruction book that
accompanied it and your $5 will be refunded.
Dr. Lawton, shown in picture, reduced from 211 to
157 pounds in a very short time. The Reducer is
not electrical; made of soft rubber and weighs but
a few ounces. Whether you are 15 or 150 pounds overweight you can reduce any part you
wish quickly, safely and permanently by using
Reducer a few minutes night and morning. It
is no miracle preparation. Reducer breaks down
and eliminates fatty tissue which becomes
hard matter and is carried out of the system
through the organs of elimination, thereby
causing complete and permanent reduction. For
years Dr.

DR. LAWTON, shown in picture, reduced from
211 to 157 pounds in a very short time. The
Reducer is not electrical; made of soft rubber
and weighs but a few ounces. Whether you are
15 or 150 pounds overweight you can reduce
any part you wish quickly, safely and permanently by
using Reducer a few minutes night and morning.
It is no miracle preparation. Reducer breaks down
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Free Book

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SAXOPHONE

This book tells you when to use
"Hornophone"— how to use it;
in every possible way, and what
many other things you would like
to know. A must for every music
lover—except the one who

enjoy no use of wind instruments to play. You can
learn to play the saxophone in your own room,
with your own saxophone, with pleasure and your popu-
lar, "The Hornophone," the world’s most

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"Queen of Toilet Pow-

ders." The favorite of
three generations.

Refuse Substitutes

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"Pre-War Price"

BEN. LEVY CO.
MAGAZINE

new water bucket, saluted the police department on both cheeks (I had forgotten him for the moment), and murmured that famous phrase that is now treasured with other historical documents in the city archives, "So this is Los Angeles?" It is not recorded, merely whispered, that she added in a polite aside, "How cunning!"

(Maurice, the dancer, still hovers in the background.)

Constance, patently, is imbued with the New York idea.

"Only two big nights a week out here!" she mumbled vetorfully.

And I had come to believe that two big nights a month was hot travel! Thus does California kill your pace.

I suggested that she run down to see the Hollywood Community Players in "Enter, Madame."

She shrugged her shoulders. "I have seen it."

"Declassify," with Ethel Barrymore, is coming to Los Angeles. Wild excitement. Constance will have, perform, to shrug her shoulders again. "I have seen it."

It takes a New Yorker, a theatergoer, just about one year to get back into step with Los Angeles. I suppose that is the "why" of Maurice. He is of New York. He and Constance talk the same patois. He knows what she means when she discusses things—or cusses them.

It is difficult, like hitting in the dark, to attempt, after so dilatory a conversation as was mine with Constance, to give any accurate impression. I offer the following for what it is worth:

I could detect little, if any, of the ingénue. Rather, Constance is a woman, peased, complete; one who is perhaps a little tired of things, saturated with and so impervious to the sensations of success and fame. She is pretty—do not mistake me—young enough for the oldest of us, sweet enough for any. But—and I admit it may have been the tinsel—there was little of vivacity in her that afternoon. A casual, hang-it-all air, a beautiful brown eye, a Gill eyebrow—that is Constance. The flapper? Maybe. I can imagine her insouciant, in a radical gauze, enjoying the thunder of speeding, low-slung motor car. Is that the flapper?

And she enjoys the opera, oh, more than anything. She clasped her hands at the thought of it—but she was quite uninterested when I mentioned the courageous band of Russian singers who have come in battle-ships from the Orient to give their native opera here. A Gerry flapper, maybe, or a Jeritza.

Clearly, when Constance is not interested, she is not interested, and who shall say otherwise? But I imagine that when she is interested, she's darned interested—and interesting. In spite of the tinsel, prompted by the sleek presence of Maurice, the dancer, one can surmise activity of a piquant sort. But it is not apparent that she is interested, for interviewers. We confined our conversation to the relative merits of red flannel and eucalyptus salve.

And Maurice sits hovered in the background.

So I offer this interview with reservations. Remember my difficulties—tonsils and Terpsichore, both ominous as distractions.

Tonsils and Terpsichore

(Continued from page 25)

B E A U T Y

for MAY

A MAGAZINE devoted to the beautiful—particularly beauty of face and figure—the charm of the human form divine.

If you are beautiful you will find a world of interest in the May number. If you feel that your charm can be enhanced—you will find immeasurable value in its pages.

"Tis Fair But False"—a beautifully illustrated article by Harriet Works Corley.

"Alice in Beautyland," by Alice Lowell, a young Oregon girl who came from the ranch to New York; her adventures with beauty and health culturists and the happy result.

"The Use and Abuse of Cold Cream," by Corliss Palmer, an article both scientific and illuminating.

"More Than Skin Deep," another delightful story by Montanye Perry, author of "The Charm Shop" and "A Pink an' Green Dream."
On the "Lot"  
(Continued from page 91)

rels at the call of the director. The lights go  
up, the cameramen peer thru their  
lenses, their legs spread unanxiously.  

"Rehearsal!" calls the director. "Now,  
remember, this is a rich man's home and  
I don't want you to go spraying thru it  
as if you were in a garage. Now, let's see  
what you got. Lights!"  

The lights go up, spattering and singing,  
while the people look more pale and ghastly  
than ever—ghosts moving thru some  
strange and alien world.  

"Rotten, perfectly rotten," says the di- 
rector, who is a plain-speaking man. "I  
ever yet saw a millionaire who walked  
like a ramrod. This is your home and you  
are perfectly free and easy in it. Nobody  
is going to knock you down if you step on  
the bear rug. Again."  

The rehearsal goes on.  

"Hit 'em with the ash-cans," calls the  
director, and the big, brilliant spotlight  
go on.  

A woman's piercing shriek rends the  
air, breaking into a thick, heavy sobbing.  
But no one pays any attention to it. An  
electrician off-stage lights a match with  
his thumb; behind the paper-match fire-  
place an actor is teacher his pet dog to  
throw a somersault; a stage-hand in a  
sweaty undershirt is boasting of the fish  
he caught Sunday. He pauses a moment.  
"That's right, you're all right," he says,  
and goes on with his piscatory prowess—it  
was merely an actress in the  
next set doing her big moment.  

The guide begins telling you about the  
woman who gave the shriek. "That's our  
big emotional star. She gets about four  
dollars a minute..." you can see her. I  
should say not. They wrap a compo fence  
around her and a man outside shaking  
them off. Last week she was putting on  
a beauty and some visitor comes and  
sticks his head around the set, and she  
goes straight up in the air and lets out a  
scream that would make the one we heard  
sound like puppy purrying before the fire.  
Then she walks out and stays two days,  
and here is the director and the cast get- 
in around twiddling their thumbs. Next  
time they sign with her they are going to  
have a temperament clause. That's the  
reason they got the fence. No—they're  
still workin' on the old contract."  

And so it goes. Rich and the mighty,  
the poor and lowly, all struggling and  
toiling under the same roof—the star who  
could hold up a production, and the girl  
who went sobbing down the runway.

A SONG TO TURPIN'S EYES  
By BLAINE C. BIGLER

Here's a song to Turpin's eyes—  
Oh, what magic in them hands—  
Glancing, dancing, here and there,  
Up and down and everywhere;  
How they taunt and tantalize—  
Turpin's eyes.  

See them looking all around—  
Kings of eyes, they should be crowned—  
Darting, starting to attack;  
One looks forward, one looks back—  
Most useful eyes that can be found,  
I'll be bound.  

How they glisten, gleam and shine—  
Gee, don't Benny's eyes look fine?  
Sealing, reeling, they'll bend the mind—  
There's no holdin' Ben that's blind.  
Yet for them I do not pine—  
Not for mine.
and its Beauty

is Everlasting

One forgets that there is a difference in price when comparing a HOPE Sapphire with the mined gem—for there is no other difference—and the HOPE Sapphire is often more exquisite than its natural twin.

See HOPE Sapphires at your jewelers in gold and platinum mountings of every description. The HOPE Gemstone Tag attached to the setting identifies the Genuine Heller Hope Stones.

"Precious Stones," an illustrated brochure, with an introduction by Garrett P. Scott, eminent scientist, sent Free on request to Dept. 356.

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Your Own
Magic Power

With a few simple rules and a few moments each day, you can develop the power of suggestion which should be a part of every personality.

In the school of suggestion you will learn the secrets of the great hypnotists. With a little practice you will find that you can hypnotize yourself. This entire new method is called—It.

The Mystic Road to Success

It consists of twelve weeks' instruction in the development of your latent mental powers that should help you far ahead on the road to your life's ambition.

Send for the first two weeks' lessons today, as you are given for the asking—ABSOLUTELY FREE.

Then you will want to follow them up to a successful realization of your desires. Write today before you neglect it.

INSTITUTE OF BUSINESS SUCCESS
303 A E., 55th St., CHICAGO

Speech of Gold
(Continued from page 23)

"You," she said. "What do you know about real poverty? Why, Charlie Chap- lin, when you went through that poor that I used to get up before daybreak to scrub off our front door-step to conceal the fact from the neighbors that we had no maid."

"Good Lord!" said Charlie, with a rueful smile. "Imagine what it must have been to have a front door-step!"

I asked Charlie how this event affected him when the same London that had seen him starve was choked by the crowds that fought to get one admiring look at him.

Charlie hesitated and dabbed nervously at his little mustache.

"I hardly know how to tell you," he said. "But it left me empty. It staggered me. It swept over me and left me empty of sensations—absolutely numb. It was too big to allow you any definite impressions. It was like a storm at sea."

"What about the celebrities who came to see you—H. G. Wells and all the highbrows?"

Charlie laughed. "I never could tell whether I was supposed to be meeting them or whether they were meeting me."

And then he added, "It gave me a curious sensation."

"It London," I said. "I went back to the old streets that I had known—to the places where I had lived."

"I found myself feeling sorry for a little friar boy who had lived there. I felt sorry for the way he had endured poverty and sorrow and unhappiness. As I went around London I found myself thinking of him."

"That little boy used to play in this street. He used to look at the cakes in the bakery window. He used to play with marbles in this alley. The little boy was once heartbroken and sat down on this door-step to cry. But it never seemed real to me that I was that pathetic little boy. The child that had been me seemed always to be someone else—someone I had heard about—a pathetic figure in a pitiful story I had heard—or perhaps a dream I had dreamed."

"But," I reminded him. "It was the sorrow of that unhappy child that made you the greatest comedian the world has ever known."

I think we (me and the readers) had better withdraw a second and give Charlie a chance to blush over that and explain to each other what we mean.

Writers have said that comedy is akin to pity. They are wrong. Comedy is pity. The greater the comedy, the more pitiful. There were tears in every laugh of "The Kid," which, to my mind, is the highest point ever touched by any comedian.

"Well," said Charlie. "I'll admit one thing—"The Kid" has spoiled me for all this stuff—slap-sticks!—I've pointed up the scenes in which of Mack Swan's struggle with the sausage.

"I have two more pictures to do like this, and I'm going to do a picture that I have been thinking about for years. I can say truly that it has been my one big ambition."

"I don't want you to print anything about it yet, but I can tell you this much; it will be my attempt to tell the soul of a buffoon. After all, you know, buffoonry is both a subject and part of the greatest comedy—perhaps of all art. There is a kind of comedy that is of the intellect, but buffoonry is of the heart."

Speech of Gold
(Continued from page 23)

(Continued from page 57)

"Deception."

"Little Lord Fauntleroy."

"Over the Hill."

"Doubling For Romeo."

"Sentimental Tommy."

"Kismet."

As one of Will Hay's first duties, we suggest that he find out why producers spend $100,000 for the rights to a widely known story or play, and then change the title when it is presented on the screen.
On Friday the 13th (Continued from page 59)

ing license. I think whispering licenses in motion picture, the licenses should cost at least two dollars—extra.

"Do you get a thrill," I asked, inaudibly, "out of those scenes?" I referred to the very morning's stage about at the attack on jail in "The Light in the Clearing," where George huddles in his cell and then escapes to the roof while the mob batters in the doors.

"I have to see myself in a picture two or three times before I can realize it is myself, and even then, not always. If I do realize it was me, then I could criticize myself; but I seem able to critique everybody else in the picture—I mean, see the technical points and their mistakes. I just naturally think I'm rotten," he added, in a very modest whisper, and we subsided into silence during the remainder of the program, except when some kindly dames behind us discovered Hackathorn and leaned over his shoulder to say that they thought he was just adorable. It gave me a smile, which was worth the price of admission.

Coming out into the light of day, and Broadway again, after George had run a gantlet of adoring usherettes, who seemed to wish to touch his garments in a reverend manner as he passed, he proposed that we go and investigate for our own Los Angeles chocolate shops and get a cookie.

George ordered tea and cinnamon toast—but I do not believe that it indicates anything about his character. He had looked at a street with ardent fervor of admiration towards us, and I think tea and toast just popped into his mind as the thing to take along about four o'clock in the afternoon. I started on my second melted milk.

A boy as genuinely shy as George Hackathorn is a hard nut for an interviewer, however well-meaning, to crack. I was beginning to feel a bit afraid that George was perhaps a nut—hard or soft. Usually, the victims of an interview shout all over the place about themselves, and here I was actually feeling timid about delving into this young man's past. He was more like a clam than a clam.

"Now, were you on the stage before you went into pictures?" I finally asked, to break a silence which was getting oppressive and full of matted milk gurglings.

George turned upon me that enigmatic, twining smile which had repeatedly flashed on the screen, and his very brown eyes opened quite wide.

"Why, no," he said, as tho the idea were preposterous. I judged that he must have been too young, five years ago, to be on the stage. His manner indicated as much.

"My parents were not theatrical—in the professions, neither. I was placed used to sing, and I think she had temperament," he finally volunteered, rather breathlessly, and as tho he wanted to get the biography thing over with.

"She didn't mind my coming to Hollywood to go into pictures and I've been here ever since—playing any bit or character that was offered me, and that was in front of me in Pendleton, Oregon, where the round-ups come from.

"Now I don't think I can afford to take every part that is offered to me. It wouldn't be fair to myself, because I want parts that will be pleasant. I really don't think of the money pleasing in acting, and I want roles that are pleasing. I've achieved one of my four desires—to play "The Little Minister," and now am looking forward to the accomplishment of the others.

"I want to play 'Oliver Twist' before I

Just what are the requirements of Scenario Writing?

Thousands are asking that question as the motion picture industry calls for more, and yet more, stories. The answer is on this page.

BRIEFLY the requirements are these:

(1) Creative imagination (such as successful fiction writers manifest).

(2) Dramatic instinct (to a higher degree than conventional fiction requires).

(3) The story construction technique of the studio.

The first two rank as Talents. You are either born with them, or without them, a human agency can endow you with either.

The third is an accomplishment. It can easily be mastered by giving two months' training. It is useless without the two talents; and, for screen purposes, the two talents—creative imagination and dramatic instinct—are useless without screen technique.

In short, natural ability to think out and tell a human, dramatic story is useless to the screen only when written in the language of the screen. And literary skill is not required for scenario construction. Writing style cannot be transferred to the screen.

A test for you—and what it may mean

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation, encouraged by leading motion picture producers, is conducting a nationwide search for creative and dramatic story-telling ability by means of a psychological questionnaire test, which is sent free to any serious man or woman who clips the coupon on this page, natural aptitude for screen writing is discovered—often among people who had never even suspected its presence. This questionnaire, which was prepared by H. H. Van Loan, the well-known photoplay-wright, and Prof. Malcolm MacLean, formerly of the Northwestern University faculty, is a searching, scientifically exact analysis of the creative qualities of mind. Through it scores of men and women, in all walks of life, have opened new paths toward the fascinating and well-paying profession of screen writing.

Persons who do not meet the test, are frankly and confidentially told so. Those who do indicate the natural gifts required for screen writing may, if they so elect, enter upon the Palmer home training course. This course equips them in every detail, to turn those talents to large profit. The Palmer plan is actively inspirational to the imaginative mind; it stirs the dramatic instinct to vigorous expression. So stimulating are the forces brought into play for screen success that those who become a recognized aid of calculable value for authors who write for the printed page; and for men and women everywhere whose field is screen construction.

Primarily, however, it is for the screen.

$500 to $2000 for a Single Story.

The course, and the questionnaire test which must be passed before enrollment is invited, spares out of the desperate need of the motion picture industry for original stories. The Educational Department of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation was organized for the specific purpose of developing new writers for the screen. The Corporation, which exists primarily to pay motion pictures to producers, must now train writers in order to obtain stories to sell. The Corporation, whose motto is "we are now paying from $500 to $2000 for original stories by new writers."

Above are the simple, sincere facts. The advertisement is just a part of the Corporation's search for talent worth developing. It is not an unconditional offer to train you for screen writing; it is an offer to test you absolutely free, in your own home—to test you for the creative and imaginative faculties which you may have, but are not conscious of. When you have passed the test, if you pass it, the Corporation will send you, without obligation, a complete explanation of the Palmer Plan, its possibilities, its brilliant success in developing creative writers, and the interesting inside story of the needs of the motion picture industry today.

Will you give an evening to this fascinating questionnaire? Just clip the coupon—and clip it now, before you forget.

PALMER PHOTOPHLO WORCorporation, Dept. of Education, M-5
124 West 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal.
Have You Seen

Norma Talmadge
in her latest and biggest production

"Smilin' Through"

If you haven't seen Norma Talmadge in this production, you haven't seen her in the finest picture in which she has appeared. Ask the manager of your theatre immediately when he is going to show it, for if you should miss this one, you are losing out on something really worth while.

Miss Talmadge, who has been voted the most popular screen actress has never had a picture more suited to her wonderful emotional acting, and she has made the most of every scene.

This is the kind of picture made by First National's independent artists, stars and directors who are producing in their own studios, where they are free to make pictures according to their own high ideals and with no other thought in mind than to please you, their public.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc., is a nation-wide organization of independent theatre owners which fosters the production of finer photoplays and which is devoted to the constant betterment of screen entertainment.

It accepts for exhibition purposes the pictures of independent artists strictly on their merit as the best in picture production.

Watch for the First National Trademark on the Screen at Your Theatre

TO FRANCOIS VILLON

(As portrayed on the screen by William Farnum)

BY WILLIAM SANFORD

Vagabond poet of long ago
Living the life in Paris town
Getting your living by hook or crook
And writing your deathless rhymings down;

Oh, how your soul, Francois, would sing
To see yourself in "If I Were King!"

"No good news out of Paris town!"
The lines you wrote so long ago,
But in this romance done for you
Such doleful tidings are not so.
Francois, how your heart would dance
For in this play you save your France!
The Doll's House
(Continued from page 56)

He husband's brow deepened till it made a scar across his rather narrow forehead. "You talk like a child! There is no excuse for dishonesty, none whatever. It is one thing that I cannot forgive you. But you know that my views on that subject might have made some impression even on your careless mind in these eight years. It is the mother who makes the thief of the next generation by her indifference to moral distinctions, her laxity of ideas, her sentimental sympathy with the hard and unfair substitutes for justice in forming a judgment."

"The mother who makes the thief—oh, no!" Nora quivered. Her mind worked in pictures instead of words, like Torvald's, and now she saw little Torvald in striped rompers sitting behind bars. She ran to her husband, clutching him frantically. "Don't say that, Torvald! It's wicked—it's dreadful! I don't believe it—mothers only want the best things!"

"Why, you silly child," he said tolerantly, "I wasn't talking about you! There's nothing to bother your little head about. How did you ever happen to think of KroGSTAD?"

Nora pulled her tear-washed face on his shoulder. "Oh, I was so happy today when I was trimming the tree, and I got to wishing that we had a child to be happy on Christmas Day. And then I thought of that man you were going to discharge, and how he might have three babies, too, like ours, and—it isn't easy to find another place after one's been sent away from the bank."

"He should have thought of that before," Torvald said dryly. "Foresight is better than retrospect." Torvald's remarks had an air of being worthy to frame and hang up over a desk. He seemed to have learned to shower gold and silver on the sparrow. It was rather terrible to be so good. One couldn't misunderstand badness in other people like KroGSTAD. Like her.

The dread was very close now. She fought it away desperately, clinging to happiness, to Torvald's love. She was very gay as they started out for the dinner party. She carried in her hand an embroidered silk shawl laid over bare shoulders that had dinned in them, which Torvald called "cups for kisses, the handle for him to hold." She saw his eyes resting on the letters in the box and drew him away, crying gaily, "Not now! We'll be late, and that would be a shame for a carousel party!"

He acquiesced good-humoredly, pinched her cheek. "What a baby it is! There isn't a serious thought in this little head, eh? That's as I like it. These blue-stockings who pretend to read and affect to think are horrible creatures." Nora flung her arms about her friend Torvald, tossed her to the sofa and stood in the middle of the floor, a glowing, provocative little figure in the exotic flame-colored dress. "I'm going to dance and dance and dance," she cried ecstatically, "It's Christmas—it's a magic night! Nothing will ever be quite like this again—oh, ever! Let's oblige everyone! Let's have a party and forget tomorrow, as the this was the last laugh, the last dance, the last night we might ever have."

"If you aren't narrow, I hope," Torvald was saying, several hours later, as they came down the stairs by the light of the single gas-jet that flickered in the halls. "I did feel obliged to tell you. You recognized my demure little Nora tonight. That dress—of course, it was a costume and all that, still it wasn't quite—eh? Now, ever it? And that dance—the farantella! Upon my word, Nora, I felt like school I had never tried my hand at any work of this nature.

I'm glad to thank you for what you've done for me—and you can certainly use my name and tell prospective students, for I feel I'll be doing anyone a real good turn if I can help them get started in this profitable work. Yours sincerely,

W.M. COUTHARD,

NOTE:—The above is the story of Mr. Couthard. It tells of facts, for Show Card Writing offers a marvelous opportunity to both men and women, either for spare time or full time work. What Mr. Couthard has done and is doing, you can do. Colburn, Duncan, Wendl, Blade, Pouleon, Charles, Wilt, & Company and many other men have proved it. Mrs. Litherdale, Mrs. Luck, Mrs. Le Maine and dozens of housewives have added to the family income in this way. Girls like Minna MacDonald, Clegg, Bordeaux and Hoyle are but a few of those who have bettered their positions in this pleasant way. All these owe their success to the American Show Card School method of training—the old established school which has trained hundreds to make money in SHOW CARDS. The American Show Card School will gladly send you full particulars if you but send your name and address to this firm.

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Send me your Free Booklet on Show Card Writing, and show me how I can make money at home—without canvassing or soliciting. It is understood that this places me under no obligation of any kind.

HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE
BUT YOUR NOSE?

IN THIS DAY and AGE attention to your appearance is necessary if you expect to make the most of it. should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, satisfaction, which is alone worth looking for, you will find the world in general judging you by your "beauty," therefore it pays to "look." Permit no one to see you looking otherwise! Upon the impression you make success of your life. Which is so be.

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M. Trilety, Face Specialist, 17
Also For Sale at Riker-Hegeman, Lge.
knocking down the rest of the room for looking at you! If you want to be allowed to live, you shall take care to keep my little bird locked into her cage.

Nora's cheeks were scarlet above her drooping tarlatan ruffles. Her eyes shone fever-bright. In the doorway of their flat she paused, not looking over her shoulder.

"What are you doing here, Krogstad?"

The scrape of a key on metal answered her before he said, still reprovingly, "only getting the mail, my dear."


He held them in his hand as he entered the parlor after her. A swift glance showed the letter on top. In another moment he would open it. For a flash he debated falling upon the room in a faint, or upsetting the oil lamp or jostling him and getting possession of the hateful thing. Then paralysis seized her. What was the use? Krogstad would write again. It was hopeless—she closed her eyes, waiting.

But still he delayed, sniffing the air as he closed the door. "Creosote! Doctor Rank must be having trouble with his California oil," he said, "to come here on Christmas morning."

Nora could have laughed aloud with the bitter humor of the thing. If she could only stop breathing, it would be better for all of them. She was still fainting. "My dear, what would you have done?"

"I don't know. Where shall I go?"

"You didn't think of the doctor, did you?"

"If you have not equipped yourself to fight off, you're gone. I don't claim to cure disease. But I am not a medical doctor, but I'll put you in such condition that the doctor will scarce dare to fasten your front for you to take sick. Can you imagine a mosquito trying to bite a beet waist? A fine chance."

A Rebuilt Man

I like to see the weak ones. I belong to getting hold of a man who has been turned down as hopeless by others. It's easy enough to finish it that's more than half done. But give me the weak, sly-eyed chaps and watch him grow strong. That's what I like. It's fun to me because I know I can do it and I like to give the other fellow the laugh. I don't just give you a winner of muscle that looks good to others. I work on you both body and out. I build up your weak muscles, but I build up those inner muscles that surround your vital organ. The kind that give you red pep and energy, the kind that fire you with ambition and the courage to tackle anything set before you.

All I Ask Is Ninety Days

Who says it takes years to sit in prison? Show me the man who makes only such claims and I'll make him eat his words. I'll put out full length, well-furnished, fine-looking prison trousers on you. Meanwhile, I'm putting life and pep into your old back. And before the end of thirty days you won't know yourself. You'll be a different appearance. But you're only started. Now come the real work. I've cut you as fat as feeding your chickens. You want just sixty days more—60 in all—and you'll make a killing of it. You'll have something to show them. You'll look like something the cat dragged in.

A Rebuilt Woman

When I've through with you, you're a real man. That's what I want. I don't want you to do things that you had thought impossible. And the beginning. That's what you want. You want to get chest breathing in rich pure air, stimulating your blood and making you just bubble over with vim and vitality. Your huge, powerful shoulders and your masterful masculine arms have that creating for the exercise of a regular man he has. You have the frill to your eye and the pep to your step that will make you admired and sought after in both the business and social worlds.

This is no idle practice, fellows. If you doubt me, you go on. Go ahead, I like it. I have no fear of your results and no records are accumulated. What I have done for, I will do for you. Come then, for time flies and every day counts. Let this very day be the beginning of your new life too.

Send for My Book "MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

I can send you a photographic copy of both myself and my numerous pets. Also contains a treatise on the human body and what can be done with muscle. I will make you this offer. You will be an impetus—an inspiration to redetermination. This is a book of this kind just as others are now being burned. The "opium-eater" and the "vanity-lender" will be the "opium-eater" and the "vanity-lender," as they are now.
She went into the bedroom. When she came out a little later, it was in her street clothes, wearing her hat and carrying a suitcase.

"Why—what—what damned foolishness," Torwald stuttered. "I wont have it. I tell you! Where are you going? Why are you going? I've forgiven you! Everything is the same as it was before..."

"I'm not the same," said Nora, standing quite still, looking at him with desolate eyes. "I've grown up. I'm not a doll any longer, and I cant live in my pretty little doll's house with a strange man. For you are a stranger, Torwald. I have never known you at all, I see that now."

"You would leave your children?" he hurled at her desperately. "Have you no heart? How will they grow up without a mother?"

"I have got to learn to be worthy to be their mother," said Nora Helmer, turning toward the door, and then running back to the tree to kiss the staring wax faces of the dolls and the sturdy drum that belonged to little Torwald. She smiled at him thru her tears. "It's no use, Torwald. I have to go. I have to find myself—out there in the world. I have to learn to be responsible. Perhaps when I've learned—she left the sentence unfinished.

She was on the threshold when his agitated voice called her back. "But—you can't go! What will people say about me?"

It was the old story. His first thought was not for her, what she would do, what would become of her; but what effect would her going have on the magnificence of Torwald Helmer?

"They'll think you turned out, Torwald," Nora said ironically. "No one could believe a woman would ever leave you."

She went out of the room. He heard her footsteps on the stairs. He sank into a chair limp. There was a punctured look about him. His complacent smile was gone.

She wouldn't go. She was trying to force it on him, that was it! He was taking her little gesture of independence too seriously. In a minute she would be running, a terrified wife, her narrow escape from losing him—

Far below, the front door closed with a hollow booming sound that had a note of finality. Nora faded from the stormy past after that it was very silent in the house.

---

**Does Spring bring a fresh, healthy glow to your cheeks?**

After a winter spent inside, after a season of indoor activities—what of your complexion? Do spring sunshine and balmy air restore freshness to a sallow skin?

You can aid nature to bring back a fresh, healthy glow to your cheeks. You can attain new beauty of complexion if you begin at once the daily use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream, you will find, is more than a face cream. It has an exclusive therapeutic property which serves to refresh and nourish the skin cells—to "tone-up" rovelfeaces, the sluggish tissues of the skin. Applied regularly, Ingram's Milkweed Cream soothes away redness and roughness, heals tiny eruptions. Used on the hands, it protects against the coarsening effects of garden work or household tasks.

For the most effective way in which to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream read Health Hints, the little booklet packed with every jar. It has been prepared by specialists to insulate that you get from Ingram's Milkweed Cream the fullest possible benefit.

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Bend for Thighs

Dr. Jeanne M. P. Walter

335 Fifth Avenue N. Y.

eyes I have ever seen belonging to a man. There are many women of the screen who possess "alluring" eyes. There is Nazimova—and, oh yes, I almost forgot Montagne Love. But with the exception of these, Mr. Post has picked the most telling eyes of all. They are not large and they are not limpid, nor are they melting, like Wallis's. They are blue, however, and quite small, if I'm not mistaken, but he can tell you a whole story just with those eyes. I think his eyes are the most valuable adjunct this veteran of the drama is bringing to the screen—and the public will never tire of watching them. When I mentioned it, he said:

"The eye is the brain of the screen, as I see it now, and I find myself suddenly deprived of my voice, and so my eyes must do twice the amount of work they have been accustomed to do."

But in the Richard Walton Tully production of "The Masquerader," which has been a stage success in this country and abroad for lo! these many years, they have surrounded Mr. Post with every luxury that star is heir to. His scenic director is no other than Willard Backlund. His director is James (Jimmy) Young, his costar is Tully himself, and also there is a score of expert assistants. Nothing has been spared to make the film a bull of a show.

At a luncheon given recently for a few literati, and near-literati of Los Angeles, Guy Post—the Bates is too much for my weary tongue—delivered a little speech, in which he deprecated his lack of cinematic knowledge.

"I'm learning my dramatic A B C's all over again," he said, which we decided was rank hyperbole, and ultra-modest, "and adapting what I have learned on the stage to the camera. It is to me the most wonderful of the world—if puffed rice is the eighth, as the street-car advertisements claim, I mean, the pictures are the ninth wonder, not my tongue in them!"

The personality of this big-little man—he reminds you of the paintings you have seen of Napoleon in stature—is an over whelming thing. If you let him, he will absorb you into it, conversation, reportorial pad and all.

"I am in sympathy with my new permanency of position, in this profession," he went on. "My wife and I have taken up home-steading in Pasadena, and for once in our careers we feel really settled. It is great fun!" He rolls his eyes skyward to express ecstasy, and he rolled them skyward then, so I knew it.

Mrs. Post is Adele Ritchie, you know, of musical comedy fame, and even later accomplishment, for the last time I had the good fortune to see Mr. Post on the stage in "The Masquerader," his wife was playing opposite him, and a great team they make, as they say in vod'ville. Now, Adele Ritchie Post is keeping house for Pa in the gilded environs of Pasadena, where it costs a nickel every time you draw your breath.

As the last few words of Guy Bates Post's interviewless monolog, like honey from musical bees, dripped off his lips, which were carmined as for the stag, he drew a handkerchief from his sleeve and tapped it upon his brow. It was with the manner born. I wondered if he wears a handkerchief in the sleeve of his smoking jacket at home. For there is an Old World air about Mr. Post—an atmosphere of elegant manners, and conscious mon sivir, which, alas! is lacking in some of the more hurried, younger stars of the silver curtain. His masculine virility shadows what might be thought dipticentism. He is a courtier of France in overalls—an American automobile mechanic in lace and lace breeches! We are fortunate to have him come to the screen.

A BLUE-LAW BALLAD

By LEON A. SMITH

Amid the bannern hosts that swarm in the arena of reform, I see with martial zeal arrayed the leaders of a grand crusade, Fired with an iridescent dream—a great religion-saving scheme. Which in this age of moral dearth, must surely be a thing of worth.

No forward turning of the hands upon the clock their scheme demands; Their saving plan is more sublime, for it concerns the saving of Time.
The hands of progress they would seize and turn them back some centuries, To bring again the outgrown ways of those old Puritanic days,

When Church and State went arm in arm to guard the land from moral harm, And you could find the proper mode of worship in the civil code.
The tale they tell is truly sad; the country's going to the bad;
Its laws have not the proper hue; they're liberal where they should be blue.
So with the times thus out of joint, themselves as censors they appoint,
To supervise affairs of state and other minds to regulate.
In keeping with what they decree as spokes men of the Daily Time.
If their crusade should turn out well, it is their cherished plan to tell
The people of this continent just how their Sundays must be spent;
Just what they may and may not do, and what they must accept as true.
They seek the power of federation, to conquer sin by legislation,
And by so doing they confess they lack the power of godliness.
They preach a gospel which depends on civil force to gain its ends,
Nor aims by love to save men's souls, but seeks salvation at the polls.
If these crusaders all should meet, and just to make their plans complete,
A grand headquarters should select, where every one of them can get.
Some station which beyond mishap would put their work well on the map,
And properly would advertise the principle on which it lies,
A fitting choice it seems to me, would be some penitentiary—
The only place I ever saw where men are all made good by law.

CHARACTERISTICS

By EVERETT EARLE STANARD

Mary has her curls;
Gloria, her nose;
Mabel Normand, eyes;
Pavlova, just toes.
Bill Hart has grit;
Fairbanks, a grin;
Bette Blythe, a figure;
Novak, just a chin.
Bebe Daniels' mouth
Is sweet enough to smack;
Phyllis Haver, an air;
Kitty G., a back.
Anita's beauty
Billy's smile is sweet;
Reid possesses eyebrows;
Chaplin, just feet!
constable. Lon and Mr. Andrews didn’t care how he left, just so he left. They never counted on his taking Margaret with him.

The officer was taciturn and non-com-\textit{mittal, and, beyond the fact that he told Elmer he was wanted back in the city, he refused to talk. So Elmer left—that is, he started. But before he got away, the proceedings were interrupted again by the arrival of a limousine—quite the slickest, richest and most costly limousine Grce Forks had ever been privileged to see. Out of it, just in time, stepped—

"You!" yelled Elmer Sloeun Young to his delighted parent.

Elmer forgot he had left town in disgrace, forgot he was wanted for murder, theft, arson and what not; forgot everything except that his father had his arm around his shoulders and was telling him how lonely he had been without him, and how Dr. Nugent told him the truth of Elmer’s wild ride; and how he wanted him to come back at any price; and how the strange officer, who was grim, was grindings broadly now, had traced him here at the behest of Elmer’s own father.

"Him," murmured Mr. Andrews, stroking a meditative chin, and eyeing the limousine with considerable interest, "perhaps we have found too hasty.

"Maybe you have," replied his daughter sentimentally, "but I always knew Elmer was a hero!" And she blushed as red as a red, red rose.

"Father," said Elmer suddenly, "you said you wanted me back at any price. Well, the price is that my wife goes home with me. She—or—that is, she isn’t my wife yet. But she’s going to be. Aren’t you, Margaret?"

"Yes," said Margaret.

"Certainly," said Elmer’s father.

"Holy!" said on Kimball, and walked out of the picture.

Greenroom Jottings

\textit{(Continued from page 82)}

Wagnerian operas. \textit{Tristan and Isolde} and \textit{Aida} are the ones which interest him above the others.

Mary Astor who is rated as one of the most promising of the new crop of young screen actresses will be seen in the leading rôle opposite Eugene O’Brien in his next production. The title has not yet been decided upon.

Theodore Kosloff finds the stars of cinemahad frequent pupils of his dancing academy. Colleen Moore is now studying toe-dancing under his tuition because she plays a rough little French toe-dancer in the forthcoming Rupert Hughes production.

THE MOVIE FAN’S CREED

By J. M. Thomas, Jr.

I believe in Wally Reid, dapper, debonair, passionate; and in Rudolph Valentino, the super-subtle Sheik, loved by the women, envied by the men, talked about, written about, sung about; I believe in the young Sarah Greaves Hughes, the girl of Louise Glutz; the beauty of Dorothy Dalton; the passion of Pola Negri, and the genius of Alla Nazimova. Amen. Amen.
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**THE JUVENILE CRITIC**

(Continued from page 60)

that's the first time he does anything I really like. He wades right out to meet him.

Then he meets the man who was really his uncle, and he is married to the schoolteacher, and she kisses Speck, and sends him off to play with the little girl who has always liked him.

But I'll never forget that dog running after the doves Speck for having gone away and left him.

There, you see, I am not fickle, and Jackie Coogan is still my favorite actor.

Your affectionate sister,

June.

DEAR PUNCH: I am fickle! I am, I am, I am! I'm just terribly afraid that Jackie Coogan is quite cut out, and you'll never guess, in a thousand years, who it is—a dog, the most wonderful, beautiful, duckie animal that ever lived.

His name is Strongheart, but in the play, "The Silent Call," his name was Flash, and oh, you never saw such acting. I've seen lots of cute dogs on the screen, but he was just wonderful! He took the part of a prairie dog, and it was just perfect.

A nice man from the East is out shooting all the wolves, because they eat up the cattle. The prairie dog is first, and then one day—I'm skipping to the part where Flash comes in—it finds some daring little cubs, and he takes one home, and everybody at the ranch-house just loves him as much as I did, and he grows up, and, of course, then he is Strongheart, or Flash.

Uncle Roddy has just called me, and told me not to tell you all about it, so I'll just give you enough to make you want to go and see it.

And there's a horrible villain in it, who steals cattle, and of course that's a perfectly dreadful thing to do. Flash hates him, and once when he is tied up in the tent, and his master is away, this horrible creature comes up to him, and beats him with a whip. Of course, I don't think he really hated Flash, but it looks as if he did.

Well, then, his master comes home and has a dinner for all the ranch hands and they roll on the ground, and Flash bites at him, and tears his shirt, but his master won't let him eat him up, which, I think, was perfectly silly; and then, oh, Punch, if I have to see any more partings between masters and dogs, Uncle Roddy says he'll keep me home from the movies. It's just dreadful. I don't mind seeing people part, but it just does something funny to my insides when I see a dog looking after somebody he loves; but the nice man had to go back East on business, and, of course, he simply couldn't take a big wolf with him. The train conductor would never have allowed it, so Flash goes to the ranch-house, and Oh, poor Flash, he is so dejected. I wanted to put my arms around him, and just hug him, and tell him never to mind.

Well, there's nobody at the ranch-house that he loves very much, and, after all, he is a wolf, and can't go out and kill cattle. And when the cowboys find it out, they know they have just got to kill him, and they don't want to. They put him on a table and judge him. But he was a real person. And how they could decide to do anything but love him, after the way he has made up to them, I don't see. But they tell him, and he understands, that he must be hung, because he is a cattle thief. And suddenly, before they know what he is doing, he jumps right out of the window and runs away.

Oh, mercy, I just clapped so hard that Uncle Roddy told me to stop, and I think the cowmen were glad, too.

Well, then, he goes off into the wilds and he meets a most lovely mare. And he kisses her, and makes love to her; and, oh, how they didn't show it, I just know they would have been married in a hollow tree and got married under the moon.

They are quite married when you next see them, and that naughty Flash is letting this with his dog. But, oh dear, I have almost told you as much as I could to. So I'll just hint at the rest of the plot.

There's the girl that the nice man loves, and she comes West with her father, and the bad man is badder than ever, and the nice man comes back, and Flash saves the girl's life, and then, one day, he gets the scent of his old master, and goes to him.

Oh, Punch, I just cried for joy when they found out. But dreadful things are happening to the girl that I mustn't tell you about: but, don't worry, everything comes out all right, and Flash chases the bad man, and chases the girl right into the water, until he—oh, I really mustn't tell you any more.

Please go and see it, and tell me if you think that Strongheart is the love-dog that ever was.

I told Uncle Roddy that that's the only thing I wanted for my birthday present, and he said he would have to buy a ranch to go with him; which I think is silly, because, really, he would be quite comfy sleeping on the mat beside my bed. But then, Uncle Roddy always does fuss about things just at first. And I can't help planning what I'll do when I get one. But I can't decide whether to name him Strongheart or Flash.

You tell me what you think.

Your affectionate sister,

June.

Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 78)

...talking about that little freckled-face youngster, and what a wonder he was! Wesley Barry is a real winner on the screen, and deserves a lot of credit.

One production of 1920 I did not care for was "The Devil's Passkey," and I went out of the theater disgusted. The acting and direction were good, but oh, that plot! I have seen so many pictures on that order that I was quite bored. I hope there will be no more such stories.


I especially was interested in "Passion," because it was a real story and a bit of history. I think it is an ideal picture for high school students, as it helps them to understand the conditions of France at that period. It is really more instructive than reading it out of a history. As I am a high school student, I feel quite justified in saying this.

Well, this letter is longer than I intended it to be, and it is about time I was closing. I believe I have covered all I wish to say. If a movie fan that goes to the North West cares to write me, I am at his service.

Wishing you the best of success, I remain,

Your devoted reader,

Em. S. Loves.
Tarporn Springs, Fla.
The Idealist Speaks
(Continued from page 70)
easier. And a marriage a good deal harder.
I listened dazedly. Baby blue—clis—divorce—harder marriages!
Not quite. It's all on this inexorable midget, "is a thing of instinct. Divorce is the reaction to reason. Nowadays, we leap first and look afterwards. It is an age of lightning, but I know of up two couples that I have met who are happily married. It happens that the four persons concerned are all Christian Scientists.

At that I regained my tongue. "Are you advocating Science, as a solution to marital problems, then?"

"I suppose so. Not at all. Religion of any kind can be effective in such matters only in so far as it preaches the little good in everything. That is the secret."

I looked at my neighbor's goodness. When mankind achieves that, our troubles will be over, no matter our faith.

"Do you realize that you are denying the fundamental cruelty of life?" I questioned skeptically.

"Somewhat, it was difficult to analyze. Yet, is it possible to have only a smile lightly to the millennium. She sat there very slender, softly round of face, her skin gleaming white, as though it had been polished. When I looked at her, from Olympus, her brown eyes hugiously serious. At my question, she smiled, a smile in which there remained the undaunted optimism of the child."

"I think I know why you ask that," she said quietly. "You feel as I have felt. In seeming, life is cruel. But if you persist in searching, you will find that there is something of good in all those cruelties. How can you, if you have stopped to reflect upon the marvel of the universe, allow a law that shaped the perfection of the solar systems and the perfection of our own bodies, arrive at any other conclusion?" She looked at me wonderingly, with those large eyes of a child.

"And it is only by accepting that belief," she finished after a moment, "that I have ever been able to reconcile myself to the thought of marriage."

"You are considering marriage now?" I suggested cautiously.

She turned her head at that and laughed ripplingly, in denial. I watched her, frankly puzzled. Her evident interest in matters that have baffled her thoughts, you will find that she is something of good in all those cruelties. How can you, if you have stopped to reflect upon the marvel of the universe, allow a law that shaped the perfection of the solar systems and the perfection of our own bodies, arrive at any other conclusion?"

"It was a happy period when I did have my own company," she said. "Of course, much can be said for the big organization with multiple units, but for the star a personal organization is much the pleasanter. Attention and effort is concentrated upon the individual and it is seen how logically it could mean other than better pictures. But the scarcity of money has been fatal to almost every individual producer."

As leading lady, Bessie has played most recently with Sessue Hayakawa in the Robertson-Cole production, "The Swamp," a story written by the Japanese star himself, a story of China. And again, she supported Hobart Bosworth in "The Sea Lion."

I departed the office—need be it said—a chastened man. At the door we encountered Mother Love. I wanted to apologize and tell her the truth, that she was the first screen mother I had met who fully realized the dessert art of self-effacement. She spoke pleasantly. I recognized at once the coming mother and daughter that, I understand, has existed since Bessie's first step toward stardom. And Bessie had spoken beautifully of her reaching out to the public.

Bessie gave me a small hand in farewell, and she seemed very tiny and very cool and exasperatingly charming, and she still had that blue. But and, that gentle reader, is all there is? There isn't any more. But isn't enough?

The manufacturer of the liqueur used in "The Affairs of Anatol" was entitled to credit on the screen.

There is nothing vague about her charm—I was quite wrong there. It has the drained purity of dawn. It is exquisite. One's parched soul is cooled by it as after a summer rain.

Upon looking back, one finds that, her freedom gained and the choice of her pictures. That is the secret. Bessie's selection has reflected faithfully her sublimated outlook. There has been a quaint charm in them, a lightness untouched by deep emotion. Witness "Bunny May." It is not my fortune to have seen her in any of the Griffith pictures. But that her light waxed brilliant under her telling, reached, in fact, its peak during her marriage. I have written that something of Griffith's personality, essentially sophisticated, had gone into them. Bessie confirmed that by recalling his habit of dressing her up in ridiculously high heels and long skirts to make her old enough to play opposite his heroes.

I asked her whether she would not care to go back to him. The idea startled her a little. She had not thought of it. But, after reflection, she nodded.

"His position would be worth a great deal," she said.

Much has been penned upon the influence of names upon persons. The question of Nina Waters was from Mary. Bessie had retained her own name, Juanita, a name warm and languorous in itself, she would have developed differently. Bessie looks after all, in name to give her up to.

And one's nature is like a vine. It molds itself upon externals. Juanita Horton. Somehow one could not accept that name with Bessie now.

For the time being, until the turmoil of unrest has loosened its grasp from the industry, Bessie has given up the idea of her own company.

"But it was a happy period when I did have my own company," she said. "Of course, much can be said for the big organization with multiple units, but for the star a personal organization is much the pleasanter. Attention and effort is concentrated upon the individual and it is seen how logically it could mean other than better pictures. But the scarcity of money has been fatal to almost every individual producer."

The Secret
Eugene Christ-"The
man, the famous Food Spe-"pals, discovered that certain foods which ordinarily fat can be eaten in combination with certain oils and beans and the loss of weight will be astounding. The more the oil is used the more the oil is used the more the weight is lost. This is the way that no fat will be condemned to the body of human life."

The first of all cure-"pals, discovered that certain foods which ordinary fat can be eaten in combination with certain oils and beans and the loss of weight will be astounding. The more the oil is used the more the oil is used the more the weight is lost. This is the way that no fat will be condemned to the body of human life.

But all of this astounding things that we have done it would have been foolish to fail to try a method which the so-called weight-loss is so delicately.

She was reduced to normal weight. And she can retain her present figure without gaining or losing.

The manufacture Lucks 13 pounds in 14 days.
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On the Camera Coast

(Continued from page 77)

Richard Walton Tully's first production of his hit big stage plays, "The Masquerader," starring the distinguished actor, Guy Bates Post, for whom the stage role was created, is finished. Joss Young is directing the Picturegoers for picnic-goers to expect something a little "different" in this production, because of Mr. Tully's knowledge of stagecraft and his ingenuity in creating mechanical innovations. His stage plays, like "The Bird of Paradise," "The Flame, Omar, the Tentmaker," and his stage production of "The Masque- rader," have all revealed the cunning artifice of a craftsman, and it is believed he has worked out a set of ingenius "tricks" for his initial film drama.

The Fairbanks' studios are delving into the archaic English history during the making of the Chaplin's next Picture, the thrilling color chivalric experiences of such fascinating characters as Richard the Lion-Hearted, Robin Hood and Ivanhoe, and if you thrilled over Doug as D'Artagnan in "The Three Musketeers," you probably will throw your cap in the air when he slashes his broad- sword in the name of the lady's glove.

"The Spirit of Chivalry" is the temporary title for the picture. A theme of great adventure is adventure stories, has been chosen to direct, and End Bennett will be cast in the leading feminine role. Douglas intended to film the further adventures of the English heroes of the author, Johnston McCulley, at present working.

"Tess of the Storm Country," made by Mary Pickford about seven years ago, has remained in the memory of the public as one of her most charming and forceful characters, and because little Mary desires it, a new Tess of the old story will be filmed, following Jack's production. Marshall Neilan, who directed, would direct Lloyd shies, had their engagement announced here. Harold Roach renewed Pollard's contract. The wedding was scheduled to take place in three months; the couple were to go to Australia before the ceremony. John Wayne and then to return to work and a Hollywood home. The Roach studios were all excitement. As the Dwan, the woman, was said the combination was a good one, because, in two people could stand the vicissitudes of one hundred and six domestic comedy thrillers, they certainly sought, as understanding of each other, and then the next day Marie, emphatically and foolishly woman-like, denied everything. Which probably means that she will be married pretty quick.

Another young woman who denies her engagement is bright Irish lassie, Colleen Moore, who not only has ability but the luck of the leprechauns with her, for she's cast in a leading role in nearly every picture that you see.

John McCormack—not the famed Irish tenor, but Western exchange manager for First National—is the man upon whom the story is being written. Dwan showered her charm and brightness. They are seen constantly together. Cole-n is wearing a handsome diamond and platinum on the premiere night. She declared that expression of a man whose chief object in life is attainment. Miss Moore is under Margaret Wills to Direct, but has recently been appearing in Rupen Hughes' features.

Announcement will probably be forth- coming shortly of the engagement of Marjorie Daw, another Neelan featured player, to John Harron, brother of the late Bobby. These two youngsters have also known each other since they first felt the call of pictures, about six years ago, and, as someone remarked at Coconut Grove the other Tuesday night, "They're a mighty cute-looking pair."

Harold Lloyd has finished "Grandma's Boy," and is ready to come work on the first picture under his new five-year contract with Pathe. Mildred Davis, who has no unknown to another film, and the feminine lead, is to be starred, if present reports have any foundation.

Charley Ray's freshly signed contract with United Artists' Corporation, governing the distribution of two features following the one he is now filming for First National, will give him a whole year in which to decide upon suitable stories, director, cast, etc.

Ray is rejoicing over the fact that, for the first time in the seven years he has been in pictures, he will have time to breathe, think and formulate plans that he has long cherished. His admirers likewise will be happy, because a number of his late pictures have had the grease of the factory on them.

Rex Ingram isn't the only one who is going to revive an old story—now it's Fox Film. They propose to Pollard's rather than to "do over" the picture that brought Theda Bara into the limelight as the greatest vamp, that date being. The question is: whether anyone on the screen today has excelled Theda in her particular type of vamp, or even approached her. Pollard and his producer will be made over. Fox has had little trouble trying to decide upon the right type to play in the 1922 version. They probably

(Continued on page 112)
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In the picture shown here you will find all kinds of objects and parts of objects whose names begin with the letter “S.” A very pleasant evening is before you, and who can tell, it is just as likely not to prove mightily profitable. The person who sends in the nearest correct answer wins first prize; second best, second prize, etc. In addition to the fun of answering the puzzle there is a wonderful opportunity to get a genuine Ell Dee Cedar Chest at an exceptionally low price. As an extra special inducement for you to buy an Ell Dee Cedar Chest, we are offering three $1,000.00 prizes to the persons who send in the three nearest correct answers to the picture.

How Many Objects Beginning With “S” Can You Find?

Look closely at the picture and pick out objects like saddle, satchel, ship, etc. You can use parts of objects like stirrup on the saddle, strap on the satchel, sail on the ship, etc. It's a test of skill and you have as good an opportunity of winning as anyone. If your answer is awarded first prize by the judges you will win also, but the purchase of an Ell Dee Cedar Chest makes your answer eligible for the three big $1,000.00 prizes.

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Send for our catalog of money-saving bargains. If you already have a cedar chest probably there is something due in our catalog making your answer to the picture eligible for the big prizes. A purchase of $5.00 or more worth of merchandise makes your answer eligible for a $500.00 prize. Send for catalog today.

Mail Your Answer Early

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We guarantee Ell Dee Cedar Chests to be absolutely satisfactory in every way. If on arrival you are not perfectly satisfied return the chest at our expense and we will refund your money together with any express or freight charges you may have paid.

(Signed) Lisle Daniels & Co., Inc.

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On the Camera Coast
(Continued from page 110)

thought of Pola Negri, but that dynamic actress is under contract, it appears—and, after her first marriage, to the actor Edward Percy, Miss Elvidge has appeared in Vitagraph features, and just completed a tour of the Vaudeville Lewis Stone, whose work in "The Prisoner of Zend" will undoubtedly attract, has been cast as the titular lead—the Fool.

Sign me up as the last finished actor on the screen. His years of stage experience always mark his characterization. Irene Rich, former leading woman with Will Rogers, also appears in the cast.

That handsome screen idol, Bull Montana, whose only rival is Ben Turpin, has just been contracted for by Hunt Stromberg, to star in three comedies. Ever since Bull nearly stole stellar honors from Doris May in "Crazy to Marry" and "The Fool's Age," locking up a fair share of comedy, his prospects for being featured have been very strong. Production was started March first at United Artists' studios, and when the whole show finished Bull will visit his native land, Italy.

Jackie Coogan is now a property holder, having purchased a lovely home on Wilshire Boulevard, formerly belonging to Jessie Barksdale and husband, Howard Hickman. But Jackie is still a kiddie and believes in toys from around the world, from up, who will have their childhood moments. Someone sent him a toy lion, a four-foot, without a very realistic roar, and, like the Teddy Bear whose eyes lighted as soon as you pressed his ear, Jackie's lion produced a ferocious bellow when a spring is pressed on his head. The tail was pressed over-time by the many visitors to the Coogan home, and now the best beast can do is squeak. Leave it to Jackie—he hoisted a sign: "Don't roar my lion."

On the opening night of Pavlova and her Russian Ballet, Mary and Doug occupied a box and had as their guests Charles Chaplin and Lila Lee. This is not the first time Charlie has been seen at gala performances with the dark-haired Lasy player, Mary denied the inquisitive audience the pleasure of staring at her—and Mary appears in public so rarely that everyone in the vast audience was quite put out. The only time anyone had a real look at her was once between numbers, when the entire party left the box and proceeded the foyer. The remainder of the evening she managed to be hidden by the velvet portieres. Charlie and Doug both seemed quite allashed at having the whole house focusing on them and focusing opera- and field-glasses in their direction.

So not with Signor Valentino, however, who sat quite unconscious in a lower box on the opposite side of the auditorium with Mlle. Rambova on his left. Rambova is the designer of Nazimova's bizarre sets and costumes.

When Rudolph was discovered, there was a real flurry in the house, especially that section in which the delirantes were seated. At this orgy of hyperindulgence, outbursts from the young women caused many to feel that a terrible mishap had beenfallen one of their group, and as a result, caused a general sensation. "Oh, Garret, don't you wish you were her?" (re-ferring to Rambova), was the mildest remark heard. But then they have the censors to consider—even for the expressions from our young ladies.

Douglas Gerrard, film director, was also in the Valentino box. Gerrard directed

Doralinda, the dancer, in her first picture, made a season or so ago, and before that time appeared occasionally in the films. He played a part in Pavlova's only picture, made some years ago, entitled "The Dumb Girl of Portici," and ever since has been one of the leading stars of the best of the great Russian dancer's art. In fact, there were so many "bravos" and "Pavlovos" shouted by her first number, that the audience wondered who the gentleman was. But the genius his vocal outbursts caused was mild compared with when he hurled one bouquet at a共和国 at another at Pavlova's feet, and finally jumped out of the box onto the stage, and on bended knee, kissed the hand of the artist.

Charlie Chaplin and Douglas Gerrard entertained for Pavlova one night after the performance, and Nazimova held a Russian "afternoon" the Sunday during the engagement. Chaplin, who is usually very retiring when in a crowd, was in a very festive mood on the night of the party, which was given in a little French restaurant. That most of the company were Russian and could understand very little English, they enjoyed their evening as much as the Americans did. Charlie also acted as master of ceremonies, and introducing Gerrard, said: "Go on, give one of your pedantic speeches."

The next day—that is, the next afternoon—Pavlova and a group of her dancers visited the Chaplin studios, had the making of pictures explained to them, their photographs taken, and were royally entertained by Charlie's relating anecdotes to them, the price one of which concerned the visit of the King of Belgium to Holly-

Midnight
(Continued from page 93)

You kept it all in, suffered alone! But it's all right now—isn't it? Isn't it? We'll all go on together—yes and Daddy Dar and Jack and I...

Witherwhee Morris relaxed, looked down at the upturned, pleading face. "All right, old hands, old hands, old hands. I—" she added, closing the case door—and, startlingly, the old clock struck the midnight hour!

REFLECTIONS OF A MOVING-
PICTURE FAN
By REUBEN PETTERSON, Jr.

Whoever gazed up at the stars
And said: "There's none as fine as Mars!"
Or this: "I really think, between us,
No star can quite compare to Venus!

Instead, one says in great delight:
"How wondrous are the stars tonight!"

Remember this and understand
My views concerning movieland:

To praise one star I'm not content—
I love the whole blasted firmament!
The Answer Man
(Continued from page 86)

thinking of taking me to dinner? Gareth Hughes was born in Llanclly, Wales, in 1897. Yes, I use a currycomb on my beard every morning.

POLLYANA.—Well, I may be like Alexander Pope who remarked and recognized: "O'er his books his eyes began to roll in pleasing memory of all he stoke." Kitty Gordon is not playing in pictures. Ditto the Lee children.

MONTREAL. ANN.—Here are a few for you. Spectacles were invented by an Italian in the thirteenth century. First watches made in Nuremberg, 1470. Postage stamps first came into use in England in the year 1840; in the United States in 1847. Robert Ellis opposite Dorothy Phillips in "The Soul Seeker." You bet you can be my friend. I enjoyed your French.

SUSIE STUMP.—They are both parking at the Lucky Studio. Send along the fudge. I might just as well weigh a few more pounds. Leah Baird, Richard Tucker, Vernon Steele and Arlène Pretty, in "When the Devil Drives." Yes, Polvo de Córdoba and Forrest Stanley opposite Marion Davies in "When Knighthood was in Flower." J. P. McGown in "Reckless Chances." He has been taking them for the last ten years.

C. K. Y.—I am not satisfied with ordinary windows. I must have a true skylight, and that is outside this little village of Brooklyn. Yes, he is the same Robert Leonard who used to play opposite Ella Hall. There's no time like the present. That's a go.

TREYVE TRUX.—That's a trickie name. Yes, both Harrison Ford and Kenneth Harlan are out West at this writing. Yes, I enjoyed "The Ruling Power" the first and very fond of Arliss. But he would never take a prize in a beauty show.

LA MAR.—All right, I'll count you as a steady. Why don't you join one of the clubs? They are interesting—writing to the different fans, exchanging ideas about plays, etc., etc.

SAMOWINE.—That's me too. So you want a picture of Herbert Howe. We'll have to page Kenneth Alexander. Herb's a fine boy and he has a clever brain. You say you would rather Corinne Griffith played in "The Sheik."

PIXIEY GIRL.—Well, to be eighty-one years young is sometimes more cheerful and hopeful than to be forty years old. So you see it isn't worrying me. That was some joke of yours. June Elvidge, in "Beyond the Rocks." Lewis Stone, in "Debonair." Monroe Salisbury, in "The Great Alone."

PAUL. C. L.—Thanks for the diamond (ace of diamonds). Will tack it up my sleeve for the next time. Your letter was one of the best I have received this month. Won't you send me another?

QUANTUM VIS.—You must be an oldtimer. No, I can't tell you where Marion Leonard, Ethel Grandin, Gene Gammier, Martha Russell, Florence Turner, Mildred Bracken or Ray Gallagher are. Say, how old are you? Ancient history recedes. At one time, Jane Novak was the wife of Frank Newburgh. Olga 17 is married, you know, so I rarely hear from her. Photoplay Philosopher is writing for our new magazine, BEAUTY. He's just changed his subject; that's all.

MARTHA M.—Yours was rather short, but sweet.

LOUISE L.—Never speak disrespectfully of society. Only people who can get into it do that. You want to see Constance and Norma in the same picture, the same as we see Dorothy and Lilian Gish. Not for a

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is so easy to use. Only two minutes required to cover the face with this fragrant classic balm. While it is drying, you can feel its gentle, invigorating action on your tired skin. Then remove Boncilla with warm water.

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Malene Graa.—But, of all ruins, the ruin of man is the saddest to contemplate. You want an interview with Rubyle de Renner. So do.

LEWIS.—The only story we ever printed of those you mentioned was “Male and Female,” in the October, 1919, issue. You’re welcome. Come again.

HOWARD R.—Tell, to great is to be misunderstood. No, Harold Lloyd is not married. I understand there is a rumor that he is to be. He is one of the lewdest claps I have ever seen. Our girls Chef liked him so much he gave him a cover!

BERTRAM B.—Guilty consciences make men conscious. Not so La Senora is encouraged to Lucille Carlsile. Normal is twenty-six, Constance twenty-two and Natalie twenty-four.

Alice?—Hello, Peter! Well, the home seems to be the proper sphere for man, but there surely must be something more old than the new fireside to keep him there. So you would like to see Rudolph Valentino and Gloria Swanson marry. I wouldn’t.

S. C. L.—You say that glances in a young woman are charming interpreters, which express what the lips would not dare to speak. You seem well versed. “Lady Bovary” is in print. Madison released in March. So you intend to see it, do you. Remember, Vitagraph did it about six years ago.

THE THINKER.—You’re right, but, error, from the Latin erro, to wander, is correct. Ben Jonson speaks of a voyage as an error by obsolete now, however. Conway Tearle is playing opposite Norma Talmadge now.

MAM’SUELLE CHERRY.—Wee, wee! de tout mon cœur, I shall answer you. There is no special type that screens well, but brown eyes usually screen better than blue. From the looks of Broadway, I wouldn’t say that bobbed hair is going out of style. Not much.

GERRY 20.—It is pronounced aff-ro-dyt-ee, accent on third syllable.

Alma Hatcher, P. O. Box 306, Greenville, S. C. would be glad to correspond with any of our soldiers and sailors who are in hospitals.

NOZIERE.—Whatever the dirty-shirted, long-haired, high-browed philosophers may say to the contrary, flattery is a fine thing—the beautiful handmade of life, casting flowers and delicious-smelling herbs in the paths of mortals. Dying out the streets, curl up their noses as they sniff the odor, and walk half an inch higher to Heaven by what they tread upon. Hence, give me plenty of praise, but let it be honest, and I will try and make it deserved. Yes, that was Dorothy Dalton and Jack Mower in “Taran of Lost Valley.” Blanche Sweet was with this laughter ten years ago. This is for the description. Please write me again, wont you?

CARMEN.—Naughty, naughty! You refer to A. de Musset, who, you know, was in love with George Sand. He wrote: “O! love! when thou findest thy true apostles on earth united in kisses, thou commandest their glories to close like veils, that they may not see their happiness.” Yes, he was French.

INQUISTIVE.—What next! Thanks for lack of your hair, all done up in pink ribbons. I am saving it with the rest of my curios, and curios they are. But, to talk en left.—”A mystery of the mysteries of love, is to play with fire or be harred of gunpowder. However, I enjoyed yours. (Age eighty-two, but still young.)

Rosa—Why should your eyes were too deep-set. Cant tell you where the “Four Horsemen” will be playing when this appears. Gareth Hughes, in...
"Don't Write Letters," William Duncan and Edith Johnson, in "Man Hunters."

PUT AND TAKE.—No, I never play it, not since I lost a quarter once. In the hole legs of an elegantly dressed man in front, as in a man's, but in a horse, the joint is in the rear. Yes, Wallace Reid is playing in "The Dictator," by Harold and Harding Davis. Mary Miles Minter and Casson Ferguson, in "Heart Specialists."

Yes, Richard Barthelmess, in "Experi-
cracy."

HELEN.—Well, read good books, As
Webster says, "Every man must educate himself. His books and teachers are but
helps; the work is his." Milton Bums, John Bowery and Marguerite de la Mota, in "Jim." Well, I haven't much of a home, but it's home. Home is the father's
knighted, the child's paradise, the mother's
world, the Answer Man's refuge—be it
ever so humble. But our whole life is like
a play. Yes, that was House Peters in "Hannah Hearts." Viola Furlagah, Bebe Daniels, with Fa-
mous Players.

JACKIE.—Yes, we publish the hand-
some new magazine, Beauty, but I am the
Answer Man the one. Corliss Palmer is
him. The Editor-in-Chief said I was not
good looking enough, and that my hair
grew in the wrong place.

Anna A.—Well, I don't know how any
one man can love two women at the same
time. But I guess it's being done. I can
find out. Who love me? You know, a clear
consciousness is more to be desired than
a pull with the police; honest, I've tried
both.

Just a pair of wishful eyes.—Thanks
for your good wishes. Ditto. Yes, Harold
Lloyd has a brother. Blanche Mcarity is
not playing just now. Thomas Jefferson
was the first President to be inaugurated
in the City of Washington. Write me
again.

A pixie girl.—The highest mountain in
North America is Mount McKinley, at the
head of the Susitna and Eklutna
Rivers, Alaska. It is 20,464 feet. Robert
Ellis, opposite Priscilla Dean, in "Wild
Honey," Norma Talmadge is doing "The
Duchess de Langeais," from the story by
Balzac. Eugene O'Brien is not married,
and he has blond hair and blue eyes.
Ruth Dwyer, opposite him, in "Clay
Dol-
sars." Richard Travers is not playing.
I did see Flora Finch in "Orphans of the
Storm." You're very welcome; come
again.

H. M. F.—Bert Lytell's last picture was
"The Phantom Bride." Allan Forrest, op-
posite Viola Dana, in "Seeing is Be-
lieving." Well, it has been pretty cold here
this winter. One day in late January was
so cold that it froze the hair off of a brass
monkey in the park. The lowest tempera-
ture of the United States, on record, was
at Sarco, Montana, January 12, 1916. Well
now, I cant tell you whether Clara K. Young ever attended
a business college in St. Louis in 1902.
Let's see, that was twenty years ago, and
Clara was then about how many years old?

Now de plume—How age means, Mind
what you are about. Guess you are refer-
ing to this:

"Here's to Love, a thing so divine.
Description makes it but the less.
'Tis what we feel, but cannot define.
'Tis what we know, but cannot express."

Do you understand it. Thanks for yours;
it was a pleasure to read it.

Vui3. L. B.—Sorry you are angry with me.
Cheer up; let's be friends. Fannie
Ward is still in Europe. No, but I saw
"The Sheik," and was quite disappointed
in Valentino. Agnes Ayres looked prettier
(Concluded on page 119)
Across the Silversheet

(Continued from page 73)

suggest for the entertainment of guests, but perhaps there is a sentiment to this game which requires the touch of a genius.

Anyway, once upon a time, one of Sir Ferguson Cassidy’s ancestors married a girl against her wishes. After the wedding, when the lady was in distress, her lover came, and when, starting at the sight of him, she asked her question, he answer-

ed affirmatively, and, grabbing her in his arms, he dashed her in the eyebrows and then into the night. It reminded us of the tale of Lo chiarvna, but it couldn’t have been, because it was a free in the summer—no longer was the ‘acuas’ and the ‘warrings’.

For some unknown reason, they think perhaps Sir Ferguson’s bride will do the same when her former sweetheart makes an opportune appearance. But you never can tell about women.

Undoubtedly, the Cosmopolitan coiffers have been heavily taxed for the production of ‘The Bride’s Play.’ Medieval castles, drawbridges over moats, and lavish interi-

ors and exteriors have been erected. There are things this is for extensive ‘shots’ and all of the things which ordi-

narily cover the faults of a story. Here they are not a problem.

Marion Davies is the star. Once or twice we have thought Miss Davies gave promise. However, in this rôle she does not fulfill it. Naturally, she is not a sponta-

neous or natural player; and such titles as are put into her mouth! It would take a great artist indeed to appear natural in spite of them. One is, ‘How dare you speak to me? We have but lately met!’ Now, we know that young ladies recently returned from finishing schools are guilty of many affectations, but there is a limit to all things.

Others in the cast are Wyndham Standing, Carlton Miller, Richard Cummings, Eleanor Middleton, Jack O’Brien and Frank Shannon.

STARDUST—FIRST NATIONAL

In the very beginning, we thought we were going to be pleased with ‘Stardust,’ the motion picture which is based on the widely read novel of Fannie Hurst. There was little Lily Becker, so evidently born into the wrong family. And perhaps there is no such thing as a world any other world than a person born out of a family, so to speak. We felt a genuine pity for her when she stole a glance at her mother and saw the old lady. I could not see what she saw, but I knew she was the envy of the whole world.

There was one episode which undoubtedly should be omitted. For some unaccount-

able reason, they show three or four flashes of a dead baby. It seems to us that this is the sort of thing for which we have censors. It is the one mental vision you carry with you out of the theater.

Hope Hampton is starred.

PENROD—FIRST NATIONAL

‘Penrod’ is necessarily episodic. Some of the episodes are mightily amusing. Some of them are improbable. All of them manifest a better knowledge of the American boy.

Booth Tarkington, in his story, has taken the trouble—if it be trouble—to fathom the boy’s actions and reactions. He has responded to the boy’s affection for the amber curls and blue eyes of the girl around the corner; his consuming passion for mysterious orders, and the dug-out cave in which they are invariably housed; his appetite for blood-curdling me-

lomrama.

He has not depended upon impossible youngsters playing crude tricks upon their elders to depict boyhood. That is a great relief.

Perhaps the most amusing episode is that which finds Penrod at the weekly dancing class. Baby Peggy was loans by Century Comedies for these scenes, and there is no one who does not think his expression of delight at having his emotions across better than this speech of humanity.

Wesley Barry plays Penrod. His under-

standing of the rôle is probably instinctive. We like the twinkle in his eye and his fa-

mous freckles. But we fear he has come to realize importance in the cinema world. He is less the boy—and more the actor.

Marjorie Daw and John Harron are attrac-

tive as the young lovers, and make us wish we could see them playing opposite each other more often.

Marshall Neilan is the producer.

THE LITTLE MINISTER—VITAGRAPH

The introductory title of Vitagraph’s ‘The Little Minister,’ spells the name of the author, J. Barrie, in letters no larger times as small as those which proclaim the scenario writers, C. Graham Baker and Harry Dittmar. This must have amazed the Messrs. Barrie, for they have proved their belief in the man whose work they adapted to the screen—they have not tampered with the story and have taken on their subtitles, without exception, from the pages of the novel. There could be no greater proof of the continuity writers’ respect.

It is now three or four months since we reviewed the Paramount production of ‘The Little Minister.’ But we find our conclusions concerning this Vitagraph ver-

sion largely in the nature of comparisons. There is, first of all, a slight difference in the story, because the first was based upon the play, whereas the last was adapted direct from the novel.

In the Vitagraph production you feel the flesh and blood and bone of the weavers of Thrums, of the little minister and of Lady Babbie. But there is less poetry and

whimsy.

Alice Calhoun has been well cast in the rôle of Lady Babbie, who roams the woods thru the day in Egyptian dress and eventually wins the poor weavers against the redcaps. Her interpretation of the little min-

ister is portrayed with an intermingled frankness and shyness which is fascinat-

ing.

James Morrison is entranced with the title rôle. His performance in several in-

stances possessed more technique than Miss Calhoun’s, but it lacked warmth and feeling.
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in, it in,
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entertainment.
Lesson
is
sent,
reduction,
A REVERIE
By BILLY SCOTT
We sat together one evening in a darkened
theater. Above the pervading silence the orchestra
wafted plaintively. My hand sought hers; Our hearts
throbbed in unison As we gazed enraptured upon the exquisite
story Unfolding before our eyes. Together we followed the persuasive
glances Of the patrician figure upon the screen As she moved relentlessly in the clinging
silks of the Orient. The music floated thru the mystical darkness. Now Pagan, pleading and ironized; Now in minor key, revealing the anguish
of unrequited love. The scents of Eastern gardens filled the air. Distraught,
I gazed at my companion Who turned with delicate sensitiveness To hide a glittering tear. Recollections have I of a handful of dreams, Imprinted upon the yellow sands of memory. Beautiful, thereof, have been the thoughts
borne on the wings of a purple dusk. Ineffaceable phantoms have I missed over. But always shall I remember the ecstasy
of the inmemorable hour I found so sweet In that darkened theater, Nor shall I forget ever, the ivory whiteness
of her face. And the music that swayed me As I sat in that enchanting atmosphere of rose and sandalwood Let by the presence of her whom I adore.

MARY PICKFORD
By GUSTAV BRYAN BOLING
There are many pretty faces; there are
delicious flowing curls;
There are many kinds of beauty in a land of
lovely girls;
But when a world-wide homage is to be the
victor's prize,
There must be something deeper than the
lure of sparkling eyes.
I gaze upon a picture of a witching, child-
like face;
I see that same clear profile holding well
the woman's place.
Some say she won by beauty; others say
she climbed thru art;
I think the silver threads of grace but
chute a golden heart.
I think she rose thru effort to her laurel
wreath of fame;
Thru dust and mire and heat and sweat
she carved her lustrious name;
Thru sacrifice of playful years, the right
of careless youth;
Thru toil and hope and vision; thru the
tireless quest of truth.
I wonder what the worlds may be that she
will conquer still;
I wonder what new monuments shall rise
before her will;
I cannot think her step is ever on the
highest rug,
For just above there always waits the
sweetest song unsung.

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MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC
For MAY

The Answer Man
(Continued from page 115)

than ever, but Valintino wasn’t the Sheik of the book.

K. S.—“Original” is one of the most un-

common words in literature.  Many are:

Doro is playing in “Lilies of the Field,”

on the stage.  So you were practising on me—
go right ahead.  Mary Miles Minter is playing in it, too. Betty Coavourites, Paul

son, Mahlon Hamilton, Cleo Madison and 

Robert Ellis are playing in “Ladies Must 

Live.”  I say they must.  They should, 

away.

