—like lemon? drink LEMON-CRUSH

A real man's drink — its sparkling tang and icy deliciousness make it the favorite at most men's clubs. Its inimitable flavor is from lemon oil and juice pressed from the actual fruit, purest sugar and citric acid — the natural acid of the lemon. Remember there is only one Ward’s Lemon-Crush, one Ward’s Orange-Crush, one Ward’s Lime-Crush.

At fountains or in bottles

Guaranteed under all pure food laws, Federal and State.
Send for free booklet, "How the "crushes" Are Made"

Prepared by Orange-Crush Co., Plant and Laboratories, Chicago. Research Laboratory, Los Angeles
May's Grizel in "Sentimental Tommy" has brought stardom to her door. We hope that, under the Realart banner, she will go on doing other things, some of them as splendid as her Grizel.
Perhaps the screen possesses no one more potent with charming womanhood than Catherine Calvert. "Moral Fiber," a forthcoming Vitagraph production, finds her playing with Corinne Griffith. Personally, we cannot imagine any one production worthy of such a generous supply of beauty and charm.
There is constant danger in an oily skin

If your skin has the habit of continually getting oily and shiny—you cannot begin too soon to correct this condition.

A certain amount of oil in your skin is necessary to keep it smooth, velvety, supple. But too much oil not only spoils the attractiveness of any girl's complexion—it actually tends to promote an unhealthy condition of the skin itself.

A skin that is too oily is constantly liable to infection from dust and dirt, and thus encourages the formation of blackheads, and other skin troubles that come from outside infection.

You can correct an oily skin by using each night the following simple treatment:

"Your treatment for one week"

Mellin's Food Babies

Children of
Mrs. Sam Garee
Washington, Penna.

The proper use of Mellin's Food and fresh cow's milk will enable your little one to have the healthy and robust appearance so typical of all Mellin's Food babies.

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.
Monte Blue prefers honest-to-goodness roles. In fact, he won't play any other kind. You will be glad to know that the new De Mille creation, "The Affairs of Anatol," will be brighter because of his stellar light.
Alice Joyce has just completed "The Inner Chamber." She has locked her dressing-room door at the Vitagraph studios and will rest thru the summer months, taking up her work again with the winter snows.
Ann Forrest

Ann established herself in the heart of her public thru her tears. It was in "Dangerous Days" that she wept her way to fame. Since then she has builded her career with consistently good characterizations. At present she is at work on the George Melford production, "The Great Impersonation"
When she completed her work in the Griffith production of "Romance" many months ago, Betty journeyed to the land of motion pictures and orange trees. And there she has remained, lending herself to many productions, fulfilling many of the prophecies which were made concerning her.
Not so long ago, Winifred returned to her native heath, Sweden, to make several pictures. She did this—successfully—but immediately upon the completion of this work she returned to her chosen land, and the last few months have found her in the fade-out with the Selznick stars, among them Eugene O'Brien.
Constance, as almost everybody knows, came to the silversheet by the footlights route. At first she divided her time between the two, but recently the screen won favor and she has been giving her efforts in the one direction only. Her next production will be the beloved story of "Such a Little Queen"
JAMES RENNIE

James Rennie is one of Broadway's favorite matinee idols this season. But between times, when he isn't appearing in the successful "Spanish Love," or keeping a watchful eye on his little wife, Dorothy Gish Rennie, he is playing opposite Hope Hampton in "Stardust."
The Tryst

Posed by Conrad Nagel and Lois Wilson in "Lost Romance"
THERE is a fast growing section of professional hypocrites in every country in the world, the members of which fasten like mosquitos upon the amusements and relaxations of the public in order to provide themselves with salaries. In this country they thrive exceedingly, and their methods are always the same. With a Bible in one hand and a knife in the other, past masters in the arts of graft and blackmail, they meet and whisper, and then pounce with a newly formed Purity Society behind them, upon the theater, the magazines, novels, paintings or sculpture.

In the pharisaical language of that arch hypocrite Chadband, they organize a campaign for the purpose, ostensibly, of "cleaning up" the arts. They demand that Venus of Milo shall be covered with a bathrobe, that the works of H. G. Wells or Arnold Bennett shall be edited before being permitted to find a place on the shelves of public libraries, and that the masterpieces of the Paris Salon shall be stored away in one of the sheds on Ellis Island. Their great idea, of course, is so to work upon the feelings of the Governors of various States and on the susceptibilities of the gentle-

men in power, with cooked-up evidence and hysterical screaming, that Censorship Committees shall be formed with themselves in charge, with fat salaries attached.

They then set to work, utterly ignorant of arts and letters, amazingly illiterate and unscrupulous, and succeed in a very short time in holding the United States up to the ridicule of the civilized world. Their latest achievement is in the field of moving pictures. After a session at Albany, a State censorship of motion pictures was recommended and salaries duly allotted.

Great rejoicing followed and the result of this latest campaign of organized graft and hypocrisy will shortly be seen in bastardized pictures, so cut, altered and maltreated as to outrage the intelligence of every man, woman and child in the country. In the end, as is always the case, the public will revolt and these hypocrites will be kicked out of their salaried posts to find something else upon which to fasten. Big fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em, and little fleas have lesser fleas, and so ad infinitum. But, in the meantime, the writing and the making of motion pictures is going to be a heart-breaking business.
PAT O'MALLEY, hero of many romantic film tales, possesses two magic bids for popularity—his warm Irish smile and his strong right arm.

Everyone who saw him in the rôle of the energetic and lively newspaper reporter in Marshall Neilan's comedy-drama triumph, "Go and Get it," must have been conscious of both these assets which appeared in a super degree, for the smile that won the "girl," and the spirited fight with the rival reporter, lingered in one's mind long after the remainder of the picture became hazy.

"I have been in pictures ten years, yet I believe 'Go and Get it' made more friends for me than any other film I was ever in," replied Pat, cheerfully, when I spoke of this, "and every day letters pour in, commenting on the splendid spirit of comedy the picture contained."

While the young actor arranged comfortable wicker chairs before the open windows of his dressing-room and pushed aside the gay cretonne curtains in true masculine fashion, he told me of the good luck this rôle had brought him.

Marion Fairfax, who was responsible for the

(Continued on page 95)
Interview the Queen of Sheba

OCALES are divided, like all Gaul, into three parts. Part One is in the offices of the Brewster Publications, where political intrigue is hatched. Part Two is in the subway, where private matters, such as food, inhibitions, etc., etc., are discussed in public. Part Three is in the Gotham, where the Queen of Sheba is persecuted by publicity.

In the distance, throughout the whole, there should be the sound of fanfare and of trumpeting.
Betty Blythe is as regal as tho she were indeed in the court of Solomon. She is as good fun as in the old days, when she was interviewed over strawberry sodas at a soda counter.

G. H.: What difference does it make to her what I eat? She's not really the Queen, anyway. She's Betty Blythe. I know her. Once, before she was Queen, we spent an afternoon consuming sodas. Huh!

PART II—THE SUBWAY

G. H.: Where did you get those gloves?
A. W. F.: Where one generally gets gloves.
G. H.: Lend me one. Just to carry.

A. W. F.: You're used to it. After all, that is what I have to sell—the ability to be nude rather than naked. I only saw the picture night before last, and I had no idea of the enormity of the production, despite the fact that I was on the set practically all of the time. I was amazed and delighted.

A. W. F.: J. Gordon Edwards produced it with a sure touch. Those chariot races—weren't you terrified?
B. B.: I wasn't, altho they were strenuous, I admit. I held on to the belief that I wouldn't be injured in any way—and I wasn't.

A. W. F.: Lately handing one glove: late.
G. H.: We are, anyway, perfectly ridi to go calling on Queen of Sheba the subway, should have ha camel.
A. W. F.: P. Signor Barnum.
G. H. (hastily) Are you going take me from station to the Gotham in a taxi?
A. W. F.: What should I? To impress the doorman Or do you expect Betty—the Queen, I should say—to be scouting for you on the sidewalk?
G. H. (with a poor show of spirit): You said we were late.
A. W. F.: ???!

PART III—THE GOTHAM TEA-ROOM

The Queen of Sheba is serving tea. She is as regal as tho she were indeed in the court of Solomon. She is as good fun as tho she were once again Betty Blythe at the soda dispensary. She is clad in severe and charming dark blue, and at her breast there are roses, red as blood.

A. W. F.: Miss Hall was considering asparagus with the Queen of Sheba, you needn't go.

G. H.: Where did you get those gloves?
A. W. F.: What difference does it make to her what I eat? She's not really the Queen, anyway. She's Betty Blythe. I know her. Once, before she was Queen, we spent an afternoon consuming sodas. Huh!

A. W. F.: Finally handing one glove: late.
G. H.: We are, anyway, perfectly ridi to go calling on Queen of Sheba the subway, should have ha camel.
A. W. F.: P. Signor Barnum.
G. H. (hastily) Are you going take me from station to the Gotham in a taxi?
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Those costumes! I can't help thinking of them. Were they authentic, among other things? Do you suppose that is the sort of thing the original Queen of Sheba did wear?

B. B.: They were as nearly authentic as we could make them, after considerable research. They were perfectly fitted, to a bead. And it was quite simple to wear them. Ordinarily, in such an instance, you would have to fuss with adhesive tape and all sorts of things, but not with the Sheba costumes. Really, I felt better clad and more secure in them than I have felt, on occasions, in an evening gown. And, after all, it is the way you feel which makes for right or wrong—which creates the atmosphere you, in turn, give to the public. It would be rather absurd to play the Queen of Sheba in a Mother Hubbard, wouldn't it?

G. H.: Are you going to play Mary Queen of Scots next? We heard—

B. B.: I think not. That would mean Europe, and then, I have just built my new home in California, and there is the garden and the solitude—

A. W. F.: (with her beau-ti-ful philosophy): After all, if you wouldn't be happy, the glory would not be worth while.

B. B.: That is how I feel.

G. H.: Speaking of the Queen of Scots, do you believe it possible for a modern woman to have as many loves as Mary did?

B. B.: I'd have to answer that in a qualified sense of the word. I think there is one love which is greater than all the others. One (Continued on page 93)
The two pictures of the lad at the top of this page tell their own story. You would know who they were without the recent photograph of Richard Semler Barthelmess below them. The touch of the years in passing has done little else but change the baby boy into a man—there is the same appeal to be found as was manifested in the Yellow Man of the unforgettable "Broken Blossoms" and more recently the country boy in "Way Down East".

Before You Knew Him

The coming year will be fulfillment for Dick Barthelmess. He has signed a contract which places him at the head of his own producing company. We voice the hope that he will give us other shadow portraits as vivid and as true as the two we have mentioned.
pacer, flavored with mustaches and the Continent. He looked toward the latter and coughed nervously, then spied me and hurried forward.

"I am looking for Mr. Linder," I said.

Interrupting himself every now and then with that little nervous cough, he poured out a torrent of words, from which I presently collected the facts that he was Albert, pronounced Albare; that he was M. Linder's secretary and interpreter, and that M. Linder was agitated at the moment. If I would but look, I could see for myself! I looked—and listened. The chest-beater, then, was the great Max! It would be better, finished Albare, if I would return to the restaurant. M. Linder would join me there immediately.

But first I wanted to know something. "What is he saying?" I asked. "It cannot be 'I am happy'!"

Albare nodded and coughed. Perhaps, I thought, I had betrayed undue curiosity. But it was just Albare's way. M. Linder rather awes him. He has an air of furtive dejection, as tho at any moment he expected to feel one of those sloping military heels on his neck. But he nodded finally and said, "Yes, that is what he is saying."

"But why does he have to get mad about it?" I insisted.

Albare shook his head. I must have been very stupid. "He is not mad about that," he explained patiently. "He is trying to make himself feel happy. He does that when things are bad."

"A sort of self-raised sublimity he's..."

Photograph by Clarke Irvine

If one can look beyond Max, the autocrat, with his coughing Swiss secretary-valet-interpreter, and his flashing yellow car, in which he rides eternally alone, he will discover a man extremely likeable, keenly intelligent, beyond a doubt temperamental and surprisingly generous in his praise of rival comedians after," I ventured.

But Albare only eyed me dubiously. I had traveled perhaps half way back to the lunchroom—about two city blocks—when a luxurious sedan, a monster of yellow and nickel and driven by a black, flashed past me. I caught a fleeting glimpse of M. Linder's black silk hat and mustache. Upon careful inquiry I learned that M. Linder rarely walked—even the compara-

(Continued on page 91)
SHADES of Tom Sawyer! What small-boy and little-girl phantoms are imprisoned in attics—and in basements.

It was just a happen-so that I was present when a tiny, tattered doll-trunk, in the attic of a shiny new bungalow in Omaha, Nebr., opened and disclosed—Harold Lloyd. Out came an awkward picture of him, in knee-trousers! Out tumbled a theater program, written in his own boyish hand! Out popped all the prankishness and pep of him, as I conned the original program of a genuine small-boy thriller, "Tom Morton, a Cowboy of the West," of which Harold Lloyd was producer, stage director, business manager, playwright, program printer, and last, but by no means least, "Jack Dalton, the meanest cowboy of the West."

"I don't think any other children ever had more wonderful times than we had!" said the Little-Girl Villainess, now mistress of the shiny new bungalow, with a reminiscent light in her deep blue eyes.

"And it was all because of Harold!" said the Little-Girl Heroine, displaying deep dimples, and forgetting the trials of teaching Spanish and French in her enthusiastic account of how a group of Omaha children romped thru a wonderful (Continued on page 89).
Pola Negri
Cerline Boll Sketches the Vivid Polish Actress
exotic beauty is even more alluring off the screen than on, and, as I watched her leaning against the high-back chair in her dressing-room at the Bruntont studios in Hollywood, I found myself definitely attracted by her calm poise.

Her small hands lay quietly in her lap, except when gently caressing Patsy, her beloved airedale, who hovered close to her mistress, and there was none of the nervous tension and wearying haste which characterizes so many women.

Miss Cooper frankly confesses that she was never swept by an all-absorbing ambition to be either a stage or screen star. In fact, she insists she has been pushed along her career and does not take the credit for winning her laurels thru her own initiative. Not that she hasn't worked. Everyone who seriously acts before the camera works, but she has merely been responsive to the big motive-power supplied by another.
By MAUDE CHEATHAM

First, it was D. W. Griffith, for she was one of this director's early "finds," and then Mr. Walsh, who have urged her on until she has won an enviable place among film luminaries.

Several times, so Miss Cooper told me, she has decided to retire to private life, but the devotion of the couple is so great—they are ideal pals, working and playing together—that Miriam is easily induced to return to the studio in order to be with her husband.

"When we were married, five years ago," she said, "I really planned to give up my work. However, just at that time Raoul began his first big production, 'The Honor System,' and after trying to find the type he wanted for the girl, he grew discouraged and asked me to play it. This has happened several times, and now that he has formed his own producing company, and will release thru First National, I am to be his leading woman in all the pictures. This brings a new enthusiasm and a new determination, for I realize what this means—the better my work, the more honor for him.

"Raoul is completely wrapped up in his pictures—his interest never palls. I look at him in wonderment, and sometimes almost envy the whole-hearted consecration he puts into his work.

"We pull beautifully together," she continued, demurely, "they are each other's severest critics. I can't rehearse a scene repeatedly and keep the spontaneity. Mr. Walsh sees this and allows me to interpret it as it seems natural to me. Then, if there are mistakes, he corrects them, but is careful never to quench my own feeling."

This, perhaps, explains the charm of Miriam Cooper's film characters. They always suggest the glow of fresh emotional depths, with a touch of classic tragedy in their poetic appeal. Her quaintness, her gentle seriousness, end an added force and makes her an adept in winning sympathy and understanding for her rôles. Untrammeled and with the spring of spontaneity given full play, she brings the reflection of her own natural expression to the screen.

A little later, over on the set, Miss Cooper became a Spanish señorita, wearing a short full skirt, round-toed slippers and with a red, red rose tucked in her dusky hair. In the new picture, an original story written by Mr. Walsh and tentatively named "Serenade," she plays the rôle of a daughter of old Castile, transplanted into the fastnesses of Mexico, where she makes a terrific sacrifice to save her lover. George Walsh is playing the lover, so, as Miriam says, it is quite a family affair.

The next production will be the film version of "Kindred of the Dust," in which the little actress assures me she has a "darling part." With the completion of the third picture, they will return East, where a new studio is being erected at Flushing, L. I., which will bear Mr. Walsh's own name.

"Raoul enjoys working in Hollywood. He finds conditions very favorable, but I was sorry to leave New York,"

(Continued on page 88)
The Farm's Loss--

"It's a curious thing, but just to show you what tricks Fate will play, when I was in San Francisco last week, I met one of the boys I knew in 'cow-college' and he certainly is a farmer from the word go!"

"I got side-tracked playing professional football.

"One day my father, who believes in having his stage effects as realistic as possible, sent for me and told me that he was putting on a football play called 'The Full-back.' He thought it would be a good plan to have a real team on the stage in order to make the game in the last act an exciting one.

"I got the team and we played ball. Just to show you how exciting that act was, when the curtain went down on the last performance, three of the boys went to the hospital with broken ribs."

David Butler tells a story of how, after that first appearance, he said to his father:

"Well, Dad, now that you've seen me, what do you think of my future?"

And his father answered: "My boy, I love you, but I'm going to tell you the truth. Your future is all past; you'll never make an actor."

However, young Butler was so

David Butler studied agriculture at college, but his environment opposed the farm. With his father the stage-manager of the Alcazar Theater of San Francisco, it was not long before David, too, was numbered among the "troupers." Left, a new portrait, and below, with Mrs. Butler.

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

It was more a matter of chance than design that David Butler became an actor.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "I thought that I wanted to be a farmer."

He even took up agriculture at college, studying seriously. But he studied football seriously, too. And, anyhow, he could never have been a farmer—his environment opposed it.

The elder Mr. Butler was stage manager of the Alcazar Theater in San Francisco for thirteen years. And from the Alcazar has come more than a score of famous players. His mother, Adele Belarde, had an unusual career as leading woman for the great Italian tragedian, Salvini, and also for Frederick Warde.

David Butler was born a member of the theatrical profession, and endowed with all the restlessness, hospitality, fatalism, open-hearted generosity and care-free "can happen" philosophy that belong so peculiarly to the true "trouper."

"But the stage had no appeal for me," he said.

"I was too close to it, and in order to be really alluring a thing should be half unknown. So I decided to be a farmer."
successful that then and there the stage reached out and claimed her own. He continued at the Alcazar with an occasional try at moving pictures.

"My first picture part was particularly disagreeable," he said, "the director put me under an automobile with the exhaust in my face, by way of comedy, while he shot scenes of the leading man and leading woman from every possible angle. When this was over, I decided that I was thru with pictures for life, and went back to the Alcazar."

In the meanwhile, Elsie Schulte, at the Alcazar, had started rehearsing "Madame Sherry."

"David's father kept saying to me, 'I have a great big blue-eyed boy, wait until you meet him,'" said Mrs. Butler. "So when we did meet, the match had practically been made."

They are living now in a little four-room apartment, overlooking one of Hollywood's most famous bungalow courts. The apartment itself is famous, too. Many a prominent star has lived there; most recently before the Butlers, Gloria Swanson.

They are an unusual looking couple. Mrs. Butler is slender, dark, rather exotic looking, with large almond-shaped brown eyes and black hair.

"Dave"—everyone calls him Dave—Butler rather reminds one of an overgrown boy. His ability to like people and make people like him, amounts to genius.

He believes that the significant events of life are all more or less pre-ordained; that it is even possible, sometimes, to foretell future happenings. You wouldn't speak of him as a mystic, but still such things interest him.

He and his wife like to have people around them all the time, a happy-go-lucky, devil-may-care bunch—very young, very successful and, with all their love of fun, very much in earnest.

"I cant remember when we've had dinner alone," he said.

It will be remembered that David Butler's first big screen opportunity was the part of the French boy in "The Greatest Thing in Life," who, when dieting said; "It is better so. To me, a chicken is only a chicken, while to her it is a beautiful sun bird." "The Girl Who Stayed at Home" was another picture he made with Griffith. There were "The Other Half," "Better Times," and, more recently, "The Sky Pilot," with King W. Victor, "Up Stairs and Down," with Olive Thomas, and at the head of his own company, "Sitting on the

(Continued on page 90)
WHEN Thomas Edison conceived his XYZ intelligence test he started something. Suppose he were to draw up an XYZ test for movie fans. Imagine how intelligent we would all appear. Here are some of the questions Mr. Edison would ask:

What are the dimensions of an eternal triangle?

What is a movie star? How do you get that way?

How many flickers are there in a five-reel feature?

How many curls does it take to make an imitation Mary Pickford?

Who is the best dressed woman on the screen? Prove it.

Who discovered the custard pie? What is it made of?

How many extras does it take to make an all-star cast?

How long are a censor’s ears? What animal does one remind you of?

If all the punk pictures made last year were placed end to end, how would this affect the price of peanuts in Alaska?

Answer to Daisy Dewdrop, Pa. It is said that Charlie Chaplin’s favorite pastime is coin collecting.

Reports state that because of bad business conditions motion picture salaries are receiving large cuts. Screen stars that formerly got a million a year are now no doubt forced to accept $800,000 or $900,000.

If she keeps up the good work much longer, it looks as the Mae Murray’s name will have to be added to the Big Four.

Why all the controversy as to who should be Peter Pan on the screen? There’s only one person who could possibly do the part full justice. That is Mary Pickford.

A telephone booth is one place where you can spend less and kill more time than in a picture show.

Being poor ourselves, we naturally favor the poor man. However, we feel that there must exist somewhere a man who is rich but honest. If so, will someone kindly put him on the screen long enough.

Reelism

Seen Only on the Screen

Honesty among thieves.

Mothers who cry when their daughters are led to the altar.

Happy endings.

The successful paying off of the mortgage.

Now that the curley-haired ingénues are beginning to leave the screen, we have the bobbed-hair babies to take their place.

Keep Your Eye on

Ora Carew, a good actress.

Reeves Eason, a good actor and a better director.

Suggestions for the Censors

Cut out the scenes showing policemen on their beat.

People will expect to find them there.

Cut out scenes showing couple after ten years of married life. It isn’t being done.

“Passion” and “Deception,” both German pictures, are so superior to the average American picture that American producers are up in arms to have all German pictures
And so the day ends perfectly—

A GOOD vacation means above all else change of scene. The city-dweller longs for the country or shore.

The country-dwellers seek the excitement of metropolitan life.

Whichever class you are in you will find that Paramount has anticipated your motion picture wants.

In the country you will find that the fame of Paramount has penetrated to your resort, whether it be in a theatre that seats three hundred or three thousand. You can see the same fine Paramount Pictures there that you were accustomed to in town.

The visitors to the cities will discover any number of Paramount Pictures to choose from.

Take train anywhere: take steamer or aeroplane, and you will inevitably arrive at one of the theatres on the Paramount circuit of enchantment.

Whether it is a million dollar slate of the screen in the big y, or a tiny hall in a backwoods nilet, you will find that it is always the best and most prosperous theatre in the community is exhibiting Paramount Pic-

They both show the same pictures! Paramount Pictures.

The resort that has Paramount Pictures is in the swim—a Broadway show in the heart of the country!

Paramount has achieved this national recognition by steadily delivering great entertainment.

—entertainment conceived and interpreted by the foremost actors, dramatists, directors, writers, impresarios and technicians.

—photoplays made with the idea that each one had to beat the last.

—motion pictures so good that in the United States alone more than 11,200 theatres, not counting summer theatres, depend on them as the chief source of supply.

Whether you see Paramount Pictures in a metropolitan theatre or in a summer theatre that vanishes with the first frosts, you are equally sure of fine entertainment.

When you see that phrase, "It's a Paramount Picture," park your car, motor-boat or canoe and go in,

—because if it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in vacation-land!
Is your complexion fair and charming during August’s hottest days?

Or does the burning summer sun reden and coarsen your skin?

BATHING—will your complexion stand the hot rays of sun on the water? Can you enjoy a dip secure in the knowledge that your complexion will be as clear and delicate at dinner as it was before your swim?

Motoring—out for hours in the scorching sun and dusty air—can you be certain that your face will be free from an irritating roughness at the end of the trip?

You can be sure of a fresh, dainty complexion always—even in the trying heat of summer—if you use Ingram’s Milkweed Cream regularly. Ingram’s Milkweed Cream protects the skin against the coarsening effects of the elements—more than that, it preserves the complexion, for Ingram’s Milkweed Cream has an exclusive therapeutic property that constantly works to “tone up”—revitalize—the sluggish tissues of the skin.

If you have not yet tried Ingram’s Milkweed Cream, begin its use today. You will find that its special therapeutic property will soothe away redness and roughness, banish slight imperfections—that its continued use will keep your complexion as soft and clear as you want it to be.

Read this booklet of hints

When you get your first jar of Ingram’s Milkweed Cream, you will find in the package a booklet of Health Hints. This booklet tells you how to use Ingram’s Milkweed Cream to protect your complexion from hot sun and dusty wind—how to use it in treating the common troubles of the skin, whatever their cause. Read this booklet carefully. 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—it will mean so much to you.

Ingram’s Milkweed Cream

Ingram’s Beauty Purse—an attractive, new souvenir packet, an exquisite Ingram toilet aid. Send us a dime, with the coupon below, and receive this dainty Beauty Purse for your handbag.

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. Subly perfumed Solid cake. Three perfect shades—Light, Medium and Dark—50c.

Ingram’s Velvoca Souveraine

FACE POWDER

A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it stays on. Furthermore, a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Foundation—White, Pink, Flesh, Brune’—90c.

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Posed by Virginia Lee in “If Women Only Knew”—a First National motion picture. Miss Lee is one of many motion picture beauties who use and endorse Ingram’s Milkweed Cream for proper care of the complexion.
Such a Little Queen
By GLADYS HALL

"COSACO," said her small and gracious Majesty, Queen of Herzegovina, "Cosaco, in the words of the well-known Vicar, 'let us remain inflexible.'"

Cosaco, Prime Minister of Herzegovina, and nearing, rather feebly, the bibliically allotted three-score years and ten (or is it four?) bowed with what ceremony his rheumatic condition permitted.

"Yes, your Majesty," he said.

The tiny Queen cast a humorous eye about the three small and exceedingly shabby rooms, the two front windows of which faced, humbly and very unmajestically, St. Nicholas Avenue. The remaining windows, of kitchen, bedroom and bath, gave upon what is popularly known as a "court." The Queen had endeavored a pun when she discovered that she slept upon a court, but poor old Cosaco had wept at the facetiousness, and the Queen had foreborne.

"Nevertheless, Cosaco," said the Queen, "I think you had better just call me plain Queen while we are in our present—ah—predicament. It strikes me that if the worthy lady, who is called janitress, overheard our etiquette or, perchance, one of the wrathy gentlemen to whom we owe coin of the realm in exchange for the greens and other edibles they have sent up the dumb shaft, they might—well, they might even think us" (she bent forward and whispered in the withered ear) "crazy, Cosaco."

Bimbi, the royal canary, fluttered in his gilded cage, and his small mistress patted the bars, with reassurance. "At least, Bimbi," she said, "we are freer than you are."

The erstwhile Prime Minister sighed prodigiously, "Sometimes I think we must be crazy, your Majesty," he said, "for we come, for sooth from a country—"

"Hush!" said the Queen of Herzegovina, imperiously.

"Hush!" she said again. "We know that my country is given over to revolution and uncasing internal warfare but we are not here to criticize, who cannot seem to men. Let the Regent do what he can, and when the day of peace dawns, perchance, we shall return and regain the throne.

My poor people—"

Cosaco sighed again. His old fingers fumbled with the strings of the wallet he drew from his doublet. It had been replete when, desperate, he had taken it small, endangered Queen out of the country.

"We shall go back beggared he sighed.

"There is no disgrace," the small Queen said, "in honest poverty. I shall find some thing to do in order to keep us. I know."

Cosaco shook his feeble head. "We have come to a pretty pass he said, sadly, "when queen must work to her prime minist—"

"May live."

The Queen of Herzegovina laid her small hand on the old man's shoulder. Her voice was very tender. "Prime Minister, you know of," she said, "has worked long and hard, so faithfully has one vain little Queen might live, and, all dear old friends here on St. Nicholas Avenue, in the City of New York, there are neither queens nor prime ministers. They are just men and women, the weak and the strong. That is how it is going to be with us."

Cosaco kissed the little hand, but it was only to be sure of its identity. He was about to come in with a gift for the New York City Mission when the Queen interrupted him.

"Hush!" she said again, "when the Regent is not in."

"The Regent is coming now. He is crushingly handsome."

"Hush!" said the Queen, "when the Regent is in."

"The Regent is crushingly handsome."
was being paid for it all in a coin more golden than
Herzogovina or this stupendous New World could
offer him.

Then he said: “There seems not to be a King of Her-
d in New York, either.”

The Queen laughed out. “You sentimentalist!” she
ed out on him. “Hear him, Bimbi, my golden one, my

He thinketh that because the Regent, my Uncle,
th formally betrothed me to Stephen of Hepland that that
uleman and monarch should take at once a romantic
rest in me and come flying over the seas to win me
a second Argonaut in est of a second Golden
exce. Oh, Cosaco, Cosaco, I have ceased dream-
me at my age, and at yours
have just begun!”

ere was a silence, and
, some of the shiny
ness in her gay
ning voice tempered, the
Queen of Herzogovi-
said, soberly, “Stephen
Hepland probably loves
ly some little maid of
commonwealth who is
thing her heart away be-
use, for reasons of state

hand. Never had she seemed
to his devout and faithful
heart so royal a little sovereign.
Never had the long and faith-
ful years of his service of
which she had spoken seemed
years so well and fully spent.

ALLIANCE, he must wed the Queen of Herzogovina. You
see, Cosaco, Stephen of Hepland does not know that he is
wedding me, the ‘me’ you and Bimbi know, and love, me-

Stephen thinks only that he weds the Queen of
Herzogovina, and, oh, I know, I know, how utterly he
rues the day that placed a crown upon his head!”

“And you, your Majesty! What do you think of
Stephen of Hepland?”

“The little Queen sat erect in her mission chair. Her
eys grew dreamful. “You know, Cosaco,” she said, “that
I am not in love; that I do not know what love is—save
as I dream it under the most golden sun or, by night,
under the full-blown moon. And yet, and yet, Cosaco,
when I dream, it is always of some particular one. This
one is tall and fair and fine. He carries a lance in his
spirit, shining and clean. His laugh rings out like an
accolade, and he is not ashamed of his tears when they
fall for the pain of the world. His hands are long and
tender, and his walk is strong and free. I have
seen him. I have seen
him!”