ANGLO-AMERICAN—“I’m glad you don’t 

get lonely, either.  The empty-minded 

person is the first one to get lonely when 

alone.  You’ll probably be Miss Vixenova in “C 

mille.”  I rather like it.  Yes, Vivian Mar 

tin is playing on the stage and in pictures.

Carnival was produced in England.  I 

say it.  “My Old Dutch,” which is quite 

old now.  Your letter was a home-

run hit.  Write again.

BLUE EYES—She has no relation.  No, I 

have never seen her.  “Blue Eyes,” 

Stebbing of Algiers is nearly a thousand years old, 

and was taken from the Turks by the 

French in 1830.  Eva Novak and Tom 

Hayes are playing together.  Jane Novak, in “Deliverance.”  Ralph Graves and Colleen 

Moore, in “Sent for Out.”  Gladys Walton, 


You’re very welcome.

O. U. Kino.—It seems no more than 

right that men should seire time by the 

forelock, for the rude old fellow, sooner 

or later, pulls all their hair out.  Look 

what he did to me.  William Carleton and 

Marguerite Clayton, in “The Inside of the 

Cup.”  Eugene Palette and Ruth Stonehouse, in “Parlor, Bedroom and Bath.”  

Wyramid Standing and Naomi Childers, in “Male and Female.”

Rour use, I R. Hughes is with Metro.  

Allan Ray is playing in “Partners of the 

Sunset.”  Yes, she is beautiful.  Francis 

Ford is playing in the same picture with 

William Russell, “The Lady of Longac 

regre.”

DONALD—You certainly are in an un-

settled condition.  Jumping suddenly from 

one condition to another is always 

more or less painful, and is not generally 

attended with much grace.  Steady growth 

is the proper thing.  No, Gaston Glass is not 

married.  No, not Viola Dana.  Yes, to 

your third.

BELINDA—You’re right, but cold storage 

spoils the eggs, and cold treatment addles the 

matrimonial yoke.  No, Mary Miles 

Minter is not married.  Pauline Frederick 

is playing in “Judith of Blue Lake Ranch.”  

Mac Marsh, in “Birtte,” on the stage.

SWEET PEA—That was a clever verse 

you wrote.  I wish I could use it.  You 

really show signs of a writer.  Douglas 

MacLean and Madge Bellamy, in “The 

Hunted.”  You’re playing with her, Susie Hayakawa, in “The Street of the Flying 

Dragon.”

JULIET—But the best dreamer is the one 

that makes a cut-out come true.

Monte Blue has a small part in “The Two 

Orphans.”

ETHEL J.—Doctors ought surely to be 

able to cure calculus.  It is held that no 

man living should speak ill of them, and 

the dead cant.  You can reach Richard 

Dick at Goldwyn.  He is playing opposite 

Rosemary Theby in “Yellow Men and Gold.”

Don’t mind me; write often.

PROXY—So you don’t believe I am an old 

man.  Run in some day, and I’ll prove it to 

you.

JACK—Yes, Lytell is still with Metro.  

Why, yes; I liked Norma Talmadge in “The Wonderful Thing.”  I saw the stage

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bottle.  Made by Degmaster of—

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Cuticula Talcum is Fragrant and

Very Healthful

Sample free from Cuticula Laboratories, Dept.
D, Malden, Mass. 2c. everywhere.

119 PAGU
Haven't You Often Said to Yourself

"My, don't I wish I had the money to do as other folks can do. There is Mary Smith with a new fur coat—Dolly Brown has no end of pretty dresses—even Mrs. Peoples, with all her children to do for, and her husband only a salaried man, never seems to worry over having money for extra nice things. I wish I knew how they do it."

Many a time, Miss Dorothy Crane looked with longing eyes at the pretty things possessed by her friends, and which she couldn't then afford to have. But her heart's desires are being realized now all right. Thru a method easily acquired, she earns more than $40 a week.

"And what I like most about your plan," she writes, "is that it is simple. Some days I work only an hour or two, while on other days, when I am feeling particularly ambitious, I put in the whole day. I never felt so independent and I am more than satisfied with the money I make."

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No matter how you may be situated or what your financial needs may be, you should let us tell you of our plan. Subscription Representatives are wanted for our four Periodicals, in every City, Town and Hamlet. By signing and mailing the coupon below, full particulars of the plan and what you can earn will be in your possession as quickly as the mails can get it to you.

________________________________________
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Desk MPA

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Street and No.
City...  State...

Superficial HAIR all GONE

Forever removed by the Mahler Method which kills the hair root without pain or injuries to the skin in the privacy of your own home.

Send today 3 stamps for Free Booklet

B. J. MAHLER CO., 89-9 Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.
Corliss Palmer Powder

Extracts from Motion Picture Magazine, April, 1921

I have tried about every powder on the market and have done con-
siderable experimenting with many and on others. There is no de-
ning that there are several very fine powders on the market, but I
feel that some just muddled me and so I determined to make one
that old. You see, in the first place, I had some very peculiar ideas
about the completion and was very hard to please. I am very par-
ticular about lines and star-
ing qualities, and I want a pow-
der that will not blow off in the
first gust of wind, that is not too
heavy nor too light, that does
not injure the complexion, and that
becomes moist from perspiration or
from the natural oil that comes
through the pores of the skin. I
also like a pleasant aroma in my
powder, and one that lasts. After
experimenting with pro-
duced starch, French chalk, mag-
nesia carbonate, powdered potato
root, rice powder, precipitated chalk, shoe chalk and other
chemicals, and after consulting authorities as to the effects of
each of these on the skin, I
finally settled on a formula that
has been tried out under all
circumstances and that
stands up to contact with the skin of all, perhaps, this powder
when finally perfected had the remark-
able quality of being equally good for
the grease, for evening dress
and for motion picture make-up.
I use the same powder before the
camera for exteriors and loca-
tions, and for daily use in real life.
So do many of my friends, and
they all tell me that they will use
no other so long as they can get
mine. I have, in fact, a mixture of many colors, learned
from an artist's yard age
that there are no solid flat colors to
match. Look carefully at
anything you choose and you
will see many color that the artist
in olden times, no matter what
instance, and changing is closely
related to the touch of the brush.
Just so with the face. Any purchase that does not
be used nearly every color will
not match. Nothing in nature
—not even snow, because it reflects
every color that is around it. White face powder is absurd.
While it is not a color, this is
not tone of any powder is something like that of a beautiful
sandy beach and therefore call it "Corliss Palmer Beach
Riviera Powder".

Do not think of sitting for a portrait without first using this powder!

And it is perfected for the photography, for evening functions, for street use, in the Movies and everywhere. Send One Dollar or 1-cent or 2-cent stamps, and we will mail you a box of this exquisite powder.

Beware of imitations and accept no substitutes warranted to be "just as good." There is nothing else like it on the market.

WILTON CHEMICAL CO.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Cut out and mail today

WILTON CHEMICAL CO.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

For the enclosed One Dollar please send me a box of Corliss Palmer Powder. I wish to try this powder and I will return any box which is not satisfactory at my own expense.

Name ..................................................
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121 PAGI
The Latest in Perfumery

Petites

TAKE one to the theater or dance, empty it and throw the tiny bottle away (or save it and refill it). The finest perfume in the world, when placed on a handkerchief or gown, lasts only a few minutes after it has dried. Only moisture or heat can bring out the aroma again. Hence, the perfume milady applies in her boudoir is usually lost by the time she arrives at her destination—the place it was intended for. Petites overcome this waste. They take up no room, are easily opened, and you can always have the dainty, delicate, bewitching aroma clinging and lingering about your presence. Ten Petites, filled with the most delicious perfume, accompany every two-ounce cut-glass bottle, together with a filler, all neatly packed in a beautiful box. The perfume is

Corliss Palmer

named after its inventor, who is known as the Most Beautiful Girl in America. It is her first choice of 100 accepted formulas. It is distinctive, subtle, illusive, charming. Its enchanting fragrance is exceedingly lasting, and you can often detect it on your handkerchief after it has been laundered. To introduce it to the American market, the price is at present only $6.00 a box, complete.

Jeanne Jacques
(Sole Distributor)
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Every inch of your face contains hundreds of oil-laden pores-

Each pore, brimming with natural oil, traps and holds any floating particle of dust which comes in contact with it daily. Unless removed, this dust and grime combines with the oil, clogs the pores, hinders their cleansing work and makes complexion health and beauty impossible.

Soap and water alone will not remove this foreign matter and the impurities dammed up behind them. Washing merely clears the surface of the skin—the trouble-maker lodges below the surface. Left undisturbed, it enlarges the pores, undermines skin health and causes unsightly blackheads.

How certain oils dissolve impurities
To acquire and keep a clear, radiant complexion, you must give your pores a thorough cleansing every night. The way is easy. Certain oils, correctly compounded, will penetrate the pores, dissolve the oily mass in each and bring it to the surface. A soft cloth will then remove it.

These oils have been combined in Melba Skin Cleanser. Thousands of women have used this cream for twenty-nine years, and thus kept their skins youthful and radiant. If you, too, would have the satiny clear complexion women and men admire, begin tonight to cleanse your pores. Apply Melba Skin Cleanser, giving it time to enter the pores. Within a week you will be amazed at the smoothness and softness, the new, fine texture of your skin.

Then, to remove or prevent wrinkles and bring added color, massage lightly with Melba Face Cream Skin Massage. This will bring more blood to nourish the tissues. The cream is astringent and will narrow and refine the pores.

To add the final touch of beauty, you must use the right face powder. The “calcimined” look you see so often comes through use of a coarse face powder. To blend evenly with the tone and texture of your complexion, face powder must be infinitely fine. By a wonderful new process of air-sifting, Melba face powders are now made so fine they float on air, blend admirably with any skin and cling perfectly.

Fill out and send this coupon
You will find Melba products for sale at toilet goods counters of all drug and department stores. If you wish liberal samples for trial first, fill out the coupon, enclosing only 25 cents, stamps or silver, and we will send you a generous trial package of Melba products, including a trial tube of Melba Skin Cleanser, Melba Face Cream Skin Massage, Melba Vanishing Cream, a trial bottle of Melba Skin Lotion and sample packets of air-floated Melba face powders. We will include, free, a copy of ”The Art of Make-up,” a little de luxe book that tells how beauty may be emphasized.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 25 CENTS

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4237 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

I enclose 25c (stamps or silver) for which send me 1 trial tube of Melba Skin Cleanser, 1 trial tube of Melba Face Cream Skin Massage, 1 trial tube of Melba Vanishing Cream, 1 trial bottle of Melba Skin Lotion, and sample packets of Melba air-floated face powders. You are to include your book, ”The Art of Make-up,” free.

Print plainly with a pencil

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The Happiest Time of Her Life

Admiration, attention—groups of eager young men awaiting her appearance, and more partners than she can dance with—this makes girlhood days the happiest time of a woman’s life.

To miss this popularity is a tragedy. Yet many girls are socially unsuccessful because of some lack in charm.

What constitutes this charm is hard to define—but one thing is certain. The popular girl, the successful girl, the gay, happy, all-admired girl is always distinguished by a fresh, radiant skin.

How to have this perfect complexion is the problem of many girls, but we can solve it for you. It’s a simple secret, discovered many thousand years ago.

What spoils complexion
Every day your skin accumulates a coating of dust, dirt and general soil. Every day you apply powder, and every day most women use a little or much cold cream. This dirt, powder and cold cream penetrates the tiny skin pores and fills them. Perspiration completes the clogging. You can judge for yourself what happens if you fail to wash these accumulations away.

Once a day your skin needs careful, thorough cleansing to remove these clogging deposits. Otherwise you will soon be afflicted with coarseness, blackheads and blotches.

How soap beautifies
Mild, pure, soothing soap, such as Palmolive, is a simple yet certain beautifier. Its profuse, creamy lather penetrates the network of skin pores and dissolves all dangerous deposits. Gentle rinsing carries them away.

When your skin is thus cleansed, it quickly responds with fresh, smooth radiance. The healthful stimulation results in natural, becoming color.

And the lotion-like qualities of the Palmolive lather keeps your complexion delightfully soft.

Now, when your skin is healthfully clean, is the time to apply cold cream. Now, powder and that touch of rouge are harmless.

You can perfect your good complexion and beautify one not so good by the means of this simple cosmetic cleansing.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U.S.A.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Also makers of a complete line of toilet articles

Volume and efficiency produce 25-cent quality for only 10c

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Cleopatra’s way
With all classic people, bathing was a duty never neglected. The rubs of Cleopatra’s sumptuous marble bath are ample proof of her fondness for this ancient beauty solace.

Palm and olive oils were the cleansers with the same bland oriental oils we blend scientifically in Palmolive.

The lotion-like qualities which made them the most highly prized of all old world beautifiers, are imparted to Palmolive Soap.

A 10-cent luxury
The vast volume in which we produce Palmolive to supply the world-wide demand naturally lowers the cost. If made in small quantities the price would be at least 25 cents. Manufacturing economy permits us to offer this finest facial soap for only 10 cents. Thus you can afford to share Cleopatra’s favorite luxury.

Use Palmolive for bathing and let it do for your body what it does for your face.
My! that looks like

\textbf{JELL-O}

\textbf{A}MERICA'S Most Fa\-mous Dessert can be made wherever hot water is available. Its convenience, its economy, and its deliciousness have taken it everywhere. The above is one of a series of pictures from our new Jell-O book, sent free upon request.

\textbf{O}N the other hand we have a "Book of Menus" written by an eminent authority and illustrated by silver and china service from the most exclusive shop on the Avenue. This will be sent for twenty cents in stamps. Our address is on our package.
Why Some People Are Never At Ease Among Strangers

People of culture can be recognized by the way they are calm, well-groomed, and capable of handling embarrassing situations. They have a certain dignity about them, a certain calm assurance which makes people respect them. It is because the hostess knows what to do and says things that they are able to mingle with the most highly cultivated people and yet be entirely at ease.

But there are certain people who are never at ease among strangers. They do not know what to do at the right time, they are awkward, self-conscious. They are afraid to accept invitations because they do not know how to behave properly, how to make appropriate remarks. They do not know what to wear, how to act, how to conduct themselves.

People whose manners are not well-developed, therefore, are people whose poise and dignity impress you immediately. They are, of course, a certain respect. Etiquette makes them graceful, confident. It enables them to mingle with the most cultured people and be perfectly at ease. It takes away the sense of uncertainty that their nervousness, their timidity. By knowing what is expected of them, what is the correct thing to do, and say, they become calm, dignified and well-poised—and they are welcomed and admired in the highest circles of business and society.

Here's the Way People Judge Us

Let us pretend that we are in the drawing-room and the hostess is serving tea. Numerous little questions of conduct confront us. If we know what to do we are happy, at ease. But if we do not know what to do we are unhappy, at ease. We know we are betraying ourselves. We know that those who are with us can tell immediately, simply by watching us, how we are handling ourselves. For instance, one must know how to eat cake correctly. Should it be taken up in the fingers or eaten with a fork? Should the napkin be entirely unfolded or should the center crease be allowed to remain? If there is no crease, should it be taken up with the fingers?

There are other problems, too—many of them. Should the man rise when the hostess offers a cup of tea from the host? Should he thank her? Who should be served first? What should the guest do with the cup when he or she has finished the tea? Is it good form to accept a second cup? What is the secret of creating conversation and making people find you pleasant and agreeable?

It is so easy to commit embarrassing blunders, so easy to do what is wrong. But etiquette tells us just what is expected of us and guards us from all humiliation and discomfort.

Etiquette in Public

Here are some questions which will help you find out just how much you know about the etiquette that must be observed among strangers. See how many of them you can answer.

When a man and woman enter the theatre together, who walks first down the aisle? When the usher points out the seats, does the man enter first or the woman? May a man leave a woman alone during intermission?

There is nothing that so quickly reveals one's true station and breeding as awkward, poor manners at the table. Should the knife be held in the left hand or the right? Should olives be eaten with the fork or with a fork? How is lettuce eaten? What is the correct and cultured way to eat corn on the cob? Are the finger-tips of both hands placed into the finger-bowl at once, or all at a time?

When a man walks in the street with two women, does he walk between them or next to the cutest? Who opens the door for the streetcar first, the man or the woman? When does a man tip his hat? On what occasions is it considered bad form for him to pay a woman's fare? May a man on any occasion hold a woman's arm when they are walking together?

Some people learn all about etiquette and correct conduct by associating with cultured people and learning what to do and say at the expense of many embarrassing blunders. But most people are now learning quickly and easily through the famous Book of Etiquette—a splendid, carefully compiled, authoritatively written book, towards correct manners on all occasions.

The Book of Etiquette

The Book of Etiquette makes it possible for you to do, say, write and wear what is absolutely correct and correct at all times. And if you have been warned, if you have been counseled, if you have been scolded or should

Do You Know

How to introduce men and women correctly?
How to write invitations, announcements, acknowledgments?
How to register at a hotel?
How to take leave of the hostess in the dining-room?
How to plan home and church weddings?
How to use table silver in a proper way?
How to do at all times, under all conditions, the cultured, correct thing?

Many embarrassing blunders can be made in a public restaurant. Should the young lady in the picture pick up the fork or knife for the waiter to add to it? Or should one of the men pick it up?

All its phases. There are chapters on the etiquette of engagements, weddings, parties and all social entertainments. There are interesting chapters on correspondence, invitations, cards and calling cards. New chapters on the etiquette in foreign countries have been added, and there are many helpful hints to the man or woman who travels.

With the Book of Etiquette to refer to, there can be no mistake, no embarrassment. One knows exactly what is correct and what is incorrect. And by knowing, so definitely that one is perfect in the art of etiquette, a confident poise is developed which enables one to appear in the most elaborately dressed room, among the most brilliant and highly cultured people, without feeling the least bit ill at ease.

Send No Money

To enable everyone everywhere, to examine the famous Book of Etiquette, without obligation, we make this special offer to send the complete two-volume set free for 5 days to anyone requesting it. Entirely free—no money in advance. All that is necessary is your name and address on the coupon below and the Book of Etiquette will be sent to you at once at our expense. You have the privilege of examining it, keeping it, and deciding for yourself, whether or not you want to keep it.

Send for the Book of Etiquette today. Read some of the interesting chapters. Surprise your friends and acquaintances with your knowledge of what to do, say, write and wear on all occasions. And when you have been fully convinced that etiquette widens your circle of friends, makes you admired, and respected, increases your knowledge of society and its requirements, gives you poise, self-confidence and charm—keep the set and send us $2.50 in full payment. But if you are not utterly delighted after the 5-day free trial, simply return books and you won't be out a cent. The Book of Etiquette is published in handsome cloth binding decorated in gold. Send for your set today. Just the coupon—no money. But get your coupon off NOW. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 762, Oyster Bay, N. Y.
When are these coming? Use the phone!

**BETTY COMPSON**

"The Green Temptation"

See beautiful Betty Compson as the dance- idol of Paris! This picture is the true thing in Parisian night life.


"The Woman Who Walked Alone" with Dorothy Dalton

**A GEORGE MELITON PRODUCTION**

Dashing Dorothy Dalton as the make-up sportswoman of English social lift Levers, galore, and then—the terrible scandal, The Trial, and "the woman who walked alone!"


**THOMAS MEIGHAN**

in "The Bachelor Daddy"

GEORGE FITZMAURICE'S PRODUCTION

"THE MAN FROM HOME"

An Italian Prince with James Kirkwood makes passionate love to a pretty American girl in an attempt to win her millions. "The Man from Home" arrives, and then the lightning begins to fork and play.

From the play by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson, Scenario by Odelle Boyer.

When are these coming? Use the phone!

**When are these coming? Use the phone!**

Take the little trouble to telephone the theatre

If you can get a good show simply by asking a question, ask—

"Is it a Paramount Picture today?"

Your theatre manager will appreciate your interest. He is always puzzling how to please most of the people most of the time.

When he finds that you like to know where a photoplay comes from, as well as its title and star, he will take care to announce it in future.

Paramount has finally taken the best film entertainment out of the stunt class and put it into the class of the world's greatest entertainment.

The stars, the directors, the plots, the sumptuous presentations, make every Paramount Picture an artistic event and a personal thrill.

It is a real loss to let many days go by without seeing a Paramount Picture.

So—make a bargain with us—if we continue to make the better pictures, as we shall—Paramount, you verify the dates of their showing at your theatre?

Quit paying your good money for anything short of the best!

---

"Is Matrimony a Failure?"

with T. Roy Barnes, Lila Lee, Lois Wilson, Walter Hiers

William de Mille's PRODUCTION

"Bought and Paid For"

with Aynes Ayres and Jack Holt

When are these coming? Use the phone!

Wallace Reid in "Across the Continent"

Wallace Reid in a cracker-jack auto-mobile picture! Gasoline, perfume, pretty faces, a mile every minute—that's the mixture in this great show!

Paramount Pictures

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town
Established December, 1910. "We lead, others follow," and it was ever so

Motion Picture Magazine
(Trade-mark Registered)
Founded by J. Stuart Blackton

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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for future reference.

_Apollo._—"Orphans of the Storm." D. W. Griffith's latest epic of the screen, a re-telling of the old melodrama, "The Two Orphans," with the French Revolution in the background. Lillian and Dorothy Gish have the leading roles. This is Griffith at his best, and it is well worth viewing.

Belasco.—"Leslie Ulric in "Kiki."" David Belasco's production of his own piquant adaptation of André Faucon's French farce. Miss Ulric scores one of the big hit successes of the season with her brilliant playing of a little gamine of the Paris music halls. You will love Kiki as you loved Peg-but differently. A typically excellent Belasco cast.

Flemond.—"Montmartre," an elaborate production of an imported tale of the Paris Latin Quarter. Big and colorful.

_Booth._—"The Truth About Blondys," Winthrop Ames' production.

A. A. Milne's newest comedy. Better than the same author's "The Dover Road" and "Mr. Pim Passes By." A fine melodrama, built about a famous poet of the Victorian era, who turns out to have been a colossal faker, and the problem his death-bed confession puts up to his surviving relatives. O. P. Heggie, altho on the stage but a few moments in the first act, as the famous Oliver Blayds, fairly dominates the play, and excellent acting is contributed by Alexandra Carlyle, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Leslie Howard, Frieda Inescort and Gilbert Emery. This is a play well worth seeing.

Broadhurst.—"Marjolaine," a musical adaptation of Louis N. Parker's romantic Georgian comedy, "Pomander Walk." An above-the-average musical, intelligent, offering with able lyrics by Brian Hooker and a tuneful score by Hugo Felix. Little Mary Hay runs away with the hit of the piece, altho Louxon Pawle and Peggy Wood are more than adequate in the featured roles.

_Earl Carroll._—"Just Because," a rather tame musical comedy of an old bachelor and his nine marriageable daughters. Queenie Smith, a lively dancer, and the amusing Olin Howland stand out of the cast, which includes Frank Moshun and Jane Richard.

_Casino._—"Tangerine," with Julia Sanderson. A pleasant and entertaining musical comedy with scenes revolving between that alluring city, Ludlow Jail, and an island in the South Seas, where the women do all the work. Color and tinkling music.

_Cobans._—"The Perfect Fool," with Ed Wynn. A musical comedy in which Wynn is the whole show. He was never funnier. Out of the indifferent supporting cast stand the Meyako sisters, personable Japanese-Na-Japanese dancing. We instruct you by our new simple Directrograph system, pay you cash each week and guarantee you steady work. Write for full particulars and free booklet.

_Etlinge._—"The Demi-Virgin." Avery Hopwood's "thin ice farce." The locale is that modern tableau, Babylonia, Hollywood, and the opus shows movies in the making. The big scene reveals a comic "strip poker" game in progress. Hazel Dawn heads the cast, but Constance Farber really runs away with the opus.

_Empire._—"The Czarina," with Doris Kenes. A glowing biography recently built about the famous Catherine of Russia and her amorous adventures amid the intrigue and politics of a royal court. Miss Keane gives a highly interesting performance of the great Catherìne as she nears the threshold of her eightieth year.

_Forty-ninth Street._—The Chauve-Souris, starring Belieff and his Russian entertainers from Moscow. Superb apparatus and lighting, done with a touch of genius. Be sure to see this.

Garrick.—"Back to Methuselah," the newest George Bernard Shaw drama, presented in a cycle of three weekly instalments. A distinguished production of a highly talkative but many times exceedingly brilliant load of Shavian philosophy and humor. Here Shaw attempts to show the human race that it must be really useful, and that it can evolve a new and lengthy existence if it so wills. The Theatre Guild has won the greatest artistic success of the season with "Back to Methuselah," and credit must be given to the finely imaginative settings of Lee Simonson, the admirable stage direction of the entire cycle, and the altogether excellent acting of the huge cast. Particular historic credit goes to A. P. Kae, Claude King, Albert Bruning, Ernata Laseelles, George Gaul and little Methul-Bryan Allen, a delectable discovery who gives a Ziegfeldian touch to the last episode of the long cycle.

_Harris._—"Six Cylinder Love," with Ernest Trues. The season's biggest sell-out and a real hit. Presenting the amusing problems of a young couple trying to live up to their car. Plenty of laughs.

_Lyric._—"For Goodness Sake," Fred Jackson's newest musical entertainment. One of the pleasantest that we have seen this year, and a really entertaining thing. The dancing Astaires run away with the hit of the production, little Adele Astaire revealing unexpected common sense and an unusual subtlety. John E. Hazzard is highly diverting as a puzzled husband, who feigns death by drowning to test his wife's devotion. The love interest includes Marjorie Gateson, Charles Judel and Helen Ford. (There is a very pretty chorus.)

(Continued on page 8)
Read How Others Have Lost Weight

**Losers 13 Pounds in 8 Days**

"Hurrah! I have lost 13 pounds since last Monday and I feel better than I have for months."  
Mrs. Geo. Guettelman, 420 E. 69th St., New York City.

**Losses 22 Pounds in 14 Days**

"I reduced from 175 pounds to 153 pounds (a reduction of 22 pounds) in two weeks. Before I started I was flabby, heavy and sick. Stomach troubles bothered me all the time. I feel wonderful now."  
Ben Nardle, 109 Fulton St., New York City.

**From 287 to 143 Pounds**

"I will always be thankful that I wrote for the course, for I weighed 287 pounds. After taking the course I weighed results right away and now am down to normal weight, having lost 144 pounds. I am proud to have a girlish figure again."  
Mrs. Eliza Caudill, 493 Main Street, Monroe, L. I.

**Lost 28 Pounds in 30 Days**

"I found your instructions easy to follow and your method delightful. In 30 days I lost 28 pounds—5 pounds the very first week. My general health has been greatly benefited."  
(Signed) Earl A. Ketzel, 225 W. 39th St., New York City.

Amazing new discovery makes it easy to take off a pound or more a day. One woman reduced 13 pounds in 8 days. Another lost 65 pounds in a few weeks and her health was improved a hundred per cent. Still another lost 22 pounds in two weeks. All without tiresome treatments, discomforts or bitter self-denials. Results in 48 hours. Free Trial.

**You Can Weigh Thirty Pounds Less One Month from Today**

A WONDERFUL new method of losing disfiguring, burdensome excess flesh has been discovered. A method that can give you the type of figure you admire so much—one month from today—or less. It is a simple, self-followed law of Nature. Any one can apply it at once, without any bitter self-denials, and results are often gained in only 48 hours.

It requires no appliances, medicines, special baths or massage. There is no distasteful diet to follow; in fact, many say they enjoy their meals more than ever before. And in spite of the simplicity of this wonderful new method of reducing, the experience of thousands of stony men and women has shown that a pound a day is not too much to look for at the very start. Many women have taken off 10 pounds a week, and even more.

** Lose Flesh Quickly—and Improve Health**

And the beauty of this safe, natural method of reducing is that it gives you renewed vitality and energy, in addition to restoring your normal youthful figure. Your general health will improve. You obtain a clearer complexion, a brighter eye, a more elastic step and greater zest in life. Your nerves are improved, your sleep is more refreshing. The years seem to drop away as the superfluous fat vanishes, and you may do things others have, that wrinkles which seemed permanent have also been effaced.

Hundreds of women have lost 20, 30, 40, and more pounds in astonishingly short time. And they did all this without being harassed by rigid rules of diet.

If you wish to avoid the necessity for making sudden changes in your clothing, you can easily control the operation of this natural law of reduction so that your loss of weight will be more gradual than a pound a day. While you are steadily regaining your slender, graceful, youthful figure, slight and inexpensive changes in your garments can be made from time to time.

Then, when you have arrived at your ideal weight, the new discovery will enable you to maintain it steadily without gain or losing. Your weight is thus largely under your own control.

In reducing through this remarkable new discovery, you make little change in your daily routine. You continue to do the things you like, and to eat the food you enjoy. In fact, far from giving up the pleasures of the table, you actually increase their variety. All you do is to follow an extremely simple and easily understood law of Nature.

**The Secret Explained**

It was given to Eugene Christian, the well-known food expert, who discovered this one safe, certain and easily followed method of regaining normal health, by the scientists who discovered that certain foods, when eaten together, take off weight instead of adding to it. Certain combinations cause fat, others consume fat. There is nothing complicated and nothing hard to understand. It is simply a matter of learning how to combine your food properly, and this is easily done.

These CORRECT combinations, which reduce your weight, are regarded by others as so much more appetizing than WRONG combinations that it seems strange to them that their palates could have been so easily satisfied in the past. You will even be able to eat many delicious dishes which you have denied yourself in the past. For you will be shown how to arrange your meals in such a manner that these delicacies will no longer be fattening.

Free Trial—Send No Money

Elated with his discovery and with the new hope and energy it has given many men and women, Eugene Christian incorporated this method in the form of simple, easy-to-follow little lessons under the title of "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." This is now offered to you on a free trial basis.

Although you would probably be glad to pay many dollars for such a simple, safe and certain method of obtaining normal weight, we make this trial sure, for, of course, we want every sufferer from excessive flesh to secure its benefits.

Send no money; just put your name and address on the coupon or a letter. You are protected by our refund offer. Act today, however, to avoid delay, as it is hard for us to keep up with the demand for these lessons. Corrective Eating Society, Inc., Dept. W-286, 43 West 16th St., New York City.

If you prefer to write a letter, copy wording of coupon in a letter or on a postcard.

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY, Inc.  
Dept. W-286, 43 West 16th St., New York City

You may send me, in PLAIN CONTAINER, Eugene Christian's Course "Weight Control—the Basis of Health," in 12 lessons. I will pay the postage of $1.97 (plus postage to the postman will make it yours). Then, if you are not fully satisfied in every particular, you may return it within five days after its receipt, and your money will be immediately refunded. If more convenient, you may remit with coupon, but this offer is for a trial basis only.

As soon as the course arrives, weigh yourself. Decide how much weight you wish to lose in the first week and each week thereafter. Then try the first lesson. Weigh yourself in two days or so, and from that day on you will be surprised as the thousands of others who have quickly regained a normal, beautiful figure in this simple, scientific way.

Remember, send no money; just mail the coupon or a letter. You are thoroughly protected by our refund offer. Act today, however, to avoid delay, as it is hard for us to keep up with the demand for these lessons. Corrective Eating Society, Inc., Dept. W-286, 43 West 16th St., New York City.
Stage Plays That Are Worth While  
(Continued from page 6)

Marxine Elliott's,—"The Mountain Man," with Sidney Blackmer. A charming Clare Kummer comedy of a rugged man of the Virginia hills and his love for a luxurious product of Paris. Superbly played by Sidney Blackmer. This is one of the pleasantest things in the theater. 

Music Hall.—Irving Berlin's "Music Box Revue." The biggest musical hit of the year and a fast-moving entertainment, staged with well-chosen material. The cast includes Sam Bernard, Willa Collier, Florence Moore, Wilda Bennett, Mr. Ber- 

nlin himself, Mlle. Marguerite, Emma Haig and Rose Roland. The staging is a credit to Hassard Short. 

National.—"The Cat and the Canary." A tense and creepy melodrama that is a logical successor to "The Bat" as New York's favorite thriller. You'll hold the arms of your orchestra chair all thru this. 

Palace.—Keith Vaudeville. The home of America's best variety bill and the foremost music hall in the world. Always an 

attractive vaudeville bill. 

Plymouth, "The Voltaire." with Arnold Daly. This is Arthur Hopkins' production of a romantic comedy and the first work of two Columbia students, Leila 

Taylor and Gertrude Purcell. Rather dull 

and disappointing. Miss Lorraine Forrest. 

Republic.—Lawful Larceny," an ab 

solving comedy by Herbert B. Sherman, 

Sloan, Gail Kane, Margaret Lawrence and 

a perfectly balanced cast prove enter 

tainingly that the vamping of husbands is 

just as weak as the larceny of dollars. 

Well worth while. 

Selwyn.—"The Blue Kitten." An ex 

ceedingly mild musical entertainment 

intended to please the tired business man. Joseph Caughnere and Lillian Lorraine are featured. Miss Lorraine's costumes are the last word in dramatic suspense.

ON TOUR

"A Bill of Divorcement," with Allan 

Pollen and Victoria Price, is now playing by 

Clemence Dane, dealing with the British 

divorce laws. The story of a husband who 

returns after sixteen years of shell-shock 

ed insanity and the resultant effects upon 

his household. Mr. Pollack is excellent, 

and Katherine Cornell gives an admirable 

performance of her high-strung daughter. 

by "The Cat and the Canary," 

Arthur Hopkins' able production of 

Eugene O'Neill's newest drama—a pow 

erful tale of the sea and the helpless hu 

man drifters that probably gives the best 

performance of the season as the old 

sailor's daughter, while George Marion 

Drew and Frank Shannon give superb aid. 

Locco's N. Y. and Locco's American 

Roof, first runs. Daily program. 

Locco's Metropolitan, Brooklyn.—Fea 

ture photo plays and vaudeville. 

Capitol.—Photo plays plus a de 

luxe program. Superb theater 

Rivoli.—De luxe photo plays with full 

symphony orchestra. Weekly program. 

Rialto—Photo plays, supreme. Program 

changes every week. 

Strand.—Select first-run photo plays. 

Program changes every week.
"We are advertised by our loving friends"

For your Baby, use the Mellin's Food Method of Milk Modification

We will be pleased to send you our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants," also a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food.

Mellin's Food Company, Boston, Mass.
To free your skin from blemishes—the right way

YOUR skin was so smooth and clear yesterday—today it is spoiled by unsightly little blemishes! How did they come there? And how discouraging it is—just when you were most anxious to appear at your best!

A skin specialist would tell you that blemishes are generally caused by infection from bacteria or parasites which are carried into the pores of your skin by dust in the air.

Don't let your skin lose the clearness that is its charm. To free your skin from blemishes, begin tonight to use this treatment:

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 very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

Supplement this treatment with the regular use of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your daily toilet. Within a week or ten days you will be surprised at the improvement in your complexion.

Special treatments for each type of skin and its needs are given in the booklet of famous skin treatments which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter—find the treatment your skin needs, and begin using it tonight.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect on the skin make it ideal for general use. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks if used for general cleansing of the skin and also for any of the special Woodbury treatments.

A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder

Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."


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BETTY COMPSON

Betty Compson gives to the silvercloth a delicate poetry with which she endows her portrayals, whatever they may be. Perhaps it is this elusive quality which has placed her among the first in the ranks of the new stars—
Son of romantic Italy—Castellaneta, in particular. Potent with all the romance and color of the Old World, and the warmth of southern skies—Rodolph Valentino. In "Blood and Sand," Signor Valentino is cast in the brilliant rôle of the toreador, which Otis Skinner created in the stage production.

RODOLPH VALENTINO

Photograph by Mandeville
ALMA RUBENS

Once upon a time, Alma Rubens went in for cow-girls with flannel shirts and red bandannas. That time is past. Nowadays, she is shadowed as the more orchidaceous creature. Having completed "Find the Woman," she will soon begin work on another Cosmopolitan production.
Luxurious women with parasitic tendencies have so far had little or nothing to do in the screen life of Mister Meighan. However, this oversight is shortly to be remedied. He will play opposite Leatrice Joy in the next Cecil B. de Mille extravaganza, "Manslaughter"
SHIRLEY MASON

"Cinderella With a Difference," is the next Shirley Mason story. After seeing this new camera study, we think it would be well to have her play Toy San, or some other petite and flowery Oriental maiden——
MISS DUPONT

Miss Dupont really won her stellar spurs as the attractive but vapid wife in von Stroheim's "Foolish Wives." At present, she is appearing in the theaters showing this production. The absence of a given name lends an atmosphere of mystery.
While scores of people go about declaring that motherhood and a career are simultaneously impossible, the life of Louise Huff contradicts their theories. Despite the fact that her life centers about a fireside and a nursery, she has been able to retain her place upon the silver sheet.
The stage play, "Lilies of the Field," starring Marie Doro, finds Pauline Garon as one of the lilies. And, like numerous other theatrical folk, she manages to combine her stage work with the screen. The forthcoming Richard Barthelmess production, "Sonny," finds her in the leading feminine role.
KATHERINE MacDONALD

Regardless of all that has been told of Katherine MacDonald, there is still an aloofness to her screen personality. Incidentally, her stardom has withstood the test of a long succession of program pictures. Her next work will be in "The Infidel"
Bathing Girls, Comedy Cops and Romance

JUST as every good political story has to be about Abe Lincoln to get a medal, just so every well brought-up motion picture story begins at the old Biograph studio in New York.

Very well, then—

Once upon a time, the doorkeeper at the old Biograph heard a hoarse voice demanding, "Say, do you need a strong man? I'm an awful strong man."

It happened that one of the directors—a man by the name of D. W. Griffith—did need a strong man. Wherefore, Michael Sinnott got into the movies and became Mack Sennett.

Sennett's admirers have vaguely hinted that he was some kind of an actor before he went into the pictures; those who owe him money (and not many have ever succeeded in owing him money) maintain that he was a boilermaker.

Be that as it may. All that really matters is that Mack Sennett became what he is now—one of the quaintest and most interesting figures in screenland.

Dickens would have seized upon him with delighted avidity; would have made of him a never-to-be-forgotten character in a novel. But I am willing to wager that Sennett would have been a dominating character wherever providence happened to drop him. If he really was a boilermaker, he would be the owner of the boiler factory by now.

Sennett is the stuff strong men are made of. Even his faults are big, virile "He" faults.

Griffith is always an actor in whatever situation you place him. Mack Sennett, on the other hand, is physiologically speaking, an Irish gang foreman. He is a natural born boss.

Self-educated, suspicious, fearless, warm-hearted, changeable without reason, steadfast without reason, close-fisted to a degree only less amazing than his
By
HARRY CARR

impetuous generosity, sometimes vindictive and
revengeful, and other times forgiving, and in both
instances equally without a reason that he could
explain even to himself; tender with a poignant
tenderness that is to be found only in men who
can be brutally cruel. Vain, yet with a vanity
that is contradicted by the most devastating and
pitiless self-analysis; unlettered, yet with an al-
most unerring dramatic instinct; without much
education, yet with a delicacy of feeling and an
inherent good taste that is known only to souls
of the finest fiber. Mack Sennett can be a bitter,
remorseless enemy; or he can be a golden friend
to cling to and tie to. In fact, and in short, Mack
is a Celt of the Celts.

Even his studio has the flavor. In the foot-
hills near the heart of Los Angeles, he has one
of the most magnificent producing units in the
motion picture business; yet, even—in its
most gorgeous mo-
ments, it suggests
McFadden's Flats.

In among the splen-
did concrete light stu-
dios, dark stage, prop
rooms and swimming
tanks, Sennett has a
beautiful little office

Photograph by
Abbe

Many dramatic stars, like
Gloria Swanson, Marie Pre-
vost and Mary Thurman,
owe their absolute mastery
of technique to the training
they got from Sennett. At
the right, Marie Prevost be-
fore she deserted aquatic
comedies, and below, a scene
from one of the Sennett
comedies

Photograph © by Mack Sennett

building. His conning tower is
finished in rare and beautiful
woods and furnished like a young
palace. But it is abandoned to
the use of the little summer blue-
bottle flies that wish to play tag
with the sunbeams. Sennett never
goes near the place; he transacts
all his business downstairs in the
bathroom.

Most of his particularly im-
portant business conferences take
place somewhere out on the stage
behind a piece of scenery; or, in
summer, in the shade of the dog
kennel.

Most of the great organizers—
the daring and original and cre-
ative leaders of this world—have
been distinguished by the same
disorderly quality of mind.

I went out to see Sennett the
other day. The old swimming
tank, sacred to the memory of the
Sennett bathing girls, is empty
(Continued on page 98)
Mary . . .

It was at the Ritz we saw her. It was when she had come across the continent because of her lawsuit, refusing to settle, although the cost of her idle studios was great. She has ideals of justice . . .

She stood in the doorway of the living-room.

There was something very youthful about her. She seemed the school-girl, except for a definite dignity in her deportment. We liked her delicate jasmine fragrance.

A small blue hat with myriads of tiny grey flowers banded the heavy gold of her head. She wore a dull blue frock with linen collar and cuffs. There were no jewels, not even the strand of pearls she so often wears. Simply a platinum wedding ring.

"Come in," she said and her voice was low in pitch, finely timbred.

There was a promise of Spring in the pale gold of the sunshine which touched the brilliant peacocks in the cretonnes. A low fire burned in the grate and its odor of burning wood intermingled with her delightful jasmine fragrance.

"Dearest, in "Little Lord Fauntleroy,"" said Douglas Fairbanks, "is Mary as I know her—Mary with unvarying understanding, compassionate, vibrantly the woman." At the left, Mary Pickford in the poetry-wrought rôle of Dearest, and below, a new portrait by Campbell Studios.

MARY . . .
It is a name which has come down thru the years, idealizing womanhood always.

Mary Pickford, bearing it, does that too.

Once, in speaking of the dual rôle Mary played in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," Douglas Fairbanks said he preferred her as Dearest.

"Dearest," he told us, "is Mary as I know her—Mary with unvarying understanding, compassionate, vibrantly the woman."

When we went interviewing Mary Pickford, we kept remembering that.
with the perfume of the tall damask roses overflowing their vases.

"Before we came," we said, "we asked half a dozen people what question they would ask you if one question was allotted them. Five said they would ask if you were happy?"

There was an understanding smile and Mary's deep eyes softened.

"Tell them," she said, "that I am contented. Very contented."

"And therefore happy?"

"It is only by comparison that we are happy, I think," she told us, "there could be no sublime state of happiness... happiness unalloyed."

Despite the youth of her, she has the rare knowledge of the woman, the woman who, living thru the years, has earned her philosophy day after day.

She went on surely:

"Big presents which have cost a lot of money cannot make me happy any more. But somehow, I can't think why, of my childhood in Toronto."

"Are you," we persisted, "anxious for one day to follow the other?"

"Oh yes," she said. "I look forward to waking up and having my breakfast... served from the breakfast set Lottie gave me. And I play on the lawn with the dogs when there is time."

She talks easily and slowly. You harbor no doubt that consideration prompts all she says.

"When Douglas and I saw the catacombs and the ruins at Pompeii last year," she continued, "I learned to live each day as it came to me. We saw all the hopeless bones lying about... the skulls moldering into dust. I know, after having seen... (Continued on page 94)
The Charmer and the Toreador

From the future Mae Murray Production, "Fascination"
A Dream Come True

LIFE is practical!
But between times most of us find time to dream
dreams—
Those of us who have one thing, long for an-
other. That is human. However, practically everyone has
dreamed of a week or two in New York. And without
a doubt the mental picture is intriguing, for there is
probably no city in the world which offers more delightful
things—

Broadway—
Night turned back to day, shimmering with thousands
of lights. Where the most brilliant stars the world has
ever known entertain nightly in the luxurious theaters.
Where you dance while you dine in the gay-restaurants
and cabarets—

Fifth Avenue—
The shopping ground of the women interna-
tionally known for their beauty. Where the
Avenue is a constant
stream of costly motors.
Where ateliers display
precious jewels, fragile
laces and chiffons, and
heavy satins, together with
rare perfumes—

Chinatown—
East meets West in the
narrow streets, hung with
flowered lanterns, where
may be heard the
shuffle of sandaled foot-
falls along the curving
ways—
And the Metropolitan
Museum with its trea-
sures of every age and
clime, including the greatest
gifts Art has given to
the world.

Grant's Tomb standing
almost as a sentinel on the banks of the glorious
Hudson—
And the Statue of Liberty in the harbor, whose beacon
light has spelled freedom to millions of eager eyes—
Unfortunately, to the majority of people New York
may never be more than a dream. To someone it will
be an actuality—there will be the anticipation of the trip
for weeks before and then the excitement of packing
and the journey. During the actual visit, life will be one
continual round of delights and pleasure with the
Brewster Publications looking after all the details.
Then
will come the return home, the eager questions of the
girl next door and the boy around the corner. And
then come, perhaps the best of all—the happy memories
which will color the days that follow far into the
future.

As the rules explain elsewhere in this issue,
the winner will be prop-
erly chaperoned so that
no difficulty will lie in this
direction, and this means
further that it will be possible for you to give
your mother, or aunt, or
older sister golden
days—

It will be interesting to
know just where the most
beautiful woman will be
found. She may be a so-
ciety girl who has been
able to dedicate her life
to making herself attrac-
tive—she may be a busi-
ness girl who has been
hiding her radiance be-
hind a typewriter or a
switchboard—she may be
a little country girl from

Do You Want:

1. A trip to New York or a thousand
dollars?
2. A portrait painted of you by an
American artist?
3. A head sculptured of you by an Amer-
ican sculptor?
4. Your picture on the cover of BEAUTY?
5. Your portrait and head model ex-
hibited?

If You Do, Enter the American
Beauty Contest!!

At the top of the page, the panel
pictures the world-famous skyline
of New York which has, particu-
larly at twilight, the mystery and
witchery of a dream city . . .
a farm with cheeks roughened by the sun and winds—she may be a Latin type in the Bohemian section of some city—wherever she is we want to find her, whether she be a flapper or a matured mother.

That is another thing in behalf of the American Beauty Contest. Age has nothing whatever to do with your opportunity of winning the prizes. It is a known fact that while some girls reach the zenith of their beauty while very young, other women never flower fully until maturity. And then, there are those fortunate few, who having attained a great beauty in their youth retain it thru a number of years.

The judges who will decide upon the winner of the American Beauty Contest are, without exception, celebrated people whose names will be familiar to everyone when they are announced within the next month or two.

Of course, there is the possibility that the winner of the contest will live in New York. In that event the prize will be one thousand dollars. One thousand dollars also paints colorfull pictures. There are innumerable things it might do, from paying off the mortgage on the old home or paying for instruction in painting or singing to buying the most lavish wardrobe. It would buy a motor car or make a trip to another part of the world pleasantly possible.

There are innumerable grand and glorious feelings, but perhaps none grander or more glorious than to awaken some fine morning to the tune of the postman's whistle and find a certified check for a thousand dollars nonchalantly resting between the bills of your morning's mail.

And all of this because Nature bestowed the skill of her handiwork upon you! The effort on your part consists simply in mailing your photograph to the Contest Editor and adhering to the few rules which are printed with further information elsewhere in the magazine. It would almost seem too good to be true.

There have been contests and there have been contests—however, the American Beauty Contest is, perhaps, the most worth while—

Above is Broadway... where night is turned back to day, shimmering with thousands of lights, gay with theaters, restaurants and cabarets... At the right is Fifth Avenue... the shopping ground of women internationally known for their beauty... where the Avenue is a constant stream of motors...
THESE letters, printed for the first time, tell better than any other record the picturesque romance of the Countess Margherita of Sicily. Now that it is past and gone—or just beginning, as you will—the Countess has given permission for these letters to be published. They will answer the many inquiries and give some satisfaction to the many who have wondered about Cardi, about the lover-bridegroom, murdered on the way to his own nuptials, and Blake... but to introduce is to anticipate. More than all, they give a slim portrait of the lovely Margherita, moving, a scented flame, thru the adventurous days...

Sicily...

LOUISA DARLING:

Compared to the letters you have had from me, all future letters will be like bright, like brilliant flowers. There will be a song in my words, Louisa, from this letter forth. Almost, you will hear my voice—singing. Why? Because I have never lived before, Louisa. These are my first letters, these letters beginning now, that you have ever had from Margherita, the living, the truly living... For I am in love, my dear one. In love! How lightly we say those words... all our lives... until one little, little hour... comes along and pierces us like some slim, Sicilian sword... it cleaves apart our flesh and pricks forth bright drops of blood... and lo, the drops come straight and true and scarlet from the heart! Love is like a sword, carissima, like a little sword... shining and secret and sharp! Ah, very sharp!

His name is Martinello, Louisa, Count Martinello... and we are to be married a month from today. In the meantime, Lucrezia, my old maid, is spinning laces as fine as fairy webs and exhuming satins, antique, like ivory, and all goes merry as a marriage bell... No, not all...

The sun is more gold than ever sun was gold before. Yet there it a cloud across it. A black cloud. A cloud like a man's hand, ugly and squat. The sea is more jade, more blue. I have never seen it so jade, so blue. And yet a ship bears down upon it, a ship no sailor mans. The ship is black and ominous and phantom. I see it in my dreams. Yesterday, among the bridal-wreath, growing on the terrace, a mourning bride appeared... no one had planted the seed. Its velvet blackness was like a crepe hung among maidenhood.

Sicily is very primitive, Louisa. Men love fiercely here, without encouragement, despite rebuff. They see a woman and they want her, and that is the whole of it.

For the past six months I have been the recipient of the maddest, and also the most threatening letters from Cardi. Cardi as a name might mean nothing to you, but here in Sicily the name of Cardi is enough to cast a shadow of death, to dispel the sunlight of life. He is the powerful leader of the most powerful secret society on the Island, and Sicily is still sufficiently primitive to be actually controlled by a secret society. No man, no woman, to his certain knowledge, has ever seen this Cardi's face. No one knows his identity save, perhaps, the members of the Society and even before them, methinks, he wears a slender mask. But apparently he has seen me, and unfortunately, he has desired me. He writes and has written me the most impassioned epistles ever received, I believe, by a woman from man. He dares me to accept the favors of another. I have ac-

"I wore my wedding gown, and of everywhere I shimmered with pearls. 'They are tears of happiness'—I told Lucrezia—the perfect happiness of all the perfect lovers of the ages... The hour came for the arrival of the Count. It came and went"
cept the favors of Mart inello. He swears that no living man shall come between us. I swear that one shall. He tells me, the tyrant, that he will appear in due course of time to claim me, and that until that time I must wait, ripen in the sun, be kissed to readiness by the Sicilian winds. The man is mad, is presumptuous, is ludicrous. To all of this dementia I have accorded a contemptuous silence. For me, Cardi does not exist. I tear his letters in two pieces and let the vagrant breezes carry them back to him in his thin lair, if they will. I laugh at his most preposterous threats. I am cold to his volcanic passions. Lucrezia weeps and moans, sometimes through a night long, begging me to be careful, to be wary, warning me that Cardi will do some frightful vengeance, will arrange some hideous vendetta, that no man, much less a woman, has ever defied him and lived. Well, then, Louisa, I shall die. I shall die rather than be cowed by the cowardly leader of a cowardly Secret Order. Let him terrorize the Sicilian peasantry, if he must, poor dogs they are under the reign of a thousand terrors, but the Countess Margherita is under no reign—save that of love. My greatest annoyance is old Lucrezia, constantly entreating me to flee from Sicily, constantly beseeching me not to wed Martinello on the ground where Cardi holds sway. Her tears, I tell her, shall be the pearls to bed my wedding gown, the dew to glisten in my bridal spray, but all the response I get for my pains is the sight of Lucrezia crossing herself, and muttering Salve...
comment has been like a firm hand over my own... I told Lucrezia that, "Norvin Blake is with Count Martinello," I said, but Lucrezia, like an old crow, as I thought, shook her forbidding head. "The American gentleman," she said, "looks at you, too, Contessa, with the eyes of love. His eyes burn as burn the words of Cardi. The same flame is in both their hearts..."

Ah, well, my friend... I must get to the point... I brood over this sorrow as a mother broods over a dead babe... I nurse this wound and keep alive its fever...

We awaited the bridegroom for two hours. Two hours that became, minute by minute, more dreadful, more full of awful portent. More and more frequent grew the name of Cardi on the lips of the wedding guests... The priests muttered and prayed... I felt as tho I were fastened to the window... As tho I could never leave until my eyes beheld what they were looking for.

Three hours after the wedding hour Norvin Blake half fell, after staggered, half dragged himself to the gates.

Looking for the bridegroom, that was what I saw. Norvin Blake, bleeding, gasping, fainting...

Their party had been attacked in the forest, he said. They were literally surrounded by Cardi's men. They fought to the finish, and none but him, Blake, survived. He had come his frightful way to tell me that my bridegroom lay in the forest, pierced thru and thru by Cardi's stiletto.

Vendetta!

Your broken-hearted
Margherita.

Sicily—Another month.

Louisa, My Good, Dear Friend:

Your letter solaced me. I feel inspired to take up my pen and permit some of the bitter gall of this sorrow to flow away from me. I am so unhappy, I have been so unhappy. Tragedy seems to ensnort me like a somber veil, I cannot extricate myself from the toils. Lucrezia is impossible. Did I tell you what she did on my sad marriage day? While my bridesmaids were dressing me, one of them said, "Lucrezia does not trust any man who is your adorer, Margherita. How does it come that she has approved of Martinello?" I told them that she had known Martinello since infancy and that he had always wheedled and cajoled the old duenna. I also told them that, like most of the Sicilian peasantry, Lucrezia was rabidly superstitious, and even more than rabidly when it came to the subject of love, of lovers, of the tender passions that blazed so hotly, so redly, on the island of Sicily... Only a week before our marriage she had waylaid Martinello in the garden, fairly clung about his throat, and implored him to steal me away in the thick of the night and go to a cold land where desperate men did not kill for love... Martinello, you know, was educated in England, and his training made him skeptical of such bogies. "Nonsense, Lucrezia," he told her, "the Contessa must be married in her own home, in her own land. Sicily gave us birth. Sicily gave our love birth—it shall give our marriage-birth likewise." Alas... poor Martinello... it gave him Death, instead.

Well, when, after those three most frightful hours, Norvin Blake, crawled in, a thing of scraped flesh, and told us that Count Martinello and all of his party lay dead in the forest, killed by Cardi's men, when with his eyes on my face, he told me that he would have given his life with the rest of them to save me so pitiful a wedding day: when, feeling disposed to believe in him, I was impelled to be kind to his suffering. Lucrezia, a sullen fury, rushed into the midst of the group and humiliated him with the Sicilian sign of contempt... she spat at his feet. He fainted, Louisa, and the marriage fête broke up amidst lamentations and tears...

How long shall it be before the thorn of that sad day is plucked from my breast? It seems to me now that tho the thorn be removed, the wound must quiver and smart so long as I live...

I have grown older, Louisa.

While my bridesmaids were dressing me, one of them said, "Lucrezia does not trust any man who is your adorer, Margherita. How does it come that she approves of Martinello?"
I know now that the sun does not shine for me alone. Nor the sea grow lyrical. Nor the nightingale tear its soul from its body for me... for love. A sadder, wiser, older purpose is underneath it all... and knowing this, Youth kisses me lightly on either cheek... I hear her soft “farewell, Margherita... Margherita... fare thee well...” Am I too sentimental, Louisa? Ah, well, we Sicilians are, you know... and even death leaves us that... the ability to sing our dirges.

Sicily—for the last time!

My Louisa:

This is the last time I shall write you from my native land. I am leaving Sicily. Memories crowd around me too thickly. I feel them pressing me, like persistent fingers, to some wall of annihilation. Then, too, I feel like doing something, like using my hands, my energies, my brain. I cannot do it here. Cardi is still omnipotent on the Island. His envoys, his dupes, are everywhere. No matter what I attempted I should be frustrated unless I gave myself to him—and then annihilation itself would be a pale word compared to my fate, no doubt.

Yes, I must leave Sicily, where, if anywhere, the sea and sky are amorous and blue; where, if anywhere, the air comes straight from Paradise... where love... but I dare not speak of love, whose love is dead...

Norvin Blake has been here every day since his convalescence. He insists, he begs, that I believe he did his utmost for Martinello, that he fought until there was no fight left. Sometimes I feel inclined to take his word for it—he looks so worn and thin. And then again, I hear Lucrezia muttering anathema... and I don’t know. Perhaps I feel too bitterly yet. Martinello’s kisses are still hot on my mouth. Martinello’s serenades still ring like anthems in my ears. How can I listen to the American, himself alive, while Martinello is dead...

... Perhaps some day...

I shall let you hear from me again... but first, before I write further of myself, I want to get my feet upon the ground. Sicily has lullabied me with dreams. Some new land, somehow, somewhere, must quicken me with deeds...

New Orleans, La., U. S. A.

Dear, Dear Louisa:

Three years! Three years in which you have had no word from me, and I have had from you only the funny little anxious notes, all asking the same questions, the whys and wherefores and hows. And now you are going to hear, Louisa... oh, many things. I dare say, you never dreamed of hearing from the petulant lips of Contessa Margherita... Louisa, what strange, strange things Death can do to one... after the wound heals over with its always artificial skin. Suddenly a door is shut—behind you. Suddenly you go no longer back into a garden where always before you had been living. Suddenly you perceive that perhaps—perhaps—the sun is a trifle tarnished. The moon needs scouring. The sea is not chanting but moaning. And your fellowmen... that comes last of all. You look at them, the lowest peasant, the most sumptuous lord, and you see them all, little and trapped and pathetic, scurrying with all their futile might and main—to the grave. And you think, why not smooth their sad little paths for them? Why not strew a few roses? Why trip them with thorns?

Well... here in New Orleans...

New Orleans which alone of all the places I have visited satisfies something somber and poetic within me which even Death, the

"Finally, I was able to bring about a meeting between Gino Narcone and Norvin Blake. We ’phoned one night, summoning Narcone to the house on a pretext."
great nullifier, has not yet stilled . . .

here in New Orleans . . . in the Italian and Sicilian quarters, I am laboring among my own people. I am no longer Contessa Margherita, but Nurse Margherita. Where once I played with silver needles and fine lace, I now roll sterile bandages and wield a sturdy mop. Where once I stroked some lily’s bloodless lips, I now touch poisonous wounds and fevered heads . . . and now, Louisa, the silver needles would be idle tongues clicking nonsensical refrains and the lilies would be cold reminders of a greater need than theirs.

I am too busy just now to meet people; too busy to think of anything save the work of the day. There has been a fever epidemic and, besides, my poor silly Sicilians are banded together for the purpose of as much lawlessness as they can perpetrate. It keeps me continually on the alert. When will their mad blood cool? When will their unleashed passions subside? They are frantic, deliciously colored children whose lips have tasted blood. I shall write you again.

MARGHERITA.

New Orleans—two months later.

My LOUISA:

You will be surprised. As I was. Last evening I went, for the first time, to a formal reception given by the officials of the city. There I met, and was introduced, to Norvin Blake. He was equally surprised, and more so than I, because I was introduced to him under a pseudonym I have adopted for use in my work here in the city. It would never do to have the Sicilians know the name of the Contessa Margherita. And there is always Cardi . . .

Still further was he amazed when I acknowledged my introduction to him without the slightest token of recognition. First a whim prompted me to do this . . . and then instinct backed me up. I thought subconsciously, but none the less definitely, “If I am to meet this man again, it would better be a new beginning. He and I are new entities . . . we have never met before.”

I saw him looking at my hands—curiously. Those once-famed hands that played with silver lilies . . . scarred now . . . but capable, capable, my good Louisa. I saw him looking curiously at my hands. And then at my face. And when he looked at my face, an expression came into his eyes that it was both good and ill to see. I didn’t quite know which. A rather pitiful expression. A waiting expression. A patient expression, foreign to a man . . . I thought, “This man has been (Continued on page 95)
The whole charm of childhood lies in being just a child, in not knowing about the why and wherefore of life. In believing in Santa Claus and the Easter bunny. In being innocent, pure at heart, loving and trusting. And that is precisely why Jackie Coogan is the soul of childhood!

And happen to be an interviewer—you stand a slim chance of getting friendly with Jackie Coogan, because the redoubtable Kid of the screen has a subtle, if not formidable, pig-Latin vocabulary.

Always have I been told that le petit Jacques is a personette of rare accomplishments. Sort of bounded on all sides by precociousness, as ’twere. We all see him on the screen and wonder how he does it. Also, when we read stories in the newspapers about how much income he is paying, we—a—get rather covetous. Some of us are just skeptical enough not to believe all we hear; the rest of us, being peaceful, gullible souls, set up another fetish in our collection of kitchen gods and start in to worship.

Personally, I have a terrific aversion to stage children. The average run of ’em are pompous and petted and spoiled and all that. Not long ago one little girl bounced up to me and tried, by the application of some of her w. k. personality stuff, to wheedle me into getting her picture in the paper. That’s typical of the theatrical juvenilia. Horrible artificiality.

And that is just the reason certain of my newspaper friends sniffed and offered me their benediction when I mentioned I was en route to the studio to interview Jackie, the incomparable among kids.

Before, when I have read certain of Eugene Field’s effusions about childhood, I haven’t, quite seemed to understand all that he meant in his idealization of the younger generation. I’ve read his poems about childhood’s sweet simplicity—and promptly thereafter registered a mental fade-in of Gertie, the movie-child, whose mother blinded her hair and taught her how to be cute.

For the whole charm of childhood lies in being just a child, in not knowing—or caring—about the why-and-wherefore of Life. In believing in Santa Claus and the Easter bunny. In being innocent, pure at heart, loving and trusting.

And that is precisely why Jackie Coogan is the soul of childhood! That is why he is different from any other youngster I’ve ever met in the show business. He has never been spoiled—and even tho his real salary would make most businessmen faint with envy, his parents have had the common sense to let him think he’s working in pictures for a dollar a week.

The day I saw him for this interview marked the beginning of his school education. In his dressing-room with him was a teacher. She had got him all enthusiastic over the different colored crayons in a pencil box, in the pictures in a primer. Some time ago, however, his father taught him how to print the letters of the alphabet and how to spell his name. Therefore the autographs on his photographs are actually genuine.

But before this progresses any further, let me say that “the Kid’s” vocabulary equals, if not eclipses, that of most grown-ups. His grammar is perfect. He doesn’t revert to baby-talk for an instant. Also, he is extremely serious minded and converses sensibly.
He and his teacher were having a wrestling match with mathematics. Addition puzzles Jackie; subtraction baffles him. He cannot understand, he remarked, how you can take anything away from anything and still have something left.

But the teacher saved the day. She suggested that she and Jackie step outside and measure his garden. They did, and we came to the conclusion that it was three-by-five; also that Jackie had planted it himself; also that he has the daily habit of digging up the seeds to see how they're growing.

A motor car drove up and Coogan, senior, got out. The riot was on, for Jackie's father, being Irish, has the gift of blarney, which he seems to have successfully passed on to his offspring. Teacher, mathematics, the garden, the interviewer, were totally disregarded. There was repartee—

"Mummy," said Jackie Coogan one morning, "what's life all about, anyway? I've been dreaming a beautiful dream. You woke me up and spoiled it. I just wish I could dream pretty dreams all the time when I'm awake, ... because, what's the use of having 'em come to you when you're asleep and can't act 'em out to suit yourself?"

considerable of it—between father and son, and, finally, when Coogan père started to whistle a jazz tune, Jackie began to dance the Chicago.

But, after all, Jackie is capable of more than merely this dance of the windy city.

His father hoisted him onto a dump cart close by. Jackie interrupted any further conversation by suggesting "Tenth Avenue" as the title for his next picture.

"Must have a title," he said. "I need the money; the bank's low. Every time I name a title they (his producers) like, they gimme thirty cents. Last week I made a dollar-an'-a-quarter."

He tapped his head significantly. "Good brain!" he remarked.

It seems that Jackie is regaled each Saturday with a dollar. It is his "salary," paid him by his mother. Also, if he

(Continued on page 96)
Let the Wedding Bells Chime

Photograph (above) by Donald Biddle Reyes

Bebe Daniels, at the top of the page, bands her dusky head with a bridal coronet of pearls. Just above is Norma Talmadge as a bride of the years we know only in story and song. And, at the left, is Marjorie Daw, a charming girl-bride.
Hail June, the bridal month!
Church organs softly caressing strains of the wedding march, while bridegrooms wait their beloveds at the altar.

Lovely brides, coming slowly down flower-banked aisles on protecting arms. Cobweb veils of tulle and lace. And fragrant bouquets—

Sunshine, creeping thru cathedral windows, bestowing a benedictory light.

Rings slipped upon willing fingers. The sonorous words of the clergymen, "To love and to cherish, until death you doth part," echoing thru the rafters—

Gloria Swanson finds in the bridal veil decorative qualities as she swathes it about her head at the top of the page. Just above is Lila Lee, another lovely girl-bride. And at the right is Dorothy Dalton, who rivals the beautiful orchids of her bouquet.
And They Live Happily

Well he has, and real logs send their warmth and glow thru the room and serve as a glorified spotlight for the new mistress of his heart and hearth.

As Winifred and I watched the dancing flames, they became the illuminating artist who, with deft fingers, brought out the sheen of her golden hair, anticipated the varying shades of blue in her eyes, rustishly touched the dimples in each rounded cheek and revealed the sweet curving lips and tender contour of chin and throat. And behold! Before me was a picture of the happy bride, that rivaled the luminous canvases of the Venetian colorists.

Winifred is indeed very lovely. Seeing her, one can well imagine how she stimulated the interest, then captured the heart of the famous Two-gun man with her womanly charms.

"Grandmother used to say I had the makings of a good old maid," she confided, demurely, "for I never cared for boys.

"Best of all," said Mrs. Hart quietly, "I have the love and tender devotion of the best man in the whole wide world. We're so in love with each other and so happy that it seems almost too beautiful to be true"
By

MAUDE CHEATHAM

Billy is my first sweetheart. We first met while making "John Petticoats," down in New Orleans and it really begun right then. Look!" And with a sudden dash that precipitated the sleeping Congo from her arms, she held out a frame containing a still from the final scene in "John Petticoats," showing Winifred and Bill in a garden and on the smooth hedge in front of them was a shadow forming a perfect heart!

"Isn’t it odd? We believe now it was prophetic, tho no one even noticed the shadow at the time.

"That was a wonderful trip," continued Mrs. Hart, once more on the davenport. "I had never been out of California before and to be in New Orleans playing opposite Mr. Hart was enough to send me into raptures. It was terribly hot—And—In the early autumn—the stork will be seen flying about in the vicinity of the Hart home."

Winifred doesn’t intend retiring from the screen. In fact, she will probably play a part in the new picture Mr. Hart will soon start. She will be Winifred Hart.

We were such pals that I was satisfied with the friendship. I never dreamed he would ever love me.

"Seems as if Billy was to be the guiding spirit of all my plans, for it was he who introduced me to Thora Holm when she came over from Sweden looking for a player to take back. He thought it would be a fine experience for me to make a few pictures abroad and it certainly was. Mother and I were in Sweden six months and I made three pictures. It is a fascinating country, very beautiful. We were in Stockholm most of the time and it is a dream city, built on little islands and so clean and picturesque.

"Everyone over there is convinced that Mr. Hart is a bold bandit in real life and they used to make fun of me when I tried to tell them how wonderful he was. I hunted up all his pictures and would sit right down in front so as to be near him."

"We corresponded all the time I was there and most of the year I spent in New York and then, one day last September, he phoned me. I was so surprised and so happy that I nearly

(Continued on page 38)
Mary of Pomander Walk

Confessions of a Bachelor

By MILTON HOWE

THE two champion light-weights of literature, Georgie Ade and Kid Lardner, recently came to blows as to who was the happiest man, Georgie the bachelor, or Kid the husband. The fight was of national interest because of the fact that there are at the present time ten million supporters of the former, according to statistics, and several more million of the latter.

Another interesting point is that of these ten million "homeless" there are only three who are motion picture stars—Eugene O'Brien, Harold Lloyd, and Antonio Moreno.

Nearly everyone in the movies from star to camera kid has had his name at the head of an article dealing with matrimony versus art, etc., etc. Yes, everybody except the bachelors, who have held aloof from the controversy, and you will probably say that is why they are not married; they are too aloof with the women. But such is not the case.

Tony Moreno has been reported engaged a thousand times, but the rumors have come to naught. No, it was not because Tony was aloof that he is now single and in the market for some engaging female; that is, if she is suited to Tony's idea of what a wife should be. It is because Tony thinks that he is in the happiest state right now, without wife or additional expenses. However, he adds, he thinks it lonely and would be in the market if the women were not such fastidious and unhoney creatures.

I had this topic in mind when I went to the Goldwyn lot, where Mr. Moreno was registered. I was led to the enclosure or "set" on which the company was working. There I beheld Tony, attired in army breeches, puttees and shirt of dark yellow color.

(Continued on page 86)
I

KNOW Colleen well enough to be quite informal about this interview. It is as tho I had been asked to sit down and interview an immediate member of the family—or my own sister.

"Say, Sis," one might interrogate if the scene were at home, "what do you think of the future of the movies?" As a matter of fact, I know very well what Sis thinks about everything, for she isn't reticent, so if I asked her such a formal question she would probably poke me in the eye with the dangerous end of her umbrella and tell me sweetly to stop spoofing her.

With Colleen it is diff-

With a Dash of Green

icult to become formal at any time, for the quick Irish twinkle in her dark eyes dares one to be serious. So when I presented myself at the Moore home and asked for "Miss Colleen," a cheerful young voice from within called simply—"Come on right in!"

There was a ruddy fire burning in the grate, and curled up before it in one corner of a huge divan sat Colleen.

"Hello," I greeted, "are you ready to be interviewed?"

"Is this going to be business or pleasure?" she returned. "You sound so awfully serious."

"This is a very serious business, young lady," I countered. "Please remember that I interviewed you four years ago and at that time you took it very seriously. Unless my memory fails me, you said that you remained awake for hours the night before planning answers to all sorts of questions. Are your answers ready today?"

"Oh, the back of me hand to ye!" she exclaimed, smiling, and with a rich Irish brogue. That is the way of Colleen. When you think she is about to mean what she says, she falls back on the Irish and

Colleen has grown up within the last four years. She has deducted some rather mature matrimonial deductions. For instance, she states that when she marries she is going to quit the screen. But as yet there is no marriage in the offing. At the left, a new camera study of Colleen, and below, an informal snapshot.
all is lost. Her mouth, which is small and very rose-buddish, has a way of perking up at the corner at such times and all is more lost than ever!

At first glance, one decides that her hair is bobbed. Her mother once told me that Colleen would never be allowed to bob her hair, come what might.

"It's only camouflage," she explained, when she saw me looking closely at it, "I tuck it under!" And so she has achieved her bob. Whatever may happen, Colleen is a young woman of twenty who achieves things. Her success in "The Wallflower" and "Little Orphant Annie"—years ago—proves this.

The glory of success comes, often, so suddenly and so completely to young people of today who follow the pictures that one wonders they do not age almost over night. But they dont. Stage folk, picture folk and immortals all sip at the eternal Fountain of Youth. Colleen, in the four years I have known her, between the adolescence of sixteen and twenty, has retained the exuberance of childhood. But now, I think, it is coupled with a mellowness which comes with hard work and play-acting. She claims that she has grown up—and then the next minute she asks the visitor to look at her paper-doll house which she assiduously maintains!

"Are you a flapper?" I asked, out of a clear sky, wondering if the F. Scott Fitzgerald influence had penetrated to the homes of our favorite players. She poised, bird-like, in thought.

"Well, I dont roll my tockies, I dont swear—much, I do not smoke cigarettes or a pipe or anything. I dont drink cocktails, and you know that mother wont let me bob my hair, so I guess I dont qualify. Why do you ask?"

"Because the world is

(Continued on page 93)
Backward, Turn Backward, O, Time

And find the exotic and bizarre Gloria Swanson the unassuming schoolgirl once more. However, these are not resurrected girlhood photographs of Miss Swanson, but character studies from the forthcoming "Beyond the Rocks."
I sit upon a throne
Of wistful dreams . . . .
The dreams of tired men.

Your allegiance I've claimed
Thru hours you have shared
With me . . . . . hours
I've given you rose-hued romance . . . .
Hours I've given you tears
Just to cap them with
Laughter . . . . and to
Make you believe that things
Always come right . . . .
*In the End.*

You
Have stretched out your hand . . . .
And have walked with me
Many strange miles!
We
Have stood on the hill-tops
Together . . . .
Have gazed on stark canyons
And sun-scaled desert . . . .
Have felt the sharp winds as they
Swept us . . . . and called us . . . .
And

On
We have gone . . . .
While the night has engulfed us
Bringing amazing stars
In a quite unbelievable sky . . . .

We have wandered
Thru all the far lands
You and I . . . . . . . .
Sailed the seas . . . .
In mythical kingdoms encountered
Red-blooded adventure . . . .
Righted the wrong
Upset plots of treason

Fought duels at sunrise
Built castles in Spain . . . .

Two gay adventurers . . . .
Hour by hour
Scaling the heights
Where the World could not reach us . . . .
Knowing no hindrance . . . .
No bounds . . . . and no bondage . . . .
Free and unfettered
('til the five reels were run)
Then the last Close-Up
Allegiance is ended
You belong to the World
When the lights have flashed on!

Ah well . . . . . who can say?
Perhaps . . . .
In some kingdom as yet
Unexplored . . . . . we shall find
Fortune and romance again . . . .
We shall find castles
With moats all around them
Dukes and Prime Ministers
Princes galore . . . .
Golden-haired Princesses
Seeking their armored knights . . . .
Glittering jewels
Adventure anew!
Capture the will-o'-the-wisp
Men call . . . . . Happiness . . . .
Realize Dreams-That-Have-Never-
Come-True . . . .