“Where?” the old Prime
Minister bent toward his
Queen. “Where?” he said.

His old heart beat pain-
fully. He had thought to
have guarded her against
cance arrows, until she
should be twenty at any
rate; until the state of
Herzogovina was at rest
and her crown secure upon
her head. One could not
tell when or upon whom a
young girl's fancy would alight. What a responsibility to have undertaken!

"Where?" he repeated again.

The little Queen chirped merrily at Bimbi before she saw fit to reply, then, leaning toward the old man, she said, playfully: "In the likeness of Stephen of Hepland, sir."

Cosaco emitted a sigh that was like a groan. "I thought," he said, "it might have been——" he paused, running over in his mind the various male persons they had encountered upon their hasty flight from Herzogovina. There was, for instance, that young man, Trainer, who did wholesale things in this country and made liberal moneys. He had looked too long and too intently into the eyes of the Queen.

Humbly, Cosaco voiced his fear, lest it might have been Trainer.

The Queen laughed and shook her head—a little. "It might have been worse," she said. "He is tall and free and fine. He has many, oh, very many of the requirements of my dream. I think he holds a lance, clean and shining, in his spirit; or mayhap—and this is nearer truth, Cosaco—mayhap it is the Golden Eagle there. But the dreams, my friend! Poor Trainer—he has not had the time to dream, and his tears would fall only when his own heart were hurt. No, it was not Trainer——"

Three days later Cosaco admitted the persistent ringer of the bell in the hall beneath them. The Queen of Herzogovina could not be disturbed or she might very likely have run to open the door herself. She had obtained, with some difficulty, the rather underpaid position of addressing envelopes, so much per hundred, for a mail-order house, and was waging brave battle with scrivener's cramp and other slight disabilities attendant upon her first step into the economic world. With her first cash payment she had bought for Bimbi's cage a handful of red roses, the kind he had been used to in the palace at Herzogovina. The golden bird among the roses eased some of the ache at her heart, for it did ache, now and then, despite her cheeriness.

Her people wrangling, forgetful of their Queen. Her family dead, Stephen of Hepland—where was he?

And then, like a major-domo in a musical comedy wherein the long arm of coincidence reaches most perfectly, the bell ceased its clamor, and, quiveringly, Cosaco announced: "His Majesty, Stephen, King of Hepland!"

The Queen of Herzogovina jumped from the table, upsetting her inkwell and demolishing three hours' work. Bimbi chattered shrilly. The tiny room seemed suddenly radiant and spacious with promise, with youth.

"Oh, it's you——!" she cried out on it.

"Then you did come?"

Stephen of Hepland stared at her. He had the effect of rubbing his eyes as tho, in a dream, he—was not quite sure he was se-

She had obtained with some difficulty the rather underpaid position of addressing envelopes—so much per hundred—for a mail-order house.

"It would be a ruin go," he said, indecently; "here, you know," he added, as he took the chair she motioned him to. "I think it's a belly waste of time anywhere myself. All the bowing and the scraping and kowtowing and paw-wowing. I never can get over the impulse I had when, as a kid, I looked on at it all and longed to cry out: 'Ah, come on, be natural!'

Cosaco, very pale, had repaired to the kichenette for liquid refreshment. His court-saturated soul was stunned at the sacrilege he heard coming thus glibly from Stephen, meeting this fully, with the approbation of the Queen of Herzogovina. Actually, these two young people, crowned heads as they were, seemed to be quite as much at home, and happier if anything, on two mission chairs on St. Nicholas Avenue than they had been when wielding the royal scepters in their respective kingdoms.

Then he heard his Queen say: "But what are you doing here?"

"Same thing as you are, I imagine," said Stephen, "all but that"—waving a dubious hand toward the multifarious envelopes; "Hepland is like an upset kettle of fish and I was exiled, so to speak. I came to America, having heard that you were here, and feeling lonely without my—my throne. Also, it is nearly time for the wedding; you know?"

The Queen of Herzogovina blushed and smiled. "We don't need to think about that now," she said, then glancing up at him. "At least—you don't."

Stephen of Hepland didn't take his eyes from the face he
found quite the loveliest he had ever seen. "I didn't know you were like this," he said, suddenly. "I do want to think about it. I've had the most diplomatic time you ever heard of trying to trace you. I'm as adept at wire-pulling as an expert now."

Then Cosaco came back and, informally, as tho they were indeed the scions of St. Nicholas Avenue rather than of thrones, they began to discuss the possibilities of concocting a full-grown meal from the larder, as it stood, and the further possibilities of their continued existence with the royal treasury in its highly anemic state.

"Obviously," said the Queen of Herzogovina, "I shall have to do the providing, and you and King Stephen the protecting, Cosaco."

It never occurred to either Stephen or the Queen that they would part again for the present. Their kingdoms, so to speak, had allied, and they would stand or fall— together. How much that depended on politics and how much on personalities was, for the moment, beyond them.

"The immediate need," said the Queen, "is for dinner. It is my royal pleasure to don my coronation robes and prepare the feast. You and Cosaco shall help me, Stephen. Later on, we shall discuss future plans."

Stephen, King of Hepland, and the little Queen of Herzogovina had banqueted in many a festive hall and been waited upon by lords and ladies with service of silver and gold, but nothing had so finely pleased them as the simple meal they fixed themselves in the kitchen.
coming to him slowly.

"I shall keep me the one I have," laughed Anne Victoria. She had doubts as to Stephen's taking orders from such foremen as he would, perforce, have to deal with. His democracy, she felt, was not so elastic as her own. It had not been so long put to the test.

The little Queen was far more right than she had been wrong. There seemed no one willing to employ the tall young man who, with the air of conferring a royal favor, applied for the privilege of work.

"Where does he get off at?" and "how did he come by it?" were some of the remarks hurled at Stephen of Hepland's proud retreating back.

The small trio resolved themselves into culinary experts and envelope addressers. The change in their fortunes fluctuated according to envelopes.

There were times when Bimbi's golden song and the scratching of pens formed orchestral melodies hour on end. Now and again the eyes of Stephen would meet the eyes of Anne Victoria, Queen of Herzogovina, and writer's cramp and depleted larder, royalty and revolution would alike be forgotten.

There came the day when Stephen of Hepland attended solely by Cosaco, Prime Minister of Herzogovina, slept upon a park bench, canopied only by the immemorial stars. Neither cared very greatly. Cosaco knew, blessedly, that his Queen still lay in her court bedroom, unaware of the plight of her companions, and Stephen knew blessedly —ah, blessed, indeed, the knowledge that Stephen hugged to his threadbare breast; the sweet knowledge that lay against his lips like flame and wine; that lay against his heart like balm. For on that night Anne Victoria had told him of her love, begun in dreams and sealed, most sacredly, by friendship, fellowship and work. "I love you," she had told him, "my King!"

Nor royalty nor revolution, nor famine nor feast could ever matter to the King of Hepland again, for on St. Nicholas Avenue, with the pinch of poverty hurting at every angle, love had come to him and remade a world for him.

"Cosaco," he said, "behold your King! Keep looking at me, Sir, for I am King, indeed!"

And the old man seeing the transfiguration of his young companion, the glory everlasting in his hunger-bright eyes, sighed and said, softly: "Yes, sire,—yes, sire," thinking, "the poor young King is feverish tonight. This will be the end of him, I fear!"

But the end was not yet come. And, probably, Cosaco alone suffered keenly from the pinch of hunger and the strain of fear.

The King of Hepland and the Queen of Herzogovina had entered into a kingdom he had long since abdicated, where there is little hunger, neither is there any thirst!

Then there came help, succor and hope in the stalwart form of J. Trainor. He had heard of the young Queen's plight and had traced her. He was slangy and sincere. He said he had never heard of such a predicament. He glared somewhat at Stephen, King of Hepland. It was patent that he had hoped he would find the Queen alone with her retainer.

He offered to do all manner of things for them, possible and impossible, but what he finally did do was to obtain positions for Cosaco and Stephen in his employer's office, and a post as translator for Anne Victoria. Then he promptly completed what had been begun for him on the

(Continued on page 92)
Too Much Protest

as a possible tangent for our train of thought.

May grew ecstatic, not over Elinor—because of her.

"She visited Charlie at his studio—Charlie Chaplin. It went something like this." (May dropped into a flood of English mannerisms. She is a delightful mimic.) Her interpretation of Elinor went in this wise—she holding Jackson's hand in lieu of Charles:

"So you are Mister Chaplin?" (Stroking his hand.) "Ah! You are a gr-reat artist, Mister Chaplin, a great artist, and you know, Mister Chaplin, you are not half so freakish as I had imagined, Mister Chaplin. Ah, yes! A great artist! But you are nervous, Mister Chaplin, very nervous. Let me soothe you, Mister Chaplin—so!" (Strokes his hand again, tenderly.)

It was marvelous—enormous. I wanted to

Photograph by Clarence S. Bull

"You wont print it," said May Collins. "You must not—that I am only seventeen. They wont believe it. They never do. No, you must not print it."

I

T was quite an interesting luncheon.

At the table in the studio restaurant, May Collins, Jackson of Goldwyn publicity, and I were doing our best to be nice to each other. May, in a gallant effort, was expostulating with me on the importance of making her older.

"You wont print it," she said, "you must not—that I am only seventeen. They wont believe it. They never do. No, you must not print it."

I made a brief attempt at argument—my attention wandering now and then to the waves in her hair, piled high on her head. I was perhaps a little vague. She insisted again—emphasizing with little taps on the tablecloth.

I thought: It doesn't really matter. She is young or she wouldn't repudiate youth. I had best agree with her.

I did, and I'm telling you now she is seventeen, dynamically so, charmingly so, pertly so—but seventeen for all that. And her eyes are grey—sweetly so.

We found huge chunks of conversation in the fact that May's tongue wasn't red—the tongue she had ordered for luncheon, I mean—decided gravely in the end to abandon it for roast pork with apple sauce, and contemplated Elinor Glyn
bellow my appreciation—but one doesn't do that on interviews. One is subdued, interested, intrigued in a detached, observant way—polite.

Jackson, perhaps a little worried that I was not acquiring information, asked Miss Collins her birthplace. She gave it, together with a whole raft of amazing data about her career.

"It's all true!" May was in constant horror of being doubted. "I'd never been on the stage and I'd never done one bit of professional work—anywhere. I just knew a girl who'd done some theatrical work and got a list of the New York managers—I've lived in New York all my life—and, because I liked his name, I called first at the office of Winthrop Ames. They were casting Maeterlinck's 'The Betrothal,' and decided to try me as an understudy for one of the six leading ladies. I learned my part, and when I read it for them the next day I was given the part itself. That was my first engagement. And," she added as an afterthought, "it's all true."

In rapid succession—"The Betrothal" lasted for but a few months—she played in "The Man Outside," and "The Outrageous Mrs. Palmer."

It was John Emerson and Anita Loos who brought her to California to play in their own production, "Wife Insurance"—her first picture. "It is quite remarkable," said May, because she is the only one who—apart, of course, from May—has achieved any great fame in films. The others that May mentioned have escaped me. They have all remained true to Broadway—New York.

Clayton Hamilton and Samuel Goldwyn came in, paused a moment at our table to chat with May. I watched her as she talked with them and was charmed with the quick play of her features, the length of the heavy lashes that fringed her eyes, and her smile—her smile most of all. It was wide—but not too wide. Frequent—but not too frequent. There was breeding in it—but not the breeding which smothers spontaneity.

(Continued on page 101)
The clinging negligée, which it was Wanda Hawley's good fortune to wear, was of a pale grey chiffon, pearl-beaded, with its wide panel first banded with cerise and then with a dull blue. And it was rich in beaded ornaments of the pastel shades that caught the folds here and there.

At an afternoon function at her home, Gloria Swanson, as the young wife, was charming in an afternoon frock of écru georgette, heavily hung with ropes of pearls, while pearl bands held her slippers.

Who Said Imported Models?

A black satin evening gown is quite the thing for those who can carry it with regal poise. Gloria Swanson proves her ability to do this with little difficulty. This particular gown was lined with jade satin and, like the afternoon frock, it is pearl banded. However, every line of this creation is banded—but with single strands.
Hollywood has come to rival the Rue de la Paix. The bewildering creations which are worn by the ladies fair in "The Affairs of Anatol," for example, were designed and executed right at the studios. Jeanie MacPherson kept the costumes well in mind as she prepared the scenario. Then she conferred with Cecil de Mille and his designer, Miss Claire West. After each gown had been discussed, with the player who was to wear it taken well into consideration, water-color sketches, some of which are reproduced on these pages, together with corresponding scene stills showing the players wearing the particular gowns, were made. These sketches were correct both in color and detail. The colors were those with the best photographic possibilities and, at the same time, artistic in themselves, for the psychological effect of costumes upon the players wearing them is admitted. The wardrobe department then undertook to execute these designs, and, in truth, the results prove that the Rue de la Paix, long the Parisian fashion center, had better keep a watchful eye on its laurels.

Above, Wanda Hawley endows an evening gown with her blonde personality. Jade color was made for golden hair, and this gown is of jade chiffon and flesh satin, fringed with rows of tiny and glittering gold beads. It is an achievement. At the left is one of the most alluring boudoir robes ever seen. Gloria Swanson wears it with her exotic charm. It is of pearl-grey chiffon with an overdress of shimmery and brocaded blue satin, caught here and there with bands and balls of soft grey fur.
HAVE you at some time looked at an old piece of furniture which has come across the sea to us, cherished thru generations, and wondered what it would say if it could speak? We did, recently, when we looked at the long table, its wood mellowed by the touch of time in the passing of hundreds of years. And the desk which stood to the side of the same room with curious carvings upon its quaint lid—perhaps it would tell a tale of a sad queen and her love-letters—letters which never reached her lover—the low bed, flanked behind by a tapestry of knights a-mount—has it held aching or happy hearts for the most part? There was a great mirror hung above the dresser, and we wondered if that had reflected many heads as lovely as the gold-crowned head which smiles into it today.

It was Anna Q. Nilsson who was showing us the rare pieces about her apartment. She stood before the tall fireplace of stone and looked into its depths. "I wonder," she said, "if letters of intrigue, letters which have had a hand in the making of history, have turned to ashes inside of that stone arch?"

And we wondered too.

It was morning and a light spring rain was falling outside. But behind her soft curtains there was a warmth which seemed to find its birth in the cerise of her lounging pajamas and the gold of her hair, pervading remote corners, causing you to linger, loath to leave it all for the wet outside.

"And these books," Miss Nilsson was telling us, "they are old French novels, probably very interesting if you could read them." She took one between her hands. "Maybe," she said, "this holds a story which would be lovely upon the screen. Who can tell?"

She curled up in the great jade chair before the fireplace. "In October I shall have to give all of this
up. The very thought of it makes me ill. I have rented it furnished and I’m afraid there will be no renewal of the lease.

We assured her that she was fortunate to have had it even for a time. “I suppose so,” she said, flinging her arms over the chair-back. “I suppose I am, but how will I ever live in the hotel suite or the average apartment, with its stereotyped furnishings, after this. I love the feel of all these old things about me. It gives me an air of well-being.

“That is the trouble with me, I like comfort much too well for my own good. That’s why I’m not further than I am. It’s always too great a temptation to do the thing I want to do—the thing it is the most comfortable to do, regardless of whether it’s the thing to do or not.”

“Oh, I’m a frightful business woman,” she despaired. “Really, I am.”

We asked her whether she meant stardom when she said she should be further than she is—whether or not she didn’t think that it was better, much better, to create worth-while characterizations than to star.

“Stardom,” she said, “I have refused that often, I assure you. Stardom in itself is not especially difficult to obtain if you have done well in any wise, but stardom with a definite assurance of the stories you wish to do, that is different.

“I think it’s the hardest work in the world,” she went on, “to play a part which you do not feel, which you think untrue to life. Really, when I get such a rôle, and it has been so now and then, I’m worn out when I leave the studio and I’m forever annoying the director by asking when we’re going home.”

She laughed at some memory.

“But when I like the story, nothing is too much trouble. I (Continued on page 87)
The Kid

By

LILA WESENER

At the left, Jackie Coogan takes to the plutocratic golf ball and sticks. At the right, he is seen in the title role of "Peck's Bad Boy," while below, his father reads a little friend and him the story.

St. Peter, old and dull of pate,
Not having much to do,
Broke off a pearl from heaven's gate
And let a star slip thru.

The star lit on a rainbow,
And the rainbow made a skid;
The star dropped down to earth,
And lo!—It was "The Kid."
ENNUI could never touch Kathlyn Williams—she is so keenly alive with a diversity of absorbing interests.

Most of us might be tempted to believe that being beautiful—with lovely blonde hair, deep blue eyes and exquisite coloring, as well as being one of the most finished actresses on the screen today, were quite enough distinctive characteristics, but Miss Williams has added several others to her credit.

She is domestically inclined and makes a real home for her hus-

"It is the human rôle I love to portray," Kathlyn Williams told me. "The real woman, with her temptations, development and regeneration—like a rôle I had lately, of a frivolous society butterfly who, later in the face of a crisis, proved a true woman."

hand, Charles Eyton, manager of the Lasky studio, and her young son, Victor. Recently she finished a course of aeronautics, winning her pilot's license after working steadily for two whole months learning the art of managing an aeroplane. She reads

the best French literature in the original, and has written several successful scenarios. She designs her own lovely frocks and hats, and as she is conceded to be one of the most smartly gowned members of the local film colony, this is some achievement, and—she always seems to have time to devote to her family and friends.

At the present moment her new home, an Italian villa, perched atop a high point in Hollywood, holds first place in Miss Williams' thoughts, and she has
It is in this serene quiet, a few blocks from the Lasky studio, that Miss Williams studies the film roles that have made her known to all the motion picture public as a genuine artist. She possesses a rare capacity for identifying herself with her characters, while her work is always finely tempered, subtle and well balanced. She has recently returned from a seven weeks' stay in New York, where she played a leading part in a Selznick production, "A Man's House."

"New environment always acts as a spur to me and I thoroly enjoyed the change," Miss (Continued on page 99)
Gareth Hughes, who has brought J. M. Barrie's Sentimental Tommy to the screen in all the charming wonderment and whimsy with which the Scot endowed him in the written word.
Marion Fairfax, Inc.

Marion’s eyes are very brown and—very eager. In fact, it is her vibrating cagerness that first impresses you, she is so tremendously alive, so thrilling with the joy of it all, that she raises everyone who comes near her, to her own height.

When I told her that various members of her company had said that she was keeping their enthusiasm at high pitch, she laughed, happily, saying:

“A successful picture is the combination of good team work. The public deserves the best and the best comes only when all pull together in harmony—you can’t do good work when discontented or indifferent.”

At the noon hour, Miss Fairfax laid aside her diminutive megaphone and dark glasses, and we drove to a quiet tea-room on Hollywood Boulevard, where we lunched and interviewed, both according to schedule.

“I live by the hands of the clock,” she explained. “I love it, yet there are times when I envy the woman who has time for two marcel waves a week, this being my present idea of leisure.”

“My new venture? My theories? The new home? Dear me,” and again Miss Fairfax laughed as she checked off my questions, “these are weighty questions to be disposed of in so short a time.

“Well, the new venture is new only in the mode of expression, for you remember that I directed several of my own plays for the dozen signal successes with her plays on the New York stage has brought her talents to motion pictures with the result that she is now at the head of her own producing company.

Thus, in one brief paragraph, one may span the efforts of many years, but the Marion Fairfax Productions is not a sudden whim nor a plan made over night, it is the inevitable rounding out of a career unique even in the fascinating annals of American dramatic life.

With her marvelously strong mentality and superb concentration, Miss Fairfax has retained all her womanly charm and, the carrying responsibilities that would test the ability of most men, she is always a delicious bit of femininity with her whimsical sense of humor, winning cordiality and gay little laugh.

WELL might Marion Fairfax echo the famous declaration of Sarah Bernhardt, “Work is my life,” for this also seems to be the keynote of the brilliant dramatist who after scoring a half a dozen signal successes with her plays on the New York stage has brought her talents to motion pictures with the result that she is now at the head of her own producing company.

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By

MAUDE CHEATHAM

New York stage. While motion pictures have the awkwardness of youth they hold the charm of future greatness. At first they were purely mechanical but they are slowly growing in power and dominating the mechanics. Years ago the stage realized that 'the play's the thing,' but motion pictures have just awakened to this idea. No amount of mechanical perfection, good pho-

tography, faultless acting and elaborate sets will take the place of an absorbing story, and this is, I believe, the next step in their development—bringing literary effort to motion picture production. The author's place in the presentation of a film is just as important to the screen story as to the drama on the stage.

"In my first release, an original story, 'The Lying Truth,' I am trying to push the drama presentation a step farther than ever before, always, of course, keeping in mind the camera demand, for we must remember that the audience sees only what is on the screen. I rehearse the scenes with as much care and sincerity as I would for a Broadway opening of a stage play.

"Naturally, I lean to comedy-drama, there is so much fun all about us, no matter how deeply the emotions. Take a rattling good story with a punch, mingle a few tears and a heart throb with the laughs, inject a generous amount of charm and distinction—intangible but very necessary qualities—and you have a picture that is bound to win.

"Every life is interesting and holds a story. No matter how cloistered or uneventful it may appear, thru the power of imagination it can be clothed with raiment that brings out its lights and shadows, while the undercurrents develop into smashing drama." Above, Miss Fairfax is shown with her husband, Tully Marshall.
We Need Film Competition

We dislike to note a tendency in certain quarters to ban foreign-made motion pictures, and German productions in particular. We know of nothing more un-American or injurious to the advancement of the photoplay.

The truth of the matter may be condensed in one sentence: The few German-made film dramas offered in this country thus far have been of unusual excellence. "Passion," "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" and "Deception" were notable celluloid offerings. Frankly, we suspect that certain motion picture men would gladly eliminate such keen competition.

Let us not forget that art is international, beyond racial and national limitations. Let us also not forget it is only by competition that real advancement comes in any field of activity. We welcome these oncoming German screen dramas, just as we stand ready to welcome any of photo-dramatic excellence hailing from France, England, Italy or any other land.

Let us study the products of Europe, and profit thereby. Above all, let us not be provincial. Let us keep an open door to the photo-drama of any land.

The Revival Idea Starts

Recently S. L. Rothapfel, that master film showman, who now directs the destinies of the New York Capitol Theater, startled Broadway by playing "The Birth of a Nation."

More power to these film revivals!

What could be more interesting than to see the Griffith epic with Henry B. Walthall, Mae Marsh, Lillian Gish, Miriam Cooper, Donald Crisp, Ralph Lewis, Raoul Walsh and a score of other present-day notables, all in one cast, just as the drama was first produced.

Let us hope that Mr. Rothapfel revives other celluloid classics, and that fellow-exhibitors throughout the land take up the idea. Why should notable screen dramas lie shelved just because they were produced last year or the year before? The better speaking dramas enjoy frequent revivals. Yet how much more satisfactory is a film revival, with the original cast intact, the old thrills and the old beloved moments.

Thanks to Mr. Rothapfel, the seed of the revival idea is planted.

Notorious People Not Welcome as Stars

There was a time when anyone who had figured in a sensational divorce case or something of a similar nature, thereby becoming the first page scare-head feature of the press day after day, might feel more or less assured of a motion picture contract, a contract for one production at any rate. And nine chances out of ten, this production would deal with a story written along lines parallel to the incidents which caused curiosity concerning this newly-made star.

Such a state of affairs did not place the cinema upon a higher plane. Undoubtedly, it did much to invoke the wrath of public opinion and indirectly provide a reason for censorship—and, finally, it did not give any great art to the silversheet.

But it is to be hoped that this day is over. Several people who have been the subject for news photographers and "sob" writing, recently, have not been invited to bring their scandal to the shadows, to sign on the dotted line and accept a small fortune for their untalented performance in a lurid and unsavory tale. This is cause for rejoicing.

As a matter of fact, Clara Smith Hamon desired to make a celluloid record of her "past" career in Oklahoma, and the villain of the plot was to be characterized as the slain Jake L. Hamon. No encouragement was given her plans. The studios in Los Angeles, where she wished to work, refused studio space, altho this was during the recent depression and there was plenty of space available. Rene Guisart, an expert cameraman, refused his services even in return for many dollars, and other obstacles, too numerous to mention, were put in her path.

With the members of the screen taking a concerted stand on such questions, it is not difficult to believe that past performances of such a nature are regretted.

It now remains for the public to put the ban on any production which is released with an untalented but notorious star in an unpleasant tale.
"he was a thief," and lets it go at that. Your motives must always be adequate. That is what most amateurs forget. A man sees a pretty face in a window—a rose drops at his feet—and forthwith he goes thru fire and water for the lady, altho he never really speaks more than two words to her until the final close-up. This might happen; but you would first have to explain the ardent nature of one who would act so rashly without even inquiring as to whether the lady was married or whether her hair was her own. Douglas Fairbanks' modern musketeer, for example, did things of this sort, but that was justified by the fact that he was born during a Kansas cyclone, which exercised a singular pre-natal influence over his character.

In the same way, many stories depend for their motivation upon the elemental passions of hate and revenge. Both hate and revenge are pretty well out of date today; one seldom finds people who carry a grudge thru a period of years, or who put themselves to any great personal trouble to secure a revenge—they are all too busy with other matters. It might happen, tho, provided the reasons are strong enough. But to show a man insulting a beggar in the street, and then to show the beggar following him thru thousands of feet of film, in order to bash him in the back, is ridiculous.

This phrase, "it might happen," is very much overworked by scenario writers, anyway. One may take a cer-
Dialog Imaginary
Jack the Giant Killer and Miss Motion Picture Fan

MISS FILMFAN—Good morning, Jack. If not too indiscreet, might I inquire if you have anything special on your intellect requiring release?

JACK THE GIANT KILLER.—You are very kind to inquire. Yes, there are a few things that disturb my peace of mind, and also a few things that make me think of the wise law of compensation.

MISS F.—You mean that you have found things to boost as well as things to knock?

JACK.—Dont say "knock" and "boost." I want to build, not destroy. The world advances by the successive decay of gradually improved ideas. Were there no grumblers, there would be no improvement. When we point out defects, we are preparing the way for progress.

MISS F.—I am curious to know what you have at last found to admire!

JACK.—I will overlook your sarcasm if you will look over my list:

MISS F.—With pleasure—shoot!

JACK.—Well, first of all, "Sentimental Tommy." Here is a real masterpiece. Without a star, without a Griffith, without a publicity brass band, without any reckless display of gorgeous sets and stupendous mobs, it came and conquered. There is little ill to be said of it and much that is superb. "The Mistress of Shenstone" also struck me as being excellent and beautiful, likewise "Bunty Pulls the Strings."

MISS F.—This is deliciously refreshing, Jack, and I am curious to know if you can say anything nice for the several big, super-pictures that recently came out.

JACK.—Yes, I can, but at the same time I want to say that there is no earthly excuse for spending fortunes in the making of such pictures. "Man, Woman and Marriage," costing about half a million dollars, is far from being a good picture, and I can name half a dozen seventy-five thousand dollar pictures that are twice as good. "Forbidden Fruit" was much better, but if it cost four hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, as stated, it cost about three hundred thousand dollars more than it should have cost and then it is worth. I am told that one set alone cost fifty thousand dollars, and was made "to give the production class"; yet we see that set on the screen for only a brief moment. "The Four Horsemen" is different. Here is really a super-production, and there is no evidence of reckless extravagance. It is not without faults and not beyond criticism, but it is a great and worth-while production.

MISS F.—Pray tell me what difference does it make to you and me whether a picture costs a million or a thousand? What business is it of ours?

JACK.—Aye, there's the rub! Somebody must pay. Who? Why, the exhibitor, and finally the public. Furthermore, the whole picture business has been in a chaotic condition, and everybody claims to be losing money. They tried to abolish the "star system" to save money, and they have inflicted us with many super-bad productions to make up their losses. Again, driven to extremities, they have been putting out a great many sex pictures of a highly immoral nature, which is bringing down the wrath of the reformers and censors upon their heads.

MISS F.—Then you blame the producers themselves for the threatened official censorship?

JACK.—Certainly! It is their own fault! I knew that the much-dreaded official censorship would come. Too bad, but it is in the air. It will take a long time to restore confidence. The picture producers have been too greedy and short-sighted. Now, we shall all suffer for it.

MISS F.—You are called Jack the Giant Killer. Now, if you could only kill these censorship bills—

JACK.—Too late! Let them come. They may do some good. Certainly something had to be done, and since the producers themselves would not stop putting out rotten films, let them taste the bitter draught that they have caused to be concocted. It went last long, because it is fundamentally wrong.

MISS F.—Isn't it true that the good producers suffer equally with the bad producers?

JACK.—Yes, but that can't be helped. The good producers should long ago have gotten together to protect their interests.

MISS F.—Do you make it a point to see all the pictures that are shown at the big theaters on Broadway?

JACK.—I used to, but never again. Merely because a picture is shown at the Capitol, or Strand, or Rialto.

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Would-Be and Will-Be Stars

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE for August presents four Honor Roll winners in the Fame and Fortune Contest. Please note that one of them is a MAN. Perhaps, after a while, men will stop writing to ask if their sex is eligible to enter the contest.

The Honor Roll is as follows:
Alexander Gray, Woodward, Oklahoma, has already won honors in another contest. And here are further laurels for this young chap's head. But take a good look at his picture. He is well worth it. He has four years of amateur stage experience to his credit. He is a brunette, weighs one hundred and sixty pounds, and is five feet ten and one-half inches in height.

Kathleen Devine, 254 Ninth Street, Troy, N.Y., is a regular Irish type. She has black hair and blue eyes and the clear red and white skin that goes with it. There just aren't any prettier little "colleens" than this one, in the glory of her nineteen years.

Doris French, 12 North Broadway, Lynbrook, L.I., New York, is just twenty-two years old. Her birthday is the same as George Washington's, and we hope her ultimate fame, as a daughter of the screen will rival his, as the "father of his country." Anyway, it's a pretty picture, isn't it?

Claudine Fitzpatrick, 94 Claremont Avenue, Verona, N.J., is very young and very blonde. She has twice been an Honor Roll winner in the Fame and Fortune Contest. Her picture breathes youth and purity and innocence, a very lovely type.

The most important announcement for this month is the close of the 1921 Fame and Fortune Contest. It closes at midnight on September first. That is, any picture postmarked September first, before midnight, will be accepted in the 1921 Contest. Any photograph postmarked later than September first, midnight, will not be accepted in the 1921 Contest. This must be understood.

The Honor Rolls, however, will continue to be published in the three magazines up to the December issues, when the final winner (Continued on page 98)
Are We Immoral?

By

SUSAN ELIZABETH BRADY

Being the second of a series of articles on the morality of the screen

It has been said that the real immorality of the screen lay in the sugary type of photoplay, with its specious philosophy of life, in its glib utterance, its false values, etc. And it has been said further that the real menace of immorality was not in the phase of things called salacious.

Now, this inspired confounding of right and wrong is practically unassailable, because it does contain a modicum of truth; but this is for the cogitation of the esoteric, and that it should be mistaken for the whole cloth is truly lamentable. Such ethical abstractions, such metaphysical morality, such lofty and intangible precepts are entirely without the realm of people who inhabit the earth. Immorality means to most of us, who have our feet on the ground and our heads approximately six feet away, breaking the Ten Commandments.

Practically the whole ten are broken nightly on the screen, with apparent impunity. Thievery is made attractive by a pretty young star. Adultery is rendered inoffensive in the same manner. Murder is forgiven and condoned. Parents are betrayed and ignored. Vice is shown in all its irresistible glitter. Goodness is made drab and dull. Sin, in the person of a beautiful half-nude woman, has ten times the drawing power of morality in a shirtwaist and skirt. But they don't show many good ones.

The real, tangible, comprehensible and present immorality of the screen lies in the needless stressing of primordial lust, the calculated subversion of the moral sense, the persistent portrayal of life in the raw, the grim, terrific realism of loathsome habits and habits, and the ubiquitous sex appeal.

It is scarcely necessary now, to say that there is nothing intrinsically immoral about the sex impulse. It exists. It must be recognized and accepted, but it need not be stirred up and aggravated out of all proportion to its relative importance. Does a mother stuff her child with candy, because it has a natural craving for sweets? Certainly not. Does a father, with the welfare of his son at heart, urge him to drink, tempt him in every way in his power to form the habit of alcoholism? Certainly not. Does the moving picture industry, with the upbuilding of a nation in its power, pander to the lowest nature of humankind; does it try to make the sex instinct the despot of a man's mind; does it make libido reality? Let us see.

Individual producers, lacking the requisite daring to make their pictures actually indecent, often inject enough suggestiveness into their titles to draw a crowd. A staggering preponderance of moving picture titles are suggestive. I quote several of the more flagrant offenses, to say nothing of those that are coarse and banal:


No individual, no enterprise, no nation, ever came into its ultimate greatness without ideals. If you deliberately set about destroying a people's ideals, you will also destroy every element for good that there is in them. If the screen persists in showing life's sordid side, its degeneracy, its pollution, its ugliness, its iniquity, it apathetic grey despair, why then, it will succeed in inculcating in an extraoridinary receptive people the devastating pessimism of German philosophy, which has just now reap a own bitter reward; the laissez-faire policy of pre-revolutionary France, which likewise reaped its own reward, and the deplorable cosmic indifference of this century, which in time must inevitably reap its. It will have created, like Frankenstein, the monster which will destroy it. In truth, this danger is imminent.

The eternal seekers after distraction are already tired of the spectacle of a woman dressed—save the mark!—with a twist of silk tied around her breasts, a mildly exaggerated breech-clout and a pair of high-heeled slippers. It has long since ceased to titillate a sense surfeited with too many such. We are no longer shocked by it—merely bored. Vice itself has grown dull. People are sick of indecency, and with true human perversity have begun to anathematize what they once acclaimed. The pendulum IS on the way back.

I am forced to admit that it has generally required a higher degree of skill to attract and hold an audience, without the sex allure. But it can be done. Has anyone ever seen Mary Pickford half-fedressed on the screen? Has anyone ever found her guilty of a single immodest gesture, costume, or act? No. And yet, strangely enough, Mary is the most popular actress in the movies.

Weed out the hundreds of actresses whose only appeal is a pretty face and visible body. Let genuine ability and histrionic verity determine their stay. Some of them can act. Let the unnecessary bulk of dun, synthetic stars take subordinate parts—or quit. Give those who can act material worthy of their talents. With the flood of distinguished authors now turning their attention to the cinema, this should not be difficult. Besides that, there is the vast realm of dead authors, scarcely touched. And I cannot forbear remarking, that where they have been touched, it usually meant desecration. Why anyone should have the im-

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Hands and Harmony

By CORLISS PALMER

"Tale hands, pink tipped, like Lotus buds that float
On those cool waters where we used to dwell..."

It is impossible to write about the hands without quoting, now and then, some favorite poet, for the human hand is beloved of poets—of artists and sculptors, too, the world over. This is because hands are expressive of character and personality. They harmonize with their owner's individuality. Lips may lie and eyes may deceive, but hands tell a straight, honest tale.

There is something about the hand that catches the fancy. It is so vital a part of the human body, so nearly a part of the mind.

Slender fingers, tapering at the tips, bespeak the possession of a highly developed esthetic sense and an appreciation of the artistic and the musical. However, they may not be so shapely and yet express many admirable qualities, such as good nature, determination, will power, gentleness, business acumen.

And no matter what shape nature has given to one's hands, if they are not well kept, they declare their possessor lacking in the culminating qualifications of a lady or a gentleman.

One reason why the care of the hands is so important is, the handshake is first and frequently the only physical contact two human beings have with one another. If the contact is unpleasant, there is a strong probability that you will never be friends. The shock of encountering a rough, hard surface causes a feeling of repulsion for the owner of the offending hand. But if, on the contrary, the hand in one's clasp is smooth to the touch, and firm, there is an immediate feeling of approval, as expressed by John Lyly in Apollo's song:

"Daphne's snowy hand but touched does melt,
And then no heavier warmth is felt."

Immaculate white hands with well-groomed nails are the surest sign of fastidiousness in the modern world. In some countries today the ladies paint their finger-nails with henna. It is considered as necessary to their appearance as their clothing. Unlike these people and the aristocracy of China where the noblest mandarin wears the longest nails, we have a horror of being conspicuous in any way, and the best taste is shown in wearing the nails not so long and pointed but of medium length and following the curve of the finger, or if the finger is too blunt the nail may be curved slightly, giving the finger the appearance of curving.

Neglect and age quickly make their imprint on the hands. After washing the hands with a pure soap rinse them thoroly, first in warm water, then in cold. Never use hot water on the hands as it makes them red and puffy. Dry them well with a soft towel.

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THE last month or two has heard a great hullabaloo over the German films which are being shown in this country. In the majority of cities where they were shown, they excited argumentative talk only. But in Los Angeles public demonstration made it unwise to show "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" in the theater where it had been scheduled for exhibition. All manner of wild tales are circulated about these films. It has been said that they were German propaganda. Perhaps they are. If we know them to be such, they can do little harm. We may take their art and let their propaganda go.

"Passion," the story of Louis XV, is supposed to have been produced to show the frightful conditions which existed at the French court. "Deception" is said to have been chosen, dealing as it does with Henry VIII and the establishment of the Church of England to prove that the court of England, too, was filled with treachery and the ways of the wicked. There are some who even go so far as to say that presently another film will come from the German studios extolling Bismarck, thus proving that Germany, after all, is the finest country.

We think these theories pathetic. At any rate, incidents chosen here and there in history prove nothing. And the French court of another century and the English court of a generation long given to history prove nothing. They have nothing to do with the French Republic of today and the English Government of today, and the German people are far too clever to think that they have, or to think that the American public will be hoodwinked into thinking that they have.

Others say that German products should be taboo. There can be no argument there. It is simply a matter of opinion as to whether or not they should, and it is again simply a matter of opinion as to whether or not the silversheet is to be considered an art or a com-
mercal product such as toys, dye-stuffs, etc.

But one fact remains: the Germans have given us productions which are artistic. The German producer has not been afraid of facts—he has not gilded everything until there is a deadly monotony to all things.

And it is the inferior American producer who fears this excellence, who is probably indirectly responsible for the present hullabaloo. The better producers—and they are in the great majority—have welcomed the imported film, accepted it, and studied it. They have simply asked that imported films be admitted to this country on the same basis upon which American films are admitted into the country from which they come. Surely this is fair.

Then, too, it is possible, if these imported films have been produced with the sole purpose of opening a film trade where they feared such a trade would be tabooed, that the very resources of the country and the official coffers themselves have been called upon. With this the case, there is no reason why the productions should not be exceptionally fine.

First of all, this last month there was "Deception," the story of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn. "Deception" is as vivid and artistic a picture of the English court as "Passion" was of the French court. Ernst Lubitsch is again responsible for the perfection of detail in direction, and Emil Janning is again cast in the monarchical rôle. Henny Porten plays Anne Boleyn with a conviction and quiet charm, but she has not the spontaneity of Pola Negri.

The story might have been taken from an English history, and as it runs its course it proves that fact is often stranger than fiction. The coronation ceremony which unites Anne

(Continued on page 88)
G-rrr

DID you ever keep an appointment in a den of lions? I never wanted to, either. But when I went to Universal City to see Gladys Walton, whom you'll remember as the star of "Pink Tights" and "All Dolled Up," they told me, "you'll find her over in the lion's cage," and further added, "she is waiting for you, you can go right over." Needless to remark, I felt more like returning to the serenity of my hired taxi and saying, "Home, James."

When I reached the cage my qualms abated somewhat. I found that Miss Walton was merely being introduced in an informal way to the lions. At least, I'd call it that, altho I'm not exactly familiar with jungle etiquette. She was watching her cavorting extras from outside the cage, while they roared their displeasure at being made to show off under the gentle, if convincing, lash of "Curly" Stecker, costill- on-leader of the wild animal parties at U City.

I was glad Miss Walton wasn't yet understudying a lion-tamer's daughter or anything like that, and in view of the tiny figure she made, expressed the hope that she wouldn't ever have to. "Well, I don't know," she replied with a brave little tremulo. "They want me to go in the cage in this picture, but I'm not just sure that the lions would like me. Of course, Mr. Stecker would be there. But then—"

The snarls of the jungle kings were, to my mind, sufficiently positive to obviate further argument on her part. Particularly, as one beast disengaged himself in an irate manner from the motley crowd, and approaching our side of the enclosure, let out a disapproving "G-rrr," and then a "Groo-oof," which seemed rather more emphatic.

"They have a nice tame lion, tho, which they say I can pet," Miss Walton continued. "They think I can even lead him on a chain thru the streets in a circus parade, which they are planning for exploitation. But I think I would like one of the cubs better," she reflected, glancing around at the cage of lionlets nearby.
I noted, as she turned, what a cameo of childlike beauty she was. Brown eyes, hair half-wavy, half-curly, that hung about her ears, and strayed a trifle beyond at times to her cheek. She was an old-fashioned child and yet she was a charming woman-like girl, in her tailored blue suit, her smart little black hat, and her brogues.

You failed and you recovered, and you recovered and failed, in your estimate of her personality, because there was seemingly so much hidden away, beneath the girlish external. Somebody dismissed her to me once with—"Oh, yes, she's a cute little flapper"—but that somebody only saw her on the screen in some picture like "Risky Business." No one could talk to her long, without placing her on a pedestal of more significance.

The grumbling of the lions spoiled my meditation, and brought us back to the subject in hand, or rather in the cage. Miss Walton told me, as I had already surmised, that this was the first time she'd had anything to do with wild animals—that her picture was called "The Man Tamer," but that it included several other kinds of taming besides, and that when it came to lions it didn't make much difference whether they were man lions or lady lions, they all growled about alike.

"My only other circus picture was 'Pink Tights,'" she said. "The nearest I could come to lion taming in that was in the minister's house, reading about Daniel."

But I understand you played in the Lyons and Moran pictures," I remarked flippantly, and then bit my tongue for the cheap pun, which she apparently hadn't noticed.

"Yes, that is how I started with Universal. Before that I was in the Fox comedies. "When I came down from Portland"—means Oregon in the West—"I hadn't any intention of going in the films. I wasn't even interested. I was visiting my uncle, and I had just about finished my stay, when he said to me, 'Gladys, why don't you go out and work a day in the movies? You'd enjoy the experience, and then when you go back North you'll be able to tell the girls at school all about it.'"

"I didn't feel very excited, but after we had talked to me several times, I thought, well, I might as well try it just for fun. I did not imagine it would matter much, even if they didn't give me anything to do. And I really did not expect that I'd get a chance, because I had heard about how hard it was to start in pictures."

And now comes the part of the story that is like a fairy tale. You'd hardly believe such a thing could happen unless you'd met this wonder child. And veritably, in view of her sudden success, without special previous training, she is a wonder child. A lustrous, fetching, subtly magnetic little per-

(Continued on page 106)
A GENTLEMAN called on me the other day, and I promptly lost my heart to him.

No scandal! It was little Ben Alexander, and he was properly chaperoned by his charming young mother. Perhaps you will remember Ben best as the "littles" brother in Griffith's "Hearts of the World." Ben is now eight years old. He is unspoiled and has the most charming manners. Of late he has been doing more stage work than pictures, having played Penrod in most of the Coast cities.

Of course, you heard that the Robertson-Cole studio closed down the other day—which probably was the reason for Pauline Frederick's departing for a trip to New York. I understand that Polly's $7,000-a-week salary continues, so——

And now the news comes out that Gladys Walton, the Universal find, who has made good as a star, is married. The lucky man is Frank Riddell, and he is the son of a Los Angeles capitalist.

Every actress and some actors seem to have a hankering to play Peter Pan. In fact, I am becoming so used to the phrase, "and you know I am to play Peter Pan," that it goes in one ear and out the other. However, at the present mincing, it does look as if Betty Compson would be awarded the plum.

The birth of new stars goes on, despite many prophecies that the star system was doomed. All an actor has to do is make a popular hit in one picture and, presto, some company grabs him as a star. Said company takes into consideration not at all the fact that the actor had a good story to work with, a clever director and good scenes. The latest star is May McAvoy, who played Grizel in "Sentimental Tommy." Realart is sponsoring little Miss McAvoy. She has already finished her first feature picture, Chester Franklin directed, while the story was written and supervised by Hector Turnbull.

Mildred Harris is building a house for herself and her mother on King's Road in Hollywood. It is colonial in design. Miss Harris will have as neighbors Mr. and Mrs. Wallace MacDonald. Mrs. MacDonald is the charming young actress who is known professionally as Doris May.

Dame Rumor whispers that Barbara Bedford and Irvin Willat are engaged to be married. I am
By
HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

sorry that I am unable to say as to the truth or falsity of her gossip.

I saw Wheeler Oakman out at the Mayer studio the other day, all made up for the lead in Morosco's "Slippery McGee." He was wearing a red-bronze make-up and a dress-suit. One was as startling as the other, for he was strolling about the park in broad daylight. Saw also Anita Stewart's dressing-room bungalow. It is quite the most prominent object on the lot. And quite as lovely as it is photographed.

Going across to the Selig studio, which is right next door, I was introduced to "Snowy" Baker, the famous Australian athlete, who has made serials in Australia and contemplated making one here. He is one of the most daring men I have ever met and is absolutely fearless. Taming a lion or a wild horse is all in the day's pleasure to him.

Elmer Glyn was not content with merely being the author of Gloria Swanson's first starring picture, but donned the greasepaint and appeared in several scenes before the camera. She says she is determined to know the business from every angle—beg pardon, "art," from every angle.

George Loane Tucker, famous because of his direction of "The Miracle Man," has been seriously ill for several months. For a time hope for his recovery was almost given up, but his physician said yesterday that Mr. Tucker has greatly improved during the past month, and he expects a complete recovery within a few weeks.

Louise Glaum is vacationing in Mexico City. She chose Mexico because she felt she wanted to visit a country entirely different from her own. She felt that she would be refreshed by hearing a new language and seeing new people. She even expects to meet Villa. She has her maid and her cameraman with her. A cameraman should be more useful than a press agent on this sort of trip.

Lloyd Hughes and Gloria Hope are engaged! In fact, they hope to be married either in June or July. As is customary, they have purchased a lot in Hollywood and are planning to build.

Another happy film family who are moving into their new home is the Vidor family. King and Florence have completed a beautiful home on Selma Avenue, Hollywood. One unusual feature is a tiny Japanese tea garden.

(Continued on page 99)
Perhaps this last month has brought no better news than that which tells us that Richard Sembler Barthelmess is to head his own company. Mr. Barthelmess has desired to do this for some time, and all those who have witnessed his artistic performances under the D. W. Griffith banner, especially in "Broken Blossoms" and "Way Down East," have been equally anxious for this event. He signed a contract making his dream a fact, recently while confined to the hospital, threatened with mastoiditis. However, the good news affected a cure, for he is again about, getting things into shape for his first project of Inspiration Pictures. The story is "To'able, David," from the book by Joseph Hergesheimer, a story of the West Virginia mountains, and offers Mr. Barthelmess a splendid role.

Larry Semon, the popular Vitagraph comedian, was injured not long ago while performing some feats for a forthcoming produc- tion. He lost con- trol of his acro- batic feet, so they say, and injured himself seriously enough to make a stay in the hospital necessary. How- ever, it is not expected that he will suffer any serious effects.

Bryant Wash- burn is again going to play in pictures like "Skinny's Dress Suit." Every- body remembers his work in this production. It gave him a great boost along the road to fame, and when you learn that he is to be directed by Harry Beaumont, who produced this production, you will hold high hopes for his ef- forts.

Mae Marsh (Mrs. Armes, re- cently) has signed a long-term contract for her appearance on the stage. She is under the man- agement of John D. Williams, and her first play is to be a comedy by Robert Deering, entitled "Brittie." It will open in New York in the early fall, after a time on the road. This is not Miss Marsh's first appearance on the stage, as she knew the land of footlights and curtain- calls before venturing into the movies. Nor does this announce- ment mean that she will leave the screen. Far from it, and, as a matter of fact, it is rumored in reliable sources that she is to return to the Griffith fold. We hope so—then, perhaps, there will be an- other performance as wistful and delicate in shading as the Little Sister of "The Birth of a Nation."

Naomi Childers, the screen's patrician figure, is to be seen in "Courage," a Sidney Franklin production. For the last few years Miss Childers has been with Goldwyn, but she will be seen under the banners of the various companies in the future.

It is not unlikely that Mrs. Stillman, who has been featured on the front page of every newspaper recently, due to her sensational divorce case, will be starred in motion pictures. Everyone knows the acceptance of news, and Mrs. Stillman has been furnishing food for yellow journalism for months. We wonder just what quality Mrs. Stillman will have for the silversheet. Un- doubtedly, she has been unjustly accused and irreparably wronged, and that would not seem to make her a cinema celebrity.

They do say that Pauline Frederick may remarry her ex-hus- band, Willard Mack. At any rate, when Polly was in New York, they were seen together, but whether there is to be another wed- ding-ring is difficult to say, since Miss Frederick herself will not confirm the story.

Gloria Hope is to wed Lloyd Hughes.

Anetia Getwell, one of the 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest win- ners, has just completed her first independent production, entitled "On the Back Lot." Vincent Coleman plays opposite her and Charles Miller produced it.

Anna Q. Nilsson has finally made good her threat and sailed for Sweden. Miss Nilsson has wanted to visit her family for some time, but she declared that you had to pay your income tax up to the day of sailing, and by the time you did that there was no money left for transportation. However, she must have arranged it, for she is now on the other side and will travel thru England and France before re- turning.

The cast for the Famous Players-Lasky production of the successful stage play, "Peter Ibbetson," continues to boast of names popular on the silversheet. Wallace Reid and Elise Ferguson are to be starred and the remainder of the cast includes such well-known players as Elliott Dexter, Montague Love and George Fawcett.

"Justice," the John Galsworthy play in which John Barrymore was so very effective on the stage a few years ago, has been pur- chased for screen purposes by Selznick. There is much gossip as to who will play the role made popular by Mr. Barrymore, but it is not unlikely that William Faversham will be chosen for it eventually.

Justice Johnstone announced her plans for her future, cinematically speaking, the other day, when she sailed on the Aquitania. It is her intention to star in and to produce her future pictures. First of all, they will be feminine in theme—and she will consult with Ellen Key, the distinguished feminist writer, and she also plans to re- quest Gabriele D'Annunzio to write stories for her. Miss Johnstone believes that the modern woman has been misrepresented. She de- clares that the modern woman has been shown as a person with abili- ty or as a vampire—never is she a happy medium, lovable in her humanness. In her productions, she hopes to portray the modern woman as she is—intelligent and independent. The title of her first picture is "Fifth Avenue."

"The Shulamite," the play of Edward Knoblock, is to be done on the screen. Gloria Swanson is to head the cast and the latest word has it that Halton Hamilton is to appear with her.

Octavia Hartworth, who has long held her individual place in the hearts of movie enthusiasts, is to be seen in an Elise Ferguson production in the near future.
Opinions of Ideal Cast Differ

Contest Wherein All Players Share in Glory Wins Popularity Beyond Expectations

The last month has watched the votes for the Ideal Cast Contest flood into the Magazine offices. Undoubtedly, the idea of this contest, which is, really, when all is said and done, the only fair contest, wherein all players share in the glory, has met with great favor. Many letters have accompanied the coupons, commending us upon the idea, and everyone who has made a study of the screen, the players and directors, has long wished to express his opinion on this subject. There could be no better opportunity than this, in which the majority rules.

The prizes—generous to a degree—have stimulated a vast interest in the second part of the contest. As we explained before, the readers are invited to send in their guess as to which players will eventually comprise the Ideal Cast. You are invited to make out a ballot similar to the one printed at the bottom of this page, which reads: "I, the undersigned, desire to vote for the Ideal Cast, as follows."

The voting ends on November 15. That is, the last ballot will appear in the November issue of the Motion Picture Magazine. As shortly after that as possible, the winning casts will be announced in our columns and the prizes awarded to those readers who guess most correctly the winning casts.

The day when the star only was well-cast, and the star not always cast in an appropriate role, so far as that goes, is past. The producer today gives the roles in his production to those players who he feels typify these roles—to the players who will create them most artistically. At any rate, the director of today realizes that he must have more than a capable star. He realizes that every player has some moment in the play, and that if he fails in that moment, the suspense is impaired. Therefore, the subject of an ideal cast is timely.

And, aside from the director recognizing the importance of well-cast players, the producer realizes the primary necessity of a capable director. A director must have a vast knowledge of life, every phase of life, and a knowledge of psychology as well.

Keep up with the news of the contest by reading all future numbers of the Motion Picture Magazine.

Letters asking various questions are not desired, as we have tried to make the nature of the contest such that anyone can understand it. Simply comply with the rules of the contest, which are as follows:

I. All votes must contain the name and address of the voter in order to be considered.

II. In voting for the ideal child, the vote may be cast for either a boy or girl.

III. It is permissible to vote for the same person twice. For instance, Douglas Fairbanks may be your favorite male comedian and your favorite leading man also. If so, vote for him in both roles.

IV. On the other hand, you might think that Dorothy Gish will win the distinction of being the ideal leading lady in the final tabulation, and also of being the ideal comedian. If this is the case, put her down opposite both of these roles on the ballot you submit, which gives the names of those you think will finally comprise the Ideal Cast.

V. Only one surmise as to the Ideal Cast may be submitted, and in the event that more than one is submitted by the same person, all surmises by that person will be discarded.

VI. All ballots must be addressed: IDEAL CAST CONTEST EDITOR, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The prizes, which will be awarded to the voters guessing most correctly the final Ideal Cast, are as follows:

- First Prize: $250
- Second Prize: $100
- Third Prize: $75
- Fourth Prize: $50
- Fifth Prize: $25

Cut out the ballot that follows. Fill it out and mail to the above address. We prefer that you use the printed ballot, but will accept a similar ballot of your own making.

The Ideal Cast, taking into consideration the votes which have arrived to date, is as follows:

**Leading Woman**
- Norma Talmadge: 132
- Wallace Reid: 152
- Vera Gordon: 32

**Comedian (Male)**
- Charles Chaplin: 101
- Walter Hiers: 7

**Comedian (Female)**
- Dorothy Gish: 152
- Bebe Daniels: 5

**Vampire**
- Bebe Daniels: 5

**Director**
- Cecil B. de Mille: 147

**Leading Woman**
- Gloria Swanson: 54
- Mary Pickford: 51

**Comedian (Male)**
- Charles Chaplin: 101

**Comedian (Female)**
- Dorothy Gish: 152

**Actor**
- Allan Dwan: 3

(Continued on page 113)

**August Motion Picture Magazine, The Ideal Cast Contest**

I, the undersigned, desire to vote as follows:

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**Address**

August Motion Picture Magazine, The Ideal Cast Contest, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

(AUGUST MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, THE IDEAL CAST CONTEST)

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**Address**

August Motion Picture Magazine, The Ideal Cast Contest, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Greenroom Jottings

Charles Meredith has been cast in "Hail the Woman," the forthcoming Thomas H. Ince production. Others in the cast are Florence Vidor, Madge Bellamy, Lloyd Hughes, Theodore Roberts and Tully Marshall.

Louise Huff has decided that screen work can be combined with a domestic career, and she is at present playing with George Arliss at the Whitman Bennett studios in "Disraeli."

For a time it was thought Jackie Coogan would devote his talents to the vaudeville stage—follow in his daddy's footsteps, as it were. However, all is now changed. He will remain faithful to the screen and the next few weeks will tell just which contract he will sign. The Kid will be under his father's management and probably go in for the sort of rôle which gave him his nom de plume.

There are rumors and rumors—especially along the Rialto, where the folks of the land of make-believe congregate—and no rumor was more persistent than that which told of Mme. Nazimova and her return to the stage. However, they are false—all of them. Nazimova has returned to California, the land of motion pictures, where she will complete the cutting of her last Metro production, "California," and then start forth on her own responsibility—venture forth, cinematically, that is.

Barbara Bedford is the latest member of the film colony to succumb to Cupid's dart. She is engaged to marry Irving Willat, the producer, but as yet no date has been set for the wedding.

The Rudyard Kipling story, "Without Benefit of Clergy," has been completed, and those who have seen it say that Mr. Kipling will be delighted with his shadowed brain-child when it is shown to him over there in England. James Young directed this film, while Randolph Levy is responsible for its general supervision. Everyone is most enthusiastic over the result, and the highest praise is awarded little Virginia Faire, the 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest winner, who was entrusted with the leading feminine rôle of Ameera.

May McAvoy, who proved her charm and ability in the rôle of Griel of "Sentimental Tommy," has been chosen to head the cast in the next film to be transferred to the shadows, namely, "The Little Minister." And Penrhyn Stanlaws, who has served his apprenticeship with the Famous Players, will direct.

Hobart Bosworth is the latest to add his name to the rapidly-growing list of independent producers. The former Ince star is now head of his own organization and busily at work on the first of his pictures, "The Sea Lion." Bessie Love and Emory Johnson will be seen in support of Mr. Bosworth.

D. W. Griffith has started rehearsals for his next offering. It is the tale of "The Two Orphans," and Lillian Gish is cast as the older sister, while Dorothy Gish will be seen as the little blind girl. This is the first time the Gish sisters have played together since "The Hearts of the World," and undoubtedly they will add to their laurels in these roles. It is practically certain, too, that Charlie Mack, who was seen as the weakling brother in "Dream Street," will play the cripple, and Joseph Shilderaut, the well-known Continental actor, who is now achieving great success in the stage play "Liliom," in New York, is also prominently cast. "The Two Orphans" has been done on the screen before, but Mr. Griffith's production will be awaited with interest and pleasure.

Marie Prevost is the latest nautical beauty to place her bathing-suit in mothballs and go in for other things. She has signed a contract with the Universal Film Company, which calls for her appearance in comedies, in which the bathing-suit will have no place.

Anita Stewart has purchased a new home in Hollywood. It is of colonial design, containing twenty rooms and it is surrounded by an acre of improved grounds, laid out in velvety lawns and sunken gardens, with many rare flowers and shrubs. Anita spends her winters in California and the warmer summer months in New York, and she feels that a home in both places is necessary.

Peggy Hyland was offered all sorts of things by the British producers if she would but remain on her native heath and make pictures, but Peggy was homesick for the California sunshine and her pleas were to no avail. She is now in Hollywood, and, while she is glad of the year she spent in England and the pictures she made over there, she declares that it is not likely she will leave California again.

"Rip Van Winkle," the tale dear to the heart of every American, is being brought to the silversheet. Thomas Jefferson, who made the lovable rôle of Rip famous for years behind the footlights, interprets this same rôle in the screen version, and he is supported by a splendid cast.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Alan Hale during the middle of May. Mrs. Hale, as you may know, was Gretchen Hartman before her marriage, while Mr. Hale, now a proud daddy, essays villain roles upon the screen.

Photograph © by Strauss-Peyton

OCTAVIA HANDWORTH—A CAMERA STUDY
See what cutting does to the cuticle

No matter how careful you are, you simply cannot cut the cuticle without piercing through to the living skin.

Over these tiny cuts nature quickly builds up a new covering that is tougher than the rest of the cuticle. This makes the nail rim more uneven than before. If you should examine it under the microscope you would see that it was frayed and raveling, like a rope that had been hacked with a dull knife.

Yet when the cuticle grows up over the nails, dries, splits and makes hangnails, it must be removed somehow. The safe and easy method is to do it without cutting. Just a dab with Cutex Cuticle Remover about the base of the nails, a rinsing of the fingers, and the surplus cuticle simple wipes away.

This has made manicuring so simple that any woman can now keep her own nails looking always lovely.

Cutex Manicure Sets come in three sizes, at 60c, $1.50 and $3.00. Or each of the Cutex products comes separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada.

Complete Trial Outfit for 20c.

Mail the coupon below with two dimes for a Cutex Introductory Set, to Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York; or if you live in Canada, to Dept. 908, 230 Mountain Street, Montreal.

Mail this coupon with two dimes today

Northam Warren, Dept. 908,
114 West 17th Street,
New York City.

Name: ________________________________________________

Street: ________________________________________________

City and State: ________________________________________
When in doubt about addresses of players and companies, send your mail addressed to the person you want to reach, care of this office and we will forward it.

GLADYS.—Glad to hear from you. Mary Miles Minter at this writing expects to go to Europe with her sister and mother. They will visit France, England, Switzerland, Italy and Spain. Wish I was in Mary’s boots. Kay Laurel in “Lonely Heart.”

FLAPPER.—Your poem on “Beautiful Snow” was excellent. If you have one on tea, I would like to see it. Margaret and Janet Beecher arc not sisters. Margaret Beecher is a granddaughter of the famous preacher, Henry Ward Beecher. She is playing in “Sunshine Harbor.”

FLAPPER.—Don’t be afraid and don’t be missed. Such questions as “How many lamps of sugar do you take in your coffee, who irons your soft collars, do you drink beef tea, how do you keep from swallowing your whiskers when you eat soup, and how do you look in a full-dress suit?” are not conducive to the uplift of the community. Colleen Moore is playing opposite John Barrymore in “The Lotus Eater.”