I sit upon a throne
Of wistful dreams . . . .
The dreams of tired men . . . .
But I end my reign
When the Fade-Out comes
And the lights flash on
And the screen grows blank . . . .
Again . . . .
Human Stuff

It is because of her absolute rejection of pretense that Anita Stewart is perhaps the most convincing, surely the most soul-satisfying, of the stars whom I have interviewed. One realizes that amidst a frequent shoddiness he has come upon all-wool. It is not a dainty descriptive, but with the Cloak and Suit dynasts still aspawld in movie throns it is apt. It is Anita's choice to possess a palace and inhabit a cottage. In West Hollywood, upon an impressive eminence, the palace stands, a symbol easily beheld of riches and success. In Hollywood proper—or improper—shielded by an orange grove from tourist scrutiny, rests the cottage. There, content, one surmises, to be Mrs. Rudolph Cameron, dwells Anita with her family: husband, brother, mother.

A sane acceptance of her good fortune, a quiet enjoy-

...
Lady Diana Manners, world famed for her beauty, has come to the screen. The production is that of J. Stuart Blackton's "The Glorious Adventure," which he has filmed in England.

The story, which tells of the great fire of London, has been filmed in natural colors. The three scenes here reproduced give some idea of the color and interest which may be expected when "The Glorious Adventure" reaches our shores.
MUSIC bubbling thru
the air rouged by
tiny silken lights
— voices fluttering like the wings of birds
under palms in marble urns—cigaretts between jeweled fingers waiting incense from small tables—feathered hats en tete-a-tete with sleek arrow-collared gods—lips that sip and sip, and rouge, and sip again—
I looked for von Stroheim but he wasn't there.

The scene was not laid in the Café Paris of Monte Carlo but in the Hotel Plaza on Fifth avenue, New York.
The sub-title:
New York's Smart Set Plunged In An Orgy Of Orange Pekoe.
Suddenly into this deplorable scene stepped a little unsophisticated girl from Hollywood.
She wore a grey dress and a small grey hat, both veined with rose.
She was slender and bright and her cheeks were untainted by rouge. (I would swear that her lips had never touched lipstick, tobacco or wine.)
I didn't recognize her without make-up, for I expected a movie star.
I had asked at the desk for Miss Miriam Cooper.
"Miss Miriam Cooper is not registered here," sternly reproved the clerical Cerberus. "There is a Mrs. Raoul Walsh.
"I'll take her," I ventured humbly.
Nevertheless, under the hat of grey and the name of Mrs. Walsh I recognized Miss Miriam Cooper, the undisputed star of "Serenade" and "Kindred of the Dust."
You would recognize those eyes, no matter...
By

HERBERT HOWE

from what camouflage they peered. Black-liquid eyes that sparkle and rove and now and then alight, temptingly but—alas—momentarily.

"You look much younger without your make-up," I said.

"That's a compliment I don't mind at all," she confessed gaily as we proceeded to a small green table under a branching palm.

She was not the same girl I had seen in Hollywood. The Miss Cooper I met there was an en-shawled, be-combed, saffron-powdered señorita playing on a Brunton stage in "Serenade." She appeared somewhat listless, vaguely impassive, totally antithetical to the ebullient maid in the Plaza. Perhaps it was the part she played.

"No, it was Hollywood," said she.

"Hollywood makes me dull——"

She broke off with a laugh as she waved at some one in the teatippling throng.

"Oh, isn't she awful?" she chortled. "That girl over there—she's a friend of mine—she thinks I have a date that my husband doesn't know about. Look!—She's shaking her finger at me."

Miriam shook her head vigorously in rebuttal and I tried my best not to look guilty. But I was mindful that I had asked for Miss Cooper and not for Mrs. Raoul Walsh. I hoped the clerk wouldn't talk.

She refused a cigarette and wouldn't even indulge in pastry—just tea and salteens, if you please.

"I've just had a telegram from Norma Talmadge," she said, pouring the tea. "She's coming back here for a vacation. We'll go up in the country and play golf. When Norma arrived in Los Angeles she put ten thousand dollars in the bank. She said she wanted to make sure she could get out of Hollywood as soon as she'd finished her picture. Poor Hollywood——"

We sighed in unison, albeit there was a twinkle in the black eyes. Hollywood was again in pillory with a scarlet letter on her breast. Alas we both condemned her for being infernally dull, we didn't find it in our hearts to condemn her for ribald impropriety. It would be like condemning a frightened, flat-chested spinster: she might be guilty but her dulness made it ludicrous.

Miss Cooper felt that picture people were being butchered to make another journalistic holiday. However, she took it calmly.

(Continued on page 87)
Vera Gordon has never been too busy creating mothers on the screen to mother her own family. Nadya is the daughter photographed with her just above. Her next production will be "Your Best Friend"
SYMBOLS

By

LAURA KENT MASON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY G. FRANCIS KAUFFMAN

SYMBOL (sim’bol), n. A visible sign of an idea or quality or of another object; an emblem; as, the lion is the symbol of courage.

THAT’S what Mr. Webster has to say about symbols. I’m referring to the Mr. Webster who once wrote a dictionary. His first name, if I recollect rightly, was Noah, but there seem to have been other Noahs who got into history, so I may be all wrong about it. Anyhow, there were no moving pictures at all in Mr. Webster’s day, no matter what his first name was, so what on earth could be known about the movies, anyhow. Why, he wasn’t even a director. And I don’t think that he would have made such a good one, if he were alive. Nor is a scenario writer, either. His book, as it reaches us today—tho they do say it is expurgated—is entirely lacking in continuity and dramatic suspense and hasn’t much of a plot, at that.

Anyhow, leaving Noah Webster out of this—you see, I’m taking for granted that Noah was his first name—what has symbolism got to do with the movies, anyhow? It sounds highbrow. And, even if you want to knock the movies, which at the present writing I have absolutely no desire to do, being highbrow is one of the few things you can’t accuse the movies of. Ask the average movie fan if he understands the symbols used in the present-day movies and he’ll probably give you an ugly look. Or, to use again one of the oldest jokes in the world, if you already have an ugly look, he’ll probably ask you how you got that way or something else equally correct and impressive.

But for all of that, whether folks realize it or not, there exists today a definite series of symbols in the movies. Not only that, but all those who go to the movies with any degree of regularity know these symbols and take them, without thought, as part of the picture. More than that, if an educated person who has never seen a motion picture should go to one for the first time, he certainly would wonder at the meaning of many things that is perfectly clear to the regular attendant of motion pictures. He would ask “what does that mean?” or “why are they doing that?” about something that would seem absolutely obvious to the person who goes to the movies. He would be asking an explanation of “a visible sign of an idea—” His questions would be asked, not because he did not understand the life shown on the movies or the ideas told in the story, but because certain symbols would be unknown to him.

For instance: undoubtedly among your acquaintances there is a doctor. He may be young or old. But you meet him socially, time after time. Now, answer honestly—have you ever met a doctor in the movies who wasn’t an attendant? In the movies, doctors are always present for business and not for pleasure. Another thing: your friend the doctor looks quite like an ordinary man. I feel quite sure. Not so the movie doctor. You know him at once by his carriage, by the way he holds his head—and by his black bag. There are doctors in real life who carry black bags, I am sure. But, in the movies, doctors always carry black bags. This is their symbol. A stranger at the movies may ask you how you know the man who just came into the picture is a doctor. You look at him, amazed at his ignorance. Of course you knew. You knew the symbol for a movie.
There are exceptions, of course. But then, there are always are. But, in the movies, when the doctor comes on—with his black bag—everyone else in the picture stands back in a respectful semicircle. For that's a symbol of the way to stand when a doctor is in the picture.

Perhaps you have been fortunate enough not to have encountered death in real life. But you haven't escaped it in the movies. How do you know when a person dies? Why, by definite symbols, of course. If a person dies in the street, the onlookers bow and the males remove their hats. That's one symbol to indicate death. If the victim dies in bed what happens? You know, if you go to the movies. Someone, very gently, pulls a sheet over the corpse's head. Of course, for that's the symbol for death in bed.

But to get to pleasanter things. There's the screen vamp. In actual life, the worst vamp you know may be an innocent enough looking little thing with baby blue eyes and yellow curls. Not in the movies! For the symbol of a movie vamp is not yellow curls, blue eyes, as you know, full well. Why that's a symbol—but we haven't got that far! The movie vamp always smokes cigarettes. Off the screen, some of the most devoted mothers and wives of my acquaintance rather go in for cigarette smoking. But in the movies the cigarette is still the symbol, if not for the vamp, at least for life and general devilishness.

A vamp, on the screen, is never cunning and little and dimpled. Certainly not. Tho the worst vamp I know—but then, this isn't that personal—. Screen vamps must be slender. They must be dark, or at least not cutie and dimpled. They must have undulating shoulders and half-closed eyes.

And the screen villain! He need not twirl a wicked mustache like the villain of an old stock company days, but, at that, he must show what a devil he is by the use of movie symbols. If possible, he must kick something. It may be a child or a stone or a horse or a tree. But, if he can get in a kick of some sort he has registered devilishness. Then, too, he must narrow his eyes and cast mean looks about. If, off stage, anyone cast the ugly looks that a movie villain did, he would not only be suspected of villainy, but he'd be locked up in the psychopathic ward for further examination. But on the screen ugly furtive looks are just a symbol for villainy, and we who attend the movies accept them as such and say no more about them.

The ingénue! But then, you know the symbol of the ingénue. Curls and the petting of little animals! In actual, every-day existence, even these days when grandmothers have their hair in the new pineapple bob, we would look with distinct suspicion at anyone over twelve who wore her hair in long curls. Yet the dear little ingénue, if she is portraying any single girl under twenty-four may cling to this symbol of youth and innocence.

We not only accept the curls—we love them. And animals. If all the birds, pussy-cats and wee puppies petted by ingénues in pictures during the last five years were turned loose on the streets of New York, the S. P. C. A. would have to quadruple its working forces and work, for three weeks, overtime, to allow traffic to proceed at all. But we movie attendants don't take the petting of animals seriously. We know that, when a dear little dimpled ingénue of anywhere under thirty pets a kitten or lamb, it shows a dear, trusting, simple disposition and something in the way of a villain in pursuit is about to happen to her.

How old is your mother? No, no, no offense intended! But, if you are anywhere around forty, or under, and you have a mother, she is probably a middle-aged or slightly elderly woman. But in the movies, the symbol of motherhood is tottering old age. Young men and young girls who have mothers—unless the mothers are society dowagers—have them about the age grandmothers are supposed to be. A young man of twenty or so has a mother. The mother is flashed on the screen. Is she a presentable woman of around forty-five? She is not. She is a dear, little old totterer, with white hair and a bent back. Sympathy? Of course. A symbol? Likewise yes, yes. Every young man on the screen, who has a mother, must have been born long after his mother passed middle age. Fathers need not be kindly, but they, too, except in unusual cases, must be well passed the age limit of the average off-screen parent. They may be kind or cross, trusting or bad-natured, but they must be old.

Valets, off stage, have several uses. On the screen they are limited to definite things. First, they are a symbol of wealth, of course. The wealthy young clubman indicates his wealthiness and his club

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As a matter of fact, the new Chaplin comedy is reminiscent of the days B. P. (before prohibition, you know). The cup that cheers follows immediately in the wake of the pay envelope, and the results are confusing.
Watch Out! Mr. Film Producer

The movies supplanted the stage as the great public entertainer several years ago, and ever since then the silent drama has been making a lot of noise about it. Now it looks as tho the films have a very dangerous rival . . . radio. Its possibilities are infinite, and it even has the screen beaten when it comes to economy on the consumer's purse. The film producers will now have to put something besides motion into motion pictures if they wish to hold the reins on popularity.

It is rumored that a young genius, up in Eastport, Maine, has invented a new plot for photoplays. It is believed, however, that the report is greatly exaggerated.

Now that one of the producers is making a film version of "Robinson Crusoe," we are greatly worried as to how they are going to get the love interest in it. No island picture could possibly be complete without love scenes on the beach. Of course, a popular song informed us that "where there are wild men there must be wild women," but we don't think the censors would allow that sort of thing on the screen. Our guess is that the scenario writer will bring to light a hidden chapter in Robinson Crusoe's life concerning an affair with a beautiful blonde on the other side of the island, which even Defoe, author of the masterpiece, knew nothing about.

Some very sad news for movie fans was announced this month. The Government has decided to scrap its navy. This means that the supply of ship launchings in the news weeklies will be cut in half.

Some day we hope to become a film producer. Then our greatest ambition will be to buy the motion picture rights to George Jean Nathan's life and make a nice educational subject out of it for the children.

We are not so anxious about the perfection of color photography, but we do wish someone would invent a theater with only end seats.

An optimist is a person who will go to the theater expecting to see a D. W. Griffith production in which Lillian Gish is not attacked by the villain in the fifth reel.

Our Own News Monthly

Just when the talk is loudest about the movies deserting Hollywood, the entire Selznick studio in New York pack up and move to California.

A New York scribe suggests that Hope Hampton and Miss Dupont would make a good sister act in vaudeville. Sort of a mean remark.

Manhattan is in the throes of argument as to which is the better picture—"Determination" or "Mistress of the World." Personally, we prefer a game of billiards.

Reformer admits the movies serve one good purpose.

(Continued on page 95)
The Rosary
By PATRICIA DOYLE

OUTSIDE the door which was flung wide to catch any breeze there might be, the bees droned drowsily among the clover dotting the lawn. Hollyhocks stood erect and militant at either side of the crumbling old stone steps, a gaily uniformed guard, inviting rather than repelling the chance visitor. A bottomless boat lay at anchor in the yard filled with sandy soil and bedding a thousand marrigolds. Fishing-tackle draped the picket fence. Half-wound nets lay tangled on their ungainly reels. The smell of the sea was in the air.

Down at the end of the village street, framed in stately rows of elm trees, was a glimpse of shining blue water. Little waves beat lazily on the sand. So quiet and calm the June afternoon, that time itself seemed to stand still.

Inside the cottage, it was quiet and still, too. A small and listless group were gathered to hear the reading of Ichabod Wright's will—listless, because they were all sure where his money was going and were wondering why they had bothered to come at all.

"I, Ichabod Wright, being sound in body and mind," the lawyer began in his cracked old voice, "do hereby will and bequeath the bulk of my property to one Bruce Wilton; the division to be as follows—"

Kenward Wright leaped to his feet. "Wh-what?" he cried, but was silenced by a look and sank back into his chair in a daze. He looked furiously at Bruce Wilton, but that young man seemed to be as surprised as he was.

It was true. Ichabod Wright had practically disinherited his own nephew to whom the entire village had expected him to will his long-heard wealth. Ken Wright had lived for this day, never dreaming in his soberest moments that the old man would double-cross him. True, he had often threatened to when angered by some fresh misdemeanor of his spendthrift nephew, but Ken had never believed he meant it. But here it was.

The lawyer's voice droned on to the end. Ken had been left a large tract of swamp land, whose potential value was considerable, but which would not yield him any of the ready money he needed so badly.

Angry and disgusted, he left and went straight to Vera with the news. He loved Vera Mather with as genuine an emotion as he was capable of, and he felt that if she could love him in return he could stand the loss of fortune.

"Oh, Ken," Vera said, in answer to his proposal, "I'm so sorry. But I am going to marry Bruce Wilton. It seems cruel to add this to your unhappiness just now, but—it's the truth. I couldn't tell you anything else—could I?"

I'm sorry.

Several days later a disappointed and embittered man sat in the old low-ceiled tavern of Sandy Bay and listened to a proposition of open piracy—no less piracy for the fact that it was stealing fish instead of gold. For Sandy Bay kept its place on the map and prospered, or starved, because of the fish in its waters. Donald MacTavish was a dour-visaged fisherman of antique design and questionable habits. He was proposing to enrich himself and Wright at the expense of Sandy Bay. It was a common enough practice in that vicinity for pirate fishermen to precede their legitimate brethren to the nets by an hour or two and help themselves to the catch. This performance just about cut the labor and trouble in half and was, therefore, a profitable practice for those who indulged in it. Wright had been drinking heavily since the reading of his uncle's will and was so far lost to decency that he agreed to be a party to this enterprise.

Revenge smoldered in his heart. He hated Bruce Wilton on two counts altho, of course, he (Bruce) was responsible for neither of them—one, his inheritance, and the other, the girl he had won. He did not hate all Wiltons correspondingly, however. Alice, the pretty young sister, he quite admired. Unfortunately, Alice was foolish as well as pretty and soon fell victim to a bad man's fascination. She met Wright surreptitiously and often. She became so desperately enamored that she finally consented to go to his cottage. But being blind
They had discussed it fruitlessly among themselves. They printed the details in their paper, and engaged the interest of every one in the village. Even the gentle Vera was moved to an active indignation by the last outrageous theft which was pointed out to her.

Dont you know it is very wrong for you to come here, You know it is wrong," she said, turning to Wright. "It is base and cowardly to let this young girl come to your house and you know it."

She gently disengaged Alice's arms and taking her trembling hand in her own, spoke very quietly to her.

"My dear child, this would break your mother's heart if she knew, and if Bruce ever found out you had been here, he would be so angry that he would never forgive you. I—I—dont know what he might not do if—"

Her eyes widened suddenly. Thru the open doorway she could discern a rapidly moving figure. The eyes of love are keener than ordinary eyes and she recognized immediately that vigorous stride, Bruce Wilton was coming toward the cottage where they all were.

to everything but him, she did not cover her tracks very successfully. One time, Vera Mather who felt a real sisterly interest in the girl followed her there. She entered without any warning knock. Alice was in Wright's arms.

"Alice," cried Vera, "you must come home with me."

THE ROSARY
Novelized, by permission, from the First National attraction of the Selig-Rork production, based on the original story of Bernard McConville, which was inspired by the theme of the play by Edward E. Rose. Directed by Jerome Storm. The cast:

Father Brian Kelly............Lewis S. Stone
Vera Mather..................Jane Novak
Kenwood Wright................Wallace Beery
Bruce Wilton................Robert Gordon
Widow Kathleen Wilton.........Eugenie Besserer
Isaac Abrahamson.............Dore Davidson
Donald MacTavish..............Pomeroy Cannon
Captain Caleb Mather..........Bert Woodruff
Alice Wilton..................Mildred June
Skeeters Martin..............Harold Goodwin

"Oh, he's coming here," Vera's voice faltered, "he must not find you here, Alice. Go thru the back door. I'll take care that he does not find out. And as for you, Kenward Wright, if you have a spark of manhood you will help me," she added, turning toward the silent man who appeared to acquiesce ironically as the frightened Alice disappeared.

There was good reason for his irony, Vera Mather would serve his purpose quite as well as Alice Wilton. To be discovered with either girl, he knew would be a blow to Bruce Wilton. So he played up to Vera's lead with cynical experties.

"You are misunderstanding me," Vera cried pitiously, in response to Bruce's angry accusations upon discovering her. "I cannot explain, Bruce—but cant you trust me? Oh, it is not what you think. I do not love Ken. You know that, I love only you. It was for a good reason I came here—please believe me. I—"

But the man turned sorrowfully away and walked toward the door. "Come outside, Vera," he said, "I cant talk to you in here."

She followed him out thru the door, down to the gate.

"Good-bye, Vera," he said huskily, "good-bye—for always. You have betrayed, not only my faith in you—but in all women. Oh, my God! If you couldn't be true, no woman could. Oh Vera, Vera—"

"You are cruel, Bruce, and unjust," the girl replied.

"Someday you will find out just how greatly you have wronged me. But in the meantime I will give you back this—I couldn't keep it, when you feel the way you do about me." She reached inside the front of her dress and drew out a slender, beautifully wrought silver rosary, beaded with small translucent pearls, and held it out toward him, still warm from its closeness to her heart. He took it as in a dream and she whispered as he walked away. "When you believe in me and can trust me again—then you will give it back to me. Until then—good-bye, Bruce—good-bye."

Several weeks later a group of excited villagers met at Father Brian Kelly's house to discuss the strange acts of lawlessness that were beginning to happen with such frequency. They had discussed it fruitlessly among themselves. They printed the details in their paper and engaged the interest of every one in the village. Even the gentle
Vera was moved to an active indignation by the last outrageous theft which was pointed out to her. Disgruntled fishermen, irate townspeople, representative citizens, important functionaries and voluble housewives, all gathered at the home of the most influential personage of Sandy Bay to decide what could be done about it. Poor docilely when his child. Further operations. Wilton, ward his gun out operations. The thickest, with the astounding news that Kenward Wright had joined the unspeakable MacTavish in his nefarious pursuits, and furthermore, that he was building a cannery on his marsh land with the ill-gotten capital they had acquired. Consternation seized the assembled villagers, but as usual Father Kelly had the solution. They would buy out the cannery. This would serve as a sort of outpost for spying as well as for its legitimate business. The marauding would thus be checked and eternal vigilance on the part of all the community would do the rest. They all subscribed generously, being thrifty souls and knowing full well that Wright would demand a huge sum for it, Bruce Wilton, naturally was the heaviest investor and would control operations. He had plunged into work as an anodyne for the pain he felt over Vera's imagined unfaithfulness. He was trying to forget her—put her out of his mind as well as out of his life. He did not know it was going to take forever, so he welcomed the further activities the purchase of the cannery would entail as another aid to forgetfulness. The purchase was to be kept a profound secret, as they had begun to see Kenward Wright in his own black colors and felt sure he would find some means of circumventing them. This was successfully accomplished and Bruce maneuvered matters so skilfully that Wright went away chuckling at the big price he had gotten for his half-built cannery.

Another heart was grieving in Sandy Bay, besides Bruce's and Vera's. It was the untried heart of Alice Wilton in her first sorrow. Ken's careless avoiding of her, his casual cruelty, his open indifference to her presence scarred and mortified her tender spirit. The worst of it was, she had to keep all this unhappy tumult to herself, and repression does more harm to the sensitive mind than any other inhibition. The girl brooded over her wrongs until her mind was affected. Life became intolerable to her and in her distraction she sought to end it. Poor unbalanced little soul! If she had just gone to Father Kelly with her trouble, as all the rest of the village did, her widowed mother and grief-stricken brother might have been spared the terrible calamities that followed.

Late one night when there was neither moon nor star visible, a little figure huddled in a great cape crept out of the house where the lamp shone brightly, and where warmth and comfort reigned, and where a loving mother sat and embroidered pretty things for her little girl; crept out into the dark trem
“I have something for you, my daughter,” Father Kelly began. “It is a gift from some one who loves you deeply. See”—and he held out a slender, beautifully wrought silver rosary, beaded with small translucent pearls.

grown unbelievably dear to her, to the sea, no longer shining and placid, but angry and tempestuous, beating its rage out in great black waves on a resistless beach. She walked out to the end of an old abandoned dock and stood a moment, terrified at the malignity of the elements. She wrung her hands silently and brushed the straying curls back from her forehead with the back of her hand. Her forehead was damp. She drew a deep breath, closed her eyes tight to shut out the dread vision and jumped clear of the rotting dock.

“So you see,” the feeble voice went on, “Vera wasn’t the bad one—I was—and you’d better ask her to forgive you, Bruce—she’s—” and the voice trailed off into silence.

Alice Wilton lay propped up on pillows on the big chair in Vera’s living-room, still weak and faint from her horrible experience. She opened and closed her eyes wearily and took the fiery dose of brandy Vera gave her as docilely as a child. With one hand she clutched tightly her brother’s arm. She started to speak again and they tried to silence her, but she shook her

because she wanted to save you and mother pain and shame she pretended that she was the one—and I never had the courage to tell you the truth—and—and—”

“Dear little sister,” interrupted Bruce unable to stand it any longer, “don’t worry now. Everything is going to be all right now. Try to sleep, dear. I will ask Vera to forgive me. I think she will. Mother will never know about this terrible thing, so just try to rest.”

He stroked the tense little hand which soon relaxed, and the hapless little human having endured almost more than she could bear finally slept.

“I will come to you later, Vera,” said Bruce in a hard, strained voice. “I’ve got to settle with that bounder first. Be good to Alice, won’t you? Good-bye, dear. I’ll be back as soon as I can.”

His blood beat hot and fast as he made his way to his office in the cannery where he kept a revolver. The law was too slow and too elusive for him. Wright should find justice at the point of a gun. Even that was too good for him. He shuddered at the sudden vision of Alice’s white face and her dripping hair pulled back from her head by the weight of the water clinging to it. What good instinct had driven him out to the end of that old dock to see who the swaying figure was? But he merely thanked his God that he had gone and thought no more of such matters. His heart was full of hatred for Wright. Yes, killing was too good for such swine.

He was standing before his desk with the revolver in his hand when he heard a commotion on the stairs and Father Kelly broke into the room.

“Run for your life, Bruce,” he cried, seizing the young

(Continued on page 102)
Restoration

By

CORLISS PALMER

JUST as earth is impelled to put on a fresh mantle of green in the springtime, just as a rose-bush blossoms forth in new beauty in the summer, so is a woman filled with the desire to put into her person some of the youth and joy of the season. Restoration, recovery, resurrection is everywhere. Yet to many women it brings only sorrow, for they think the springtime of their life is forever behind them and the best they can hope for is a mild winter.

But every bud and leaf and flower cries out the joy of new life and sends a message of hope to every heart. If nature can restore their lost youth to the hills, the woods, the garden, why can she not do as much for mortals, her greatest handiwork? And the answer is, as you perhaps suspect, she can. Why doesn’t she? Simply because she prepared the means for mortal restoration and gave mortals a mind with which to find and apply the means. Intelligence, as usual, is the first requisite.

Just what is it you have lost that you would like to regain? Is it both that youthful feeling and that youthful look? In all probability, if you have lost your youthful appearance, you have also lost the feeling of youth that goes with it. It is possible for one to experience this loss early in life, if one has had a great deal of trouble or sickness. Yet all the time Nature in her secret workhouse is preparing roots, herbs, minerals for the use of those who wish to counter-act these evils.

Since a woman is as young as she looks, the first thing for her to do is to get youth back into her appearance—to remove the wrinkles and age-lines, and, above all, to restore the youthful contour of the face.

This remedy I am going to give you will sound so simple and easy that you will be skeptical until you have given it a trial. Here it is, merely the application of an occasional face pack, sometimes called mud pack, sometimes called by the commercial name of special preparations on the market. The preparation comes in either a dry powder form or a thick muddy paste. Water must be added to the dry powder, or even to the paste if it is too stiff to spread easily. When shopping, ask for a face pack or beautifier.

To apply, have the face washed with warm water and soap, rinsed with warm water and dried with a soft towel. Then spread the muddy paste over the entire face. It is important to spread it well under the chin and around the ears. It is well to put it on the neck, too, as the contraction of the muscles of the neck has a restful effect on the head and face.

There should now be no spot of skin visible. Do not be afraid it will get into the eyes or mouth—it is perfectly harmless. And, of course, the muscles around the eyes and mouth are the most important of all the muscles to be treated. It should cover the skin evenly to the thickness of about an eighth of an inch.

Leave it on for half an hour, during which time it is best to lie quietly on a couch or bed. If this is not

(Continued on page 100)
When the World Took Time to Love

At the top of the page is Malcolm McGregor, as Captain Fritz von Tarlenheim; just above, is Alice Terry, as the beautiful Princess Flavia, and at the left is one of the interesting scenes from the production.
Perhaps no one other novel has been read, surreptitiously flanked by schoolbooks when lessons should have been studied, or under cautious bedside lights, more than Anthony Hope’s “The Prisoner of Zenda.” It is one of the first love stories to be read—with its background of royal people, castles, and the days when the world took time to love. Rex Ingram is bringing it to the screen in a lavish way, and with a brilliant cast.

In the upper right-hand corner is a camera study of Alice Terry in the character of Princess Flavia; just above is Lewis Stone, in the title rôle of “The Prisoner of Zenda,” and at the right is another action picture from the production.
OH, Punch! I have just seen "Penrod" and I take back everything I said about Wesley Barry. He was just too funny for words to-day and the picture—Well, I simply can't tell you how much I loved it!

You remember the stories that came out in the magazines and how we laughed over them? Well, the characters just came to life.

The picture was dedicated to "The American Boy" and I thought that was awfully nice. The first part showed the first American boy and there was George Washington, and he had just finished cutting down that cherry tree. Do you know, Punch, that I don't see exactly how he could have said anything except that he did it when his father found him with the hatchet right beside the tree. But, of course, it must have been 'special truthfulness' or we wouldn't hear so much about it, would we?

But I want to talk about Penrod. The picture was terribly long, I don't mean too long, you know, but lots longer than most pictures, and so many things happened that I can't begin to tell you all about them. Besides, you simply must go and see it yourself. Here are some of the things I liked best.

The boys had a club that they called the American Boys' Protective Association and they met in the duckiest place you ever saw. From the beginning you'd never guess where they were all going, for you just see them disappearing into a clump of bushes, and I just simply couldn't imagine how they could all get under that bush. It's an underground passage and leads to a secret meeting place! There's a 'special way of opening the door and a speaking tube to ask who is knocking and everything.

Penrod is the president and he asks all the boys what they have to say, and they each get up and tell how some grown-up in the town has been mean to them, and oh! I did know just how one of the boys felt when he told how his father had said: "Children should be seen and not heard." We had a nurse that used to say that once and how we hated her. Do you remember?

Then there's a party, or I mean a play, that is all about King Arthur and the Round Table, and Penrod just hates being in it because he has to wear an old suit of his father's flannels and the boys tease him. So he goes and gets a pair of overalls that belonged to the janitor and puts them on, and after the curtain goes up and they are all saying their pieces, one leg begins to fall down, and oh, it's just too funny for words. A snub little boy named Maurice teases him and Penrod fights with him right there in front of everybody, and they have to bring down the curtain.

One place I really laughed so hard I cried, and that was where Penrod goes to dancing school, and he has the hives, and of course he keeps scratching and the teacher gets perfectly furious. Penrod's partner is the youngest girl in the class, just a little baby, but she was so cunning.

There's just heaps and heaps more, all about the circus that they give with Verman and Herman. You remember the two little colored boys in the stories, don't you? And the time Penrod's sister's beau gives him two dollars to go away, and he goes to the circus and gets most desperately ill and had to take castor oil. And the most awful of all, when the little girl that Penrod likes best, but who likes Maurice instead, tho I don't see why, calls Penrod "a little gentleman," and Penrod splashes her with tar. Just imagine! and then the rest of the boys come and they have the most terrible time, and they all get just covered.

But now comes the most thrilling part of all. There are two bandits loose and they have stolen a lot of money from the bank, and while they are running away from the (Continued on page 104)
Presenting

Monte Blue, whose Danton is one of the outstanding features of "Orphans of the Storm." He has given to the rôle a dominant and valiant spirit.
Impressions

Poise and a warmth of manner have increased his attractions.

Beneath his quiet and courteous suavity you feel he harbors strong convictions. His thoughts are finely chiseled, not hastily carved, and you know that there is a man who reads much, thinks much, and is deeply interested in the study of humanity.


"That was the best picture I ever made," said Earle, "and John Storm has remained my favorite role. It offered splendid dramatic action and ran the gamut of all emotions, save comedy. It was eight reels.

Earle Williams was luxuriating in a day at home, for the night before he had completed "Playing Dead," at the Vitagraph studio, a film based on Richard Harding Davis' clever story.

"The picture dragged," commented Earle, "everyone, including myself, took a whirl with the flu until we almost despaired at ever finishing it."

The Williamses have an artistic bungalow on a quiet street in Los Angeles, and as both have a decided penchant for collecting, it contains many rare treasures. Gorgeous Chinese embroideries and Italian tapestries adorn the walls, while quaint teakwood furniture, exquisite vases, hand-carved chests, several splendid paintings, a marble-piece or two, and many cases of books evidence the taste and real love of the connoisseur and suggest the aesthetic temperament of the couple.

Mr. Williams sat in a comfortable chair before an open window with the afternoon sun shining full upon him, which probably brought an extra shade of tan to his bronzed face. Granting that he may be a little more mature in appearance than when he first began making feminine hearts go pit-a-pat as he heroed thru those early screen romances, Earle Williams has lost none of his old charm. In fact, an added
MAUDE CHEATHAM

you remember; one of the longest films up to that time and broke a record with its seven weeks' run in New York and six in Chicago.

"Like everyone else in this business, I'm inclined to howl about the poor scenarios I get. Funny thing, when I was on a small salary I had fine stories, now that I'm earning a good sized one they give me a lot of weak ones.

"Were I free lancing I would stand a better chance at good roles. Look at Lewis Stone, he appears in a series of great parts. But—well, I've always been with Vitagraph, started with them, you know, and all our relations have been so exceptionally pleasant and harmonious that I hesitate to make a change. I've just signed another contract, which will round out an even dozen years with this company. This is the record, I believe.

"I should like to do The Christian, again," he continued, "with our improved lighting and photography. Anita Stewart and I have often talked of making another picture together and we thought of 'The Christian,' but, somehow, Mr. Smith let the option slide and Goldwyn bought it. I would like to make it in England, tho that isn't necessary, for the Massachusetts coast, where we made it before, presents scenery very similar to the Isle of Man. Our coast would never do."

"Our coast," can rightfully be used by Earle Williams, for he is a native son of California, having been born in Sacramento where his parents had moved from Booneville, Missouri. While he was still very young, the family came down to Oakland and it was there he attended school and spent his boyhood.

He still has the program of his first stage performance when he took a small part in an amateur play, "Ruled by Passion," on May 11, 1899. He seems to have had no particular leaning toward the stage, however, and it was some time later, when arriving in New Orleans on the first lap of his journey forth to see the world, that he decided to fill his lean purse and applied to the Baldwin-Welville Stock Company, thus selecting his career.

His dramatic biography reads a little like fiction, it is colorful and interesting. He played with the famous old Belasco Stock Company and at the Burbank theater in Los Angeles; a Sardou repertoire with Florence Stone and Melbourne McDowell; supported Henry Dixey, Rose Stahl, Helen Ware, and a host of other well-known stars in their most signal successes.

His advent into pictures was accidental too, for it was during a dull summer in New York that he went to the Vitagraph studio intending merely to tide over the season. He was put into a cast at once, his first film being "The Thumb Print," and in pictures he has remained ever since.

His success before the camera was instantaneous; he had the advantage of a well-grounded foundation of dramatic training which the stage had given him. Also, he represented the matinée girl's ideal of masculine good looks, was a Beau Brummell in his attire and

(Continued on page 100)
It is some years ago now that "Bought and Paid For" scored a hit on the New York stage. As a matter of fact, it was a great success. William B. de Mille has brought the story to the shadows, with Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt playing the two leading roles.

Previews of "Bought and Paid For"

All photographs by James N. Doolittle
Across the Silversheet
The New Screen Plays in Review
By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

The photoplays of the past month have little to recommend them. For the greater part they lack color, truths and imagination. "Bought and Paid For" stands out as the best among them. This is not because of any attempt at being a great production—not because of lavish interiors or artistic acting, nor because there are mob scenes wherein the number of players resembles a census return. Rather it is because its characters seemed flesh and blood, not strange creatures to be watched from a distance. Their problem was real because they were real and because you felt you might readily know them.

To his players William de Mille often gives this rare quality. It was several years ago that "Bought and Paid For" held the New York stage with considerable success. Since then there have been innumerable stories with similar plots. And now William de Mille has brought the story to the shadows. The title clearly indicates a story of a working-girl who becomes the wife of a wealthy man to discover that even love does not cause men to forget the poverty from which they sometimes rescue their wives. Of course, a battle of pride follows and it is only an outside influence which saves the two lives from matrimonial rocks.

The heroine of the story does not depart entirely from the form of her predecessors. She sleeps in a bed built into the wall of her palatial home which would, undoubtedly, be most uncomfortable. She collects her jewels and places them in their original boxes and returns them to her lord and master when she is about to leave his house. That is, of course, highly commendable but it lacks originality. Heroines have gone in for that sort of thing since time immemorial.

Nor does Agnes Ayres bring any particular comprehension, understanding or registry to her rôle. As a matter of fact, we waited for a sub-title to explain her emotions more than once.

Jack Holt is more real as the husband.

"Bought and Paid For" is better because of the human touch of William de Mille.
Prominent critics have said that if a thing is entirely unworthy, space should be given to other things—that it is not worth the space and energy it takes to declaim it. If this is true, we err in reviewing “Polly of the Follies,” the latest Constance Talmadge production. It is, in our opinion, entirely unworthy.

The story, or lack of it, is not extraordinarily frightful. It is like most motion pictures you see where the little country girl comes to the city after giving amateur performances and eventually makes good. There is a departure from the hackneyed treatment of the plot after this, but it is so far-fetched and ridiculous that it does nothing toward saving the day.

Constance Talmadge has a delicious sense of farce. When we say this, we are not judging her ability from this release but from our memory of other roles. As we have said before, it is a pity that she is not given opportunities in which to prove herself more often.

Kenneth Harlan is the leading man.

**BACK PAY—COSMOPOLITAN**

When Fannie Hurst wrote “Back Pay”—it was originally written for the stage production, with Helen McKellar, if we remember correctly—she remembered and dared to admit the bad in the best of us and the good in the worst of us. Never before, to our recollection, have ladies of easy virtue been portrayed as anything but wicked beyond redemption. They have been mercenary, devoid of sympathy and understanding, without one quality to redeem them, instead of the weak and erring sisters which they are so often in reality.

However, there was one important particular in which the Fannie Hurst heroine acted like the other lilies of the field who have been shadowed. She gave a party and danced about the rooms, waving her arms in the air to the music while her guests looked on. Apparently, this is the surest way to register that you are gay and carefree and having a very good time. It is the toast she drinks at this party which gives the story its name—“Here’s to the wages of sin,” she says, or something similar. “If they are death, I have a lot of back-pay coming to me.”

(Continued on page 114)
On the Camera Coast

By
HARRY CARR

The cat out at Douglas Fairbanks' studio is hiding under the janitor's bed and all the office help walks around the block whenever they want to get from one part of the studio to another. When conjugal conferences become necessary, Mary Pickford cautiously remains in the shelter of the scenery. Doug is practicing with a bow and arrow, preparatory to beginning the production of "Robin Hood." His enthusiasm is better than his aim at the present time. Anything in Hollywood is a bad insurance risk in consequence.

Unless all the actors perish by the William Tell route before the cameras get started, it will probably be Doug's greatest picture. I understand he has appropriated one million dollars for the production. His intention is to preserve something of the fantastic quality of the fairy tale throughout this charming old legend. He is building wonderful sets which have a little the flavor of the Futurist school of art. Douglas, of course, will be Robin Hood; Wallace Beery, King Richard; Enid Bennett, Maid Marion; Paul Dickey, Guy of Gisborn.

Charlie Chaplin gave the first party of his life the other night in his new house in Hollywood. The guests were Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford and Harry Tate, the English comedian, who happened to be playing a theatrical engagement in Los Angeles.

Mr. Tate speaks a very broad cockney and the other guests could only understand the high spots. As he was always telling jokes, it became embarrassing. Mary and Douglas finally adopted the system of laughing every time they saw Chaplin laugh. They got off wrong once when they thought Chaplin was beginning to laugh and they joined in uproarious glee; and it turned out that Charlie was only choking on an olive.

Chaplin is getting frisky as he grows older. The other night he gave a burlesque interpretative dance with Maurice at the famous Cocoanut Grove. If you know how shy Chaplin is, you know what an important event this was.
W. G. McAdoo has arrived with his family to make their home in Los Angeles. The former Secretary of the Treasury and the world's most famous son-in-law says he has come for his health; but there is a general suspicion that some movie project is in view. He was formerly general counsel for the United Artists.

Eric von Stroheim views with gloomy and terrible scorn the next story that Universal has waiting for him to direct. He says it has an ice cream soda plot. After "Foolish Wives," he wanted to do one of three stories—a Viennese play with a novel and tragic plot; a French story whose name and nature he will not divulge; or Frank Norris' "McTeague." He says he has had "McTeague" in mind for a long time. It is a terrific but horrible story. In any case, he will not act in his next picture.

Wallace Reid, Bebe Daniels, Wanda Hawley and Conrad Nagel will be among those of the cast for William de Mille's production of "Nice People."

Universal's scenario department is working overtime these days, preparing scripts for Gladys Walton, Priscilla Dean, Frank Mayo, Herbert Rawlinson, and Hoot Gibson.

Rawlinson is going to do Louis Joseph Vance's story, "The Black Bag," with Stuart Paton directing. Priscilla Dean will flash her dynamic personality in Ouida's "Under Two Flags," in which Theda Bara played a cigarette some years ago. Gladys Walton's first story casts her for the role of a wardrobe girl in a road show. "The Trouper" is the name of the story. Following that, she will play "M'liss in Bret Harte's story, the same part that was once taken by Mary Pickford. Marie Prevost will soon begin work on a very flappy flapper story called, "The Night of Nights." Mayo's first feature on his return from his vaudeville tour with his wife, Dagmar Godowsky, will be "Out of the Silent North."

The trip abroad microbe has infected several stars and directors. After she has finished two more pictures in this country, Nazimova is going abroad; Emmett Flynn, director of "The Connecticut Yankee," is anxious to do the popular novel "If Winter Comes" in England; Rex Ingram would like to make pictures in France or Ireland or Italy as soon as he finishes "The Black Orchid" upon which he has just started work. Maurice Tourneur is going to

(Continued on page 101)
The Prince of Whales

By
GLADYS HALL

ELMER CLIFTON will simply have to forgive me for the title. Still, after all, I don't know that it is a matter for forgiveness. Who wouldn't want to be called the Prince of Whales . . . what's in an aitch? And forgiveness or no forgiveness, before De Mille I cannot help it! I have been assailed by temptation after temptation, and to only one have I succumbed . . . the Prince of Whales! And you know how it is! You go along year after year after year interviewing blonde cuties with syndicated philosophies, and Apollosque youths with the cosmic urge, and you wear your sad little brain away trying to invent new superlatives in order to cover the requisite four and one half pages of double spaced printed matter. All the time you're writing you have the sickening conviction that you've

All photographs by Abbe

written the same thing before, with merely a substitute adjective or so, and you wonder drearily how much further you have to go before they find you out and replace you with another adjective gymnast.

Then along comes Elmer Clifton, late of the Griffith forces, tangy, hearty and breezy, who tells you that he is just about to sail for the Caribbean to take the whaling scenes of his first big production to be called "Down to the Sea in Ships." Well, there you are. It occurs to you to say "a whale of a picture"—you fancy yourself making cracks on Jonah, and you conjure up the fascinating bits you could ring in about employing whales for extras in lieu of the customary bipeds for whom, Goodness knows, you don't have to go to the Caribbean, thus risking life and limb. They are, however, more of the nature of porpoises, running in schools!

And then you get into the thing with Mr. Clifton, and you realize that (Continued on page 106)
And it was on the twenty-fifth of April, 1719, as day was breaking, that Daniel Defoe completed the work which he styled "The Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe of York, Mariner; who lived eight and twenty years all alone, on an Island on the coast of America, near the mouth of the great river of the Oronoque; having been cast on shore by shipwreck, wherein all the men perished but himself. With an account of how he

was at last strangely delivered by Pirates. Written by Himself."

Two hundred and two years, and two hundred and ninety-six days elapse. The scene is Universal City, California, on the fifteenth of February, in the year of our Lord, 1922. It rains all morning. The sky is a vast opaque grey. Not one human being is in evidence. The half-completed sets and the ruins of old stages incline me to wonder if I have unknowingly stepped off the rim of the world into some monstrous lost city.

But what are those large square buildings resembling mammoth tombs—behind the drizzly curtain of the rain? I walk towards them, arriving before an unpainted wooden door. Should I enter?

I step from a wet, blurry Cosmos into the ghostly light of Cooper-Hewitts, the eerie brilliancy of which turns everything to a greyish violet; from a sea of rain into a sea of human activity, revolving around a darkly bearded and bewigged gentleman, clad in goat-skins and holding aloft a goat-skin umbrella. At first glance, I thought this must be Eva Tanguay disguised as Sir Gilbert Parker. But on second glance, I recognized my boyhood hero, Robinson Crusoe, in the person of Harry Myers.

Near the mouth of the great river of the Oronoque; having been cast on shore by shipwreck, wherein all the men perished but himself. With an account of how he

boyhood hero, Robinson Crusoe!

He was completely surrounded by grotesque beings, whom at first I mistook for the good man Friday's cannibal confrères; but my practised eye soon discerned that most of these gaudy brownettes were in reality adherents of Pancho Villa, who had succumbed to the lure of the eighth art and its lamento pesos. These ex-section hands were garbed like the loose gals who shimmy at Moose socials—draped in three-quarters nudity and one-quarter Woolworth jewelry, pampas-grass and Plymouth Rock feathers. Each carried a long, hungry-looking spear.

Now the attitude of discernment is one that is most becoming to me; in fact, my perspicacity is astounding. In a trice I had penetrated the Crusoe disguise, visually exorcising the goat-skins and discovering beneath the guise

Photograph by Freulich
of the ascetic islander the sybaritic Harry Myers!

At the end of the scene they were cinema-shooting, he loped over to me and ventured the suspicion that I was hovering about to hold profound and lordly speech with him. My silence betrayed my guilt.

"Well," he began, "as long as the world has signified its curiosity by sending an envoy, I will inform the peoples of all quarters of this absurd planet, that I am the hardest worked 'artist' in our magnificent Hollywood film colony."

"How and why?" I hazarded, shifting slightly away from the goat-skin's windward.

He thrust upon me a look of superb contempt and pity.

"Dont you know that the story of Robinson Crusoe is based on the contention that a man can live without human aid?"

I nodded affirmatively, in my usual dissimulative manner.

"Well, Robinson Crusoe, or anybody else, can live better without than with human aid. He was far better off than his twentieth-century incarnation, yours truly. Why, he didn't have to keep an eye on a realistic director, a studio menagerie, poniard-hurling descendants of the Aztecs, and indiscriminating cactus," exclaimed the disguised Myers, in sonorous tones that seemed to issue from the very innermost recesses of his goat-skins.

Having nothing to say, my silence was profound and ubiquitous.

He continued, "This naive Universal bunch went down and earnestly looked me over in 'The Connecticut Yankee.' They saw how hectic an existence was mine in those dozen, nerve-racking, neck-breaking reels; and said to themselves: here's the hard-working peasant for us."

I smiled a nondescript smile. He bent over and looked into my eyes searchingly, as tho hoping for a minute sign of intelligence

(Continued on page 117)
Alice Calhoun and her mother were seriously ill with the flu a few weeks ago, when the following came in the morning’s mail:

“You and Yours

Experience indicates that we should choose a final resting place for our loved ones before necessity compels.

Postponement means untold later suffering.

Learn now why you should select your lot in the great Modern Burial Park.”

Needless to say, it did not have a brightening effect upon the patients. Alice Calhoun says that when it arrived, both she and her mother looked like good businesswomen.

Now, however, she is back at the Vitagraph studios.

Antonio Moreno is suing the Vitagraph Company for thousands and thousands of dollars. He claims that they broke their contract with him when they insisted that he co-star. At present, Tony is playing in the Rupert Hughes-Goldwyn picture, “The Bitterness of Sweets,” with Colleen Moore.

The Thomas Moore family is busy, indeed, these days. Tom is playing opposite Betty Compson in “Across the Border,” and Renee Adoree is playing opposite Jack Gilbert in his new Fox production.

Maurice Tourneur has been chosen as the director to film—or re-film, we should say, remembering the early Vitagraph production—Hall Cain’s “The Christian.” The Goldwyn Company have not yet announced the cast, but it has been definitely decided to film it abroad. Sir Hall, who made his own scenario from the novel, will assist in the production.

Jackie Coogan will be starred in a film version of the internationally beloved “Oliver Twist.” Frank Lloyd will direct the picture; Lon Chaney is to be Fagin, and Gladys Brockwell will be Nancy Sykes. While Jackie is a few years younger than Dickens’ Oliver Twist, those who know his capabilities have little fear that he won’t create a portrayal which will be foremost among the screen portraits.

The influenza epidemic in Hollywood laid low the three prominent fun-makers; first Larry Semon, then Harold Lloyd, and then Charlie Chaplin.

It is almost impossible to learn definitely whether or not Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis are engaged. There are rumors galore, and Mildred admits that Harold is her first beau. However, we have learned from previous experience that rumors are generally based on fact when they deal with such affairs of the heart, denials to the contrary.

The friends of Kathryn Williams are sympathizing with her in the death of her sixteen-year-old son, Victor Eyton. Miss Williams is the wife of Charles Eyton, general manager of the Lasky studio.

W. T. Benda, the noted Polish artist, is at work on a mask of Mabel Ballin, which will be used in connection with her latest picture, “Other Women’s Clothes.” Mr. Benda characterized Mrs. Ballin as “the loveliest girl on the screen,” because of her simple loveliness, entirely undimmed by artifice.

Alice Brady is a mother. Her baby was born after she brought a suit for a divorce against her husband, James Crane, the son of Doctor Frank Crane. It is believed that Miss Brady will soon be seen in a new Realart production, the first picture she has made in several months.

Everyone who reaches Paris before the theatrical season is closed will, of course, rush to see Pearl White. Miss White is playing at the Folies Bergere, where she is a headliner, vivacious in all the glory of her new role.

Mary Miles Minter sailed for an extended trip in the Orient. Her trip is for the purpose of a long rest, for she has been on the verge of a nervous breakdown since the unfortunate Taylor murder. She hoped to get away without any publicity, but the reporters...
The right and the wrong way to manicure

Just as many people spoil their nails by mistakes as by neglect. No matter how careful you are, you simply cannot cut the cuticle without causing it to look ragged and unsightly.

For this thin fold of skin at the base of the nails forms the only protection of the delicate nail root which lies less than 1-12 of an inch beneath. When you cut the cuticle, you can hardly avoid piercing through to this sensitive living part. Then Nature immediately begins to build up new tissue to protect it. This is tougher than the rest of the skin and thus gives the nail rim that ragged, uneven look that you are especially anxious to avoid.

Yet when the cuticle grows up over the nails, dries, splits and forms hang-nails, it must in some way be removed.

Never cut the cuticle
You can remove it easily, quickly, harmlessly with CuTex Cuticle Remover. Apply it about the base of the nails with an orange stick, and then rinse the finger tips. When drying them, push back the cuticle with a towel. All the hard dry edges will simply wipe away.

There are two wonderful new CuTex polishes that come in the two most popular forms of the moment—powder and liquid. The new Powder Polish gives a brilliant luster instantaneously—just a few strokes of the nails across the soft part of the hand is sufficient to bring out the shine—and it lasts better than any you have ever had before.

The new Liquid Polish is practically instantaneous. It flows over the nail from the brush with an absolutely uniform smoothness. It dries instantly and leaves the most brilliant, delicately tinted luster which will keep its even brilliance for at least a week. Used as a finishing touch it will make a manicure last just twice as long.

CuTex Sets come at 60c, $1.00, $1.50 and $3.00. Or any CuTex article may be bought separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada. Begin today to see what this way of manicuring will do.

Introductory Set—now only 12c
Fill out this coupon and mail it with 12c in coin or stamps for the Introductory Set containing samples of CuTex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), emery board and orange stick. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. 806, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.

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Street______________________________
City and State______________________
discovered her purpose and were at the dock in great numbers. Her grandmother accompanied her.

John Emerson and his tiny wife, Anita Loos, have sailed for Europe where they will study film conditions and absorb atmosphere for the motion pictures they will write upon their return.

Charlie Chaplin has always been known to be a very serious young man who did not go in for the gay and frivolous pleasures and who did not give parties. Recently, Charlie has changed his tactics, and there has been a goodly portion of play interspersed with his work. Recently, he entertained the members of the Pavlova dancing organization in his Hollywood studios. He has also been dancing with Maurice at the famous Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles.

While scores of cinema celebrities have been journeying to Europe, Gloria Swanson has been busy in the studios. However, she is shortly to enjoy a vacation which she plans to spend on foreign shores.

The stork is expected to visit the home of Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton sometime in May. Mrs. Keaton is Natalie Talmadge, you know. The event will crown Norma and Constance with the title of aunt. Lucky infant, we'll say.

Anna Q. Nilsson has returned from the foreign shores, where she has spent the last several months. She will go to Hollywood, where she will appear in one of the special productions being made at the Lasky studios. While abroad, Miss Nilsson spent a considerable time with her parents in Sweden.

There have been all sorts of rumors as to who would direct Mary Pickford in her revival of "Tess of the Storm Country." Now an announcement comes from Miss Pickford stating that John Robertson will accept the directorial responsibilities.

The new Harold Lloyd comedy will be known as "Grandma's Boy."

Estelle Taylor has been chosen by the Fox Company to play the vampire rôle in "A Fool There Was," which was originally played by Theda Bara. Apparently, the vampire vogue is returning—

There is a comedian who calls himself Charles Aplin and who dresses similar to Chaplin on the screen. The original Charlie has brought suit against him. You can hardly blame him.

Everyone who has read the Kathleen Norris' "Sisters" will be interested in seeing the Albert Capellani production, based on the novel in which Seena Owen, Gladys Leslie and Matt Moore are featured.

Ethel Barrymore, the fond mother of three children, was recently filling a theatrical engagement in Los Angeles, and she expressed a desire to meet Jackie Cogan.

"Are you the only child, Jackie," asked Miss Barrymore. Jackie stepped forward.

"I'm all there is—there isn't any more," he declared.

Pauline Frederick has signed a long-term contract with A. H. Woods, the theatrical manager. She will appear in the first play in London before her New York appearance.

"Snub" Pollard has joined the benedicts. He married Elizabeth Bowen, a non-professional girl. This

(Continued on page 104)
A cream that really holds the powder
It will not reappear in a shine

How many times, especially in summer, you have wished your nose would not get shiny and that the powder would stay on.

You need never permit this shine. The way to make powder stay on is to provide a base for it to cling to. Powder put directly on the skin catches on little rough places and then flecks off leaving your face as shiny as if it had never been powdered. These little rough places may not be apparent but they prevent the powder from going on smoothly.

The ideal powder base is absorbed instantly, giving your skin a velvety surface to which the powder will hold. Try Pond’s Vanishing Cream for this. Smooth on a little. Now powder. The powder will go on smoothly and evenly, giving your skin a lovely transparent tone. You need not worry about your face getting shiny—the cream cannot reappear because it contains no oil. And the powder will stay on for hours.

More than that, Pond’s Vanishing Cream is the best possible protection against exposure to sun and wind. Always smooth it on before you go out. It is made of ingredients famous for their soothing effect. You will notice, the moment you apply it to your cheeks, what a freshened feeling it gives you.

A very different cream just as necessary
No one cream can contain all the ingredients necessary to take perfect care of your skin. You cannot have in a vanishing cream the oils you need for cleansing and stimulating the skin.

For cleansing a different cream—Pond’s Cold Cream—must be used. It contains just enough oil to penetrate the pores and remove every particle of dirt, and to lubricate the skin.

Every night and whenever you come in from a dusty railroad or automobile trip, smooth this delicate oil cream into your face. Then wipe it off with a soft cloth.

Use both these creams every day. Both are too delicate to clog the pores. They cannot promote the growth of hair. You will find them in convenient sizes of jars and tubes at all drug and department stores. The Pond’s Extract Co., New York.

POND’S
Cold Cream for cleansing
Vanishing Cream to hold the powder
Socrates.—So you are a thinker, and hence like this department. Thinking is a good habit to get into, but right thinking is a better habit. As Dow says, if we cannot prevent our thoughts coming any more than we can keep birds from flying over our heads, but we can keep birds from building nests in our hair." Thinking is easy, but to prevent our thoughts coming out in our cerebrums—that is bad. We don't hear much of Earle Williams nowadays.

G. T. R., New York.—As I remember it, Alice Brady first appeared on the stage in "The Balkan Princess." Your letters are always of interest. Keep up the good work.

Kay and Joe.—For the benefit of all who ask—Rodolph Valentino was born in Italy. He was married to Jean Acker, but they have separated. You can address him at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, Calif. Very sorry.

Poetic Rose.—You say, "Prithie, tell me, O thou of the milky-white curtains, will I ere a poet be?" I reserve decision after reading, "If thy spotlessly white chin-warmer weighs two pounds, what does Broadweigh (Broadway)." Give her gas. I'll be waiting for you.

Blue Eyes.—Giddap, Cicero! You've got the right idea. Charlie Ray is playing in a Western comedy called "The Deuce of Spades." After "Trouble," Jackie Coogan will play in "Oliver Twist." Yes, and he is one of my favorites.

Margaret.—Of course, our opinions differ. I rather thought "The Four Horsemen" was Valentino's best picture, and then "Camille" in preference to "The Sheik." He will be quite picturesque in "Blood and Sand," in which he plays the part of the bull-fighter. Ruth Patsy Miller is playing opposite Tom Mix, instead of Eva Novak. You're very welcome. Come again.

Grace B.—You say I was throwing bouquets last month at my readers. I was only saying it with flowers. So you fell in love with the Bushmans, whom you saw personally recently. Yes, we are all hoping for them to return to pictures. Octavia Handworth is not appearing in pictures at present. She played in Elsie Ferguson's "Footlights" and in "Love's Redemption," by Eugene V. Brewer.

Ted.—Well, I don't do as the Turk does. When a Turk combs his beard, he spreads a cloth to catch any hairs that fall. These are carefully collected, and when sufficient have been accumulated, they are wrapped up and taken as an offering to the dead. Now, I ask you, what does a—oh, what's the use? Yes, Anita Stewart and Dorothy Phillips have bobbed their hair. Never! I'll be liking my whiskers. No, it's too late; I'd never look like a Shait-hopper.

Edie W.—So you don't think I am over eighty. Not much. Perhaps you forget that the players are kept busy studying their parts, purchasing their wardrobe, etc., etc., and they certainly have very little time to answer letters personally. Alice Calhoun is playing in "Locked Out."

Jimmie L.—Your ambition is commendable. Napoleon says, "Great ambition is the passion of a great character." He who is really ambitious may perform very great or very bad things; all depends upon the principles which direct him." So you think Glenn Hunter is handsome. I also heard that Lilian Gish was going to marry, but the report has not yet been confirmed.

Mrs. W. P. De.—Always glad to hear from the mamas. There are very, very few companies buying stories these days. My company are purchasing stage plays, novels, etc. Bryant Washburn is playing in Katherine MacDonald's "The Woman Conquers." June Elvidge is also in the cast. Come in again.

C. C. B.—You look like an Australian Romeo. Katherine MacDonald is of Scotch descent; born in America. No, Blanche Sweet is not married. Why, Martha Groves Mckelvie is in Nebraska, you know. Her husband is Governor of Nebraska. Thanks for the picture.

Lula W. W., Cincinnati.—Again, I wish you luck. So you are rooting for Claire Windsor. Keep it up! No, your description of me is all wrong. I'm not like that. Let me hear from you soon again.

Canadian Boy.—No, I have never seen a blue rose. A French scientist spent forty-five years and a fortune of nearly fifty thousand dollars in an attempt to produce a blue rose. Dorothy Dalton's "The Cat That Walked Alone" has been changed to "The Woman Who Walked Alone." Some people would say, "What's the difference?" I don't think so.

Vyrghnya.—You want to know if your J. Warren Kerrigan will ever return. Sure; they all come back. Even the cat came back. Well, now, that's rather a starry question: "Does Rudolph Valentino eat spaghetti?" I consider the matter so important that I will wire him at once. Try and be patient till you hear the real truth. Run in again.

Cutey R. R. C.—Quien sabe? Never heard of the concern. Wallace Reid, Bebe Daniels, Conrad Nagel and Wanda Hawley, in "Nice People." It's a good story, too.

Eunice Z.—Well, well; thanks for the picture. At last, I know what you look like. Yes, but I think I understand you. So you didn't care so much for "Dr. Caligari," but you did like "The Night of a Bar Room." I haven't seen the latter as yet. Better send me the date and month you were born.

Florence.—So this is your coup d'etat. No, indeed, Jackie Coogan does not smoke. He has a very watchful mother. So you don't fancy Douglas Fairbanks' mustache. Mary must like it, or he wouldn't have it. Yes, Jackie Coogan is going to do "Oliver Twist," which will probably be filmed in Europe. You're welcome. Come again.

Estelle.—That was quite a little letter. No, the Costello children are not playing now. I saw them recently, and they have grown to be young ladies. Eric von Stroheim has signed with Universal again, and will start a new production very soon. Yes, "Foolish Wives" was wonderfully done; beautiful photography.
Famous makers of lingerie fabrics and dresses make washing tests

Find this is safe way to wash fine cottons

FINE cottons are as perishable as silks. One careless laundering is enough to fade the delicate colors or to ruin the fine textures that women now demand for their lingerie dresses and blouses.

The manufacturers are as concerned as the wearers to find a safe way to wash expensive cottons.

The makers of Anderson gingham and Betty Wales Dresses felt it was so important to solve their laundering problems that they had thorough washing tests made. Their letters tell many interesting things these tests showed, and why, as a result, they are urging the use of Lux.


Betty Wales Dressmakers

Gentlemen:
We have the materials which are to be used in our summer dresses tested in Lux. Each wash was given the number of launderings it would receive from the average wearer.

The fabric lost color only slightly and were fresh and crisp at the end of the last laundering. A harsh soap or soap flake would have affected the color and taken away the "life" of the material.

Washing an organza is about as severe a test as Lux could be put to, as this material has the most perishable finish of any commonly used cotton fabric.

We think the excellent results we obtained with Lux are due in part to its form which of course does away with rubbing, but more especially to its extraordinary mildness and purity.

Very truly yours,
Betty Wales Dressmakers

David & John Anderson Ltd

Gentlemen:
Six of our most popular designs in gingham were tested with Lux. Each design was given the average number of launderings for a full dress.

The chief charm of a gingham, to most women, is its coloring. We were, therefore, much pleased to see how the various designs kept their colors. Even at the end of some launderings, the fading was slight, and in no case did the colors run into each other.

This is a real testimonial for Lux, as a harsh soap and rubbing would undoubtedly have faded and streaked the colors. The results of the tests with Lux have proved to us its entire mildness and purity in a very conclusive way. We shall recommend it to the women who buy our gingham.

Very truly yours,
David & John Anderson Ltd
and art prevailed throughout the picture. But is it the kind of picture that will help conditions? We will talk it over some time.

Sorry.—I want to know if a May bride is unlucky. Yes, if she marries a man without an earning capacity. The other unlucky months are June, October, July, January, August, February, September, March, April and June. I'm all about Nazimova, and I'm sorry. Nazimova is east out at this writing. Glad you like our covers. That's right, you just tell us what you like and what you don't like; we're here to please you.

Inquiring.—We are just as anxious as anybody to clean up the movies, but we must begin cleaning up literature. The appreciation of literature is a question of temperament, not of teaching. As Oscar Wilde says, "The books that the world calls immoral are the books that show the world its own shame." T. Roy Barnes played in "The Red Canary," and in "See My Lawyer" on the stage. Guy Empsey, "in Over the Top." Always glad to hear from you. Run in again.

A. Mc.—You're too far from me. Here is a bit of our American slang: Flattery, apple sauce; old fellow, old flier; a drink, a ball; policeman's nightstick, muffler; the gate, the raspberry; an unpolished, an oil can. I'm sure you don't hear this in Australia; Conway Tearle is playing in "Love's Masquerade." Corlis Palmer does not yet see her in her next picture. She's too busy with her writing, cosmetics, etc., etc.

Clara J. D.—You say, "The man who marries once is an idealist; the man who marries twice is an optimist, and the man who, marry thrice is a 'glutton for punishment.' What's a man who never marries—a coward? Richard Barthelmess is twenty-eight, and he is married to Mary Hay. She is playing in "Maryjoline," a musical comedy on Broadway.

Milled.—Nazimova has been in this country about fifteen years. She played in "War Brides" on the stage. She just finished "Salome." Oh, yes; Earl Williams and Francella Billington are playing in "Playing Dead," a Richard Harding Davis story. Douglas Fairbanks in "The Spirit of Chivalry," next.

Chire.—Your letter was a chef d'œuvre. I hope you have fully recovered. So you want to see more of Rudolph Valentino. No, Mount Vernon was built by Lawrence Washington, elder brother of George Washington, who is the honor of Admiral Vernon, under whom he had served in the British Navy. Always here.

Ornette.—Tell me how you want an interview with Herb Howe. I shall tell Adele Fletcher.

Maggie.—There are very few companies buying scripts these days. As a matter of fact, very few companies are producing. A great many players are not playing. A great many second-hand cars are for sale.

Milled.—Giddap, Cicer! You say you are a young writer, full of imagination, and you want to come to New York. You want to leave your imagination at home; you want it need. George Persson was Lott in "Shanghaied," and J. Frank Glendon was Jack. Let me hear how you make out.

Dwyer.—Yes, I read about the Kaiser going to marry. One wife and one war doesn't seem to be enough for him. Rodolph Valentino is in "The Big Little Person" and "Delicious Little Devil.

Katherine J.—Geography class has begun. Borneo is an island in the East Indies, and Is the Way," and 1. Prank Glendon was Jack. Let me hear how you make out.

Evelyn M.—You will have to write to Floren Ziegfeld, New Amsterdam Theater Building, New York City.

Dan.—Your verse is wonderful. "Oh, spring is drawing nigh, the winter almost gone. And soon the shivering girls their summer furs will throw on.

Why, Shirley Mason is playing in "Cinderella With a Difference." Allan Forrest, opposite her.

I'm Fatty.—Ever try going without anything to eat but orange juice for a week? It's lots of fun. I'm doing it. Yes, Eileen Ray was one of the winners in our 1920 Contest. Lila Lee, instead of May McAvoy, is to play in "Blood and Sand," opposite Rodolph Valentino. Zeno Keefe, "in Love and the Law," an Oliver Curwood story.

Just Once.—Yes, Lenore Ulric used to play for Essex many years ago. You wouldn't know her now. You say you would like to be a designer and designer. Betty Blythe's clothes. Why don't you try it? Do I approve of the bobbed hair, cigarette smoking, rolled socks, etc., girls of today? As flappers, they are probably all right, but as wives and mothers—they'll never do.

Mela.—I shall have to forgive you. As Napoleon said: "Is there anyone who has not, at some given moment, recognized in himself a hive of contradictions between his word and his deed, his will and his work his life and his principles?" Consistency, thou art a rare and impossible jewel. Thomas Holding, opposite Carmel Myers, in "In Folly's Trail."

Louise.—Moderation is a citizen's first virtue. Eddie Polo is to make six serials for the Eddie Polo Corporation, the first to be "Captain Kidd." That was Gloria Swanson in "The Affairs of Anatol."

Jean G.—Come, Jean, cheer up; don't be a fault-finder. Some will find fault with the morning-red. If they ever see a car running, they will find faults even in Paradise. Ralph Graves is playing in "Come on Over" now. Mary Anderson is playing in "Bluebird, Jr.," for American. Doris Kenyon is playing in "On the Ladder," on the stage in New York. Constance Talmadge, in "East Is West." Do write your old Answer Man again.

Salome.—Back to geography again? All right: The largest body of fresh water in the world is Lake Superior, it being four hundred miles long and one hundred and eighty miles wide, and its area in square miles is 32,000, which is greater than the whole of New England, leaving out Maine. "Over the Border" was taken in Truckee, Calif. The play is from Gilbert Parker's "She of the Triple Chevron." What, going so soon? Well, good-bye; call again.

Harry J. C.—Elise Ferguson is not playing now. Yes, there are German serials. "The Mystery of the World is the first to be shown in this country. Virginia Fox doesn't tell her age.

Mrs. K. B. L.—Well, I'm with you when it comes to laughing, and, besides, it aids digestion. In breathing, the diaphragm moves the stomach up and down, and the deeper you laugh, the quicker our food is digested. Oh, yes; Henry B. Walthall and Elinor Fair, in "One Clear Call." Joseph Dowling is also in the cast. Evart Overton was the son.

(Continued on page 111)
STARS of the screen and stage, and women of refinement everywhere, are emphatic in their praise of Garda Face Powder. Its new, entrancing fragrance is like nothing that has gone before. Its fineness and softness are as velvet to the skin. It blends perfectly, and it clings long-lastingly. Each dainty box contains a fresh, clean powder puff. Know this new and better powder; send for the One-Week Garda Sample—it's free. Try Garda for yourself.

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Established 1868
The Original
Confessions of a Bachelor
(Continued from page 30)

He greeted me in true Spanish fashion.
"How's your health? Meet every member of the company and sit down—be comfortable."
When I explained my mission, he threw both hands in front of his face and motioned me to sit. I might have been eating garlic, or something equally offensive. I was persistent, however, and, like our forefathers used to say, I corkscrewed a confession out of him in regard to matrimony and bachelordom.

He smiled, "You find three bachelors in pictures. How many grass-widows do you find?"

"Several thousand."
"Ah, yes. Grass-widows usually have another pasture in mind when they leave the old one," he mused, "I do not believe that one in this profession can be married and live happily ever after. It is not that marriage conflicts with art, but that art has so molded us that we are not suited to the marriage story. An actor is naturally an egotist, due to the work which he performs. He is continually concentrating on self to bring out what is required for the work at hand."

There was a pause. He should his hands down forcefully in his trousers pockets and sighed despairingly. I asked him if he was ever lonely. A smile broke on his face, as if I had asked rather an amusing question.

"Oh, yes; that is the only disadvantage of being a bachelor. I do get lonely, but I'd hate to give up any of my independence. It is hard to find the type of girl suitable for a wife in this country. They are all so frivolous. A man must get a maid, a car, and buy his wife a new dress every day, when he takes on the matrimonial yoke. They are not companions to us. They are nothing but luxuries. Useless luxuries to be tooted about on Saturdays and Saturday nights, like our gold-headed canes."

His hands twitched in his pockets. He was evidently restraining them from coming forth to accentuate his speech. His eyes snapped. Finally he exploded. "If I ever get married, you'll know that my good reason has left me, and I am ready for the padded cell."

I explained that not so very long ago Bill Hart said the same thing. I then assured him that they all fall sooner or later. He admitted that he was not im-pregnable.

"I prefer one of the foreign women—either French or Spanish. They are real companions to a man—willing to help him in his work in the way that a woman should. She will make a home for him. Man is naturally the one who must go out and forage, and bring home the food and necessities of life, while the wife should make use of these discreetly. Such women will not desert their husbands in case his fortune is reversed, and he loses what little he has saved."

I have been reading Elinor Glyn's articles," I ventured.

"Yes, I did read them, and all she said was very true, but the acquaintances she made while in this country were entirely with the wealthy class, or the upper crust. I do not believe that there is so much hypocrisy among the people of the lower classes in this country. I do not want to be too hard on the American girl. There are many who would make good wives, but as Elinor Glyn says, we place them all on a pedestal, and they feel that they should be looked up to. Consequently, they are all looking for the best business opportunities in husbands—one who can place them on the highest pedestal."

One of the cameramen interrupted and asked for a light. Tony provided the necessary match. The cameraman moved on.

"Have you seen my new leading lady? Another blonde," he hissed. "You know, I like to have blondes; they form a contrast with me. But outside of pictures I much prefer a brunette. That is another thing that the bachelor knows—the different types of women. Blondes are so often shallow, uninteresting. They are just Bla—nothing to them. You know what I mean?" His brow puckered as if he was finding it hard to explain. "Brunettes are not so cold. They are usually fiery, full of emotion and exhibit some charm. With a beauty I would choose would be a big, blue-eyed Spanish girl, with plenty of life."

"Blue eyes!" I exclaimed, "Spanish girl!" The two seemed to be incongruous. He would smiled and shook his head knowingly. "You did not know there were blue-eyed Spanish girls, did you? Ah! but there is where you are mistaken. There are beautiful blue-eyed Spanish girls."

I left the lot. Tony Moreno—blue-eyed Spanish girls. Eugene O'Brien—an Irish girl with aquiline nose.

Kid Lardner, you lose this round.

THE MOVIE CENSOR

By Max Lieb

I'd like to be a movie censor—
No job is better, by and large.
I could not put a joy in a moment
Than seeing movies free of charge!

I'd censor scenes that showed stillets,
And nasty weapons of that kind.
I'd cut out jails, saloons, and ghettos;
In fact, all places not refined.

And if they showed an actor kissing
His neighbor's wife upon the screen,
Please rest assured that there'd be missing
A most immoral, wicked scene!

Fame would be mine, and crowned with laurels,
I would be known from coast to coast
As Guardian of the Public Morals,
A title that I like the most.

Not least among my many duties
Is one I'd like to tell about:
I'd see all the bathing beauties
Before I'd cut the bad parts out!

FANTASY

By Helen S. Brown

A single silver star in a deep purple night.
Crushed—brimstone—tender, gentle fragrances.
Moonlight—pale, white moonlight.
A slender, quivering, fairy flame.
Ethereal loveliness.
Ethereal loveliness.
Lillian Gish.
Hollywood Girls

(Continued from page 53)

"The same things happen in society that happen among movie people," she said. "The only difference is that some of the girls in pictures are not discreet; some of them are loud, a little common."

We agreed that discretion was the better part of morals.

"But honestly, don't you like us?" she demurred, fixing me in an optic dazzle.

"Really, I mean—don't you think most of the girls are nice?"

She broke off to wave again at the accusing friend who was departing.