NUT.—That’s some football team you selected for next fall. Fatty Arbuckle as left guard and Bull Montana as left tackle ought to strengthen the team considerably. I am sorry for you. The most we can do is to hope for the best till we know the worst, and to make the best of the worst when it comes. Fatty Arbuckle is playing in “The Traveling Salesman.” Muriel Ostriche is still alive. She is playing in “The Shadow.” Write me again.

B. E. E.—Yes, I write all my answers on a typewriter, and I don’t use the H. M. C. (hunt, miss and curse) system either. I am modern and use the touch. Deucedly good stuff in your letter. Why don’t you join one of the correspondence clubs? Why, George Larkin is being starred in a series of two-reel Northwestern Police stories. He is just as athletic as ever, and is living in California with his charming wife.

NUT.—Are you the same nut as the one answered above? Seems to me there are a lot of em. Have no fear, I never will disclose my identity. I lost my name eleven years ago, and I have been known as the Answer Man ever since. Last time I measured my beard it was 8 yard and three-eighths. Of course, my picture up above slightly exaggerates it. You mean Ethel Terry in “The Penalty.” When you feel in the mood, write me again.

ANITA MC.—I fear I cannot answer your question authoritatively, but I can give you the result of a canvass of twenty-eight leading American novelists who were asked to name the best six novels in the English language, which were as follows: Vanity Fair, Tom Jones, David Copperfield, The Scarlet Letter, Robinson Crusoe, Ivanhoe, Lorna Doone, Tess of the D’Urbervilles and Travels Away. I think I would be inclined to name Oliver Goldsmith’s Vicar of Wakefield in place of the last, and I would call Les Miserables the greatest of them all. However, let me know what you think. They do say that Lyon and Moran have had a quarrel and will not play together again. I hope it wasn’t over a woman, as most quarrels are. Your letter was interesting.

TALL BEAUTY.—The shorter you are the better for the screen. I am afraid that player is only an extra. Her name does not appear on the cast. Well, Charlie Chaplin’s famous shoes are insured against fire, theft, loss or damage, and have been worn by the comedian since his first appearance before the camera. They are size 14.

HAPPY DOROTHY.—I will expect you between June 20 and 30th. I have a little surprise for you! Your letter was wonderful.

DUSTY T.—You say, “Archimedes said, ‘Give me a place to stand and I will move the world.’ Why didn’t he stand on his head; or better still, on his mountain of personal ego?” I think the gentleman was perfectly correct. He was very wise. He meant he could move the earth by means of a lever. Your letters are always so literary and scholarly. Write me soon again.

BE-THE-A.—You write so well that you could go into the business of writing patent medicine advertisements. All you have to do is, first, convince the reader that he has the disease and, second, that it is curable. So you want to be a teacher. You must have a lot of patience for that. Walter McGrail is playing opposite Anita Stewart in “The Price of Happiness.” They are in California.

CLARE B. A.—Don’t you know Theda Bara in pictures right away? I have sent you an answer if you write to her. I will not discuss the Bible or argue about religion. The Bible is the greatest book we have, and it is sure to do everybody good who reads it. James Kirkwood in “The Great Impersonation.”

HORTENSE.—Norma Talmadge is five feet two inches tall. You’re welcome.

SIS HOPKINS.—Peaches Jackson at four, May Giraci at eight, and Lila Lee at eighteen in “The Prince Chump.” Your letter was a smiling one, and since a smile is the whisper of the laugh, I smile out aloud.

STELLA A. D.—Why, the present copyright laws do not recognize scenario manuscripts and, as such, they are subject to copyright. However, completed films and titles may be copyrighted. You can file your manuscripts with the Secretary of State. A fee of $5.00 is charged, and a manuscript thus recorded is considered competent evidence in courts of that State. Earle Williams is in California and he is married to Mrs. Walz.

G. T. R.—Glad to hear you have been in pictures. Don’t you feel like Wallace Reid now? Yes, Griffith was going to do “Faust,” with Lillian Gish as Marguerite, but that has been postponed, and he is now doing “The Two Orphans,” with the Gish sister. Write me again.

LOUISE S.—Write to our Circulation Department for back issues.

Cecilia M.—Horrors, no! Lou Chaney didn’t have his legs amputated. It’s a trick. Ethel Clayton has no children. Buster Keaton is twenty-five. He has black hair and brown eyes.

ELIZABETH K.—“S. O. S.” was selected as the wireless distress signal because of the ease with which this may
America's biggest maker of yarns tells how to wash knitted things

Four out of every five women who knit use The Fleisher Yarns. Beautiful in color, uniform in size, weight and finish, these yarns are used for every type of garment that can be knitted of wool.

Because knitted garments usually receive such hard and constant wear, they must be laundered frequently. Read this letter from the makers of The Fleisher Yarns. They tell you here the method of washing they have found to be safest and best.

Send today for "How to Launder Fine Fabrics"


How to keep knitted garments shapely and fluffy

Whisk two tablespoonsfuls of Lux into thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Dip garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. Do not rub. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—do not wring.

Colored Woolens. Have suds and rinsing waters barely lukewarm. Lux won't cause any color to run that pure water alone won't cause to run.

Woolens should be dried in an even temperature, that of the ordinary room is the best. Heat increases shrinkage. Do not dry woolens out of doors except on very mild days. Woolens should never be dried in the sun.

Knitted garments should never be wrung or twisted. Squeeze water out.

Sweaters will not retain their shape if put in a bag and hung to dry. Pull and pat them into shape being careful not to stretch them. Spread on an old towel to dry.

THE FLEISHER YARNS
PHILADELPHIA, PA.


Gentlemen:

Knitted garments can be washed as safely and as satisfactorily as cotton if the proper methods are used. The wrong methods will ruin them in the very first laundering.

We are suggesting to women who buy our yarns to wash them in Lux. A harsh soap would shrink woolens.

The Lux flakes are so thin that they dissolve quickly and completely. This means that there is no possibility of bits of solid soap sticking to the soft wool and yellowing it.

Rubbing cake soap on wool, or rubbing wool to get the dirt out makes its scale-like fibres mat up and shrink. We recommend Lux particularly because its thick lather eliminates rubbing of any sort. The dirt dissolves in the suds and leaves the garment soft and unshrunked.

Our wool is so pure and so well spun that it will remain soft and fluffy after repeated launderings, provided the washing is done in this safe way.

We are glad to say that we can trust yarns of the most delicate color and weight to Lux with the assurance that the result of the washing will be entirely satisfactory to our customers and to us.

Very truly yours,
S. B. & B. W. FLEISHER

Won't injure anything pure water alone won't harm
The Answer Man

be picked up, even under adverse atmospheric conditions.
The Lee children are going back in pictures soon.

A. L. C.—Poor child. You say you are all at sea.
Some people say that Corliss Palmer is the most beauti-
ful girl in America, others say Karoline MacDonald, and
still others say Corinne Griffith. You will have to
figure it out for yourself. You say it isn’t your needs
that keep you broke, but your wants. That’s just it.
Our wants are always greater than our needs.

FLUFF.—Your letter was a scorch and very interesting.

ANNA M.—Never mind, Ann, the slower you climb
the surer your footing. George Fitzmaurice will direct
“Peter Ibbetson,” with Wallach Reid and Elsie Ferguson.
All the players you mention are in California.

MARIE L. M.—That’s right, Marie, being on the
square helps make the world go round. Pauline Bush
was married to Alan Dwan, but now they are not.
Martha Mansfield and Eugene O’Brien will play in “The
Last Door.” Oh, yes, Vera Gordon has been on the
screen in Universal’s “Sorrows of Israel,” before doing
“Humoresque.”

PATIENCE.—You’re right about Milton Sills.
G. T. R.—Always glad to get your letters. Write me
again.

IMA VAMP.—I should say you are. William Farnum
has been in pictures for eight years and he is thirty-six;
years old. That’s what his charming secretary told me
the other day. Agnes Ayres and Thomas Meighan in
“Cappy Ricks.”

COTTY CUTIE.—Garage is derived from the French
verb “paver,” to put aside or apart under shelter. The
correct pronunciation of the name is(Pronounced)
both a’s should be pronounced alike. So you liked Madame Petrova
much better than you did Theda Bara on the stage.
Antonio Moreno is playing in “The Secret of the Hills.”

LILA F.—Harold Lloyd played the role of “Lonesome
Lake.” Yes, Viola Dana, Ethel Clayton, and Mrs. Sid-
dney Drew are widows. Your opinion coincides with
mine. I am in regard to the killing of animals in
the pictures. Even if it is only a snake, I do not like
to see any living thing killed unless it is plainly a
danger. You refer to Mahlon Hamilton in “Daddy
Long Legs.”

C. M. BRIDE.—Why, Douglas Fairbanks, Pauline
Curley and Tully Marshall in “Bound in Morocco.”
Wanda Hawley and Harrison Ford in “Food for
Scandal.” Yes, Tully Marshall is married to Marion
Fairfax. All right, I’ll be waiting for you.

PSYCHE.—You ask “How much greater than 3 4ths
is 4 ths.” I could not better, but I happen to know
the answer, which is 1 3/4 (of 3 4ths). Justine John-
ston was abroad this summer.

DOUG.—You say you cant understand why Elsie Fer-
guson is in Broadway in “Funny, Fun,” isn’t it?
Why don’t you speak to your manager about it? Rip
Van Winkle is being filmed again, with Thomas Jeffer-
son, jr., in the lead. You think I ought to play the
part of Rip. I’d break the camera, surely.

LAD ORU.—Congratulations. So you think I am about
forty-one, after reading the last issue. Before that you
thought I was about twenty-four. That would mean that
my education was improving. You just hit, this is
the right time for buttermilk, and I have a quart of
it every day. I find it rather pleasant in my half-room
these days, but would enjoy a little home in the country.
Who wants me?

WILD CAT BILLY.—Yes, Richard Barthelmess was
troubled with measles, but he has fully recovered now.
He is being handled very carefully, and is leased thru the
same Associated First Nationals, as is Charlie Ray. Easter Walters in “The Tiger’s Trail.”

Hunter Gordon in “The Dark Mirror.” Marie Dunn in “A Day Before Christmas.” We all ought to
strive for plain living and high thinking.

ELEANOR.—He is a very ambitious sort, and ambition
is merely the hope of success. Well, all I can say is
that I cannot say for a terrier than a good woman, nor
anything worse than a bad one. Martha Mansfield
played in that Barrymore picture. She is with Seleckin now.

MRS. CLYDE.—Mr. Willa, Patty Arbuckle is not try-
ing to reduce. His fat is his fortune. Don’t make
light of the fat man who is trying to reduce; he’s only
trying to mend his ways. So you think Corinne Grif-
fith should wear more clothes. Do you mean variety or
quantity? Like Arbuckle is playing with Rosee Arbuckle
in “Gasoline Guns.”

FAIR AND COOLER.—Some picture of you. Was it a
tinyt?

LIL.—Thanks for them kind words, Raymond McKee
is playing in “Kathleen Mavrouncen.” Why, I am
dealt to be of service to you, come again, any time.
Douglas MacLean is twenty-eight. Katherine Mac-
Donald in “Her Social Value.”

TRAIL.—Did you know that the ostrich is the biggest
bird on earth and has the smallest brain?—so you can
go by what you say. Hobart Bosworth and Gertrude
Selby in “The Sign of the Poppy.” Miriam Cooper
and Monroe Salisbury in “The Silent Lie.”

CUTIE.—Yes, Houdini is married. He is working on
“Terror Island.” He has just published a book called
“Miracle Mongers and Their Methods.” William Dun-
can and Edith Johnson are married. William Desmond
and his wife, Mary Macleor, are playing in “Slippery
McGee.” You sure are fond of Harrison Ford.

JANET ROCHESTER.—That was a pretty lengthy
letter of yours. Charlie Chaplin was born in Fontainebleau,
France, April 16, 1889. You must be another letter
like this one.

BROOKLYN GIRL.—I fear I should be a poor judge as
to the ten great events in the Old Testament for your
proposed scenario, but I suggest the following, which
are the same as those represented in the series of
Paradise in Florence, Italy: The Creation of Adam,
Noah’s thank-offering after the Deluge, Abraham’s
sacrifice on Mount Moirah, Eson’s remembrance of
his birthright, Joseph and his brethren, Moses in the
presence of the Lord at Sinai, Joshua before Jericho, David
and Golith, and the Queen of Sheba at Solomon’s
court. I think you should be filmed with Betty Blythe.
“The Deerslayer” has been done in pictures.

MABELLA.—Thanks, but perhaps that question was
written some time before it was published.

PEARL R. N.—Can’t tell you who said: “The woman
who has surrendered her lips has surrendered everything,”
and “A beautiful woman is the paradise of the eyes,
the hell of the soul and the purgatory of the purse.
He must have been a disappointed lover frozen into
a woman-hater.” Yours was very interesting, and I
should say you are a bit sentimental. Bill Hart at the
Hart Studio, Hollywood, did me again.

MERRIES.—You say that only a few can have their
faces on coins, and that most people are contented
to get their hands on them. George M. Cohan played
in “The Wild Cat Billy” and in a new “섹사우바”
on the screen. Yes, “Jane Eyre” is being done by Hugo
Balling.

FLUFF.—Coup de grace. I don’t weigh 200 pounds,
nor am I married. Max Linder is booked as the “Man
of a Million Laughs.” He has been in pictures since
1903, and is now playing in “Seven Years’ Bad Luck.”
Richard Travers in “The White Moll.” Walter Lewis
in “The Squaw.” Golden Lapidus in “Pie Pie.”

HELEN B. D.—How is anyone going to make a for-
tune on $1,000 a week? I do not crave fame or fortune
and will never have either. Gloria Swanson in “The Sea
Bridge.” Yes, Madge Kennedy played a double role in
“The Girl with the Jazz Heart.”

DR. F. L. N.—HOQUIAM.—Howdy, Doc. I read every
word of your last letter, and I can’t say how grateful I
am. I cannot understand the letter. You call me “Uncle Grouch.” I’m far from being a grouch.
You say you think you will set in and take a hand, if
it’s a square game, and I deal from the top. I take it
that this is the same trick as with the “Flumpster.”
You would not suspect me of stacking the cards.
You want to know why “the powers that be” want Mary
Miles Minter to grow up. You also want to know who
is to take her. Billie as the doctor? I say no, but the
woods are full of candidates. You must write to me again.

PUCEL.—You refer to Richard Barthelmess. Grace
(Continued on page 104)
Helene Chadwick, Goldwyn star, whose beautiful hair has helped her to success

"In your hair lies hidden charm
So says dainty Helene Chadwick
An interview by Dorothy Davis

"Of every hundred girls, there may be one or two who can qualify for moving pictures, and they are the ones who have learned that in a girl's hair lies her biggest asset."

Miss Helene Chadwick was talking on her favorite topic, for she is a firm believer that it is possible for even the plainest woman to have more than usual attractiveness.

As she arranged her own lovely, radiant hair, I could see that it had been one of the stepping-stones to her success.

"In every woman's hair," she went on, "there is extra charm, extra beauty, which can be brought out by a new, simple treatment—a hairdresser's discovery.

"This treatment is more than just shampooing. For while shampooing with the proper preparation does make hair clean and soft—it can never end dandruff—it can never bring out all the hidden charms which make women truly lovely."

**The hairdresser's way**

These simple directions will change your whole appearance:

First: Wet the hair and scalp with warm water.

Second: Apply Wildroot Liquid Shampoo and rub to a rich, creamy lather. Rinse with clear warm water.

Third: Apply more Wildroot Liquid Shampoo, massaging lightly, and rinse three or four times. Dry thoroughly.

Fourth: Apply Wildroot Hair Tonic to the roots of the hair, massaging thoroughly with the finger tips.

Fifth: Moisten a sponge or cloth with Wildroot Hair Tonic, wipe your hair, one strand at a time, from the roots clear to the ends. Dry carefully.

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West Electric Hair Curlers
are unsurpassed in producing any curly and wavy effect and insure a lasting appearance and resemblance rivaling Nature's own.

Wave your hair in fifteen minutes by this simple little device, without heat.

West Hair Nets
The last touch to the coiffure which insures absolute confidence in the lasting effect of the careful hair dress. Made by hand from the finest, strongest human hair, doubly sterilized. Free from knots. All shades, including gray and white.

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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.

Since the ending of a picture must be the natural, logical outcome of the events of the story, there must be a variety of endings, just as there is a variety of plots, as this reader aptly suggests:

DEAR EDITOR—In the May issue of your magazine I have read a very interesting editorial, entitled "And They Lived Happily Ever After." It interested me very much.

I agree with the writer of the editorial that films should not always have a happy ending. One gets tired of always seeing the hero and heroine in the final and happy "close-up." It would be much better if the producers would make a few pictures with sad and dramatic endings.

The American public seems too young to appreciate the sad and dramatic ending. They are still children wishing to have everything happy. They impatiently sit and wait for the "big scene," where the hero kisses the heroine.

But these children must be taught that life is not always rosy path—they must be shown that life is frequently thorny. They should be taught that all troubles do not end with a kiss, therefore the films should not always.

Motion pictures should be based on real life, not on fairy tales. Therefore I am sure that if the producers will make more pictures with sad endings the public will get used to them.

Sincerely yours,

STANLEY G. DESSAU,
509 Eleventh Ave., Astoria, L. I.

* * *
And here is another reader on "endings." Certainly it is an important subject and the opinion of the motion picture fan is the one that turns the scale:

DEAR EDITOR—I beg to differ with the letter on "happily ever after," by Walter J. Moses, 920 University St., Dixon, Ill., in the May issue.

He tells us the conclusion of a picture is the part which is likely to linger the longest in the minds of those who see it. If that were the case, what would be the use of going to pictures if one knows in advance that they are going to end with a kiss, a future vision of the hero and heroine sitting by the fireplace with children playing on the hearth, or the reliable moonlight "fade-out"? Many people leave before the close because they know how it will end.

In "Way Down East," the triple wedding was a usual ending and an unimpressive scene. Speak of the picture to some one and the first scene to be mentioned is that of the ice-break. That was the most impressive but not the last scene.

"Possession" was one picture in which people could not foresee the end. Altho it disappointed many, the finale was one of the most impressive I've ever witnessed. I hope in the future we will see more European-made pictures.

I would like to say a word about Elliott Dexter. He is a dandy actor and capable of playing better roles than the one he had in "The Witching Hour."

I also hope that Gloria Swanson will not listen to those who say she is only a puppet, because she can act, and her gowns and headdress are distinctive and beautiful.

I should be pleased to hear from other readers interested in the movie world.

Thanking you for reading my letter and wishing every success to your most interesting magazine, I am,

Yours sincerely,

VIVIAN MARTIN,
1826 Bush St., San Francisco, Calif.

* * *

The some favorite stars have been shining in the screen heavens for many years, they do not dim in luster and their admirers are loath to consider the possibility of losing them.

DEAR EDITOR—I refer to the April issue of your most interesting magazine I found among the "Letters to the Editor" one from a movie fan of Norfolk, Va., who say, "we fe"re sure are interested in our beloved stars, namely, Pauline Frederick, Clara Kimball Young and Alice Joyce."

Not so you could notice it here in California, especially our lovely city, San Francisco! Recently some of the stars acted as the editor's guests in a campaign to boost San Francisco, and judging by the crowds who turned out to welcome them, one would say they must be popular, and there were many cheers for them, which means that they must be well liked here.

Miss Young, being the most prominent, was presented with the key to our city, and it was the lovely Clara who led the grand march with our beloved mayor. The ballroom was sparkling with other stars, some of whom were introduced as futures. Pauline Frederick scored as Madame X in a play by that name, in which she was wonderful, and her splendid acting will not be forgotten very soon.

Now for a word about pretty Alice Joyce. It is for the lack of good story material that Alice is disappointing us. Take, for instance, "The Prey," a very, very poor story, but let us hope that we may soon see something better starring the beautiful Alice.

Here's wishing all the actors and actresses, who try so hard to please us, lots of success and happiness, God bless them! Sincerely,

CALIFORNIA MOVIE FAN,
285 Clara St., San Francisco, Calif.

* * *

On the contrary, this reader thinks that the old lights have shone long enough and wishes them replaced by the new. For Nazimova's future, hope is entertained—on condition:

DEAR EDITOR—I have just read the May issue of your magazine, in which a letter from Julie D. Smith appeared. I do not agree with her views concerning Norma and Constance Talmadge. I am for them. I'd give my last dime to see either of them, and I've done it, too. I don't see anything remarkable about Syb-
Have You Seen
How this test beautifies the teeth?

Millions of people have accepted this offer—have made this ten-day test. They have found a way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth.

We urge you to do likewise. Watch how your teeth improve. Learn what this new method means to you and yours.

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Teeth are tarnished by film. By that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Old ways of brushing do not end it.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It mars the beauty of millions. But it also is the cause of most tooth troubles.

Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

It forms a breeding place for germs. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Very few people who brush teeth daily escape these film-caused troubles.

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Twice a day, Pepsodent is bringing millions these much-desired effects.

The test is free
Simply mail the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Watch the other good effects.

You will realize then that this way means a new era in teeth cleaning. And we think you will adopt it. Send coupon now.

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Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family
“Masterpieces” I Have Met

By the Photoplay Philosopher

Well, here I am back again. Readers of this magazine will remember me. I used to write "scholarly editorials and learned criticisms" of the plays and players at a time when great critics were few and far between. I have ten years I have not been heard from, but I have done a lot of seeing and thinking, and have seen great stars come and go. Among the top-notchers are things I have heard by shrewd producers and publicity writers. But that is neither here nor there—was going to write of "Masterpieces" I have met. That is, is that I have been saying to myself that I had to return from my innocuous desuetude and rise to a state of spontaneous eruption. I can no longer boil within, so I am among the "Masterpieces" I have met lately was Doug Fairbanks in "The Nut." Here's a fine example of a modern top-notch production, released by a top-notch producing company! How long, oh, how long, must a suffering public put up with such stuff? No doubt, Fairbanks gets to it, and wants to and tries hard enough, but he ought to try. He had thinks that his name and vivacity are sufficient to carry a play thru and "put it over." But where else can the great motion picture industry offer for handling such things as this? And what are we to do about it? Nothing. We can do nothing but to say: "Masterpiece." And I wish to praise is Nazimova in "Billions." Dear me, Nazimova! Why, I remember, once, hearing people say that the Bernhardt of the screen had last at arrived, and it was Nazimova! "Revelation" gave her that title, but, lords! look at her now. "The Devil" is another of her "Masterpieces." Few plays have been more advertised, and we were led to believe that this was to be the greatest of the great. The name of George Arliss alone seemed to be a sufficient guarantee, but alas, lack! It only goes to show that a great stage play and player may make a very bad screen play. In this case at least, "twixt the movies and the speakes, give me the speakes! I would not mention "Mamma’s Air," a "Masterpiece," because it was hardly a play at all. It was a play of titles, not of pictures, and I was sorry to see the fair name of Constance Talmadge linked with this poor affair.

Once admired Mabel Normand, but after seeing "What Happened to Rosa," I have moe doze it even Mack Sennett can bring her back. Then there's our dear old friend, Clara Kimball Young. There was a time, not far distant, when Clara was known as one of our most talented and beautiful young stars, but things have changed, as witness her in "Hush." "Hush" is a capital story and effectively told, but there is, is really unfair and uncalled for to say a player is getting old, or fat, but when a thirty-year-old girl gets that way it is usually her own fault. In grand opera we are accustomed to hearing forty-year-old Maquerties and "Hush," but, on the screen, there is no excuse for ladies who look "fair, fat and forty" playing child parts, as some of them try to do. Elsie Fergusen had a mistake or choosing plays like "Sacred and Profane Love" for her screen vehicle. The talented and charming Elsie can no longer play eighteen-year-old parts. Then there's Petrova, but since she is not now before the stage need be said. She is in the same class with Nazimova—great, once, and possibly great now—if they will make the acquaintance of a director. As for the same class with Nazimova—great, once, and possibly great now—if they will make the acquaintance of a director. As for

A FAILURE

By Wright Field

Once upon a time there was an author Who wrote a real story, And a continuance of it Who made a real scenario of it, And a casting director Who knew which part was really suited to each actor, And a camera-man Who knew his business, And didn't take a single close-up Of a weeping heroine, And an ingenue Who didn't act like an idiot, And a vamp Who kept her clothes on all thru the action, And a female star Who had both looks and the ability to act, And a male star ditto, And a press-agent who told the public the truth!

The play fell flat. People who went
Never went again. Except a blind man And three old maids. And a school-teacher, Why sit thru Five reels. Who couldn't find a flaw? Moral: People are all born critics. And perfection bores them!

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Boloton, Henry, after his first queen, Katharine is exiled from the court on the grounds that a male heir is greatly desired, was stupendous, as was the scenario showing the combat of the armored horsemen, and the Spring Festival.

Emil Jannings in particular gives a splendid performance as a man of many marriages, the king who finds it quite impossible to resist the fair charmers of his court. But for that matter, all of the players offer worth-while characterizations, making the famed crowned heads and royal personages far more human than our history books ever permitted us to believe them to be.

“Deception” is vibrant with all the romance, intrigue and pleasure-loving for which the court of Henry VIII was noted.

GYPSY BLOOD—FIRST NATIONAL

“Gypsy Blood,” as almost everyone knows, is the imported version of “Carmen.” And the Carmen of Negri is not the Carmenita we have known. Her Gypsy cigarette maker sparkles with a vivid touch of the hussy—he appeals to men is not a subtle coquette.

It is difficult to remember that the Pola Negri of “Gypsy Blood” is the Du Barry of “Passion.” There is such a very fine line between the two. Pola Negri has made Carmenita the unsupercilious Gypsy girl—cruel—unmoral rather than immoral—you feel constant sympathy for her. And if you find it in your heart to understand the men who do not quite trust her, yet love her spirit in spite of themselves—who give up their homes and belovéd to follow her.

Everyone knows the story of Carmen and her lover, José—the soldier lover who sacrificed everything on the altar of his idol that he may be with her—and how Carmen finally meets Escamillo, the famed toreador who, for the moment, at any rate touches her heart.

The atmosphere of this work of Prosper Merimée’s French tale is perfect—there is the rugged coast where the smugglers live by day; the dilapidated shanty quarter of the Gypsies; the rambling Inn where all sorts of diabolic plans are hatched, and then the arena, where the bull-fights are staged—and, incidentally, Director Lubitsch has managed to give these scenes a real thrill.

We do not know the ulterior motive in the producing of this story—perhaps it was to show the frightful ways and manners of the Gypsies—but whatever the reason it is extremely worth seeing.

LOST ROMANCE—FAMOUS PLAYERS—LASKY

William de Mille has a great faculty for transposing the stage version of a scenario to the screen—the romance of a window opening onto a garden; of children’s hour at the library; of the family gathering before dinner, and a child’s scramble downtown, in an engagement book—Mr. de Mille takes these same little things we pass unheeding every day, and shows us how they make life interesting.

Therefore, it was altogether fitting and proper that he should bring Edward Knob- (Continued on page 102)
land of make-believe under the leadership of a wiry fellow with snappy black eyes and wavy black hair.

Life, for them, was one continuous round of amateur theatricals, staged under the direction of Harold Lloyd. None other than Harold Lloyd of the horn-rimmed spectacles and hair-breath escapes; of the wavy pompadour and the bushy mustachios, of the roguish smile and rapid action, who somehow satisfies all the devotees of movie comedy-land.

Of all the juvenile performances, which were usually devoted to merely girlish affairs, and real blood-and-thunder stuff, the most complete and pretentious was "Tom Morton, the Cowboy of the West."

With a bovish disregard for orthography, Harold staged his bronco-busting, poker-playing, six-shooting story in "A Saloon in Dead Gutch, Colorado."

But tho he spelled "carpenter" with a "d" and the names of his playmates in a fashion not sanctioned by the city directory, all essential elements of a successful Western story were there, including an Eastern heroine and a Western hero, a fat bartender, and time to save the lovely heroine, was supplied to shoot me in the wrist. No shot came.

"I waited, dagger still poised!" said the Little-Girl Heroine.

"Just ask any of the grown-ups!" invited the Villainess.

I went to Mrs. George W. Ketcham, mother of Earl Ketcham, who played the part of Tom Morton, the Cowboy of the West. "Did Harold Lloyd put on such wonderful kid-shows?" I inquired.

"That he did!" she declared with great positiveness. "Many's the time that I've paid twenty pins to see one of his performances. It seems but yesterday when I watched your boy, Bert, with his silken coughing for dimes so that they could buy cocoa butter to make greasers of themselves!"

"I can just see his merry black eyes shine when I think of what he used to do, and sized him up, and told him that he made a fine cowboy!"

"Often he would take me to one side and ask, 'Do your teeth are getting along all right?' (He was having them straightened.) And when I told him that they were, he'd show me some new 'stunt,' if I'd promise not to tell the other boys.

"Oh, but he was a fine lad, but you could never guess what he was going to do next!"

And she threw up her hands at the very thought thereof.

Out in Culver City, Calif., Harold Lloyd himself took time, between comedies, to add a little to the story of his early stage career.

"Yes, I lived in Omaha between the years of 1906 and 1912," he wrote. "Those were my school-boy days, the best ever! But as for my chief interest in life, from the time I was a very small child I had a 'show and circus' disposition, which isn't a good disposition, nor yet a bad one, but when a small boy has it, look out!"

"I created a theater in the basement of
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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 retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the fingertips.

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 R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

our home, and used our large back yard for a circus and Wild West grounds. I found plenty of material for Indians and cowboys among my school friends.

"Playing matinee shows. The days that brought all kinds of joy, and gave me the excited feeling of being an actor. Not a cowboy, nor an outlaw, nor even an Indian, but an honest-to-goodness actor.

"At the age of fourteen, my opportunity came for climbing before the footlights, thru a chance meeting with the leading man of a local stock company."

"We were both standing on a street corner, listening to one of those wise phonology gags as he doped out the future usefulness of his fellow-men by the bumps on their heads. I had lots of bumps on my head that didn’t grow, but I knew how they got there.

"I was quite short and couldn’t see thru the crowd, but was getting an earful just the same, when the gentleman at my side said, ‘Young man, what are you going to be when you grow up?’

"Quick as a flash I answered, ‘An actor!’

"But actors don’t amount to much, do they?’ he asked.

"He laughed as I shot back at him, ‘I wouldn’t be one unless I could be a good one.’

"That seemed to make a hit with him, and our friendship was established right there. After an appointed meeting, he made arrangements with the stock company to give a tryout in a boy’s part in a play they were rehearsing for the next week, ‘Tess of Durbervill.’ My success in playing Tess’s little hard-luck brother won me a home in the company.

"I went to school daysight, cutting on matinee days, and played kid parts, my craze for grease-paint growing all the time. When the stock company shut down for the season, my daddy was making arrangements for a change from Omaha. It was a toss-up between New York and California, and the West Coast won. And that’s how I happen to be in the movies!"

Exactly! Given the Western Coast, and Harold Lloyd, the inevitable result is action, action, action! Nothing less strenuous than the movies would suffice for the quondam Jack Dalton, meanest cowboy of the West. And far away in Omaha, Neb., his former playmates cherish, in doll-trunks and keepsake boxes, mementos of childhood thrills which he so unceasingly gave them.

The Farm’s Loss—

(Continued from page 39)

World,” “Smiling All the Way” and “Girls Don’t Gamble.”

I almost forgot to say that this was a rather flighty interview. It began in his house, was continued on Hollywood Boulevard en route to the theater, where, with Mrs. Butler and Charles Meredith’s younger brother, George, just out of college and into moving pictures, we had a delicious tea. Then back to the Butler’s house, and then downtown after tickets for the California-Ohio football game.

In conclusion, David Butler told me that he would probably co-direct with his father, as well as act.

Dialog Imaginary

(Continued from page 66)

or Rivioli, is no guarantee of its merit. Some of the worst pictures are shown there. Take Mabel Normand in “What Happened to Rosa.” Imagine a poor pic-
ture like this being shown at one of the world’s greatest theaters on Broadway, New York City, for an entire week! It is an unfortunate state of affairs when the producing companies own controlling in-
terests in our leading theaters! O tempora! O mores!

With Tennison at the Movies

NAOMI CHILDERS

“A daughter of the gods, divinely tall
And most divinely fair.”

A Dream of Fair Women.

VIOLA DANA

“A rosebud set with little wifful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her, she.”

The Princess.

HOPE HAMPTON

“Touch the east, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born.”

In Memoriam.

ROBERT HARROB

“But, oh, for the touch of a vanish’d hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!”

Break, Break, Break.

WILLIAM S. HART

“One still strong man in a blatant land,
Whatever they call him, what care I—
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one
Who can rule and dare not lie.”

Maud.

BESSIE LOVE

“Love is love for evermore.”

Lacksey Hall.

DOUGLAS MACLEAN

“Man dreams of fame, while woman
Wakes to love.”

Merlin and Vivien.

MARY MILKS MINTER

“To doubt her fairness were to want an
To doubt her pureness were to want a
heart.”

Launcelot and Elaine.

TOM MIX

“I myself must mix with action lest I
Wither by despair.”

Lacksey Hall.

EUGENE O’BRIEN

Moreover, something is or seems,
That touches me with mystic gleams—
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams—
Of something felt, like something here;
Of something done, I know not where.”

The Two Voices.

MARY PICKFORD

“With the white flower of a blameless
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
In that fierce light which beats upon a
And blackens every bolt.”

Idylls of the King.

CHARLES RAY

“Common clay ta’en from the common earth,
Molded by God, and temper’d with the
Of angels to the perfect shape of man.”

The Palace of Art.

NORMA TALMAGE

“Here, by God’s rood, is the one maid for me.”

Idylls of the King.
tively short distance to the restaurant. No, no one in the studio was ever invited to ride with him.

At lunch the mental suggestion business seemed to have worked. Max was smiling, gesticulating, desparately courteous. He spoke English only brokenly, relying upon the hesitant Alabare for his interpretations. In English, where he is in the "great-est," his comedy was of the kind that depends to a degree upon acrobatics.

To me there was something almost pathetic in the eager way he told me that he possessed a perfect home of his own, amovie with Charlie Chaplin upon which the great English comedian had written "from a pupil to his master," or something to that effect. He lingered upon the subject, as tho he would impart his unquestioning acceptance of its truth, that he was the master, to me and so on to thousands of readers. I think it is not to be questioned that the man has his spark of genius. I watched him at work after lunch, and what he did he did with the confidence, the skill and ease of a master. I have never seen a face or a pair of hands more expressive, more mobile. Why his comedy, "Seven Years' Bad Luck," was no more than fairly successful is a little puzzling. But he seems not to have caught the note that appeals to Yankee humor. As it may seem, I believe that much of it may be laid to the naïveté evident in his productions. The American film public, unlike the French, is thereby worldly, terribly so at times. In France it is only the stage that is risqué—because it is patronized by the upper strata of French society. Max assured me that the De Mille pictures could not be shown in France. Bathrooms! Horrific!

He has some fascinating tales to tell of his life in Europe, of his experience at Madrid, in Spain, when he slew his first bull; of his presidency of the Lisbon arena and his consequent downfall when, urged by a rabid mob, he descended from his chair to engage with a mad bull which had already gored two toreros to death and maimed the rest—and was himself hurt into a hospital and the hospital. And of his war service, which ended with several medals and a dose of poison gas.

If one can look beyond Max, the autocrat, with his coughing Swiss secretary-valet-intendent, and his flashing yellow car in which he rides eternally alone, he will discover a man extremely likable, keenly intelligent, beyond a doubt temperamentally, and surprisingly generous in his praise of rival comedians. He had witnessed, the night before, a Mack Sennett comedy, featuring Ben Turpin and Louise Fazenda, and he was enthusiastic as only a Latin can be.

Max has recently finished his second comedy since coming to this country to make pictures for Robertson-Cole, and has entitled it "Who Pays My Wife's Bills?" Whether he has managed to inject into it that quality necessary to a general American success remains to be seen. Since talking with him I have read hints in the papers that he is to return to France—whether he can secure proper appearance.

Perhaps, that will prove the wisest course. With his adoring audiences, his recognition on the boulevards, his own theater, his certain future, he may never find himself in the colder American atmosphere. His cleverness will redouble itself. His temperament demands public attention. It is to be sincerely hoped that in both looking what country he may make his pictures, he will get it!

"Keep These Men"

"Brown, I've been putting the axe to the pay-roll. I have cut out a lot of dead wood—unskilled men we can replace to-morrow if necessary.

"But—keep these men whose names I have checked. They draw big pay but they know their work. They are the men who looked ahead and trained themselves to do some one thing better than any one else. We can't afford to lose one of them."

ARE you one of these skilled men who will be kept? Or is the Axe of Unemployment hanging over your head this very minute?

Thousands of men are idle right now for just one reason—they are unskilled. They work at any kind of job they can get, and when a slow-up comes, they are the first to be dropped.

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Shadowland for August

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It brings to its readers the interpretation of the best writers and artists.

It is becoming a literary creation that will satisfy the most fastidious and discerning of critics.

This is especially true of SHADOWLAND for August.

In this number Babette Deutsch, the famous poetess, writes on “The Poetry of Modern America,” discussing the influences at work in our verse.

Benjamin de Casseres contributes another brilliant essay, this time on “Flaubert: Chemist of Illusions,” dealing with the achievement of this famous French writer.

Max Reinhardt, the famous stage creator who has done so much for the modern theater, is the subject of an article by Kenneth McGowan, the well-known dramatic critic.

The August Issue of Shadowland

steamer and fell rather violently in love with Anne Victoria, Queen of Herzogovina. He said, ruefully, that he didn't know why he had to fall in love with a Queen. Sure, he hadn't meant to; but oh, what a Queen she was!

Anne Victoria, regal in her shabby gown, felt her heart go out to him in sympathy. Just so might she have felt had Stephen of Hepland come to her with his heart in another's keeping. She, who knew love, could feel for Trainor.

It was as impossible to like him. During office hours it was pleasant to see him efficient and capable, going about the job he took so healthy a pride in.

At night, on St. Nicholas Avenue, they all welcomed him when he came in, laden with roses for the Queen, full of plans for the next day, infectious in his gaiety and exuberance.

It became a part of the scant ceremoniousness of their lives that he should come with this floral tribute to lay at the shrine of a Queen, and that she should accept the tribute with a courtesy she would have awarded him in the full re- galia of things. And none of them suspected how wholly he laid his heart at her feet along with the petal bleeding roses.

One evening Stephen was late. Cosaco and the Queen waited and warmed dinner, and then waited and warmed it again. Still he did not come.

When he did, it was impossible for him to conceal the agitation stirring him. He had worn poverty lightly and regally. He wore worry heavily, weakly.

"I received an Embassy from Hepland today," he said, without preamble. "They have made formal request that I resume my throne. There is a stipulation."

The Little Queen stared at him, her eyes afire. The blood of her royal ancestry, rulers all, was in her ringing voice: "Stephen, how splendid!" she cried out. "Your people need you now! Ah, I am glad!"

Stephen shook his head. His eyes did not left her eyes since he had entered the room.

"I have refused my throne," he said, simply.

Cosaco uttered an exclamation. The Queen went over to him.

"You—?" she began, then, acutely, "what was the stipulation?"

Cosaco noted that with the question her hand sought her heart. It was as tho she would shield it from an impending blow. At this moment the old Prime Minister stole from the room. From a little distance they could hear him, softly and repeated, blowing his nose.

"Stephen! You were the stipulation—my Queen!"

"? Ah—?"

"Your Royal Highness informs me that I may resume my throne on the stipulation that I sever my betrothal with the—with the—?" His anguished eyes sought hers for help. He wanted to get it over with. He wanted to get to the great moment where he could tell her that of course it didn't matter, all this hocus-pocus. He had always told her that I love you. And now he could prove to her that it didn't by the divinest action of his life.

She helped him, saying gently, "With all my heart!"

Stephen nodded. Then he raised his head and laughed at her. Stephen's laugh. The accolade of her dreams. Ringing, metal—true.

"What does it all matter?" he said.

"Here you are and here I am—happy—on St. Nicholas Avenue. If we do not obey their paper-doll dictates they will not have none of us. Well and good! Then they will forget us! The throne forgetting by the throne forgot! I cannot dream a sweeter fate, my Queen. What say you? Oh, but my one, my little, my—"

The Queen of Herzogovina rose slowly from the chair she had been holding onto. She slowly tore her eyes away from the solemn eyes of the King of Hepland. Someone in the doorway made a move and the odor of red roses stained the air. The Queen nodded to Trainor, and then said, in a voice that sounded curiously ceremonious.

"I am glad you are here. It is necessary for you both to hear what I have to say."

She turned to face Stephen. "Stephen," she said, "how is it that you have not seen—all along? You and I have been exiled royal and great. But I—but my love—you see, I love Mr. Trainor."

The Little Queen forgot the ensuing details, this old Mrs. Lovecraft who rose from a darkness. And one was the white erasure of all the life and love in Stephen's eyes, and the other was the sudden, radiant unbeliev in Trainor's. Then she was alone with him, and he was trying to take her into his arms.

She roused to reality. Her face, white like Stephen's, was raised to his.

"Please don't," she said, "and please forgive me." She dabbed at her eyes with a hankiekerchief which, opportunely, Trainor had thrust into her small hand.

"Queens," she said, sobbing still, "have done strange and cruel things to save thrones. I have done a cruel thing tonight—to save the throne of the King of Hepland. You see—you see, I love Stephen.

I love him—oh, my dear, good friend, I love him even better than you love me; even better than you can conceive of. I love him so much that I know he is the King and , muse. His country has re- fused his throne if he consummates his alliance with—with the Queen of Herzogovina—with me."

"But I did not ask you at all like a Queen. She was sobbing on the American's broad and solid shoulder.

And he was patting her hair and murmuring to her, tenderly, like a mother, and saying. "Such a little Queen; such a little, little Queen. There, there, dont cry, dear, dont cry. We'll see the stern and fearful Embassy, and fix it up with 'em. You've no idea, honey baby, what the American dollar can do with these foreign embassies from your cute little, musical, comedy countries. First in the day you know the King of Hepland and the Queen of Herzogovina will be sailing back to their little gold palace. And you this summer, old Trainor'll be coming over to see them, and all will be merry as a marriage bell."

"When it until tomorrow—just wait. And, little Queen, I am awfully grateful to you. You told me once that I had never dreamed. But I dreamed now, my dear."

He bent on his knee and kissed her hand. Still sniffing, she swept him the courtesy of the Queen, and he was gone.

The next day was a long one. The Little Queen and her Prime Minister. Stephen did not appear and there was no word from him. Trainor had telephoned her not to come to the office today, but
We Interview the Queen of Sheba

(Continued from page 25)

love the roots of which go down to the innermost places. But I think, too, that there are other feelings than love. We may have many different friendships, and from each one we may receive a different quality—yet they are all of them friends worthy the title. So says Saint Augustine, they are possessed of different elements.

A. W. F.: It is fitting and proper to talk of love with the Queen of Sheba. And, speaking of love, of loves and the qualities of love, what quality is it which a man most wishes for in the woman he cares for?

B. B.: I think, first of all, a man wishes to revere the woman he loves. He wants to feel her of finer clay than he. He wants to be able to erect the pedestal and worship from the ground. He wants to be able to raise her from the earth to the level of greatest stars: to feel, in that woman, something immortal. He wants to strive for Olympus. And I think when a man does feel this for a woman, she is assuming of his love forever. Not only the first whirlwind, but the great and deep regard which comes when life takes the bloom from romance.

G. H.: (this being over her head): What does she think of me?

B. B. (smiling). She is one of the few women who smile truly and laugh wholeheartedly—a fascinating anomaly): Not a bit like Betty Blythe. I'm having rather a lot of fun of it. When I came on from the Coast my friends and General Advisory Board (self-constituted) threatened me with anathema if I did not act like a queen every minute of my stay. It is years since I have been in New York, and I told them I was simply dying for a ride on a 'bus. They told me not to dare to think of forsaking my queenly dignity by mounting the spiral stairway of the 'bus. But (she bent toward us and whispered, the hushed words issuing from a mouth shaped like a cloven rose, or we've never seen a cloven rose) I've had my 'bus ride. I wore some ancient garment and a good mind and a gallows, and rode from the end of the line to the other, and then back again. U-m-m... being a Queen is not the most comfortable thing in the world. (Pensively) I can see only the best books. I can read only the best books. I can meet only the best people. (Interviewers of the First and Second part register discomfort, gather up briefcases, fountain pens and other paraphernalia of their trade.)

B. B.: Oh, must you go? I've felt quite regular this afternoon. You've no idea how lonesome I felt the first week. Everyone has been so kind. Good-bye—good-bye. (She extends her gloved hand. Interviewer of the First Part shakes it, feebly. Interviewer of the Second Part glares pugnaciously at her, and presses upon the Sheblian right a ceremonious salute. They exit.)

out that Trainer had seen the Embassy from the Heptagon, and had diplomatically prevailed upon them, so warily had cajoled them that they had decided to accept the return of Stephen upon his stipulation—rather than the other way about. Stephen said, "I that I marry without further delay, here and now, the little Queen of Herzogovina."

The only sounds in the small apartment were old Cosaco's nervous coughs and a hand-organ grinding out syncopation on St. Nicholas Avenue.

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A REEL SURPRISE

By Rheinhart Kleiner

The flashing reel revolved, and all the world—Mountains and plains and cities—thick-ered by; Captains and kings and troops with banners furled—Loomed dark against an ever-changing sky. But listlessly I gazed, and all the art Of this fair temple of the shining screen Could not beguile the sadness from my heart, The longing for a face but lately seen.

And suddenly, an old-world street appeared, Decked for some revel in a distant land: And then—anamed, delighted, strangely—cheered!— Amid the watching throng I saw her stand!

Dearest, could you have dreamed, could you have guessed, While waiting in that old Paris street, That I should be in a playhouse of the West? Looked down and saw you from my lonely seat?
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Room 122

1473 Broadway, Chicago, Ill.

Afraid,

Broken,

Ginger want

She can’t

Still vigorous

Chicago,

(Continued from page 31)

had asked her to marry him, had offered her assurance of living, and that was quite poor protection as he might be, she had done him the final service of refusing.

Well—she shrugged his shoulders. It was just like him. Do not reproach her. Her fall head over heels in love with some dumpy native maid and complete the circle of deterioration from which he was being temporarily cut off.

That night Ginger went away.

It was, perhaps, the first time she had succumbed to instinct rather than to reason. She felt that she had gone because she loved him and because his offer of marriage was the one temptation she might not be able to withstand. She realized, too, that the greatest wrong she could do to Clifford Standish would be to marry him. A loveless marriage, turning for all of life had turned, to ashes in his mouth, would complete his disillusionment as no other thing could possibly do. The most that she could hope for would be to keep him in health and spirits until God willing, the woman would come to him who would infuse meaning into his world. Then, and only then, would he be safe—and then, go on to—go on! Broken, that was what she would have to do, and keep doing. Going on! Making a song and a dance.

A song so powerful and sure and clear that other hearts, hearing it, would beat again to a proportionate measure. Well—what was what to do. This was so that she had ordered her life. Healing! Over her own heart she held both hands, tightly together. How would healing ever come from the agony she was enduring? There in the deep profundities of the jungle might there be not isolation sufficient? Out there where the sun shone into the heart she struck and then she shook it again—wasn’t there oblivion there? Or far above her where, with affable remote, the Pleiades shone down on her—

Ginger stumbled on.

She shook her head in negation of her wild thoughts. The pain would persist, but so what would. And after while, after great weary while, it would grow dim, like a dream; it would grow faint, like a sob, and then she would live with it as one lives with the ghosts of one’s dear dead.

At the Plaster’s Club she encountered Frederick Kent and several of his coteries. In a blazing moment of anger, she told them what she thought of them for their scurrilous interference, and when, later on, Kent pursued her and tried to make love to her, she tore at his face with the ferocity of the tigress.

Kent pushed her from him with a loud laugh.

"Rave on," he said to her, "No harm’s been done to you, anyway. There’d have been no place for you to live with your lover after tonight’s jungle." Ginger sensed something of ill-omen in this. "What do you mean?" she cried.

"I mean that the natives have been stirred up sufficiently to prevent your precious Standish has been giving them with his—and your—efficient methods, and this has put them up at this moment demolishing his place, and him along with it, like as not!"

You fed!

Ginger turned and jumped from the nearest railing of the porch. Then back, back the way she had come, all thoughts of self and self-pain lost in the wild terror, wilder than any terror she had ever before glimpsed, of hurt coming to him. Ah, better anything than that! Far, far better that the false heart and false life out of his than, by such a method, have him go forever out of her life. Why had she been so shortsighted as to trust him? What might be happening to him, even now? Upon what horror might she not arrive?

Her heart next fears outpaced her feet. Fears for her. She knew how much more terrible they can be than fears for self.

The place was quiet as she neared it, but to her nostrils came the terrible stench of smoke, of ruin. What ruin? Before she came within eyesight she was calling his name, crying out on him, pleading with him—she didn’t know why. And then, dramatically, almost the central figure of the desolation about him, she saw him—fingering by hand an inscrutable paste, his gun. She cried out on him again, and then she was with him, restraining him, quieting him. He gave a loud laugh, unfeeling.

"I’d like to die here and now," she told him, "This is the fitting climax to my life. I like fitting things. I’ve always had a sense of the finished, the done, and I’ve never demonstrated it. Demolition—waste—that’s my life. I want it to be death. All this gone—you gone—"

he looked down on her and seemed to see her for the first time. He choked down a sob and drew her roughly over to him. "Oh, I don’t know," he said, "until you had gone. That was what I needed—to call you and not have you answer. To look for you, and be unable to find you. To call your name and not hear a sound. You, who always answered, no matter when, no matter where. But now you are gone. Now, that I want you again.

Ginger crept closer to him. Her heart beat against his own, her arms crept about him and she drew his sobby, smoky, broken face to her shoulder. "You shall never call me again, my darling," she said, "in vain."

Standish raised his head and something entirely new lit his eyes. He took his gun and waved his hand at the outside view of criminal destruction. "Then," he said, "then I can rebuild again. I can rebuild this—my love! I can rebuild an empire!"

Ginger laughed. Here, here at last, was the ring his voice had always lacked. Here was the fire his eyes had never glowed with. Ah, she had known that when the right woman came his world would come right, too. How beautiful that the woman with a head of fiery paste, his father and mother appeared on the scene.

Clifford gaped at them. They stared at him, not altogether pleasantly. Ginger stepped back and her wide eyes took in the abyss across which they regarded their misunderstood son. What an hour for them to have selected for their arduous life a week ago all had been thirst and order! Today—!

Clifford spoke first. His voice was wary. He said, "Isn’t this just about what you’d expect of me, then?"

The older man nodded. "It is," he said, "and even worse."

Clifford said, "There isn’t much use for me to explain. After all, I’ve been ex-
plaining all my life, and you've never ac-
teppted an explanation yet."

They have never been even partially satis-
factory," his father said. "However, a Mr. Frederick Kent met us at the wharf and
told us something of your—er—

The elder man looked at Ginger as he
spoke, rather than at his son. Clifford's
mother bore the excessively painted man-
nerism of the delicate woman into whose
range of sight or hearing unpleasant top-
ics are introduced.

Clifford straightened up. "Then, I am
sure you must be as pleased," he said, "as I am."

"I should like a few words with the young
lady," was his father's unenthusi-
stic rejoinder.

Clifford made a sign of interference,
but Ginger, for the first time, spoke.
"Please, Clifford," she said, "I want to
hear what your father has to say."

The elder Standish preceded the girl
from the room.
"Gill," his mother said to him, holding
out her arms to him, "while I've been
standing here, I see that you have
changed. Something came over me that
makes me know it is all right with you,
how much and at last, Tell me—"

"It's the girl, mater," Clifford said; "it's
Ginger"—and then he told his mother his
side of the story, and also the story
Ginger had told to him.

In the room adjoining, Standish senior
was finishing what had been a harangue.
"So, you see, Miss Ginger," he concluded,
"while we appreciate your services in be-
half of my son, and while I regret ex-
ceedingly that you will not be sensible and
practical, as any sane woman has a right
to be, and allow me to reimburse you, still
your help is certainly at an end if you
have interest at heart. Clifford must
come home and settle down with—them—a
woman of his own world. I am glad
you see things my way. You had better
leave now—before he sees you again. It
will be less unpleasant—all around."

"It will be still less unpleasant," a grim
voice said at the doorway, "if you leave
first, father."

Ginger started, and the elder Standish
drew up his head.

Clifford came across to the girl stand-
ing, poised, uncertain, on the doormat.
He took her into his arms and buried her
head against his heart. She could feel,
and she thrilled to the measured steady
beat.

"Good-bye, father," he repeated. "Gin-
ger is in her own home. She will remain."

And then—the everlasting stars—1!

A week later Frederick Kent grew ex-
ceedingly drunk and regaled the members
of the Planters' Club with tales of the
romance of Ginger and Clifford Standish.
"They shaled away today," he said.
"Glory, glory, you should 'a seen her
fasch! It looked like kingdom had come!"

The Eldest of Eleven
(Continued from page 22)

Marshall Neilan scenarios during the past
two years, has written an original spon-
story. "The Lying Truth," for her
first independent production, and Pat
O'Malley will play the role of the editor
and will again have a chance to demon-
strate the power of the right arm, and, of
course, the smile.

She's tilted to pieces to be associated with
Miss Fairfax; she's a wonder," de-
clared Pat, warmly. "She gives me a feel-
ing of confidence, and I know with her

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The motion picture promotion for "The Motion Picture Production of Violet Rays Insure Perfect Health, The Only Real Foundation for Dazzling Beauty, Yours for the Asking" is a part of the promotional material for the film. The text highlights the benefits of Violet Rays, emphasizing their ability to improve health and beauty. The advertisement offers a free trial of the treatment, encouraging readers to see for themselves the results. The text also mentions the inclusion of the film "The Motion Picture Production of Violet Rays Insure Perfect Health, The Only Real Foundation for Dazzling Beauty" in the offer, suggesting a connection between health and beauty. The text is written in a persuasive manner, using phrases like "we want you to see for yourself what this treatment will do" and "you can teach music" to engage the audience and encourage action. The inclusion of specific dates and locations, such as "Dept. 1218, 326 W. Madison St., Chicago," further personalizes the offer and makes it more appealing. Overall, the text is designed to attract potential customers by highlighting the benefits of Violet Rays and offering a free trial to entice them to try the product.
Are We Immoral? (Continued from page 68)

warranted assurance to alter a work of art that time has hallowed and generations acclaimed, to fit the limitations of his own feeble imagination, I am at loss for a single legitimate excuse.

The world isn't all bad and wicked and unregenerate. Some of us still say our prayers at night. Some of us, in our quaint old-fashioned way, still believe that it is better to do good and be good and to avoid evil and even the appearance of evil. Some of us enjoyed "Pollyanna," even tho our more adult imaginations can't quite believe that one should be able to know that "it just couldn't be true." Some of us can still enjoy and profit by a film without a shred of life as it is, in it.

Going to the movies is largely a matter of habit, anyway, and habit is the greatest motivating force in the world. Destinies are determined by it. People will always go to the movies. Their going is rarely obligatory. Very few people actually go to see a specific movie. They go more for something to do. A movie is fundamentally the last resort for the inherent restlessness of the American people. Rather than stay home and develop laziness, and wind up in the home of a mutual friend. When he asked her if she wanted to go on the stage she replied that she did, she declared she had never given the subject a moment's thought before.

Shortly afterward she received a wire from the great producer, asking her to join him in the play in the legitimate role, that of a French convent girl.

Miss Fairfax relates with high glee how confidently she set forth tho she knew nothing. All she had ever done was to study in France nor even seen the inside of a convent. Luckily she made good with her role and soon the company went to Chicago where it settled down for a long, run during which time the whole of the youthful actress was won over to her stage career.

Several years slipped by and just when Marion was listed among the leading ingenues of talent, her health suddenly gave way. It was during this period of invalidism that Miss Fairfax turned her thoughts to play writing, creating "The Builders," the first of a series of successful plays which she wrote and also directed for their stage production. 

"The Builders" was followed by "The Chaperon," the comedy selected by Maxine Elliott to open her beautiful new theater; then came "The Talker," "A Modern Girl," "Mrs. Boltay's Daughters," and others, all notable for their spritely humor and sparkling dialogue.

"A woman can write the first act of a play," remarked Miss Fairfax, "it is the second and third that stagger them. It requires a sort of playwriting technique which is given away after the first enthusiasm passes, that is the reason there are but six Class A dramatists in each generation."

It was when William and Cecil de Mille felt the need for a dramatic understanding in motion pictures that they sent for Marion Fairfax to come to Los Angeles and assist them in developing a technique for scenario writing, and the result of their efforts is the technique generally accepted today by scenarists. She has also been responsible for many successful Lasky films, among them "The Chaperon," and the only kind of which the last movie following has any ken.

Producers must stop thinking so much of the criminal and lascivious aspect of life and, perchance, the silly sop of the last red reformatory will just naturally end its futile and unconvincing life.

The necessity for instigating and making operative these reforms, ourselves, is unmistakably obvious. Let us so conduct our own business as to keep its exploitation in our own hands, and out of the pragmatic grasp of blunders and blunderers.

(To be continued.)

Marion Fairfax, Inc. (Continued from page 57)

of sunlight, we could never appreciate its full value—it is contrast that brings balance.

Marion Fairfax was born in Richmond, Virginia, but early moved to Chicago to live. She was sent to Boston to school, and then to New York, where she married Charles Frohman at the home of a mutual friend. When he asked her if she wanted to go on the stage she replied that she did, she declared she had never given the subject a moment's thought before.

Miss Fairfax relates with high glee how confidently she set forth tho she knew nothing. All she had ever done was to study in France nor even seen the inside of a convent. Luckily she made good with her role and soon the company went to Chicago where it settled down for a long, run during which time the whole of the youthful actress was won over to her stage career.

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(To be continued.)

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I will increase the size and development of your eyes, at least two inches in two months. Sometimes impossible, correct? Well, come and make me prove it. In two months I will increase your eye size, at least one inch in the same length of time.

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It tells the secret and is handsomely illustrated with 35 full-page photographs of myself and some of the world's best athletes whom I have trained. Also tell about the book, and the special offer will be sent by return mail. The offer is strictly confidential, hurry and act now. The sooner you get started on the road to health and strength, the easier it will be. No other book offers equal value. Don't delay one day longer—mail the coupon today.

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Every Man with huge abdomen, rupture, stooping shoulders, badmeme, slouched back or other special trouble, should wear my brace.

THE SMALL-TOWN PICTOR SHOW

By Olivia White

John Henry Hoke of Perkinston
Decided he would go
One evenin’ to his place of dreams—
The town-hall picture show.

Outside the posters read like this:
Our shows are new, and greatest—
May Murphy in “The Perjured Kid” —
This fillum is the latest.

Love entered into John’s young heart—
He sure did fall for May.
At home that night he peened his love
To her—twas mailed next day.

This answer came, I hate to state:
Dear Sir: We’re sorry to relate,
May Murphy is in “The hundredth Kite” —
We’ll say that fillum was—quite late!

HIS OPINION

By Reuben Peterson, Jr.

Little Fred, aged five, came running to his mother and cried, “Momma, I want to see a picture.”

“Oh, mother!” he cried. “I saw Uncle John this afternoon, and he took me to the movies.”

“What did you see?” inquired his mother.

“The Inside of the Pug,” replied the youngster.

THE DIFFERENCE

By Elaine C. Bogler

He talked about his crops, while far away
I sailed across a moonlit tropic bay.

He talked about his work, and I dream in
Was lost amid the rush of mountain streams.

He talked about his car; on coral strands
I watched and heard by brown maidens wave their hands.

He talked about his wife, and all the while
I saw some bathing beauties nod and smile.

He talked about his dogs; I watched a fan
Beneath the cherry trees of old Japan.

He talked about everything while I kept still
And wandered over valley, plain and hill—
For we were at the movies with their gleam,
And he had come to talk and I to dream.

Would-Be and Will-Be Stars

(Continued from page 67)

of winners will be announced. What a wonderful Christmas present that will be for someone!

The final winner is guaranteed a screen engagement and a year’s publicity in our three magazines. She will have her expenses paid, from wherever she may happen to live. There may be more than one winner and there will be a final Honor Roll as well.

The Fame and Fortune Contest is now so universally big and talked about, that any winner of any of the honors it has to bestow will be benefited materially in his or her search for a screen career.

Literally, from the never-ending world we receive pictures of would-be screen stars: the German trumdee, the French mademoiselle, the Italian signorina, the high-caste Hindu, Russian princesses, Chinese ladies of high degree, whatever they are called, mystic Orientals, grande dames of Spain, and so on, to say nothing of the American beauty.

The contest is the chance of a lifetime, and some $6,000 wise people are of the same opinion.