She reminded me of Anita Stewart; her manner of speaking, spontaneous, thoughts and eyes hitting here and there, words coming in quick little rushes, with a rising inflection at the end and an accent unmistakably Manhattan.

"As if in psychic touch, she came back with:"

"Anita Stewart, for instance. I think she's lovely. Do you know her husband? Raoul does. He likes him very much."

"I've been seeing a lot of Mae Marsh since I came to New York," she rippled on. "Raoul and I want her to join us. But she says Mr. Griffith is going to put her in his next picture. Didn't you like "Orphans of the Storm"? And Joseph Schildkraut—he looks just like Priscilla Dean. I love Mr. Griffith. Oh, gracious!—she grimaced at some one thru the French window behind me—'there's Roy Aikens. He's threatening to tell my husband that I'm having tea with a strange man.' She threatened right back, with a finger on her lips.

Again I hoped the hotel clerk knew enough to keep his mouth shut.

"Yes, I love Mr. Griffith," she continued, this time addressing "Next to my husband, I love him more than any man in the world. He's so generous and sympathetic—so understanding—he knows everything—is always helping people—is so kind to old ladies—"

I thought she was referring to the Dowager Queen Alexandra and Mrs. Warren Harding, whom he recently called the most beautiful women in the world.

Miss Cooper laughed, proving that she has a sense of humor even where her idol is concerned. She recalled those happy days, when she worked in "The Birth of a Nation" with Mae Marsh and Lillian Gish.

Indeed, Miriam belongs to the leading sorority of the film campus, that set of debs which includes the Talmadges, the Gishes, Mae Marsh, Mabel Normand, Alice Joyce, Mary Pickford and Anita Stewart. "The Girls," they call themselves. The remarkable thing is that they really are debs, tho I believe two or three of them have attained the ripe old age of twenty-eight. But what matters that, since they have not attained the dignity of rich dowagers. On the contrary, they seem to get a tremendous kick out of a box of chocolates at a matinee, and can so far forget themselves as to go into tittering paroxysms with slight provocation. They have a robust feminine interest in one another's affairs and a fund of enthusiasm that is strikingly naive.

Miriam was all excited because she believed she had detected Marguerite Clark at a table in the tea-room.

"The girl in the blue tan"—she kept saying excitedly—"the girl in the blue tan. Look! I'm sure that's Marguerite Clark. I'm positive it's Marguerite Clark. Let's"

They Fight Film—

They who have pretty teeth

Note how many pretty teeth are seen everywhere today. Millions are using a new method of teeth cleaning. They remove the dingy film. The same results will come to you if you make this ten-day test.

Why teeth are cloudy

Your teeth are coated with a viscid film. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Film absorbs stains, then it often forms the basis of thin, dingy coats. Tartar is based on film.

Old brushing methods do not effectively combat it. So most teeth are discolored more or less.

Thus film destroys tooth beauty. It also causes most tooth troubles. 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. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea, now so alarmingly common.

Now a daily remover

Dental science, after long research, has found two ways to combat film. Authorities have proved their efficiency. Now leading dentists, nearly all the world over, are urging their daily use.

A new-type tooth paste has been created to comply with modern requirements. These two film combatants are embodied in it. The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent.

Its unique effects

Pepsodent, with every use, attacks the film on teeth.

It also multiplies the starch digestable in the saliva. That to digest the starch deposits which may cling to teeth and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for the acids which cause decay.

In these three ways it fights the enemies of teeth as nothing else has done.

One week will show

Watch these effects for a few days. Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscid film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Enjoy the refreshing after-effects.

Do this to learn what millions know—the way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth. Cut out the coupon now.
Hair-free Underarms

Whether your costume be athletic or evening dress, the underarms should be smooth. The only common-sense way to remove the small hair on neck and neck, arms, underarms or limbs is to desensitize it. DeMiracle, the original sanitary liquid, alone works on this principle.

Unlike pastes and powders which must be mixed by the user, DeMiracle is just the right strength for instant use and never deteriorates. DeMiracle is the quickest, most cleanly and easiest to apply. Simply wet the hair and it is gone.

FREE BOOK with testimonials of eminent physicians, surgeons, dermatologists and medical journals, mailed in plain sealed envelope on request.

Try DeMiracle just once, and if you are not convinced that it in the perfect hair remover return to us with the DeMiracle guarantee and we will refund your money.

Three sizes: 60c, $1.00, $2.00
All goods shipped free, or driven from plain wrapper, on receipt of price.

DeMiracle
Dept. J-29, Park Ave. and 124th St.
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Golden Glint Shampoo

The difference between beautiful hair and ordinary hair is very slight—usually something about its shade, a little something which makes it attractive if present or just ordinary if lacking. Whether your hair is light, medium or dark, it is only necessary to supply this elusive little something to make it beautiful. This can be done. If your hair is dull or lacks lustre—if it is not quite as rich in tone as you would like to have it—you can easily give it that little something it lacks. No ordinary shampoo will do this, for ordinary shampoos do nothing but clean the hair. Golden Glint Shampoo is NOT an ordinary shampoo. It does more than merely clean. It adds beauty—a "tiny thing"—that little something which distinguishes really pretty hair from that which is dull and ordinary. Would you really like to have beautiful hair? Use Golden Glint Shampoo. At your druggist's or send the direct to J. W. KOHL COMPANY, 115 Spring St., New York.

And They Live Happily (Continued from page 37)

dropped the phone. Well, we were together every day during his stay in New York. We saw all the shows, danced, explored the city, which he knows so well. We used to take long walks, holding hands, and talked of everything, renewing the sweet old comradeship of New Orleans. It was all very wonderful until he left, then I hated New York; it had grown dear, dear.

"I was just about to sign a five-year contract with Selznick when I received a wire saying to sign no contract until I received his letter. Perhaps he wanted me to play in his next picture, but when the letter came—it was his proposal."

For a few minutes Winifred looked into the fire—smiling.

"I was very, very, very happy. I wired my acceptance, all nicely camouflaged, and then started in to get my trousseau. Six days later mother and I started West. We arrived in Los Angeles Monday afternoon and Wednesday evening at six o'clock we were married and went to San Francisco on our honeymoon. The trip to New Orleans will be a trip to New Orleans some day.

We went upstairs presently, and the little bride showed me her lovely trousseau. The wedding gown was a white chiffon, the bride’s train was embroidered in crystal beads, the sash having long fringe.

"Oh, I looked bridle all right," gaily commented Winifred. "I wore a veil, carried a huge bouquet and they threw pounds of rice at us."

She showed me a few of the gifts with which her husband is showering her: a gorgeous platinum and diamond wrist-watch, the engagement ring of a twin splendid diamonds set in platinum, and a stunning long coat of perfectly matched mink skins.

"Best of all," said Mrs. Hart, quietly, "I have the love and tender devotion of the best man in the whole wide world. We’re so in love with each other and so happy that it seems almost too beautiful to be true."

The dainty fripperies of the little wife have snuggled into their place among Big Bill’s masculine treasures as if they had always been there. These precious make-believe pillows here in this room almost make me laugh," I remarked, pointing to the lace and banded boudoir pillows heaped upon the bed.

Winifred giggled. "You should see him carefully lifting them off at night as if he thought they might break, but when I tease him, he pelts me with one, and presto! there’s a pile light on."

Winifred doesn’t intend retiring from the screen; in fact, she will probably play a part in William Hart’s new picture, which he will start soon, and when she does appear again it will be as Winifred Hart.

Mr. Hart has expressed this wish, and she says she is very proud to use the name. He is a genuine screen character, and they have one in mind which suits her perfectly, and would offer an exceptional opportunity for strong stories.

At present her days are full. She discovered that Mr. Hart’s favorite instrument is the harp, and having studied it for several years while attending the Dominican convent at San Rafael, across the bay.
from her native San Francisco, she is taking it up again, with much enthusiasm. Her own harp will arrive within the week, and each day she takes a lesson from a famous harpist.

We walked in the garden and gathered pansies and breath-of-heaven, and she told me of their plans for a fountain here, a rose garden there, and a tea house against the north wall. The WallaceReids are their neighbors to the east, the William Desmonds live across the street, where little Joan watches for the daily visit from her Daddy Hart, the two being devoted sweethearts.

"She's adorable," said Winifred. "We both love children, and mean to have a large family," and before I left she shared their sweetest secret. The stork will page the William Harts in the early autumn!

Human Stuff

(Continued from page 45)

main points were that she was going to do only four pictures a year and that her first picture would be a costume affair, to be made, so far as she knew then, in the East, probably in Florida. No, she was not deserting Hollywood. She would come back when she had effected permanent arangements.

"The thing is," she said, "that I have come to the point in my career where, so far as money is concerned, I have no further need to go on. I may not be rich. One of the motion picture magazines in a pretended expose of what the stars do with their money, declared that I was not, and made the astonishing statement in addition that I maintained a lavish home, not because I could afford to, but because I had to to keep up my position! No, perhaps I am not rich, but I am exceptionally comfortable, so comfortable that I shall do no more pictures unless they are to be big pictures. Art is what I am going to turn to now, not money. I am tired of turning out pictures to pattern, like so many suits.

Anita, then, is reaching out her slim hands toward the ultimate. Hers is like a voice in the wilderness. She wants to do something new that will be the last and the most desirous of the people: desires which she believes demand a vastly higher grade of pictures than has been the rule heretofore. Poorly made up to pictures just because they were pictures. They didn't pause to question the relative merits of the players and the producing companies and the directors, as they do today. Now, they have ceased to accept. And at the first criticism, the movies have rocked like a house of cards. But I think that stabilization is rapidly being accomplished, that in a few months there will come a boom.

Certainly, she is going to add her weight to the cause, and, too in arms, I imagine the weight is just precisely what it should be, in pictures, and the picture-world it is staggering.

Sanity, sanity. That is the basis of the Stewart success; sanity and the belief that nothing is gained that is not worked for.

"But if he'd come around when my husband is not here," said Anita, giving me her hand, "I have never heard him talk so much."

"No," said Rudolph, in his best just-you-wait manner, handing me into the big maroon town-car.

At one window, Anita; at the other, Rudolph. I beamed at each and was whisked off.

"And I thought above all things, my skin was clean!"

Occlusia—Banished now, in sixty minutes!

Discovery of a Skin Physio that Gives Adults the Clear, Clean Complexion of a Child

Sixty women in 100 have occlusia (occluded or clogged skin pores). People of scrupulous bodily cleanliness with facial pores swollen with waste matter. Not a pleasant condition to contemplate! Thanks to science it need no longer be tolerated. An element that purges every pore it touches has been found. An English scientist, M. J. McGowan, discovered it.

A magnified view of the human skin before and after a thorough movement of the pores, can convince any dainty woman to write this specialist posthaste. If you saw just one of the fifty or more demonstrations I witnessed, you would realize the folly of any effort towards smooth skin texture and colorful complexion without first attending to this thorough cleansing underneath. It all happens in an hour. The newly-found skin laxative acts swiftly. The scientific term for it is Terradermalax. Its action is almost immediate; evacuation of every tiny opening in the skin structure is complete. Indescribable Impurities are expelled—all matters—soft or hard—is passed by the pores. Skin is left relieved, relaxed, and glowing pink. The resultant natural color lasts for days.

Any skin specialist will tell you why every youngster's skin is downy-soft and fair—the pores do not become irregular except with years. Occlusia rarely sets in until one is of age. In other words, complexion at 50 can be as perfect as it was at 16 or 18 now that an unfailing aid to evacuation of pores is known.

Another important result from Terradermalax; it makes powdering perfectly harmless. The fine particles which work down into delicate facial pores are carried away with the rest.

Terradermalax is compounded in a clay of exquisite smoothness. Spreading it starts lacation. Put it on face and neck—in a short hour wiping-off—and behold a skin and complexion transformed. Clear and colorful to the eye; clean and wholesome beneath. Not a trace of occlusia remains not a blackhead, pimple, or other unclean accumulation. I have seen positive proof of this at the laboratory where McGowan made his amazing discovery.

Stores cannot handle Terradermalax because the active ingredient is of limited life. The laboratory supplies enough for two months, shipped the day compounded, the labeled, the laboratory fee is only $2.50 paid on delivery. Or, if you expect to be out when postman calls, you may send $2.50 with order. Either way, you may have this small fee back if not delighted and astonished with results. Use the handy form printed here:

DERMATOLOGICAL LABORATORIES
329 Plymouth Court, Chicago

Please send two months' supply of freshly compounded Terradermalax open to make, I will pay postage, $1.00 for everything. My money to be refunded if unsold. (50)

(Write your name very plainly on this line)

(Complete mail address here or in margin)
Criticisms regarding "The Affairs of Anatol."

Dear Editor: I have viewed the wonderful "Affairs of Anatol," and as we, the public, are now familiar with the hero of this particular drama, I am forced to make my criticism in the above mentioned drama.

1. The stupidity of Wallace Reid. He showed himself at the bottom of the list of "the most popular stars." In this same picture, Agnes Ayres jumped from the bridge, trying to commit suicide. She was coming up out of the water the second time when Anatol and his wife rescued her. They rowed to shore and tried first aid, which neither of them knew. In a few minutes, Mrs. Anatol saw the drowned "mermaid" fixing her hair.

Again, not knowing how to swim, as in the victim's case, cannot dive from a bridge, flounder about, be rescued, and be able to fix her hair without more efficient aid than Anatol and his wife gave.

In friendly criticism,
F. E.,
South Dakota.

Anent "Peter Ibbetson."

Dear Sir: Why is it that all the screen reviewers insist that Peter Ibbetson was an ethereal and poetic character? Haven't any of them read the book? Of course, it may be they only know the stage version, and, while John Barrymore was wonderful as Peter, his delicate physique made it rather necessary to stress the spiritual aspect of the role. But DuMaurier's Peter was a particularly healthy and athletic young Englishman, which seemed to me unfortunate external conditions, but essentially with the taste of an every-day young man at that particular period—one much given to the pursuits of light reading and athletics, light reading and cheap tobacco, and endowed with the usual discontent—the last person for whom Peter or by whom he or by whom to expect anything out of the common. It seemed to me that he emphasized Peter's physical qualities, since he thereby made his wonderful dream-life the more remarkable.

F. C. K.,
Washington, D. C.

With praise for "The Three Musketeers," and deploring the screen's "Liliom."

Dear Editor: May I add my small mete of approbation to the latest Fairbanks picture, "The Three Musketeers"? I thought it superb. Seems to me that these favorite French tales of mine bear their telling thru the medium of the screen nobly.

Barzac's "Eugenie Grandet," in its pictured form, "The Conquering Power," was more than a joy. Dumas's story is a delight to behold, and it is with suppressed eagerness that I await the release of the much-heralded "Duchess de Langeais," in which Miss Talmadge is to have the title role.

With the exception of a few trifling changes, which Fairbanks made in the picture, undoubtedly, to satisfy the censors (wretches), it might have been Dumas's book which was being unfolded before the eyes of the uninitiated spectator.

The choice of Thomas Holding to portray the part of the much-enamored Duke of Buckingham, was a happy one and to be commended. Holding has a most interesting and sensitive face, and I enjoy seeing him on the screen, indeed.

I did so enjoy "Theodora!" I think the beautiful Rita Jolivet superb! What a picture that was! What with one's only too-staid sense of beauty felt at the sight of the gardens, the walks, the statues, of beautiful, wonderful Italy.

I rather liked "The Shell." Agnes Ayres is always interesting, and Rodolph! "Oh, bien, monsieur, he is—oh, you know; you've seen him.

Years and years ago, when I was about sixteen, I vowed, after seeing William Faversham in person, that never again would I rave over a matinee idol. But Rodolph throws all my vows to the winds. He is so different! The scoffers tell me that his eyes are sensuals, that his forehead is not broad enough for a display of intelligence, etc. But still we girls rave, and rave. I think his air of being a habitue of very very places, his manner of using his eyes is fatal among the feminine.

Most all the films I saw lately were good, and I have only one grievance. That is the caricature that Metro made of "Liliom." Oh, ignominy! "Liliom," with Schildkraut was sublime, with Lytell ridiculous! All the delicate, half-whimsy, half-cynical point of view so deftly handled by Mr. Geer on the stage, was lost under the clumsy fingers of the Metro director. For pity's sake, I beg of the producers, barring a few, to let perfect things alone. They endeavor to paint the silly, and create—a cowslip! Le Gallienne was too beautiful as Juliet, and they entrusted her role to a veritable bathing beauty! Horrors! What has happened, pray, to the incomparable Betty Blythe? This beautiful young woman hasn't had a thing to comment about since "Sheba." What a superb Theodora she would have made; but perhaps someone may yet give her a Delilah role to Fritz Lieber's Samson. I'll warrant I'd be there, way down front, on the opening night.

Could you do anything about it, Manny's Editor? Consider me, as ever cordially yours, for better motion pictures.

Julie D. Stolz,
409 Murphy Pl, West New York, N. J.

Praise for Lilian Gish, Alice Calhoun and Richard Dix.

Dear Editor: So many people write to you, giving their opinions on movie matters, that I thought that I would do the same.

In the first place, I want to praise Lilian Gish for her marvelous acting. I saw "Orphans of the Storm," and I think that her acting was immense. She improves with every picture, and her technique is well-nigh perfect. I believe that she should be starred, but only in pictures that have strong dramatic themes. I would rather

(Continued on page 116)
"—and so they lived happily ever after"

She looks confidently into a happy future. She knows that, the clear fresh loveliness of youth, which first attracted him, will always be hers. The charm that won his admiration will hold it through the coming years—for she knows the secret of instant beauty. She uses the complete “Pompeian Beauty Toilette.”

First, a touch of Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing). It softens the skin and holds the powder. Then apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of fragrance. Now a touch of Pompeian BLOOM for youthful color. Do you know that a bit of color in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle? Lastly, dust over again with powder to subdue the Bloom. Presto! The face is beautified and youth-i-fied in an instant! (Above 3 articles may be used separately or together. At all druggists, 60c each.)

TRY NEW POWDER SHADES. The correct shade is more important than the color of your dress. New NATURELLE is a more delicate tone than Flesh; blends with medium complexion. New RACHEL is a rich cream tone for brunettes.

“Don’t Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian” Day Cream (60c) . . . holds the powder Beauty Powder (60c) . . . in four shades Bloom (60c) . . . a rouge that won’t break Massage Cream (60c) . . . clears the skin Night Cream (30c) improved cold cream Fragrance (30c) . . . talc, exquisite odor Vanity Case ($1.00) powder and rouge Lip Stick (25c) . . . makes lips beautiful

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Regular Size, 12 Sanitary Pads in box
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Sample of either size, mailed in plain wrapper for 10 cents

Easy to Buy, Inexpensive, and Easy to Dispose of

IT is not necessary to ask for "sanitary pads" when buying Kotex. Just say, "a box of Kotex."

Kotex is sold wherever women trade—in drug, drygoods, and department stores. It is sold in the notions, drug, or corset departments, and often in all three.

Kotex comes in two sizes: Regular and Hospital—the latter has additional thickness and length and therefore greater absorbency. Both sizes come in a plain blue box, convenient to keep on a shelf, in a drawer, or to carry in trunk or traveling bag.

Kotex is inexpensive—cheap enough to throw away. And it is a great convenience that Kotex can be disposed of easily by following simple directions found in every box.

Ask by name for Kotex—not the least embarrassment.

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Inexpensive, Comfortable, Hygienic and Safe—Kotex
With a Dash of Green

(Continued from page 41)

betting—flapper mad—male and female." I returned, taking a seat at the other end of the big divan. A large box of chocolates was between us. No interview these days is complete without a divan, a chaise longue or a box of chocolates. "And it is hinted in movie circles that the flapper on the screen is getting a little on the nerves of the critics. The old-fashioned girl is coming back, they say."

"That's good!" ejaculated Colleen, with satisfaction. "I don't get very flappy parts in the movies, and my success depends on the kind of parts I play. I've left the flapping to other and more successful flappers."

The glow of the fire played a soft tattoo on the creamy pink and whiteness of her cheeks, and hide and seek in the mass of her ready-brown hair. Her large eyes go into pensive moods. That is the only indication of the passing years. When first we met, on the occasion of her earlier interview, she was too volatile, too young to be sensible. But she still dreams dreams—and plays with paper dolls.

Colleen comes by her brogue naturally. Her grandmother, one of the very rarest little things left in the world, came over on whatever was the Irish equivalent for the Mayflower, and so when D. W. Grif- tith—"and the distinction of discovering Colleen for the movies, changed her name from Kathleen to Colleen he did not choose amiss. In keeping with her descent, she has created a green aura about her which rivals that of Micky Neilan. As a matter of fact, I think Micky put her up at first. At present she owns a little Irish terrier, with green eyes and a green collar and a green leash. Her personal note-paper is monogrammed in green and the shamrock is her coat-of-arms. For a time there was much rivalry between Mr. Nei- lan, who directed her with John Barry- more in "The Lotus Eater," and Colleen, to see who could have the greenest aura. Colleen has nearly had the better of it when she found out one morning that Micky had painted his town car entirely and brightly green. It was at that time she was streaking my hair and getting her shamrock for her battle flag, and gave the Neilan a terrible setback.

"What are you doing now," I asked; "pulling down the flapper? Whenever we have met, on recent dates, Colleen is always in the throes of just getting fat for a part, or conversely losing ten or fifteen pounds. She hovers about the century mark."

"Let me see—oh, I know; I'm staying just as I am, now. My next picture is with Rupert Hughes, and I have to play a rough little French girl, who becomes a great toe dancer. So I can't be very thin, nor very fat. Fatter than thinner, if anything." And Colleen has been assiduously studying toe dancing under Theodore Kosloff. She will, as likely as not, at the most unexpected moments, right in the middle of a fox-trot, go soaring toward and leave her partner to follow as best he may. That is one thing about Colleen, since we are telling so many virtues. She doesn't do things by halves. If she is to play the part of a toe dancer, then a toe dancer she becomes, tho she breaks every bone in her body perhaps the director will insist on having a double for her—it doesn't deter Colleen from getting into the part. I've seen her worry fifteen pounds off her frame in eight days! And put as much back on in another eight.

She is a very intense young person. Like all very intense young people, she lives for her art—and occasionally spells it with a capital A.

In writing of Colleen, one feels urged to page the dictionary for superlatives. Along with her green aura, she has achieved another—of perfection. She is the sort of girl one would choose to have always about the house. And, speaking of such things, I discovered an inner indication that she has grown up a bit in the last four years. She has deduced some rather mature matrimonial deductions. For in- stance, she states that when she marries she is going to quit the screen. But not for three or four years yet. She does not believe that the screen and marriage mix. One is oil, she claims, and one is water; but she won't say which is which.

Colleen is bird-like, and I think she was kissed by the fairy at birth. To put her on paper is like catching a bit of thistle- down between your thumb and forefinger as it floats on a summer breeze. Physically she is not thin, but her personality is a thing apart from her body. I have known quite large girls to have pixie souls, and, although Colleen is not large, she is certainly not tiny. But she prefers tall men, and so you may judge for yourself.

She is impulsive. At a moment in our conversation I remarked that makers of candy put letters on the top of chocolates so little girls could tell what kind of goo was inside. I pointed out the letters on the chocolates in her box.

"Oo-o-o!" "I'm going to see!" And immediately she bit into half a dozen bon-bons to see if what I said were true. It was an impulse, and she would have ruined an entire box of expensive candy to satisfy it.

Just then Mike entered. Mike, you know, is the dog. He came in with a rush, dragging his green leash behind him, and planted a grumpy pair of paws first on Colleen and then on me.

"He's pedigreed," volunteered his mist-ress, "and if you mention him, please say that his entire name is Milbre Mine, Jr." She knew that interviewers usually can't get along without mentioning a dog, if there is one about the house. She was right. I have to mention him, and give him full credit for the pedigree. If he ever chews up that green leash, he'll get more mention, but it will be in Heaven, where little doggies go if they're good.

Mike nipped a couple of chocolates in passing and burst out of the room as he had burst in. It was time I left, too. The fire had burned low, and even old friends can't impose, even when interviewing. Perhaps—some other day—who knows?"

AN ODE TO OWEN

By REUBEN PETERSON, JR.

'Tother day when I was movin',
Sal, my wife, came out the door
An' she called, "Come on, we're goin'
To the movies, for there's nothin'.
Quite a filum featurin' Owen—
Owen Moore."

Well, I went—and now I'm blowin'
Dimes and nickles by the score!
Tho my debts are daily growin'
I just keep the money flowin'!
And I comes back from seen' Owen—
Owen more.
Mary . . .

(Continued from page 23)

that, how fleeting and futile life must always be.

"But there is always something—there is the bright gold of the first crocus and there is the scarlet of the autumn leaves."

"You think, then," we said, "that happiness lies in little things?"

And while we said it we remembered the wise man who said we were prone to call great things little—and little things great.

Mary Pickford nodded her head.

"I am much happier now than when I was poor. I hated being poor. Everyone docs. We are, all of us, children, and we love to ride in a beautiful automobile. Trouble teaches us things, and is necessary in our lives. It is part of the great pattern. It was the responsibility I felt when my father died and I was only a little girl, but, nevertheless, oldest of the family, which helped me above everything else."

We heard Mrs. Pickford's voice in another room, as she entered the Fairbanks' suite.

"Goodness, what a smoke that fire makes," she was saying to someone. "I could smell it in a rose Mary sent to me."

Then the door closed.

There had been talk of Mary's playing sophisticated roles. We asked her about it.

She shook her head.

And the sunshine caught the gold of her hair and made it an aureole above her lovely pale face.

"There are plenty of other actresses to play those roles," she said. "I wouldn't give childhood—it is always lovely—like the springtime. Perhaps in the very last picture I make I'll do something different. Perhaps! If I find a story which I feel will help girls who have made a mistake because they were weak—or because they knew a great emotion! If I find such a story, it is likely that I will use it as my last picture.

"It might teach ten girls in the whole world that one mistake doesn't mean there is nothing left for them but repetition. That, in itself, would make it infinitely worth while."

"When you return to California, what then?"

"First of all, there is Jack. I am going to get him started on his first picture. Then I'm going to do 'Tess of the Storm Country' over again."

At this time, Douglas Fairbanks returned with the great dog he had taken for a walk. The dog barked loudly and rushed at Mary. She laughed at him, and stroked his poised head with her hand.

In the action we saw the essence of minstry. Her hands are pale and delicately sensitive.

Lawyers came in with the legal papers Mary wished to look over.

We made our adieux.

When life bears in upon us, we will remember Mary Pickford as we saw her on that spring day—the woman in whom there is much of the girl, and the girl in whom there is so very much of the woman—an-seek her happiness in the gold of the first crocus and the scarlet of the autumn leaf.

In infinite wisdom!

We will remember her stopping in the rush of her brimming days to send her mother a rose—

We will remember her with the sun making an aureole of the gold of her hair—

Mary.
Fair Lady
(Continued from page 31)

waiting a long time—for what?" And then something answered me, "For justification darling-you and all of us." "But how can you give him justification?" And I answered myself, "You, and you only, are able..." Still visionary, you see, Louise; despite my deep draught of doctor's

told me a little of himself. He is wealthy, but he does not stop there. For, apart from charities and some thing and another, he has been called upon to assist in suppressing the foreign lawlessness exist in the city. Of which, Louise, my patience and courage are, as of past, the leaders. We talked at length about foreign elements and their menaces, and how best to handle them, and I found him a most charming, informed and informative companion. I think I found me—not entirely stupid.

I shall write you more very, very soon.

M

New Orleans, La., a month later.

Dearest Louise: So much has happened that this will doubtless sound like the front page of a daily paper. But it has happened, and it is over, and now I dare to write you, and I have been silent about for the past month.

How things do develop, once they are germinated! Well, after my first talk with Norvin Blake, I had a second and a third. I knew that he knew my actual identity—and he knew that I knew, if you can follow me. But I maintained a reticence on the subject, and be, delicately, respected that reserve. We talked abstractly of ourselves and concretely of urban matters. Between us, there arose an understanding that I should endeavor to find, if I could, the tangible clue to the criminals, beginning, immediately after our talk, to operate within the back of his mind. The Chief of Police was assassinated in cold blood. Murders and assaults were taking place all over the foreign section of the city, and my only strengthening had blood and my days keeping my weary eyes awake and my ears open. I agreed with Norvin Blake that to shield one's fellow men was not the thing to do when bad blood was in sway.

Finally, I suspected Gian Narcone, a laborer of the most tremendous girth and the most insinuating look of any other, that I had seen the man before. Perhaps in Sicily. Under malicious circumstances. But I could not be sure. I communicated my suspicions to the Acting Chief, signing my messages "One Who Knows." My life and my services would have been in dire jeopardy if the Sicilians had suspected me for one moment.

Finally, I was able to bring about a meeting between Gian Narcone and Norvin Blake. We 'phoned one night, summoning Narcone to his house on a pretext. Immediately, sensationally, Blake recognized the laborer as the ring-leader of the band that assassinated Count Mar tinello. Immediately, Norvin Blake went for the giant, Narcone. A terrific hand-to-hand fight took place between them. In every respect save one, Gian Narcone was real and absurdly the better man. The one respect was Norvin Blake's impassioned desire for some sort of justification. Always I felt that desire beating its wings against the cage of his limitations. Now was an opportunity—and he took it—and he conquered it. Gian Narcone was incarcerated.

My doubts as to his part in the assassina tion of Martinello fled while I watched his struggle with Narcone. A man who had in him to fight like that could not fight less for a greater cause. A man who could fight like that in him sterner blood than would run cooledly thru his veins for love of a woman... I promised him my every help in straightening out the lawlessness in the city...

And now, Louise, my dear friend, the thing is done! What Norvin Blake and I set out to accomplish is accomplished—at least for the present. Almost at once after the imprisonment of Gian Narcone, it became evident that the ringleader of the gang of desperadoes was Cardi, still working his crimes thru the sinister meshes of a secret society...

I made it my main 'job' to talk to the Italians and Sicilians of the disgrace that threatened the land of their birth. "It is the Sicilians," I would say, sadly, "who are getting the blame for all this. Ah, what a pity—what a pity...!" And finally, the better element among them rose up and demanded that the identity of the leader of all this lawlessness be exposed.

It was Cardi:

Alone and single-handed, Norvin Blake came upon him. Alone and single-handed, the possible loss of his very life, he fought the arch-criminal, and when he had done with him, the enraged band of his fellow men took him over and gave him, alas, Louise, summary justice.

Your weary M.

New Orleans—

Louisa, My Dear: I have just come in from a garden. A garden. What a place! The first garden. The first man. The first woman. The first ineffable whisper of the first love.

We have come a long distance, Norvin Blake and I; we have traveled a great way to reach that garden at last. Thru tears, thru blood, thru hot anger and hot pain—to a garden, where, cheek to cheek, and heart to heart, we heard, surely and unmistakably, the voice that breathed o'er Eden.....

I await your love and congratulations, Louisa—and when the honeymoon begins I shall write you.

Your perfectly happy

Margherita.

That's Out
(Continued from page 58)

You can always find a good audience when a collection for charity is wanted.

A picture of originality was presented in a picture month this when the hero presented the vampire with a diamond ring instead of a pearl necklace.

It is getting so now that an author can only take it as an insult to his talents if a producer films his story just as it was written.

If the law forbidding drunk scenes on the screen goes thru, it will be a hard blow to the concern which is filming the Bible. The last Supper of the Lord is one event that would have to be completely eliminated.

We Often Wonder

How the bathing girls can wear so little without contracting pneumonia. Why the heroine dresses herself up as tho for the opera house when she takes to bed.

How was she to know?

Finally he appeared one evening — the man who stirred her heart—the man, at last, who captured her in instant interest.

All the rest had seemed only casual, arousing never a single, serious emotion.

But he seemed so different! The moment their eyes met there seemed to be an understanding. They felt drawn to one another.

Through a mutual friend an introduction was arranged. Then they danced.

But only one dance!

He thanked his partner and went his way. She saw no more of him. Why his last interest was a mystery to her.

How was she to know?

That so often is the insidious thing about halitosis (the scientific term for unpleasant breath). Rarely indeed can you detect halitosis yourself. And your most intimate friends will not speak of your trouble to you. The subject is too delicat.

Maybe halitosis is chronic with you, due to some deep-seated organic disorder. Then a doctor or dentist should be consulted. Usually, though, halitosis is only local and temporary. Then it yields quickly to the wonderfully effective antiseptic and deodorizing properties of Listerine.

Fascinating people prefer to be on the safe and polite side. They make Listerine a systematic part of their daily toilet routine—as a gargle and mouth wash.

It is so much easier to be comfort ably assured your breath is sweet, fresh and clean; to know you are not offending your friends or those about you.

Start using Listerine today. Be in doubt no longer about your breath—Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Buster Keaton

who is making a series of two reel comedies that are the funniest you ever saw. The first four are:

"The Boat" "The Paleface"
"The Cops" "The Playhouse"

If you haven't seen these, you have missed the biggest laughs of your life. Newspaper reviewers all over the country are playing up Keaton comedies over the program feature. He heads the bill.

Buster Keaton is one of the independent artists making pictures in his own studios and releasing through First National. This is a guarantee to you that he puts his best effort in his work, which means fascinating entertainment for you.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc., is a nation-wide organization of independent theatre owners which fosters the production of finer photoplays, and which is devoted to the constant betterment of screen entertainment.

It accepts for exhibition purposes the pictures of independent artists strictly on their merit as the best in entertainment.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

Pig Latin

(Continued from page 33)

thinks out an original "stunt" in any scene, he is given fifty cents as the inspiration for more brain work. If he says anything that can be used as sub-title material, he receives thirty cents. And, strange enough, he saves his money by hiding it in out-of-the-way places around the studio.

Out of his rags-and-cap character, he is a somewhat frail child who cares little about playing in the mud puddles.

He regards his work in pictures as a "lot of fun." Yet, to him, his work is not his play. He seems to realize the significance of his presence in a scene, and his director, told me that he doesn't have to wheedle or coax Jackie to act.

Show business, in him, is an apparently inborn trait. Both his parents are professionals. Jack Coogan, the father, stands as one of the leading eccentric dancers in the country. The mother, as Lillian Doliver, has played in vaudeville for years.

And it was while he was reciting a Robert Service poem, taught him by his parents, that he first attracted attention. The child had accompanied his father one evening to a Los Angeles hotel. Some friends of Coogan senior were gathered in the lobby. Finally, to please them, Jackie was prevailed upon to recite "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." The owner of a Los Angeles theater saw The Kid standing in a chair addressing his audience. He was amazed at the way in which the youngster could "put over" the dramatic possibilities of the poem, and after a conversation with Dad Coogan, engaged Jackie to appear in a prolog at his playground.

Thus it was that Charlie Chaplin saw Jackie at Grauman's theater. Thus it was that, after Chaplin had met him, Jackie became the inspiration for "The Kid."

For Jackie leaped into the front ranks of success by his performance of that one role. Irving Lesser signed him as a star to play "Peek's Bad Boy," and frequently he cries himself. It was his mother who told me about his strange little philosophy.

"One morning," she said, "when I went to awaken him he opened his eyes.

"'Mummy,' he said, 'what's life all about, anyway? I've been dreaming a beautiful dream. You woke me up and spoiled it. I wish I could dream pretty dreams all the time when I'm awake—because, what's the use of having 'em come to you when you're asleep, and cant' em out to suit yourself?'

But the philosophy was cut short when Jackie and his father came again into sight. They were talking pig Latin to each other—that funny lingo where all the words are turned backwards. It is the universal tongue for the Coogan father and son, and it was out of luck, because I couldn't understand it.

Coogan senior laughed. "Oh," he explained, "Jackie is getting peevish because he wants to put his own make-up this morning. He said (and hereupon tweaked the youngster's nose) that you (meaning I) acribe will think he doesn't know how to get himself ready for work."

"That's it," piped Jackie, significantly.

"I like to put make-up on my face—anyway I thought daddy'd let me do it this morning, seeing as you're here!"
Symbols

(Continued from page 56)

biness by the presence of his valet. What does the valet do? That's just it. He does nothing. He hands messages. He puts coats off and on. I have known, personally, several young men with valets. Presumably, they were good valets. One day, however, when the young men were physically able to pick up a walking stick or a letter without the help of their valets. Not on the screen. Valets, on the screen, treat their 'young gentlemen' as if they were congenitally helpless idiots. Why fight about it? It's just one symbol of show business.

You know a wealthy home on the screen, of course? Do you know how to tell it? By symbols. Three pieces of over-stuffed furniture, a couple of parlor lamps with elaborate silk shades and a piece of machine-made tapestry, and you have a wealthy home. That may not be your idea of wealth, off screen. But you accept it, as a symbol, at the movies. And a poor home? You know the symbols for that too. Poverty, in the home, is indicated by a kitchen table, torn wall-paper and a poorly dressed valet sitting on a low cot in a corner. The torn wall-paper may not always be present in real poverty.

In dances, in real life, folks sometimes actually look good. They are always doing impossible dance steps, in impossible ways; wearing the oddest sorts of clothes and with expressions of absolute torture on their faces, as though something terrible has occurred? You might, if you were to see them, act thus, really. In the movies you nod in satisfaction. You are seeing a 'society ball.' The dances are the symbols you expected to see and you accept them without question.

A watch may mean anything in real life. It means a definite reference to time passing. But, sadly, we are so shown on the screen, a young club-man, on the screen, is known, by the spats he wears. A rich young woman is usually depicted in furs, even the smallest amount of money. And women happen to be going in for tailored things, furs. A symbol of wealth—and, in America, of a woman's social position. A business man, in the movies, is always facing the camera and seated at a flat topped desk. The size of his office is governed by the stage set and not by reality. A business office always contains a couple of extra girls acting like stenographers, only they hide their knowledge of stenography, if they ever had any, by hitting the keys at the wrong times and turning the cylinder at the end of every word—or not turning it at all. A "simple cottage" has roses at the door, a mild grass and a turtle green hedge growing over the gate, but not a blade of grass nor one mulberry bush if it is the home of the hero's poor old mother. Symbols, again.

Why go on? The I seem to have gone off at a tangent. Why, you haven't noticed the movie symbols before, you probably will notice them, after this. For you see, now, how a whole net-work, a completely understood language has grown up in the movies as the pictures have come into being. Certain things mean—certain things—if you are a regular visitor at the motion picture theater. If you aren't, you'll probably have to ask the man next to you how he knows so much more about the plot than you do. Or, if the thing keeps up, some-one may even issue a "guide to the movies," with the symbolism explained.

$500 to $2,000 for a Scenario

Critical shortage of screen plays causes nation-wide search
for new writers, with free test for you

Five hundred to two thousand dollars (and more)!
That is what producers are paying today for screen stories. Hundreds of scenarios are wanted; the revived industry faces its supreme crisis in the shortage of photoplay material. The little group of trained, capable photoplaywrights are hopelessly behind the demand. The very small percentage of fiction adaptable for the screen is virtually exhausted.

That, in brief, is the situation in the studios today.

It explains why the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, the world's largest clearing house for the sale of photoplays to producers, has undertaken its nation-wide search for new screen writers: why the corporation is the coupon below, and receive the free questionnaire test which will indicate whether you are among the men and women whom the reawakened motion picture industry so desperately needs.

The Kind of Ability Required

Everybody cannot write and sell photoplays. But the experience has shown that adult men and women of imagination and fair education (not necessarily writers), who possess natural creative ability, may be trained, on the spot, to easily be trained in the technique of screen writing; and that persons so gifted, and adequately trained, can sell, and are selling stories to producers.

Through the Palmer Course and Service men and women here-tofore unknown to the screen have been started on the path to fame and fortune. The course equips them, in every detail, to turn real talent to large profit. The Palmer plan is actively inspirational to the imaginative mind; it stirs the dramatic instinct the vigorous expression. So stimulating are the forces brought into play for screen dramatization, that the Palmer course has become a recognized aid of incalculable value for authors who write for the printed page; and for men and women everywhere whose field is creative, its effects are immediate. Primarily, however, it is for the screen.

To discover men and women of natural aptitude is the object of this advertisement; to test them in their own homes is the purpose of the Van Loan questionnaire which the coupon below will bring you free and without obligation. Through this questionnaire the Palmer Photoplay Corporation is finding talent in homes and offices all over the land, and another possessor was unaware until this remarkable and highly fascinating home test was applied.

Send for the Free Van Loan Questionnaire

It is a searching analysis of the creative processes of the mind.
It will determine for you the question whether or not you are warranted in attempting to write for the screen.
The questionnaire is and does exactly what its designers (H. H. Van Loan, the celebrated photoplaywright, and Prof. Malcolm MacLean, formerly of Northwestern University faculty) claim for it. You shall have the Van Loan questionnaire free merely by clipping the coupon.

What will it mean to you?

Give an evening to thoughtful application of this remarkable test to yourself. Serious attention to the questionnaire may prove to be the most important step you have ever taken. If the test reveals in you sufficient talent to warrant training, you will be given, without cost, a complete explanation of the Palmer Plan and interesting facts concerning the motion picture industry and its present needs. It will then be for you to decide whether you wish to enter this profitable and most fascinating of professions. If the test shows you lack of qualities sought, you will be frankly and confidentially advised.

Clip the Coupon and Try

It will cost you nothing to investigate yourself. In all sincerity, and with the interests of the motion picture industry at heart, the Palmer Photoplay Corporation invites you to give an evening to this interesting questionnaire. For your convenience the coupon is printed below. Clip it now before you forget.
Bathing Girls, Comedy Cops and Romance
(Continued from page 21)

Sennett took a big bite out of his cigar and considered. "Well tell you how we'll fix him," he said. "You get him into the projection-room first and sit him back there in the dark. I will come in late as the director knows that he was there. The first time one of his close-ups comes on the screen I will say to you, 'For heaven's sake make that too quick! I can't stand those awful buck teeth.'" It "fixed" him. A very much subdued comedian with an emburnished and contrite air advanced a little out of the studio that night. He was cured.

I remember another time that a very beautiful and talented young lady got "up stage" in the very middle of the picture.

Sennett bit into the inevitable cigar and said to her quietly but grimly, "Alice, do you see that big thing down there! That's the front gate. Be kind enough to see how quickly you can cover the distance between here and there, and you needn't practice coming back thru it.

They didn't always like it at the time, but nearly every effort made his mark on the screen; he had his training out on the Sennett lot, and many dramatic stars like Gloria Swanson, Marie Doro, and May Irwin, learned the absolute mastery of technique to the training they got from Sennett.

I well remember seeing one girl, who was now an emotional queen, standing in the middle of one of the sets dripping custard pie from her classic countenance—trying not to cry and trying not to dodge; for every time she finally knew the pie coming, they hit her with another one. Before she finally conquered herself, she had stood beside the tank and baked the pie in the oven, and then eaten it.

But that girl today knows how to act. She knows how to act with every finger and every eyelash. And she learned it by getting hit with pies.

Sennett and I had a long talk down there in his Turkish bath. I sat cross-legged on the rubbing table surrounded by two great Turkish towels, a Turkish towel, a gymnasium shoe and a lot of bank checks that were spread out in a row. Sennett sat on a three-legged stool.

One of his extraordinary traits of mind is the ability to fix his attention on his work. When he is writing subtitles, curled up in a big leather chair with his coat off and his checkered Celtic suspenders screaming out to the breeze, the superintendent of construction will come dashing in to ask him how many feet of lumber he wants put in the big set of the next Mabel Normand picture; and the superintendent of the poultry farm, that Sennett has on the back of his studio lot, will be hunting out the stairs to know how much he wants to charge for the young turkeys. Sennett turns from one to the other, with the same dead-serious effort, his attention switching off and on like an electric dynamo. Therefore, we could talk art and philosophy, swimming girls and gold mines without ever wondering what had become of the other gymnasium shoe.

I asked him why he had given up the Mabel Sennett comedies in the very hour of their greatest triumph.

Sennett bit into his cigar and said, "I always make it a rule to get tired of everything first—before the public does. I'll be getting off the stages to know, perhaps, the most famous gag ever introduced into motion picture comedies. I took them off at the very minute when
they were going strongest. Other companies were beginning to copy them, and I knew that sooner or later they would become merely silly instead of funny, and the public would get tired of them. Therefore, I threw them out at the very minute when the public seemed to want them the most.

Exactly the same thing happened with the circus. We saw the Seminole bathing girl comedies because I know that the public—particularly the American public—worships youth. These girls were sweeter than a delectably young. They made a terrific hit.

"I knew just what was going to happen; and it did happen. All the one-
horse companies in the country started to imitate our bathing girls.

"They grabbed up one or two cheap comedians, put them in big sloppy shoes, tore off the circus details, threw a spike into their personality. They didn't lose a dollar.

"I don't think the war had anything to do with it," said Mr. Sennett. "But I do notice a change. Audiences are not so easily pleased; they would be bored to tears if they laughed themselves into hysterics over two years ago. This is partly due to the fact that no fads have changed more swiftly and completely than fashions in humor. If you don't believe this, go to see some of the comic opera revivals and see how deadly flat all the jokes fall. Many of the most famous human dynamite bombs could not hold a job for a single day as a columnist in a daily paper. Funny-bones seem to shed like a snake's skin every season.

"If Fact 54, Inc. ever has to tell what makes people laugh, they have an almost pathetic eagerness to laugh, but they won't do it. They don't want to cry, but they will laugh at the slightest excuse; at the most maudlin play.

"For instance, it would tax the analytical powers of the most expert critic to have anticipated the fact that two of the most popular comedians of the day should be Ben Turpin and Mabel Normand.

"It would be difficult to find two actors more widely separated in every particular of their career, yet Ben Turpin is the human cartoon with his long skinny neck, his funny legs, his little ballet outfit and his comic voice. Everything he does is funny. Puck and shrive whenever motions on the screen. Mabel Normand on the other hand is beautiful, impetuous and a man. But Ben just wanders around and exudes himself. Ben doesn't know why he does anything. Miss Normand, on the other hand, is a girl of brilliant observation; she has a reason for everything she does.

"On the whole, I should say that the comedy note of the day is personality. That isn't to say that 'situation comedies' any more. They are tired of complications. Every gag and device of drama has been worn out. What we try to do now is use an interesting personality and the simplest kind of a plot designed like a show window to display this personality.

"And really a kind heaven knows what this personality consists of. We have a little, chubby, cutey girl named Mildred June who has become one of our comedy stars. It is impossible for me to say why. That child has that mysterious something. You could put her in a mob of a thousand people, but you couldn't lose her. She doesn't do anything in particular, but her personality is so vivid and electrical that she instantly attracts every spectator in the audience. It is that mysterious 'something' it doesn't matter much what you do in front of the camera. If you haven't that mysterious 'something'—well it doesn't matter much what you do in front of the camera, either.

"There is one fundamental fact, however, that is always true in comedy and in drama and in literature and in everything else.

"We found this out when we made 'A Small Town Idol,' with Ben Turpin poking fun at the typical movie hero. That play was hailed by the critics as one of the greatest comedies ever put on the screen. Nevertheless, it failed. It failed because boys and girls, between thirteen and twenty, resent having their romantic dreams jarred. We are all that way. I remember when I was a little boy in Canada. I used to lie out under the trees imagining myself all kinds of a hero. When I heard a bird sing, it was an orchestra with myself as conductor in white kid gloves and a spike hammer coat, the idol of cheering thousands. I was a knight in shiny armor, a cowboy in hairy pants, a railway brakeman and a circus rider. Just so with all flappers of both sexes.

"When they go to the movies, it is themselves that they see on the screen. Every little girl imagines that she is the down-dressed Cinderella whose true love is recognized by the young prince; she can almost feel his kisses when she sees him on the screen. When you satirize heroism, you have stepped thru golden, perfumed dreams with brutal muddy boots. They resent it and won't have it.

"I asked Mr. Sennett if he thought the day would ever come when in the public will get tired of Molly-O's, and 'glad girls,' and Pollyantics and want real grown-up stories 'about something.' I reminded him that Napoleon had issued an order to the Theater Francais in these words: 'Let us have no more plays about love, of which everyone is tired; but something of the business of men.'

"'I am afraid that I cannot string with Napoleon,' replied Sennett. "When there are no more flappers to dream dreams, and when there is no more love, courtship and marriage and babies and school girls and engagement rings and wedding cakes and bridesmaids, then the world will be ready for plays of real stories. Until then, I am going to steer a wide circle around any more attempts to get gay with the romantic rosy dreams of sweet astrin.'"

HAD BEN JONSON SEEN
BEN TURPIN

By REUBEN PETERSON, JR.

Gaze on me only with thine eyes,
And I will laugh with mine;
Or leave a glance but in the cup
And I'll not look for wine.

The mirth that from the soul doth rise
Doth not on beauty dine;
A Talmadge-Hammerstein-Gish "close-up"
I would not change for thine.
Impressions
(Continued from page 69)

...has shown particular effectiveness in the acting of the parts
she portrays. She not only conveys the emotion of the
character, but also reveals the innermost thoughts and
feelings of the role. Her performance in 'The Fortune Hunter'
has been particularly noted for its depth.

...her ability to convey a wide range of emotions...her
ability to capture the essence of each character she
portrays...her dedication to the craft of acting...her
ability to inspire others...her contributions to the world of
theater.

Restoration
(Continued from page 63)

...the results of her hard work and dedication...the
determination to improve...the continuous learning and
growth...the positive impact on others...the inspiration to
future generations...the legacy she leaves behind.
On the Camera Coast
(Continued from page 74)
England, to direct "The Christian" on its native heath, with the cooperation of the author, Sir Hall Caine. He has just finished "Lorna Doone."

Clara Kimball Young's papa, Edward M. Kimball, was recently married to Elsie Whitaker, scenario writer, at one time attached to the Goldwyn staff. The first Mrs. Kimball, mother of Clara, died about a year and a half ago. Mr. Kimball has just finished playing a bluffer part in Richard Walton Tully's picture, "The Masquerader," directed by James Young, his daughter's divorced husband.

No definite date has been fixed for the reopening of the Metro Studios, but it is anticipated that this event will take place about May 1. Bert Lytell's contract with M-S-R has expired and is not likely to be renewed. Alice Lake is busy with other productions, and Viola Dana is probably the last of the old Metro stars who will return. It is rumored that Clara Kimball Young and Mae Murray will release in future thru Metro.

Things are stirring down at Goldwyn's once more, with Rupert Hughes at work on his story, "The Bitterness of Sweats," starring Colleen Moore. Colleen made such an impression in two of the Hughes pictures that she will be retained as the featured player in all of his productions into which she can possibly be fitted.

Having completed "School Days," starring Wesley Barry, whom Marshall Neilan fancied to Warner Brothers for three pictures that organization will transfer the bulk of their operations to Hollywood and immediately commence work on the second Wesley Barry picture, "Little Heroes of the Street." The third picture will be "From Rags to Riches." Warner Brothers have also closed a deal to film Sinclair Lewis' "Main Street" as well as Charles Norris' novel, "Brass." They also contemplate doing some of the old melodramas, like "Nellie, the Beautiful Cook Maid," and "Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl." They recently released "Why Girls Leave Home."

Estelle Taylor, in the old Theda Bara camp play, "A Fool There Was," is to show a revised version of the lady who pursues men to their ruin. The picture, as now being made by Emmet Flynn, is an interesting contrast from the motion picture ideas of six or seven years ago.

Agnes Ayres has a baby by proxy. While in the army, her brother married a German girl, and Ayres was unhappy. Agnes has adopted the child.

Lila Lee will take the part of the beautiful Spanish girl, at first intended for May McAvoy, in Rudolph Valentino's version of "Blood and Sand." Anna Q. Nilsson, who recently returned from a visit to her old home in Sweden, where she bought a house for her father and mother, will play opposite Valentino.

MARY PICKFORD
By Annie E. Junkin
America is at your feet,
Dear Mary—held in thraldom sweet.
You are in truth a fairy queen—
None such is known upon the screen.
And sometimes you change your name,
Our love for you remains the same.
And be it Pickford, Moore, Fairbanks,
You'll find us ever in the ranks
Of those who know you as you are—
The silver screen's transcendent star.

Coraless Palmer Powder

CORLISS PALMER

Extracts from Motion Picture Magazine, April, 1921
I have tried about every powder on the market and have done considerable experimenting on myself and on others. There is no denying that there are several very fine powders on the market, but I felt that none just suited me, and so I determined to make one that did. You see, in the first place. I had definite ideas about the composition and was very hard to please. I am very particular about looks and staying qualities, and I want a powder that does not look like powder, but will not blow off in the summer. I want a powder that is not too heavy nor too light, that will not injure the complexion, and that will not change color when it becomes moist from perspiration or from the natural oil that comes upon the faces of this old. I also like a pleasant aroma to my powder, and one that lingers. After experimenting with powdered starch, French chalk, marula carminar, powdered ara roots, India chalk, Chinese white, chalk, zinc oxide, and other chemicals, and after consulting authorities as to the effects of each of these on the skin, I finally settled on a formula that was not only tested and under all conditions for a very long time but quite a few years. And, most important of all, perhaps, this powder when finally perfected had the remarkable quality of being equally good for the street, for evening dress and for photographic work. I use the same powder before the camera forextérieur and interiors, and for daily use in real life. So do many of my friends, and they all tell me that they will use no other so long as they can get mine. As to the tint, it is something of a mixture, it is a mixture of colors. I learned from an artist that there are no solid flat colors, and that in order to come up with any shade of any color you choose and will suit every countenance it must, to some extent, be a mixture. Take a small inch of sky, for instance, it is not white but you can easily find every color there, from the lightest yellow to the darkest blue. Any portrait painter will tell you that he can't paint the sky the same exactly and you will find every color there, and that will be the same thing. Any portrait painter will tell you that he can't paint the sky the same exactly and you will find every color there, and that will be the same thing.

Do not think of sitting for a portrait without first using this powder!

It is the result of scientific research and experiment. Miss Palmer, by winning first prize in the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, was adjudged the Most Beautiful girl in America, and her Beauty articles in Beauty and in the Motion Picture Magazine have attracted wide attention.

We have secured the exclusive American rights to manufacture Miss Palmer's Powder. We put it up in pretty boxes, which will be mailed to any address, postage prepaid, on receipt of price, One Dollar a box. It comes in only one shade and is equally desirable for blondes and brunettes. It is a powder that does not look like powder—"art that conceals art."

Do not think of sitting for a portrait without first using this powder!

And it is perfected for the photography, for evening functions, for street use, in the Movies and everywhere. Send One Dollar or 1-cent or 2-cent stamps, and we will mail you a box of this exquisite powder.

Beware of imitations and accept no substitutes warranted to be "just as good." There is nothing else like it on the market.

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BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Cut out and mail today

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BROOKLYN, N.Y.

For the enclosed One Dollar please send me a box of CORLISS PALMER POWDER.

Name..............................................

Street.............................................

City and State................................

101 Page
The Rosary

(Continued from page 62)

man by the arm, "there's a time fuse set to blow up the cannyery and it's just about due."

The two men ran swiftly down the stairs, and Father Kelly explained between gasps for breath, "Ran into two men outside about half a block and they caught me with a stick of dynamite—they lost their nerve and confessed—didn't have the courage to kill a priest of their church, I guess. Tried to stop them in, but they knew you were here—Wright hired them, of course."

Bruce stiffened at the mention of that name, but hurried on, dragging the panting priest with him. Just in time they were, too—a terrific roar shattered the silence. A cloud of smoke and dust, bricks and mortar, debris of every description suddenly filled the air. Flying mud spattered their coats, dust filled their eyes, fragments of wood obstructed their path, but they were safe.

A posse was soon sent out after Wright. The indignation of the villagers had reached white heat. For once, Father Kelly was unable to control them. The breathless figure had dashed up the church steps claiming sanctuary after an ancient and inviolable custom. It stood hazel and reckless. Father Kelly with blood-shot eyes and terror-struck heart, begging the holy father to save him from the mob. But every villagers could not be appeased. They surged forward in a resistless tide toward Father Kelly and the disheveled Wright, who were backed up against the altar.

"Stop," cried the priest, raising his hand, the two first fingers together, and the sacerdotal ring gleaming strangely in the dim light of the altar candles. The crowd fell back silent for the moment, but a high, thin cackle ended the pause.

"Taint right, taint right," croaked the voice of the village half-wit, "you be a shieldin' a fugitive from justice. Priest er no priest, I'm a gonna see justice done. Thorny McNabb ain't so dumb as people thinks. He knows what's right, and you'll gonna die for the crime you've committin' in the Lord's House!"

A pistol shot rang its sharp rascal thru the hollow church. Father Kelly staggered back—unhurt. Bruce Wilton's mother had seen the fanatic draw his gun, and throwing herself before the beloved father received the bullet full in her loyal breast. In the consternation that followed, Wright made his escape. Mrs. Wilton was tenderly lifted from the floor and borne with willing hands to her home. But the pure spirit had been snuffed out like a candle that sheds its little light for some good purpose and then—no more.

Bruce Wilton's grief was pitiful to see. His was the silent and stone gaze of the soul hurt beyond curing. His brain was numb. For the moment, his heart was purged of its bitter hatred. He felt no anger toward anyone, nor any feeling at all, did he have. But the mob rushing by his house in his presence Writers, he aroused him from the distressing stupor into which he had sunk. After all, Wright was responsible for all his trouble. One could not help question the God-like McNabb. It was Wright, Wright, Wright! By the Lord God! He should not escape. He joined the fleeing villagers. Someone helped him into a car, and the throng moved on.

At last they sighted their prey. He was in his own sporting roadster and fast out-distancing the mob of cars, motorcycles, horses and carriages, bicycles, and all the motley assortment which were pursuing him. He drove jerkily, at an incredible rate of speed, his car making "snake tracks" in the dust of the road beneath him, so as to obliterly the avalanche of pursuit.

At the far end of the town was a peaceful river girding the tiny village. It was crossed at many points by well-construed bridges, but the one toward which he was speeding in his mad flight was an old rotted timber structure which had long since been condemned by the village board as unsafe. A warning was posted on the bridge and all roads leading to it, but these Wright ignored. He knew the situation as well as any one in the town, but he had to take a chance. There was no time to detour. On and on he sped, straight toward the river, his car bouncing in the air at every bump in the road, a relentless death defying ride—a desperate gamble for life.

But it was in vain.

The roadster shot out on the bridge as the driven by a catechumen who were out a protesting creak, sagged perilously in the middle, cracked and split under the strain, and the car went down into a swirling stream, with an incredible tearing, splintering sound that stayed in the minds of the watchers for days afterward.

The nearest cars stopped short. They could plainly see that Wright was pinned under the wheel. It was impossible to save him. Vengeance was in the hands of the Lord!

Some time later a chastened and heart-broken man sat in Father Kelly's study and told him all the story of his love for Vera Mathers and his sorrow, and the return of his rosary and the wish he had to give it back and win Vera's forgiveness. And, as always, the old priest came to the rescue and offered understanding to the one who loves you deeply. See— and he held out a slender, beautifully wrought silver rosary, beaded with small translucent pearls.

"Oh, dear Father," Vera cried, "it is Bruce! Where is he?"

But he was not far away, and love came into its own, and peace came to a sore-tried heart.

JACKIE COOGAN

By SOPHIE E. REDFORD

Sweet child, on whom the gods bestowed

The magic gift of make-believe,
You did not seek Fame's dazzling road
The crown of laurel to receive!

In such a simple, human way,
You captivate the old world's heart.
The young, the old, the grave, the gay! From Birth to Death, you are the wise
Join merry little folks to see
The laughter in your lustrous eyes—
The charm of your quaint manner
And the sweet, unmilitary

The silent arts that you employ,
You hold us in your chubby hand,
Your loving devotees, "My Boy!"

---

Why Have Freckles

—when they are so easily removed? Try the following treatment:

Apply a small portion of Stillman's Freckle Cream when retiring. Do not rub in, but apply lightly. Wash off in the morning with a good soap. Continue using the cream until the freckles entirely disappear.

Start tonight—after two or three applications you will see results.

Attest: years' research the specialists have created this delightful, harmless cream which leaves the side without a blemish. If your freckles haven't, write us direct. 50c per jar.

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AMBITION'S TONE

Men Notice

very quickly the dainty woman—especially attractive in this season's thin waists and low-cut gowns. Distinctions depend on a careful toilette, which must include the use of DEL-A-TONE

This is a safe and sure preparation for the removal of hair from the neck, face or under-arms.

It is easy to apply and leaves the skin perfectly smooth, firm and pale.

Dear Delatones, or our original 1 oz. jar will be mailed to you address on receipt of 25c, SHEFFIELD DRUG MACAL. CO. Dept E, 3395, West Ave, Chicago.

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The French way to remove hair

S

dainty, so pure, and so safe is X-Bain, that French women have, for more than a hundred years, been using it with marvelous results, on the face as well as on the arms and under the arms.

It's Safe For Your Face!

X-Bain is a faith-colored powder, delicately rose perfumed, exquisitely French in its daintiness, wonderfully clean and effective. It works like magic, leaving the skin smooth, white, and free from all objectionable hair. After using X-Bain, you will be delighted to notice how effectively the future growth of hair has been diminished. This is its chief advantage over shaving, which surely encourages further growth.

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If You Can Tell It from a Genuine Diamond Send it back
For free appraisal.
You will lose nothing.

Granny's Charm is not the word. Granny's Charm is not the word. Granny's Charm is not the word. Granny's Charm is not the word.
A PSALM OF THE MOVIES
(With all due apologies.)
By CLARENCE E. FLYNN

Tell me not in staidy measure
What it says upon the screen.
It does damage to my pleasure,
And the words are plainly seen.

I am really in earnest,
As the titles onward roll;
And so, when to me thou turnest,
Do not read aloud their scroll.

Many peevish eyes remind us,
The passage be sublime,
Folks before and folks behind us
All can read both prose and rhyme.

In the scene of love and battle,
As the swift film pictures life,
If you do not cease your prattle,
There most surely will be strike.

Let us watch and see what's doing,
Till the hast'ning drama ends,
And not work the play's undoing,
Reading titles to our friends.

My wife see fel-low
At mova da pitch
What shaka da shim
Like hee's got da itch.
Hee's got da biga feet
And funny da map,
Hee's name, what you call,
Was Charley da Chap.

So she say to me, "Angelo,
Why for denta you
Get nica da job
In mova pitch, too?
You gota nice shape,
Look good on da screen,
And sweeta face,
Like Tony Moreen."

"Dis Charley da Chap,
Hee's look lika freak;
Hee's shaka da feet,
Get two thousand a week,
She say, "you gota
Da biga feet, too;
You maka heem look
Like biga bele stew."

So she's wanta me now
To sella da stan
Where I havea nica da orange
And a juicy banan.
"Hard worka," she's say,
"Hee's now alla done;
Go into da pitch.
Maka lota da mon."

But she's change da mind
When I say, "Oh, Marie,
Dis mova pitch vamp
Will geta sweet ona me;
I geta alla excite
If she pincha my cheek;
My head hee's go craze,
You know I'ma weak."

So now she say, "Angelo,
You keepa da stan,
Sella lotsa da fruit
And a nica banan.
No mova da pitch,
Don'ta you forget;
You stay ata home,
Get fina spaghette!"

—FRANCIS C. RUSH.

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make big money

Sidney Smith, Clare Briggs, Fontaine Fox and other cartoon stars make from $10,000 to $100,000 a year. Bud Fisher makes over $50,000 a year from Mutt and Jeff. R. L. Goldberg's yearly income is more than $125,000. Yet both Fisher and Goldberg started as $15 a week illustrators. Ministers, bookkeepers, and mechanics have become successful illustrators and cartoonists through the Federal School of Applied Cartooning. Don't let your present job hold you back. Capitalize your cartoon ideas. The way is now open to you.

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Bottle of Flower Drops with each order at the customary price of 25c—a beauty at 12c.

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sent a phase of American history in the early days as yet untouched on the screen. The whalmen are little known in fiction or drama or any other place outside of New Bedford, Massachusetts, yet they are becoming largely a matter of history, and yet they represent an important phase of our country's early history. They were a viking, splendid, romantic, and ruthless lot, entirely apart from their industrial value. They were the first men to carry our flag on to foreign soil. You know Mr. Ahab and Captain Ishmael, and Captain Ahab's mother are more or less responsible for the decline of the whalmen.

Personally, I could see no possible connection and do not want this.
Gas, Oil and Water

(Continued from page 50)

Mexican, whose costume would have aroused wonder and amaze anywhere south of the Rio Grande.

"Li'l! more gas!" Rust commanded.

He addressed his companion carelessly. "Going far, Sturgis? Not too far, I hope you have time to give me a lift as far as Las Vegas."

"Sure thing!" grunted the other. The two men got into the car, while George Oliver Watson turned the handle of the gasoline filler, running some rapid thinking. This afternoon he had filled the tank to overflowing. It was absolutely impossible that in the few hours intervening it could have emptied. The front passenger seat was only a part of the immense tank on the rear of the car.

Out of the corner of his mouth he shot swift words to Sanchez. "Phone the border. They're headed toward it! Probably change the license number on the way!"

When the white car rolled out of the gasoline station, it carried one passenger more than those in the front seat suspected, curled in the circle of the extra tire, its presence a part of the rapidly growing this morning. The comparative safety and comfort of a trench in the Argonne which he had occupied during a severe bombardment. He held on until he could hold on any longer, and then he kept on holding on with fingers that seemed to belong to someone else. It was impossible to think or move, for every moment the road seemed to jumble his ideas into hopeless confusion, like a lot of pie type. There was just one thing clear in the whole affair, and that was the necessity for holding on. And George Oliver Watson held on.

The lights of the street lamps streamed by him like a ribbon of gold being unrolled —then they were gone, and the car was pitching thru the darkness of a country lane, the scent of wet crushed grass and brown mud making the air purvey to his nostrils. A final bump, and the car had stopped. The unsuspecting passenger had just time to drop from his perch and roll into the rear seat, when the three men were down, flinging off their coats and doing sundry things to the car with wrenches and screwdrivers. Huddled in the shadows, George Oliver Watson kept them guessing, the license plates, put on a false hood, remove the fenders and otherwise change the appearance of the car with the ease of long practice.

Their work done, they flung on their coats and leaped into the car with such haste that the watcher barely time to affix himself to the bench behind, before they were off again, back into a main road, speeding thru the night in the direction of the Mexican border. "I wish," thought George Oliver Watson thought, with the pain of his wrenched fingers, "that I had kissed that little girl back there! I'll probably never get the chance again."

He passed, then, with a jerk that almost tore his arms from their sockets, the car stopped again, and the horn sent long blasts into the darkness. Peering cautiously about, George Oliver Watson saw that they had stopped before a small white house, set among dense bushes. A cry burst from his lips, luckily downed by the horrid noise of the motor. Behind the house was swinging back on invisible hinges, like the lid of a box, revealing a black tunnel behind!

The disguised automobile went into the school I had never tried my hand at any work of this nature.

I'm glad to thank you for what you've done for me—and you can certainly use my name and tell prospective students, for I feel I'll be doing anyone a real good turn if I can help them get started in this profitable work.

Yours sincerely.

WM. S. COUTHLAND.

NOTE:—The above is the story of Mr. Coutland. It tells of facts, for Show Card Writing offers marvelous opportunities to both men and women, either for spare time or full time work. What Mr. Coutland has done and is doing, Mr. C. D., Des Moines, Iowa, and many other men and women, have proved it. Mrs. Luther, Mrs. Lush, Mrs. La Moine and dozens of housewives have added to the family income in this way. Girls like Misses MacDonald, Chappelle, Bordreau and Hoyle are but a few of those who have bettered their positions in this pleasant way. All who see their success to the American Show Card School method of training—the old established school which has trained hundreds to make money in SHOW CARDS.

The American Show Card School will gladly help you find full particulars if you send your name, address and address of the American Show Card School, 211 Ryrie Bldg., Toronto, Can.

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(First your name plainly)

Address

(If in)

State

HAVE SMOOTH HAIR

COMB YOUR HAIR in the usual way, let it dry naturally, then apply the treatment. It is guaranteed to give the best possible Result. If the treatment does not give the Result promised you shall promptly receive a full refund. Guaranteed honorably. Three sizes: 6c, 10c, 50c. Send to


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Don't Hide Them With Vails or Remove Barretes With Ohline—Double Strength

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your hair—double strength—is guaranteed to remove your worst natural weakness.

Simply get an ounce of Ohline—double strength—tie it around your fingers and apply. It should soon show that even the worst freckles thereof into even the lightest ones vanished entirely. It is seldom necessary to use more than the padly clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Ohline, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

Dr. W. S. Coutland, 406 Missouri St., St. Louis, Mo.

REDUCE YOUR FLESH IN SPOTS

Arms, Legs, Bust, Double Chin

The entire body is reduced by wearing

DR. WALTER'S

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RUBBER GARMENTS

For Men and Women.

Aidsslimming and bolstering the abdomen, $7.00 for pullover, $10.00 for dressing. Send ample measurement.

For whirlpool, $5.00.

Send for list.

Mrs. B. W. Butler, 120 Chestnut St., New York City.

Dr. Jeanne M. P. Walter, 335 Fifth Avenue, New York.
the bedecked but he us George tonight happened
tunnel, but its uninvited passenger was not on it. As the front of the house swung noiselessly back, George Watson ran thru the bushes, following the muffled rumble that came to his ears from the car beneath his feet. Wet whips of elder lashed his face sinewarily, tangled branches tripped him, as the nature itself were on the side of the fugitives; but he paused on. Each breath burning his weary lungs as if it were so much clay. And then, without warning, the sound of the engine grew clear and distinct. With an effort, he checked himself and peered out of the bushes, through the dim light. Lanterns sifted, and the sound of voices and laughter was so close that it seemed he would surely be discovered.

After a long silence in listening and looking, George Watson began a retreat, choosing the moments of noise from the men in the clearing for his progress. The moon, partly hidden behind filmy clouds, shed a mist of light over the world as he emerged from covert, and he lost no time in putting as much distance as possible between himself and the blind windows of the sinister cottage.

Nevertheless, early the next morning the proprietor of the gas, oil and water station had ordered up his place in business, and was filling the atmosphere roundabout with the cheerily whisked strains of "Second-hand Cars."

No repellent odor, no irritating chemicals, no dangerous blinding. The Ondoro Company’s Depilatory is the easiest, most pleasant way to remove hair. Try it tonight before you dress to go out. At drug stores and toilet counters everywhere, 75¢.

Send for a dainty sample
For 50¢ in stamps we will send you a sample of the Ondoro Company’s Depilatory—enough for one thorough underarm application. Mail the coupon below now to Ruth Miller. The Ondoro Company, 1000-D Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

"Please, Ruth Miller, a pleasant way to remove hair!"

The appeal a million women made to us to complete for them the underarm toilette

HROUGH you, who gave us Ondoro, we have come to recognize a new standard of personal cleanliness. Won’t you now complete the underarm toilette by giving us a really pleasant, a dainty, feminine way to remove hair?

Letters daily brought this request. So the chemists in the Ondoro laboratories tried and tested until they perfected The Ondoro Company’s Depilatory—a method as appealing in its use as a French tale or sweet scented cold cream. With its delicate almond fragrance it is a delight to use.

Swiftly and surely effacing every trace of unsightly hair, it leaves the skin as white and smooth as the outer arm. And it is as harmless as soap suds, giving never a twinge of after irritation.

No repellent odor, no irritating chemicals, no dangerous blinding. The Ondoro Company’s Depilatory is the easiest, most pleasant way to remove hair. Try it tonight before you dress to go out. At drug stores and toilet counters everywhere, 75¢.

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Miss Ruth Miller, The Ondoro Company, Cincinnati, Ohio
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Enclosed find 50¢ in stamps, for which please send me your sample package of the Ondoro Company’s Depilatory.

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bristled his one hundred and eighty pounds into their machine and stepped upon the starter. And over one shoulder, as the car roared away, he told them where it was that they could go.

And now, as he hurled down the road, took corners on one wheel, leveled the hills with his speed, George regretted bitterly that he had not had the idea of filling up the gasoline tank of the white car that morning with the third of the commodities he vended—water. He was beginning to despair of ever overtaking the fugitive, when he leaped down a hillside amid a shower of loose rocks and saw the white automobile climbing the opposite slope. Moreover cut out to get every ounce of speed possible. George's car railed after it like a rabid creature, snarling, panting, growling and every moment threatening to skid from the pathway on some loose pebble and crash into the cliff at either side.

The wheel struggled like a live thing in George's grip, but with set teeth, he kept his hold firm and strained his eyes for a glimpse of a bright head in the next car. They were very close to the border now, and his heart gave a sick throb as he thought of the thousand rabbit-traps of mountain passways which he did not know, but which were undoubtedly familiar to the hoodlum ahead. If something did not happen in the next ten minutes to save Susie, she was lost, for he knew now that his car would go very little farther. His trained ear could diagnose the sounds of agony that proceeded from its vitals only too well.

And then he saw that something was going to happen. In his telephone message he had implored the revenue officers to stop the white car, but he had neglected to warn them that it must be stopped gently and with due regard for its contents. His machine was just passing over a hilltop which afforded him a glimpse of the road ahead not possible to the crazed driver of the runaway auto, already descending into the next valley. George gave a great cry and plunged down the hill, sending a shout ahead.

"Susie! Get out on the running-board—quickly!"

His gallant little car was in its death-throes as he drew up alongside the other machine and held out a hand to the slight figure, which recoiled alarmingly on the mud-guard of the white car. For a sickening instant, it seemed that she would be swept by him or flung to the road; then, somehow, she was in his arms and the little car gave what sounded like an intense sigh of relief, swerved from the road, ran thru a rail fence and stopped short in a charming meadow trimmed with daisies and buttercups, while the white car plunged onward to meet the doom of bulldogs that waited for its coming about the distant turn of the road.