We will repeat once more the announce-
ment made in previous issues of the Morton Picture Magazine that: Anyone who has submitted a picture to the 1921 Fame and Fortune Contest is invited to come at his or her own expense, to the offices of the Brewer Publications, Inc., at 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York, between the hours of 10 and 4, on Friday, July first, for a personal inspection before the Judges’ Committee.

Those found eligible for a screen test, will have one made the following days at Roslyn, L. I. Those not found worthy a screen test by the Judges, will not have one made.

The second day for a personal inspection before the Judges’ Committee will be, Fri-

day, September sixth, that “Moviecie.”

One more plea! Please don’t wait any longer to submit your photograph. The work is daily growing heavier, and the confusion and the delay toward the close of the contest is simply indescribable. Don’t realize too late what a wonderful opportu-

nity this is open to you. You have read in our magazines of the success that our winners are enjoying. It might be coming to you, but you can’t win without sending us your photograph, and, of course, not all who do send their photographs can win, but isn’t the glorious chance worth trying for, at any rate?

THE FELLOW’S HEAD IN FRONT OF ME

By Ray Hopman

A fellow’s head in front of me—
A murderer I yet will be,
I always miss the vital scenes,
The thrilling climax on the screen.
When most obstructed is my view,
I twisted my head—then he does, too,
I quickly shut far to the right,
But there’s his head right in my sight.
Then to the left I squirm and stare
But all I see is head and hair.
I twist and wiggle—so does he,
He simply will not let me see.
They say I stare at people’s faces
In trolley cars and other places.

But what of that? In movie shows,
My optics view naught, goodness knows,
Thay back of people’s heads in there—
I’m tired of seeing heads and hair.
When, why, when I try, should it be strange
To get a front view for a change?
Some day I’ll bring along a sword
And then a headpiece will be foamed.
And, September sixth, that “Moviecie”
I’ll take my punishment with pride.

HAPPINESS

By Alfarata Bowden

Yes, happiness depends on many things—
The warmth of sunlight and the whir of wings;
A happy heart responsive to your own,
Joyous romance that waits in the un-
known.
The stinging glow a freshening eastwind brings.

Yes, it depends on thrilling work at hand,
The strength to carry out the thing you
planned;
The busy stir of people to and fro,
The quiet of the twilight, and the slow
Pound of the ocean upon firm, cool sand.

Yes, happiness depends—and it is found
By heath-fire, and near the pleasant sound
Of friendly voices. Sometimes it will stray
Across a lawn where moon-made shad-

ers sway;
Sometimes it lies in peace beneath the
ground.
Untouched by Ennui
(Continued from page 34)

Williams said, "I had a splendid rôle, that of a frivolous society butterfly, who, later, in the face of the crisis, proved a true woman. It is these human roles that I love to portray, for they are opportunities for the development, treatment and regeneration.

I had many interesting experiences while East, and it seemed good to be in New York, but I was ashamed mainly every minute, for besides my work at the studio I was trying to visit the shops, see all the new plays as well as meeting many celebrities."

"One night at a director's dinner, I saw Dr. Frank Crane and was delighted to find that he was just as I had pictured him. I have always enjoyed his writings so much, and particularly last summer when my boy was ill it seemed as if his messages were meant especially for me. I was tempted to tell him this, yet hesitated—he probably has many admirers.

"Then, one afternoon, while at tea at the Claridge, I met Rex Beach for the first time. Rather odd, for tho I have played in several of his stories on the screen, and he has frequently been in Los Angeles, I had never had the chance to go and introduce myself. As I had been told that his wife suggested the description of his Cherry Malotte, I was naturally interested in seeing Mrs. Beach, the new one of her character.

"We all recall Rex Beach's epic making film, "The Spoilers," which created a sensation a few years ago with what has since proved itself as a star cast, and Kathryn Williams is possibly more vividly identified with her famous rôle of Cherry Malotte than anything else she has ever done in motion pictures. She made this dance-hall girl of the North so splendidly human, so superbly alive, that it still stands out as one of the big roles seen on the screen.

"The last time I saw this picture," laughed Miss Williams, "I was amused to see how hopelessly old-fashioned the clothes had become even in this short time. That is one thing in favor of the costume picture, which the American producers so vigorously taboo, the date would not be so scarily hopelessly hopelessly from every gown and hat that it does in the modern drama."

Kathlyn Williams is a western girl, having been born in Butte, Montana. She began her stage career as a child, and early became the protegé of Senator W. A. Clark, of whom she speaks with much admiration as a man who is ever ready to help talent in its development.

She attended the Wesleyan University, then studied at the Empire School of Acting in New York, later appearing in a number of well-known stage plays, both in the city and on tour.

"Coming to Los Angeles, Miss Williams became a member of the famous old Belasco company and was also with Willard Mack in Salt Lake City for a time. These two stock experiences she considers to be the most valuable of her stage training."

"Picture came along just then, I joined the Biograph Company under Mr. Griffith, and have been playing before the camera ever since," and she took up the story, "I love the work now even more than at first, for there have been such remarkable strides made in every phase of this great art."

"It offers many advantages over the stage, one of the most interesting being that we can see our own acting. I make it a rule to have the rushes shown each night before the action is finished, and this keeps me from repeating my mistakes or permitting little mannerisms to creep in. It also shows how to improve our make-up.

You would think after all my years in pictures I would know all about make-up, but the continual advancement in the lighting methods keeps us changing our methods too, and I learn something new in this direction with each picture."

"Doubtless, much of Kathryn Williams' success is due to her own charming womanliness, her beauty and her dignity, but it is her rare intelligence that gives her the power of discerning the dramatic values of her own stories in what social realm they may abide. The whole-hearted manner in which she interprets the woman who has made a mistake, the shallow society leader, the demi-monde of the early West, all display her splendid understanding of the feminine mind and heart."

"I enjoy what we call a sympathetic heavy," went on Miss Williams, "there are so many good-had women—you know what I mean—and they are very human. However, I will not play a really vicious part. I do not want that wave of thought turned against me that necessarily follows the portrayal of a character in which there is no saving grace and most of all, I do not want my son to see such roles.

"Victor is growing up so fast—she added, happily, while I tried to realize this radiant young woman was the mother of a strapping boy, "he is learning to dance and we practise all over the house, tearing up the rugs and bumping the furniture against my precious walls—and she laughs indulgently.

"So, again we say, ennui can never bring its blight to Kathryn Williams."

California Chatter
(Continued from page 75)

There is one theater which is going to stand up for the exclusion of the German films which the critics have so enthusiastically applauded. When Miller's Theater in Los Angeles tried a German-made "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," a mob of wounded soldiers and members of the American Legion stormed the place and created such a riot outside the theater that the management gave up and showed an American-made film instead.

The lovely May Cady may spend her evenings dancing with Charlie Chaplin, but her days now belong to the Universal Film Company. She has signed to appear in a rôle cryptically announced as the Flame Flower in "The Shark Master." Frank Mayo is the star and many of the scenes will be taken at Santa Cruz Islands.

Richard Dix, who is quite a matinee idol in Los Angeles, scored a hit in his first picture, "Not Guilty." Whereupon Goldwyn promptly signed him up as leading man under a two years' contract."

Kathleen Norris is the latest author to be added to the Goldwyn roster of famous authors. She and her husband, Major Norris, have been traveling in Europe, but have now sailed for home and cabled that they will start for Culver City immediately upon landing in New York."

Women are coming out with ideas and fancies. Little Leatrice Joy, however, certainly takes the cake, for she confided to me that her favorite material is gingham and that she owns three dozen dresses made of that fabric.

Mary Miles Minter just hesitated long enough to finish "Her Winning Way" and

(Continued on page 102)
Hands and Harmony
(Continued from page 69)

bing gently. A skin whitener may be applied if the hands are inclined to be red or dark, or they may be patted dry with talcum powder. If the skin is rough or cracked or chapped, a good cold-cream should be used before applying powder or whitener.

Some soaps are more than cleansing agents, containing a medicinal value as well, and may go a long way toward softening and refreshing the skin. Don't be too foolish as to try to get along with substitutes instead of soap. It can't be done. Use plenty of soap, but be sure it is a good soap.

If you have trivial male tasks to perform about the house you should wear rubber gloves, and at night, before retiring, draw a pair of loose-fitting kid gloves over the hands, having first moistened them with cold-cream.

If the nails break easily it is a sign they are brittle and need special treatment. It is frequently a sign of nervousness or ill health and can be materially remedied only by removing the cause of the case.

In caring for the nails the following procedure should be observed:

1. After the hands have been washed and thoroughly dried, the dirt should be removed from beneath the finger-nails with an orange stick, not a file.
2. File the nails to the proper length and shape them—long or pointed.
3. Smooth off all roughness with the emery board.
4. Wrap a piece of cotton tightly round the blunt end of the orange stick, dip it in the preparation for removing cuticle and apply, both beneath the nail and at the base of each nail, progressing skin back and allowing the little white crescents to show. Continue to rub gently, until all surplus cuticle has been removed.
5. Now rinse the hands and dry them.
6. If you wish the nails to have dull white finish use a small amount of white powder or cake polish, rubbing the powder back and forth until the nail has attained the desired effect. If you would like a rosy glow to the nails—which nature may not have bestowed on them, use a small amount of the pink or red paste, spreading a little on each nail with the tip of the finger. Then add the white polish and use the buffer, or better still, the palm of the hand, as there is less danger of brushing the nails.
7. Now, as a finishing touch, apply the nail white under the nails. For this, use the orange stick, rubbing the paste back and forth until there is an even white crescent at the tip of every finger.

If you have not a complete manicure set it would be the wisest thing, and the most economical in the end, to purchase a set at once and keep it where you can use it daily, for the care of the nails is as necessary to the hand as brushing the teeth or the hair.

The buffer needs to be used only about twice a week.

There are certain nail enamels that give a brilliant finish to the nails without the use of a buffer. They are usually in liquid form, are applied with a brush and allowed to dry. They stay a long time and will not wash off.

If the cuticle feels irritated after the manicure, cream may be applied to the irritated parts, but this should be done before the buffer has been used, as the cream will dull the bright finish.

Do not cut the cuticle. Heavens, how painful it is! And how really harmful, too. You know there is a reason for everything, and the purpose of the cuticle is to protect the base of the nail where it grows out from the fold of the skin. Of course, as the cuticle grows in length, we want to trim it and not be too pretty about it, hence we push it back, and use the cuticle remover to get rid of what is left on the nails.

Now drop your favorite perfume on the palms, and your hands are ready for any function—dinner, office, luncheon, tea, theater, home.

One of the surest signs of an individual's poise and self-assurance is the manner in which he uses his hands. Don't close your hands tightly in a nervous fashion, or keep them pressed against your side, or hidden in a fold of your dress.

Some hands are so expressive that the owner's personality seems to extend all the way to the finger tips, so that every movement of the fingers declares individuality:

"Her little hands are soft, and when I see her fingers move I know in very truth that men Have died for less than love."

Of course, there is also the person who talks with his hands. One should make one's vocabulary sufficiently large to express every shade of meaning. But the hands are full oferves and it is natural for them to go in various ways to various emotions. Sometimes, a relaxed hand lying quietly in the lap is more expressive of perfect ease than in any other way.

But you will never have poise and self-assurance until your hands are immaculately groomed. No matter how elaborate your coiffure, or how charming your gown, you will still be uneasy and nervous, if your hands are not smooth, white and trim.

Every artist loves to paint the hand. Every sculptor loves to fashion it according to his ideas of beauty. If you have been thru the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York you have noticed this, I am sure. If not, you must have noticed it in statuary and portraits. Naturally the artist's ideal hand is a slender one with long tapering fingers. But some people have not that kind of hand and they never have it. They may regret but can do much to remedy by careful attention to details in the grooming of the hands.

Any hand can have shapely, irreproachable nails, with a delicate fragrance clinging to the fingers as to the petals of a flower. You can. Have you?

PICTURES IN MOTION

By Howard Grant Cootehill

I hail the imagery unheard,
That moves the world before our eyes,
A recompense for hopes deferred;
Enabling those to visualize,
Who live in villages and towns,
Far, far away from busy crowds:
The whirl of cars, the lure of gowns,
The mysteries of winding shrubs,
The mask of wealth, the lights that glare.
With strangers milling to and fro,
And struggling genius in despair—
The crucible of high and low.

And those, impounded in a mass
Of brick on brick, in cruel prey
To things material and gross,
Drink in the wonders you portray.
In realms of fancy and romance.
Oh! Don't let us forget:
The storm at sea, the game of chance.
The woods where scented flowers grow,
The passion play of heartless vamp,
The treasure hunt, the mining camp,
The villain hanging from a tree,
The care-dispelling comedy.

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EUGENE V. BREWSTER
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175 Duffield Street
Brooklyn, New York

The medal pictured above was the first award of the 1926 Fame and Fortune Contest. It was presented to Corliss Palmer.

Too Much Protest
(Continued from page 47)

She is small, almost plump, but not quite. She is poised, but it is not the poise of countenance. She is alert—alive. She has "manner."

Presently—when she had consumed the roast pork—she announced that she must be returning to the set. She is working on "The Bridal Path," her latest picture.

"Gossip has lent itself eagerly to spreading rumors which link May's name with Charlie. But she spoke little of him: that anecdote, and an enthusiastic outburst over "The Kid." She has a wholesome, if unexpressed, awe of genius.

I watched her go thru a scene's rehearsal. There was a slight tendency to be "stagy," felt by the greatest legitimate actor during his first screen experience, but it was instantly smoothed by E. Mason Hopper, famous for his directing and his passion for cook-books. Her eyes, qualling a little under the light, were narrowed again, not unpleasingly.

She was much concerned, when two faulty lamps gave her a moment with us, with the possibilities of "Pygmalion and Galatea" as a screen production—the titles, you know. "They'd be wonderful!"

I asked her, presently, whether she preferred the stage or the screen. She looked at me, mockingly aghast.

"How original!" she bantered.

There was a moment—just a moment—when I reflected amusingly upon the intolerance of seventeen. Perhaps she noticed it. At any rate, she offered finally the statement that she would undoubtedly like the screen until she got tired of it, and that after that she would no doubt want to return to the stage.

Jackson, apparently worried, was relieved when I remarked that it was unique to find a woman of the screen with the courage to repudiate platitudes.

But you'd say of May—as, frankly, I did—"She's a dear!" Above all, she is intelligent—and she is a gentlewoman. I should not be surprised one day to see her accomplish rather big things. Clever at seventeen, a few years of maturity should find her brilliant. But there is an English writer of some faint renown who penned an immortal line, "He doth too much protest!" May, as yet, is just—seventeen.
then departed for New York where she expects to sail on the *Imperator* for a two months' stay. She will visit London, Paris, Ostend and the battlefields, Switzerland, Italy, the Riviera and Spain. She will be accompanied by her mother and her sister, Marguerite.

Cecil B. de Mille is making rapid progress with his new super-production for Paramount, suggested by Leonard Mer- rick's story "A Man and a Woman" and the Lady *. John Davidson has recently been added to the cast, which also contains Dorothy Dalton, Mildred Harris and Theodore Kosloff.

Marshall Neilan has finished the picture starring John Barrymore and entitled "The Lotus Eater," and has returned to Los Angeles. Mr. Neilan announces that he will continue his activities during the next twelve months to the production of two big pictures. The first of these will feature Colleen Moore whose work in "Dinty" and in the new John Barrymore film proved her to be among the foremost artists appearing before the camera. Because of his production of "Dinty" he had cut out small parts to Marjorie Daw, Mr. Neilan consented to release her from her contract, that she might avail herself of the splendid opportunity of working at her own door. Miss Daw is now playing the leading rôle in Marion Fairfax's "The Lying Truth."

Charlie Chaplin was badly burned recently when a flare torch which he was using in a scene for his new comedy exploded. At the time of the explosion the famous comedian was wearing a large and Princely Albert coat, and this caught on fire, which rapidly enveloped the little man. His ter- rified studio assistants rushed to his aid and beat out the flames, but not before he was badly burned about the limbs. Those who saw the accident say that the only thing that saved Chaplin's life was an asbestos coat which his cameraman had insisted he wear beneath his costume, knowing that the comedian was going to fool with fire.

Two impending weddings in the film colony are for Stanley to Mary Miles Minter and Jack Pickford to Miss Pauline Lord. A celebration for the former was given at Miss Minter's house on Thursday night by friends and the latter was held at the Pickford home by Mr. and Mrs. Pickford and their friends.

California Chatter (Continued from page 99)
vantage as the lad who goes about worshiping Bob Hampton—every time anyone fails to hit a mark, Wesley draws and he never fails to make the bull's-eye. One critic said it was a relish when Wesley ceased to be and at the time we reacted this, but since seeing the picture we understand how that critic felt.

"Bob Hampton of Placer" is a de luxe western drama—that at least can be said for it, but in his endeavor to cram it with action, Marshall Neilan has entirely neglected the human interest, and that is always a mistake.

**Reputation—Universal**

The sole reason for "Reputation" is its star—Priscilla Dean. She plays the road actress who later achieves great fame on the Continent, and also the daughter who, neglected as a baby, grows up and adopts her mother's profession, eventually taking the place her mother's dissipation has forced her to relinquish.

Now almost any star would rejoice in such an opportunity of proving versatility—it permits the star to portray, first of all, the road actress, disillusioned, yet with some humanity left; the favorite of the Continent who eventually frequents the opium dens of Limehouse, where she loses everything, and then again the daughter, rich in hope and youth, who endeavors to fill the mother's place.

Priscilla Dean creates no furore with this opportunity but, on the other hand, she is intermittently convincing.

The story is like many others which the screen has claimed from time to time, with no unique presentation or unexpected plot twists to help it along.

**The Sky Pilot—First National**

King Vidor may always be expected to give his tales a human interest; to dwell upon the little things and their relationship to the greater issues—perhaps that is what makes his pictures so worth while.

"The Sky Pilot" is the Ralph Connor story which tells of a young clergyman who arrives in one of the settlements of the Northwest with the purpose of reforming the inhabitants. He has all sorts of difficulties, and before he is able to accomplish his purpose he finds it necessary to win the friendship of the ranch hands. This is no easy task, but John Bowers makes his sky pilot such a likable person that you are not surprised when you find that some of the men prove their desire to listen to his teaching by erecting a church for him.

There is a love interest between the daughter of an atheist, played by Colleen Moore, and a neighboring herdsman, played by David Butler.

King Vidor has been faithful to the action of the written word, but he has interspersed the action with the salt of humanity whenever it has been possible to do so without interfering with the plot construction, and this makes "The Sky Pilot" a pleasing production.

The atmosphere of that country with its great open spaces and its heavy snows is faithfully portrayed, and the cast is pleasing.

**Scrambled Wives—First National**

Everyone awaited "Scrambled Wives" with interest, for it marks the return of dainty Marguerite Clarke to the screen. Since her marriage, Miss Clarke has devoted herself exclusively to domesticity, but it has not dulled her sense of farce, and in this typical mix-up of husbands and wives, sweethearts and ex-husbands, all trapped at a house-party, she is as delightful as of yore.

(Continued on page 111)
Feet that are tired and sore from long hours of standing soon become rested and refreshed by gently rubbing them with Absorbine, Jr.

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W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
92 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

The Answer Man

(Continued from page 82)

Morse in “Hairpins.” Texas Guinan is thirty.

Dot 18—Your letter, too, was interesting. You say, “Love, you know, is very gentle in ways that you would not dream of in proof.” You also say, “Do you know your answers have an exhilarating effect upon me. They calm and soothe me as no other can.” I assure you. I was with a faint dream; then I part to slumber merely to awaken and find my dreams all shattered. You wax eloquent and unanswerable, Dot, for you are only eighteen, what will you be when you are my age?

HERBERT H. D.—That much-looked-for letter is veryitesse. I am grateful to Pauline Starke and you also have been watching Mildred Harris, and you think the former has come out ahead. You say you never can forget Theda Bara’s profile, Roscoe Arbuckle’s energy, Constance Talmadge’s eyes, Marguerite Clark’s shallowness, and Theodore Kosloff’s posing. And you end by salting. “Hoping you will never increase in age any faster than the years in your heart.” Thanks, and I certainly enjoy every line of yours.

INOCENCE.—That’s a bit too old for me.

ETHEL LOUISE.—Thanks for the verse. Keep up the good work.


VITIAN.—Nothing doing on Margaret Shervin. I do not know of any particular kind of kiss that the censors approve or disapprove, but they watch them very short and unimpressive. There are about fifty-seven varieties of the kiss, altho the Bible mentions only eight: the kiss of salutation, Sam, xix, 35, and I. Thes. v, 26; salutation, Ruth, I, 12; reconciliation, II. Sam, xiv, 33; subjection, Psalms, I, 112; approbation, Prov. II, 4; adoration, I. Kings, xix, 18; treachery, Matt. xxvi, 49, and affection, Gen. xiv, 15.

OWEN SOUN.—Of course, House Peters is right. You and Marguerite Clark were just as funny as ever in “Scrambled Wives.” I liked the whole picture. I am not so good as you think I am. I am not so good as any vines, but my principal vice is advice.

OKLAHOMA CHEROKEE, I. STEELE, BETTY B., JACK G. of Philadelphia, MISS 1921, EUNY, YOU SAG-ELMENTS been CUPID’S HEART, LOVEY-DONEY, M. K., SANTA CLAUS, LITTLE NELL, G. W. R., MADISON D’ARCY, D. J. R., WM. S., E. V. B., LABOCA, TORONTO, ANNA Q. EITH, W., NELLIE, B. B., GRAYIE S., PEYG, DEER, MARY B., I’M COXING, C. L.—Had to put you in the almanac, as your questions have become more interesting to me.

KIDDOLLY.—Who! You say you knew that I was bald, because they dont put ivory knobs on cheap furniture. Now, that’s what I call bright. Hope Hampton is still playing. That sound you hear in large seashells is due to the vibration of the air in the interior of the shell, which acts like a sound-box. Hugo Ballin and his wife, Mabel, are doing “Jane Eyre.”

BUSTY BROWN.—That’s right. Tell us what you are doing. It’s been our dream to be like best in our magazines. We strive to please, and we cant always do it unless our readers let us know what they like and dont like.

M. M. M. M. M. DAPHNE G., DAPHINE, BETTY, R. J. H.—Always glad to hear from you, but nothing doing this time. MILRED A. C.—Can see where you need courage to write to me. I am nothing but a mere man, and not very particular, at that. Your letter is received with the other thousand. “The Canterbury Tales” were written by Geoffrey Chaucer. Pronounce correctly and Eugene O’Brien played opposite Mary Pickford in “Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm” and Lorette Joy is the wife of Josef Gilbert. Vera Gordon is now in vaudeville. Write me when you get time.

AXO, WINNIE.—You write a very interesting letter, and I was glad to hear about your new shower in your last letter. I am inviting right now. Once in a while there comes a flash across the sky, and a great many are all together. "Zip Van Winkle." Vera Gordon is another. But, as a rule, it takes years of hard work to get fame or fortune.

CHARLES N.—Pretty good, but you can improve upon it.

JACKIE.—You seem to have more respect for the opinions of our ancestors than I have. Since they came first, are they not the younger, and therefore the less experienced? Seena Owen, in “The Price of Redemption,” Mary MacAllister is fourteen and she is playing in a rôle that Nazinova created.

MARY.—It is sure a grand old name. You refer to Burrell Manly, in “In Held. Trust.”

MARSHALL.—You say we ought to start a bureau here to put children into the pictures. Zounds! Have we not hands full already? Zipp, Zipp, Zippie! Speaking of children, did you know that more than seven hundred children committed suicide in the United States last year?

GREGG, THE KID.—Thanks for your card.

FRENCHY.—Yes, I’m a notary public, not a notary republic, as you say. Notaries public are appointed by the governor on the recommendation of three prominent lawyers. Richard Barthelemy has his own company, called “The Inspiration Picture Company” from home and state. Hitchcock is the international reputation, and she is married to Count Victor Dendre.

SWISS.—Glad to hear from you again. You want to take care of your eyes, Blindness in nearly forty per cent of cases occurs after the age of forty-five. No, that’s my day of rest—Sunday. I refuse to work. Did you answer the request for my name? We are complaining of so much coughing in churches, that they are going to pass cough-drink laws. They have now passed a Fair exchange is no robbery. They look on coughing as competition.

GRACE N.—When you come to California, why not come to our school?

ENID.—You wish that Norma Talmadge and Eugene O’Brien would play together again, that they were made for each other. So they are liked to be seen in a shop? Antonio Moreno is playing in “The Secret of the Hills.” Thomas Meighan and Katherine MacDonald, in “The Thunderers.” Monte Blue is playing in “Dont Call Me Little Girl.” from the stage play, “Jerry,” that Billie Burke played in. Gladly. Gladly. Family. Good Woman.” Well, the world is a book,
the language of which is unintelligible to many people. But that's not for you, Val.

FREDERICK FARNUM FAN.—The reason I answer such questions is that one of my functions is to assist the inquiring, to animate the struggling, and to sympathize with all. It's hard to keep your pep up. Bradley Barker was Paul, Albert Hackett was Charles, in "Come Out the Kitchen." Don't you refer to Milton Sills?

G. T. R.—You certainly belong to the regulars, and not to the volunteers. No, Marilyn Miller has never played in pictures. Where do you get all your information from? Corking good letter.

ABA T.—Little Jacqueline Logan is playing in "White and Unmarried," with Thomas Meighan. Corinne Griffith and Percy Marmont are playing in "The Correspondent." Glad to get your views on the subject, but love without desire is a delusion; it does not exist in nature. Take it from your Uncle.

YOUR SWEETHEART.—I was certainly glad to hear from you, but where are the questions?

BILL.—You say my salary makes you laugh. I assure you, it's no laughing matter. If you are going to say anything about me, say it now. If eminent men whose history has been written could return to life, how they would laugh at what has been said of them. You can reach Ralph Kellard at Rye, N. Y. He has been on the stage.

PHYLIS.—So you liked Corliss Palmer and want to see more of her. You can reach her at this office, but she hasn't much time for correspondence, because she is busy making toilet preparations when not playing in pictures.

HENRY.—Will, I fail to see any resemblance between Alice Joyce and Agnes Ayres. Lew Cody is thirty-six. Conway Tearle and Winifred Westover, in "The Fighter." Yes, but if you make money your god, 'twill plague you like the devil.

ELIOTT DEXTER FAN.—Your letter was a gem. You call me "The Bearded Angel of Eighty," and say I am some mystery, almost as hard to solve as Pearl White's mysteries. Norma Talmadge's first picture was "A Tale of Two Cities," with Vera Great. Jackie Coogan was born October 26, 1915. He was in to see us the other day with his mother, and he is the most wonderful child I have had in my eighty years. He recited Shakespeare, Dan McGrew, and gave us some imitations of movie expressions. Mr. Brewster took him there, the place and introduced him to all the girls.

CLEO PATRA.—All I have to say to you is to keep a safe distance from me. They say there are about 200 stars in pictures, but they say that the star system is gradually waning. Bert Lytell is thirty-five. Pronounce ingénue "on-jen-us." Will Rogers is playing in "Je's Call Me Jim." Yes, Melvyn Polo is the daughter of Eddie Polo. Corinne Griffith is playing in "Moral Fibre." You're welcome. Estelle Taylor, in "The Adventure." I think you refer to Walter Miller.

WILLIAM VAN K.—Monte Blue is in California now. Wallace Beery was once the husband of Gloria Swanson. No, Colleen Moore is no relation to the Moore boys. Yes, "Cappie Ricks" was taken in Basin.

FLUFF.—Hello, there! I never did say that I would write you a personal letter. I wish I had the time to. Glad you are having such a good time tete-a-tetings in society functions. The conversation of women in society always reminds me of the straw used in packing china—it is nothing, yet without it, everything would be broken.

LOLD M.—Claire Windsor and Eddie (Continued on page 110)
sonality—a being of elfin witchery, she just walked into the Fox studio and into a leading part in the comedies, without aught of yes, or no, or meaning, it would seem.

"Before I knew it I had been cast in a picture, and without my knowing it, you might say, they gave me the lead," recounted Miss Walton. "I don't think I was really aware of what had happened to me for several months—how unusual it really was, I mean. I didn't know anything about a studio, or the kind of expression, for weeks and weeks, because I never mixed with the pictures people very much, and always hurried home when I'd finished for the day. One day somebody asked me, 'What are you doing in the comedies?' and I replied, 'Oh, I'm just playing leads.'"

"A great many people thought you, see, right at that time that I was wasting my talents. But I didn't even know I had talent, not until I had been asked by Universal to take part in a certain picture, and not even then. I couldn't accept that offer at first, for I was under contract to Fox, but one day the Fox people released me. They said: 'We have some stock.' It was the first time I wanted to and work in comedies, but that for my own future it would be better that I should be free. So that was made possible for me to play the role in the Lyons and Moran picture, 'La-La Lucille.'"

"The Universal people did not decide for quite a while after that to make me a star. I worked in another picture between 'La-La Lucille' and 'Pink Tights,' but I was so bad in that—you see, I was miscast—that they didn't think I'd ever amount to anything."

"Still Mr. Bernstein, I mean, Isadore Bernstein, I mean. He said, 'Let's give the "kid" another chance.' They always called me 'the kid' or 'the baby.' And I noticed that she drew the last word like a Southerner, altho I suppose that was really just a trace of Boston accent, for she was born in the Massachusetts culture center."

"They intended that another star should play in 'Pink Tights,' but she refused. That was when my chance came but even then, when I finally got it, I had no idea mine was going to be the leading role. They didn't expect to feature me either. But Mr. Bernstein told me it was my opportunity, as he phrased it, to become a star. It proved hard because I felt it was my last chance, and I had really begun to be a little ambitious."

"When I finished and saw myself in the projection room, I came out crying. I thought looked awful on the screen. I didn't know anything about acting, and couldn't tell whether I was good or not in that respect. But I felt terribly disappointed in the way I photographed."

"Everybody seemed very much pleased with the picture, tho. It was sent on to New York, and they liked it so well in the East that they decided to feature me."

"I've finished nearly six pictures now, and I'm about to start on my seventh, and occasionally I am told that I am a good little actress, even if I am 'a kid' and 'a baby.' And while I don't know anything about acting, I hope some day they'll say I'm good without mentioning 'the kid' or 'the baby' part,' she concluded, a wistful look in her eyes, and a vague smile around her mouth."

"The only suspicion she ever had of her talent before she got in pictures, she related, was one day in elocution class in school—"

"The class had been going on quite a while, and I had always managed to find some excuse for not reciting, because I was really a little frightened about it. Finally, after I'diggled out of it several times, the teacher said, 'Now, Gladys, you've been avoiding your pieces regularly. Now we want to hear from you.'"