It was a moment for drama, for romance. Yet the first words of the two in the rescuing car were hardly up to what the occasion demanded.

"Goosh!" said George, with a deep, noisy breath. "Some little ramble!"

And, "Oh!—oh!—oh!—Susie, feeling, woman-wise, amid the bright tangles of her hair for lost pins and combs. "I suppose I look a fright?"

But their voices were a little better.

"You look pretty good to me!" said George, blushing with the effort. And again Susie had the feeling of being the heroine in every scene. Her cheeks caught a gentle fire from his. For she had an intuition that the ending was going to be like the ending of all good tales.

"Well, hand me the life line!"

George put out a tentative arm, and Susie snuggled within it contentedly.

"Soap-and-water" clean—of course!—but still are you above reproach?

One great toilet fact that two million women now recognize—that cleanliness does not always mean daintiness

A BRILLIANT novelist who writes much about women was asked what he considered a woman's greatest attraction.

He replied promptly: "It isn't beauty, it isn't brains, it isn't charm of manner. I believe it is a woman's instinct for daintiness as expressed in all the little niceties of her person and her dress."

Almost as strong as a woman's instinct for cleanliness is her love of personal daintiness. What many women do not yet understand is that while personal daintiness may begin with cleanliness, it does not end there.

Soap and water alone cannot insure daintiness

The great enemy of personal daintiness is underarm perspiration odor and moisture. The underarm perspiration glands are easily stimulated to unusual activity. Clothing and the hollow of the underarm make evaporation difficult.

Soap and water are powerless to counteract this condition. To be immaculately clean in clothing and in person is not enough.

This condition calls for special measures. The underarm must be given the same regular care that is given to the teeth and skin. You can't afford to compromise by hurried use of a preventive that may be effective for only a few hours.

Two Million women and thousands of men accept the underarm toilette

Through Oodorono, a new standard of daintiness has been set up. It prevents moisture as well as odor, providing both requirements perfectly.

ODO-RO-NO

THE UNDER-ARM TOILETTE
MOVING PICTURES—WHO INVENTED THE TERM?

By Robert W. Sneedon

It is curious how a phrase which you would have sworn was absolutely modern will suddenly leap up from the stained pages of some old book—usually a collection of old plays or gossiping memoirs—and make you sit up with a startled exclamation.

Take Horace Walpole, statesman, traveler, historian, letter writer and chief gossip of the times of the middle of the eighteenth century, and you will be surprised to find that, so far as I know, he was the first to use the two words Moving Picture in conjunction.

Here is what he says:

"I have never seen or heard anything serious which was not ridiculous. Jesuits, Methodists, philosophers, politicians, the hypocrite Rousseau, the scoffer Voltaire, the Humes, Lyttelton, Grevilles, the atheist tyrant of Prussia and the mountebank of history, Mr. Pitt, are all to me but impostors in their various ways. "Fame or interest is their object, and after all their parade."

"I think a ploughman who sows, reads his almanac, and believes that the stars are so many farthing candles created to prevent his falling into a ditch as he goes home at night, a wiser and more rational being, and I am sure an honest, than any of them.

"Oh, I am sick of visions and systems that show one another aside, and come again like figures in a Moving Picture." I wonder if anyone can find an earlier quotation of the two words which have acquired such a vital significance in the swiftly moving life of today, a life which would have left the leisureed Horace breathless and stunned.

AS TO PREFERENCES

By Morrie Ryskind

Robert raves of Mary P.;
"Jim loves Agnes Ayres;
"Billie Burke, O God, for me!"

So run Peter's prayers.

Zena Keefe makes Ralph rejoice;
Lila Lee wins Paul;
I— I have no law of choice.
For I love 'em all!

ON NIGHT LOCATION WITH "C. B." DE MILLE

By Leslie Bates

"Hit em!" a voice cries, and the day is here.

A dozen spot- and Kleig-lights open fire.

Villain and star, music and atmosphere.
Leap into scenes of laughter, love, desire.

Behind a camera—his cap away.
"C. B." directs with undisputed skill.
His rugged, pleasant face, his eager eye,
Conceal a brave, indomitable will.

The footage multiplies, but overhead
Thin silver stars ride down their ancient way.
Fired actors labor till night is dead.
And sudden dawn skyrockets into day.

Then all go home to dreams of wealth and glory.
All but "C. B."—he dreams another story.
The Answer Man
(Continued from page 84)

CURIOUS—You are quite a poet. What is a poem? An airy castle, built by the spirit in the heart of man. What do poets live on? They just live on. Have I answered you fully?

LONG STAR GIRL.—William P. Davidson, in "The Girl from Nowhere." Yes, William S. Hart is producing now. Winifred Westover is to become a mother soon. You say, I am very complimentary. The only pleasant things to pay are compliments. They are the only things I can pay out of my $10.50 per week. We're all hunting for happiness. We break unsaid many bonds to arrive at happiness.

A WOULD-BE.—I'll try not to be sarcastic. I don't mean to be, if I seem to be. I'm sorry, but there is nothing I can do to help you get into pictures. I'd try something else, if I were you.

TVMY PAT.—I can best answer you by saying that one is at fault as much as the other. Remember what Thoreau says.

"Man is continually saying to woman, Why will you not be more wise? Woman is continually saying to man, Why will you not be more loving? It is not in their wills to be wise or to be loving; but unless each is both wise and loving, there can be neither wisdom nor love." Quoted sabef wills

VILLAIN.—I'm sorry. Hope you write again.

PATEY.—So be it. Where there is no exaggeration, there is no love, and where there is no love, there is no understanding. And after all what is greater than understanding? Why, goodness gracious! I'm getting to be a Beatrice Fairfax! You can reach Allan Forrest with Fox.

WARRANTED: CLOTHING.—So you want to get fat? Ever try Force? Lowell Sherman was Lenno in "Way Down East." He is now playing on the stage in New York. No, I never tried playing a saxophone. They are a weird music. Jack Dempsey has been playing in the Hippodrome. He will probably be playing in pictures when you read this. Yes, Herbert Rawlinson was married to Roberta Arnold, but I understand they are separating.

TEXAS PAT.—Yes, I, too, like Robin Hood. I liked The Phantom from the first, then Camille, and then The Sheik. Philip Hubbard was the professor in The Phantom. This film is going to produce "Black Orchids" again. He did this picture seven years ago for Universal. You must be a jolly good sport, Pat. Stand Pat!

PAMEKE W.—All right, here you are on a silver platter. Wallace Reid has light hair and blue eyes.

VICTORIES OF CURiosity.—That's what we all are. Please think kindly of me. I'm just an unfortunate old man.

JOSEPHINE.—You say, "Beauty, real beauty, ends where an intellectual expression begins." But there is so little real beauty these days—most of it is artificial. Read Beauty and be convinced. E. W. Lincoln is playing in "The Price of Her Ambition." Madge Bellamy, in "Someone to Love." Marguerite Marsh, in "Iron to Gold," opposite Dustin Farnum.

BLUE EYES.—So you think Gloria Swanson is a wonder. No, I don't mind being old. There are worse losses than the loss of youth. Cath Hughes and Bebe Love are playing opposite. No, I haven't seen Charlie Chaplin in "Pay-Down."

MARTHA.—Yes, there are a number of comedians in films—Harold Lloyd, Charlie

WOMEN are AMAZED!

STARTLING NEW FACIAL PACK BRINGS BEWITCHING BEAUTY

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never look natural or feel right. They are really harmful and retard development. You should add to your physical beauty by enlarging your bust form to its natural size. This is easy to accomplish by using the NATIONAL, a new scientific appliance that brings delightful results.

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If you wish a beautiful, womanly figure, write for a copy of the treatise by Dr. C. S. Carr, formerly published in the Physical Culture Magazine, entitled, "The Bust—How It May Be Developed." Of this method Dr. Carr states:

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BROOKLYN, N.Y.

Chaplin, Buster Keaton, Larry Semon, Ben Turpin, Lloyd Hamilton and several others.

MISS FIT.—You want to get into the right groove, because woman is the mightiest power in the world, and it lies in her hands to lead man whither the Almighty God would have him go—also whither the other fellow demands. Conway Tearle is with Selznick.

OLD PAL.—Another victim of Rodolph Valentino! Rodolph, Rodolph, you will have a lot to answer for. O. U. BARE.—Oh, you! It took eighteen months to produce “The Mistress of the World,” and there were over 25,000 people in it. But, with all that, it is not very much and very poorly done. Wesley Barry, in “From Rags to Riches,” and “Little Rocks of the Street.”

OSCAR.—Hurray, Oscar! What do I think of marriage? I don't think of it. No, I have never been married. I wish you luck. Here's my hand.

MARTHA M., PRINCES TED, STANLEY J., M. B. L., JANE F., JANET, LOBAINA, MARGARET P., M. R. P., JI., GERTRUDE B., MANOZ L. M. W., ROOPLES ADMEIR, DARLING DAVY, ETTER B., MADEMOISELLE, DUMPLELING, RUBY LIPS, SUNNY EYES.—Sorry to put you here, but better luck next time. Ask me something new! Start something! Don't let me get stale! Keep this department fresh and snappy! It's up to you!

MILLED H.—You write a very clever letter. I surely was glad to hear all about the weather in Texas. It has been very mild here this winter. And you, too, have fallen for Rodolph Valentino. On June 12, 1816, snow fell for three days in Maine, and the ground was frozen half an inch deep. The highest temperature on official record is in the United States was July 10, 1913, at Greenland's Ranch, Calif., 134 degrees. Write me again, Mildred.

NEWCOMER.—Jackie Coogan will be eight next October. He is now playing in "Trouble." Yes, Kathryn Williams is married to Charles Eytton.

K. F. K.—Seems to me you have seen this verse before, but perhaps my readers have not, so I print it here:

When Adam, in bliss,
Asked Eve for a kiss.
She puckered her lips with a coo;
And with accent emphatic,
And with gesture ecstatic,
Said, "I don't care a dam if I do!"

HORACE M. S.—Thanks; you say I am a vixen for the blues. No, indeed, you are not too old. I would advise you to go ahead. Viola Dana is making personal appearances. Yes, Charles Chaplin is working on a three-reel slapstick comedy. I'm sure we will all welcome Charlie back.

OLD NERT—Sentiment should run thru all business, and business thru all sentiment. So you think the Classic is not in favor of Nazimova? I dont see why. I say that, I rather liked her in "The Doll's House." but there were a great many times when she didn't look so good. However, she was always true to type, and she proved that she can do it when she wants to.

GREGOR S..—Yes, Harrison Ford.

YONKERSEIT.—Jean Paige is to have the lead in Tarkington's "The Magnificent Ambersons." Lewis Stone is to have the lead in "A Fool There Was." The vamp is to be played by June Eldridge. Why, Katherine MacDonald is playing in "Conquer the Woman."

MAITIN N.—If a lover is a herald who proclaims the merit, the wit, or the beauty of the goodman, why not a husband too? Proclamation? Yes, and our whole life is like a play. Rex Ingram and his wife, Alice Terry, expect to do "Ivahno" in Europe. Yes, Evelyn Greetly is playing in "A

Gertrude W.—But this isn’t the canning season. Ketchup or catsup or whatever is the corruption of the Chinese word, ketchup, the name given to an inferior kind of soy made in China, and often sold in England in a separate bottle. Ralph Reed was playing on the stage last I heard of him.

Master Willard.—That was a very kind letter of yours. Write me again.

Sapling.—Yes, and men are still children at sixty. Carter DeHaven and his wife, in “Marry the Poor Girl.” Maria Prevost and Tom Gallery, in “A Pariah Scandal.”

Bink from Paris.—Well, Mississippi was the first State to ratify the Prohibition Amendment. But, you know, they have lots of water there. Owen Moore has dark eyes. Mary Milles Minter is not engaged at present. You know, a woman’s tongue can raise more clamor than even Vulcan with his hammer.

Jack.—Just address Corlia Palmer, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., and it will reach her. But she is a busy little girlie these days.

Elleg W.—The annual tobacco bill of the United States is $2,110,000,000, of which $800,000,000 is spent for cigarettes. We spend $200,000,000 more annually for cigar than for tobacco. All the teachers in the United States. Thurs-ton Hall, in “The Midnight Patrol.” Yes, Gloria Swanson had a cover on the July, 1921, Motion Picture Magazine.

Shirley Mc.—Yes, but women are meant to be loved, not to be understood. Yes, I understand David Warfield intends to do “The Return of My Friend” for the screen. But the charm is in his voice, which will all be lost.

The Dambos to your favorite player is von Streich. You can reach him at Universal Company, Universal City, Calif. Many are “frightened before they are hurt”; but the fright often prevents the hurt.

Assiss.—So you are inclined to believe that America is the land of violent extremes. You want to “Rain Street” if you like the small-town stuff. Yes, “The Dark Mirror” has been filmed. Your letter was quite interesting. Write me again.

Listen C.—You’ll have to give me more information.

Olive H.—Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it. You say you want to see more about Russell C. Weintgen. Your number is 1,269. That was Claude Gillingwater as the father in “My Boy.” Buck (Charles) Jones, in “The Heart of the Range,” with Eileen Percy and Mae Busch.

Vivian H.—To avoid your carrying out your threat, here I am. Do you mean Colon Landis? Robert Ellis was playing opposite Priscilla Dean, for Universal, last I heard of him. Are we all made up now?

Eve.—Well, anyone who is honest simply because he considers it “the best policy,” will occasionally be dishonest for the same reason. No, I’m still in the same hallroom. Why am I bald? Grass doesn’t grow on a busy street. So you thought there were too many sub-titles in “Boom-crag Bill.” Yes, and that was not the only thing you have against it. With Agnes Ayres and Conrad Nagel, in “The Ordeal.”

Mary E. K.—Well, Mary, you have a long ways to go yet. You say you are thirteen. You are, aren’t you? But you might as well marry Wanda Havley and Milton Sills are also playing with Dorothy Dalton in “The Cat That Walked by Himself.”Reviewed by K. K. in “The Brotherhood of Hate.” for Incce.

Re: Rudolph Valentino.—He is Italian.

(Continued on page 116)
Across the Silversheet

(continued from page 72)

But, nevertheless, it was a relief to find her a sympathetic character, even after she had left the country with the kindred for a city, where she hoped to earn enough money to satisfy her croque-de-chine soul. She was, after all, sympathetic long after she found an "angel" to furnish an apartment for her, luxurious beyond description, and to wield an ever-ready flower pen on her heart.

Dramatic story to the contrary, this heroine remains sentimental, even returning to visit her country home for a few hours. And, when the country sweetheart she left behind returns from the war, a pitiable wreck with but a few weeks to live, those to be spent in darkness, she is valiant and strong.

Seena Owen and Matt Moore play the principal roles with understanding, although Miss Owen is always seen to better advantage when the story calls upon her to do something definite. She is not the type that may simply enter and leave scenes through a production, holding the interest. "Back-Fay" is an average production, based on a third-rate plot, but treated in a slightly different manner.

OTHER WOMEN’S CLOTHES—HODKINSON

The other day, in the Hodkinson projection-room, when they were showing the Ballin production, "Other Women’s Clothes," a skeptic next to us remarked, "They all still suffer or later." He meant that Hugo Ballin had fallen—"Other Women’s Clothes" was the fall.

When Hugo Ballin started out to make his own productions with Mabel Ballin, he was the principal rôle as she has been, he was undoubtedly striving to do different things. He achieved his purpose in a generous measure. At any rate, his results were artistic. There was "Pagan Love," "East Lynne," "The Journey’s End," and, most recently, his splendid "Jane Eyre." Every one of these pictures had something definite to recommend it—to make it worth the time and effort which was expended in bringing it to the screen. The same cannot be said of "Other Women’s Clothes."

To go back to the skeptic, the fall he meant was the fall to making program pictures. He told practically the same old pattern as nine out of every ten productions you see at your theater.

The story tells about a poor girl, who unknowingly becomes the experiment of a wealthy man when he causes a fortune to be invested in her name. She later discovers that he is responsible for her good fortune and runs away. And then he gives years to searching for her.

However, whenever we complain about this sort of thing, we are always told that it is pictures of this nature which make the most money. If this is true, something should be done about it at once, for it is a practical thing just as long as the deadly program pictures make money just that long—but no longer—may we expect to see them on our screens.

THE SEVENTH DAY—FIRST NATIONAL

Those who do not object to sermons with their entertainment, won’t mind the preachy subplot that is centered around the Seventh Day. Others will take exception to them. There is a sermon tacked away in practically six out of every ten titles. And the moral of these and all the rest that are marooned, you are not permitted the pleasure of discovering it for yourself. We mention this first, because to us at any rate, it seemed the outstanding point of the production.

The production is, no doubt, the first place, it lacks the foundation of any substantial story material, and the opportunity for any particular characterization. Broad comedy, which is apparently upon slapstick, has been injected intermittently to quicken the tempo of lagging action. Nevertheless,

Those who deplore the younger generation, with upstretched hands, will find an abundance of good material for arguments in The Seventh Day. And those who contend philosophically that the flappers are better off because of their frank acceptance of life and their indulgence in smoking and drinking will believe, on the other hand, that this picture proves their point. As to the younger generation itself, it will doubtless find the production to its liking, and wish it were part of the more modern yachting parties, too. Dick Bartholomew would compensate most flappers for any absence of plot. In fact, they wouldn’t even miss it. And this cannot be counted as, in any way, against them. He is, besides being a capable actor, a very charming young man.

When he is introduced, he is abroad his sloop, riding the dark seas. Then and there, you decide that you will not watch his fate for long if he doesn’t land. The cameraman went in for an effective bit of realism, and no deuer threats, even in an orchestra chair.

The tale tells of a yachting party of several young people who parted for a week in a little fishing village while the yacht is laid up for repairs. Naturally, there is a contrast between them, and the provincial folk of the village. And, as might be expected, there is an intermingling of the sophisticated youth aboard the yacht and the sheltered youth of the village. And there is a happy ending.

SupportingMr. Bartholomew are Louise Haif, Anne Cornwall, Frank Losee, George Stewart and Leslie Stowe.
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Jeanne Jacques

(Belo Dambrio)

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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RICHARD WALLACE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Letters to the Editor  
(Continued from page 90)

see her less often in real good pictures than once a month in some claptap melodrama.

I like Richard Dix, too. He is different from all the rest. His portrayal of the husband in "Dangerous Curve Ahead" was very good. I hope that he will have more good parts like that of Harley Jones.

Bebe Daniels is a very good dramatic actress, but as she has scored a big hit as a "good-little-bad-girl," she is kept in that kind of role; so I hope that she will have more chances to show us her ability as a dramatic actress, as she had in "The Affairs of Anatol." I am awaiting with great interest, O. Henry's "Gold Sand" to the screen, as I have heard that she has an excellent role in it.

Alice Calhoon has a charming personality, and they say she is bringing out some future on the screen. Her work in "The Little Minister" shows that she has unusual dramatic ability. Her pictures have not always had such interesting plots, and so she is not fully appreciated.

Of the comedians, I think that Johnny Hines is the best. The Torcy comedies are all very clever and clean and contain very little slapstick. Here's hoping that he will give us more脂肪 of Torcy.

Will close, with best wishes to your magazine.

Sincerely,

C. O. H.
Chicago, Ill.

---

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The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

Robinson Crusoe Myers

(Continued from page 77)

—then straightened up and assumed an air of nobility—as tho to appeal to my higher and better nature.

“All right, you can smile, m’boy”—he nodded gravely, significantly—but what about this: ‘I’ve read the Robinson Crusoé. I’m in every scene but seven, and I’ll say there’s three thousand scenes before the final flicker in the thirty-sixth reel.”

“The way they’re shooting this picture, I’ve got to do at least four changes a day. I always wear two mustaches, one over the other, to save time. I’m a young English gentleman, an old English gentleman, a smuggler, and an old duffer in goat-skins, each and every day! Then every couple of episodes, I have to use different grease paints and alter the lines of my face, as, of course, Crusoé keeps getting older—he’s on the darkened island for twenty-eight years. I usually carry my wardrobe and make-up in a suitcase. In this picture, an expressman carries a steamer trunk to the studio every day.”

I doubted, awe, trebled my stillness. How reply to such sound dialectics? His next remarks were too grand to be, as we were confederates in a mysterious undertaking, with the Sherlocks close at hand: ‘I’d only be in the picture now, and I’ve nearly departed this life a half-dozen times”—his voice quavered. “I wouldn’t bet a dime that I finish the picture without shaving arches, a cracked skull, arteriosclerosis or the higher life”—

his voice became sympathetic faint and falsetto...

I was at the point of breaking down and sobbing.

“Think of it”—he interrupted my emotional hiatus with tones so earnest that I was again all the Crusoé had to become on social terms with unsocial imported hounds, orang-outang who was class-conscious, wrestlers, and a democratic polit-parrot, who would just as soon nip the nose off a distinguished leading man as to perform the same operation upon an uncultured extra.”

I looked accusingly and stupidly approving. He must have thought I was inwardly giggling.

“This isn’t a bit funny,” he admonished—and again there was a glance of contemptuous pity. “Those imported hounds don’t like these goat-skins; they sniff me suspiciously and emit deep cavernous groans evoke their bête noires. The orang-outang is built like John L. Sullivan and has the temperament of a chorus girl; he wouldn’t let go of my hand the other day, and I was afraid for about ten minutes that an amputation would be in order. He has a grip like Bull Montana and the endurance of a press agent.”

I was fully convinced by now, but he kept on:

“One of these primitive extras caused pandemonium on the set the other day by leaping and bounding like a Holy Roller who has seen the light, uttering much unesthetic and gutter gibberish. Finally, he espied me, and started towards me, eyes gleaming balefully while he muttered A staid impression which he was under the mistaken impression that I was a chamois and he an Alpine huntsman. But, after I had reached the top of a prop coconut tree, the healthy stage hands had thumped him mighty—reducing him to a prostate condition—he confessed that he had got gloriously lit up on Senna caustic! Can you tie that? He said his method was to empty the

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Dear Miss Quinlan:—Please send me a bottle of Clairz, your wonderful blackhead remover. On arrival of Clairz I will pay the postman $1.50. It is understood that if Clairz does not show results in two treatments you will refund my money.

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Restore your praying hair with Mary T. Goldman’s Hair Color singer that one will ever forget. No streaks or feint discoloration, nothing to wash or rub out. The permanent colored hair is covered and perfectly natural. In all lights, Mail coupon to send for your free trial bottle and test it on a lock of hair. Enclose a lock if possible. When convinced of wonderful results, get a full-sized bottle at drug-

Mary T. GOLDMAN
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Youthful Skin

Ladies Let Cuticura
Keep Your Skin Fresh and Young

IMPORTANT: Outpatients, Toiletts, So everywhere. For complete address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. D, Maiden, Mass.

PAGE 117
Sterna cannot heat into a salt sack and squeeze the sack until all the liquid had been squeezed from it; after which he would drink mighty draughts of the squeezing. This brought on a wild gavotte that we ran the curtain over our heads as we tossed it, leaping tuna and a Denishawn dame, interpreting Stravinsky."

I agreed that this was a risky business, and we were advised by the manager that I was pleased to have met him, but he continued as tho I were not even present, as tho he addressed the whole wide world of advertising.

"The other day an imported Chihuhua span-class=""speak"">threw</span>-delegated was hired to hurl a leaden cannon-ball thru the window of a bus. I was on a hot rod riding in. You see, they couldn't have a real cannon volley, hence that leaden pellet. Well, the result convinced me that span-throwing was the forte unquestionably of that Mexican yokel; the cannon-ball caught me on the side of the head, bounced off and knocked down the camera-man—and nearly upset the camera. For several minutes, I was so dazed that I heard screaming planets splitting asunder with prodigious booms, the Ride of the Valkyries, and, above both, the voice of John Griffith Wray directing a second act."

I put on my hat, buttoned up my overcoat, took a firm grip on my umbrella—but he only smiled at me convivially and went on:

"Only yesterday, I had to ascend to a masthead at Laguna Beach, while an assortment of Sonoratown cabbies pursued me, letting fly at me as I turned the pages of TAM, the same time exquisitely sharp and delicately curved knives I think I mentioned that Bob Hill, our director, is a stickler for realism. You see, I was supposed to wear that mask which I tear down the jolly roger—and all the time I'm remembering the leading man at Vitagraph was in the same kind of a picture once—well, one of those knives struck him, where—I'm not prepared to say—but I just refused to climb up that mast with my back to those cabbies. Gee, it was exhilarating.

But I was going thru the stage door, utterly weak, dumfounded, flabbergasted. I glanced back swiftly and timidly, and beheld a grimacing Crusoe, white with sweat, flushed with excitement. But I didn't go back. I am too old and have suffered too long from nausethemia to listen indefinitely to a stage door orchestra.

Once outside, cool wisps of rain humorously flicking my sad countenance, somewhat restored my sanity. I raced thru a diaphanous curtain of showering leaden raindrops in the general direction of Cahuenga Pass, that proud automobile highway, which in the distance resembled a gleaming vermilion ribbon along which shimmering heretics, I glanced back again. Something told me that if I did, I would behold Harry Myers in the doorway, beckoning to me to come back and assure my chances. But I escaped the ferocious attack of a wild, uncivilized spuge.

THE RULE DOESN'T ALWAYS APPLY
By Frank V. Faulhaber

INTERVIEWER: I s'pose you movie-people have to be careful on the air, eh?

"Extra": That depends who you are. If an "extra" arrives three minutes late she'll find another in her place. A "leading lady," tho, can come three hours late and the director will be waiting for her.
New Simplified Method of Learning Drawing

Amazing shortcut method now teaches you illustration, cartooning, and designing in half usual time. You learn at home in spare time, yet your work receives the personal criticism of one of America's foremost Artists. No matter what your previous experience or education has been, this method qualifies you for the fascinating, high-salaried profession—Commercial Art.

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It's not because your Dad and had Head Nurses for over 30 years. My experienced Speech Ear Doctor return to your and stopped loud noises, and will do it for you. They are Free Manyplace. Cannot be any in more. Effective signs Deafness is caused by Carriers or by-Fractured. Partially or Wholly Destroyed Hearing. Easy to get Free, very
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I have perfected a portable electric battery and full equipment, whereby any person can learn in ten minutes how to use the electric needle with ease and success. Full directions with each battery. You cannot fail. Even if you do, you can do yourself no harm. No danger whatever. My method is simplicity itself. You can remove hair from any part of the body, and when you once destroy the roots, the hair can never grow again. Electricity is the only method known to science which

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Price complete, with full directions for use, $20.00, prepaid.

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Bound Brook - N. J.

Beauty Yours!
Secrets Centuries Old—Exposed!

Bring Magic-Like Results Quickly.

YOU CAN be beautiful, alluring, charming! Once I was homely! The portrait above is living proof of what I can do for you, too. If your features are fairly regular you can be as temptingly beautiful as the women you have envied! My Secrets of Beauty tell you how—secrets based on mysteries of the French Courts, toilet rites which kept the flaming French beauties young for many years longer than our modern women, mysteries which were hidden for centuries. These and many other beauty secrets prepared to give you a soft, velvety skin, flushed with the glow of youth, so you make you the center of admirers' adoration, to build your figure as Nature intended, are all exposed in my book: "Stepping Stones to Beauty;"

Also with this Free handsomely Illustrated book I send you Free complete information on my methods of How to Remove Wrinkles; Refine Coarse Pores; Banish Blackheads, Blemishes, Tan, Freckles and Oily Skin; Braids, Up-the-Face, Hands, Arms, Handsome SUPERBROWN HAIR! Group Beautiful, SANDY, Perfectly Permanent; Bleach, Fumey, FREE.

FREE—Book of Beauty Secrets Absolutely no obligation to you. Just clip this coupon, mail to me, and you'll get my book free. I don't want this golden chance to win rare Beauty! Investigation—It costs you nothing and I promise you'll never regret it all your days, dear lady. Personal reply at once.

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Room 405, Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago
Please send complete information; also your free book: Stepping Stones to Beauty.

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ACO STUDIES— the Art Edition De Luxe, by Albert Arthur Allen, are photographic creations of the nude, blending the purity and charm of youth amid luxuriant settings of nature.

Thirty-two full page, wonderfully clear, large sized reproductions, art paper and gold, portfolio book. 

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4153 Broadway, Oakland, Cal. U.S.A.

FREE STUDIES
How A New Kind of Clay Remade My Complexion in 30 Minutes

For reasons which every woman will understand, I have concealed my name and my identity. But I have asked the young woman whose pictures you see here to pose for me, so you can see exactly how the marvelous new discovery remakes one's complexion in one short half hour.

I COULD hardly believe my eyes. Just thirty minutes beforehand my complexion had become—how soft its texture, how exquisite its coloring. Why, the blemishes and impurities had been lifted right away. My skin was smooth, clear, and unblemished. What was this new kind of magic?

You see, I never really did have a pretty complexion. My skin is very sensitive. It always used to be so cross and rough that I hated to use powder. Sometimes pimples and eruptions would appear overnight—and as for blackheads, I never could get rid of them!

To be perfectly frank with you, I tried everything there was to try. I greeted each new thing with hope—but hope was soon abandoned, as my skin became only more harsh and colorless.

Finally I gave up everything in favor of massage. But suddenly I found that tiny wrinkles were beginning to show around the eyes and chin—and I assure you I gave up massage mighty quick.

Wasn't there anything that would clear my complexion, that would make it soft and smooth and firm? Wasn't there anything I could do—without wasting time and more money? It was a mystery! And I wasn't tempted more than once to give it up—especially when I saw that after all my efforts my skin was more dull and coarse than ever before.

To fact, on one very disappointing occasion I firmly resolved never to buy anything that would add water on my face again. But then something very wonderful happened—and, being a woman, I promptly changed my mind!

Why I Changed My Mind

Did you know that the outer layer of the skin, called the epidermis, is constantly dying and being replaced by new cells? I didn't—until I read a very remarkable announcement. That announcement made me change my mind. It explained, simply and surely, how blackheads, pimples and nearly all facial eruptions are caused when the dead skin scales and bits of dust clog the pores. Impurities form in the clogged pores—and the results are soon noticeable.

The announcement went on to explain how scientists had discovered a marvelously effective, which, in only one application, drew dust, dirt and other impurities and harmful accumulations to the surface. This Complexion Clay is only a half-hour, actually lifted away the blemishes and the impurities. And when it was removed, the skin beneath was found to be soft, smooth, clear and charming! Can you blame me for wanting to see this wonderful discovery on my own blemished complexion?

My Extraordinary Experience With Complexion Clay

I won't bore you with details. Suffice to say that I applied the Complexion Clay I had read about to my face one evening at nine o'clock and then fell soundly asleep. In the morning I was conscious of a cool, tingling sensation. In a few moments the clay on my face had dried into a fragment mask. And as it dried I actually felt—tingling, I could actually feel the million tiny pores being 'cleaned' of themselves of the impurities that had clogged them, giving up the bits of dust and the accumulations that had bored deeply beneath the surface. It was a feeling almost of physical relief; every inch of my face seemed lifted suddenly into new life and luster.

At nine-thirty I removed the Complexion Clay, back to my utter astonishment, found that I had a brand-new complexion! Hidden beauty had actually been realized! Every blackhead had vanished; the whole texture of the skin had been transformed into smooth, clear, delicately-colored beauty.

I shall never forget my extraordinary experience with Complexion Clay. It accomplished in a half-hour what other preparations had not accomplished in years. With gentle firmness it drew out every impurity from the clogged pores and revealed beneath a skin of exquisite texture and delicate coloring, I would have believed it possible, and it is because it did it for me, because I actually had this wonderful experience, that I consented to write this story for publication.

Domino House Made This Offer To Me

The formula from which the amazing Complexion Clay is made was discovered by the chemists of the Domino House. I have been asked to state here, at the end of my story, that the Domino House will send without any money in advance a $1.95 jar of Complexion Clay to any one who uses the special coupon at the bottom of the page. If I were to write my story for publication the Domino House agreed to accept only $1.59 for a $3.50 jar from my readers.

You, as my reader, should not miss this opportunity. I am sure that the marvelous Complexion Clay will do for you what it has done for me. It is guaranteed to do so, and a special deposit of $10,000 in the State Bank of Philadelphia backs this guarantee. Your money will be promptly refunded if you are not delighted with results and return what is left of Complexion Clay within 10 days.

Do not send any money with the coupon. Just pay the postage $1.85 (plus five cents postage) when the jar of Complexion Clay is sent to you, fresh, compounded, direct from the Domino House. The coupon is numbered with a special department, and the Domino House will know that you have read my story and are to receive a full-size $3.50 jar for only $1.85, according to their offer to me.

Don't delay—I'm glad I didn't. Mail this coupon today. Domino House, Dept. 256, 269 South 9th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

---


You may send me a $3.50 jar of Complexion Clay, sufficient for 3 months of beauty treatments. According to the special agreement, I will pay postman only $1.85 (plus postage). Although I am benefiting from this special reduced price, I am purchasing this first jar with the guaranteed privilege of returning it within 10 days and you save the return postage if I am not delighted with the results in every way. I am to be the sole judge.

Name................................................ Address......................................................

Clay.................................................. State....................................................

If you wish, you may send money with coupon.
America, man. Skin am have, mil
Insomnia no Impotency the a
iiiiiiiiiii two-page It's am I
Flat striking will real gorgeous Brooklyn, snappy husband the have the have result able. I father.

SHADOWLAND

Summer Stuff. Nazimova's art director and designer, Natasha Rambova, furnishes two pages of the gorgeous Barlowhies starts the scenes from the play of the same name, starring Guy Bates Post.

"Fascination" is Mae Murray's next picture, and we offer two pages of gorgeous scenes and costumes from it.

Erre Rich makes a happy page called "The June Shadowland.

Aside from being the most beautiful magazine in the world, SHADOWLAND is doing its best to be the most interesting. The unusual examples of striking art work and articles are presented in its pages, reproduced in full colors, tints and rotogravure. And there will also be a number of distinguished contributors.

Frank Harris will present a remarkable first-hand study of Lloyd George, one that will set everyone talking.

Benjamin de Casseres will discuss George Bernard Shaw in his incomparable way.

Rev. Prichard Eaton, Pitts Sanborn, Frederick James Smith, Louis Raymond Reid and other contributors, well known to SHADOWLAND readers, will be presented with unusual contributions.

The June number is particularly designed for the beginning of the summer season. Lighter and easier than ever in tone, SHADOWLAND is the ideal magazine for the hot months. Yet you will find something more than a magazine of gorgeous beauty.

SPECIAL PRICES

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A PERFECT NOSE FOR YOU

IF YOUR NOSE IS FLAT, SHAPED, YOU CAN MAKE IT PERFECT WITH ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER. IN A FEW WEEKS, IN THE PRIVACY OF YOUR OWN ROOM AND WITHOUT ANY PHYSICAL ADJUSTMENTS, YOU CAN REMOLD YOUR NOSE. IT IS A NEW NOSE! ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER IS A DISCOVERY IN COSMETIC SURGERY, A NEW WAY OF REMODELING YOUR NOSE WITHOUT THE LARGE, COSTLY AND DANGEROUS OPERATION. ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER IS THE WORK OF A RENOWNED SURGEON, ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER IS PATENTED, ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER IS A PERMANENT REMODELING OF YOUR NOSE, A PERMANENT NOSE SHAPE, A PERMANENT NOSE ALIBI.

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SHADOWLAND

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THE JUNE SHADOWLAND

SHADOWLAND

177 Duffield St. - Brooklyn, N. Y.
The American Beauty Contest

“Queen Rose of the Rosebud Garden of Girls”

Are you a beauty?
Consult your mirror. It will tell you.
Are you one of the many “flowers born to blush unseen and waste your sweetness on the desert air”? Consult this page. It will tell you.

Glorious News

The Brewster Publications: MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC, SHADOWLAND, and BEAUTY are going to conduct a great contest. It will not be a moving picture contest. We are not looking for a movie heroine, or a stage star, or an intellectual wonder, or a personality crank. We are looking for Beauty—and we are going to find her—the most beautiful woman in America!

Is It You?
Send us your picture, and our judges will tell you.
The most competent and comprehensive list of judges for a beauty contest that could be devised is now being selected. They represent every artistic enterprise, and are well known throughout the world. Their names and what they stand for will be announced later.

The Grand Prize!
To the woman who these illustrious judges shall decide is the most beautiful girl in America, will be given:

1. A trip to New York, properly chaperoned, and a chance to take in the pleasures which only that great city affords: the opera; the theaters; our wonderful library; the famous “East Side”; great museums; the celebrated Greenwich Village; all the luxurious and beautiful shops on the most luxurious and beautiful street in the world, Fifth Avenue; and so on.
2. A well-known American artist will paint her portrait.
3. A representative American sculptor will model her head.
4. These works of art will be exhibited in one of the leading art galleries in New York City and elsewhere.
5. She will have her picture on the cover of BEAUTY magazine.
6. There will be a second prize and a third prize, and possibly more. These will be announced later.

In view of the fact that the American Beauty may be found in New York City, or its immediate vicinity, the prize in her case will be $1,000, instead of the visit to New York. Just think of that—

One Thousand Dollars! ($1,000)
This is an unprecedented offer. Do not fail to take advantage of it. Send us your photograph. That is all that is required of you. Think what you may win—just because you happened to be born beautiful. Scrupulous care will be taken of every picture received. ALL of them will be examined by the contest judges.

THE RULES
1. No photographs will be returned.
2. No exceptions will be made to this rule.
3. Winners will be notified.
4. Snapshots, strip pictures, or colored photographs will not be considered. Outside of these, any kind of picture will be accepted; full length or bust, full face or profile, sepia or black. You may submit as many photographs as you wish.
5. Mathematicians, artists, friends and admirers may enter pictures of their favorites. Credit will be given photographers whenever possible.
6. Do not ask the contest manager to discuss your chances. He has nothing to do with that end of it.
7. Do not write letters. The close of the contest will be announced in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC, SHADOWLAND and at least three months in advance.
8. There will be a contest every month in all four magazines, with all necessary news and information.
9. The most beautiful pictures received each month throughout the operation of the contest, will be published in a monthly Honor Roll in all four magazines. These girls will be notified when, and in which magazine their picture will appear. This does not mean that they have necessarily qualified for the final award, nor that those whose pictures are not published have failed. The winner will not be decided upon until the end of the contest.
10. Such a coupon as the one below, properly filled out, must be PASTED on the BACK of every photograph submitted.
11. Be sure to put sufficient postage on your photograph. The contest is open to any girl or woman six years or older, professional or non-professional, in America. That means the whole continent!

The ENTRANCE COUPON
This is a portrait of:

Name
Address
Age......... Weight.......... Height.........
Color of Eyes........ Hair........ Complexion........

It is submitted to the American Beauty Contest, subject to the rules thereof, by:

Name
Address
Occupation (optional)

123 PAGE
MARY GARDEN

Has Written an Exclusive Article for

Beauty

Magazine

"The woman of character, strength of mind and the will and courage to mold her destiny has the kind of beauty that appeals to me," says this well-known prima donna and impresario who is a famous beauty herself. Her article in the June issue will appeal to every woman.

Other interesting features in the June number are:

THE SCALP AND ITS CARE, a particularly timely article on an important subject by Walter A. Loops, M.D.

The first installment of Montanye Perry's latest serial called VIOLETS AND SPICE, begins in this issue.

YOU CAN BE BEAUTIFUL, is the interesting title of an article by Bebe Daniels, the well-known moving picture star.

A new feature, which will be appreciated by our women readers will be the Fashion Articles with illustrations in color entitled FEMININE FADS, FANCIES AND FRILLS, by Harriet Hunt.

There will also be the usual special departments and many short, profitable articles written especially for the woman who wishes to be beautiful.

Beauty for June

On sale on all news-stands on and after May 6th—Price 25 cents
Nothing So Beautiful

As a wealth of well-groomed hair

Nothing so beautiful and nothing more easily attained—if you know how. Satiny, silky, glossy hair is the reward of intelligent care. Follow the suggestions we give you here and prove it.

Begin by learning how to shampoo, for this is all-important. The first step is a bottle of Palmolive Shampoo, the blend of palm and olive oils. Use as directed and watch results.

First is the wonderful softness you have never before experienced after washing. There is none of the usual harsh dryness and flyaway brittleness.

Your hair is wonderfully silky in texture, with a beautiful satiny gloss. Most important, your scalp is healthfully cleansed from every trace of scurf and dandruff. Ordinary shampooing doesn’t get these results. They come from the action of palm and olive oils, the softening, soothing cleansers discovered 3,000 years ago in ancient Egypt.

Olive oil for gloss—palm oil for richness

Olive oil possesses softening qualities which neutralize the drying effects of washing. Palm oil contributes body, richness and lasting qualities.

In combination they produce a thick, mild, profuse, penetrating lather which softens the scalp and reaches every root and hair cell.

This lather loosens the dandruff’s scales, dissolves them, leaving the scalp and hair free to function healthfully.

The greatest benefit

This thorough removal of dandruff, which doctors call seborrhea, is most necessary, as even the accumulation on healthy scalps injures the hair.

The dry, oily scales clog the roots of the hair, preventing proper nutrition. Soon the hair begins to fall out. The blend of palm and olive oils you get in Palmolive softens and penetrates the scales, loosening the cap-like accumulation.

Gentle massage forces it into the tissue of the scalp, leaving it healthfully purged and clean. Hair shampooed with Palmolive is never dry, harsh and brittle. The blending of these soothing oils leaves it soft, glossy and silky.

Trial bottle free

We will gladly send you a 15-cent trial bottle of Palmolive Shampoo, free, if you will write a postal card request. Just say “Send me the free trial bottle of Palmolive Shampoo” and sign your name and address. It will come to you by return mail, accompanied by a valuable book of directions for simple home treatments which beautify your hair and help it grow. Address Dept. B-67.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
Milwaukee, U. S. A.

PALMOLIVE
SHAMPOO
The Blend of Palm and Olive Oils
FRAGRANT — always! But Cashmere Bouquet Soap has something more, which is peculiarly its own—a perfume that inevitably suggests the romance of a flower-scented past.
The Latest in Perfumery

Petites

TAKE one to the theater or dance, empty it and throw the tiny bottle away (or save it and refill it). The finest perfume in the world, when placed on a handkerchief or gown, lasts only a few minutes after it has dried. Only moisture or heat can bring out the aroma again. Hence, the perfume milady applies in her boudoir is usually lost by the time she arrives at her destination—the place it was intended for. Petites overcome this waste. They take up no room, are easily opened, and you can always have the dainty, delicate, bewitching aroma clinging and lingering about your presence. Ten Petites, filled with the most delicious perfume, accompany every two-ounce cut-glass bottle, together with a filler, all neatly packed in a beautiful box. The perfume is

Corliss Palmer

named after its inventor, who is known as the Most Beautiful Girl in America. It is her first choice of 100 accepted formulas. It is distinctive, subtle, illusive, charming. Its enchanting fragrance is exceedingly lasting, and you can often detect it on your handkerchief after it has been laundered. To introduce it to the American market, the price is at present only $6.00 a box, complete.

Jeanne Jacques
(Sole Distributor)
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
What does the summer sun do to your complexion?

Vacation days in the open—burning sun on the water, hot, dusty breezes on shore. Can you swim, can you motor, can you take long hikes without fear of a reddened, coarsened skin?

You can protect your skin from sunburn and freckles—you can guard your complexion from the coarsening effects of sun, dust and wind if you adopt the regular use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Not only does Ingram's Milkweed Cream protect the skin—it preserves the complexion, for Ingram's Milkweed Cream has an exclusive therapeutic property that actually "tones up"—revitalizes—the clogged, sluggish tissues of the skin.

Begin the use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream today. You will find that it will soon soothe away redness and roughness, banish slight imperfections—that its regular use will protect your skin from the ravages of hot sun and dusty wind, will keep your complexion as soft and clear as you always would like to have it.

Suggestions for promoting skin health

For the most effective way in which to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream read Health Hints, the little booklet packed with every jar. It has been prepared by specialists to insure that you get from Ingram's Milkweed Cream the fullest possible benefit.

Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream in the fifty-cent or the one-dollar size. Begin at once its regular use—you will be delighted with the results.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

Frederick F. Ingram Company

Established 1885

21 Tenth Street

Detroit, Michigan

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Australian residents address T. W. Cotton Pty., Ltd., 343 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

New Zealand residents address Harr, Pennington, Ltd., 33 Gluza Street, Wellington.

Cuban residents address Espino & Co., Zulia 361A, Havana.

Powdered by Constance Talmadge in “Two Weeks," a First National motion picture. Miss Talmadge is one of many attractive women of the screen house and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream for promoting beauty of complexion.

Ingram's Rouge

Just to show a proper glow, use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately emphasizing the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Subtly perfumed. Solid cake. Three perfect shades—Light, Medium and Dark—50c.

Send a dime for Ingram's Beauty Purse—an attractive, new souvenir packet of the exquisite Ingram Toilet-Aids. Mail the coupon below with a silver dime and receive this dainty Beauty Purse for your hand bag.

Frederick F. Ingram Co., 21 Tenth St., Detroit, Michigan.

Gentlemen:——Enclosed please find one dime, in return for which please send me Ingram’s Beauty Purse containing an eiderdown powder pad, sample packets of Ingram’s Velvola Souveraine Face Powder, Ingram’s Rouge, and Zodenta Tooth Powder, a sample tin of Ingram’s Milkweed Cream, and, for the gentlemen of the house, a sample tin of Ingram’s Therapeutic Shaving Cream.

Name.

Street.

City.

State.
"You are no longer a brother of mine.  
You're a criminal and—I am the Law."

C. C. Burr presents  
Edwin Carewe's Production  

I am the LAW!  

A Photoplay by Raymond L. Schrock  
Adapted from "The Poetic Justice of Uko-San" by James Oliver Curwood  
Author of "The River's End"

Alice Lake  Kenneth Harlan  Gaston Glass  Rosemary Theby  Noah Beery  Wallace Beery

THE GREATEST GALAXY OF STARS EVER ASSEMBLED FOR ONE PICTURE
Established December, 1910. "We lead, others follow," and it was ever so

Motion Picture Magazine
(Trade-mark Registered)
Founded by J. Stuart Blackton

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DEAR EDITOR: MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE:

I've spent years wondering—

Why someone with pull
And money and brains
Doesn't root into the
Small-town exhibitors
Who run in advertisements
For one whole hour
Before the suffering public
Can see what they came to see.
Last night I sat for ages
(Being in truth from seven
Until nine o'clock)
Waiting for Douglas Fairbanks
In the "Three Musketeers."
We kicked ads,
And Dodge ads;
And Ford ads;
And we had clothing ads,
And aviation ads;
And furniture ads.—
It's a crime.
And then the music!!!

They ought to bird the exhibitors
To play appropriate music,
Or none at all.
To play a fox-trot,
While the house is ringing,
Or Massine's "Elegie"
When they are throwing pies,
Is everyday stuff
In the town.
We are waiting anxiously
For Nazimova's "Camille."
I know the orchestra
Will compare their heads off,
Endearing, as usual,
To make it realistic.

This is a Cry for Help—
Not meant to be
Blank verse—or worse,
A parody
On K. C. B.
JOY O'HARA.

SHADOWS ON THE SCREEN
By RICHARD KLEINER

I think this mortal life of ours,
And daily stress and strife of ours,
These passions that we feel,
Are like the changeful flickerings
That heightened both so longs,
Of some too fleeting red.

We play our parts from day to day,
And all that's sad or gay today,
Tomorrow may reverse;
The plot is wholly strange to us
With what it brings of change to us,
For better or for worse.

And all our days of levity,
Or longing, have the brevity
Of soap-bubbles on the screen;
We can but take the zest of them,
The sorrow and the jest of them,
Nor question what they mean!

But he, whose finger wrote it all,
We think must surely note it all,
And understand as well;
He is a master of round sheaves;
Or happily, as comedians—
But why, He will not tell!

And life, so frail and fluttering,
Despite each fall and stuttering,
A nobler plan fulfills;
Still unsymmetric and dutiful,
It serves the good and beautiful,
As op Director wills!

CAROLYN'S CAREER
By Gwendolyn Cumnor

Little Carolyn picked on the movies
When she thought she must have a career.
She had studied always to do nothing,
And had outgrown her home's narrow sphere.

She decided to make it a business,
In self-discipline she was severe.
First, she beaded her shy, drooping lashes,
And so made her eyes stary and queer.

Then she shaped her red lips in a rosebud
To which kisses, like bees, must adhere;
And she gurgled and goggled and pouted
Till men all felt they must intercede.

Then she touched with peroxide and henna
The hair which she thought much too drear,
And in small, fretted waves like the ocean
Fluffed it out over each shell-like ear.

And she studied the ways of the corset
Until they were perfectly clear,
And she molded the lines of her figure
Till no nymph could more sylph-like appear.

Next she wore her head out a derb—
In sartorial matters sincere,
She spent much for oh! so ever little!
And that little was ever so sheer.

Then publicity had to be courted.
She vomited with a mad mountaineer,
Then persuaded his mad wife to shoot him,
And brought all the reporters to bear.

Next she "papered" her boudoir with mirrors.
Where she registered horror and fear,
Here she practiced her walking and dancing,
Learned to sipper and snivel and sneer.

At last Carolyn set forth to conquer
All the world at a million a year.
But a much bored and busy director
Turned her down even in spite of a tear.

Then 'twas Reginald Alggy DePeyster,
The bright star of the screen hemisphere,
Saw the poor little Carolyn weeping,
So he just went and married the dear.
And the wise maiden scarcely protested
Tho by wedding she lost her career.

AT THE DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS STUDIO—
"THE THREE MUSKETEERS"

By Lesley Bates

I see it all, as in a trance:
A gallant's world, a fairer day,
The Guards, with Rear-de-lits of France.
A troubadour's sweet roundelay.

King Louis's Court, gay Paris streets;
The River Seine, the warm, lit, ins,
The night-watch tramping lonely beats;
The masts of ships, like silver pins.

Far overhead, an ancient moon
Rides thru this twentieth century sky.
But let's not think of that too soon—
Perhaps D'Artagnan will pass by!
A PICTURE—
By Arthur Anderson

I have a little picture that I wish to paint for you. It will take but a very short time. There is motion in this picture—there is also a delicate odor of the smoke of perfumed cigarettes. I cannot, you see, use a brush—I must use a pen; I cannot build with colors—I must build with words.

A large, well-furnished drawing-room, in the evening; an orchard, finished furniture—

heavy, made of dark wood. Soft yellow light reflected from a dull gold ceiling. A rich, handsome fireplace. Clean, languid, flames that flick the air lazily.

A correctly dressed young man, with firm-set features and unsmiling eyes, is seated in a commodious davenport before the fireplace. He is smoking the perfumed cigarette slowly, and his eyes are staring dreamily at the fire. Let him dream—in these luxuriant surroundings—for a while.

—His cigarette is smoked thru. He rings for another.

The maid is beautiful. Her coiffure is rich, and almost black. She comes in with an air of eager expectation—oddly mixed with a desire to be prim and neat. Her eyes are very dark, almost brown; and her skin is a living, health-tinted whiteness. Her form is soft—and rounded; and she walks with the quiet grace of beautiful girls whose bodies are unembarrassed by stiff contrivances.

She stands before him, leans forward intently, and puts the cigarette between his lips; seemingly forgetful of the low-cut V at her throat. The lighted match trembles in her fingers. He holds her hand—

steady.

About her throat is the fragrance of flowers. Her eyes are closed, it would seem, on hers, and the end of the cigarette burns a fiery red.

Then the director puts aside his megaphone, the photographer ceases grinning, and the huge blue lights are turned off. It is three A.M. and everybody has been on the job since eight-thirty A. M. of the day before. The last scene has been worked over for the last five hours, and when the picture is completed, a thousand girls all over the country will resolve to run away to Hollywood to get a soft job as a screen star.

By Clarence E. Flynn

The lights go low, the organ swells, And pours its rhythm everywhere— Now thunder, now the ring of bells, Sounding at twilight o'er the dells, Now but a whisper in the air.

The whisper and the thunder loud Are both reflected on the crowd.

The pictures come, and pass away, As more depart or evening stills. Ambition—light its fervent ray. The wrong and right have each their day.

Love you, love you with all the hills. Life's long procession there appears, And hurries onward thru the years.

The music dies. The crowds depart, Each goes his way, pursues his aim; But something in the thing of art Has left a mark upon his heart.

Somehow the world is not the same.

The music and the scenes so fair Have left their after-imagery there.
The Stars and Directors of America's Finest PARAMOUNT

STARS who have armies of admirers!
Director whose reputations are built on scores of successes!

These are the famed bearers of Paramount's great banner, each a great artist, each dedicated to better pictures!

Some have played in Paramount Pictures or directed Paramount Pictures, throughout their brilliant careers.

Some have been attracted to Paramount by the lure of a world-wide audience.

The greatest screen artists naturally seek the greatest field for their genius—the plots of the most famous authors, the unique equipment of the biggest organization.

Like a precious stone their genius requires a setting. Paramount sets it. In fifteen thousand theatres daily it shines. It scintillates to the whole civilized world.

See it at your own theatre.

Tell your manager you want Paramount Pictures. He is booking next season's programs now.
Entertainment
PICTURES

Pictures
it's the best show in town
Your skin can be improved by one of these famous treatments

Skins differ widely—are you using the right treatment for your special type of skin?

No matter what the condition of your skin—you can improve it by using the right Woodbury treatment for its needs.

Skins differ widely—and the treatment that is right for one type of skin may fail to benefit another. If your skin is pale and sallow it needs a different treatment from a skin that is supersensitive.

You will find the right treatment for each different type of skin in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today—begin your treatment tonight. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect on the skin make it ideal for general use. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.

Send today for a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
The treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch"


IF your skin is sensitive and easily irritated, give it the special care described on page 6 of the booklet of special treatments wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

IF your skin is inclined to be too oily, use the special Woodbury treatment given on page 5 of the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."
WINIFRED WESTOVER

At present Winifred finds domesticity occupying her days. She is presiding over the Hart home and stitching tiny garments. But, in the not distant future, she will again take up her screen work, playing opposite her husband. Nor is she a member of the Lucy Stone League, which sponsors the maintenance of maiden names, even after marriage. Winifred will be known as Winifred Hart
RICHARD BARTHELMESS

Richard Barthelmess is one of the most promising of the younger order of stars. Building his career upon worthy and artistic screen portraits, he has come into his own. His next production will be "The Bond Boy," the George Washington Ogden story.
Pauline Frederick will return to the stage, appearing for the first time in England. She has signed a contract with A. H. Woods for a term of five years. However, it is not unlikely that she will do pictures intermittently during that time.
Photograph by Charlotte Fairchild

ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN

Elaine is the daughter of a long line of theatrical folk. However, to Elaine her screen work means first of all a pleasant way of earning her living. Always she has been with the Selznick Company. And she is now in California at work on her forthcoming production.
Perhaps the finest of Monte Blue's portrayals is his valiant and fiery Danton in Griffith's "Orphans of the Storm." At present he is under contract with Pyramid Pictures and is playing in "My Old Kentucky Home"
MARTHA MANSFIELD

"The Queen of Moulin Rouge" will find Martha Mansfield as one of the featured players of the cast. Martha has been free-lancing during the last few months, accepting an engagement here—an engagement there, when the rôle pleased her fancy.
For years Antonio Moreno has been seen under the Vitagraph banner. Now all is changed. The handsome Tony decided to take advantage of their breach of contract and moved his make-up box to the Goldwyn lot where he is playing opposite Colleen Moore in the Rupert Hughes story, "The Bitterness of Sweets"
We Interview "The Boy"

Harold Lloyd is .................."THE BOY"
We are ...Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher
The Time is, fortunately ............Luncheon Time
The Place ......................Doesn't Matter

Scene I.—An anteroom, furnished in rose and gold, with ferns. The interviewers mentioned above are waiting with Joseph Reddy, the publicity factotum of Pathé, which is the fortunate company of Harold Lloyd. They are, all of them, awaiting the Lloydian arrival. He is doing quite the proper thing. He is telling the interviewers what an exemplary, regular like-onto-no-other-film-idol-ever-born is the fifteen-minutes-late Mr. Lloyd. They nod at irregular intervals, and act in the manner of those who have heard this before. Every time anyone passes, wearing horn-rim spectacles, they look up eagerly and expectantly.

G. H.: I hope he's funny. I practically arose from my death-bed today in order to be here. (Gloomily.) If he gets a laugh from me he's good.

"As a matter of fact," said Harold Lloyd, "a comedian is seldom a comedian off the set, so to speak. Comedy is a serious business, you know, and it takes us most of our time watching the other fellow being funny." At the top of the page, an informal picture on the lawn of his home. Just above, a new camera study, and at the left, the Lloyd Hollywood home.
A. W. F. (sweetly): It would be charming of you to admit Harold Lloyd's comedic ability. He needs recommendation! There is no company that is not striving to get his name to a contract. He is being offered small fortunes, here, there and everywhere. Still—

Mr. Reddy (anxiously): You know, ladies, he doesn't act like "The Boy" in hotel dining-rooms. I hope you're not expecting him to. He's awfully nice as I say but don't expect him to pull any stunts. And he doesn't wear the glasses. But he's awfully nice, as I've told—

G. H. and A. W. F. (in unison): He doesn't wear glasses!

(A tall youth with kind brown eyes approaches. The Interviewers ignore him. They are here to meet the Great. The youth smiles broadly as Mr. Reddy steps forward. G. H. and A. W. F. now hastily endeavor to convey to one another by expressive glances that

"Of course, I don't believe in artistic temperament," Harold Lloyd told us. "It's credited to stars, too; the very people who have the least claim to it. It's the chap on the way up—the fellow who is struggling, with the outcome still uncertain, who has the right to hit the sky if he wants to." At the left, a portrait study, and below, a scene from "Grandma's Boy"

they know him immediately. The introductions are effected and the quartet turn in the direction of the dining-room. G. H. is always several paces in advance.)

Scene II.—The dining-room. Harold Lloyd's party is seated at one of the centrally located tables. All study the menu. G. H. gives it all her attention, and halts indecisively between mushrooms and alligator pears. It should be remembered that she has arisen from a sick-bed.

Harold Lloyd (with a pleasant solicitude): I had a late breakfast, having seen another midnight show, so I'm going to confine my choice to orange ice and petites fours. However, please order whatever you wish—How about some chicken—or let me see—would you rather—

A. W. F. (with her efficient promptitude—on such matters): I'll have those sausages, Gastronne.

G. H. (obviously to H. L.): Evidently Miss Fletcher has not yet breakfasted—

(Eventually the orders are given and served. One by one the waiters place covered dishes before G. H.)

A. W. F. (also obviously to H. L.): Miss Hall has been—er—ill. (Continued on page 92)
HEREUPON do I give vent to the first thrill I have registered since the canned drama emerged from its w. k. infancy!

I am used to interviewing leading lights of ye cinema who pave the way for my literary outbursts, as it were, by an adornment of the body with all the crown jewels at their command. Who make utterance of their fine feelings toward art and the motion pictures. Who pose and strut and all that. Who forget to be themselves until—usually toward the end of my conversation with them—we strike some sympathetic chord like how-awful-Prohibition-is, or the justly celebrated hard-times-in-the-flicker-colony, or like topic of melancholy confab. Whereupon we most frequently mingle our tears, part friends, and go our respective ways—I to write a lofty effusion about the interviewed one's glory on the silverscreen.

This is, I admit, a confession. But I am forced to accept the sackcloth-and-ashes penance because I have encountered a slip of a girl whose personality combines the traits of Peter Pan, Theda Bara, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, Carrie Jacobs Bond, Elinor Glyn and Judy O'Grady. Not that Marguerite de la Motte is all of these venerable ladies rolled into one. Not at all! But Miss de la Motte is different from any of the grand dames of the cinema caravansary—so different that she's like a church organ in a jazz band, an Easter lily in a cabbage patch.

This interview was done to candlelight. Marguerite is very much like one of those dainty paschals that we sometimes see on the church altar. She has that same pale exterior, that same bright, flickering flame, that same expressiveness of a soul within. She is neither actressy nor starrish. She does not pose or strut. She admits that she doesn't quite know what Life is all about; long ago she stopped wondering.

She had lighted all the candles in her apartment because she said she felt introspective. Two candles in tall sticks light the music-rack of her baby-grand piano. There are mural candles shedding their mellow radiance throughout another corner of the room where a Buddha squats.

Candlelight

All photographs by Edwin Bower Hesser

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She had lighted all the candles in her apartment because she said she felt introspective. Two candles in tall sticks light the music-rack of her baby-grand piano. There are mural candles shedding their mellow radiance throughout another corner of the room where a Buddha squats.
By

TRUMAN B. HANDY

serenely on a colonial console against the wall. A dozen more tallow wicks blink alternately — peacefully — in a Roman candelabrum on the mantelpiece.

There are a harp and a low-built escritoire; a t. b. m. davenport resplendent with various fancy pillows; a bookcase containing real books of the oft-read variety; a couple of standing lamps. The whole atmosphere is one of repose.

It has been said that you can tell a person's character by his house furnishings. If so, Miss de la Motte is a conventionalist with a dash of ultraism.

This isn't an interview. It started out to be one, but it jelled into an impression. A genial publicity purveyor piloted me to the De la Motte domicile. As press agents generally do, he told me of the various side-lines to his client's career. I must hear her own piano composition, he said. Inwardly I groaned; I have before been an ear witness to other people's original piano compositions. I must also see Miss de la Motte dance. Likewise I would be invited to view her artistic prowess as evidenced by several of her paintings. In other words, I was being given the keys to the interview city.

But, shortly after our arrival, I was made aware that all is not fibbing that is publicity. Miss de la Motte has composed a piano work, which she calls "Shattered Idols." It is a delicate, well-constructed piece, redolent with the mystery of Burma. She played it for us simply, unaffectedly. She radiated smiles when we told her we really liked it. The piece will be published — and Marguerite de la Motte will gain new laurels.

"I have always," she said, "wanted to compose something for the piano. I was wakeful the other night. A strange melody kept running thru my head. Regardless of the neighbors, I sat down at the piano — and I finally got 'Shattered Idols.'"

"When I was a child I was put in a ballet school and taught to dance on my toes. I thought that some day I would be able to go on the stage. I had visions of tarlatans and Pierrots and ballet girls. Then one day I was walking past the Lasky studio with a friend. Douglas Fairbanks stood on the curb talking to some men. My friend knew Mr. Fairbanks and asked me if I wanted to meet him.

"I happened to be dancing at a Los Angeles theater that week. My career, I felt assured, had commenced. Besides, I didn't care particularly for pictures—but I did like Doug. What girl doesn't?

"As soon as I found myself actually introduced to him, I began to feel flustered. Evidently he got the impression I was just another girl coming to him for work in his picture, for he promptly said to me, after he had looked me over.

"'I regret that I can't give you the lead, which Miss Daw is going to play. But, if you will come to the studio tomorrow, I think I can arrange for you to have the second lead.'"

"I was thunderstruck! Flabbergasted! To the studio I went the next day and had tests made. My hair was (Continued on page 90)
The Talmadges Two

A New and Charming Camera Study of Constance and Norma Talmadge by Abbe
Mum's the Word

By

ROBERT DREW

"PSSST! There'll be something I want to tell you—over here in the corner."

That's Tom Moore, sprung from the sod of auld Erin. Oh, he can blarney, no question, but he'd rather do it *sub rosa*, just betwixt the two of us, shure, and no printed page interfering. Why? Echo answers, "Only he can tell." The sum of it is: interviews are pestiferous, in spite of the bright byhes who write them.

He'd just come back from Truckee, Tom Moore—a resort way up in the mountains of northern California, with the snow to your waist and the feet freezing off you at night, and the pamphlets telling how Donner's party way back in 'Forty-five got lost in the storm and all, and how the cattle wandering off left them to starve till they ate each other. A great life surely, this picture making.

But Tom was making "Over the Border" with Betty Compson, which makes the freezing more pleasant. "Over the Border" is a Penrhyn Stanlaws production; Penrhyn two years ago was painting Phoebe White upon the Road of Anthracite for the Rapid Transit ads. The Lasky octopus surely is making a bid for the subway trade.

If I had a million dollars and a fine home and lots of grand furniture, and a butler making a fine show at the door, maybe I'd like publicity," Tom Moore said, "but I haven't and I don't."

Above, a new portrait, and the left, with Betty Compson in "Over the Border".

"If I had a million dollars and a fine home and lots of grand furniture, and a butler making a fine show at the door, maybe I'd like publicity," Tom Moore said, "but I haven't and I don't."

Above, a new portrait, and the left, with Betty Compson in "Over the Border".

Photograph by Evans, L. A.
Tom Moore said, "I have never attempted to produce on my own. For myself, I have no plans. I shall tie up immediately with no one concern. I personally would prefer to remain free. There is a lot in being able to come and go as you wish."

"If I had a million dollars and a fine home and lots of grand furniture, and the butler making a fine show at the door, maybe I'd like it," he said. "But I haven't and—I don't."

Tom Moore and his bride of a year made of the trip to Truckee a sort of second honeymoon. Little Renee Adoree she was a year ago, pretty, vivacious and smart. Little Renee Moore she is today, still pretty, still vivacious, still smart.

"All the bhyes ran over to Reno," said Tom. "It was only a few miles away, and the widows there by the thousands. But I, on account of my wife, d'y see, didn't get over."

Between Reno and Renee, Renee won out. Having seen Renee, we are not surprised. "Last year it was Hawaii, Honolulu, the hiss of the waves on the warm beach at Waikiki. This year the deep snows of Truckee. They live now out in Beverly Hills, in the big hotel where Gloria Swanson passed the brief span of her married life.

Tom balked at any outspoken declaration, especially about Renee. "I believe," he said, "that a man has a right to a personal and private life."

Of the moot question, can two artists live happily together, he would only say: "You can see how often Renee has worked since we were married—only once. 'Twill be better surely to judge for yourself, with so many cases of unhappiness before your eyes, where husband and wife have both tried to work."

It will be recalled that Madame Moore, as Renee Adoree, had before her marriage been tripping lightly along on the road to fame as a dancer and cinematiste, when Tom Moore, beholding her at a party given by Ruby de Remer in New York on a New Year's Eve, shouted, "You for me, kid!" or something more dignifiedly to the same effect. Renee sweetly echoed it and a few weeks later they were one. It's hard not to grin a little at the news that Renee's one lapse into pictures since her marriage was during Tom Moore's absence in New York. Renee apparently has some of the so dear France still in her.

"Over the Border," is Tom Moore's first picture since he left the Goldwyn lot, several months ago, where he was the last star to survive the sepulchral fumes of Sammy's beautiful studio—beautiful and tomb-like.

Speaking generally, with malice toward none, Tom Moore explained his views on the production of pictures. It hangs largely, he thinks, upon the selection of the story, and, where there is a star, upon the fitness of the story for the star and the star for the story. He pleads,

(Continued on page 90)
Eric von Stroheim
Sketched by Cerline Boll from a photograph by Freulich
Enid Bennett is about to return to the screen as leading lady for Douglas Fairbanks in his version of Robin Hood, titled now "The Spirit of Chivalry." It is to be her first appearance in motion pictures in other than a stellar rôle. It is in keeping with the times.
Anzac Enid

By
KENNETH CURLY

If you have never lunched in the company of two young ladies from Australia—you have never lunched.

Actually, tho before I would have as soon accredited the resurrection of the pterodactyl, I cultivated in that one hour at table an appalling passion for spiced figs. It can be laid directly to the nepenthic charm of those fair Anzacs, Enid Bennett and her sister Katherine. Complete distraction is the only thing that could have done it. I sat between them one afternoon in the Los Angeles Athletic Club, in the low-ceiled, brick-lined room where they make a specialty of fodder for the fair.

There were little oh's and ah's and Good Lords! and Do Have Some More's—all delivered in that different delightful depth of the Anzac patois.

To complete the picture we should have had marmalade and toast, which we should have consumed in perfect quantities. Why is it that Anglo-Antipodians always consume things? And in perfect quantities? It is one of the fascinating mysteries.

Reserving sister Katherine for my own intoxication, I would point out that in Enid Bennett there is a resurgent freshness, a blossoming and a fulfilment, a clarity of mind and heart that surely one must adore.

I recall a little anecdote, told to me, about Enid and her husband, Fred Niblo, the man who directed "The Three Musketeers." The incident was staged on the Lasky lot. Some immaterial male had been chatting with Enid when Fred Niblo came up to them.

"Fred," said the Immortal Male, "I'm going to steal your wife."

Fred slipped a protective arm about her, smiling quizzically down.

"Aw," he said, "don't do that. She's the only one I've got."

Enid beamed.

She is astonishingly little. I had not realized it at a former meeting. The sweet dignity of her chin, I suppose, deceived me. Or perhaps (Continued on page 99)
Flappers and the Films

Stellar careers must, forsooth, force growths—
There are scores of girls enjoying stardom in the films
who are as young or younger than the little flappers who
make your neighborhood gay.
Their work has taught them many things, bringing with
it a sophistication and understanding that usually comes
with fuller years. It has brought them weekly checks of
three and four figures.
Young girls and boys in the cinema world are legion—
Flappers in the cinema world are rare—
Illustrations by
Donald Couper

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

Photograph by W. F. Seely

Above, Marie Prevost. At the left, Betty Compson. Below, Gladys Walton. Three others who might have been among the flappers of their home towns if stardom hadn't claimed them.

Photograph by Freulich

Flop, flap, flap! The finale-hoppers come marching—
A new vogue has swept across the country!
Bobbed hair, low heels, pheasant quills, tweed suits and coats, rainbow hats and drop earrings are in order—
There is a new language, too—flapper slang. It possesses menagerial tendencies. For instance: "The cat's—the dog's nightshirt and the cat's whiskers."
Verily, it is the day of the flapper.
Bull spoke seriously for a moment of his new honor and how it felt: "It mean nothing to get swell head about. Peepul they start to call me Meester Montana. I smash them hard. I Bool Montan before, I Bull Montan now. Tha's all. No beeg chest, lika dat. More money; tha's all. Then I go to Italee for a long visit." Above, a camera study, and below, a playful moment on the studio lot.

Beauty and the Bool

A STAR in his own right, that's him—Bool Montana from sunny Italee. And by public demand.

Bool Montana, handsome idol of the mat and screen, hero or heavy of a hundred battles, boasting ears to shame the festive cauliflower and a jaw stupendously prognathous, is to shine henceforth in three-reel comedies, his first to be entitled "A Lady's Man."

Rex Ingram, film director, must have had the Bool in mind when he recently threw the American business man on his haunches by the announcement that as a lover he, the business man, made a fine doormat. "It is the heyday of the Latin lover," proclaimed Rex Ingram. "The bright young business man is obsolete."

I put the question to Bull. He hitched up his pants—Bool's stardom hasn't gone to his head. Pants is pants with him, and always will be—and smiled teethfully: "The wimmin, they call me 'Swe-e-e-et Poppa!" Meaning apparently that the Bull agrees.

That Bull is a personality and hence fully entitled to his new twinkie is proved by the fact that he is the only man in Los Angeles or Hollywood who can run down a cop and get away with it. It happened shortly after the purchase of a new car, a Cadillac; Bull has nothing but the best. Anyway, he was driving along Broadway one evening during the rush hour, wending his way thru traffic with all the pleasant abandon of his traditional namesake in a china shop. The automatic signal flashed to a Stop—but the Bool, he kept on going. An outraged cop, bellowing mightily, raised his

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hand—then turned and fled ignominiously, his choicest oath unuttered, and the Bool hard on his trail. Bull, not intending murder, tried his emergency brake, but that failing him, he resorted, with his usual eye to the dramatic, to a lamp post. It worked.

Bull himself told me all this, one afternoon when I had gone out to the Hollywood Studios to see him in his new quarters. He sat astride a mahogany chair, his mighty chest heaving with the emotion of his tale, while Spike Robinson, his pard these many moons, sat hard by, ready with a towel and an ammonia bottle.

"The cop, he not know me. Swear joos' lika hell. I scowl. 'I am the Bool Montan!' I say. 'You no arrest.' But the cop, he no know Bool Montan. He say so. He say it loud. 'Faker,' he say."

"That's what you handsome screen idols have to pay for your popularity," I murmured. "Someone's always trying to look like you."

"Yas," said Bull fiercely, "But no chance. I smack heem wid dissa feest, so." He doubled a Gargantuan ham. "But another cop, he come. He know me. 'Disa guy all right,' he say. 'Disa Bool Montan. So——' the Bull spread out his hands delightedly, 'I no pay!'"

Bull Montana, since Doug Fairbanks discovered and brought him to the fore, has enjoyed a remarkable share of public favor and attention. A throwback in his appearance to such an extent that he was able with little trouble to play the part of the missing link in Marshall Neilan's "Go and Get It," he yet carries in his big wrestler's heart a loyalty and a rugged honesty that I think would be difficult to find in many of our more gentle seeming stars. His long friendship with Spike Robinson, his side-kick, speaks worlds. Spike, too, has all kinds of dramatic ability. He says so himself; but Bull doesn't mind. No professional jealousy in Bull. And his careful remittances to the old folks in Italy prove that a rough map doesn't always mean a tough man. In

(Continued on page 91)
The Glorious Adventure

By SUSAN ELIZABETH BRADY

“Ah, marry and forsooth,” said the fat secretary warning to his subject, “the loveliest woman in your Majesty’s kingdom! Of a youth and sweetness, and beauty like wine! She is virtuous,” he added in dour antipathy.