"I was scared as could be, but wobbled up to the platform and somehow started. As soon as I began, the class room and everything vanished and all I knew was that I was saying something and feeling it. When I woke up and realized where I was, I found myself in an absolute silence in the room. After the class was over the teacher asked me whether anybody had ever told me that I had dramatic talent, and if I had, I said, 'No.' And I said I hadn't thought of it. But, you see—"

"And I was left to draw my own conclusions as to fate's designs on the career of this young lady. I decided that fate hadn't made any mistake when it deflected her course out of the Fox studios on the eve of her departure for the North, and even tho the compass now pointed to the lion's cage, I felt she would survive that business alive and well. I felt, too, that it was the right thing, absolutely as she had her seemingly circuitous yet remarkably direct excursion toward fame.

"That is one thing I concluded later on, and that was that it was perfectly right about a lot being hidden away beneath the surface of her personality. At the time I met her I didn't know she was married, nor did any one else; that is, any but a very few. Whodt think that she was, anyway, such a child as she appeared in at home with her girl friends falling over her shoulders as in a beautiful little cascade?

"It all came out, tho, not long ago, how she had never wanted to go up in pictures, and previously to the son of a retired capitalist of the East, who had been wintering in California. And she's kept it a secret for professional and feminine reasons, and perhaps—just for fun."

The Golden Snare

(Continued from page 63)

Her face was turned to him, and Raine saw that there was only unease in her childlike eyes and a vague distress.

When Black Dawson laid his great hairy paw on the shoulder of his partner, she was too innocent to be afraid of what was coming. Philip Raine, knowing only too well the black and evil things that lay in the hearts of men, struggled again more firmly with his thongs and swore aloud.

Then Black Dawson turned in his chair and clapped his great fist on his knee in brute excitement. "Will you drink to the health of my bride, Mr. Mounted? I hope there's no hard feelings because I helped myself to to the bride? I wanted it, you will soon get over them, get over the habit of feeling at all!"

The crew laughed in drunken merriment and shouted ribald jests that made Philip look at Celic in agony. But the words meant nothing to her. She was stifling a yawn with one small hand, like a weary child. Gradually, as he leaned forward, his hands till they were wet and slippery with blood, but they would not give by the fraction of an inch, and now his frenzy grew, for he saw the Black Dawson about to strangle his victim with his companions.

"Good-night to you all!" he said bluntly, then his roving, bloodshot glance fell upon the trussed officer and he burst into a roar.
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ANNOUNCEMENT
The showings this week in the theaters throughout the country will be for the showing of "The Eternal Two," a Two-Reel Feature Drama featuring Corliss Palmer and Orville R. Caldwell.

of laughter. "You shall stay, Mr. Mounted—as my guest! The rest of you get out and envy me my bride!"

Philip Raine spoke earnestly. "What will you make to take care of her?"

Black Dawson closed the door behind his last guest, grinning. "I wouldn't take a million dollars for her. What's money in the Northland? And I can never go back where money will buy women.

He was willing to play with his triumph, to torment this man who was the sworn enemy, by virtue of the uniform he wore, of him and all his futile, unclean kind. With she parted hands, he came to a good judge of women, Mr. Mounted, eh? Tell me honestly, did you ever see one to equal her? Look at her hair—" he dipped his black finger tips into the shining golden waves, "not so bad for the Northland! How would you like to feel it against your mouth, Mr. Mounted—as I'm feeling it now!"

Celle screamed. Philip Raine struggled with his bonds till the veins stood out in cords on his forehead—then from the distance came the howling of wolves.

Black Dawson sprang to the door, calling his men. No answer came. The camp lay stark in the moonlight, like a village of the dead. The black clouds now raced the shadows. They were near now. Above the clamar of the pack sounded a lone wail that rose and fell mournfully.

Now the blare of the horns sprang to the wall and jerked his rifle down. He stood facing the bolted door, with a face like a mask of fear. The room was filled with dreadful sounds. A body leaped against the stout panels and one fell in with a crash, showing a foamed-beaked muzzle and the gleam of barbed point.

Philip Raine had ceased to struggle. He stood watching what happened, watched the door crash down and the dark bodies of the pack leaping into the room watched Black Dawson's rifle send two of them down, biting their wounds, watched a great bulk spring over the threshold.

As an animal leaped, Bronson struck his toe and bore him crashing to the floor. The last candle went out, leaving the room washed only with the moon. The two men rolled upon the floor, and sickening sounds came from them.

With a great relief, Philip Raine saw that Celie had fainted. She, at least, wouldn't have the nightmare memory of the fight to haunt her, never see in dreams the phantoms shadows, nor hear the shriek which was Black Dawson's farewell of life at the close of the battle.

Philip Raine leaned forward, peering down at the motionless heap upon the floor. Why did Bram, the victorious, lie there? With a series of awkward leaps he had made his way to them, and stooping, looked closer, and the sweat sprang out upon his forehead. For with the hole of Black Dawson's rifle bullet thru his head, Bram Johnson lay before him dead, with his teeth clenched in the throat of his enemy!

A search of the Calendar revealed a clue to Celie's origin. She had been found by Bram before the fast gathering cloud of madness had entirely darkened his brain, a tiny baby aloft in a derrick wheel with not another soul aboard. He had rescued her, and then, pursued by the furies of fear, he fled to the Barrens, built himself a refuge and gathered about him his savage pack, which seemed to sense the kindred savagery in the man's distorted soul.

That was the way of Celie's past he was ever able to discover. But what does the past matter when the present is so beautiful? And, looking into the faces of his wife and Paleen's child, Philip Raine caught the gleam of his own heart-fire, and knew that his wandering was over and his heart had found its home at last.

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If Movie Theaters Become Much Bigger and Better
By Frank H. Williams

New York.—The Mammoth Motion Picture Theaters, including 42,000 people, will be erected on the lower end of Central Park, in response to a universal public demand. The decorations will be solid gold, platinum, and diamonds. An orchestra of 750 pieces will play twenty-four hours a day.

SQUEEZEY.—This city has a population of 692,000 and a handsom new movie theater seating 78,000 people, one of the biggest ever built, is now being erected. The extra seats are for visiting friends of the inhabitants, and the promoters of the theater expect it to be filled to capacity every day.

CHICAGO.—This city is keeping abreast of the movement for bigger and better movie theaters. An exact replica of the new Field Museum has been erected on the lake-front, and is the city’s newest movie house. It cost $16,000,000. Lunch will be served free to patrons who simply can’t bear themselves away from the movies, even to eat.

ALBANY, N. Y.—Statistics show that the demand for new movie theaters is far ahead of the forecast. This year out, nearly one new movie theater has been erected for every ten residents of the state, and movie film men say that the demand will continue for at least five more years. The total one for every three inhabitants.

LOS ANGELES.—Private telephones have been installed with every box seat in the new Fifty-Million Dollar Movie Theater, just erected here, thereby enabling business men to spend most of their time every day at the movies and still transact their business on the telephone.

PHILADELPHIA.—This city has just awakened to a realization of the tremendous demand for the ultra in movie theater construction and the first twenty-five million dollar theater will soon be erected here, thereby making Philadelphia only two years behind other leading cities in this respect.

HOT DOG, N. M.—Cooling by artificial ice brought 1,230 miles is one of the new wrinkles in the first million-dollar movie theater erected in this city of 431 people and 89,000 movie patrons. Excellent.

NEW YORK CITY.—All seats in the new Bullion Movie Theater will be stuffed with one-dollar greenbacks, as the promoters declare this method of upholstering has all others beat for making seats comfortable.

Some Unsung Movie Heroes
By Frank H. Williams

CECIL SOURFACE.—Posed as the statue in a fountain for four consecutive hours on a near-zero day, when the real statue was broken, and it was necessary to film scenes in fountain to complete picture.

MONTAGUE POOFISH.—Stays in the Mack Sennett laboratory day after day, developing film without kicking about never being able to go down to the beach when a bathing girl’s picture is being taken.

SAMUEL NUTLEY.—Allo he utterly destroys ‘em, he has been shaving onions for years, with which to make screen tears worked.

MOSTREMORE SMYTHE.—Has lived all his life in Hollywood, California, and yet has never once pestered a film company to be starred in the movies.

ARCHIBALD S. ARBUTNY.—Has never yet gone to the movies, as but what some one near him has read titles out loud and people moving in and out have stepped repeatedly on his toes, and yet he has never bawled anyone out.

MARY JONES.—Looks like Mary Pickford, but always wears her hair tightly done up instead of in curls, and has never come out of her wig to say that she could show Mary things, if she ever got a chance.

HENRY J. BROWN.—Played opposite a male star in a scene where there was real beer on the table and never made a whimper when the star drank it all during the filming of the scene.

ELIZABETH R. FRAZY.—Has thought up a really wonderful plot for the movies, but never arranges her friends by telling them about it.

LEMUEL A. LOONEY.—Portrayed a door-man in an emergency, sustaining 941 bumps and bruises during this histronic effort.

ARTHUR A. WHITE.—To get the proper atmosphere for a picture, let his whiskers grow for four years, by which time his best girl was in Los Angeles.

WHIFFINGTON S. SPOOF.—Played around with Douglas Fairbanks when a boy, but mentions this fact only once a week, out of consideration for friends and relatives.

B. B. BUZY.—Waxed a leak in a shower bath, was caught in the superheated shower during the filming of a scene, but didn’t break out, for fear of spoiling the scene.

Sister’s Scenario
By Robert E. Carroll

Father has fidgets and mother has nerves.

The house is hushed, each voice is low.

And the least disturbance a brown dev- ers.

When sister writes her scenario.

“Fins” is written, the task is done.

The family basks in pride’s warm glow.

The hearts of all of us beat as one.

When sister reads her scenario.

Our fancy soars to the farthest stars—

We will buy a home on millionaire row,

A beautiful yacht and ten motor cars,

When sister sells her scenario.

May Allison’s devoted colored maid,

Josie, startled the dainty Metro star recently by announcing that she and her husband were to be remarried.

“Why, Josie,” execrable Miss Allison, “there’s no need of that, you’ve had no divorce.”

Josie replied with a question.

“You leases y’ house by the yeah, don’ you, Missy May?”

“Oh, of course, Josie,” responded the now bewildered screen star.

Missy May either added, “And when the yeah’s over, you renew the lease?”

Miss Allison nodded.

“If I like the house, I do, Josie.”

“Well!” said Josie triumphantly, “you all know a good man these days is doggone hard to find. Ain’t I got a good one. We got married just a yeah ago. Ain’t, Missy May, I ain’t takin’ no chances on the marriage license runnin’ out.”
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AMBITIOUS WRITERS DIGEST

Casual Writer’s Digest for Originals in the News

The Answer Man

(Continued from page 105)

CURLY.—Yes, I do think Katherine Mac- Donald is young and beautiful. I heard somewhere that she had renewed her contract two years and will receive $600,000 during that period. I hope it isn’t stage money. Pauline Frederick and the Elitengs are going to start companies of their own. Zena Keefe is going in vaudeville.

BARRACK A. P.—Love and coquetry are two different things. Coquetry is the art to please, without the want of love. We had an interview with Gloria Swanson in the April, 1921, issue.

CURLY.—Are you today? You sure do hand out some good dope. I cannot ascertain any scientific reason that will satisfactorily explain why hair thrives so boastfully on my chin, yet refuses to grow on my dome.

OUIJA.—Yes, indeed, Hobart Bosworth played in “The Sea Wolf.” Ethel Clayton and Clyde Fillmore, in “Sham.” Earle Williams, in “The Silver Cat.” Alice Joyce, in “The Inner Chamber.”


N. F., MAAC.—Yes, the Fame and Fortune Contest is for males as well as females. Why don’t you join? The more the merrier. At this writing, Pearl White is in Europe.

HARRIET H. D.—I always get a lot of fun out of your letters. So you have been watching Pauline Starke and Mildred Harris, and you are betting on the former. Naturally, I like them both. Write me some more.

J. A. N.—Of every noble work, the silent part is the best; of all expressions, that which you have just expressed. I wish you luck, and here’s my hand’s off!

VITA.—You say you have been two years trying to get a picture of Kenneth Harlan, and you are entitled to twenty-five cents extra time. Kenneth, wake up! Can you picture Laurette Taylor doing “Humoresque” on the stage? Vivian Martin is playing a stage role that you should see. She finished “Mother Eternal,” which played on Broadway not long ago.

F. E.—No, it was Lord Chancellor Bacon who was convicted of bribery. I don’t mind praise, but flattery is the worst and fullest way of showing esteem. I have never been to Spain. They have nearly a quarter of a million beggars there, so I thought I had better not go. Yes, Virginia Faire Brown is the same one who won the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest.

ISABEL.—Good night! So you saw Wallace Reid in “What’s Your Hurry,” twelve times, and you want to see a new one of him at least once a month. I’ll try to arrange it for you. Octavia Handsworth is going to play the part of Elta in Elsie Ferguson’s “P_GUIDE.” Well, the reason that I say harsh things sometimes is because a word to the unwise is not sufficient, and I have to take a chance. Bill Montana won’t be ready in “Go and Get It.” Frank Mayo and May Collins, in “The Shark Master.” Genevieve Hamper is the wife of Robert Mantell. Elsie Ferguson and Helen Clark. Oh, I don’t mind answering questions. That’s what I get my ten dollars for.
Plot Mechanics

(Continued from page 63)

by having their plot solved, not by a per-
son, no may a likely accident. They lead us
to suppose that there is no way in which our
hero can marry the virtuous chorus girl with
whom he is in love, because he has no out-
rage to her and tries to disown him; and then,
so a sudden, he finds an oil well in her
backyard, and all is right again.
This is, of course, perfectly naive, and yet
it is the more far-fetched than the incident
which solve at least a third of the plots
which reach the scenario offices. Again, as
in much fashion, the entire structure of
the plot is built up upon some misunder-
standing, caused thru a whole series of co-
cidences, which, at the right moment, is
solved by the final coincidence of a meet-
ing of the characters and a general ex-
planation. This won't do for the movies,
It's not so easy as all that.

We started out with the simile of a ma-
chine which was cracking itself up under
the voltage supplied by adequate motivation.
The purpose of all this is to produce sus-
pense in the minds of the audience. There
must be suspense from the beginning to the
end of each sequence, and from the begin-
ing to the end of the photoplay itself.
You must show that there must be sus-
pense to carry over the interest from one
sequence to the next—a sequence, you will
remember, is the movie equivalent of an act in
plays. You must make your story run smoothly.
In short, your spring must con-
stantly be stretched further and further as
the plot progresses.

Therefore, never end matters up in any
one sequence. Always throw in some ele-
ment which carries forward the minds of
your audience to the next incident, and makes
them eager to know what will happen next.
If at any point, except the end, you
bring about what might be construed as a
happy ending; or, in fact, an ending of any
sort, you have spoiled your story.

The moment for which you are prepar-
ing, all this while, is the climax. That
is the instant in which your machine releases
its spring and shoots the bolt. If, when
this moment arrives, the tension has not
built up, there will be no suspense; nothing will happen; if
the audience is not interested in the plot-person,
it is the same as if that happens to them. If,
on the other hand, you have postponed your
climax too long, the tension will already
have snapped, just as a spring too tightly
wound will break.

There is only one way to discover just
when the climax of any particular story
should be placed, and that is by constant
writing and rewriting of the plot until it is
just right. However, certain rules may be
given.

For example, never entirely give away
your secret—as in a detective story—until
the climax comes. You may hint at it, and
in this way the audience is held suspended;
don't let the cat out of the bag until you have
It.

Be careful not to letting anything of
great dramatic importance happen immediately
before the climax; that is to say, in any way
in which solves the plot—you will
produce an anticlimax. In the same
way, never reveal anything after the climax
which partakes of this quality, or you will
produce the same unfortunate effect.
Everything should culminate in the
climax. A climax is the point of the
threads of the story, and send the audi-
ence home.

Make your climax come as suddenly as
possible, after its scene has once been
started. It is good dramatic construction
to build up the suspense, and, for example,
to impress upon your audience that the
great moment will arrive at two A. M. on
Thursday night, thereby heightening the
suspense. But when two A. M. does arrive,
let things happen swiftly. At the time of
the climax of most plots comes the de-
nome, a dramatic term which defines the
moment in which everything is explained
and all the cards are laid on the table. Be
sure that everything is explained.
Never let an audience leave the theater wonder-
ing what happened to this or that thread
of the story which disappeared entirely
without the slightest attempt to account
for its introduction in the first place.

A good climax does not necessarily em-
ploy a great deal of physical action, of
shooting and shouting and the like. It is
more effective if it depends upon the tense
mental reactions of the plot-person. If you
have built up sufficient suspense, you can
resort to the far more artistic device of a
climax, which is perfectly quiet, in so far as
physical action is concerned, and yet in-
tensely exciting from the mental stand-
point.

[Editor's Note.—In submitting your
communication, be sure to be as brief as
possible, especially if you are sending a
synopsis.

The coupon below—or a similar one of
your own making must accompany all com-
munications.

COUPON

1 I am not sending with this coupon a 50
word synopsis of any story. I desire John
Emerson and Anita Loos to answer the follow-
ing question:

(If no story is attached, question may relate
to previous plots, writing in general. Send stamped
and self-addressed envelope with coupon so that
your address and story, if sent, may be returned to you.)

The answer to your question is as follows (to
be filled out by Mr. Emerson and Miss Loos):

Across the Silversheet

(Continued from page 103)

As a matter of fact, it would be difficult
to imagine the screen version of "Scrambled
Wives" without Miss Clarke, for she
en-
dow the entire production with a spark-

which means life to trite situations, left
more less helpless by the loss of the
clever lines, which knew behind the foot-
lights.

It has been directed with a light and hu-
morous touch, which lets the audience in
on the fun from the beginning. And the
scenes which show Miss Clarke in the
Beseda mask dances are beautifully col-
dored and sure to please her hosts of ad-
mires.

Others in the cast are Leon P. Gerdorn,
Ralph Bunker, Florence Martin and Vir-

ginia Lee.
AGENTS WANTED

Agents, $60 to $200 a Week—Free Samples, Gold Sign Letters for Store and Office Windows. Application to be made 3 times a year, formal only. All agents must be accredited. Metallic Letter Co., 434 N. Clark St., Chicago.

Cash in on bonus-day bill. Make $6 a day easy. Will show you how our concentration—pure fruit vines—bought all over the world. Wanted Everywhere. Small investment, big profit. Dress, shoes, feed, etc. Chicago. 

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

$5,000 Yearly Income paid thousands of people who invested in Texas Oil Lands. They made the start. $2 may start you making $200 monthly, possibly more. You get yourself too to land with interest in well and participating interest in one of the big new deals that has developed. Find out the facts. Free write today. Southland Oil Co., 354 Bussell, St. Louis, Mo.

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OLD MONEY WANTED—$2 to $500 each paid for hundreds of Coins dated before 1875. Keep All Old Money. Send 10¢ for New Illustrated Coin Value Book, size 3x5. You may have coins worth large premiums. Clarke Coin Co., Box 96, LeRoy, N. Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Women to Sew—Goods sent prepaid to your door; pay a little weekly work; no cases allowed. stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Coating Co., 207 North 25th St., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

At Once—Free bright, capable ladles to Travel and demonstrate and sell dealers $40 to $75 per week. Will travel toward home. Address, Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 60, Oakland, Neb.

FILMS DEVELOPED

Mail Us 25¢ with any size film for development and titles. We will send 25¢ for 8mm and 20¢ for 16mm. Or send 25¢ for one $1300 discount for 8mm printing, or for 75¢ for any $1300 services. Ronoxo Photo Flushing Co., 206 Bell Ave., Ronoxo, Mo.

“Pure as Snow” Kodak Prints and Enlargements are the highest type of print obtainable. Send 25¢ and this book to any size 6x8 Kodak film and you will receive worth of prints and enlargements. Made exclusively by the $5 Photo Company at Photo Park, Carleton, N. Y.

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The Perfection Extension Shoe for any person with one short limb. Goes up marshy creek, poles, roads, etc., needed. Write for free booklet. H. O. Lozzi, 120 E. 42nd St., N. Y.

HELP WANTED

Railway Mail Clerks, stenographers, typists, wanted. Position to fit, salary $2000. Prepare at home. Write for free list and plan $45 monthly after one year. Address, Chautauqua Business Builders, Jenaetown, N. Y.

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VAUDEVILLE

GET ON THE STAGE. I tell you how! Send 2¢ postage for instructive Stage Book and particulars. K. Ludbo, Box 507, Los Angeles, Calif.

Moviewacky

By Marguerite Stevens

Twas chaplin, and the tommy meagans, and gish and griffith in the earle, All Murray were the bimbey deans, And the o'brien Conway tearle.

"Beware the tellegen, my son!" The baynes that catch, the kanes that bite!

Beware the bana bird, and shun The barymore pearl white! He took his vidor sword in hand; Long time the compass foe he sought— So rested he by the talming tree, And stood awhile in thought.

And as in urlich thought he stood, The tellegen, with eyes of flame. Came clayton thru the thely wood, And pickford as it came! One, two! One, two! And thru and thru The farsum blade went snicker-snaik! He left it dead, and with its head He went mae marshing back.

"And hast thou slain the tellegen? Come to my arms, my brady boy! O farrer day! Hello, Mally!" He chortled in his joy.

Twas chaplin, and the tommy meagans, Did gish and griffith in the earle, All Murray were the bimbey deans, And the o'brien Conway tearle.

The Mail of a Male

(Being the burden of a movie idol.)

By Eleanore Chase

Letters are a bore. I get them by the score— Letters in the mail-box, Letters at the door, Letters at the studio, And when I'm thru—there's more. The sorts I get?—

—A lot, you bet—

Most all the time there are; I have to read them all because I am a movie star.

There are:

Better, worse and best ones, Filled with vim and zest ones, And the-kind-that-rest ones, Criticising, caustic ones, Bitingly sarcastic ones, Scrawled and scribbled rustic ones, High and mighty city ones, Pink notepaper, pretty ones, Condescending, haughty ones, Just a little naughty ones, Tender and caressing ones, Out-and-out obessing ones, Heartily adoring ones, Boresome, dull, and tiring ones, Flatteringly sincere ones, Funny, teasing, dear ones, Happy, carefree, cheerful ones, Depressing, blue and tearful ones, Distant ones, insolent ones, Business, “14th instance,” ones, Love ones, hate ones.

Kids! "I think you're a great ones," Bitter and annoying ones, Sweet until they're cloying ones, Toy ones, joy ones, Little girl and boy ones, Big sister and big brother ones, Father ones and mother ones... I get them now in millions, My mail amounts to billions! They come from near and far, And many as they are, I read them all like they all, because I am a STAR.
The Magic Key to the Screen!

The Fame and Fortune Contest of 1921

Are you young? Are you pretty? Can you act? Have you personality? Do you photograph well? If you possess all these qualifications, you are exactly what we are looking for. If you have not all, but a combination of two or more, your chances for a screen career are good.

The new contest is in full swing and every number of Motion Picture Magazine, Classic and Shadowland carries portraits of those who have won the Honor Roll, any of whom may be among the winners at the close of the contest.

People Say Opportunity Knocks But Once

But in the Fame and Fortune Contest it knocks twelve times a year in every one of our three publications, and as it knocks it holds out to you the key that will magically open, the door to the silversheet! While others strive in vain for admittance, our winners walk in, already crowned with success.

Have You Sent Your Photograph?

If not, send it now, and be assured that it will receive careful consideration. At the close of the contest there will be a deluge of photographs. If you send yours now, you will escape this confusion.

Two years' publicity having been guaranteed the winners of our contests for the past two years, their names will be found in each of our three publications, also frequent interviews and portraits.

Others Have Won! Why Not You?

Winners of the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1919 of 1920 of 1921

Anetha Getwell
Blanche Fiscarelli
Virginia Fair
Annis Bebe

Cortis Palmer
Blanche Kay
Sue Quin
Mary DeWitt

Mary Ailor
Olive Gibson
Dorothy Tucker
Ruth Higgins

RULES OF THE CONTEST

Read these rules, then read them again and follow them, if you wish to enter the contest.

1. We do not acknowledge the receipt of photographs.
2. Positively no photographs will be returned.
3. Snapshots, postcards and colored photographs are not acceptable.
4. The winners will be notified, but not the losers.
5. Do not write letters, but if there is anything you don't understand, a stamped and self-addressed envelope must be sent to insure reply.
6. Coupons must be pasted on the backs of photographs.
7. Address photographs and letters to Contest Manager, 175 Duffy Ave., St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

WARNING!

Contestants whose names have appeared on the Honor Roll of Motion Picture Magazine, Classic and Shadowland are strongly advised not to communicate with any person who writes promising a place in pictures or a contract with a producing company. These letters are usually frauds and should be ignored.

Fill Out the Coupon Below at Once

FAME AND FORTUNE CONTEST MAGAZINE ENTRANCE COUPON

Name
Address
City
State
Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any
When born
Blonde or brunette
Weight
Height

(This coupon, or a similar one of your own making must be secured to the back of each photograph submitted.)
What Every Girl Wants is a Beautiful Complexion

Face powder is as necessary as soap and water, and no face can appear beautiful without it. A face that looks shiny, muddy or "made-up" is anything but beautiful, and good face powder is the only preventive.

Extracts from April, 1921, Motion Picture Magazine

I am often asked what kind of face powder I use. I have received many 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 you, I have tried 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 looks and staying qualities, and I want a powder that does not look like powder, that will not show 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 from the pores of the skin. I also like a little★off aroma to my powder and one that lingers. After experimenting with powdered starch, French chalk, magnesium carbonate, powdered orris root, talcum 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 stagebox and interviews, and for daily use in real life. So do many of my friends, and they all tell me that they will use no other as long as they can get mine. As to the flat, it is a mixture of many colors. I learned from an artist years ago that there are no solids, that 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 "Peach Bloom 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 $1.00 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.

Corliss Palmer Peach Bloom 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. Read what she says about powders in the June, 1921, Motion Picture Magazine.

We have secured the exclusive American rights to Miss Palmer's Peach Bloom 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 Peach Bloom Powder

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

THE WILTON CHEMICAL CO., BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Dr. Emile of the Paris Faculty and Pasteur Institute has discovered what the centuries have waited for;

The Perfect Hair Coloring INECTO RAPID

Personality-character-beauty—all these are the expression of harmony between your features, your complexion and your hair. If the relation between these characteristics, though in themselves beautiful, is not one of harmony, there can be no real beauty.

Nature strove to give you this harmony and if you are now losing it because of faded, streaked or prematurely gray hair it can be regained. If nature gave you a shade of hair discordant with your type of beauty, it can be changed.

If you have spoiled the color and texture of your hair, as have thousands of women by the use of dyes, you can restore it to its former brilliant glossiness and to any shade that you desire with absolute certainty.

INCTO RAPID is not an ordinary dye. It does not paint the hair, but penetrates the hair shafts themselves with true color pigment. It can be applied in thirty minutes and needs no preliminary shampoo and no drying afterwards.

The coloring of the hair can be stopped at any point so there is no danger of having too dark a shade, as is the case with other methods. INECTO RAPID does not stain linens, brushes or hat linings; is easy to use, has pleasant odor and is guaranteed harmless to hair or growth; is not affected by salt water, rain, sunlight, perspiration, permanent wave, Turkish or Russian Baths. Cannot be detected from nature's own coloring—not even under a microscope. It is packed in a new and very attractive manner which eliminates waste.

INCTO RAPID is supplied in 18 shades from deepest blue-black to radiant natural blond and in between there are marvelous ash tones that no dye has ever before achieved.

INCTO RAPID has been recently introduced to this country and it is already in exclusive use in the more fashionable salons. In New York alone it is used exclusively in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, Waldorf-Astoria, Biltmore, Commodore, Plaza and many others.

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Motion Picture Magazine

(Trade-mark Registered)

Founded by J. Stuart Blackton

Vol. XXII

SEPTEMBER, 1921

No. 8

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

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

Address all communications to

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation

Adel Whitley Fletcher, Editor
Frederick James Smith, Managing Editor
Hazel Simpson Naylor
Pacific Coast Representative
Gladys Hall
E. M. Heinemann
Associate Editors

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Entered at the Brooklyn, N. Y., and Jamaica, N. Y., Post Offices as second-class matter.
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Subscriptions—$2.50 a year in advance, including postage in the United States, Cuba, Mexico and Philippines; in Canada, $3.00; in foreign countries and Newfoundland, $4.00. Single copies, 25 cents; postage prepaid. U. S. Government Stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both old and new address.

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

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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for future reference.

Astor—The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. Metro's spectacular visualization of Blasco Ibanez's famous novel of the war and its reactions.

Booth—The Green Goddess, with George Arliss, William Archer's adroit melodrama, revolving around a merciless rajah of a theatrical land in the mountain north of India and an accident which drops two Englishmen and an English woman from an aeroplane into his power. Finely scored and played.

Casino—Honeymew. The Zimbalist musical comedy upon a return visit.

Cohan & Harris—Welcome Stranger. Aaron Hoffman's story of a Shylock in a New England town. Presents the battle of Jew and Gentile in a way that the Hebrew gets much of the best of it. teaching a whole town kindliness and religious tolerance. George Arliss is excellent as the twentieth century Shylock.

Eltinge—Ladies' Night. About the most daring comedy yet attempted on Broadway. A book for a boundless zone to the Turkish bath on ladies' night. Not only skates on thin ice, but smashes thru. John Cumberland is admirable.

Forty-eighth Street—The Broken Window. A well-worked-out melodrama of adventure below the Rio Grande. The opus of an aviator who falls in Mexico, determines to win back to his heart, the latter to a dusky scherita. full of excitement and possessing a well-drawn characterization by Aberthone Ether.

Forty-fourth Street—D. W. Griffith's master-production of the rural melodrama, 'Way Down East.' Splendid in many ways, with many moving moments and the biggest and most thrilling climax since the clash of the clansmen in 'The Birth of a Nation.'

Henry Miller's—Mr. Pin Passes By. Theatre Guild production of a pleasant English June and June. Features the delightful work of Laura Hope Crews.

Know—Nice People. Starts out to be a satire on the loose-living younger smart set and proves to be an entertaining, if conventional, entertainment. Miss Kennedy shines as the heroine who sees the evil of her ways.


Lyric—The Queen of Sheba. Spectacular production revolving around Solomon and the famous lady of biblical legend. Has the beautiful Betty Blythe as Sheba.

Pantages The King. The King of the home of America's best variety bills and the foremost music hall in the world. Always an attractive vaudeville bill.