The king laughed and shook his rich dark curls and Pepys marveled no longer at the charm this reckless debonair Charles had for women.

“We shall make a royal pilgrimage to the shrine, eh Sam'l. Notify my Lady the Duchess of Moreland that the King and his Queen—oh yes, the Queen, God bless her! and his court will honor her humble estate with a visit. We shall—all—examine in person the rare virtue of the little Fair.”

And so it came to pass that a royal fête was in progress at the beautiful castle of the Duchess of Moreland. My Lady had been hard put to present so brave a showing. Her husband had left her practically destitute, and she and her daughter had lived quietly alone, yielding up the family jewels one by one, dismissing one servant after another and closing up the various wings of the castle until only the great hall and a few rooms opening off it were habitable. But when it became known abroad that she was to entertain the King and his court, tradespeople besieged her with offers of credit, and the poor bewildered woman needs must take advantage of that. And so nothing was lacking for the royal pleasure. The King was charmed with everything, including the daughter of the house, as that old gossip Pepys had foreseen. It was gay, brilliant and satisfactory and the Duchess sighed with relief.

But a death's-head stalked at the feast. In the midst of the festivities, Lady Beatrice's companion Rosamund, quietly announced the arrival of Mr. Unwin, their solicitor. She received him in a small arbor a little way from the castle. Unwelcome news he brought and Beatrice listened in despair to the tale of creditors pressing for settlements of their inheritance of debts. Debt was a serious matter in those days and woman's rights dreamed of. Beatrice scarcely knew what to do, but Unwin was a wily rascal and under cover of an aggres-

“Oh, my liege lord,” the terrified girl replied, “ask me not to do this thing. I am thy most loyal subject, but I—I—I—” She stopped, choked by frightened tears.

I AM aweary of this royal riffraff, Pepys,” said Charles the Second of England to his Secretary of the Admiralty. “The Queen is dull; Nell is a vixen, and Barbara but a forward wench for all her haughty beauty. Odd’s life, man! Should a king be bored to death with women?”

Samuel Pepys looked around the famous Tapestry Room at Whitehall. It seemed to him that it had never been gayer, brighter, more gorgeously kaleidoscopic. He shrugged his shoulders a little anxiously. The King was hard to please but he knew a glorious golden girl, fit playmate for a king indeed, but whose virtue, unfortunately for the dissolute monarch, was as much talked of as her beauty. Pepys shook the lace back from a fat wrist and laying his hand to his heart bowed gallantly and delivered himself of this aphorism:

“Ah, Sire, the chiefest cause of man's ennui is women in general. The cure is woman in particular. Knowest thou the Lady Beatrice Fair, only daughter of the widowed Duchess of Moreland?”

“Nay,” replied the King. “Hath she so great a charm?”

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sively protested friendship advanced her a loan to cover the expenses of the King’s fete, and she promised to meet him in London a few days later and repay him. This much satisfactorily concluded, the man brought forward Sir Hugh Argyle, her childhood sweetheart, who had spent his young manhood adventuring in foreign lands and was now returned to establish himself as the Earl of Hillsdale. Beatrice was delighted to see him again, altho she was amazed at the change and a trifle repelled by his swaggering manner. She asked him courteously to remain for the fete but he withdrew with Unwin as tho not quite sure of his ground, which seemed curious to Beatrice, but she was so concerned over the pressing matter of her debts that she gave it no second thought.

The royal holiday drew to its close and, true to her promise, Beatrice started for London in the last relic of their former the-stairs. At the Inn of the White Swan, she and Rosemary tarried for the night while on their way, and there also was Hugh Argyle and some of his followers. They were all, unfortunately, quite drunk and Beatrice, grieving for the sorry state to which her childhood friend had come, commanded him to stand aside when, with drunken insensibleness, he had tried to detain her.

That night while Rosemary let down her mistress’ fine soft hair and began to comb it gently trying to soothe her distraction, a man broke into their room, rudely interrupting this gentle nightly duty.

“How now, Hugh!” cried Beatrice jumping angrily to her feet, the loosened hair mantling her with gold. “How dar’st thou break into my chamber in this unseemly fashion? Take thyself hence—at once!”

But the man advanced unsteadily toward her and she stood still trembling. The door opened quietly again and the marauder wheeled suddenly and stopped, frozen with horror. Great beads of sweat stood out on his livid face; his hands shook as if with an ague; his eyes dilated; he looked as tho he had seen a ghost. A strange terror advanced into the room.

“Thou knave!” he cried to the shrinking figure before him, “thou base-born knave! Get thee gone before I split thy craven skull!”

The man suddenly recovered the use of his legs and making a sudden leap sprang past the threatening stranger and made for the stairs calling wildly for help from his followers. In the courtyard below, Beatrice’s protector fought valiantly in her behalf while the two women watched in the casement above, now glimping, now losing the combatants in the moonlight and shadow. One by one he wounded or disarmed them until the cowardly Argyle finding himself alone fled incontinently out into the darkness.

In the morning this gallant gentleman rode along beside their coach all the way to London and Beatrice found herself wishing that Hugh Argyle had come back such a one as this one, bonny and brave and so gentle spoken. Before the city gate he bade them farewell, kissing Beatrice’s small white hand with just a shade more fervor than the strict etiquette of the day demanded, and a little less, be it confessed, than the modest Lady Beatrice would have liked.

“For the present I must remain nameless,” he said in parting, “but shouldst thou need me ever, hesitate not to send thy lackey with a white rose to the Boar’s Head Inn. Thou shalt not want for aid.
When Samuel Pepys presented himself the following day, as he had promised, the wretched girl accompanied him to Whitehall. He was appalled at her haggard pallor.

While Hu—while the man before thee may yet draw his sword.” And he was gone.

In a miserable tap-room in an unspeakable inn in Canty’s Court, a group of men were talking excitedly. “T was no other I tell thee,” one of them was saying in a high-pitched angry voice, “He claimed it not, but it was Hugh Argyle, the same we threw overboard from the deck of the Golden Swan out in Maidstone Harbor. By my haldome will I swear it. The wretch must have swum till someone picked him up. Bulfinch, clumsy varlet, bungled the matter right well. He should have killed him first, God wot! Sooth, ’tis well he’s now cooling his ardor in Newgate gaol. But what’s to be done wi’ t’other one?”

“Thou’lt not be Earl of Hillsdale after all, Roderick?” asked a woman’s voice anxiously.

“Yea, I will that, somehow I’t faith! For thee, Stephanie Dangerfield, I would be Pope!”

“Thou hast all the documents and the locket which he hithen from him on shipboard, hast thou not?” she asked still anxious.

“Right here,” Walter Roderick answered, patting his doublet.

“The man can do naught without these proofs,” interposed a snaive voice at this juncture—Thomas Unwin’s solicitor for the Lady Beatrice Fair. “Fear not Roderick, we will establish thee in his inheritance. Hugh Argyle is a nameless wanderer at best. Marry! ’tis simple enough to throw the fellow in gaol as an impostor if he attempts anything. And now for the other matter. The Lady Beatrice comes to me today. She will not have the monies to pay me. Thou, Stephanie, shall take her to the gaming houses and stake her with gold enough to play. That, she shall also lose. Then thou must, out of thy sweet friendship—the old rascal winked villainously at this point and went on, “give her thy personal note to cover her losses. These shall be held by Roderick. Humpty, our little half-wit, can get Argyle out of the way, the little Fair will be in our power and all’s well.”

“I relish not my part of it,” said Stephanie, putting her painted lips, “why need we this maid?”

“’Tis none of thy concern, wench,” said Unwin, answering her sharply.

“Thou’d do as we say or some of thy pretty tricks will be exposed to view. How wouldst like the pillory, sweet coz?”

Thus was Stephanie silenced and thus was the innocent Beatrice beguiled into gambling the hope-
lessly inadequate sum she had realized from the sale of the last of the family jewels, on the desperate chance of winning enough with it to pay the claim of Unwin. But alas, she lost even that paltry bit and accepted gratefully the notes the unscrupulous Dangerfield offered her, and the web around this hapless maiden slowly tightened. Unwin was adamant. She must pay him or go to prison. She must marry Roderick or pay him the notes he held. She had never dreamed, of course, of such perfidy. She knew not which way to turn and had it not been for her faithful Rosemary she would have given up entirely.

This enterprising damscl had stumbled on an item in the London Gazette narrating that it was becoming the custom of ladies of fashion to take advantage of a law then prevailing in England, which automatically transferred their debts, upon marriage, to their husbands, by marrying condemned felons in Newgate on the night before their execution. She tried to persuade her sore distressed mistress to do this thing and the distracted girl was on the point of yielding to her pleading when she recalled the promise of the handsome stranger.

"I cannot wed with a horrible criminal, Rosemary, sweet friend," she said with a shudder, "we will send a white rose to my Knight of the Inn. He will help me. I know that we will.

Forthwith, a single white rose was placed in a casket and dispatched by her trusted footboy to the Boar's Head Inn, and the two women waited with hope high in their hearts for the reply. The reply was Argyle himself, and casting aside all reserve, Beatrice asked him to marry her at once without asking any reasons. This, he appeared to be most eager to do.

"Thou art a true, brave and noble Lord," she said over and over again, "some day I will tell thee the cruel straits circumstances put upon me, but thou'll have to find thy reward in Heaven, I hope, for I can never repay thee."

"Say not so, sweet Lady, I am honored above all men in thy trust. 'T is reward enough to serve thee. Mortal man could not ask more. Tomorrow at the Templar's Chapel—if that pleases thee, we will go thru the ceremony. My life is yours to command. Adieu."

In the meantime Samuel Pepys came to Beatrice with an invitation to visit the King at Whitehall. With a sinking heart she divined what that meant, and stood abashed before him. "My—my Lord," she said stammering in her fright, "give me but a day to think of it; I could not find me. Say anything, but give me a little time. Oh, was ever a maid so troubled as I?" The garrulous old man, kind at heart,

promised to come back the day after for his answer, and Beatrice, awaiting the marriage with her unknown protector, was sure that it would be no.

But, alas for her desperate plans! One of Roderick's ubiquitous spies had overheard the interview with the real Argyle and reported at once to Unwin and Roderick. Argyle was trapped upon his return to his Inn and held a prisoner until they could decide what to do with him. As the hour set for her wedding drew near, Beatrice flew into a panic of foreboding and she was more than half prepared, when instead of her gallant cavalier, the haggard Humpty arrived with a box. She opened it with trembling fingers and a heart of ice. In it lay her rose drooping and wilted and spotted with sinister dark spots. On a torn slip of paper was written in an ugly sprawling hand, "Thy rose—and his heart's blood."

She fainted dead away. And Rosemary spent the next two hours with restoratives. When Samuel Pepys presented himself the following day as he had promised, the wretched girl accompanied him to Whitehall. He was appalled at her haggard pallor and did his best to cheer her up, recounting bits of court gossip in his own inimitable way and retelling piquant scandals to her unheeding ears. His tales of the "Merrie Monarch," also intended to reassure her, made her shudder with dread.

The usual gay revels at the royal palace were at their height when they arrived. She waited while Pepys went into

Forthwith, a single white rose was placed in a casket and dispatched by her trusted footboy to the Boar's Head Inn. And the two women waited with high hearts for the reply.
He paused for a moment to gloat over his success, his horny fists clutching the window ledge tensely as tho they were on the white flesh of the beautiful woman who lay there helpless before him.

the banquet hall for the King, visioning herself as the King’s mistress. No! A thousand times no! She could never do it. She would flee while there was yet time. She jumped to her feet and parted the heavy portières, but the King stepped thru. He seized her fluttering hand and exclaimed half in anger, and half in banter, “Whither away, pretty bird? Art so frightened of thy captor?” “Oh, my liege Lord,” the terrified girl replied, “Ask me not to do this thing. I am thy most loyal subject, but I—I—” she stopped, choked by frightened tears. Such dread lay in her eyes and such poignant pain rang in her voice that the King hesitated, looked at her long and lingeringly, and finally released her hand. And then for once in his life the man lived up to his royal title. He redeemed his unhallowed pursuit of this lovely girl in a single sentence.

“Mr. Pepys,” he said turning to the waiting secretary, “escort this sweet lady to her home and guard her as thou wouldst were she thy own daughter.”

Back in her apartments, Beatrice found a violent and excited Stephanie talking to Rosemary.

“Oh, my lady,” she cried, “let me befriend thee. Let me save thee from these villains. Tho I must tell thee ’t is not for any love of thee, but hatred for Walter Roderick and that vile Unwin. False wretch! I only discovered yesterday that Roderick meant to wed with thee. Miscreant!” she screamed in her wrath. “That shall never be. I loved the man, worked for him, slaved for him, waited for him and then to discover his perfidy! Ah, it is too much. But I will help thee now, for I know thou’rt innocent.”

“I thank thee,” Beatrice replied wearily, “but there is no use. Tomorrow I may be in prison.”

“Nay, nay, my Lady,” exclaimed Rosemary.

(Continued on page 94)
Stardom has come to Louise Du Pre. It was because she was said to be Mary Pickford's double that she came into prominence. In "Pollyanna" she doubled for Miss Pickford, and from then on her rise has been rapid. Whose double are you?

Herewith are two scenes from the first Louise Du Pre starring vehicle, "The Proof of Innocence." Above is a new camera study.
"One of Us"

what she wants to be. That's what her fan letters tell her she has succeeded in being.

"I feel," writes the Small Town Girl (there are many letters from her), "I feel that you are just one of us.'

"I feel," writes the College Girl, "that you are simply a sorority sister."

"You are," writes Any Mother, "so much like my girl . . . ."

"I wish," writes Seventeen, "that I had a sister like you . . . ."

And so forth, *ad lib.*

"And that," said Miss Dempster, "is just what I want the people who are kind enough to like me to feel. I want them to feel that I'm one of them. regular and

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MISS DEMPSTER and I did a thing never before recorded of an interview. We collided—each on time to the minute. There is no precedent. At least for me. There doubtless is for Miss Dempster. I believe she would keep appointments on time.

And we didn't lunch at any one of the Taverns of Thespis! We ordered fruit salad and Orange Pekoe, like scholars and gentlemen, at Gushee's—a quaint little tea-room on upper Fifth Avenue, boasting a Chinese interior and tiny Chinese waitresses like stray almond shoots from the Celestial Kingdom.

We talked Chinese philosophy, children and Ourselves. We had both read of Confucius, Madam Montessori and Unexpurgated Egos.

Miss Dempster is a healthy, intelligent, clean, clear, lovely type. She looked dainty, distinct and definite and out-of-doorsy. I noted that one can look like no other person, and also like a lady at one and the same time!

Anyway, the story is in the title. That's what Carol Dempster is—one of us. That's

Photograph by Kenneth Alexander
By

GLADYS HALL

human and every day, with much the same ambitions and disappointments and griefs and joys. I want to be real. I want to portray girls with strength and depth of character—to strike, as fully and profoundly as possible, the warmly human note.

"I can't stand the ingénue with the fluttery curls and the fluttery viewpoint and the wobbly mind.

"I can't stand the actress who is being the actress all over the place.

"It seems to me that what the screen needs more than any other thing is same, normal people, doing same, normal things in a constructive and understandable way. Illusion is all very well, and certainly it has its place, as has the bizarre and the Macabre and all the other extravagances, but it is poor food for a steady diet."

You see, Miss Dempster has background. She was brought up in the average, protected American home. She had an older sister and a very wise mother.

"My mother," Miss Dempster told me, "started in very early to teach me values—to teach me to discriminate and to think before acting. 'Always think twice, Carol,' she would say, 'before doing anything.' It was the same with people... with girls I went with in school. She used to say that she could tell by my manner when I came in from school just whom I had been with that day. If she didn't care for some particular girl she would tell me so, and tell me why. She would argue both sides of the question and tell me what effect she thought that particular association would have on me, pro and con. Then she would ask me to stay alone for half an hour and think it out, and after that I would be at liberty to decide freely, and without further opposition or discussion, for myself. I almost always—aw justice of her reasoning. And I believe that any girl will respond to justice and to that personal 'honor system.' And they will grow up naturally, from force of habit, to see both sides of a question and to make their own decisions.

"What did your mother feel," I asked, "about your going on the screen?"

"My mother believed that talent is God-given," that wise mother's daughter said, "and should be used. She felt that she had done all that she could for me—and she trusted me. She was glad."

"It has been invaluable to me in my work—that early training. Sometimes I get so discouraged about what seems to me to be my lack of progress that I could despair—and give up. And then I turn the matter around to its other side and tell myself that I have only made four pictures, that I am, comparatively speaking, a novice, and, which is more, that the pictures I have made stand for something.

"As a matter of fact, I wouldn't do just any picture. I didn't even care, at first, to play in 'Sherlock Holmes' with John Barrymore. But Mr. Griffith approved it, and all of my friends argued in favor of it, and now I am glad that I did it. Curiously enough, I had never seen Mr. Barrymore either on the stage or the screen. I told him that when he first telephoned me about the picture and he said, 'Perhaps you have heard of me!' I thought he might not want me after that—but he did. He had seen me, it seems, in 'Dream Street' and thought that we were much the same physical type. Built long, I suppose he meant!

"At present I have no definite plans. Mr. Griffith won't know just what he will do next until the première of 'Orphans of the Storm' are over.

"I shall probably do nothing at all until then. You know, I don't care for sensational publicity at the price of my idealism. I don't think I confuse fame with notoriety. I know that to build securely and sincerely is far better than to build swiftly. There are so many poor 'flashes in the pan.' Of course, Miss Dempster's brown,

(Continued on page 93)
Our Quest for "Beauty"

is given below. You will see that the selection of the winner is in competent hands.

The judges to date are:

Florenz Ziegfeld, jr., of "Ziegfeld Follies" fame, who is known for his remarkable selection of the beautiful women of his "Follies"—

Neysa McMein, the well-known illustrator whose beautiful women covers are to be found on all the magazine stands—

Rodolph Valentino, the popular moving picture star who has created such a furor in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" and "The Sheik."—

Heywood Broun, dramatic critic and member of the editorial staff of the New York World—

Clare Sheridan, sculptor and author of international fame—

And Mrs. F. Coppinger, proprietor of the Charm Shop, the well-known beauty parlor—

We believe that it would be impossible to select a wider variety of judges. The names mentioned above represent several people well qualified to help us in our final selection of "Beauty." And there are other judges whose names we are not yet ready to announce. They will be mentioned in future numbers.

The prizes, too, are infinitely worth while. A trip to New York, well chaperoned, in which the American Beauty will be shown all the sights of the great city—the museums, art galleries, theaters, opera, the wonderful hotels and restaurants. In fact, everything will be done to make her trip to the Greater City memorable.

Thousands of people all over the world have dreamed dreams about a visit to New York. It possesses all the glamour of a magic city and offers constant stimulant to the imagination. Besides the gay things above mentioned, there are the quaint byways. There is Greenwich Village almost entirely populated by young and earnest artists, writers, actors and musicians who dedicate their life to doing the things they wish to do above anything and everything else. It is a romantic and colorful place, Greenwich Village.

And the luxurious shops alone would be fairyland to any woman. They exhibit gowns and wraps almost too beautiful to be imagined and even those who live in New York never weary of the extravagant fashion parades—

If, however, the winner of this contest be a resident of New York City or its environs, she will receive one thousand dollars in lieu of the trip.

To mention the possibilities afforded by the one thousand dollars seems superfluous. It makes all sorts of things possible. It promises tuition in singing, drawing, writing or acting, whichever intrigues your fancy. It suggests an automobile or a palatial motor launch—it brings a long desired trip to some distant city or some foreign land. It comes pretty near meaning the realization of your favorite dream, whatever it may be—

Of course, there is the unusual honor of being chosen the most beautiful woman in America—

In addition to this, the "Beauty's" portrait will be painted by a well-known artist and exhibited in prominent galleries.

This portrait will also be used as a cover for Beauty.

(Continued on page 103)
Facing Facts
Concerning the New Faces in Hollywood
By
WILLIS GOLDBECK

I

This is no subtle dictum. I seek not to reveal the Fannie Wards and Eva Tanguays in their dire processes of uplift. Whether they clip cuticle or coupons is nothing to me. I seek Youth and the Divine Spark. Having found them, I shall set them upon a pedestal and offer worship.

Eminents have spouted about it, producers issued bulletins upon it, editors written reams anent it and still, they sob, it remains unfound—this wondrous combine of Youth and the Flame. Contests and contests, yea, even opportunity contests, have sought it; so far in vain. And still they go on.

A suggestion among producers is like a bomb among bankers—an annoyance at best; yet I would make one.
It is this: that bringing new faces to Hollywood is like carrying coals to Newcastle. Hollywood is cluttered with new faces, wanting only to be discovered. And behind them there is a flicker, anyway, of that very necessary thing which a new face plucked from Oshkosh must lack utterly—experience.

It is a curious circumstance of great screen success that it must come up like thunder or not at all. Rodolph Valentino, threatening now the sway of Wally Reid as Sheik Supreme of feminine hearts, rocketed into fame overnight, when Rex Ingram cast him as Julio in "The Four Horsemen." He was a new face, scarcely known even after years of effort in the very midst of the film world. A new face; but more than that. He suggested background, a provoking wisdom. Only experience could have given him that. He demonstrated conclusively in "The Sheik" that the public can get along without good acting, without good directing, without even good mechanical processes. It needs only this—a personality. An abrupt revealing after one has suffered hard years of striving outside the public ken—that would seem to be the one secret for screen success.

Thus, in my search for new screen idols, I hand all familiar faces, all lesser luminaries, a one-way ticket to Limpopo. And let us not forget the good gods and goddesses who bear each one the marks of the Essanay Deluge; the near-greats; the consistent successes. As well be dead as consistent, as pictures are today. Too many prophets have bawled for new faces and then nominated these for stellar rank. No more than near-beer can near-greatness ever become the genuine Pilsner.

I apply the broom, too, to the bright young thing who may emerge, giggling, from the questionable cocoon of an opportunity contest. Motion pictures are young, yes, but they are twelve years young; let us offer praise to Baal that there are a few satyrs among us who are beginning to see the indecency of nursing bottles. The time is coming when all producers making pictures fit for children or one hundred per cent Americans will be hung without hearing.

We must turn, then, to the unknown. Astonishingly, there are two names which, shrouded at this time of writing in the veils of obscurity and conspicuously absent from the dirge of prophets, are threatening to riot joyously over the

Photograph (above) by Hoover Art Studios

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser
country within the next few months, as did the names of Rodolph Valentino and Alice Terry after "The Four Horsemen." They are Ramon Samanyagos and Barbara La Marr. And again, as with Valentino and the lovely Alice, we find behind them the singular genius of Rex Ingram. These two figures appear, like rapier blades in the brilliancy of their cross play, in his production for Metro of "The Prisoner of Zenda."

RAMON SAMANYAGOS

Ramon Samanyagos. Born to be mispronounced—and to be famous.

Rex Ingram says: "I have good reason to believe that Samanyagos will become one of the screen's greatest actors."

It is an audacious statement; but Rex Ingram has built upon audacity. Ramon Samanyagos is twenty-three, with a naïveté of manner that takes three years from that. "The Prisoner of Zenda" will bring him before the public in his first name part, as Rupert of Hentza. He has played one other, that of the leading juvenile in Ferdinando Pinney Earle's production of "Omar Khayyam." He is at work upon a third, another Ingram production, "Black Orchids."

The secret of Samanyagos (the pronunciation, phonetically, is Sam-yan-yay-goes) is an uncanny knack of facial expression, an extraordinary grace of carriage and a mind like a polished mirror. It was that, his reflection of the character of Rupert of

(Continued on page 117)
They like to think of actors as insidious people who drink champagne, eat lobster and sleep on satin—when they do sleep.

"And so what's the use of trying to make the public believe there's any good in you? You'll only be forgotten along with Charlotte Russe, the newspapers' advice-to-the-lovelorn, and church festivals and the rest of the sanctimony."

And maybe that's the main reason, we both agreed, that everybody who doesn't know Hollywood believes it to be a small Sodom whose side-streets are replete with dope dens, hop joints and other habitats of iniquity.

All because people want to believe this! There happens to be nothing at all sensational about the Washburns—about either Bryant or his wife. They have a pretty, cozy, home-like home in Hollywood's choicest residential district. Not a hop joint, motion picture studio or actorial arena is in sight. At eight o'clock in the evening the neighborhood is so quiet as to make a neurotic person more neurotic.

And if my taxi driver hadn't once been Washburn's private night-watchman, we shouldn't have been able to find the place because of the street's darkness.

Washburn him-

Bryant Washburn was worried for fear that I shouldn't find anything about him sensational enough to write about. "When the public finds out that actors do everything just as they do," said Washburn, "they lose interest. They like to think of actors as insidious people who drink champagne, eat lobster and sleep on satin—when they do sleep." At the left, with Helen Ferguson in "Hungry Hearts," and below, a new camera study.

Photograph by Clarence S. Bull

ALL actors are wicked . . .
And roll in luxury . . .
And beat their wives . . . and all that.
So the public believes.

And if an actor happens to be a human sort of person who doesn't wear outlandish clothes, who treats his wife with love and respect, and who doesn't commit any extraordinary crime against social conventions—why, then, ye Public is disappointed in him.

It's terrible to spoil illusions—to upset public faith in one of its popular celebrities. And yet it behooves me to say that Bryant Washburn is more like a business man than an actor, that he doesn't do outlandish things in outlandish ways, and that he's as much one of the hoi polloi as you or I.

He was worried for fear that I shouldn't find anything about him sensational enough to write of. He admitted candidly that he couldn't think of anything new under the sun to say in print that hasn't already been said to death.

Whereupon I began to realize that, after all, he is original because he is willing to confess to shortcomings.

"When the public finds out that actors do everything just as they do," said Washburn, "they lose interest.
By
RICHARD BISHOP

self looks exactly like his photographs. He is very much of a man—very much the gentleman. His home shows culture and refinement, and he, himself, answers your doorbell ring.

Inside—in the parlor—Mrs. Washburn sits by the fire, reading. When you enter, she greets you cordially and makes you feel as tho you're a human being even if you are strange.

And Bryant immediately begins upsetting all your delusions anent the w. k. wickedness of the actorial coterie by "being himself" in a comfortable, refined manner.

It seems that he was never exactly intended to be either on the stage or in pictures. His career there has been more or less an accident. He is strictly the business man type—very punctual in attitude, very courteous, very responsive. Very witty—and very good-natured.

When he has saved enough money to launch both his children with a good education and to provide for the oncoming years of himself and his wife, he intends settling on a farm.

(Continued on page 108)
I

HAD lost her address somehow. It was evening, a peculiarly dark evening. And it was in Hollywood, California.

I knew it, the address, was Seventeen Something. Her press agent had told me that over the 'phone... Miss Alice Calhoun, Seventeen Something, N. Alexandria. But I couldn’t recall the something.

Seventeen—seventeen—oh, damn. In my Ford coup I chugged up and down the street, got out and sneaked up to doorways, lit matches to stare at names on the mail-boxes like Garnokitz and Hefflefinger, then fled back to my coup and chugged some more. I resolved finally to get out and ring every door bell under the seventeens and under Heaven.

The first two didn’t answer. The third was bald and in accents heavy with horseradish said, “I ban tank you hav wrong noomber.” A bulbous frau bulged and bellowed at me from over the dining table within and wheezed, “Vot iss,” as her spouse slammed to the door. Appropriately the next house was a Swedish massagery, pungent with horse liniment and loud with groans.

Alice, where art thou?

In the haste of my retreat I passed up the next two, and the house two houses on, if you follow my drift, and resolved to return and

Angel Face

search among documents for the lost address and chart. I found it and returned eventually to discover—do you believe in Fate?—that I had passed the only house I shouldn’t have passed. Yes; it was Alice Calhoun’s. Oh, yes; I believe in Fate.

She came to the door herself, a dark slim girl in a simple velvet dress. Sweetly, she bade me enter. Sweetly still, she introduced me to her mother. More sweetly, she pointed to a deep encompassing chair. Her smile was angelic.

“Do sit down,” she murmured.

It was like a heavenly psalm of welcome chanted to a tired pilgrim, while outside the lights of the coup gleamed like the eyes of a cheated devil.

Thru the fog of tired vision, the face of Alice Calhoun
By

KENNETH CURLEY

gleams like that of the Madonna. She is dark; dark hair, deep wells of darkness for eyes, a faint smile which makes one question a moment whether he has not confused the Madonna with the Mona Lisa. She sits quietly; white hands folded in her lap.

Alice Calhoun's idealism is very beautiful; her outlook is something perhaps to be envied; her faith in goodness strong, with the tenuous slender strength of a cobweb. But I do not think that she knows the world, this Alice. Her success in pictures is the more astonishing for that. Her imagination, apparently, is illimitable. It must be the source from which she draws what power she has in acting. Surely it is not experience.

"Home and studio—they are all my world," she said simply, and then added, "Aren't they, mother dear?"

Between Alice Calhoun and her mother there is obviously a bond of mutual love and faith. To me there is nothing more astonishing than the potentialities in a

Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

mother's faith. I have seen it before lift a frail girl to unique success. There is no doubt now that Alice has settled her feet firmly on the Filmy Way by her performance in "The Little Minister," that Mrs. Calhoun's faith in her daughter is unquenchable. That, after her own self-confidence, will prove Alice's greatest asset.

One obtains from her photographs, and from most printed comments upon her work, an impression of quiet maturity. Rather it should be one of quiet girlhood. Alice Calhoun is still engrossed, as an aside, with high school studies. I didn't ask her age. It must be eighteen or less.

To speak well of people, to see the good in them, to refrain from judgment—that, clearly, is Alice's desire.

"But it is a little disheartening at times," she said. "I want nothing but that which I can gain by merit. And yet merit, apparently, is not the only nor the surest sesame to success."

A little disillusionment creeping in, then. But no bitterness. The reception accorded her in "The Little Minister" has left too pleasant a glow.

Pictures, from the beginning, have laid glamorous fingers on the fancy of Alice Calhoun. Still a kid, she used to head resolutely for the front row in the picture houses to stare hungrily at each gesture and movement of the players. Above and at the left, two new portraits

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

(Continued on page 93)
The Toothless Age

WHAT ever becomes of them—these fascinating children of the screen—when once their infant crop of milk-teeth commences to be replaced by the more mature molars of adolescence; when the soft, dimpled knees of children metamorphose into the angling shanks of early 'teens—when, in short, they arrive at an age when they are too large to portray roles of babyhood and are yet not sufficiently mature to be either ingénue or juvenile?

Where are Carmen de Rue, the Lee kids, Bobby Connelly, Leslie Loveridge, tow-headed little Francis Carpenter, Zoe Rae—and the myriad others who of yore decorated the silent drama with their childish grace?

And will future years see them reincarnate in the films as either lovely leading ladies or handsome leading men? Or have they filled their niche in the hall of fame and passed on perhaps to remain in the oblivion of private citizenry and to bask in the glory of childhood fame?

All these questions, and more, too, can we ask. For there were many childish faces that were as dear to us as the faces of Mary Pickford, Mae Marsh, Norma and the other "grown-ups," and every time we see a new childish personality registered on some new film we traditionally ask ourselves the why, the wherefore and the whereabouts of its infant predecessors who, in years gone by, won our love and our manifest admiration of their childish charms.

Theatrical children have always been more or less a problem. In days before the films, when the activities of child actors were confined to the legitimate stage, the question of their education was of principal concern, and one which caused innumerable managers no end of annoyance. A child would appear in a play for perhaps several performances when, finally, presto! would arrive a representative of the Gerry Society, an organization of child-protectors with aims similar to those of the S. P. C. A. And were the youngsters not receiving proper tutelage in the three R's they would be suddenly removed from the play's cast and sent to school.

But film producers solved that education problem long ago. Even in the buxom days when Reliance-Majestic flourished as a king-pin studio of the industry
—when Griffith was making his reputation pictures as "The Escape" and "The B" schools, taught by accredited city teacher gates of the film-factories in order that lessons and yet continue with their hi.

And these studio schools still continue actors in the shadowplays.

Many families have found their earned by some child member. For flaxen-haired child who often Marsh in the old Griffith dramas "The Birth of a Nation," was the early days of grammar school, and lived with her parents directly across the street from the bungalow wherein resided Mae Marsh and her family of numerous brothers and sisters. The Wilkies were regarded as high-type, good citizens who lived on the more or less humble wages of the father, a street-car conductor.

Peculiar enough, little Violet rather closely resembled Miss Marsh —so much so that neighbors often spoke of it, and so much so that Miss Marsh herself took Violet to the studio one day "just to show Mr. Griffith." That visit was one of those rare bits of luck that have occasionally accrued in the history of pictures, for Mr. Griffith instantly foresaw the possibility of having the child portray the "early" existence of "the little sister" in his epochal film of the Klu Klux Klan. And Violet, finishing that work with aplomb, became a member of the great producer's juvenile stock company.

Her earnings came as a particular bonanza to her family. Her mother, a shrewd woman, created a savings account for the future education of both Violet and her younger brother. And now, since years have passed and Violet is no longer a member of the screen family, one sees her as a tall, graceful girl who can justly take the credit of having performed a service for her family that otherwise could not have been performed.

A family of three youngsters, the Hattons, are now quite in vogue as child actors in the Los Angeles studios. The eldest of these boys is thirteen, the youngest eight. Their mother is a widow, and is wholly supported by the earnings of her progeny, who have, (Continued on page 100)
right, reading from left to right, are Arthur Jasmine, Earl Schenck, and Mme. Nazmi. The scene is the great terrace in the Palace of Herod.
Camera Studies
By Rice

Above, one of the beautiful slave girls of the Princess Salomé. At the left are Earl Schenck and Arthur Jasmine, as the Syrian and the Page. Below, the weird dwarf musicians who play for the dancing in the brilliant court of Herod.

"Salomé," the next Nazimova production, promises to be one of bizarre and exotic beauty.

Madame Nazimova plays the Princess Salomé... Salomé, "like a dove that has strayed; like a narcissus quivering in the wind; like a silver flower."
We have seen many movies that were "murder" and other crimes but not titled such, and no little credit should go to the two producers who have so candidly labeled their productions in advance, "Grand Larceny" and "Manslaughter."

**GRIFFITH SUSPENSE**

When we are executed we hope that the executioner will be as slow and deliberate as the one in "Orphans of the Storm." It should add several years to our life.

**YEAR'S BEST MYSTERY PLAY**

"Bobbed Hair" featuring Wanda Hawley. Wanda is all right, but what's it all about?

"I know that I could write for them movies if I only had the chance," writes a movie fan. "Enough things has happened to me to make a swell picture, but I can't write it because I don't know where to stop."

A small matter like that shouldn't bother anyone who is going to write for the movies.

After viewing Pola Negri in some of her latest productions, we are more satisfied than ever that our own American girls will continue to hold first place in our heart.

**WHAT HAS BECOME OF—**

Francis X. Bushman's amethyst ring?
Mary Thurman's bathing suit?
The perils of Helen Holmes?
Crane Wilbur's photographs?
June Caprice's curls?
The Keystone cops?
And the custard pies?

They've given us "The Sheik," "The Sheik's Wife," "The Sheik of Araby," By all means let us have "The Sheik's Cousin," "The Sheik of Kalamazo" and all the rest of the family.

There's one thing that screen fans can be thankful for—Harry Lauder has never been featured on the screen in "I Love a Lassie."

Sears-Roebuck has just gotten out a wonderful new catalog that should make an excellent special production for some enterprising film producer.

Some wit wants to know if cemeteries have plots, why

*(Continued on page 99)*

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*We have carefully examined the various ideal casts which have been voted upon by the movie fans, and are far from satisfied. Just to be original, here are our selections:

Daisy Dewdrop, a sweet young thing . . . . . .Vera Gordon
Percy Poorboy, the handsome hero . . . . . .George Fawcett
Jack Dalton, the deep-dyed villain . . . . . .Eugene O'Brien
Willie Dewdrop, Daisy's invalid brother, Doug. Fairbanks
Mrs. Poorboy, Percy's mother . . . . . . . . . . . . . .Viola Dana
Maggie, a child of the slums . . . . . . . . . . . . . .Elaine Hammerstein
Reggy Astorbilt, a society man . . . . . . . . . . . . . .Wm. S. Hart
Grandpa Greylocks . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .Jackie Coogan*

We think it worthy of special note that we have this month seen a film in which one of the characters, about to start on a trip, actually packed more than three handkerchiefs, one collar and three pair of socks in the grip.*
The Perfect Scenario

By LAURA KENT MASON

Illustrations by G. Francis Kauffman

Right at the beginning I'll admit that I don't guarantee that this is the perfect scenario. There may be a critic some place cruel enough to discover an error in it. I'm modest. I can even conceive that some day someone may write a better one. But, as things go today, you got to hand it to me. It's pretty good. Considered by and large, if that means anything to you—it doesn't to me—I can't think of any moving picture that's got anything on it. It's got everything, if you know what I mean. And who could ask for more?

I think the title of it will be "Ten Million A Week." Tho, as with all good movies, this may be changed at the last minute. If I do change it, I'll call it "The Woman Without Honor," or, better still, "The Virtues of the World." They've all got possibilities. I rather lean to "Ten Million A Week." There is nothing about ten million anythings in the picture, of course, but doesn't that hint at wealthy, or at least a lot of something, which in turn points out that the picture must have been expensive? The "A Week" part, of course, has nothing to do with the picture, either, but it hints a bit at rapid action. Anyhow, as I understand it, it's a crime to have the title connected, even in a remote way with the picture itself, and I don't want to be disqualified as a scenario writer, right from the start.

After the title, when the picture is done—I'm going to insist on directing it myself. I've heard too much talk about stories being ruined, "my brain child murdered" stuff, at the Author's League—comes a caption. And the caption will read "Suggested by Webster's Unabridged Dictionary." That's to give class to the scenario. If it's adapted from some book or suggested by some book, it is so much grander than if anybody made it all up out of his own head. The dictionary might have suggested it just as well as not. It has suggested lots of things to me, before. In fact, it's one of the most suggestive books I know—and you remember, yourself, how you used to look up words in it, in school—not the words teacher thought you were trying to get familiar with. Besides, using the dictionary instead of a novel will save money, and maybe a lawsuit or two. You never can tell, anyhow, and it's just as well to play safe with such a perfect thing as this is.

After the caption about the dictionary, you see the dictionary itself, a large one, on a stand, and it opens up by an unseen hand. Then you get a close-up of it, and there, on the screen you see: Sin 1. Transgression of the law of God; iniquity. 2. An offense; misdemeanor.

The book closes. Then comes a title—and all of the titles are the new art title.

of course; each one symbolic of something or other.
The title reads.


Then, a velvet screen, a curtain. One at a time, the characters appear, bow, fade out. Then come pictures of the director in riding costume, the photographer, the owners of the picture company, their wives, children and as many feminine friends as is proper under the circumstance, the property man, the film cutter, the girls who develop the films, the young lady the property man is going to marry after he gets his divorce, the woman who looked up the historical details of the picture, the costume designer, the keeper of the lunch-room that was patronized when the company was out on location and the pretty extra girl the director is getting interested in. Follow, then, people with veiled faces, symbolic of hate, love, rage, intrigue, harmony and alimony, each with a suitable costume and caption.

Now, we are ready for the story.

It opens.

"And so, on a sunny June day, when Nature smiled, little Apple Blossom knew not what Fate had in store for her."

Apple Blossom is the heroine, and course, and no one could be more so. This part will be taken by Winsome Farn, formerly Myrtle Brodsky of Third Avenue. Apple is discovered in a beautiful garden, surrounded by flowers and pets. She has a dove on her arm and tiny rabbits hop at her feet. In the background there is a fountain. You never see this scene again, of course, for it fades out and you find that Apple is very poor and lives in a tiny, tumble-down cottage with her parents. They are not her real parents, of course, but you don't know that then, and neither does Apple. In spite of the...
fact that they are between ninety and a hundred years old, as is the way with most stage parents, no one has ever raised a doubt as to the relationship. Apple is, apparently, around eighteen and has, of course, long golden curls that would take several hours a day to keep in order, tho she is the household drudge and has to work every minute. Considering the fact that the cottage is in terrible disorder, you are led to believe that Apple isn't an especially good worker—houseworker we mean.

Life and Love Were Young and They Were Sweethearts.

It is moonlight now and the old yard of the cottage doesn't look half bad. Blue over everything. Young Avril Alden comes a-courting. Avril is poor, too. In fact, if you met him on the street, you'd know by his clothes he was a professional beggar.

In the movies, he's but a poor and, at this time, honest young fellow dropping in to see his gal. Avril is played by young Jack Stalwart, one of the newer screen juveniles. Jack is slightly bow-legged, which patrons of the silent drama would discover before long, had left to themselves. When he found that all of the leg-straighteners in the mail-order catalogs wouldn't help much, he talked it over with his press-agent and the press-agent, being worth almost as much as his salary, turned the bow-legs into a virtue. Remember the stories you've read about Jack's legs, how he acquired the "slight, manly curve" by hours on horseback, dashed across the plain, how they indicate his firm, strong masculine nature?

The young couple plight their—well, anyhow, they kiss for quite a bit, remembering the censors, nevertheless. Then the supposed father of little Apple appears—he has an evil eye—and tries to brain Avril by coming up behind him and trying to hit him with a wagon-wheel. Avril turns, just in time, and seizes him. The old man kicks Apple. Now he must suffer! Avril is about to choke him when Apple raises a tiny white hand. "He Is An Old Man and my Father," she offers, and his life is his own again.

That Night.

The lovers have said farewell and Avril has been forbidden to darken the Woppit house again—it was pretty dark already. Apple goes to sleep and dreams.

Here is a good chance for costume work. Costume plays are supposed to be passe, but we all know how folks eat them up. This dream starts out in Colonial days and goes, without warning, into Italian Renaissance. It gives a good chance to the costume designers, helps a few hundred extras turn an honest penny, and gives the company's advertising department something else to blurb about. The dream is, of course, in a way, symbolic, the nothing ever knows what it's symbolic of.

But the Cruel Realities Call Apple Blossom to Earth Again.

The old lady who isn't her mother—only you don't know it yet—is shaking her. She gets up, dresses in rags again, and tries to do a little something to the cottage with indifferent effect. If she'd only read one of the woman's magazines about this time, she (Cont'd on page 114)
Trouble
By NORMAN BRUCE

At four o'clock in the morning Depot Street was not prepossessing. In fact, to interpret the thoughts of Officer Casey as he swung along the broken pavement, it was an elegant place for a fine juicy murder. Consequently when he heard an unexplainable sound at his elbow as he stood near the corner of Mason's Alley, thinking wistfully of the dear dead days now past beyond recall when the building on the corner had been Joe's Place, he whirled on his heel, removing his revolver from his hip pocket.

But there was no one in sight save a huge electric lady and gentleman dancing the Camel Walk in the heavens above the Midnight Roof Cabaret. Officer Casey scratched his head. "Maybe 'tis wan av thim ghosts that belongs to the Sir Oliver Lodge," he muttered, "if I had a Wee-Gee board here I'd arrest 'em."

The sound fell again, a vigorous scratching close by. The policeman's eye fell upon the over-turned barrel beside the door of the delicatessen shop. "Sure," he chuckled, "wan av the Dutchy's cheeses must have got loose." He approached the barrel warily and tapped its sides, expecting to see what emerged—a small, soiled, nondescript dog, and quite unprepared for what followed. A small, soiled, equally nondescript boy, with a mat of tangled, brown hair under which two exceedingly bright eyes looked up at him with a mixture of curiosity, friendliness and fear.

"We wasn't doing nothing," said the small boy sturdily, "I guess he was dreaming about chasing cats because he was wagging his tail and there wasn't room for me and the wag."

"In the name av Saint Patrick that drove the snakes out of Ireland, and Congress that tried to drive the snakes out av the United States," said Officer Casey, "who are you and who do you belong to, and what are you doing in that barrel?"

"Jackie. Nobody. Nothing," said the small boy, answering briefly in order. He whistled to the dog, "C'mhere, General!

That's short for General Pershing," he explained, "on'y he doesn't know his name yet. He's never heard it, you see."

"And who does he belong to?" asked the policeman.

"Me," said Jackie, "he's a perfectly good dog that somebody threwed away because he had a teeny piece bit off his ear and looked kind of second hand. I'm going to dopt him and someday I'm going to hunt lions and tigers with him."

"Hm," said Officer Casey dubiously. There were a good many large families in this part of town, but they usually counted the children at night. "I'm thinking," he said sternly, "that you've run away from home."

"I've run away from the Home," Jackie admitted, "the capital 'tis kind, you know. I ran away because they made me wash so much."

"The Home for the Friendless Children?" the policeman asked, "then 'tis back again you'll be going, young fellow, me lad," but his tone was kindly. His was the tragedy of the child-loving man who, day after day, has to serve as a bug-a-boo for mothers attempting to intimidate their children. "Abie, if you don't do what I say this minute, I'll give you to the cop."

The heart under the blue uniform beat with sympathy for all hop-scotch ing, ball-playing, marble-rolling youth, but the brass buttons of authority twinkling above it roused the warning cry wherever he went. "Cheese it, youse guys, here's the cop! Get a move on! Beat it!"

Here however was one youngster who did not fear and despise him for his badge of authority. He held out a huge friendly paw. "Come on, let's be getting back. I'll see the matron myself and tell her to let you off without a spanking this time, and I would wonder if they'd be having pancakes for breakfast."

The last part of the sentence had its effect. Thru the

From the barrel came a small, soiled, nondescript boy, with a mat of tangled brown hair, under which two exceedingly bright eyes looked up with a mixture of curiosity, friendliness and fear.
"Dear Sir,"

Jackie prayed, addressing the Lord in the most respectful manner he knew, "we'd like to be 'doped, if it's all the same to you"

...on endless clothes-lines, the two made their way uptown, followed at a discreet distance by the dog who was not quite certain that the large man had a friendly smell. And on the return-trip Jackie confessed that he had run away to find a home with a small "h," like the one the New Boy had told him of, the kind that had cookies and white curtains and somebody who tucked you into bed at night.

"The Matron," Jackie sighed, "isn't a tucker-in. She is a washer. You have to scrub your hands three times a day at the Home, and behind your ears, and sing 'I want to be a Nangel.' I don't want to be a Nangel. I'd rather be a pirate any day or go out West and make the redskins bite the dust!"

A stout woman was mopping the stone steps of the orphanage when Officer Casey and the truant appeared. A depressing soapy smell filled the narrow hallways, with a moist pink tongue. With great presence of mind, Jackie concealed him in a hamper of soiled towels while he performed his own ablutions. "I should think," he reflected, "they'd let him stay. An orphanage needs a dog to do its barking for it. Miss Ames would, but I dunno about Miss Curtis. And even if she did let him stay, she'd wash him!"

It was an innocent little figure that slid into its seat at the breakfast table, and choosing a moment when the Matron's head was bowed to say grace, signaled for General Pershing to follow, and had him safely concealed under the table in time to murmur a devout "Amen" with the fifty-three other dulcet childlike voices.

"What you-all been?" whispered his neighbor, a colored boy whose natural facilities for concealing dirt Jackie passionately envied, "huccum you wasn't in baid when we got up this morning?"

"Oh look, over there!" shilled Jackie, pointing at the crayonned picture of the Founder, a stern gentleman in a frock-coat on the opposite wall. The general attention being directed away from him, he skillfully removed the bacon from the plates of his neighbors on either side and slid it under the table. The innocence of one of Raphael's angels was in his eyes as he turned them upon the Matron's stern countenance. "Didn't you see it?" he asked sweetly, "there was a fly sitting on the Founder's nose!"

"That child," said Miss Curtis harshly to the pleasant faced housekeeper at her side, "is more trouble than half a dozen others put together. Really one of the things I'm hoping most from this publicity drive is that..."
someone will adopt him. He needs parents just to spank him.

If this was not sweet-faced Miss Ames' idea of parenthood, she wisely made no comment. She was one of those women who was born to be a mother, and had somehow missed her birthright. It is not always the fathers and mothers of this world who have the children. And so instead of kissing the bumps and mending the knees, she did her tour of her own, she did her best to make her mothering spread over those little unwanted waifs of life. "Jackie is very bright, she said softly.

"Bright!" sniffed Miss Curtis—she had a nose that seemed to have been designed especially for sniffing thru, "an orphan doesn't need to be bright, he needs to be dutiful and grateful."

Fortunately for Jackie and General Pershing, it was Miss Ames' turn to make the rounds of the dormitories that night. It seemed to her experienced mind that things were almost too peaceful and quiet. The children lay with closed eyes and small folded hands in long tidy rows. No one was whispering, no one was uncovered, no one had the stomach-ache—it was too good to be true. With unerring instinct, the housekeeper's eyes went to Jackie's bed. Its occupant's appearance of slumber was flawless, but the lower part of the bed-clothes was violently agitated by some unseen cause. Under Miss Ames' amazed eyes the counterpane rose and fell, wrenched and wriggled, and all the while Jackie slept on determinedly. Then as she started forward, a small head emerged at the foot of the bed.

"Mercy gracious!" gasped Miss Ames, "a dog!"

Instantly the occupants of the beds were awake and pleading General Pershing's cause. Jackie in flannelette night-drawers put his protege thru endearing tricks, small face taut and strained with anxiety. After General Pershing had been a dead dog, had sat up and begged and rolled over and over, the boy held the little panting, squirming body close to his chest and looked silently up into the housekeeper's face, his eyes filled with agonized questioning.

Her own eyes dimmed, "He may stay tonight, Jackie," she said gently, "and perhaps tomorrow I will see what I can do. But not in bed. He will have to sleep on the floor."

"Trying to hold out on me. eh?" snarled a voice behind them. "Here, grin that!" He was advancing on the trembling little woman, but Jackie planted himself in his path.
Rastus, the dirt-proof orphan, was just drifting into dreamland when a rude hand dragged him back. He sat up blinking, "White boy, quit your foolin', nerve am the only thing you ain't got anything else but!"

Jackie was merciless. "Get out of bed and say your prayers! I'm 'shamed of you. We can't help being orphans, but we don't need to be hethans too. Besides, the preacher says that if you've got faith you can get anything you want. I don't believe it, but there's no harm trying, is there? I'm gonna pray for a home with a real mother in it."

Side by side, small white feet upturned beside small black ones, they knelt. "You say it," Rastus whispered in sudden stage fright, "taint likely God would listen to cullud folks as quick as he would to white ones!"

"Dear Sir," Jackie prayed, addressing the Lord in the most respectful manner he knew, "we'd like to be 'adopted if it's all the same to You. Somebody that isn't so awful particlular about ears and would let boys have a dog. And please remember 'bout the cookies and the curtains."

Yours Truly, Amen.

"He's sleeping!" she told Jackie, "I wouldn't dare wake him, dearie. You'll have to find another plumber..."

But her eyes, like wilted violets, filled with tears remains, having the business acumen to see that he would provide valuable "sob-stuff" for the "Adopt A Child" campaign which the directors of the orphanage were just launching. Thereafter the General was photographed extensively for the newspapers and brought such a host of sentimental ladies flocking to the Home that every curly-headed child in the orphanage was adopted within a fortnight.

Among the picked-over remainders, the freckled and red-haired, the pug-nosed and those whose smiles disclosed wide gaps, was Jackie, who had none of these drawbacks. He could have been adopted many times, but behind his wide blue gaze his small brain cataloged each applying mother critically—that one with the beautiful smell like a whole bouquet of flowers and the shiny hair would make you wash too much, and that one with the young pink checks and the old neck would hate dogs, and that one had smiley lips but her eyes didn't smile. Whenever he felt himself in danger of being chosen by one of these undesirable mothers, he retreated behind the Matron's back and made up a face so horrible and disconcerting that they drew away appalled and boldly murmured something about preferring a younger child.

At last came a little woman with greying hair and faded blue eyes. As soon as he saw her, Jackie smelled ginger cookies. "I—I thought I'd like to adopt a little boy," she said timidly to Miss Curtis, "we're poor folks but I'd try to do well by him—"

She didn't get any farther, for Jackie, with the General at heel, stood beside her, "Here I am, mother," he said, "I been waiting for you a long while, but I'm glad I waited. Come on, let's go home."

And presently Jackie and the General and the little faded woman did go home together to four tidy bare rooms behind a plumber's shop. The man who occupied the plumber's shop and kept his feet on the counter and his frowzy head buried in a newspaper was the reason for the little woman's greying hair and wistful eyes. Jackie understood this without knowing why. In a few days he knew why.

General Pershing agreed with Jackie in his estimate of the plumber, he had felt the weight of his size eleven shoe and retreated growling under any shelter that offered when he saw him approaching. "I like families all except fathers," Jackie confided to him as he toiled mightily to polish the dingy panes of the shop window, "he's in there now, drunk, and she's been crying. I got to hurry and grow up, so's to protect her."
With a honking of the horn and a clatter of brakes, a shiny automobile drew up alongside the shop and the chauffeur leaned forth. "Hey, kid! Send along the plumber to this address——" he tossed a card to Jackie. "The cellar has sprung a leak and the wet goods the master's got stored down there is getting wetter ever minute! Hurry up now!"

The automobile started off again with a roar and rumble. Jackie hastened into the shop and poured out his story to the little faded woman. She glanced uneasily toward the closed door of the sleeping room.

"He's sleeping. I wouldn't dare to wake him, dearie—you'll have to go find another plumber——," but her eyes, like wilted violets, filled with tears.

Jackie went into the shop. The plumber's kit stood on the counter and he managed to drag it down to the floor, but the area away stairs were beyond his powers. Taking a coil of rope from a hook, Jackie fastened one end to the handle of the kit and the other to the rear of a delivery wagon standing at the curb. When the wagon moved on, it drew the ponderous kit up the stairs to the street. "General," said Jackie, sitting on the kit, "there was a book at the Home that told how a boy like me stopped up a leak in Holland with his finger. I guess we'd ought to be able to stop up a leak in a teeny pipe. And when she sees the money, she'll like us as much as if we were born relations instead of only 'dopted ones.'"

A delivery wagon with a friendly grinning driver was induced to take Jackie and the kit aboard and to deposit them at the back door of the handsome house whose address was on the card. A flurried maid greeted him with relief. "Are you the plumber's boy? Go right down the stairs there and tell your father to hurry up. The master'll have a fit if the labels get soaked off his bottles."

Going right down the stairs was a simple matter; Jackie and the kit arriving in a heap at the foot, with the General barking anxiously close behind. From a huge pipe in one corner the water was spurting in great jets, and already a part of the floor was flooded. Jackie looked from the pipe to the bag and from the bag to the pipe, he had never realized that the plumbing business was such a damp one—it was even a wetter life than being an orphan at the Home.

Half an hour later the lady of the house, turning a faucet in the bathroom, was outraged when instead of water, only a gasping and gurgling sound issued forth.

(Continued on page 105)
Concerning My Husband

Of course, I am excited!

Even tho I am married, I find myself vastly intrigued when people ask me to write things about my actor-husband, Frank Mayo. Could I say bad things? Never!!! For what would be the use? I should still continue being his wife.

One never really understands an actor, until she is married to him. Actors are in a class by themselves. They have mannerisms — off stage as well as on.

And it remains for the actor's wife to discover them. If she will recognize them and, perhaps, overlook certain of them, her marriage is a success. If she deplores them and tries to thwart them — well, that is a matter for the Court of Domestic Relations.

A great many persons believe that my husband is temperamental. Why the thought? Perhaps he does desire his cup of café-au-lait immediately on arising in the morning; perhaps he would rather not have a great deal of company to dinner when he arrives home, tired, from the studio.

And perhaps he would wish to see a musical comedy instead of a heavy dramatic play. Is that not like any other man?

It is a shame to spoil illusions. Particularly when so many people believe that actors generally beat their wives. It is not so, however. Very few actors I have ever known even argue with the ladies they have married, knowing well that Woman will invariably have her last word.

When Frank and I were married in the funny little grocery store of Tia Juana, Mexico, we braced ourselves against a stack of flour sacks and resolved that neither of us would, strictly, "obey."

That word, in the marriage contract, is one which causes any amount of post-nuptial disturbances, particularly if one, or both parties to the marriage are extreme individualists.

Therefore we decided to omit

"One never really understands an actor," writes Dagmar Godowsky Mayo, "until she is married to him. Actors are in a class by themselves. They have mannerisms — off stage as well as on."

At the left, a portrait of Dagmar Godowsky, taken in the Mayo home. Below, a new camera study of the genial Frank Mayo.

All photographs by
C. Heighton Monroe
it. There was very little of the original ceremony, however, that we could literally understand, for it was read in Spanish. All of which is now, sometimes quite pleasant, for should the conversation ever revert to the absolute verbatimism of our wedding vows we can both truthfully say that neither of us definitely understood the ceremony word for word.

My husband is a peculiar man. Very peculiar! He much prefers to go out of the city on quiet trips, when he is not working, than to bask in the limelight. He likes the seashore. We have had innumerable exciting clam bakes when both of us would return home with burned fingers and infinitely full stomachs.

Very much does he dislike ostentation. It is positively disgusting the way he refuses to go to formal dinners. And if he does consent to go out in the evening, I have a most pitiful time to keep him from wearing clothes other than for the golf links.

This is something which I cannot understand. Why do men enjoy wearing sport attire in the evening? Why, also, do they not enjoy having their wife wear sport attire after 6 P. M?

(Continued on page 98)
Claire Windsor finds life a full affair. There is her screen work, of course. Right now she is busy every day at the Goldwyn studios where she is playing in the Peter B. Kyne story, "Brothers Under Their Skin"... And then there is little Billy... She finds her greatest interest in life in being just—his mother.
There were several ways in which Solomon fell short when compared to the lilies of the field, besides the fact that his raiment was not so fair as theirs, neither was his proximity so appealing to the olfactory nerves. At that time it was not known that cleanliness is akin to godliness, and baths, as we understand them today, were practically unknown.

Could the Queen of Sheba or even Cleopatra see the modern woman performing her regular daily toilet she would be mystified, to say the least. And had they to compete with the modern flapper or bachelor maid they would undoubtedly find themselves in the discard deck. They could not even hold a candle to our charming women of forty or more.

Imagine taking a bath in oil and perfuming one's body with spices so that one is reminiscent of Grandmother's kitchen and the cookie jar! What modern man could the historical beauties hope to vamp today? In justice to our men I must say that I think the first feeling of repulsion would come thru the olfactory nerves.

Corliss Palmer says: "Do not use a lilac shampoo on the hair and a violet perfume on the brush and a French perfume on the handkerchief. Select one perfume and make it distinctly your own by using nothing else."

Were you at dinner the other day and did you discover that someone had been careless about the kitchen doors and the odor of cooking had filled the house? Do you remember how offended you were that time you had to sit in the street car beside someone who had been eating garlic? Haven't you felt that if there are some people who do not object to these odors themselves, they should have too much regard for the feelings of others to be careless of the odors that emanate from their persons and their homes?

Perhaps where there is extreme poverty such conditions can be forgiven, but where there is means it is impossible to excuse it. It is careless, slovenly, selfish. Such people are lacking in energy, ambition, and,

(Continued on page 96)
For several months George Fitzmaurice has been producing pictures on foreign shores. In "The Man from Home," which was filmed in Italy, the two leading players are Anna Q. Nilsson and James Kirkwood. They were both vacationing abroad when Mr. Fitzmaurice corralled them for portrayals in this production.
Across the Silversheet
New Screen Plays In Review

If "The Glorious Adventure" had not been filmed in colors, it might readily have been a more colorful production. Paradoxical as it may seem, this is true. Throughout, everything has been sacrificed to the Prizma process by which it was photographed. The acting, drama and photography itself—except in a color sense—are secondary always to the color of the scenes. And it is these three things which stimulate the imagination of the spectator—it is these three things which compositely give birth to meritorious motion pictures.

Nor is "The Glorious Adventure" any achievement in color photography. Red predominates. It is a harsh red. Often it seems to smear the screen, and the hair and complexion harmonize with the gown. The screen sometimes resembles a huge and ornate French pastry—a pastry in which raspberry predominates. Countless short subjects depicting fruits, scenic wonders and flowers have been infinitely superior in a color sense.

More is the pity because, after all, the story is different from the human triangle affairs which have monopolized the screen. It might have been a pleasantly melodramatic offering.

The story itself was suggested to J. Stuart Blackton by a painting which hangs in one of the English galleries called "The Rope and the Ring." It depicted a fair lady being married to a felon condemned to hang on the morrow. In this way she automatically transmitted her debts to her ill-fated husband. That is the gist of the screen story, too, altho the fire of London interferes with what would otherwise have been a pleasant and simple solution of the financial problem of the heroine.

The story finds its background in quaint old London town in the colorful era of Charles II and the garrulous Samuel Pepys. This offered innumerable opportunities for high romance and court intrigue, but they were either overlooked or ignored. At no time did the flavor of those early days permeate to the audience.

Lady Diana Manners, long a figure of interest and internationally famed for her beauty, is entrusted with the rôle of Lady Beatrice Fair. It is a tradition that ladies must never, even under the most trying circumstances, show their feelings. They are, if we understand it correctly, trained to cover a breaking heart with a smile. That makes things difficult when a puzzled audience seeks to find in the emotions of a lady some guidance to the story being unfolded. Lady Diana Manners, it would seem, is more the ladyLoud by repression,
than the actress. But, on the other hand, it may be that she was given no opportunity to prove her histrionic ability.

Nor is her beauty vivid and colorful. Hers is a face finely patrician and of delicate mold. None the less beautiful, however.

Victor McLaglan who plays the imprisoned felon was undoubtedly the most able member of the cast, but he seemed to lack direction. And Lennox Pawle was diverting as Samuel Pepys.

SMILIN' THRU—FIRST NATIONAL

In direct contrast to "The Glorious Adventure," we consider Norma Talmadge in "Smilin' Thru." "Smilin' Thru" teems with color and builds in your imagination fragile images which survive long after the story has faded from the screen.

"Smilin' Thru," as you probably know, is adapted from the stage play in which Jane Cowl is now touring the country. It is intensely sentimental. But it offers no excuse for its sentimentality. And because of this, you accept it as you would a valentine of lace, a love sonnet, or yellow love-letters tied with lavender ribbon and scented with rosemary.

It might have been a better picture. There are several instances when a rough edge is manifest. There are episodes which have been injured because the direction was not more clearly and delicately thought out.

The story tells of John Carteret who has built about himself a wall of hate, ever since his beloved Moonyeen was taken from him on the very eve of their wedding. It is not until her niece, Kathleen, finds her love and breaks down the barrier that the spirit of Moonyeen can smile thru at the lover she left behind her.

Wyndham Standing is splendid as the hardened John Carteret and Harrison Ford plays Kenneth Wayne with an abandon and fire and Jeremiah Wayne with understanding and appeal. We also liked Glenn Hunter immensely as Willie Ainsley. Mr. Hunter touches his portrayal with a youthful whimsy.

Norma Talmadge too plays a dual rôle. As Kathleen, she is the Norma we have known in recent productions. There is sympathy and charm in her work. But we liked her best as Moonyeen. Here she brought a poignancy to her rôle which was overwhelming.

(Continued on page 109)
On the Camera Coast

By
HARRY CARR

THE most momentous event of the year in Hollywood is the arrival of the Selznick production forces who have moved into our town from New York.

They came in a special train with a staff forty-five strong, headed by Myron Selznick, and including Elaine Hammerstein, Owen Moore and Niles Welch, the newest of the Selznick stars.

Three directors were in the party: Ralph Ince, Victor Heerman and George Archainbaud.

Selznick has rented space for the three production units in the United Studios where Nazimova, the Talmadges and several other stars make their pictures.

To the joy of many motion picture attaches who were thrown out of work by the suspension of operations at Metro and elsewhere, the Selznicks will recruit their working and office staffs in Los Angeles. Eating, in many quarters, will be resumed.

Work will begin at once on two pictures—"Rupert of Hentzau" and Eugene Walters' "The Easiest Way."

Douglas Fairbanks is raising some more hirsute decorations; this time he is complicating the situation by giving his fuzzy mustache a companion—a goatee.

He will wear the entire collection in his big Robin Hood picture which bears the studio title "The Spirit of Chivalry."

Work has already started on the picture, which will be one of the most terrific screen dramas ever undertaken. The studio looks like a mobilization encampment with young armies of workmen, artists, armorers making weapons, girls sewing banners and the like. The sets are very beautiful. Mr. Fairbanks intends to preserve a little of the fantastic atmosphere of a fairy story, with sets that just lightly touch the same tone that was carried to extreme in "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari."

At the time of writing, the first outdoor scenes were being shot of a medieval tournament with twenty-five hundred armored knights and ladies fair crowding the grand-stands in front of the magnificent castle of King Richard. Richard (Wallace Beery) with attendants, and Maid Marian (Enid Bennett) with ladies occupied separate and richly canopied boxes. Doug, as
the Earl of Huntington, later to become the bandit Robin Hood, entered the lists and fought a lively tilt.

For the sheer medieval splendor, it looks as tho Douglas were due to lift the roof right of screenland. The picture is directed by Allan Dwan.

At the completion of "Oliver Twist," Jackie Coogan is going to Europe. The plan is for him to make personal appearances with well-known Continental stage artists. He has always been a popular figure in London; his films ranking next in English popularity to Charlie Chaplin's. His managers are negotiating for the film rights for Mark Twain's "The Prince and the Pauper" in a film version of which Marguerite Clark appeared six years ago.

Jackie says he is having the time of his life in "Oliver Twist." He has a new toy from which he is never separated when off duty; it is a bisque doll, made in the image of Fagan, master crook of the Dickens' story.

The "rushes" on "Blood and Sand," featuring Rodolph Valentino supported by Nita Naldi, Lila Lee and other well-known people, and directed by Fred Niblo, have impressed Famous Players - Lasky so favorably that Mr. Niblo has been signed by that organization to produce a series of special productions starring Valentino. The scenarios will be written by June Mathis, who adapted Ibañez's "Blood and Sand," as well as "The Four Horsemen," for the screen. The first picture of the Valentino - Mathis - Niblo series will be "The Rajah," based on John Ames Mitchell's story, "Amos Judd."

Norma and Constance Talmadge are both working on new productions. Frank Lloyd is directing Norma in the "Mirage," an Edgar Selwyn play; and Constance is appearing in the winsome role of Ming Toy in "East Is West," the piece that brought Fay Bainter such bundles of success, season after season, on the stage. Constance is under Sid Franklin's direction. Frances Marion remains the official scenarist for the Talmadges. Miss Marion is now adapting "Three Wise Fools" for the screen as the second feature for Constance.

Pauline Frederick is scheduled to appear during the summer in London in a spoken drama by Samuel Shipman, entitled "Lawful Larceny," under the management of Al Woods. She has apparently left the screen indefinitely.

Eric von Stroheim is excited over two events. He has (Continued on page 111)
The Versatile Lytell

By HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

THE screen never shows Bert Lytell so charming as he is in real life. In life he is such a gay companion, a debonair sort of person—yet a keen thinker. On the screen he chameleons into any character the story requires: pugilist, crook, boob detective—Lombardi. Some cinema celebrities are content to play up their own personalities, or the one they have assumed, and have the story changed to suit them.

I interviewed Lytell the day before he left Hollywood on a personal appearance tour throughout the Loew circuit. He was being harassed by a dozen people asking his advice or sympathy, for the Metro studio was about to close, having turned out all of its stars and companies with the exception of Lytell and Viola Dana. Everyone was in anything but a happy frame of mind and it seemed as if the whole personnel sought Lytell’s advice. His dressing-room was the mecca

“Each time I make a picture,” said Bert Lytell, “I work just as hard to make it better than the last one, as a salesman does to sell his wares, an architect to plan new buildings, an author to write new books. No one can get anywhere without honest-to-goodness toil.”

for all the heavily laden— even Viola.

“Oh Bertie,” she caroled outside his dressing-room door, “I hate to bother you, but I really need your help.”

“Fire ahead,” encouraged Lytell.

Vi emerged from her sables just long enough to pronounce her minor problem, receive sentence from Lytell, and bound away with a merry “thank you.”

A scenario writer with a grievance was the next interruption. Mr. Lytell soothed more ruffled feelings. When we were at last alone... I in a great comfortable wicker chair, he striding up and down his small reception-room like a little captive tiger.

“Good Lord,” he said, “I feel sorry for them

(Continued on page 102)
Elidor Glyn's story, "Six Days," which is, in a way, a sister story to "Three Weeks," will be brought to the screen by Goldwyn. As soon as the censors hear this, there will be a clicking and sharpening of the shears——

After weeks of planning, Maurice Tourneur and his company sailed to film "The Christian" on English soil. The picture will be made in London and on the Isle of Man. The cast has not yet been made public.

Marion Davies has been talking about returning to the stage for months. Now, however, it has been definitely decided that she will appear in an A. H. Woods production in the early autumn. Avery Hopwood, who has won an enviable reputation thru his authorship of farces, is now writing a play for Miss Davies' debut. At present Miss Davies is creating the stellar rôle in the screen production of "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

There has been great difficulty experienced in obtaining a story for Jack Pickford. When they sold "The Tailor-Made Man" to Charles Ray, they thought they would be able to secure the screen rights to "Six Cylinder Love" immediately. But Ernest Truex has been scoring such a hit in the stage play of this story that it is not yet available for screen production. "Garrison's Finish" has been finally settled upon, however, as Jack's first story. It is likely that his productions will be handled by the Allied Productions Company, the new branch of United Artists.

People still talk about the days when Eugene O'Brien supported Norma Talmadge. It was probably one of the most popular combinations in motion pictures. Then Norma was starred in the films of her own company, and Eugene signed on the dotted line of a Selznick contract.

But now, the debonair Eugene is no longer with Selznick. And now Norma needs a charming leading man for her next picture, "The Mirage," which is an adaptation of the stage play in which Florence Reed was starred. And it is quite likely that the charming leading man will be Eugene O'Brien.

It would be pleasant to find them together again.

The Vidoros are filming the Frank Howard Clark story, "Shuttle Soul." King Vidor is directing, of course, and Florence Vidor is starring.

It was a historic painting in a London art gallery which suggested the principal complication of J. Stuart Blackton's "The Glorious Adventure."

The painting showed the wedding of a fair lady to a felon in the Newgate Gaol, and was entitle "The Rope and the Ring."

Altho Roscoe Arbuckle has been acquitted of the charges upon which he was recently brought to trial in San Francisco, Will H. Hays, president of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors, Inc., has outlawed his films. And, while this involves the loss of millions of dollars, the producers interested have bowed to the request. Certainly, it would seem that the motion picture profession intends to stand behind the man they have elected their guide.

Robertson-Cole have many new stars. But they are a different order of stars—stars on a co-operative basis. Ethel Clayton and Helen Eddy have already signed contracts to this effect. This means that the star shares the risk of a production, together with the producer. It is a departure.

When Rex Ingram completes "The Black Orchid," he will leave for the East, where he will make arrangements for the filming of the Victor Hugo story, "Toilers of the Sea," on the coast of Maine. Alice Terry, Edward Connelly and Ramon Samayagos have been chosen as part of the cast.
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Greenroom Jottings

Speaking of Edward Connelly, he had a narrow escape a few weeks ago, when an ape, being used in the scenes of "The Black Orchid," attacked him. The ape had been irritable all the morning, and it was during a lull in the production, when neither Mr. Ingram or his trainer were looking, that he strode toward Mr. Connelly, grasping him in his huge arms. It was several minutes before they could pry him loose, but it is not believed that Mr. Connelly will suffer any permanent injuries.

Mary Hay on the stage and screen—or, if you prefer, Mrs. Richard Barthelmess in private life—has scored such a hit in the musical comedy of "Marjolaine" that Russell Janney, the producer, has signed her to a five-year contract.

Virginia Faire, winner of the Fame and Fortune contest, who came into notice in "Without Benefit of Clergy," and later as Buster Keaton's leading woman, is to be starred in a series of one-reel comedies. Her producer is no less than Billy Joy, brother of Leatrice Joy.

D. W. Griffith is another of the cinema celebrities who departed for Europe. The ostensible purpose of his trip is to see if the newspapers are telling the truth about the extraordinary reception his "Orphans of the Storm" received in London. Whether or not Mr. Griffith anticipates making pictures, or a picture, on the other side has not been determined.

The latest player who has been signed for the Cecil B. de Mille cast of "Manslaughter" is Lois Wilson. It bids fair to be, in sooth, an all-star cast.

When Douglas Fairbanks finishes "Robin Hood," he will have "Monsieur Beaucaire" waiting for him. This delightful Booth Tarkington work should serve as a splendid vehicle. It has been served heretofore to an appreciative public as a play, as a musical comedy, and in book form. Which Norma Talmadge is starred, would be released under that title. Balzac having approved of it and everything. We were wrong again. It will be released under the cinematic title of "The Eternal Flame."

May Collins and Mary Thurman came to New York from the West Coast this spring. The object of their visit, so far as can be learned, was the Fifth Avenue shops and the theaters.

George Fawcett, undoubtedly one of the finest actors shadowed upon the screen, regardless of the fact that his name doesn't shine forth in electric lights as the star of productions, has signed a contract with Jesse L. Lasky to play in Paramount pictures. He departed from New York for Hollywood, where he will work for the next few months. As a character actor, Mr. Fawcett has few equals.

George Arliss has completed his road tour in the stage play of "The Green Goddess," and is anticipating a vacation in England, which is, incidentally, his native heath. Before sailing, however, he will make another picture for release thru the United Artists. This is good news, for his productions are unfailingly meritorious and interesting.

The first thing Elliott Dexter did upon his return from Europe was to sign a contract calling for his appearance in the forthcoming Clara Kimball Young picture.

For a little while we thought the Balzac story, "The Duchess of Langeais," in which Norma Talmadge is starred, would be released under that title. Balzac having approved of it and everything. We were wrong again. It will be released under the cinematic title of "The Eternal Flame."

Speaking of titles, we like the new one which will adorn the next Hugo Ballin picture—namely, "Married People." Mabel Ballin is, of course, playing the leading role, and Percy Marmont, who has been absent from the films lately, will portray the hero.

Until now Mrs. Bryant Washburn has found it was all she could do to run her charming household and (Continued on page 102)
Find safe way to launder silks

Sport silks and sport waists were practically unknown fifteen years ago. Today it is hard to find a woman who doesn't wear them.

These light-colored silks have to be laundered so frequently that it is of real interest to the manufacturer as well as to the wearer to find the safe way to wash them.

The makers of Lux have helped Mallinson, famous for sport silks, and Max Held, creator of the Forsythe Waist, solve this washing problem. Together they had extensive laundering tests made. As a result of these tests, they recommend Lux as the safe way to wash silks.


H. R. MALLINSON AND COMPANY, INC.
NEW YORK

Lever Bros. Co.,
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

Our washable Parsywell is now made in thirty colors, all fast to sunlight, and with the proper care, fast to washing.

Through washing tests with Parsywell were made by an unquestionable authority on home economics. Samples were washed in Lux fifty times. Samples were washed in Lux fifty times. The life of the ordinary fabric. A number far beyond the life of the ordinary fabric. The life of the ordinary fabric. We found that these colors absolutely stood up and did not lose a trace of the original color or bloom.

There was no roughing up of the fabric even at the end of these exhaustive tests.

Our Sport Silks, Whippetwell Brocade, Rafters, and Rounette were also washed with Lux twenty times by the same authority. Neither the color nor the texture of the fabric was affected in the least.

It gives us real pleasure to write you of the success of our tests with Lux. These tests have demonstrated very strikingly how Lux is an ideal product for washing silks, and we are certainly glad to give credit to its unsurpassed purity and mildness.

Very truly yours,
H. R. MALLINSON & COMPANY, INC.

Lever Bros. Co.,
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

Once in a while a blouse is returned to us as unsatisfactory. We are sure of the material we use in making our blouses and we are sure of our craftsmanship. What we are not sure of is the treatment the blouse gets after it is in the hands of the owner.

If women would wash their blouses with Lux 90 per cent. of our complaints would disappear. Played pulled stained blouses that have been rubbed clean. The thick Lux laier.

The other day a grave. The blouse was returned to us which had "come" under the arm. The owner had put away the blouse which was badly soiled. Perhaps the perspiration acid had eaten the silk, and a wash was necessary. If that blouse had been washed with Lux as soon as it was soiled, no wash more had the complaint.

For our own protection, we recommend the use of Lux in washing silks.

Very truly yours,
Mary Steele
The Answer Man

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 two small-stamped addressed envelopes. 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 owner 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 stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only way encyclopedias in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter.

The rolling stone may gather no moss, but it takes on a high polish, and perhaps the experience it gathers is better than the moss. The stone that never moves from its mossy bed will never move the world. So keep on moving.

VIRGINIA—Yes, summer is here. Thanks for the Poe-tree. It's just like you. Norma Talmadge will play in "The Mirage," which starred Florence Reed on the stage. Here the "Duchess of Langeais" has been changed to "The Eternal Flame." Marjorie Daw in "The Lying Truth."

LONELY LITTLE GIRL—Cheer up! Play and make good cheer. I have written to Mr. Valentine, and you will no doubt hear from him. Humanity is not a vain word. Our life is composed of love; and not to love is not to live. Agnes Ayres in "Borderland."

A LITTLE GIRL—No, little girl, I am glad I am old. No wise man ever wished to be younger. Yes, I am enjoying my half-hour these warm evenings with a General electric with four blades buzzing to the tune of my Underwood, and a pitcher of buttermilk. Ho! for the life of an Answer Man! You can reach Eugenie Besserer at 2215 Baxter Street, Los Angeles. Cal. Eddyte Chapman, at Lady Studio. Mollie McConnell was with Metro last, and Ida Waterman at 203 West 14th Street, New York City. The other players you mention are not playing now.

OUR MAN—Yes, I agree with you. Many a thing a man does to broaden his life serves only to shorten it. You want another interview with Thomas Meighan soon, and you say you want to see some pictures of his wife. That "Bachelor Daddy" of his was fine, wasn't it? Made me feel sorry that I wasn't a daddy myself. Yes, the story "K" has been produced in pictures.

CARMON—No, I don't mind petting old. The remembrance of a well-spent life is sweet. Yes, I use an oil on my beard once a week, followed by a shampoo, and I use a lotion every night, so you see, my beard is in the white of condition. Why don't I use it on my head, did I hear you say? Aye, there's the rub! Rudolph Valentino is going to play in "The Rajah." More check!

DIXIE—You have entente cordiale. Mildred Davis can reach at the Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Cal. No, Allene Ray is no relation to Charles Ray. But I suppose that when they retire from the screen, they will be called Ex-Rays. Mrs. Mix is making Tom Mix, and their little daughter will be called Thomasina Mix. Some Mix up, all right.

S. E. C.—Iota is the ninth letter in the Greek alphabet. It is also the smallest; hence, its application to anything very small, as to a jot, a little, a minute particle. Mae Murray is playing in "Broadway Rose." Herbert Rawlinson in "The Man Under Cover," for Universal.

BUT C. O.—I'll say we are. Your letter was mighty interesting, but I don't know how I can advise you about getting into pictures. Why don't you stop off at California stage?


LUCRE FAH—It was very kind of you to send me the Chinese goldfish. You know, goldfish are natives of China, and were introduced into England about the end of the eighteenth century. They are bred principally in ponds fed with the waste of hot water from condensing steam engines. I promise you I will not have mine for breakfast. Again thanks. Dorothy Dalton and Conrad Nagel in "Pool's Paradise." James Cruze is directing now, and Vivian Rich has not been playing for some time.

THE SOUTHERNER.—Your letter was very interesting. In part you say, "Now the reason of this letter is to ask, why, oh, why do the Southern gentlemen in May McAvoy's picture, 'A Virginia Courtship,' shake hands with the negroes? Sir, or madam, I have been in the South all my life. I was born here and have never seen a real Southerner shake the hand of a negro." I shall have to ask Corliss Palmer about that. Perhaps it is a lingering habit of the old slave days in some parts of the South.

MAGGIE—How is it possible to expect that mankind will take advice, when they will not so much as take warning? Charles "Buck" Jones is playing in "Western Speed." Many people are reading a new version of the old "Tess of the Storm Country." "Is it very hard to get into pictures?" you ask. Well, it certainly isn't very easy. Sooner can a camel enter the eye of a needle, etc.

HAROLD W.—I agree with you. They who spend their life in dancing are seldom found advancing. Dancing is fine, tho, as a pastime. No, we never published the story of "Pool's Paradise." You want us to publish the verses that appeared in "The Three Musketeers," Maybe.

MADAM FEW CLOTHES.—Is that your trouble? That's out of my line. I have no clothesline. Edmund Lowe is playing in a series of pictures for Glavoy Productions, with Diana Allen.

A. H.—Hey there! Don't you call me a "trump."

After much investigation I find that the modern dictionaries define the word as a cross-tempered, older-fashion woman. This is just the reverse of its original signification, which, according to Bailey (not Barnum and Bailey), was "plump, fat, jolly." Which do you mean? Yes, Norma Talmadge played in "The Eternal Flame," and in "She Loves and Lies," with Conway Tearle. Harrison Ford in "The Wonderful Thing." You refer to "Secret of the Storm Country."

R. R. C.—Observation, my child, which is an old man's memory. Eugene O'Brien has brown hair and blue eyes. You're right. Douglas MacLean is five feet nine and one-half.

CONNIE PERRY—Thanks for the snapshots of "The Wall of China," and "The Princess' Tomb." I certainly appreciate them. Thalberg is a genius. Miles Minter is not married. Neither is Marjorie Daw. No,
How Famous Movie Stars Keep Their Hair Beautiful

The Secret of Having Soft, Silky, Bright, Fresh-Looking Hair

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 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 luster, 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, everywhere, now 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:

A Simply, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls 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.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

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.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

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 at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.
Natalie Talmadge is on a star—at least she married before she became a star. Buster Keaton thinks she’s a star tho. Marie Doro is playing in “Lilies of the Field.” Your letter surely was mighty interesting.

Eliot G.—Well, a woman can’t long love a man who she feels is inferior to herself; love without veneration, without enthusiasm is but friendship, and friendship is but a cold support under those immense evils which we call love. So you would like to see Eugene O’Brien as Tom Sawyer. Rather a large and aged one, don’t you think? Ella Hall and Emory Johnson in “The Midnight Call.”

Norton D.—That’s a lot, and I was glad to hear from you; run in again.

Saling.—See here there, what do you mean by calling me Solomon? I never had a single wife in my life. Nor a married one either. You can just go where the woodline turneth. Unless—unless—say, did you refer to the wisdom of Solomon, or to his wives?

Ry.—All the way from South America. Thanks for sending the foreign magazine. It was mighty interesting, and splendidly edited—couldn’t have done any better myself. (But I must admit I didn’t read a word of it, could be no doubt.” Wallace Reid at Hollywood, Cal. Thanks again.

I. M. S.—Well, to get one hundred per cent out of life, you must have one hundred per cent out of living. It mostly depends on the liver. You say after reading “Two Many Cooks Spoil the Pictures,” the only wonder to you is that we get any connection or sense out of motion pictures. Very often we do. Just be patient for a little while longer.

Howard C. W.—I suggest that you write to our editor, giving her your suggestions. I am sure they will be gratefully received.

Pink.—It was Rudyard Kipling who wrote “Gunga Din.” You will find it in the Barrack Room Ballads. Address, William Hart at 1215 Bates Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. Be sure and enclose twenty-five cents in stamps. Yes, William Wallace Reid, Jr., is playing in pictures with his mother, Dorothy Davenport.

Sunny South African.—I am sure pleased to meet you. You say you are perfectly white because Americans seems to think that South Africa is colored. Say not so. You also say that “The Lost City” was not true to form in any way. Your letter was splendid. Write me again.

Constance D.—Of course, I’m not a connoisseur. As Byron says, “In her first passion, woman loves her lover; in her others, all things is love.” He also says “I know that a husband without ability is like a house without a roof.” Thanks for the snaps. Address, Constance Talmadge, United Studios, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. Yes, she is married. You surely sparkled.

Helén, Kansas City.—You seem to know. No, I never tried of answering questions. I live in a hall room, get a weekly existence of $1.50 per, and live mostly on buttermilk. Outside of that I’m a regular fellow. Write me again, even if you dont like Rudolph Valentino. Why, oh why, is this thus?

Questa D.—Thanks for the fee. He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it. But we can just reverse that—I’ll remember, and you won’t forget to send me another. Corinne Griffith is playing in “A Virgin’s Sacrifice.” Pola Negri in “The Devil’s Pawn.” She was Constance.

Racvela Rio.—Thanks for the postals, and the fee. I’m sorry, but I cannot give you the home addresses of the players you mentioned. They can be reached at popular studios—izu, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, Cal; Rin Old Haye studios, Culver City, Cal. It’s a small colony right out of Los Angeles.

Lady Rowena.—My time is at your disposal—shoot! Matrimony has many children; repentance, dis- illusionism, etc., etc. You say you hope Rudolph Valentino’s success wont turn his head. “If it does, he will go the other way, wont he?”

JUST PREGY; JEAN F.; WANT MUCH; PATTY; AL J. F.; MRS. P. J. B.; JAMES MORRISON FAN; RUTH P.; DINAN; LILLIAN R.; M. H. FORLEY; LITTLE FAN; STANLEY BUD OFFOREN; SYD DOMINICK F.; AGNES AYRES ADMIER; LOUISE R.; R. E. G. AND J. G.—Sorry to put you in the also rans, but all of your questions have been answered before.

A Virgo p.—You call me a precious old wrinkled dandalie. I suppose with hard sauce, too. But then you say you prefer snow white beards and bald-heads to smooth chins and slicked black hair. That makes me feel better. You’ve got real good common sense you have. Why, Valentino cant hold a candle to me, and you are one of the few who know it. There’s nothing can be done for you, you’re too far gone. Write me again. Your letters are great.

Ossessa.—Are you Russian me? What do I know about love—I’ll give you Izaak Walton’s definition: “Love is a flattering mischief, that hath denied aged and wise men a foresight of those evils that too often prove to be the children of that blind father; a passion that carries us to commit errors with as much ease as whirlwinds move feathers, and begets in us an un- weared industry to the attainment of what we desire.” That’s why I never got into the blamed thing. Clara Kimball Young is playing in “The Heart of Nara,” with Elliot Dexter.

Carmel.—It sounds like something sweet. A woman is to her husband what her husband has made her. Save it! His next picture is “Blood and Sand,” and then “The Raja.”

Forest Dub.—No doubt he was there. There’s no way I can make sure.

Robert.—It is a well-known fact that the body of Crownwell was exhumed, and beheaded, and that the head was afterward placed in the minster Hall for more than twenty years. It was blown down on a stormy night and was taken possession of by a soldier. It is now supposed to be in the possession of a doctor. You bet, Ruth Roland is a peach. She’s a pal of mine, all right.

Char & Dr.—But if every day was a sunny day, who would not wish for rain? Every cloud has a silver lining—except a cloud of dust. She played on the stage some time ago. Fritzi Brunette is not playing now. Thanks.

Elizabeth H.—Commend you to me. Alice Terry was born in Nashville, Tenn., in 1896. She is married to Rex Ingram.

Mackap.—Thanks for the chocolate. The man never possesses the woman; he only possesses the possession. The more he wishes to undertake; and the more obstacles he has overcome, the more new ones he creates for himself. It is, perhaps, a favor of providence to deprive of these new obstacles of hope. So you see, I am quite happy with my $10.50. Harry Carey has signed up with Robertson-Cole.

Mrs. C. C. L.—Thanks, You say Mildred Harris is playing in vaudeville in “Getting the Money.” She knows how to get it.

The Brainy One.—So you think I should cut my beard and send it to the starving Russians for breakfast food. Or perhaps I might sell it to Kellogg. No, Bebe Daniels is not married. Well, your letter was full of clever stuff.

Dwrrrr.—You say the Ruth Roland Club is fine. Write to Walter J. Moses, Box 267, Dixon, Ill. No, I am not the Answer Man for Beauty. Corliss Palmer is it. She is certainly very beautiful, but she can’t begin to write Answer Man stuff like I can. I thought something of marrying her once, but after talking the matter over with her, I changed my mind.

A Missourian.—I think I’ll buy a radio phone so I can eavesdrop on all the world. We had an interview with Rudolph Valentino in the December issue of the CLASS. No, I say got a radio phone if I do, it isn’t safe to be in the same county with me.

Mary Shoestrings.—No thank you, I’ve sworn off. Don’t care for the bootleg product, anyway—they (Continued on page 107)
Women Give Him No Rest
Since Discovering
Skin Laxative

He Physics the Skin and Purges
Every Pore Making Any Complexion
Beautiful in One Hour

By William R. Durgin

What the Observer Saw
A Chicago laboratory full of women of every age, with skins
good, bad—and worse. Sallow complexions; dull complexions;
some were pimpled. One was a mass of blackheads.

—Then a young man, serious of countenance, but with a skin
of startling fairness, applied the magic element to each face AND

In forty minutes I beheld a roomful of absolutely beautiful
women! Features unchanged, but what complexions! Science
had turned artist. It was amazing.

—While out in the corridors a throng was peering for
admittance.

A beautiful complexion is now a
mere matter of personal cleanli-
ness! Thanks to a young English
scientist, every woman so minded
can make her skin beautiful while she waits!
Small wonder this young man receives
more letters than any moving picture
idol in his halcyon days—and has had
twice to remove his laboratory to a more
secluded spot.

One must believe what one sees, and
the writer has found accounts of this
discovery indeed true. I have seen the
magic of modern chemistry change the
most lifeless, impoverished skin to one
of radiant color and velvet texture in
less than an hour! It is wonderful.

The newly found element actually phys-
ics one's skin. Its action is gentle, but
positive. Its use is delightful, not dis-
tasteful, for it is applied outside. Put it
on; slip into your easy chair to dream or
doze; in less than an hour the skin pores
move. Impurities that clog your facial pores come out as if squeezed from
a tube. It's a wonderful feeling, this flush-
ing of the pores. They tingle with relief
and relaxation. When you pick up your
handglass you'll almost drop it with sur-
prise—the new bloom of color and
texture of skin are simply marvelous.

Same Results for Men
Terradermalax is the scientific name of
this modern achievement. It is not a cos-
metic, cream or other beauty nostrum.
It is harmless; it is hygienic and helpful
to the skin. Women on whom Mr. Mc-
Gowan experimented daily for months,
show skins and complexions of striking
health and beauty.

The discovery will mean as
much to many
men as it does
to women; Terra-
dermalax has the
same marvelous
clarifying powers on any human skin—
whether it be the fine-textured skin of
women or the coarser-textured man's skin.

How It Works
This new element is blended into plastic
clay of exquisite smoothness. Place it on
the face like a poultice. No expert mas-
seur's fingers ever felt so soothing, for
you feel this laxative working on every
inch of skin. In an hour, or less, wipe off
with a towel—and with it every black-
head, pimple-point, speck and spot of
dirt. That's all. For a week or two, it is
well to move the skin every other day.
Then once a week suffices. In the end,
the skin is trained to function without aid.

Not on Sale
Unfortunately, Terradermalax cannot be
stocked by druggists. The active ingredi-
ents that loosens the pores of the skin
structure must be fresh. The laboratory
carefully seals each jar and dates every
label. On store shelves, this laxative
element would lose its force, and then
the application would have no more effect
than the ordinary massage. So the labo-
ratory supplies the users direct.

How to Obtain a Supply
of Terradermalax
Making this new material is slow work.
But the laboratory fills requests for single
jars in the order received. Each jar is a
full two months' supply; with it comes
McGowan's own directions. Send no
money but pay the postman a total of
only $2.50 when he brings your jar,
fresh from the laboratory. McGowan
says: "Any woman whose skin and com-
plexion do not receive instantaneous
and perfectly astonishing benefits that
she can feel and see may have this
small laboratory fee back without
question."

If you expect to be out, when the post-
man calls, you may as safely send check
or money order for $2.50 with your ap-
lication, as the laboratory guarantee
will protect you just the same.

Sallow, oily or muddy skin will soon
be looked on not as a misfortune, but
evidence of neglect. So if you desire a
skin of God-given purity, softness and
coloring, here is your opportunity. Just
fill out this application—but do not
delay mailing it.

DERMATOLOGICAL LABORATORIES,
329 Plymouth Court, Chicago

(Write same and address plainly on these two lines)

Please send two months' supply of freshly com-
pounded Terradermalax soon so made. I will
pay postman just $2.50 for everything. My money
to be refunded if the very first application does
not show surprising improvement. [116]

(Canadian applications should enclose 6c.)

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Letters to the Editor

Letters to the editor cannot be used in this department unless the name and address of the writer is given. If the writer desires that only initials be published, please specify.

We echo this reader who asks "Why not more pictures for children?"

Dear Editor: It seems to me that letters on all kinds of subjects pertaining to movies are printed in your magazine, but, to my mind, we have forgotten something. We adults fight for ourselves only. We are very particular about how our entertainment is served to us. We complain that the pictures are poor and do not suit us. We complain about the acting. However, we have entirely overlooked the children. We want our amusement to be just so, and if we don't get what we want, we grumble. How about the kids? They have their likes and dislikes, just as well as we have, and they deserve to get what they want.

The children must not be neglected. I have often overheard the children in the theater speaking of Miss Swanson. Sometimes declaring that the picture wasn't good—wished it was over. When I heard these childish complaints of the little boys and girls I knew they were the same for someone to speak up for them and help them in their troubles. Among many of the pictures that are being produced there are many that are not fit for them to see.

Of what interest is it to a child to sit for two hours and look at a photoplay that has divorce or sex problems for its theme? None whatsoever. He doesn't care a particle for it. Give the child what he likes, is my idea, and at the same time, that which will not do harm.

Not many years ago, the producers, especially William Fox, used to produce fairy tales. What has happened to them? Those were pictures suitable for children. Mr. Producer, take the children of your country into consideration. Give them the kind of story they like. Let them see their beloved fairy tales and heroes on the screen. Do not bother their tiny minds with pictures which are not within their experience. Help the boards of education and the public school teachers in their noble work by producing pictures that the child will like and understand, pictures that will help to educate him and broaden his mind.

Sincerely yours,

Stanley J. Dessen
659 Eleventh Ave, Astoria, L. I.

A Philippine reader writes in praise of Gloria Swanson.

Dear Editor: After reading J. E. Finigan's in "Letters to the Editor" of your magazine in the August issue, I can not but write you this short note in defense of my admiration for Miss Gloria Swanson. Of course, one's appreciation regarding matters movie is purely a personal view, but it's ridiculous those who try so hard to please us to write letters little "movie lads," to be denounced by the "People of Cinemaland" as malicious, de- fined and against public morality. Miss Swanson. Of course, one's appreciation regarding matters movie is purely a personal view, but it's ridiculous those who try so hard to please us to write letters little "movie lads," to be denounced by the "People of Cinemaland" as malicious, de- fined and against public morality. Miss Swanson.

Being a great lover of the movies, I have seen and observed many a star, the Tal- madges, the Gishes, Mary Pickford, Elsie Ferguson, Dorothy Dalton, Evelyn Venable, Miss Swanson. I admire them all, their unques- tionable pulchritude, and the way they touch the hearts of movie fans. But the great glitz and glamour, and the human pride which I constantly feel in Miss Swanson, place her at the summit of my admiration. She is my star, my "Ideal Leading Lady." Standing in a beam of golden light, she is to me the most beautiful creature I have ever seen on the screen. Her physical fea- tures are always expressive of beauty. In short, she is the real incarnation of beauty itself. She acts explicitly, wonder- fully. There is all realism in her actions, and there is not a look nor a smile of hers without that sympathy which burns within me. I have seen her in many casts and her portrayal of the different roles is beautiful and unforgettable. I like her best in "Why Change Your Wife," which was repeatedly shown here in Manila at the request of the public. She is just the kind of a movie star I admire.

To do justice to Miss Swanson, as well as for the information of those who are movie-mad, kindly give this note a space in your very interesting magazine.

Thanking you very much for the favor, I remain,
Sincerely yours,
José Canto
College of Law, National University,
The Manila, P. I.

About this and that.

Dear Editor: Why all this fuss over Rodolph Valentino? Lewis Stone is a far better actor. And if Antonio Moreno had a decent play once in a while he would be just as popular as Valentino, and then some. (Why not Moreno as Ben Hur?) "The Four Horsemen," of course was a splendid picture, but as for "The Sheik," I can see the horses in while Valentino was rolling his eyes all over the set, and thought at first he was Ben Turner.

Vignatograph "The Little Minister," with Alice Calhoun and James Morrison had the Famous Players-Lasky production of the same name everywhere, and the last. I think he is without exception the greatest motion picture actor that ever lived, and if anyone deserves his name in electric letters, he surely does.

Elliott Dexter is a fine actor and de- serves the best here is. He was about the only red-tiking feature of that great dis- appointment, "The Affairs of Anatol," also, he walked away with the honors in "Don't Tell Everything."


Are there really people in existence who like such "wissy-washy" bunk as "The Oath" and "Journey's End"? I believe these two pictures are the worst I have ever seen, followed closely by "The Speed Girl," "Stardust" and "Don't Call Me Lil- tle Girl." It's a crime for a producer to spring such idiotic drivel on the unsus- pecting public.

Wish Edward Rosson, of "Bride 13" and "Fantomas," would play in features. He is a dandy villain.

Some of the new stars are Lilian Gish, Tsuru Aoki, Sessue Hayakawa, Thomas Meighan, Monte Blue and Richard Bar- thelmess. And I adore Charles Ogle. Who was the lady who played Miss Bet in "Miss Lulu Bet"? She was a real hum- dinger! I hope to see her again.

I am looking forward to seeing "Or- phans of the Storm," "Forever," "Foole's Paradise" and "The Prisoner of Zenda." I am sure they will all be grand, I was so unfortunate as to be away when "Broken Blade" was shown. 0h, I hope I haven't given up hopes of seeing it yet.

Long live the Motion Picture Maga- zine!
Sincerely yours,

Croft
519 Fifth St, North, Fargo, N. D.

There is, undoubtedly, a great amount of truth in this letter, whether the particular instances are correct or incorrect. Stardom has been too readily offered in the past.

Dear Editor: I have read your splendid Motion Picture Magazine for several years. The "Letters," especially, interest me, and as this is my second one, I hope this time to see my letter in print.

When Eugene O'Brien was he a star? I cannot see anything about him or his acting to justify his being a star. True, he wasn't so bad in the days when he was leading man for Norma Talmadge. But a star—non, non! And Conway Tearle! I could never see why they made him a star. However, like Eugene O'Brien, he was quite capable in the plays. I always rather enjoyed his playing opposite Marion Davies, the Misses Talmadge and other good stars. But I cannot appreciate him as a star.

This idea of starring players who cer- tainly aren't worthy of the title is one thing I never could see thru. I don't see why they dont leave good enough alone, and let these nice leading men (and leading women) go along making a hit and gaining new admirers by playing opposite our most popular stars.

Even Thomas Meighan doesn't seem to shine as a star as he did during the long period he was free-lancing, and was lead- ing man for almost all of our best act- tresses. He was splendid in these pictures. But when I see him as the star in pictures like "Conrad in Quest of His Youth" and "Cappy Ricks," my admiration for him seems to wane considerably.

There are so many stars today who are not worthy of the title, and yet they earned their title, as did Richard Barthe- lness and Charles Ray, and many others too numerous to mention. There is little Marie Prevost, for instance. She is pretty, but that is all. Surely, she will need years of experience before she is capable of star- dom. Also, we are told that Doris May is working on her first starring vehicle. I cannot imagine this little actress a star.

Anna Q. Nilsson is moving right ahead. Here is a young woman with an exquisite

(Continued on page 17)
After 2000 years-a super-fine face powder

The more delicate the texture of your skin, the finer should be the face powder you use to enhance its beauty. Enchanting to the eye, the smoothest skin reveals itself under a magnifying glass as made up of countless tiny mounds and valleys. To lay a transparent, even bloom on such a varying surface, a face powder must be super-fine. Ordinary powders show because their coarse grains fill the depressions and give that coated look which is so common. Yet women have waited twenty centuries for the invention of a super-fine face powder.

Hand-sifting a primitive process

Cleopatra's powders, we know, were hand-sifted through gauze. Queen Elizabeth, Marie Antoinette, Empress Eugenie used powders made in the same primitive way. Not until the remarkable new Melba process of air-sifting was perfected, was the first super-fine face powder created.

Compare Melba with any other face powder, imported or domestic. Apply them side by side. Note how much finer Melba air-sifted powder is. How closely it clings. How difficult it is to blow or even wipe away. How natural and transparent is the effect it gives. How smoothly it blends with the tone and texture of your skin.

Clinging and blending as it does, Melba air-sifted powder is hardly affected by wind, heat or moisture. It stays on. You can motor or dance, play golf or tennis without fear that your complexion will lose its freshness.

How complexion charm is gained

Melba air-sifted powder gives an exquisite bloom to a woman's beauty. But complexion health and charm lie deeper. Every inch of your face contains hundreds of oil-laden pores, which are almost invisible until this oil and body-wastes, mingling with outside dust and dirt, accumulate and clog them.

Washing with soap and water only clears the surface. Melba Skin Cleanser, applied daily, will penetrate the trouble-breeding stuff within the pores and little by little bring it to the surface for removal. Following this, a stimulating massage with Melba Massage Cream will flush the tissues and refine and restore the pores to normal.

This test is easy to make

Melba air-sifted powders and Melba face creams can be bought at 40,000 drug and department stores. Send the coupon below with 25 cents for a test package containing generous samples of Melba air-sifted Face Powders, Melba Skin Cleanser, Melba Massage Cream, Melba Vanishing Cream, Melba Dry Rouge, Melba Skin Lotion.

To the first twenty thousand who accept this test offer, we will send our new booklet, "The Art of Make-up."

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 25 CENTS

MELBA MFG. CO.
4235 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

I enclose 25 cents or silver for which send me trial tube of Melba Skin Cleanser, trial tube of Melba Massage Cream, trial tube of Melba Vanishing Cream, and sample packet of Melba air-sifted face powders. You are to include your book, "The Art of Make-up," free. Print plainly with a pencil

Name ____________________________
Street No. _________________________
City ____________________________ State ____________________________
Candlelight
(Continued from page 23)

But it was in "Jim," made by Ince, that her salary jumped to the four-figure class, and she has been re-signed to head the all-star cast of his "The Brotherhood of Hate."

Again we asked her to play "Shattered Idols" for us on the piano. Its delicacy and charm leaves us with a memory of its composer. And, while she played, one of the mural candles commenced to flicker. It had burned a long while. Its flicker recalled to us the fact that our interview had been a lengthy one.

"I haven't said a thing you'll want to publish," smiled Marguerite, finishing at the piano.

"As but . . ." I corrected, for I was thinking of the candles and their mellowness, of the musical work and of Marguerite's own radiance—so like the gentle glow of a pascal candle on the altar at Easter tide.

Mum's the Word
(Continued from page 26)

too, for detailed planning before actual production, believing that much of the terrific expense incurred by faulty schedules might thereby be cut down.

"Of course," he said, "I am speaking of a thing which does not directly concern me. I have never attempted to produce on my own. For myself, I have no plans. I shall tie up immediately, anyway, with no one concern. I personally would prefer to remain free. There is a lot in being able to come and go as you wish. But it is sometimes difficult for the wife."

Tom Moore remains in appearance what he has always been, a curly-haired blue-eyed, quick smiling lad from Ireland. More mature, perhaps, than when he played "The Cinderella Man" with Mae Marsh, a staid heavier, but scarcely noticeable. The Moore triumvirate—Tom Moore, Owen Moore, Mat Moore—remains a substantial example of the more permanent factors in motion pictures, a bright galaxy in the original constellation of stars about which the present filmament has been grouped.

The strange quality of reticence in him, so far as speaking for publication is concerned, is not remarkable when one thinks upon the enormous amount of talk he has had, the percentage of hokum which has been launched and floated in his name.

"Publicity for the picture, yes," he says. "For myself, my wife, my private life, no."

Think it over. Put yourself in his place. Can't blame him much. Anyway, mum's the word.

Pleasant, safe, feminine—this way to remove hair

Ruth Miller tells how the makers of Odorono came to complete the underarm toilette

With the same eagerness with which women adopted the Odorono standard of the underarm toilette, they appealed to us to give them what they have so long wanted—a pleasant way to remove hair.


A large order, this. But the chemists in the Odorono laboratories have finally perfected Odorono's toilet complement, The Odorono Company's Depilatory.

First of all, it has a new quality for a depilatory—it is pleasant. No disagreeable odor, here; it is fragrant with burnt almond scent.

And so easy and effective! It removes the offending hair like magic, leaving the underarm smooth and white. There is never a twinge of irritation.

Relieved from using dangerous blades which can scar and increase the growth, women find in Odorono Depilatory the ideal method for this important phase of the underarm toilette.

A complete 12 weeks' supply, at toilet counters everywhere. If your dealer hasn't it, we will send it post-paid. Address Ruth Miller, The Odorono Company, 1007-D Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

too dark for the part, but I went downtown and got a blonde wig. It made me fit the role, and I played it. The picture was 'Arizona.'

In such a manner was she launched upon her career. She's been lucky—as luck goes in the film industry—and has never played anything else than a leading role during her three years before the cameras. To all of the briefer, est futures in Hollywood ahead of her. Her salary is in four figures; she is in constant demand at the studios.

But there has been a deep tragedy in her life—a catastrophe that has left its eternal impress on her heart, that nearly crushed her with its weight. A little over a year ago, when she was working in a scene of a picture, she was confronted with news of the death of both her parents. They were driving their automobile in Hollywood. Came a sudden, terrible collision—and Marguerite and her younger brother were left orphaned. She was barely sixteen, still a child.

For a time it looked as if she would become an invalid. She had no further desire to work against her will. Her recuperative period was a long one, but when her health was regained she emerged fully adolescent. Her childhood was gone. She became a woman.

At the time of her parents' death, J. L. Frothingham, the film producer, was her business manager. He felt the full responsibility of guiding her destiny. He and his wife became Marguerite's legal guardians.

And it has been only the last six months that Miss de la Motte has been legally "of age." Now she can collect and invest her own salary; yet it is to the kindly Frothingham that she offers all queries.

Knowing the story of her life, her tragedy, I did not probe into the details of her real "shattered idols." Marguerite, with her large, sympathetic eyes, her ready, good-natured smile, her indelible sweetness, isn't the sort of girl who inspires interview—she has always been too<br>
How Pretty Teeth
affect the smile—teeth freed from film
See what one week will do

The open smile comes naturally when there are pretty teeth to show. But dingy teeth are kept concealed.
The difference lies in film. That is what stains and discolors. That is what hides the tooth luster. Let us show you, by a ten-day test, how millions now fight that film.

Why teeth are dim
Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it now. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.
No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it. The tooth brush, therefore, leaves much of it intact.
That film is what discolors, not the teeth. It often forms the basis of a dingy coat. Millions of teeth are clouded in that way.

The tooth attacks
Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.
Germs constantly breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film, and very few people escape them.

Must be combated
Dental science has long been seeking a daily film combatant. In late years two effective methods have been found. Authorities have proved them by many careful tests. Now leading dentists early in the world over are urging their daily use.
A new-day tooth paste has been perfected, made to comply with modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent. These two great film combatants are embodied in it.

It goes further
Other effects are now considered essential. Pepsodent is made to bring them all.
It multiplies the salivary flow. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth, so they will not remain and form acids.
It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature’s neutralizer for acids which cause decay.
Thus every application gives these tooth-protecting forces multiplied effect.

These things mean whiter, cleaner, safer teeth. They mean natural mouth conditions, better tooth protection. This ten-day test will convince you by what you see and feel. Make it for your own sake, then decide what is best.

Pepsodent
The New-Day Dentifrice
Endorsed by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists almost the world over. Used by careful people of some forty races. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY, Dept. 23, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family
We Interview “The Boy”
(Continued from page 21)

She has eaten practically nothing for days. I hope you'll understand.

G. H. (complacent and unabashed): Yes, I was saying just before you came along that if you could make me laugh today you'd be more than a good comedian, you'd be a philanthropist.

H. L. (looking discreetly at the chef-d'œuvre of the cuisine which has been served her): I'm afraid my stock as a comedian won't go up in your estimation then. As a matter of fact, a comedian is seldom a commodity off the set, so to speak. Comedy is a serious business, you know, and it takes us most of our time watching the other fellow being funny. We get ideas. While, on the other hand, if I were to be funny here I'd have to be thinking 'Let me see, what can I do to make the girl laugh?' Instead of which I'm watching Miss Fletcher eating her sausage in the hope that I may get an idea for some comedy hit—

(A. W. F. manifest legislation.)

G. H. (serenely): Your eventual claim to fame, my honored contemporary, is that you will be seen eating Gastronomic sausages in a Harold Lloyd comedy—

A. W. F.: Here, I hope you might have waited until I had finished. I'd love to be in a Harold Lloyd comedy more than anything I can think of but—not with a sausage.

H. L. (earnestly and boyishly): Oh, I'm sorry! I only said that in explanation. 1—I—I didn't think of having you play opposite a sausage.

G. H. (brevity, over her convalescent diet): Let us get to weightier matters, Mr. Lloyd. How do you make your comedies?

H. L. (with an anxious glance at A. W. F.): As we go, for the most part. Spontaneously always. I have a general theme in mind, but we never work from a scenario. I tried that in the beginning, but something didn't succeed. The mechanisms clicked. That's fatal in comedy. Now just build the story around some funny incident, sometimes taking the last sentence of a novel, like that. In “Ne—— Weaken” all we had in mind when we started was that business on the girders high above the street—remember? We did that first, and built the rest of the story around that. There had to be a reason for The Boy being there and all those sort of things.

A. W. F. (her agitation has disappeared): I should think that would be a frightful strain. Don't you ever run out of ideas—go stale?

H. L.: Sure. Lots of times. When that happens, we don't try to work any longer. We quit and go off and play ball or dance or have luncheon or something like that. And nine times out of ten someone will say, ‘Here's a good gag, Harold—and we're off again. I don't worry about ideas any more. That's the surest way to kill them. And things always work themselves out.

Mr. Reddy (efficiently, earnestly): Harold doesn't believe in the artistic temperament, tho. ThatQuieting work when there is a scale is just right.

H. L. (definitely): Of course, I don't believe in "artistic temperament." It is mostly credited to stars, I believe, and they, of all people, have the least claim to it. When you have reached the place where you can have your own way in what you do and when you do it; when you have sufficient money for all your needs and are secure, if one can ever be secure, in the knowledge that your remaining days are taken care of, then there is no call for "temperament." You're darn lucky to have so little to worry about and the thing for you to do is to work hard and pray that the wheel of chance may not turn against you. It's the chance on the way up—the fellow who is struggling with the outcome still uncertain who has the right to be sentimental if he wants to. He's laboring under a strain and that's the only excuse there is for hitting the sky.

A. W. F.: What do you want to do?

After you have earned all the money you can possibly need—have you any dreams?

H. L.: Of course. Not to dream is to die, in a sense. Definitely, I want to make the pictures that please me. Comedy-drama is the term, I suppose. I have to go slowly—rather gradually, of course. At present comedy means more or less the slap-stick stuff. It is not recognized in any other dress. If I should go abruptly into the more subtle type of comedy, there would be less laughter and that would not be my ambition. Eventu-

ally, however, I hope to make comedies which are comedies to me.

(The luncheon which has comprised breakfast for A. W. F. and a course dinner for G. H. draws, at length, to a close. The party rise and stroll to the door.)

Scene III.—The anteroom as in Scene I. Harold Lloyd and party enter.

G. H.: I had planned to see “Orphans of the Storm” this afternoon. Would you care to go?

A. W. F.: We would—if we could. But we have another engagement at four. We've enjoyed lunching with you immensely. Thank you—and good-bye.


H. L.: Good-bye.

(HAROLD LLOYD EXITS. THE TWO INTERVIEWERS AND MR. REDDY STAND WATCHING HIM.)

A. W. F. (to MR. REDDY): You have redeemed my fallen faith in press-agents. Harold Lloyd is even nicer than you tried to tell us. He acts more like a keen and serious college man than a comedy star.

G. H.: He has a sensible viewpoint—

and a nice skin. And good eyes. He's the sort you would trust. That's better than to be merely the sort you laugh at.

Mr. Reddy (triumphantly): He's always like that. Everyone likes Harold. I'm glad you agree. Good-bye. (He exits.)

G. H. (frantically and anxiously): Where's the dressing-room? Have you powder?

A. W. F.: This way, my dear. I suppose you're starting now to get ready for the appointment at four. Very well, I've come on.

(The Interviewers go off scene.)

THE USUAL RECOMPENSE
By Frank V. Faoalhai

"I'm contemplating applying for a job as an 'extra.' What does one usually receive in such a capacity?"

"An 'extra' usually receives the calling down the director aches to give the 'leading lady,' but which he doesn't dare."
Angel Face
(Continued from page 49)

store hungriy at each gesture and move-
ment of the players. Opportunity came
finally, during a trip to New York, when a
director approached her with an induc-
ment to work in a picture he was about to
make—a small part. Mrs. Calhoun, after
a few dubious moments, or days, consented.
Since then, Alice’s path toward starr fame
has been unswerving.

Alice has a different slant, for Holly-
wood, on the question of a star’s personal
and private life. She would admit the
right of the public to interfere.

“I think,” she said, “that it is up to
every one who holds a ranking place in
pictures to live up to the character they
have painted on the screen. I don’t, of
course, mean the villains,” she qualified
hastily. “But the majority of stars appear
in fine roles. I believe that they should
regulate their personal lives to parallel
their screen lives; that they should keep
reasonable hours and temperate hours.”

It is a denial, of course, of a thing, per-
sonal freedom, that most of us. less Spar-
tan than Alice, would not care to con-
template, a sacrifice to public opinion which,
a part from being nice, is in these hectic
times, an insurance of continued commer-
cial value. The mood of the movie public
now is like that of the revolutionary mob
in France. More heads for the guillotine!
— with the press playing les scenes terri-
bles.

She is waiting now for a renewed un-
derstanding with Vitagraph before she
continues making pictures. She has re-
cently completed two, “Angel Face” and
“Locked Up.” I should not be surprised,
in the face of the reports that “The Lit-
tle Minister” made big money, to see
Vitagraph clinch her tighter to its bosom.
But one never knows.

Searching for a tag, one could not find
a better line than the title of her picture,
“Angel Face.” She is that—nicely so.

“One of Us”
(Continued from page 40)

remarkable eyes twinkled—“of course, I
am walking against a rainy day. For
middle age, you know.”

I thought in terms of porphry and mar-
ble. I said as much.

“Not indeed!” laughed Miss Dempster.
“Between the ages of forty and fifty I
shall appear before the world as an opera
singer. I am studying daily now. And I’m
told that by far the most successful age for
the career operatic is in the middle forties.
That is remarkably opportun-
tune for me. From films to ‘Faust.’ If
my voice fails, I’m keeping up my dancing.
Of course, the ‘forties aren’t so good for
that. Still, with athletics, I may be able
to keep sufficiently limber.

“Seriously, however, I am studying voice
culture with that end in view I know
that I shall not always be young enough
to be on the screen, and I shall have had
just enough of publicity and that sort of
a life to be unable to be relegated to ob-
livion during the so-much-dreaded ‘middle
years’—hence the preparation!”

Miss Dempster is one of the hopes of
the screen; of the “new era,” of which we
hear so much—and too little. Clean-cut
and cultured, she could temper, with her
normal, sure vapouring, the swollen, ble-
netic waters; help to prune the noxious un-
dergrowths; confound and make superfl-
uous the bumptious Board of C’s.

A Telephone City

Above is an imaginary city,
made by grouping together one-
fifth of the buildings owned by
the Bell System, and used in
telephone service. Picture to
yourself a city five times as great
and you will have an idea
of the amount of real estate
owned by the Bell System throughout
the country.

If all these buildings were
grouped together, they would
make a business community with
400 more buildings than
the total number of office
buildings in New York City, as classified
by the Department of Taxes and
Assessments.

Next to its investment in
modern telephone equipment, the
largest investment of the Bell
System is in its 1,600 modern
buildings, with a value of $144,-
000,000. Ranging in size from
twenty-seven stories down to
one-story, they are used prin-
cipally as executive offices, cen-
tral offices, storehouses and
garages. The modern construc-
tion of most of the buildings is
indicated by the fact that the
investment in buildings is now
over three times what it was ten
years ago.

Every building owned by the
Bell System must be so con-
structed and so situated as to
serve with efficiency the tele-
phone public in each locality,
and to be a sound investment
for future requirements.

“Bell System”
American Telephone and Telegraph Company
And Associated Companies
One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed
 toward Better Service

You Have a Beautiful Face But Your Nose?

IN THIS DAY AND AGE attention to your appearance is an abso-
lute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only
should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own
self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will
find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by
your "book!" therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times.
Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will injure your wel-
fare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or
success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny?

My latest brain child, "Tradio Model," C. S. Patton, with its adjustable
pressure regulators and shaded light polished metal, regulators are well-chosen names
without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. Broken not accepted. In
pleasant and does not interfere with next-day occupation, being worn at night.

Write today for free booklet, which tells how to correct "Zi-Shaped Nose without cost if not satisfactory.

M. Trilety, Face Specialist, 1741 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.
Also For Sale at Riker-Hegeman, Liggett’s and other First-Class Drug Stores.
The Glorious Adventure

(Continued from page 38)

thou canst still marry the condemned prisoner and save thyself.'

"Aye, there's Bulfinch," Stephanie cried.

"It's in God's hands, my faithful executioner," for the murder of Argyle. It is simple--"

"The murder of Argyle," whispered Beatrice in a faltering voice. "What meanest thou?"

And Stephanie, in a burst of passion, told the whole story of how Hugh Argyle, on his way home to claim his inheritance, had fallen in a bodkin trap set by Lord Roderick; and how they had stolen from him his identification papers and the locket with the Lady Beatrice's own picture in it; and how Roderick had commanded Bulfinch to murder him and throw the man overboard; and of his miraculous escape; and that Roderick, fearing Bulfinch would betray him, had caused him to be arrested and thrown into gaol; and of the convivance of Unwin and their scheming to get the Lady Beatrice. Lord Roderick, she also told. But she listened most at the recital, and joy and pain struggled in her heart, for she knew now the handsome stranger who bought Hugh Argyle, her childhood sweetheart; but she trembled at the recollection of the rose spotted with his blood. But she must make some request, Rosemary and Stephanie, who were urging her to marry the condemned Bulfinch.

"So be it," she said at last, worn out with the struggle. "Tonight I marry a criminal. A wicked man, be arrested and I am free of debt. It is the law."

At midnight a strange and tragic scene was enacted in a corridor of Newgate Gaol. Bulfinch was told that a beautiful lady wished to see him. Great he laughed a hoarse and mirthless laugh and shouted bitterly, "Bring on my beautiful bride. Let's have a look at her." The shrinking Lady Beatrice, half led, half carried, to the cell door by Stephanie and Rosemary, and the priest read the wedding service by the light of torches held in the hands of called gravediggers and the interested prison guards. Bulfinch eyed the beautiful drooping figure before him, lustfully. She laid her hand on his, as if to catch his glance, as she was placed in his great greasy paw, he laughed maliciously, and drew her arm suddenly thru the bars of his cell and laid his brutish mouth to the soft white flesh. She shrank back in horror, in a veritable agony of fear and loathing, and the vigilant guards, nodded the felon with their swords until he slunk back against the far wall of his cell, muttering foul imprecations on the whole lot. Lady Beatrice was led fainting away, but she had survived the horrible ordeal, and she was free. Once at home, she had retired in a state of nervous exhaustion and slept fitfully, now dreaming of the horrible face leering at her thru the prison bars, and now seeing the handsome face and form of Hugh Argyle. Outside, the noises of a great city were hushed and still. Peace and quiet brooded over the cobbled streets. All was serene.

But a figure was creeping down Pudding Lane near Thames Street; a wild figure with unshaved face and light hair. He carried fanaticism gleaming in its bloodshot eyes, muttering as it went, calling on the Lord to destroy a wicked city by fire, since it was too immoral for the preacher. He stood still a moment, with face upraised to Heaven, but there was no answer to his prayer, and he shambled off out of sight, only to reappear with a lighted torch in his hand.

Out of the quiet night tore a sudden volume of explosion, a roar of fire, a crashing and amplifying into a gigantic roar. London was in flames! The terrified populace fled this way and that, trying to escape, screaming and fighting and crying on each other in a frenzy of terror. Great tongues of flame shot across the narrow, crowded streets to the overhanging eaves of the neighboring buildings and the windows of ash houses whole blocks at a time. The fire spread and spread, crept its devastating way down thru Thieves' Kitchen, around the corner to Threadneedle Street, persisted long enough to destroy Paupers' Court, and then with the voice of a thousand avenging hosts, attacked Newgate Gaol in a fury of flame and violence. Warden Simson, together with the prison Chaplain, released the prisoners, who, by this time, were making a perfect bedlam of the place, shrieking and screaming like madmen, tearing at each other, bruising their hands against the sharp iron gratings, beating the defenceless hands against the stone walls. It was an act of common humanity, but the results were far from human.

Bulfinch, herded into the chapel with the rest, promptly took advantage of the excitement to choose the one guardian who stood in his way and to make his escape un molested in the uproar. Straight he made for his wife's house, thanking his lucky star that he had inquired in idle curiosity who she was and where she lived. 'What art art you going to visit tonight, dear? the guard had queried with a mocking laugh; but he had told him, and now the man approached that quarter of the city where she lived, he'll shortly find them discussing it. He found them discussing it, at the conflagration that was raging not so far away. He climbed the wall of the house as agilely as a cat, to a latticed window. opened wide to the night breeze. He paused a moment to gloat over his success, his hungry fists clutching the window ledge tensely, as tho they were sunk into the flesh of the beautiful women who lay there helpless before him. He leaped into the room silently and drew near the bed where Beatrice lay, one white arm thrown over her face, protecting her child. He licked his gross lips and suddenly seized her in his arms. She awoke with a start, all her senses alert. She screamed and fought with all her strength. The frightened inmates came running in response, but Bulfinch thrust them aside with savage strength and bore the poor scene of Beatrice down the stairs and out to the street below. Over the cobles he ran, down one blazing street after the other, the people too frightened and excited to pay any attention to him. Back he went to his haunt of former years, the deserted crypt of old Saint Paul's, and there, in its musty recesses, he imprisoned his helpless bride. Outside resounded the reverberating crashes of falling buildings, the detonation of dynamite explosions, in unnumbered forts and garrisons: the shrill screams of terror- filled women and children, the gigantic crackling of old dry wood, the stupendous concentrated roar of the fiery spray, and Bulfinch, like a madman, crept on to his carrion bravely. Better the fire than he should touch her again. She sprang toward the doors, and lo, they were opened just then, and he stood forth in the sudden flare of light.

Bulfinch wheeled swiftly. This was too good. A beautiful woman in his power,
and now his bitter enemy in his hands! He seized the startled Roderick before the man could say a word, and, carrying him high over his head, threw his living body to the flames. Beatrice closed her eyes, sick with horror.

"And now we are alone again, pretty bride," said Bulfinch, coming toward her.

In another part of the city, Stephanie Dangerfield made her way to the inn, where Argyle lay a prisoner, under two armed guards. How she effected her release need not to be discussed here. Suffice it to say, she showed him the way to the old crypt of Saint Paul's, where she and Rosemary had seen Bulfinch take the Lady Beatrice. And if Stephanie perished in the flames, God rest her soul! She had made atonement.

When Hugh Argyle reached the great doors, he found them locked, and thrust a burning mass of wreckage against them. Hugh stepped in, and with a joyful cry Beatrice ran to him.

"Oh, my dear lord," she cried; "thou'rt but just in time," and fainted dead away.

Bulfinch started toward her, but Hugh thrust him aside with his sword.

"Touch her not, carrion," he said.

"Why not?" the man replied, with an ugly laugh. "She is my wife!"

Hugh stared at him as tho he thought the man were mad. "What sayest thou?"

"Ask her," answered Bulfinch. Beatrice slowly opened her eyes.

"Is it truth that this man speaks?" he asked. "Art thou his wife?"

"She is not," said a coarse voice unexpectedly. "The good-for-naught is wed to me eight years come next St. Michael's day. Come home, ye worthless rascals, and look after thy brats. Vagabond! A small, sharp-tongued, shrewish little woman advanced toward the startled Bulfinch, and led him off, utterly cowed.

"Oh, my dear Hugh," said Beatrice, "for I know thou'rt my own childhood playmate. I will explain all to thee when—"

"Thou needst tell me naught, sweetheart, save how thou knowest me. I love thee, and lov'st thou me, what doth aught else matter? But we must get away from here—gether dear heart, together always now."

And so together they walked away to safety, borne up by their great love; and recalling tenderly in each heart the little lad and lass who romped and played and listened to fairy stories under the bay uow, and plighted their childish troth at the end of each tale, never dreaming but that it would some day come true.

In Youth

(Continued from page 66)

Again we felt a definite note.

"People keep on doing practically the same things over and over," he went on. "That's why we don't get there faster. You know, there are all sorts of things we could do. I'd like to see 'Romeo and Juliet' on the screen, wouldn't you? 'Romeo and Juliet,' with Mary as Juliet and John Barrymore as Romeo—"

James Kirkwood was waiting for him in another room of the suite, so we let him make his escape. He was unfeignedly pleasant—charming—but we have the conviction that interviews are not the high spots in his existence.

After he had left, we remembered what he said about Mary as Juliet and John Barrymore as Romeo—Youth with dreams, fraught with romance; Utopian ideals and a ceaseless urge.

In its youth the screen will find its own.

---

The Hinds Cre-Maids
Can bring to you
Health and Beauty
And Comfort true

Summer Days

In summer places, on hills or sands,
You'll find your complexion, your arms and hands
Will need protection from wind and sun;
Then let the Cre-Maids bring this one.

Cool Hinds Honey and Almond Cream
For mid-summer comfort reigns supreme;
For no matter how "blowy" or hot the day,
Sunburn and windburn it keeps away.

For "hiking" blisters, for bites and stings,
An instant relief it always brings;
Dust irritations soon disappear,
Leaving your skin soft, smooth and clear.

Constant use throughout summer days
Is a healthful habit that always pays,
And every outing a treat will seem
If you take Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

TO PREVENT SUNBURN
Use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream before
and after exposure; also morning and
night to keep the skin soft.

If the skin is inflamed and sore, do not
rub it, but moisten a piece of soft linen
or absorbent cotton with the Cream
and lay it on the skin for a half hour or longer;
repeat until relieved. It will quickly cool
the burned surface and prevent blistering
or peeling.

WONDERFUL BASE FOR FACE
POWDER. The liquid Hinds Honey
and Almond Cream is now used for this
purpose with marvelous success. Moisten
the skin slightly with the cream; let it
nearly dry, then dust on the powder. It will
dhere to perfection.

AS A MANICURING AID THIS
CREAM softens the cuticle, prevents
soresness and preserves the lustre of the nails.

AN AFTER-SHAVE COMFORT.
Every man who tries it is gratified by its
quick action in soothing, cooling and
healing scrapes, sore spots and cuts.

You will find the Hinds Week-End Box especially convenient and useful now,
as it contains those essentials for the comfort and attractiveness of the face and
hands. Trial size, Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, Cold and Disappearing
Cream, Soap, Talc and Face Powder, 50c. Try-out Box of 5 samples, 10c.

All drugstores and department stores sell Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.
We will mail you a small sample for 2c or trial bottle for 6c. Booklet Free.

Ask your dealer for Hinds Superior Toilet Requisites, but if not obtainable,
order from us. We send postpaid in the United States.

A. S. HINDS CO., Dept. 23, Portland, Me.
$10,000 reward for a Palmer Student’s imagination

The first prize of $10,000 in the Chicago Daily News scenario contest was awarded to Miss Winifred Kimball, of Apalachicola, Florida. It is the biggest prize ever offered for a scenario.

The contest was open to everybody. Nearly 30,000 entered, many professional scenarioists competing. Miss Kimball, an amateur heretofore unknown to the screen, wrote “Broken Chains,” the scenario adjudged best.

Miss Kimball is an enthusiastic student of the Palmer Course and Service. Of the Palmer Plan she writes:

“...There is something unique in the kindly interest that the Palmer institution evinces toward its students. I feel that much of my success is due to its practical instructions. I have gained greatly from the fundamental wisdom of its criticisms and teachings.”

A second prize of $1,000 was won by Mrs. Anna Mezza, of San Francisco, also a Palmer student. Seven other students of the Palmer Plan won $500 prizes.

Until the Palmer Photoplay Corporation discovered and developed their gifts in its nation-wide search for screen imagination, these prize winners were unknown to the motion picture industry.

That search goes on and on. Through a questionnaire test which reveals creative imagination if it exists, more hidden talent will yet be uncovered. The test is offered free to you in this page.

This is the kind of story that needs little elaboration. The awards speak for themselves. The Chicago Daily News put its great influence and resources behind the motion picture industry, which desperately needs fresh imagination for scenarios.

Thirty-one cash prizes amounting to $30,000 were offered. Thirty thousand professional and amateur writers competed. Their manuscripts were identified to the judges, not by author’s name, but by number.

The judges—among whom were David Wark Grifflth, the famous producer; Samuel Goldwyn, whose studios will produce the first prize scenario; Norma Talmadge and Charles Chaplin, screen stars, and Rupert Hughes, celebrated author and scenarist—selected “Broken Chains” as the best of the 30,000 scenarios entered.

MISS WINIFRED KIMBALL wins over 30,000 contestants in Chicago Daily News scenario contest—She trained her natural gifts by Palmer Plan.

Ye Gentle Tourist

(Continued from page 65)

Act II

Place: Typical studio set. Goldie Forelocks rehearsing highly emotional scene as curtain rises.

Time: Five minutes later.

Director:
Miss Forelocks, you’re in mortal fear; The villain’s opening the door... Register terror now, and shriek, “Where have I seen that face before?”

Enter Guide and First and Third Tourist.

First Tourist:
My land sakes! Does she look like that?
I’ll bet that she has on a wig!!
What would our Sewing Circle say?!
If they could see her in that rig!!!

Third Tourist:
I’m goin’ to move out here to stay;
I always liked Los Ang-els. Some scen-ery... but, say, I hope Miss Forelocks don’t get in a breeze...

Director (gla ring):
I must have quiet on this set;
What do you people take us for? Now, Action—Take—Goldie, your cue:
“Hark! Who is knocking at the door?”
Enter Second Tourist, quite unexpected-ly thru door—

It’s only me... I don’t know how You folks all guessed that I was there; But now I’m in the picture, to tell you I’m sure that I—Maw and Paw wont care...

Director takes a bite out of his mega- phone. Miss Forelocks faints. Cameraman and electricians think unthinkable thoughts.

Guide (in a hoarse voice):
I would suggest that we depart,
With all due haste... Call it a day.
Your offspring still in Old Place— Doubtless, you like him best that way...

Exeunt Guide and Tourists, as curtain collapses.

Exit Ye Gentle Tourist— He has seen the Studio... But do not strike the sets; alas, Tomorrow—we repeat the show...

The Lesson of the Lilies

(Continued from page 73)

of course, personal attraction, for it is impossible for an unclean person to be attractive.

The body is not only a living thing. It is also a dying thing. Every day, in fact, every minute, parts of the body are decaying and dying. Cells and corpuscles die and new ones are born. The old skin is dying and a new one forming. This takes place so regularly and uniformly that we are said to have completely discarded at the end of seven years every particle of the body that we set in motion years before. When you think that it only takes seven years for us to wear our bodies out, atom by atom, cell by cell, is it any wonder the bodies of unwashed individuals have a terribly repulsive odor?

Perspiration is the principal visible form the wearing-out of the body takes. And usually it is the most healthy persons.
who are annoyed by excessive perspiration. In the armpits and on the bottoms of the feet are the principal places where perspiration gathers, and are the places from which it is easiest to remove it. Frequent bathing alone is not enough. It removes the odor of the perspiration but not the cause. Just as soon as the moisture gathers again there is also the odor with it. The best thing one can do is to get a small bottle of Odorono, or Odorono cream made for the special purpose of removing the cause of the trouble. There are plenty of them on the market, under different names. Just go to the counter of toilet accessories and tell the clerk what you want, and she will recommend a good preparation to you. Or, better still, watch the advertisements. I seldom recommend home-made preparations, for the reason that it is usually more expensive to experiment than to buy the desired article outright. Especially if one's time is valuable; and whose is not, today?

The full-blooded, healthy individual is more troubled with the odors arising from perspiration, he is less troubled with a bad breath, which is caused either by decaying teeth, diseased tonsils, catarrh, or stomach troubles. Here, as always, the remedy can not be applied until the cause is found. There is no need for anyone to suffer from any of these causes. They are merely the result of overeating, neglect of the dentist, etc. However, there is one general remedy I have to offer, and that is the daily use of hot salt water in the mouth. Have a glassful of water as hot as you can stand it. Take a mouthful at a time, holding it for a moment, then ejecting it. Gargle a little, and swallow as much as you like, the more the better. It seems to absorb the odors and leave a sweet, pleasant taste in the mouth. If you have to do your own housework, cooking and dishwashing, wear an apron that fits you from neck to feet, instead of one of those dainty ruffled or flowered things. This keeps dust and odors from the clothes, and when you join your family or friends in the living-room after dinner you will not carry with you the odor of food or dishwater. Wear rubber gloves whenever possible.

Keeping the hair fresh and clean and fragrant is, after all, the greatest problem. Of course, a cap should be worn when sweeping or dusting, and not worn when cooking, too? Dust in the hair is no more unpleasant than the odors that arise from food cooking on the kitchen stove, and dust is more easily removed than odors are. A thorough brushing every night will remove the dust, while it will only lessen the odors slightly.

There is no feature, no portion of the body that demands more attention than the hair; and perhaps none other wins as great admiration in the beholder. But it often seems a shame to make a delicate, fragrant perfume that seems to belong to it. This is easily obtained by shaking a few drops of your favorite Odorono perfume into water when shampooing the hair. Also by dampening the hair-brush with the same perfume or toilet water and brushing the odor into the hair.

Do not use a lice shampoo on the hair and a violet perfume on the brush and a French perfume on the handle. Select the perfume and make your own by using it and nothing else. This is easy. What is more difficult and far more important on this subject of odors is to eliminate from the body the hair and the clothes the least suggestion of an unpleasant odor. Emulate the liths of the field as they affect the olfactory nerves.

The shocking subject of yesterday now sets for women a new standard

The underarm toilette is a new conception of cleanliness which two million women now practice regularly

By Ruth Miller

Several years ago, when I first told women some personal things about themselves, they were shocked and offended at my seeming to question their habits of cleanliness.

But I believed that some day a special underarm toilette would be recognized as necessary and important as the use of soap and water or a dentifrice. Time has verified that belief.

Every day letters come from women and from men too—thanking me for making it possible for them to avoid the discomforts and embarrassments of underarm perspiration.

The underarm toilette—a new conception of cleanliness

The underarm perspiration glands are easily stimulated to unusual activity by excitement, heat or nervousness. Clothing and the hollow of the underarm make evaporation difficult.

Even more repellent than the unsightly moisture here is the unpleasant odor caused by changing body chemicals. And it is such an insidious thing—for it sometimes seems impossible to detect this odor about ourselves while others may be keenly conscious of it.

Only special care of the underarm will save you from offending in this way. You can't afford to depend on preparations that are effective for only part of a day. They'll fail you when you count on them most. Your surest safeguard is the Odorono standard of personal dauntlessness, effective for at least three days at a time.

Odorono is the original perspiration corrective. Formulated by a Cincinnati physician, it has been improved to scientific perfection through years of research by the chemists in the Odorono laboratories and by other leading chemists of the country.

Odorono is a clean, clear antiseptic liquid, delightful to use. One application assures entire relief from both moisture and odor for at least three days.

Physicians and nurses use and recommend it as the surest and most effective means of combating perspiration moisture and odor. Dr. Lewis R. Dyer, of the famous Westminster Laboratories, Westfield, Mass., says: "Experimental and practical tests show that Odorono is harmless, economical and effective when employed as directed and will injure neither the skin nor the health."

Regularity used twice a week, Odorono will keep your underarms always dry and dainty in any weather, under any circumstances. It protects your dainty gowns and blouses from moisture and stain and all taint of odor. You may place complete dependence for protection in this respect upon Odorono. No other precautions are ever necessary.

Odorono is obtainable at all toilet counters in the United States and Canada, 15c, 25c, and $1, or sent by mail post paid.

As a specialist in the toilette of the underarm, I am always glad to advise you. If you will tell me of your perspiration troubles, I will try to help you and will send you free our new booklet of information on this subject, containing quotations from authorities, together with a sample of the Odorono Company's new After-Cream.

Address Ruth Miller, The Odorono Company, 1207 East Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. Canadian address, The Odorono Co., Ltd., 61-63 Front Street, West, Toronto, Ont., Canada.
Her fascination can be yours, too!

You can radiate a flower-like freshness; an exhilarating fragrance; you can look cool and charming—if you will but use what genius has created to enhance your loveliness—

Rigaud's

TALCUM

Fragrant with Parfum

Mary Garden

The fascination that the world associates with Mary Garden's wonderful personality is suggested in this Talcum Rigaud has named for her. Ready—at any good drug or department store to add distinction to your Summer appearance.

Other Rigaud Aids to Your Summer Loveliness

TOILET WATER  FACE POWDER  SACHET POWDER  MASSAGE CREAM

Each Fragrant with Parfum Mary Garden

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Concerning My Husband

(Continued from page 63)

It is unfair. But the wife, I suppose, must continue always to be regarded as her husband's trademark, because of the weakness of her sex.

Seriously, however, Frank is a charming man. Naturally so, or I should not have married him. He is not, in his private life, the brute-breaking character such as the screen has pictured him. He is, rather, more like a big, good-natured boy. Sometimes—quite often—he has a stomach-ache from eating indiscriminately, because when he is at the studio he has no regard for food-values and adores salad and ice cream.

It is then that he must be humored. Not humored by oily words and sayings, but by the quick application of a hot-water bottle. I learned this almost immediately after our marriage—and now I should not dream of allowing him to go away on a location trip without this thermos-pad.

And, even tho he is a star and one sees his name in electric lights when his pictures are showing, he has his share of disappointments and despair. There are days that he comes back from his studio fairly in tears because the work has blackened his hopes. And, again, he will come whistling into the house at night because everything has been going smoothly.

Do women still propose to him? Certainly. There are certain silly women all over the world who write love-letters to their favorite actors. And they will continue to write them so long as the profession of acting continues. If Frank were not able to make other women care for him, I should be disappointed. No woman can love a man if she knows he cannot be the cause of competition amongst other women.

For every woman likes to regard her husband as a particular prize that she has won thru great competition. The fact that he has married her is his tribute to her womanliness.

And do I get angry when I see Frank making love on the screen to his leading women? No, I do not. It is altogether professional—and most of his screen partners are quite as married as he. Besides, no actor is going to get a great thrill out of a kiss when he hears his director keep shouting:

"Turn your face more to the camera; raise your eyes, lower them; kiss her—and cut!"

It's all in the day's work.
Anzac Enid
(Continued from page 29)

I was too concerned with the golden glint in her hair, or the blue in her eyes. Any- 
way, it came as a pleasant surprise.

Enid Bennett is to return to the screen as leading lady for Douglas Fairbanks in his version of Robin Hood, titled now "The Spirit of Chivalry." It is to be her first starring role in the Far East, rather than a stellar role, but it is in keeping with the times, when the trend of all pic- tures is toward emphasis on the story, and the players. Enid has made her own wise announcement, made some months ago, that she would not seek stardom again, but rather the opportunity to appear in good productions. She is to be the only girl in the picture, appearing as the lovely Maid 
Marion. It is difficult to imagine a more perfect type. Enid Bennett is precisely what English beauty always strives to be — but frequently isn't. Her color that day was beyond imagination; but it was every bit her own. I know, ignorant male that I am, because of a little episode at home, which for a moment sent shivers of appre- hension down my spine.

I noticed alarmingly, as we sat down, that she had a smudge on her cheek, a distinct, blinding and smeary smudge upon the rosy pink of her cheek. Sister Katherine noticed it, too, I surmised, from her sud- den agitation attention to her mushrooms. Meanwhile, Enid, in her softly modulated voice, was chatting happily on. The sus- pense was tremendous. Sister Katherine broke under the strain, and in her best tragic, rather than the-delicately manner utter- ed, "Enid! You're a smudge! No! The other side!"

Calmly, whilst I stared, fascinated, Enid merrily unbuttoned her handkerchief with a pink tongue tip, raised it—the handker- chief, not the tongue tip—and rubbed! I gasped. It was genuine. The color stayed on.

Does this sound absurd? Perhaps you've never sat opposite a charming girl and watched her laugh and laugh until the tears came—black tears? I have.

"They say," Enid mumbled, ignoring the climaxes, "that happiness, too much of it, is bad for one's work. If that's the case, mine will be most awful, because I am completely and wonderfully happy."

"But Maid Marion was very placid, you know," offered Sister Kate kindly. Sis- ters are always so, so kind!

A woman was never more remote from things theatrical, things cinematic, than Enid Bennett, in her quiet charm, her unique manner, appears to be; but probably there is no more sly, subtle and beautiful than the one. To know her is to make acceptance of the horrible injustices be- ing done her profession an impossibility. She has that rare womanhood which justi- fies faith.

Her sympathies lie largely with the stage. She is one of the few who are sorry in the way of seeking, the score. It is for that reason that stardom fell into her lap with her first picture—for lince.

Australia comes to mind as a place of dry, illimitable stretches of bush, with she-ep and wild men hurling boomeranges at kangaroos and other carnivores or vegeta- rians. But Australia has given us Enid Bennett and others of distinctive beauty. It was on that that she first met Fred Niblo, and himself an actor and a lecturer alter- nately.

It is probable that we must concede the claim to Fred as the magnet which drew Enid here. Anyway, he's the one she mar-
ried, not very long after her arrival in New York.

It will be interesting to note the effect of motherhood upon the work of Enid Bennett. Certainly it has lent a wondrous charm to her beauty, rounded it to the per- fection of before which he had been but a promise. And, speaking of beauty, I must correct a most ghastly error which I made in the story of my last interview—and so estranged the entire Niblo family. I spell the baby's name incorrectly! It is— and this is nonsense about it—Loria Bennett Niblo.

"Do you know," said Enid happily, toy- ing with her salad fork, "I had a promo- tion the other evening, when Fred and I were watching Ethel Barrymore in 'Declassee,' that Loris was going to be a very great actress, that a genius had been born into our family. I think Loris is go- ing to be a most splendid individualist. I have seen signs of it already. She will be startling, unusual, you can see it in her vivd brown eyes."

"And her head wobbles, too, doesn't it?"

I agreed heartily.

"I was favored with an indifferent eye, a pitying smile.

"No! It is quite firm, thank you. It only wobbled when you saw it. It doesn't now."

"Oh," I said meekly. My evil eye again!

But she's charming, isn't she? Enid—
not my eye.

That's Out
(Continued from page 54)

cannot screen comedies? Probably the producers dislike digging things up.

"Where Is My Wandering Boy To- night?" asks a recent film. With "Polly of the Polies," no doubt.

Cape Cod claims to have the greatest supply of fish, but they have reckoned without the motion picture industry.

OUR SUCCESSFUL SCREEN STARS OUGHT TO BE GOOD IN THESE BUSINESSES, TOO

By Frank H. Williams

Running a pay-as-you-can retail business—Frank May-O and Seena Owen.

Landscape-gardening river frontage—
Douglas Fair-Banks.

Making metal beer mugs for happier lands—Elaine Hammer-Steen.

Running a government coin manufactur- ing establishment—Mary Miles Minner.

Putting the kick into home brew—Wal- lace Beery.

Trimming hedges—Francis X. Bush- man.

Conducting a gent's furnishing goods store—Raymond Hatt-On.

Bossing a machine shop—Tom Forman.

Getting folks to buy flverages—Mary Pick-Ford.

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AbsorbineJ The Antiseptic Liniment

It is the habit of well kept thousands. Follow the use of your tooth brush with a few drops of Absorbine, Jr. in an eighth glass of water.

This, as mouth wash, spray and gargle, removes disagreeable tastes and breath; destroys covetous hidden germs that cause decay, and alleviates conditions of sore throat. It leaves the mouth refreshing clean.

Absorbine, Jr. is also, for over- taxed muscles, the powerful yet safe liniment with the clean pleasant odor. Again, it is an antiseptic, cleansing and soothing to skin breaks. All in one container for your greater convenience.

Watch for
CONSTANCE TALMADGE
in
“The Primitive Lover”

COMES Constance Talmadge, fresh from her triumphs in “Polly of the Follies,” tripping merrily across the screen in her latest comedy, “The Primitive Lover,” that is sure to bring you joy and laughter.

Miss Talmadge is one of the independent artists making pictures in her own studio for release through First National. And it is through the work of independent stars and directors that First National believes that the best pictures are obtained, because they are working for themselves and to please you, their public.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc., is a nation-wide organization of independent theatre owners which fosters the production of finer photoplays, and which is devoted to the constant betterment of screen entertainment.

It accepts for exhibition purposes the pictures of these independent artists strictly on their merit as the best in entertainment.

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don’t.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The Toothless Age

(Continued from page 51)

with their earnings, built a home for her, and are maintaining it comfortably. Not long ago, when Bill J., now the eighth-year-old, was a contest held by a newspaper. The award was a complete baseball set, which, with the patriotism, he presented to Daniel Frohman for auction at the carnival held by the entire Hollywood film colony for the benefit of the Actors’ Fund.

Of course, their contact with adults makes theatrical children grown-up in attitude. Baby talk is rarely heard as coming from their lips. They are, for the most part, serious-minded little persons who do their work and “take direction” as seriously as any of their elders. Sub-consciously, perhaps, they seem to realize that their work is not play.

In some few cases, one finds them spoiled and affected, altho producers, as a rule, try to avoid having them become thus, for it shows in their performance.

The early crop of kidlets—now that they have arrived at the toothless age of gangling joints and intermediate stature—are, for the most part, like Violet Wilkie, attending school. Others, however, are still in the dramatic purple.

Recently a vaudeville circuit presented Jane and Katharine Lee as headliners in a comedy-dramatic sketch pertaining to their studio life. Jane is a truly remarkable natural comedienne; Katharine is more serious—but in the end the tiny blonde Jane electrified her audience by crying real tears to the accompaniment of some sad music.

And Virginia Lee Corbin, that elfin blonde, formerly of the Fox forces, danced and sang as the headliner of another vaudeville circuit, while Gloria Joy headed her own legitimate-stage company in a dramatic offering that peculiarly fitted her.

Of all the movie children, Frankie Lee, Mary Jane Irving, Richard Headrick, Pat and Mickey Moore, Jackie Coogan, Baby Peggy, Gertrude Messinger, Johnnie Jones, Peaches Jackson and Lucille Rickson are now in their prime.

They have superseded little Mary McAllister, Marie Kiernan, Thelma Salter (the Ince baby), Lillian Wade (the Selig baby), True Boardman, Jr., and Zoe Rac (Universal’s child star of yesterday).

Ben Alexander, Wesley Barry, Lewis Sargent and Gordon Griffith are a quartet of youngsters who have untraditionally withstood the toothless age and become “type” actors. No longer does Ben Alexander wear his hair bobbed a la Buster Brown, for it is now a shock of juvenile bloneness. And Lewis Sargent, the youth who made his first impress as Huck Finn a few seasons ago, has developed into a handsome, manly chap, a portrait of young, romantic characters, and “Freckles” Barry, particularly in “Penrod,” has come into his own as a gangling contigue, as for Leslie Loveridge. But, say Berthelon, Carmen de Rue, Francis Carpenter, Thelma Salter and others of the “scout corps” of kidlets—these have gone into school and, as new Americans are growing up into young men and women of prominence. Leslie Loveridge, I am told, is studying dancing in New York, and bids fair to be a new Genee.

The children of the screen truly represent the life cycle. For a time their very cuteness and childish winsomeness get you injuries that grown-ups can no longer covet—but their vague is short-lived. All because the terrible, inevitable toothless age is bound to come—and the little majors of the silent drama are destined to grow into men and women.
The American Beauty Contest

"Queen Rose of the Rosebud Garden of Girls"

Are you a beauty? Consult your mirror. It will tell you.
Are you one of the many "flowers born to blush unseen and waste your sweetness on the desert air"? Consult this page. It will tell you.

Glorious News

The Brewster Publications, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC, SHADOWLAND, and BEAUTY, are going to conduct a great contest. It will not be a moving picture contest. We are not looking for a movie heroine, or a stage star, or an intellectual wonder, or a personality crank. We are looking for Beauty—and we are going to find her—the most beautiful woman in America!

Is It You?

Here are the names of ten distinguished judges who will award the prizes to the most beautiful girl in America. They are people with international reputations in the artistic and literary world, and have been most carefully selected.

MRS. CLARE SHERIDAN
Beautiful and celebrated English sculptor

MISS NEYSA McMEIN
One of the best known women artists in America

CARL HOvey
Editor of the Metropolitan

 crédit of the New York World

ANNA SHELTON RICHARDSON
Department Editor of the Woman's Home Companion

IDA CLYDE CLARKE
Associate Editor of Pictorial Review

HEYWOOD BROUN
Distinguished Art and Literary

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD
Who knows more about beauty and beautiful girls than any one in the country

MRS. CORA COPPINGER
Beauty Specialist

HOWARD C. CHRISTY
Best known of all America's artists

CLARENCE H. WHITE
Vice-President of the Pictorial Photographers of America

The Grand Prize!

To the woman who these illustrious judges shall decide is the most beautiful girl in America, will be given:
1. A trip to New York, properly chaperoned, and a chance to take in the pleasures which only that great city affords: the opera, the theaters, our wonderful library, the famous "East Side," great museums, the celebrated Greenwich Village, all the luxurious and beautiful shops on the most luxurious and beautiful street in the world—Fifth Avenue—and so on.
2. A well-known American artist will paint her portrait.
3. A representative American sculptor will model her head.
4. These works of art will be exhibited in one of the leading art galleries in New York City and elsewhere.
5. She will have her picture on the cover of BEAUTY magazine.
6. There will be a second prize and a third prize, and possibly more. These will be announced later.
7. In view of the fact that the American Beauty may be found in New York City, or its immediate vicinity, the prize in her case will be $1,000, instead of the visit to New York. Just think of that—

One Thousand Dollars! ($1,000)

This is an unprecedented offer. Do not fail to take advantage of it. Send us your photograph. That is all that is required of you. Think what you may win—just because you happened to be born beautiful. Scrupulous care will be taken of every picture received. ALL of them will be examined by the contest judges.

Notice

Photographs that are submitted to us in our Beauty Contest will be turned over to the Metropolitan Magazine, from which they will select photographs to be used on the Metropolitan Cover Contest.

THE RULES

1. No photographs will be returned.
2. No exceptions will be made to this rule.
3. Winners will be notified.
4. Snapshots, strip pictures, or colored photographs will not be considered. Outside of these, any kind of picture will be accepted; full length or bust, full face or profile, sepia or black. You may submit as many photographs as you wish.
5. Photographers, artists, friends and admirers may enter pictures of their favorites. Credit will be given to the best professional photographers wherever possible.
6. Do not ask the contest manager to discuss your chances. He has nothing to do with that end of it.
7. Do not write letters. The choice of the contest will be announced in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC, SHADOWLAND and at least three months in advance.
8. There will be a contest story every month in all four magazines, with all necessary news and information.
9. The most beautiful pictures received each month throughout the operation of the contest, will be published in a monthly Honor Roll in all four magazines. These girls will be notified when, and in which magazine their picture will appear. This does not mean that they have necessarily qualified for the final award, nor that those whose pictures are not published have failed. The winner will not be decided upon until the end of the contest.
10. Be sure to put sufficient postage on your photograph.
11. The contest is open to any girl or woman sixteen years or older, professional or non-professional, in America. That means the whole continent! NOTE—Any infraction of these rules will cause a contestant to be disqualified from the contest.

Address your photograph: Contest Manager, Brewster Publications, Inc., 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE ENTRANCE COUPON

This is a portrait of:

Name
Address
Age............ Weight............ Height............
Color of Eyes...... Hair............ Complexion............

It is submitted to the American Beauty Contest, subject to the rules thereof, by:

Name
Address
Occupation (optional)
The Versatile Lytell
(Continued from page 79)
all. It makes a fellow appreciate his own good fortune. But then I have never been able to feel that a huge salary was only my due. I have always endeavored to give the public a little more, to make it worth their while drawing it. I am very grateful to pictures for bringing up my earning capacity, and I try to give all that I possibly can in order to meet the demand.

"But, seriously, I often wonder if it pays to be versatile. I have held out for parts that give me an opportunity to characterize, for, while you shouldn't specialize on one type, trying to be like every other man is a mistake. I have wanted to give the public something different—something that is always with myself—I felt that, so long as acting was my business, I would rather act in a different way. And so, when I realize that the script is written to do something different, I try to make it right which is the wiser course."

A keen thinker, that Bert Lytell. He remembers a success Napoleon Marsh stands out in my memory. One thing, however, that is certain is that he is in the crowded field of humor. With his good looks, intelligence, to conquer the topmost peaks of his chosen profession. Unlike many other actors, he does not leave his fortune to the next generation. That is one reason why he is surviving the frightful cutting-down expenses attack, before which so many erstwhile stars of the cinema are falling.

It takes a level-headed man or woman to survive the plaudits which a shadow star receives. His day begins with a stack of mail containing eulogies from all over the world. At the studio everybody makes it his business to please the star, to stand in his wake; and on the streets people stop and stare if I am not holding his hand. Small wonder, then, that egoism and temperament are such enchanting plagues in Hollywood.

Yet Bert Lytell is as natural, as kind-hearted, and as self-effacing if he were unknown to fame. He has, however, that straightforwardness, assured way of meeting people or problems which characterizes the successful man in any walk of life. When you see him, you might take him for either a business man or a champion tennis player—if you didn't know he was Bert Lytell, the actor. He is homespun, as I said, and much better looking off the screen than on. His eyes are keenly blue, with a certain sparkle of devilry in them. His skin is fascinatingly bronzed by constant exercise in the sun; his chin so square and firm that one feels instantly his dependability. Yet the universal liking of Bert Lytell is due to the man himself. There is a certain flame of personality about him, a spark which attracts and irresistible. I have talked often with Lytell, and still I cannot Catalogue the reason for his fascination. I only know that everyone upon leaving him, whether it be the first or the twenty-first time, enthuses, "Isn't he wonderful! What a prince of a fellow."

He has his little eccentricities, without which no artist ever existed. He hates to be left alone and prefers fighting all the time, the like men, and no one shall chase him. It is seldom he has a blank or an empty hour. He is needed to complete the story and gain a beautiful clean conclusion. He uses the strength of Othello, as this is solid under guarantee of money back If it fails to remove freckles.

greenroom Jottings
(Continued from page 82)
supertend the activities of her two sons. But now the children are older and she has had such a very attractive offer that she absolutely expected to accept it. There is a strong probability that Mabel Forrest Washburn will return to the screen with Bryant Washburn in a series of two-reel domestic comedies. They will be similar to the old Sidney Drew comedies which enjoyed popularity a few years ago.

Carl Laemmle put his O. K. on Stroheim's new productions, and he also signed a few checks to start its production. Mary Philbin, Maude George, Dale Fuller, Cesare Gravina and Al St. John will play the leading roles. There is not a word uttered about the title. As a matter of fact, it is a great secret, for it is said to be of great box-office value.

And all of this despite the warnings of many in the motion picture profession who declared "Foolish Wives" would finish von Stroheim.

Mrs. Rupert Hughes is not content to let her famous husband corner the literary hit of the season. She will shortly publish another book of verse, her pen name being Adelaide Hughes.
How YOU Can Write Stories and Photoplays

By ELINOR GLYN


FOR years the mistaken idea prevailed that writing was a "gift" miraculously placed in the hands of the chosen few. People said you had to be an Emotional Genius with long hair and strange ways. Many vowed it was no use to try unless you'd been touched by the Magic Wand of the Muse. They discouraged and often scoffed at attempts of ambitious people to express themselves.

These mistaken ideas have recently been proved to be "bunk." People know better now. The entire world is now learning the TRUTH about writing. People everywhere are finding out that writers are no different from the rest of us. They have nothing "up their sleeve"; no mysterious magic to make them successful. They are plain, ordinary people. They have simply learned the principles of writing and have intelligently applied them.

Of course, we still believe in genius, and not every one who writes Shakespeare or a Milton. But the people who are turning out the thousands and thousands of stories and photoplays of to-day for which millions of dollars are being paid are NOT GENIUSES.

You can accept my advice because millions of copies of my stories have been sold in Europe and America. My book "Three Weeks," an old-fashioned, elaborate story as to which I have written. I have written and personally supervised such photoplays as, "The Great Moment," starring Gloria Swanson, and "Beyond the Rocks," starring Miss Swanson and featuring Rudolph Valentino. I have received thousands and thousands of dollars in royalties. I do not say this to boast, but merely to prove that you can be successful without being a genius.

Many people think they can't write because they lack "imagination" or the ability to "punch" their plots. Nothing could be further from the truth. The really successful authors— those who make fortunes with their pens—are those who can write in a simple manner about plain, ordinary events of everyday-life—things that everyone is familiar with. This is contrary to an illusion which has existed in a secret within the reach of all, for everyone is familiar with some little incident in his life.

Every heart has its story. Every life has experiences worth putting on. There are just as many stories of human interest right in your own vicinity as for which some editor will pay good money, as there are in foreign villages or the South Seas Islands. And editors will welcome a story or photoplay from you just as quickly as from any unknown writer if your story is good enough. They are eager and anxious for new work of writers with all their bitter, various, youthful ideas. They will pay you well for your ideas, too. Big money is paid for stories and screen-to-day stories at a good deal bigger money than is paid in salaries.

The man who clerks in the bank or is a stenographer making more money this year with his pen than he would have made clerking in the store in a life-time. The year before he turned eighteen dollars a week last summer at stenography just sold photoplay for $500.00. The man who wrote the serial story now appearing in one of America's leading magazines had the thought of selling writing until about three years ago—he did not know that he could. Now his name appears almost every month in the best magazines. You don't know whether you can write or not until you try.

I believe there are thousands of people who can write much better stories and plays than many we read in magazines and see on the screen (or from whom one can make money in this absorbing profession and at the same time get paid handsomely to improve present-day fiction with their fresh, new, truculent ideas). I believe the motion picture business especially needs new writers with new angles, and I have decided to give some simple instructions which may be the means of bringing success to many who have not as yet put pen to paper. I am going to show YOU how easy it is when you know how to do it.

Just fill out the coupon below. Mail it to my publishers, The Authors' Press, Beloit, Wis. They will send you, ABSOLUTELY FREE, a handsome little book called "The Short-Cut to Successful Writing." This book holds the story of aspiring writers who want to become writers, who want to write plays and short stories and sell their work. It shows how you can make money in this absorbing profession and at the same time get paid handsomely to improve present-day fiction with your fresh, new, truculent ideas.

"The Short-Cut to Successful Writing" tells how many suddenly realize their dreams years of doubt and indecision. How story and play writers began. How many rose to fame and fortune. How simple plots and ordinary incidents become successful stories and plays when correctly handled. How new writers get their start. How those with an imagination properly directed may bring glory and greatness. How to WIN.

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103 PAGE.
The Ordeal

(Continued from page 71)

They returned to New York, and Geoffrey went to college. College seemed to cost Geoffrey more than it cost any other three boys of Sybil's acquaintance, and she didn't especially like his selection of friends, or his attitude toward life; but Geoffrey, she told herself, was very young. He'd had an unhappy boyhood—it was owing to him.

She liked the money, too. The soft and pleasurable things it could do for one—the gowns, the motors, the trips, the freedom from pressure... It would be hard to deny oneself something...

After all, that was all she had... the children. Doing things for them was her chief pleasure... their happiness was what she had sacrificed her youth for, all along. If, now and then, she thought of Robert Acton and the brief month of magic she had known with him, it was with a dull pain, a subsidizing... memory...

And then, one day in spring, she met him again, quite by accident. She had passed by a florist's, when she had to admire the show-
ers of jonquils and early marguerites... Flowers were friendly things to her... She was wondering why it took such extravagant things to make Helen pleasant. Helen would have scoffed at jonquils. She would have called them "stupid."

Somehow, they brought back that month to her—tracing the narrow trail... the early notes of the birds... a sunrise they had watched together... the moon, slender and silver, over the eger lake... the splash of the small brown man, way down in the clean lines and the skilled hands...

"Mrs. Bruce..." and then they were holding hands again as if their hands had never unclasped, and Sybil was saying all the impulsive things she would not have said had she had time to prepare herself for the meeting...

"I read that you were engaged... a society girl..."

"His laugh... now she knew it echoed daily in her heart! "No, that is my cousin... Robert Acton, same name..."

"Oh... I never thought of that. I'm glad."

"You are? Really! I mean..."

"'Aren't the jonquils lovely? I adore them..."

"You do? I thought you'd prefer orchids."

"Why? Because I'm a 'rich widow'?"

Ah, that sting! Then, he had said that! Then they were walking toward her home, were talking seriously; she was in-
viting him in for tea.

Before the fire they talked more gravely. Their first tumult subsided, giving them a better grasp of themselves.

"I read," he spoke quietly, "that if you ever remarried you would forfeit Bruce's fortune..."

"Yes, that is true."

"That's unfair... isn't it?"

"Oh, well..." she waved a negligible hand. Fortunes didn't seem to matter now. For the moment, all the mumbo-jumbo of everyday life was of no account, all leaving her on a warm, exalted plane, where the jonquils turned flame, and Robert Acton's voice filled the still air.

"Would you ever—give it up?"

She knew what he meant. The month of magic had stayed with him, too... it wasn't magic... "It real..."

"I'd give anything up," she said, "for this..."

"For what... dear?"

"For what I am feeling now... the jonquils... they are little flaming faces... do you see them? For your voice... it sits in my heart. For the fire, there on the hearth... and the tea... see how pretty it is! And the twilight... creeping in, violet tonight... not gray... like other nights... money... money isn't buying... this..."

Incoherencies. But Robert Acton knew what they meant. He knew that they meant she loved him.

"Sybil," he said, "you're going to marry me... Oh, my dear, after all this... after all this!

And Sybil knew that he meant that he loved her... and that he had suffered... Twilight darkened the room. The little, flame-like faces of the jonquils grew pal-lid... the fire died down... the tea turned cold in the cups. Sybil heard Helen's petulant voice calling her maid. Suddenly she remembered—"the children!"

For herself, she knew it now. Robert Acton's love was enough... hours like these would alone make her happy... But they wouldn't alone to "the children." They wouldn't buy Helen's clothes and hats and fingerling and boots. They wouldn't pay Geoffrey's enormous college debts. They wouldn't buy the country house and country club dues and motor cars. What would "the children do? They were old enough to fend for themselves, couldn't they?"

"I'll have to have a little time," Robert, she said, finally, breaking the rapturous spell, reluctantly, "tonight... at the Caldwell dinner... I will let you know... you will know."

"How, dear? How shall I know?"

"By the gown I wear. That will tell you. If I am very simple, you will know that I am going to be a doctor's wife... and very happy. If I am splendid and extravagant, you will know—that—I can't leave the children."

Sybil Bruce sailed into the Caldwell dining-room a blaze with the Bruce jewels and wearing the Paquin gown, reputed a "small fortune." Her eyes were as glittering as her jewels. And as hard. And as Robert Acton looked at her, his own face hardened, too. So, she had thought, what old Bruce called a "hell of a choice." She had chosen the money! He might have known.

After the dinner, she told him why.

She had had a "scene" with Helen... Helen had criticized the simple gown Sybil had put on, for the purpose of saying "yes" to Acton... Sybil had told Helen that now she would have to grow accustomed to simple things on herself, as well as on her sister. Helen had gone into violent hysterics... had said the old pain in her back bothered her again... had had to be soothed into coherentness by Geoffrey's assurance that the large fortune would not be "flung to the four winds."

Geoffrey had turned up at the last moment and demanded—"for twenty-five thousand dollars. Sybil had refused him. Had told him she wished to marry and give up the Bruce money. Geoffrey hadn't believed it. Sybil had told his sister he was "ruined" if he didn't have that money at once... Sybil had been terrorized. She had created a Frank-
Trouble
(Continued from page 61)

The lady called her maid, the maid ran for the Butler, the Butler sent the housemaid for the gardener and the gardener descended into the cellar and paused halfway down the steps. The bell was not rung, and on the constantly increasing flood-tide a small boy and a dog swallowed joyfully about in a boat made out of an upturned cracker box.

"Come on in," invited Jackie gleefully; "the water's fine.

The gardener uttered an exclamation.

"You shouldn't say such naughty words," reproved Jackie, poling his boat skillfully about the coal-bin and sending it into a cupboard, from which issued the sound of broken glass. The gardener mooned as one in pain.

"Wait till I get hold of you, you little l--b!" he roared.

Jackie danced in naughty defiance, and placed his thumb in juxtaposition to his nose. "Sticks and stones may break my bones, but words will never harm me," he sang, keeping his craft tantalizingly just beyond the reach of the gardener's outstretched hand.

"You little guttersnipe," shouted the gardener. "You little--glub! Glub! Woof!" It is not safe for a large and exceedingly angry man to reach too far. Jackie hurried his craft toward the stairs and reached them one stride ahead. With General Pershing barking deliriously about him, he raced up the stairs and back into the hall, tore thru the kitchen, to the confusion of a custard pie the cook was just taking out of the oven, and gained the drawing-room, an interesting place in which he could not hope for by now the butler and the parlor maid had joined in the pursuit.

In and out among the furniture Jackie and the General dodged, gained the front hall, raced up the stairs, only to confront the housekeeper and the chambermaid at the top. Down the banisters, small heels flying and now, his Guardian Angel, moping his hallowed brow, gave up his task, and Jackie flew off the end of the banisters, straight into the butler's arms.

"You're going to get what's coming to you," promised the butler fiercely, greatly forgetting his imported English accent.

"You're going to--uh! That darned dog off me, somebody!" For General Pershing had landed on his master's rescue, and fastened himself to the calf of the butler's leg.

"What is this all about, Pearson?" the lady of the house had appeared unnoted, and now stood beside the large, angry man and the small, anxious boy. "I don't recollect that I ever told you that any of your duties would be dangerous. Please don't invite that baby and put him down. Then you and the rest may return to your work."

Jackie, reprieved, poured out his story with an animation of its pathetic parts that brought the tears into the eyes under the elaborately marcelled and tinted hair. At the end, the lady picked out a comparison of herself, dear one, and his kiss, and put a bill into his hand.

"Tell your mother," she said, in a queer, tremulously voice, "that she is richer than I am! I don't care if she's a Negro!"

Joyously, Jackie and the General set out for home, drying themselves at a roofer's cauldron along the way. "It's a nice world, General, when you're not friendless any more!" Jackie confided. "I think it good that, if I only had a tail, I'd wag it, too!"

The little woman with the greyish hair was ironing. When she saw the money in

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Jackie's hand, she looked almost frightened. "Hush!" she whispered. "If he sees it, he'll take it away—"

"Trying to hold it on me, eh?" snarled a voice from behind them. The plumber stood in the door of the bedroom, and Jackie thought that his face looked like the ogre's in the fairy books—it was so red and twisted and ugly. "Here, gitme that!" He was advancing on the trembling little woman, but Jackie planted herself in his path.

"Dont you touch her!" Jackie shrilled. "I'm dang'rous when I get mad! I got a mean left!" He doubled his small hands into fists mightily, while the little, faded woman screamed and covered her eyes.

Officer Casey answered the screams and pulled the limp little figure out of the big, cruel hands. Dizzily, Jackie clung to the table, watching the battle royal that raged about the kitchen. When he saw his chance, he lifted the flower-pot from the window sill and hurled it. The plumber had got his hands about the policeman's throat. The flower-pot hit him, his hands flew loosely out at his side, and with an idiotic look of horror, he sat down heavily upon the floor, a red geranium drooping over one ear.

"Well, a cop you'll make with a little growin'!" Officer Casey exclaimed admiringly, snapping handcuffs about wrists that flapped feebly. "The gummen wouldn't have a chance! Come along, youse;' what, with assault and battery, attempted murder, resisting an officer and mayhem, 'tis my opinion you'll be massacmg the rock piles up the river for some time to come; and if youse dont come pretty and polite, I'll add forgery and arson to th' charge!"

It was Jackie who told the story in court which sent the big plumber to Sing Sing for two years, for the little faded woman with the marks of brutal fences still bruising her cheek, would not speak. "I married him," she told the elderly couple who sat with her and called her, tenderly, "daughter"—"I married him for better or for worse. If it's been worse, I cant go back on my bargain."

So Jackie, resting his chin on the railing of the witness-box, piped out his story, and the jury, looking at his small, chubby face and the great muscular hands of the prisoner, found their own hands clenching their own muscles tensing, with the impulse to inflict bodily damage on the man-brute who could hurt a woman and a child.

"And he said, 'You—brat—I'm going to—kill you,' and the cop came, and I threw the flower-pot, and that's all there was," finished Jackie cheerfully. "He didn't kill me the least little bit!"

"Guilty!" said the jury, without leaving their seats.

"Two years in prison," said the Judge heartily, "and if, when you finish that, you'd like some more, and modest your wife or this boy, I'll be delighted to oblige you."

"And now," said the elderly lady, putting one arm around Jackie and the other around the little faded woman, "you're coming home to the farm with Papa and me. I've always thought that I'd make a real good grandma!"

Jackie looked at her thoughtfully. "Can you make cookies?" he asked.

"Five kinds!" said the old lady briskly. "And gingerbread boys and doughnuts, besides!"

"And are there white curtains at the windows?" cross-examined Jackie relentlessly.

"At every window, and red-and-white checkered table-cloths and a canary!" said the old lady. "And there's a paperweight with..." (Continued on page 108)
The Answer Man
(Continued from page 86)
should call it alcohol. I thank you for the collapsible drinking cup, but it proved its name the second time I used it. Eugene O'Brien is playing in "John Smith."
Loraine.—What you say is a very important matter, but the most important matter in the world is grey. There is a rumor that Eugene O'Brien will play in Norma Talmadge's "The Mirage." You see, he would only be a leading man, whereas he has been a star; but what's a little thing like that in order to play opposite Norma?
Wally D.—You want an article on perjury, telling what kinds the stars prefer. Good idea. I'll speak to Corliss Palmer about it.
Book Worm.—Thanks for the dime. I can go out and buy a soda now. The first American soda fountain has just been installed in Cairo, Egypt. Eugene O'Brien has naturally curly hair. It's a permanent wave. Antonio Moreno is with Vitagraph.
Rebecca.—No, all the power to run the Broadway street cars does not come from the battery. Mary Pickford, in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," Mary played in "The Fatal Wedding" when she was nine years old. You're welcome.
Yankee Doodle.—You're a dandy all right. Yes, the Sedgwick girls are sisters. I believe in educating them. But the percentage of foreign-born people of the whole population of the United States is smaller today than it has been since 1860. Norman Kerry's name was Norman H. Kaiser before the war. (More power to him.)
Betty E.—Nay, child, I am not so good as you would think. In fact, I am very wicked. You know the good die young. You are all for Richard Barthaumess. Violet Mersenne is now in Europe, playing in "Nero," which is being filmed in Rome. No, Cullen Landis is no longer with Goldwyn.
Happy Bea.—What makes you think I am a woman? Zounds! Also, the devil! Marion Davies, in "The Young Diana," which is her thirteenth picture, by the way, is playing her first character part, in the shape of an old maid. Must be some hidden reason for it. Yes, Billie Ritchie died in California, July sixth. Henry Walthall joined Western Vitagraph to play opposite Pauline Starke.
Evelyn M.—I shall always remember "The Jack Knife Man" as being one of the most human pictures I have ever seen. Bobby Kelson was the boy. There isn't much I can do for you, I'm sorry.
Mebbe B.—I am on to your curves. I may be eighty, but I am this year's model. Mary Pickford and Mabel Hamilton, in "Daddy Long Legs." I saved you this time. Wallace Reid is playing in "An Assisted Frankenstein," Gloria Swanson, in "Beyond the Rocks."
Some Girls.—Thanks for the rooster. Good work. You ask whether I believe in the simple life, or in the strenuous life. Both. There is a way to combine the two. You bet, I'm a bachelor.
Edward E. J.—No, Eddie, I never saw a chimney draw, nor even sweep, but I have seen people who could ask a lot of foolish questions. Your letter was all about Bessie Love. Thanks for the verse. It was very clever. Run in again some time.
G. L., Atlanta.—Yes, they are married. Why, Tom Gallery and Priscilla Bonner, in "The Son of Wallingford," for Vitagraph. Anyone wishing to join the National Post No. 1 of the Bushman Club, send stamped addressed envelope to Miss Stock, 3828 Iowa Avenue, St. Louis.

His Gift
To children—Bubble Grains
Prof. A. P. Anderson gave to children the finest cereal dainties they have ever known.
It is he who invented Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. And every day in summer they bring delights to millions.
Think what the bubble grains, flimsy and flavorful, have added to summer joys.

Cereal Tidbits
Puffed Grains are food confections. So dainty, so delicious they seem too good to eat.
The texture is like snowflakes, the flavor is like nuts. There was never a dish more enticing,

Yet scientific, whole-grain foods
Yet these are whole grains made wholly digestible. Every food cell is exploded. Over 125 million explosions occur in every kernel.
Thus every granule is fitted to feed. All the elements become nutriment.

The supreme foods for summer
If you believe that children need whole-grain foods, this is the way to serve them—morning, noon and night. This is the way to make them tempting—this is the way to get their value to the full

Puffed Wheat
Puff Rice

Mix Puffed Rice—flimsy, flavorful, nut-like—in every dish of berries
Reputations

(Continued from page 47)

United States because of prohibition and other perhaps arduous constitutional amendments, should have no place in America, in his opinion. Europe is too spacious and still liberal in the matter of personal liberty. But . . .

He confesses to having been very happy with his new record and wants to play it.

So he hopes to engage in making a revival of "Skinner's Dress Suit," the play that really proclaimed him a star. If he does refilm it, he will do so with his own company. New productions are now under way. And the new production will be very different from the former one, made in the days when pictures were in their swaddling clothes.


Still, his Lasky experience was a case of half-in-hand. Some of his vehicles were only shadowy in their story-value. Others were side-splitters.

But the experience has taught Washburn never again to make pictures on a program schedule.

In "Hungry Hearts," which he recently made at Goldwyn, he ventured into the purple depths of heavy drama. He liked the role, and wants other equally good opportunities. And his latest picture, "The Woman Conquers," with Katherine MacDonald, he feels has given him the chance he and so, when we see the new Washburn playing different roles, we need not be surprised. For he declares that he's going to do some serious work before he ever thinks of leaving the screen.

He has the facility of using his good, clear brain to the best advantage. He believes in fair play—and a good reputation.

Nearly everybody in show business has discovered it. He has never scandalized either himself or his wife. And probably never will be able to.

For Bryant and Mrs. Washburn represent the whole idea of clean living and love and life and are raising their children to be self-respecting, genteel citizens.

Even as you and I.

Trouble

(Continued from page 106)

a snowstorm inside, in the parlor, and a stereopticon with pictures of the Alps and wild animals and the World's Fair. Jack's eyes were lightning. "And there was one last point to be settled. He turned to the rosy old man. "Do you like dogs?"

"Yes, my dear," he said breathlessly with surprise. "If you do, you'd be sure to like General Pershing, because he is almost all the kinds of dogs there are."

"How was fond of dogs!" affirmed the rosy old man. "The farm would be just the place for the General—great juicy bones, woodchucks to chase—haven't you ever heard that a dog's life?

Jackie hesitated no longer. He clutched the hand of the little fabled woman. "We'll come, won't we?" Mother cried. "It's wrong, though; we'd have to find if I prayed."

"And now," cried Jackie, "I'm going to start right in.
Among the notable features will be:

Another beautiful poster in full colors by Giro.

A striking article on George Bellows, illustrated in four colors.

Charles Divine furnishes a unique bit of humor in his "Basements of Bohemia"—of the savage and unexplored sections of Greenwich Village.

Sheldon Cheney writes on "Staging the Expressionistic Drama." Mr. Cheney has just returned from a study of the Continental theater.

Benjamin de Casseres will discuss Pierre Loti, the Prospero of Impressionism.

Oliver M. Sayler will consider Eugene O'Neill's literary masters from all angles.

Across the Silversheet (Continued from page 76)

FAIR LADY—UNITED ARTISTS

"Fair Lady" is a story of Italy, in the beginning, where men love too well and where love often carry with it the valentine of vengeance. Then the story action shifts to America, St. Louis in particular, and it becomes complicated as it goes on with the black-hands operating as streetwalkers and the Fair Lady denying herself the new love which has come to her until the slayer of her Italian fiancé is brought to justice. It is the average story of this kind—the better, no worse. There are mobs and riots when the action drags, and there is a happy ending. The Fair Lady is happy in her new love, and the desperados are brought to justice.

Betsy Blythe is entrusted with the title role. Miss Blythe has the advantage of being able to dominate a scene, thanks to a striking appearance, even when she is not called upon to do anything dramatically. This is to her advantage in "Fair Lady."

PASCINATION—METRO

Some day, perhaps, in a cinematic Utopia, we will see motion pictures which have some reason for being besides exploiting the peculiar ability of their stars, whatever they may be. There are some such motion pictures now, but the majority of photoplays are vehicles for the star only. When a star can dance, innumerable opportunities are offered in which she may dance, regardless of anything else. When the star can ride swift as chain-lightning over hill and dale, lassoing the villain and rescuing the heroine by some miraculous feat, he also is permitted to do so, plot requirements notwithstanding.

Now and then, however, we have a photoplay which possesses qualities regardless of the fact that it is a vehicle for the star above everything else. Such a production is "Pascination."

Toward the end of the picture, the story seemed to run away with itself. We think it would have been a better picture if it had ended a reel or two before it did. But that is neither here nor there, and as it stands it possesses a charm of setting and background, enhanced by splendid photography, which holds your interest when the story and players fail to do so.

The story is about Marquesa de Lisa, who is sent to Spain under the guidance of her aunt when she becomes too much for her father to manage in New York. But Spain and the sour Marquesa de Lisa do not have the desired effect. Dolores swims with debonair gentlemen at the slightest provocation, and even goes so far as to play with the affections of Carrita, a torero and the idol of Spain. It is only tragedy which brings her to the realization that life has another side, after all.

Every performance of Mae Murray Terpsichorean moments. She dances the modern dances in New York and the more fantastic dances in Spain. But it is only fair to say that we prefer watching Star Murray dance to watching scores of others in emotional moments.

And there you are. Perhaps that is why we have been such good reviewers.

THE WOMAN HE MARRIED—FIRST NATIONAL

In motion pictures, wives who attempt to help their husbands by returning to their previous occupations after marriage, so that they may enrich the family coffers, invariably come to a sad end. The censors should do something about it. It is wrong to give the impression that wives are punks.

(Continued on page 120)

SHADOWLAND

177 Duffield St. - Brooklyn, N. Y.

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

For JULY

The Picture Book De Luxe of the movie world—this is another great series in the July number—

The Darkest Hour

No great person of either sex ever got to the top without some kind of a set-back, some trouble or care, some terrible period of depression that had to be lived thru and overcome before they could go on. No one is immune, not even the popular and successful movie stars that you all love and admire.

CLASSIC has managed to get brief stories on the unhappiest period in the life of these stars and how they overcame it and we are passing them on to you. They are absorbingly interesting and should be an inspiration and a help to all who read them.

It makes your favorites dearer to you, somehow or other, when you know that they, too, have suffered.

Motion Picture Library William S. Hart and Lila Lee begin the series. It is interesting to get these widely different reactions.

We have no space left to tell of the other good things in CLASSIC, but by this time you should know that you can't afford to miss a single number of—

The Picture Book De Luxe of the movie world.

Good-Bye to Gray Hair!

Science has found the natural way to restore the color to gray hair! Without rinses, or dyes, or bleaching of any kind. No matter how gray your hair is, or how long it has been gray, you can now restore it to its original color.

Wonderful New Discover

By acting directly on the hair root—Tru-Tone, the new discovery, restores natural process of pigmentation (hair coloring) and the original color of gray hair returns. Whether it was red, blue, or brown in youth—Tru-Tone actually restores it to its true color. It does not paint on the hair at all but on the root cell.

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Tru-Tone is guaranteed harmless the guarantee of satisfaction to the user is backed by a million dollar bank:

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This is to certify that DOMINO HOUSE deposited in this Bank $10,000. Our Depository Fund for this Bank is authorized and does by guarantee to return to any customer the total amount of his purchase at any time. This guarantee is not subject to any condition in every way, or if DOMINO HOUSE fails to do as it agrees.

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On receipt of coupon below, we will send you a full size $3.00 bottle of Tru-Tone for which you pay the postman only $1.00 (plus postage). This is a specially reduced introductory offer. If, after a fair trial you are not delighted with results, return coupon at once. And if you are not satisfied, we return your money.

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Name:

Address:

City:

If you wish, you may send money with coupon. 

G. M. M. 

Page 111
The Juvenile Critic
(Continued from page 72)
called "His Wife's Relations," and what a dreadful lot they were.
Poor Mr. Keaton was married to a most dreadfully unpleasant woman. He doesn't want to
marry her at all, but he has to, and I'll tell you why. There's another couple that
telephone a Polish judge and ask him to
marry them. He says he will, and just
about that time poor Mr. Keaton gets into
dreadful trouble with the postman. He is
pulling a perfectly huge piece of taffy
candy, and it's so long that he plays jump
the rope with it; but, sad to say, just as
he's throwing it over the hook, it gets
mixed up with the postman's neck, and
Mr. Keaton runs away, stumbles over a
very fat woman, who has just dropped a
bag of apples. At that moment, the post-
man throws something and breaks a win-
dow in the judge's house. The woman
thinks Mr. Keaton did it, and takes him
in to the judge, and, oh, Punch, the judge
thinks they've caught him, and he has
promised to marry, and they can't under-
stand Polish, so he marries them, and
then they take him home.
I think there are four brothers and a
father, and they're all great, big, huge
men, and Buster Keaton is quite small.
Well, they pommel him terribly, and don't
give him anything to eat, and is most
fearfully impolite to him, and make him
keep passing things to them all the time.
But he gets even with them. He takes the leaf
off the calendar and tells them that it is Fri-
day instead of Thursday, and so, as they
are Catholics, they can't eat meat, and he
has it all.
He goes to bed that night, and the only
slat he has in his bed is a broomstick, and
so his bed sees-saws, oh dear, it is all
simply crazy, and his wife snores and he
hits her and pretends he's asleep.
The next morning, something happens to
him, or they think it has. They find a
letter that Mr. Keaton has taken from the
postman by mistake, and the address is all
muddy. They open it, which is a simply
awful thing to do, of course; and it says
that there is a lot of money waiting to be
claimed, and, oh, and they think—Mr. Keaton.
Well, then they move into a big house and
wear the foolishest clothes, and everything goes beautifully until they
climb the front from the envelope and dis-
cover that it wasn't addressed to Mr.
Keaton at all, but to a girl. Then they
have one of those chances, and the home-
brew in the kitchen swells up and fills the
whole room with foam, and Mr. Keaton
almost gets drowned in it; but at last he
gets to a window and does a really clever
daring jump from awning to awning, and
finally jumps to the ground, where the
horrid police patrol is waiting for him;
but just when you think he is caught, it
covers his face and, and out falls Mr. Kea-
ton, and sits in the middle of the road.
It's a just perfectly funny picture. I'm
sure Punch will like it too, do you know.
Mr. Keaton doesn't smile once while he's
doing all those amusing things, and that's
why it's so nice.
Your affectionate sister, Judy.

Send to

HE HAS THE WHIPHAND
By FRANK V. FAULKNER
INTERVIEWER: Is there any preliminary training required to secure a position as an "extra"? I'm contemplating applying for a
job.
"EXTRA": Not at all. The director will train you himself.

A Clear Soft Velvety Skin
Quickly Yours
Through My New
Secret Methods

YELLOW Hairs

BANISH

Ves-^e Pores

WRINKLES

Pimples

Freckles

Spotted

Hairstyling

Hair

/ly Skin

You can be beautiful, fascinating, charming—
Once I was homely! The portrait above in living
proof of what I can do for you, too. If your fea-
tures are fairly regular you can be as temptingly
beautiful as the women you have admired! My
Secrets of Beauty tell you how—secrets based on
mysteries of the French Courts, toilet rite which
kept the ruling French beauties young for many
years longer than our modern women, myster-
ies which were hidden for centuries. Those and many other beauty secrets
of France, are watched and guarded very
secretly, flushed with the glow of youth. To
make you the center of all desire and at
tion, to build your figure at Nature intended, are all covered in my book;
"Stepping Stones to Beauty."

Also with this book handsomely illus-
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Information on my Methods of How to Remove Wrinkles, Ridges, Grows, Curly, Oily
Hair, Freckles and Oily Skin; Eas-
ily Grow Flowers, Ferns, Draw Rose-
erful Hair; Great Beautiful Eyebrows and
Lips, Clear the Skin of Acne, Male Hair, Dust,

Stains, Plays.

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Information on my Methods of How to Remove Wrinkles, Ridges, Grow, Curly, Oily
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tired of experimenting, find that Miritala

takes the most stubborn growth. The treatment

be used successfully at home, and you

regret it in our days, dear lady. Personal reply at once.

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CATALOGUE
On the Camera Coast
(Continued from page 78)

discovered another Lillian Gish and has found a new screen story.

The new screen genius is a little girl named Mary Philbin, who is very young and little. She has wistful, forlorn, lonely eyes; and the agitated von S. maintains she is the great "find" of the year. She came to Universal City as the winner of a Chicago beauty contest.

Mr. von Stroheim’s story is an adaptation of a Viennese play, which he promises is very charming. He will direct, but will not appear as an actor in it. Maude George, Dale Fuller and Cesare Gravina will have prominent parts.

Mr. von Stroheim is also working on another story from the pen of the famous Bavarian poet, Frederic Ganghofer.

The rumor is that Universal will station a reliable watchdog of the treasury on the trail of the young directing genius this time, to make sure that no such bills are run up as horrified the Lassence heart when "Foolish Wives" was made.

Gossip has been exchanged in hoarse whispers back of the scenery to the effect that a version of "Foolish Wives" was to be sent to South America—all the stuff that the censors cut out, etc.

Mr. von Stroheim asserts, with a sigh, that, alas, this is not true. South America will have to be content with the same version that everybody else has seen.

Priscilla Dean, as this is written, is in the midst of her version of Ouida’s "Under Two Flags." Many liberties have been taken with the story in order to give the "Universal angle," as Miss Davies and sturdy other fauna and flora having been added.

Don’t May is going to have a husband in the cast of her latest picture, “The Unexpected Honeymoon”; her husband, Wallace MacDonald, playing opposite her for the first time. In the same cast are Christine Mayo, Arthur Hoyt and Adela Farnsworth.

Three companies have been at work at Vitagraph, headed by Alice Calhoun, Miss Williams and Bill Duncan. Larry Seamon is also whacking out comedies as usual. His last has a torture chamber in it. Miss Calhoun is soon to be seen in her original story, entitled "Blue Blood," which David Smith directed. Earle Williams has been playing in a version of one of the O. Henry "Cabbages and Kings" stories. Bill Duncan is completing a James Oliver Curwood story.

Peter B. Kyne has recently been signed by the Famous Playes-Lasky company. Three of his stories are to be produced in the near future, with Jack Holt as the star—"The Last Night Over Yonder," one of the "Cappy Ricks" series; and "Humanizing Mr. Winsby," Joseph Henebry is directing "Humanizing Mr. Winsby," which, on the screen, is to be known as "The Lost Kingdom."

Gloria Swanson is in Europe for a vacation, part of which will be spent with Elina Glyn. Mrs. Glyn says she will write no more screen stories unless they let her boss the whole picture. She says they murdered her last effusion.

It begins to look like an exodus of Metro stars and Miss Lasky’s. Now it is Bert Lytell, who has been signed to play the lead in "To Have and to Hold." Betty Compson will play opposite him, with Theodore Roberts in the cast.

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—just say
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Stops Pain Instantly

The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. A touch stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in two forms—a colorless, clear liquid (one drop does it) and in extra thin plasters. Use whichever form you prefer, plasters or the liquid—the action is the same.

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AT REDUCER
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

ill Show Reduction Taking Place
in 11 Days or Money Refunded

Dr. Lawton's Guaranteed At Reducer
will reduce your weight in 11 days or money refunded.

The Ordeal

(Continued from page 104)

Dr. a "Motion South my MAHLER.
and they... Sybil seemed.

Sybil plunged into the business of
getting. Sir Francis Maynard, one of her
late admirers, helped her. They danced
and dined and drank a little and took
in little things in Westchester. Sir
Francis was wealthy, companionable,
tender... He helped the hurt at Sybil's
heart a little. She thought that if he
asked her to marry him, she would do
so. She was lonely. She needed desperately
to shut Robert Acton's image from her mind.

But Sir Francis asked her something
guilty. She loved him, she told
her one day, but he had a wife... an-
other kind of an alliance would give them
both what they most needed... Sybil
burst, too, to tell her as the everywhere she turned she met smears
pitfalls, disillusionments. She told Sir
Francis that she didn't blame him for
thinking that sort of thing of her... it
had been her fault... But Sir Francis
said, no, it had been his. He was repen-
ant, apologetic... I can't have you,
he said as he took her hand, that after-
noon, for the last time, "but I shall have
a memory that will make my heart, my
child, a better man of me...

Sybil reached home at twilight, to find
that Helen had gone out for the night,
"with some friends," said her message,
vaguely. Sybil felt worried. Helen was
too young to be going out in such bus-
ness fashion. She felt suddenly, that she
was too young to control them. After all,
they weren't children. They were more
than that... they had taken the bit
in their own teeth... she was their
banker... nothing more... and they
were headed... whether?

Sybil went to her room, listlessly. Well,
there was still Geoffrey... she had
always counted on Geoffrey. He was
extravagant, but he was very young, wasn't
serious... he would " settle " eventually.
... Her room was in darkness and the
figure of a man was silhouetted against the
window pane... bent over her jewel
case... She gave a slight scream and
involutarily reached for the electric light.
... The man was Geoffrey... Her
maid came into the room in time to see
Geoffrey say suddenly, "This is what
your selfishness has driven me to...
Sybil moaned, "Oh, Geoff. Oh,
Geoff... my selfishness... " and then
she fainted.

When she recovered, Robert Acton was
seated on the chaise-longue at her side.
The maid had called for him, his being
Watch For The New Shadowland

With regret we announce the resignation of Mr. Frederick James Smith as managing editor of the Brewer Publications, and as editor of Shadowland.

We also announce that MRS. EUGENE V. BREWER President and editor-in-chief of Brewer Publications, Inc., pioneer editor and designer of Morton Picture Magazine, Classic, Shadowland, and Beauty, will resume the active editorship of Shadowland, assisted by an able staff of artists, editors, and writers that he is now gathering around him.

You may therefore look forward to a New Shadowland

Different Shadowland

and a Better Shadowland

While Mr. Smith has given us a most artistic publication, and one that is universally pronounced "the handsomest magazine on the stands," we feel confident that beneath there is nothing so good but that it can be better! We ask your support for the passage of the NEW SHADOWLAND.

Brewer Publications, Inc. 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
The Perfect Scenario

(Continued from page 56)

could turn the cottage into a tea-house, with the addition of a little real work and a gallon of white paint; but, of course then, this wouldn't be the ideal scenario.

Apple is sweeping. The old man comes in and tries to find something hor-
or—or as much horror as she can, and keep up the illusion of innocence.

But the old man doesn’t understand. His dear little Blossom shall not meet these city fellers. He sends Avril away. Avril hangs around the stage door, with Yarrow, the collie, whom he seems to know quite well. Girls come out. He starts forward, speaks to one. Apple slips by, unnoticed. He looks around—sees a limousine speed away. He and Yarrow to the rescue! The Apple may be just out to get a cup of coffee, our hero assures himself, and happens to be right about it.

Cut-back to the villain and our little girl. In the car. Lots of swaying stuff.

Apple takes a glance down the street; there is no other house; she knows what the movies can do. Apple is put into a room. She cant get out.

The villain goes into another room. To show how intelligent a villain can be, there is another woman in that house. Who she is, depends on the censor laws of the State. Either way, she’ll be checked out if she doesn’t help with the capture of Apple. He goes back to Apple.

Apple and Sylho, the villain, have a scene now. Lots of emotion. Real tears from Apple—and it’s enough to bring real tears to anyone.

In the other room, the wronged woman. She has a man who sparsely speaks.

What shall she do? Oh, my! Oh, my! Once, she, too, was young and innocent, too; it’s hard to believe. Close-up of her face. Now she is not contesting any actions recommended to build up facial muscles. Bernice, for such happens to be her name, is moving nothing but her face. Yet she shows off; she knows that she is losing her mind. Character acting—wonderful stuff. That’s what the critics always say when you see the close-up of a face going thru controtions to indicate any character change.

Cut-back to Apple and Sylho. Now Apple is on her knees, begging for some- thing. Whatever it is, Sylho isn’t giving it to her. He’s just pulling her arm back and forth and sneering in her face.

Back to Bernice going mad again. She ought to be awfully happy.

Back, now, to Avril. He has jumped into a taxi. How he knows where he’s going is something no one will ever find out, but it’s the same thing over, with you. Yarrow, the collie, is with him. Wild cut-backs now, to Apple and Sylho, Bernice, Apple and Avril, let-
ting the taxi meter mount up. This is what folks go to the movies for.

Finally, Bernice, knowing that too many feet of film are lost, says, and that this cant go on forever, starts something. Nobody was ever madder than Ber-
ice is now, and we dont blame her. She takes a lump—oh, till now, the house has seemed to be equipped with electric
Stake a Beauty Parlor
In Your Own Home and
Make Money

Wherever you may live, whether in a small town or a big city, there are in your neighborhood many who are troubled with superfluous hair, moles, warts, birthmarks, etc., and you know that electrolysis is the only method of permanently removing them. You can get a large part of this trade by securing an Electrolysis Outfit and learning how to operate it and the simple directions accompanying it. Anybody can learn to do it. It requires no knowledge of electricity or of physiology. You can operate in your own home, because all your places is good light, two chairs and a table. Or you can operate in the homes of your customers, because the outfit can be carried in a small hand valise. The usual charge for removing superfluous hair is $5.00 for half an hour's treatment, and there are very few places in this country where you can get it done at any price. I will send an Electrolysis Outfit, prepaid, to any address on receipt of price, $20.00.

If you wish to take up other branches of Beauty Parlor work, I will undertake to teach you the following courses on receipt of price:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Service</th>
<th>Price</th>
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<tr>
<td>Facial Massage</td>
<td>$2.00</td>
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<td>Shampooing</td>
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<tr>
<td>Eyebrows and Lashes</td>
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<td>Reduction</td>
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<td>Wrinkles</td>
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<td>Facial Mud Bath</td>
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<td>Manicuring</td>
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<td>Pillow Baths, etc.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Double Chin</td>
<td>1.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Body Massage</td>
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All Ten Courses for $10.00

Each course includes complete directions in simplified form. Nearly all of the ingredients required can be purchased at any drug store, such as glycerine, coconut oil, and salt, etc.; and cream of tartar, water, and cream of tartar. You must be careful to get the right ingredients, as they are necessary for the success of the course.

This is An Age of Beauty

In a few years you will see Beauty Shops on every corner. The business is now! Start in a small way, and some day you may own a handsome Beauty Parlor. On the main streets, you can see the hands of girls doing the work for you. There's Big Money in it!

CORLISS PALMER
177 Dufluff Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
The villain is getting fresh again, just as you had suspected. It looks like a jump in the ocean for Apple. The tramp steamer keeps steaming along just as if it were going some place. Slytho and Apple are having a time of it, tho none of the others on the yacht seems to notice anything.

Finally, Slytho sees Apple to his cabin—he wants to show her a picture post-card of a little Boston bull he had when he was in prep school. And then—

Not at all. Something quite different. The crew has got drunk and the yacht is about to sink. What can one do about that? It sinks and sinks, one of these slow-sinking affairs. And the tramp steamer sails on—on—toward the yacht, of course. Just as the yacht is about to call it a day and really go down, the tramp steamer wakes up to what the shooting is all about, and takes a hand. The brave April—well, anyhow, he rescues dear little Apple, just when rescuing was exactly what ought to have happened to her. Some of the others are rescued, too, of course, and the old tramp turns around—what an obliging old thing it is—and sails—home.

Apple decides now to visit her old home. No one knows why, least of all, Apple: but it's a good thing to do, anyhow. After all, she had to go some place. Slytho follows her and April follows Slytho. But he is not alone. Two other men, mysterious creatures who keep their hats on—you've guessed it, detectives—follow Slytho, too. They all get on the train. You can see them do it. A real, life-sized train, too. And it pulls away. In the middle of the night—yes, and just before Apple reaches her home town, the train is wrecked. A real wreck, a wreck so real that it will cost thousands to put it across. That's what I care for money! The wreck is one of the "big scenes," so the close-ups are particularly horrible.

And do you know who is killed? You'd never guess! The villain! And the two detectives say that, as soon as they find one more rascal they are after, they'll have nothing to do till tomorrow. April and Apple, after just enough doubt to get you all anxious about them—are discovered safe and sound.

They go to the old home. It is still a mass of dust and dirt, but Apple fits about as if she quite fits in. And, just as she begins to think that, maybe scrubbing floors—tho you can tell by the floor that she never really scrubbed it—might be better than actually working for a living, the two detectives enter and arrest the old couple. Apple wasn't their child at all! I told you, in the first place, remember? Nope; they stole her when she was a baby, and she's a rich girl now, and her parents want her with them.

That's about all. Lots of scenes, showing Apple as the petted child of millionaire parents—and how the dear does take to luxury! But she loves April thru it all. And so faith and love find their reward, and sin sinks away, ashamed.

And there you are, with Apple and April in each other's arms, standing against the sunset, just as the picture trises out.

Didn't I say that scenario had everything? A fire, a train wreck, young love, animals, the sinking of a ship, man and woman—what more do you want? Of course, as is usual, you may have wanted much less. But think of the millions that were spent! And the words I'll have to use, the day after the premiere, talking about the "death of my brain child," and "the sacrifice of my art." Writing a motion picture is one of the best indoor sports. And sometimes, like this, you can get away with anything. I'll say so.

Would $50 Extra Help You to Spend a More Enjoyable Vacation

The Opportunity to Get This Money is Open to Every Reader

Think what you could do with $50.00 extra—fifty dollars that would be your own to do with just as you please.

Fifty dollars would pay your board for a week at the sea shore and give you spending money besides. It would pay your way for two weeks in the mountains or the country, where fresh air and healthful sports abound.

Every Year—Just at This Time

told demands are made on our pocketbooks. It's no pleasure to go away when you have to scratch and scrape and save for the needed funds. For some, it's hard enough to raise the money for necessities without thinking of vacations or other extras. But for those who adopt our plan, the days of "pinching" are over.

No matter how much money you may want—whether it be $10.00—$20.00—$50.00 or $100.00—or what you may want this money for, you can get it easily, pleasantly and quickly, through our plan.

Spare Time or Full Time Representatives Wanted

The Brewster Publications, Inc., need representatives at once in every locality to collect renewals and solicit new subscriptions for the Motion Picture Magazine, Motion Picture Classic, Shadowland and Beauty.

To those who qualify, a proposition of commission and monthly salary will be given with unlimited territory and identical credit for renewals as for new subscriptions. Write at once for particulars. Send a letter or use the handy coupon below.
Facing Facts Concerning the New Faces in Hollywood

(Henzen as Ingram described it to him, and he convinced the director. He has reason to believe that Samayagos visibly became Rupert as he spoke.

Comparison of Samayagos and Valentino, both brought to public notice by the Ingram, both Latinos, both dancers, is invitable. But, with the twin facts of their Latin origin and dancing experience, similarity ends. Samayagos is an idealist, acting woman upon a height, yet wisely concluding that he would retain his conception of her, he had better remain below. Valentino has no illusion. Samayagos believes that in imagination lies the resource of the actor. Valentino relies upon experience wholly. Samayagos attains a brilliancy and variety of characterization that amounts at times to wit, and yet is always sincere. The few women who have thus far witnessed his love-making on the screen have been prosecuted largely—and sat enthralled. As one of them put it, "It is like being tickled. It makes you furious; but, Lord, how you love it."—Valentino works more slowly, a cautious drug.

Samayagos comes to screen prominence—and in this he is again like Valentino—only after five years of hardship in this country, during which he ran the gamuts of professions.

Ramón Samayagos, then; a new face, the new face perhaps. Certainly as great, more facile, more established. For his imagination, for his lithe strength, for his sheer will of gesture, I nominate him.

BARBARA LA MARR

Barbara La Marr. Of French and Italian extraction; formerly, too, a dancer— with the dancer's grace and sinuous, rich figure; eyes violet, black or grey by will of wisdom; dark hair; olive skin. She is twenty-four, and completely a woman.

Fred Nibo gave her her first title of fame in "The Three Musketeers." It remains again for Rex Ingram to reveal her fully. In "The Prisoner of Zenda" Barbara La Marr appears as a luxurious foil for the slim, lovely Edwina Findlay of Alice Terry. But in "Black Orichids," a story of strange and somber power from his own pen, Rex Ingram has cast her as Zarema, the dark beauty of the film, in the picture. It will make her or break her as a candidate for screen greatness.

Of herself, amusingly, she says this: "When I am happy, I am like a skele, contented cat." A very beautiful cat, one imagines. Her voice is resonant, a sincere purr enough for any male.

She was an infant prodigy, appearing publicly at the starting age of seven. As a dancer, she continued her career on Broadway, in the theaters, or in the ballroom. Later, she migrated to California and tortured her rhythmic body over the staccato click of typewriter keys, writing scenarios for Fox. Then, acting.

Behind her there is more of life lived than in the entire average mortal coil; curious visits, beautiful and haggard. She has been tried well for her profession.

To watch the two of them developing together, Ramon Samayagos and Barbara La Marr, will be thrilling. In "The Prisoner of Zenda"—promise. In "Black Orichids"—fulfillment. The pair work together remarkably. Of him she says, smiling so that no ill-omen marred the fringe of silk and a gleam of the devil beamed: "Ramón! He comes to me with little bits of business for our love scenes.

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Violets and Spice
By Montanye Perry

Are you reading this charming serial now appearing in

Beauty Magazine

the second installment of which can be found in the July issue. Mrs. Montanye Perry, whose work has appeared in the Woman’s Home Companion, Delineator, 
Pictorial Review, McCall’s, etc., etc., etc.

in ‘Black Orchids,’ ‘We shall do thees, no?’ he says, and kisses me placidly on the neck, with the enthusiasm he might display over a postage stamp. But on the screen—he—one’s breath is gone!”

These two, then, the ripest fruits for plucking in stellar gardens, cultivated by that Burbank of California, Rex Ingram. They stand a monument to the blindness of movie magnates. They were both registered, both known at the majority of studios for many months, for years; and it remained for Rex Ingram, leaving Alice Terry momentarily to her fame, to seek them out.

MALCOLM MCGREGOR

Malcolm McGregor. A former Yale swimming champion; sporadically mistaken for Rodolph Valentino because of his sleek hair and swarthy skin, but upon further inspection, not the ideal. He resembles, too, Tony Moreno. But handsomer than either, younger, with a splendid mold of muscle and body that the other two, fine as they are, cannot equal; he has unique possibilities. The rôle of Fritz von Tarlenheim, in “The Prisoner of Zenda,” is his first name part. Progressing, he should develop. He is sincere. Sympathetic direction is his present need. Rex Ingram gave him that in “Zenda” and revealed potentialities in him. McGregor should strive constantly for deeper notes, the bourdon note of grief perhaps. If there is any criticism to make, it is that he has apparently never been tried by mental suffering or hardship. Given time, and an added intensity of soul, he should do something unusual. He is young—still in his early twenties. He has the technical implement with which to carve success.

Were he a woman, one might ape the great director who once said to his silken star, who was beautiful but quite cold: “Go! Fulfil thy destiny as a woman! Then, when the fires of greatness have been given thee, return.”

But for mere man? Motherhood seems somehow irrelevant.

Withal, there is no material obstacle to keep Malcolm McGregor from splendid fame.

MARIE MOSQUINI

Marie Mosquini is almost the victim of a too excellent publicity campaign. Out of the ashes of the Sub Pollard tragedies she has risen to a degree of printed fame approaching that dangerous degree where it will rob her of novelty and destroy her value for suddenly someone else has a new face to be provoked the eyebrows of Hollywood, where she has been known, long and enthusiastically, as a dainty kid and Bebe Daniels’ pet chum.

Convent-bred, the child—as strangely enough, is Barbara La Marr—of French and Italian parents, Marie Mosquini wears her natural vivacity beneath a cloak of demurely downcast eyes. She does, anyway, for the interviewer. They sparkle, those eyes, or melt, to suit the solemnity of occasions. Her favorite sport seems to be boasting about Bebe. Bebe’s favorite sport seems to be boasting about Marie. One for two, and two for one, so to speak.

One is conscious of a latent flame within her; the same spirit that in all women of the same age, burning at the places in the history of others. But the same spirit, it seems, has been kindled in Marie. She knows it, anyway, for the interviewer. They sparkle, those eyes, or melt, to suit the solemnity of occasions. Her favorite sport seems to be boasting about Bebe. Bebe’s favorite sport seems to be boasting about Marie. One for two, and two for one, so to speak.

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at his own comedy and laugh himself to death.

Too many times it has been said that comedy is the ideal school for drama; that the latter is only comedy toned down. 

agree; altho I would point out that because a cow can moo it does not signify that she can yodel. Not that I am thinking of Marie. 

The break must come. Who will be the director to discover Marie Moses? It is whispered that Cecil B. de Mille has cast an eye atwixt her path more than once. Remember, Cecil! He who hesitates . . .

LOIS LEE

I recall first beholding Lois Lee in the very small role of French maid, in a "Private Scandal," starring May McAvoy. She stood out startlingly pretty, vivdly French in type, dark, brilliant of eye, with a mass of dark hair piled on her bird-like head. I remarked to my companion that if I were a director I should "discover" her at once. A month or two later it was announced that Rex Ingram had cast her for the principal role in "The Prisoner of Zenda." The recurrence of the name Rex Ingram is not deliberate; it is forced by facts. Seeking the creative spirit in pictures, one cannot avoid it.

One sees now in Lois Lee a pretty dignity, a promise rather than a fulfilment. But there are possibilities. 

Then, there: five figures that have come up into some degree of prominence in Hollywood already, in spite of the apathy of producers and the inadequacy of directors, and far enough so that we may begin to detect, even in some cases to feel sure of personality—that thing without which the screen can hold no hope.

But peering into the nebulous spaces one sees flowers facing drifting vaguely, beautiful, but yet without that something upon them which marks achievement. If you will accept a face as a face, you may come to Hollywood with an assurance of contentment. Among the countless who are knocking at the gates of the studio your eye will light upon one here, another there who might emerge one day into stellar light; or who might not. Offering no praise, withholding none, I name a few: 

Jacqueline Gable, something of the beauty in her face of Alice Joyce, something of the finely etched sensitive mouth, the poignant eyes. 

Edna Tichenor, into whose camera makes another, a younger Maude George, with the same inscrutable Slavik mold of face. 

Beatrice Arnold, bouncy, the wide-eyed innocence of the lasting blonde tenderil of hair. 

No; Hollywood doesn't need new faces. Even the casting directors admit that. Learning my mission, they sobbed joyously on my shoulder: 

"Keep them away from Hollywood!" they cried. "We are swamped!" 

No; Hollywood doesn't need new faces. What it does need is a massacre, a bloody and relentless slaughter of some of the unimaginative, gregarious and nim-compoopic directors, who, by some myopic token, can see no further than the trick actor, the so-called "trouper," who can get out before the camera and express faith, hope and claret-cup by the very, very simple procedure of crossing his eyebrows.

ART SUPPRESSED

By Frank V. Faulhaber

"You always had artistic tendencies. I suppose your position as 'extra' now gives you an outlet for those talents, eh?"

"Yes, but if I let them out of my own volition the director is the first one to squelch them."

Mid-Summer Daintiness 

Demands Neet!

 Comes now the Season when women's charm shows severest test. Filly frocks and gauzy blouses so frankly reveal the underarm. It must be smooth and sweet—freed from unsightly hair, and distressing perspiration.

Keep daintily clean with Neet. This fragrant cream swiftly, surely and harmlessly removes unwanted hair from any surface of the skin. Used in the armpit, Neet completely banishes the annoying hair growth, chief cause of excessive perspiration. No mixing—simply apply Neet, then a few moments later rinse off hair and all. No further treatment or soothing creams required. Neet itself is anti-septic and leaves the skin soft and smooth. Unlike other methods, it does not stimulate hair growth. Regular size 50c at all drug and department stores (60c in Canada). If you wish first to prove its wonderful results, send 20c (stamps or coin) for a liberal trial size. Hannibal Pharmaceutical Co., 625 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.
AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS WANTED—Brand new article with wonderful sales possibilities. Applicants must be big enough to handle county rights on exclusive basis. Our contract assures you a permanent and substantial income. Join us. All applications strictly confidential. Be referred if we do not connect. Dept. 9, Bethlehem U.S. Co., Bethlehem, Pa.

Agents—$60 to $200 a Week; Free Samples; Gold Star Letters; Store and Office Windows. Anyone can do it. Big demand. Liberal offer to all agents. Metallic Letter Co., 441 F, No. Clark St., Chicago.

A Business of Your Own—Make snazzy glass name plates, numbers, checkerboards, medals, etc., in big wholesale book FREE. F. Palmer, 500 Wooster, Ohio.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

Increase Your Family Income knitting socks at home. The way to independence. The Home Profit Knitter is the world’s most productive and reliable home knitting machine. Be first in your town. We pay you $1.75 for every dozen pairs and furnish all worsted. Exaggerated demand. Free instruction manuals, immediate to you necessary, Home Profit Knitting Co., 207 State street, Rochester, New York.

FARM LANDS FOR SALE


FILMS DEVELOPED

TRIAL OFFER—$4.00 for developing any film or 35 mm negatives any size, including 1 prints. Other charges proportionate, 24-hour service. Splendid work of all kinds. Beans Photo Finishing Co., 206 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Virginia.

FOR THE LAME

The Perfection Extension Shoe for any person with one short limb. No more unsightly cork soles, German, or Spanish shoes. Send for free book. With every book 50c free. A-1263, Universal Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

HELP WANTED

Ambitious Men: Women, $40.00, $150.00 weekly. Become advertising writers. Students frequently earn $200.00, $400.00 weekly while learning. Prepare quickly. Home space time. We assist in typewriting. Write Applied Arts Institute, Dept. 247, Wittenbauer Building, Philadelphia.

All Men and Women Over 17, willing to accept Government Positions, $3.50 (Traveling or Stationary). Write Mr. Osmont, 294 St. Louis, Mo.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE

At Once—Five hundred, capable hands to travel, destined to make big money. Join company with immediate pay due $7.50 per week; railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drum Co., Dept. 60, Omaha, Neb.

HELP WANTED—MALE

A DETECTIVE—Excellent opportunity; suitable young man 20 to 40, no new training, $3.00 to $6.00 per week. Call 550 Wood-Blitz, Kansas City, Mo.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED


MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

Wanted New Places for monthly acting, all ages and types, no experience, free streams and application. Write, The Commercial Film Co., Plymouth Bldg., New Haven, Conn.

$35.00 Profit Nightly—Small capital starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Co., 451 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

MOTION PICTURE MACHINES


NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENCE

Earn $25 weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers; magazines; experience necessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 560 St. Louis, Mo.

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Inventors—Write for our free illustrated guidebook, "How to Obtain a Patent." Hand model or sketch and description of your invention for our opinion of its patentability. No cost, no obligation. Be old-fashioned. Author, Box 185-E, Madison Square Sta., New York.

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Across the Silversheet

(Continued from page 109)

ished for such virtue. Of course, they never tell their husbands about it—that’s the trouble. Maybe, the censors have taken this into consideration and the husbands are always most suspicious.

We doubt if a picture has ever been filmed in which the husband trusts his wife, even with appearances against her, and wherein the wife is really guilty. Even the critics would be forced to admit such a film was original. We offer the idea gratis to anyone interested.

But to come to the point of “The Woman He Married,” once again the wife almo becomes to a sorry end in her efforts to help her husband against his de- evations, of course; the suspense, which is, for the most part, created during the last reel, is maintained until the fade-out.

Amina Stewart is the star, and many months have passed since she has appeared to better advantage.

THE SPANISH JADE—FAMOUS PLAYERS

The more you think about it, the more you realize that, young as the motion picture is, it has scores of traditions. For example, motion picture heroines must be almost perfect. And the heroine in this motion picture may have been in the original stage play or novel, she is reformed when she comes to the screen. Only when her refor- mation was made and she was deprived of the emotion of the story is this tradition ignored.

The heroine of “The Spanish Jade” is reformed, even though it has meant the loss of the most prominent part of the play. Carmen Manuela, in the picture which John Rob- ertson directed for Famous Players-Lasky during the current season in Spain, is all you could wish for in the way of a heroine. It is only when she discovers that her cruel stepfather plans to give her to Estaban in order to pay his gambling debts that she runs away from home. She meets an adventuresome countryman, who helps her escape, and later an American, visiting in Seville. Estaban follows her, and, believing the American is the man who treated her so cruelly, he threatens her life. She at- temps to save him, and in the struggle, Estaban is killed. But the American learns years ajax and the phase of the globe is all in order to save her from the fate that is being planned for her.

Estaban’s father brings his influence to bear.

The American brings his bank check to bear.

And there is a happy ending.

Altogether, as we said before, this picture was produced in Spain, the cast is not composed entirely of American players. During the past year, many of our screen players vacationed abroad. And when they found an American director, in the course of which they wandered, they took a part in the picture he was making on foreign soil, they usually accepted his offer. Therefore, two of the important roles in “The Spanish Jade” are played by David Powell and Mac Darmott. Mr. Pow- ells is seen as the adventuresome Spaniard and Mr. MacDarmott as the revengeful father of Establas. Both ac- cedere of themselves well. Manuela, however, is played by a Spanish girl, and while she gives evidence of particular ability, she is pleasant to look at in her role.

Mr. Robertson has not done for “The Spanish Jade” what he did for “Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde” and “Sentimental Tommy.” Nor does the original background give birth and color which might be expected.
Crit

Which class will it make 3 codes, 5 liked by him, he will see, he made route 1 70 cm Y:
It's your place for this crop, we will make the best. How are you?
Corliss Palmer Powder

is the result of scientific research and experiment. Miss Palmer, by winning first prize in the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, was adjudged the Most Beautiful girl in America, and her Beauty articles in the Motion Picture Magazine and Beauty Magazine have attracted wide attention.

We have secured the exclusive American rights to Miss Palmer's Powder. We put it up in pretty boxes, which will be mailed to any address, postage prepaid, on receipt of price, $1.00 a box. It comes in only one shade and is equally desirable for blondes and brunettes.

Corliss Palmer

Dr not think of sitting for a portrait without first using this powder!

And it is equally desirable for street use, in the Movies and everywhere. Send a One Dollar bill or 1-cent or 2-cent stamps and we will mail you a box of this exquisite powder. Remember that we have the exclusive selling rights to

Corliss Palmer Powder

ware of imitations and accept no substitutes warranted to be it as good.” There is nothing else like it on the market.

Wilton Chemical Co.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Extracts from Motion Picture Magazine April, 1921

I am often asked what kind of face powder I use. I have received more letters asking this question than I could answer, so I had a little circular printed stating that I make my own powder. And now they are asking me to tell them how I make it. Well, I can’t tell how, but I can tell why. I have tried about every powder on the market and have done considerable experimenting on myself and on others. There is no denying that there are several very fine powders on the market, but I felt that some just suited me, and so I determined to make one that did. You see, in the first place, I had some very peculiar ideas about the complexion and was very hard to please. I am very particular about tints and staying qualities, and I want a powder that does not look like powder, that will not blow off in the first gust of wind, that is not too heavy or too light, that will not injure the complexion, and that will not change color when it becomes moist from perspiration or from the natural oil that comes thru the pores of the skin. I also like a pleasant aroma to my powder, and one that lingers. After experimenting with powdered starch, French chalk, magnesium carbonate, powdered oritis root, bismuth subcarbonate, precipitated chalk, zinc oxide, and other chemicals, and after consulting authorities as to the effects of each of these on the skin, I finally settled on a formula that has been tried out under all conditions and that suits me to a nicety. And, most important of all, perhaps, this powder when finely perfected had the remarkable quality of being equally good for the street, for evening dress and for motion picture make-up. I use the same powder before the camera for exteriors and interiors, and for daily use in real life. So do many of my friends, and I tell them that they will use no other so long as they can get mine. As to the tint, it is a mixture of many colors. I learned from an artist that there is no solid flat color in nature. Look carefully at anything you choose and you will see every color of the rainbow in it. Take a square inch of sky, for instance, and examine it closely and you will find every color there. Just so with the face. Any portrait painter will tell you that he uses nearly every color when painting flesh. Nothing is white—not even snow, because it reflects every color that is around it. White face powder is absurd. White is not a color. The general tone of my powder is something like that of a ripe peach. I have made up a few boxes of it for my friends, and I feel justified in asking them to pay me what it costs me, which is about one Dollar a box. I am not in business and do not want to make a profit. If any of my readers want to try this powder, I will try to accommodate them, but I cannot undertake to put this powder on the market in a business way—that is something for a regular dealer to do if there is enough demand for it.

Wilton Chemical Co.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

For the enclosed One Dollar please send me a box of Corliss Palmer Powder.

Name

Street

City and State

Cut out and mail today
Better than jewels
— that schoolgirl complexion

The girl with a clear, smooth skin, radiant with freshness and natural color, should leave jewels to those less fortunate. The charm of a perfect natural complexion attracts far more than elaborate dress and ornaments. If your complexion lacks the beauty which women envy and men admire, don’t depend on clothes and jewelry to draw attention from its defects.

Every woman can transform her bad complexion into a good one, for alluring freshness and clear color isn’t a gift of Nature, but a matter of care.

How to have a perfect skin

No girl need be afflicted with a bad complexion, for improvement is simple and easy. Daily cleansing, gentle but thorough, is the secret. You must use soap, for nothing else will remove the dirt, oil and perspiration which collects in the pores and causes most skin trouble.

Choose Palmolive, because its action is soothing. Harsh soap should never be used for washing the face.

Massage the smooth, creamy lather gently into the skin until it removes all clogging deposits. Don’t forget your neck and throat. They are as conspicuous as the face for any lack in beauty.

Careful rinsing leaves the skin stimulated, freshened and free from the accumulation which enlarges the pores, causes blackheads and carries infection.

Blended from the same oils

Palmolive Soap is blended from the same bland, soothing oils which adorned the sumptuous marble baths of Egyptians, Greeks and Romans. But although very expensive, the gigantic volume in which Palmolive is produced keeps the price very low. Users profit by Palmolive popularity.

The Palmolive factories, working day and night, and the importation of the rare oils in vast quantities, allow you to enjoy this finest facial soap for the modest price of 10 cents—no more than ordinary soap.

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Also makers of a complete line of toilet articles

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Take a lesson from Cleopatra

With a world of ancient beauty arts at her command, she depended on cleansing with Palm and Olive oils to protect, improve and preserve the freshness and smoothness of her skin.