Plymouth—Little Liz, New York. Rita Johnson's delightful but fragile little romance of New York in 1810, with John Jacob Astor, Cornelius Vandervelt, Peter Donnelly. A hard-working and Washington Irving staging its characters. Genevieve Tobin runs away with the piece, and scores one of the biggest personal successes of the season. Here is a Made Adams in the making.

Vanderbilt—Irene. Now on its seventh season and likely to run on forever. Charming and pretty musical comedy with an appealing story. Patti Har-rod, daughter of Orville Harrold, is now the Irene, and she is delightful. You will hear more of her.

On Tour

Wake Up, Jonathan, with Mrs. Fiske. An attractive and distinctly of the ordinary play by Hatcher Hughes and Elmer L. Rice. Splendidly played by Mrs. Fiske.

Romance. Doris Keane, in her admirable characterization of the tempestuous diva in Edward Sheldon's finely written drama, "Romance." Admiringly revived.

The Provincetown Players in Eugene O'Neill's "The Emperor Jones," Special matinées only. Everyone should see O'Neill's remarkable study in primitive terror. Very well acted.

Miss Lucy's, built by Zona Gale around her own novel. A remarkable play constructed about a soul rebellion in a small town. Rite with idealism. Very well played and well worth seeing.

Rollo's Wild Owl, with Roland Young. Light and frothy comedy in Clare Kummer's typical show style. The story of a young man who wants to do Hamlet, and what comes of his ambition. Replete with fancifully humorous lines. Excellently done by Young, Louis Robb, Dave Davidson and J. M. Kerrigan.

In the Night Watch. An adapted French war melodrama of the Drury Lane type. Features the sinking of a battleship in battle. An all-star cast, but Max Eganix shines out alone.

The Skin Game. A new and deeply interesting drama by John Galsworthy. One of the real things of the dramatic season. A study in class strife which many critics look upon as a miniature study of the English war. Will absorb you. Very well played.

Cornered, with Madge Kennedy. A crook melodrama by Donald Mitchell, in which Miss Kennedy, fresh from several years on the screen, plays a dual role: a slinky girl of the underworld, and a young woman of society. Fast-fetched, but possessing interest. Madge Kennedy's "The Mirage," with Florence Reed, the first offering in Broadway's newest theater. Edgar Selwyn's drama of New York's earliest theater, the tale of a country girl who comes to the white lights and forgets her ideals. Miss Reed plays the girl and prominent in the cast are Alan Dinehart, Malcolm Williams and Florence Knowles.

Lady Billy, with Mitzi. A musical comedy of charm and humor. The cute and vivacious little Mitzi at her best. Pleasant music.

Mecca. A gorgeous and elaborately colorful "masonic in music and mime" of ancient Egypt along the line of "Chin Chow." "Mecca" achieves several rarely beautiful moments in the ballet interludes created by Michel Fokine. A huge cast and fourteen scenes.

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The Birth of the Movies  
By Alice Irene Stockton

Incredible as it may sound, nevertheless it is a fact that moving pictures were first attempted in America not by a ten thousand dollar bet over a trotting horse.

A generation and a half ago, in California, near the little town of Palo Alto, was a wonderful stock breeders' farm, and attached to the farm was the Stanford stable of racers, owned by Leland Stanford, then Governor of California.

Governor Stanford bred marvelous horses. He spent a fortune in breeding, raising and racing horses. His horses won most of their assignments whether they were entered. Even now, there is a museum building on the campus at the Stanford University, where mounted skeletons of some of the famous horses are membrane of the love which he had for his favorites.

It was Leland Stanford's understanding of and attention to horses that bred the first germ of moving pictures.

During a discussion with a friend as to the merits and habits of horses, he said: that he had always claimed that a perfect trotting horse should be at least four feet off of the ground most of the time.

His friend ridiculed the idea, and said that it was impossible. Governor Stanford replied: "You are right; we gave rise to the ten thousand dollar bet. Witnesses were called hire, and the contention explained. A horse was brought out and trotted, but, when watched, it was impossible to agree. No one could be convinced beyond the doubling point. Not being able to get satisfaction in this way, each one set about to find some way to settle the bet definitely.

The manager of the Stanford Stables at this time was a man named Monroe Salisbury, and he suggested photographs to prove or disprove the point.

At that time, there was a very clever commercial photographer, Edward Muybridge, in San Francisco, whose interest in the scientific side of photography had given him quite a widespread reputation, and so they sent for him to come to Palo Alto, and the bet was on.

Muybridge consulted with several others of his profession, and they finally worked out a plan which eventually proved successful, and by the use of a series of prints that was the first moving pictures ever attempted.

The plan was to photograph the crack trotter Arion in action. To do this, he placed several dozen cameras in certain positions around the trotting track, each with a segment of a circle in the radius of its lens. As the horse passed certain portions of the track which had previously been carefully marked, he broke strings attached to the different cameras which automatically snapped a picture.

Time after time the horse was trotted, and each time failure was the result, but at last a clear set of prints were gotten, and placed together.

That method, compared with the elaborate cameras of today's moving picture companies, was exceedingly crude, but it proved the point, and won a ten thousand dollar bet for Governor Stanford.

The general public took very little, if any, interest in the experiment, and soon forgot all about it; but to certain enthusiastic photographers it was the birth of an idea, which through years of work improved upon, and perfected until we are here to day "Movies," with their elaborate settings, wonderful lighting effects, and perfect detail heard about. There is no resemblance to the crude moving picture of the trotting horse Arion taken nearly thirty years ago by Edward Muybridge.
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is what you make it

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IRENE RICH

Irene Rich is usually to be discovered lending her serene beauty, and the human note for which her portrayals are noted, to the Will Rogers' productions. Undoubtedly, she has proved a charming foil for this comedian.
It is a temptation not to call Dorothy Phillips by her married name, for essentially she is Allen Holubar, her director. These days, it is quite the thing for directorial husbands to prefer their wives to any other stars.
DOROTHY DALTON

Recent Dorothy Dalton numbered among the stellar players in the forthcoming Cecil B. deMille production, "The Fool's Paradise." After a short vacation she will return to California, and a new drama.
Catherine Perry

Miss Perry is one of Screenland's latest acquisitions. She is lending her piquant personality to Selznick productions, recently among them, "The Divorce of Convenience," in which Owen Moore is starred.
RICHARD
BARTHELMESS

Richard Barthelmess won his spurs as a star long ago, but "Tol'able David" marks his stellar premiere. Undoubtedly, in this production of Inspiration Pictures, he will bring the country lad rôle to the shadows with much understanding and appeal.
This young lady has won sufficient reputation, in the Mack Sennett comedies, to make her greatly to be desired. She was recently borrowed by Roscoe Arbuckle for the leading-lady rôle in his new comedy.
There is an elusi-appeared on the
anu Q. Nilsson which has long caused producers to rejoice when her name
now Mrs. Nilsson is enjoying her long-delayed trip to her native heath—
Sweden, you know
Mother

A duplication of Whistler's famous "Mother," posed by Florence Lee in a prolog to the new Universal production "Short Skirts"
No matter how much the motion picture may be derided as an art, the salient fact remains that in it the creative mind has been given a new method of expression. The painter has been handed a new brush, the sculptor a new chisel and hammer, the poet a new pen.

The unfortunate thing for pictures is that the mature minds of today—the minds that really count—have already spent many weary years in mastering a technique by which they can express themselves. In other words, they are the minds of the painters, sculptors and poets of today, and no matter how much pictures may fascinate them, they are loath to give up the technique which they have mastered for one which is little understood and nowhere taught.

So it will be from the artists of the future that the great creative geniuses of the motion picture world will be recruited. In the past, creative genius had to choose between painting, sculpture, literature and drama. Now the motion picture is a factor to be reckoned with, and in many cases will be chosen as a means of expression by the coming genius who has a pictorial or dramatic mind.

To certain minds the motion picture will appeal more strongly as a means of expression than either painting or sculpture. Such minds have lived in the past. Hogarth was the first great motion picture director, and his greatest picture, “The Rake’s Progress,” altho first produced in 1735, is still going strong.
We Interview Wally

Dramatis Personae: Unnecessary, but—

First Inquisitor: Gladys Hall
Second Inquisitor: Adele Whitely Fletcher
Wally: Wally

Scene I.—Editorial sanctum sanctorum of the Motion Picture Magazine. G. H. enters to discover A. W. F., making an appointment over the telephone. She reclines on the edge of the desk, altho there are three vacant chairs at hand.

Gladys Hall: Hello.
Adele Whitely Fletcher (unheedingly): All right.

G. H.: Whom you talking to?
A. W. F. (endeavoring to straighten papers which are about to precipitate to the floor thru G. H.'s reclining position): That mediator of scribes and celebrities—the press-agent.
A. W. F.: Wally—Wally Reid.
G. H. (coldly): The Reid is superfluous.

A. W. F.: Judging by the results, most of my remarks are.
G. H. (agreeably, remembering a contribution which was to be in that A. M., and which has been forgotten): Yes...
A. W. F.: I don't suppose you would care to go along. You didn't the last time.
G. H.: As per custom, you are supposing wrong, because I do. This is the next time—not the last time.
A. W. F. (not without exasperation): Why do you want to go this time?
G. H.: I don't trust you—alone with Wally. I know your susceptibilities. I've got to hear of something other than Wally Reid this and Wally Reid that for the next year. Besides, I'm Socialistic. No one person should corner all the good things of life.
A. W. F.: Well, the last time was the Queen of Sheba, and you didn't—
G. H. (firmly): You said that before. This time it is Wally—as you would say, Wally Reid.
A. W. F. (with a 'well, that's that' expression): Be there on time, please.

Scene II.—Wally's Apartment—in the Morning. There has been, from all appearances, a party there the night before. There are several festive evidences and Wally is weary. The inquisitors are ushered in by an efficient secretary, who has, it is evident, paused in the continuous act of having Wally sign checks, to admit them. G. H. and A. W. F. enter—brief cases, fountain pens, umbrellas (it is raining without) hats, raincoats, overcoats, shell-rimmed goggles and Benda-mask smiles.

Wally is discovered by the inquisitors—both, at the same moment. —drooped in a chair, chair being before a table, table being littered with stills of his recent pictures. Wally is clad, they perceive, in cordiality, a dressing-gown, and a wrist-watch. He rises to greet them.

They seat themselves on the thin edge of a settee, side by side, with as much ease and complacency as if it were the crater of Mount

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"May the Lord forbid that anyone ever think me a matinée idol," deplored Wally Reid. "If I ever thought I'd have that label attached to me, I'd start to direct tomorrow. That's one reason why I like the race-track stuff—it gives me a chance to get mussed up and honest-to-goodness dirty—which can't be said of a matinée idol."
Vesuvius, and an eruption scheduled at any moment. An appalling silence descends upon the room. G. H. looks questioningly at A. W. F., nudges her, and hisses, "Say something." A. W. F., of course, does not comply, being apparently, rigidly unable. The silence is prolonged, broken only by Wally's shuffling of the stills, the scratch of the secretary's unwavering pen, and some sort of straightening-up process in an adjoining room. Finally ... oh, finally ...)

'Adele Whitely Fletcher (her voice apparently coming from nowhere): Are you glad you are to do Peter Ibbetson? Or wont the whimsical quality you will give in this atone for the stiffer thrill of the race-track pictures?

Wally (stopping in his "still hunt" momentarily): Why, it's hard to say. However, people seem to forget that racing-car pictures are more or less recent with me. Odd, isn't it, how swiftly you can become attached to a type of story? I have done other things, you know. In the old days I directed, and the evolving of character appeals to

"There is no particular type of woman that is most alluring," Wallace Reid declared. "Type has nothing to do with it. There's a deeper mystery to attraction than can be seen by the naked eye"

me enormously. I think I shall care a great deal about this.

Gladys Hall (with a dismal attempt at being tactful): The romance of Peter Ibbetson will please the feminine hearts. It is

a sort of matinée idol rôle.

Wally (hastily): Now, may the Lord forbid! If there's one thing in the world I don't want, it is to be a matinée idol. If I thought I'd ever get that label attached to me, I'd start to direct tomorrow. Nothing doing there. That's one reason why I have liked the race-track stuff, apart entirely from the fact that I'm mad about the track anyway—it's given me a chance to get messed up and honest-to-goodness dirty—which cant be said of a matinée idol.

A. W. F. (with her beautiful gravity): Do you mean that seriously, about directing?

Wally (with an affable smile): As seriously as I can mean anything this morning. Not yet, of course. The public is not tired of me yet, I think, but when it is, I shall step right off without any prolonged adieux. Then I shall hope to direct and do all the things with other people I may not have achieved in myself.

(There are one or two interruptions, which disturb outer placidity of Wally not at all. Miss Reid always greets me as "Sis." The man who is to mean for the Peter Ibbetson costumes arrives and to the outer hall to await the termination of view.)

(Continued on page 10)
"Please step down this way—I'm supposed to be sick and I can't come out?"

I followed the soft, deep tones of an alluring voice down the long, dim hall of the old mansion which serves Lois Weber for an executive building at her studio in Hollywood. Near the end of the hall, the owner of the voice stood in a doorway waiting for me.

"Don't be alarmed," she laughed. "I'm only keeping in character for the part I am playing in the picture today. The 'heroine' is supposed to be sick. Hope you will pardon this kind-of-negligee."

If Sir Walter Scott had written a scenario instead of a novel, I am sure he would have named his heroine "Lady Claire," and if he had seen Claire Windsor he would have chosen her from among a hundred to play the part. She isn't English and she is not Scotch, but the minute you meet her you feel that she should be called My Lady, and should be trailing around Windsor Castle dressed in brocades and leaning over a rose-draped balcony watching two knights just the funny part of it is," she exclaimed, "and that I felt she must be English.

"that my real name is not 'Claire Windsor' at all. Miss Weber named me that when I started with her about two years ago. My real name is Ola Kronk. But I never liked that. It always sounded like it was something to do with an automobile."

By this time we were seated in an immense room with one of those things some people call a "chase lounge" as its principal piece of furniture, looking somewhat as tho it might have been borrowed for the occasion. It was in the center of the room, and on this Miss Windsor reclined. She might have been Elaine.

"This used to be Anita Stewart's dressing-
There are certain things that are always expected of the fade-out, with the girl held tightly in the boy's arms. It must be picturesque, and a garden scene is always preferable. Really, there should be blossoms, symbolic of fruition, and flowers, to say nothing of a soft twilight suffusing all of it.

... So be it, then. Such a scene is not always available, particularly if the season is midwinter. But there is a studio magic which makes this fade-out possible. The photographs tell the story.

Staging the Fade-Out
If the World Doesn't Spoil Him

By

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

At last we have encountered an absolutely honest interview subject—one who tells the truth as he sees it, ungilded and unadulterated. The unique person is little Jackie Coogan.

Despite the national adoration—sentimental and financial—which followed his success as the tiny hero of "The Kid" with Charlie Chaplin, Jackie remains unspoiled. Yet he is not the typical boy of

Photographs by Witzel, L. A.
five—far from it. He is oddly and disively self-centered, dwelling entirely within himself. It is easy to understand the camaraderie which grew up between the silent, self-contained Chaplin and this child who is so oddly old and young.

Couple this strange aloofness with an equally strange humor—a humor that touches the recesses of age and rebounds to the child illusions of babyhood—and you have little Jackie.

"I'm here for an interview," announced Jackie in business-like fashion upon arriving at our office with his mother.

"Like to be interviewed?" we inquired.

"Not so much," confessed Master Coogan. "Give me a pencil."

Jackie proceeded forwith to construct something on paper. "Submarine," he loftily and briefly explained.

"Yes?" we said doubtfully.

Jackie looked us in the eye. "It's not finished yet."

We showed him a portrait of himself about to appear in the Magazine. Jackie, however, revealed little interest.

"Like New York?" we inquired.

"Uh-ha," said Jackie, interest tense in his submarine.

Photograph by Abbe

Jackie confessed liking Charlie very, very much. He liked "The Kid," but his "Peck's Bad Boy" did not please him nearly so much. "Mediocre," he pronounced to the horror of his mother.

"What do you like best about it?"

"Coney Island." Jackie never paused in answering. His mind was made up on that point.

"When you grow up are you going to be a comedian?"

Jackie went on drawing. "Nope."

"Jackie!" admonished Mrs. Coogan.

"No, sir," sighed Jackie.

"What do you want to do?"

"Sell clothes!"

"Old clothes?" we asked, scenting a quaint child fancy.

"No," said Jackie, disdainfully. "Regular clothes."

Mrs. Coogan came to the rescue. "He has been buying clothes here and some of the clerks impressed him. At one of the stores they gave him a cap with his name printed inside."

"I'm not sure, tho," interrupted Jackie, thoughtfully. "I'd kinda like to be a cameraman."

"He's always interested in machinery," said mamma.

A later tour of the publication buildings revealed this fact vividly. The adding machines in the circulation department interested him more than anything else in the building. Indeed, he insisted on operating one of them.

When Jackie had concluded his submarine sketch, we adjourned the interview to a nearby Brooklyn restaurant. While en route, Jackie nonchalantly contributed a sailor's hornpipe.

At the restaurant Jackie was immediately recognized, and the proprietor appeared with his little daughter, well nigh in a state of collapse over Jackie's presence. A chair was secured and the breathless child sat speechless beside Jackie.

"I'm married," he announced, looking the little visitor in the eye. "Been married a year."

(Continued on page 86)
The scene at the left is a typical one at the Ray studios. The directorial line-up would be incomplete without Whiskers. He is an important member of the staff. Below, Mr. Ray is discussing some "business" with Vera Stealman, while at the bottom of the page the company is found on location.

Charles Ray's Director

Several stars have directed themselves, some successfully, while the others found it impractical. However, Charles Ray has achieved the director-and-star combination. He has not lost his perspective, but gone on to greater things. Mr. Ray may safely continue directing himself.
The Invisible Fear

By JANET REID

Marshall Arnold as tho that gentle lady had been own mother to her, rather than foster-mother. She had played and loved and laughed in the casual way the other girls did, and when Bentley told her that he loved her before he sailed with the Army of Occupation, she was able to give him in return her heart, flowering—

Then she came to the bitter point of it all, to Arthur Comstock. Arthur had been one of the many who had made love to her. Only, she knew that now, his love had had in it from the start a quality with which she was unfamiliar, a fiber from which, instinctively, she shrank.

She knew his lust for money; she sensed his lust for power. Something in him had been blatant, had been brassy.

Then came the day of the paper chase at the Country Club. All that morning he had been more importunate than ever. He had been insistent. He had broken in upon her delicate, pointed thoughts of Bentley and of Bentley's imminent return, with boofs and horns. She had felt a resentment toward him, and at the same time, honestly compelled her to admit, albeit with shame, she had felt the hideous attraction of repulsion. His overbright eyes burning into hers—burning and burning. His breath on her face. His hand seeking hers with a ferocity that hurt her while it drew her. She hated him, and yet she knew, deep within her, that some unworthy, some helpless,
The Invisible Fear

Novelized by permission from the First National attraction of the Louis B. Mayer production of the scenario by Madge Tyrone, based on the story by Hampton Del Ruth. Directed by Edwin Carewe, and starring Anita Stewart. The cast:

Sylvia Langdon.................Anita Stewart
Arthur Comstock.................Walter McGrail
Bentley Arnold..................Alan Forrest
Marshall Arnold................Hartley Morse
Mrs. Marshall Arnold...........Estelle Evans
Nagi................................George Kuwa
Butler............................Edward Hunt
John Randall....................Ogden Crane

She rubbed her mouth again, as she had rubbed it so many times since the actual occurrence, at the thought of the fierce embrace he had held her in—the terror way in which he had forced his mouth upon her own, the terrible, blinding moments of their fearful contact while thru her mind had raced swift vision after swift vision of Bentley's young face, ardent—Bentley's face out-

raged, Bentley's face disgusted—if he should ever know. She remembered the amazing strength she had never known to be her own that had surged up in her and enabled her repulsion of him. She could hear again the sound he made in the tiny room with his breathing, as tho his heart were hammering out each breath, as tho each breath were an impact upon her flesh. And then the brass candlestick over her head. She had reached for it and had crashed it down upon him, almost as if she were holding Bentley's arm, and Bentley's arm were wielding that avenging blow. The silence there had ensued! The silence that came, almost audible, from Comstock, crumpled at her feet. Crumpled was the word. She had never known before how frail a man of his girth and size could be. How inadequate he could ever be stained, too.

spending now, crowding away from her memory, trying to shroud it in the tenderness of today—

There had been, she might as well go over it (the reader has to know it, sooner or later, and the writer has to record it—so here goes—!) the moment of falling from her horse and wrenching her ankle, Comstock's solicitude, relieved for the nonce of its sensuality; the storm that had come upon them, their retreat into the tiny shooting-box on the route toward home. And then Comstock's literal on-

slaught. She rubbed her mouth again, as she had rubbed it so many times since the actual occurrence, at the thought of the fierce embrace he had held her in, the terror way in which he had forced his mouth upon her own, the terrible, blinding moments of their fearful contact while thru her mind had raced swift vision after swift vision of Bentley's young face, ardent—Bentley's face out-

The invisibility of that storm-ridden hour she remembered how weirdly the stains had proclaimed themselves, and the way the blood had kept gushing and gushing from his temple. There had come to her the irrelevance, yet oddly relevant remembrance of how once, when they were both tiny, Bentley had fallen and cut himself, and his mother had cried out, "Oh, I hope it isn't near his temple!" Well, the blow she had given Comstock with the candlestick had been quite near the temple. It had been the temple from which the blood had gushed. And then, crazed with fear, she had rushed from the cabin and wandered, in a circle as she afterward found, about the wood. When having described the circle, she had again upon the cabin, it had been in flames, and thru a crack in the door she had seen the still, crumpled figure of Comstock, now the prey of flames.

Something in her brain had snapped and cleared, with an effect of clarify-

ing anguish. What she was was written for her in in-

dible knowledge. She was a murderess! She, lit-
tle Sylvia Langdon, sheltered, uneventful, a mur-
deress! What would Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Arnold say? What would Bent-
ley say?

She had found her way home, and there she had found Bentley. arrived
earlier than they had expected, awaiting her. She hadn't meant to, but somehow when she saw him she had gone straight to his arms, to his breast, and then she had known that she could never tell him, never tell any of them; that to tell them would be simply an amplification of hurt and wrong. If she did tell them, what would be the results? Could they bring Comstock to life again? Could they undo the moments in the cabin? No. Not God himself could rectify that hour of compact horror. What would happen would be the blasting of their lives, the withering of their long-fruited, bright hopes, the devastation of the happiness Bentley had been waiting for ever since their love had come to them, before the war. Clearly she perceived that she had one opportunity to do the big thing, to retrieve what had transpired—and that was to keep her horror to herself, to live with it alone, to savor it with as courageous a philosophy as she might be able to muster, to shroud it with loving kindness and, someday, to be able to live with it unflinching. That was what she had got to do. The big thing.

And in these scarce moments, alone, Sylvia paid for the big thing she was attempting. She grew to know how bitter a thing it is to bear a tragedy, be it of one's own invitation or otherwise, alone. To tell—to make of love a confessional, and of guardianship a tender penance—why, that was easy. Easy, compared to going about with one's heart a mausoleum of a specter so dread that it must be nameless. Why, it would have been easy, blessedly easy, to have poured it all forth on Mother Marshall's bosom, to have sobbed it out in the tenderness of Bentley's arms. They knew her so well. They would know how outraged she must have been to have been so terrifically trapped. They would know that it was their very own teaching that had led her so tremendously, and at such a cost, to defend herself; the teaching of protection of the precious things of love and life. They would know and understand—and sorrow. Sorrow grievously. They would never again be able to see her as just Sylvia, their Sylvia. They would never again see her as apart from that miserable, terrible scene. They would see always in her hand the stained candlestick, feel always on her mouth that brutalizing kiss. Was this the gift she would give them for their many gifts to her?

And so she let them think she was merely nervous because of the approaching wedding, when, for that alone, she had nothing but a veritable well-spring of joy.

And when the day of her wedding came, it was their own Sylvia they saw their son lead to the altar. For she had man-

She remembered the amazing strength she had never known to be her own that had surged up in her and enabled her repulsion of him
At home she had found Bentley, arrived earlier than they had expected, awaiting her. She hadn't meant to, but somehow she had gone straight to his arms, to his breast.

With money, Arthur was a somebody. Without money and the prestige of the expectancy of some, he was rather a nobody. One of that breed, and I think he knew it——"

(Would they never stop talking about the Comstocks?)

(Would that brass candlestick never cease taking shape on the opposite wall?)

Bentley said carelessly: "It's a wonder he didn't confiscate the old boy's will, or turn up now to prove that he was insane and incompetent."

"Bentley!" said his mother, rather shocked. She added, "You know, we have entertained Arthur here, dear, and al-

ways found him bright and amusing."

For the first time, for a terrible moment, Sylvia found herself hating Mother Arnold. How that gentle lady would flinch from the degree of pain she was inflicting, could she but know! Then the conversation took another turn, and little by little, the roses stirred in Sylvia's cheeks, as she kept her eyes very fixedly upon Bentley's most of the time.

The next incident was rather more than an incident, and infinitely more graphic.

Sylvia was having a birthday party. For the first time in many weeks, the shadowy menace of the stained candlestick, the whole unspeakable memory, had seemed faint and far away to her. She had known the hope that possibly time might heal the jagged wound, after all—time and Bentley's love, which she felt almost as tho she could wrap about her like a cloak, fine and soft and protection against both heat and cold.

And suddenly, abruptly announced, into the midst of the innocent merrymaking walked Arthur Comstock.

Sylvia reeled where she was standing. Her heart gave a tremendous throb, and then seemed to stop, while ice crept along her veins in place of blood. With eyes that seemed to her to roll in her head like the glass eyes of a stiffly-jointed doll, she turned to see whether Mother Arnold and the rest of them saw what she saw. Suppose, suppose only she saw him! Suppose he had come—back?

She knew he was dead. Who could...
know better than the woman who had killed him? The woman who had seen his life-blood ebb away from her own blow? And who had, in the same hour, seen what remained of him consumed by fire?

The others did see him, but that, she knew, was because he was so terrible, so menacing a projection from the Kingdom of Darkness. He was visible to all of them, tangible to them, for they were shaking his hands; but that did not, did not because it could not prove him real. Of course, he wasn't real.

Feeling too dizzy to stand any longer, feeling too sick to risk the ghastly imminent meeting, Sylvia stole away to her room.

She switched on the lights when she reached there with a hand that seemed automatic, stiff as Arthur Comstock's had been stiff—that night.

She didn't think. She just sat on the bed and took in over and over again the patterning of the walls.

Time passed over her—icons of time. After a while, with the nausea of despair, she saw the patterned wall resolve itself into multitudinous candlesticks, all stained—she knew there were roses there—everyone would swear there were roses there on the wall—just she, alone, just she would know that there were candlesticks. So it was downstairs. Everyone of them would swear that Arthur Comstock was alive. They would shout her down if she denied it. But just she, she alone, knew that he was dead. Knew that he was dead—alive, the dead come back. She would know this alone because beyond all measure of a doubt she had killed him,

While she was sitting there, living these things, Bentley came in. He was afraid she had been ill. She looked ill. He told her, anxiously. She said that she was not. Her voice sounded like the voice of the dead. Why not? The dead was with her.

Bentley was begging her to come back to their guests. To make an effort. She must not stay up here alone. Her maid had a headache. He could not very well remain away, too. Wouldn't Sylvia try?

Sylvia had no mind to stay alone, either. What might happen to her, she dared not conjecture. Almost anything. Arthur Comstock had not forgiven her, if he had come back. He had not come back to tell her he had forgiven her. He had come back to—well, to what? Not necessarily to torture her. He had done that without making himself manifest. No, he had come for something worse.

Bentley followed her from the room. He looked anxious. There was something very strange about Sylvia, especially of late. He began to think his mother might have been right. There was something to be concerned over. He must have Sylvia see a doctor. It wasn't natural for a young girl to go about with her eyes wide and ghostly. There was something wrong. Yet what could there be so very wrong in a life so sheltered and so secure as Sylvia's had been? Bentley determined to find out in the morning—

When Sylvia went to bed that night she found, on her dresser, the brass candlestick. The very candlestick, with the uneven stains smirching it. When Bentley came up, he found her on the floor at the foot of the dresser—

The next morning Arthur gave no token of departure. Mr. and Mrs. Arnold were cordial and so was Bentley, and Sylvia's excessive pallor could not be attributable to Comstock's presence, particularly as she had been looking the same way for some weeks past, and more particularly as Arthur seemed to have completely forgotten his past infatuation. He was cordial to Sylvia, nothing more.

That was because he was dead—dead and waiting. Sylvia knew. How patient the dead are!

(Continued on page 87)
When Dreams Come True

He says he will not let me go, and I know he will do more for me than any other company,” and she gurgled with delight, while I recalled Mr. Roach saying once that he considered this slip of a girl the possessor of a very rare talent which augured a brilliant future.

“I am to do dramas—comedy dramas—and it seems so wonderful, for all my dreams are becoming realities.”

For a few moments after the outburst, Mildred subsided, looking thru the open windows into the morning sunshine, as if seeing visions of her future dancing across the Boulevard.

We were sitting in the little star’s dressing-room at the Hal Roach studio in Culver City, and I looked about with interest. The sitting-room with soft pink walls, ivory wicker furniture and pink cretonne cushions, lovely yellow silken curtains at the windows, reminding one of sunbeams, was restful. Beyond I could see the mirrored dressing-room and tiled bath.

On a low table near me were several books—“David Copperfield,” “An Old-Fashioned Girl,” a much read volume of James Whitcomb Riley’s poems and a new issue of “Life.” There was also a bisque doll with frilly skirts of pink net, an incense burner and several portraits in standing frames, and over all was the unmistakable touch of dainty femininity which is one of Mildred’s most alluring charms.

And so—a new star is to be born, and a very lovely one, too, for Miss Davis’ beauty is of that high quality that takes generations of gentle breeding to develop. She should be painted in delicate colors—the wealth of golden curls, the clear blonde complexion, the wide eyes, and soft rounded chin blend into an impressionistic picture that thoroly delights one’s sense of beauty.

She is buoyant with health and happiness and brings the full fragrance of youthful trust and faith, for she retains all her girlish illusions and ideals, her viewpoint of life is wholesome and absolutely unspoiled.

There is an intriguing element of novelty that enters into every interview with our film favorites. Perhaps the chief charm lies in the fact that no two interviews are alike. Effort and achievement are always interesting, and when youth, beauty and urging ambitions are added, the gentle art of interviewing is indeed a fascinating adventure.

MILDRED DAVIS was excited. Her eyes were bluer, her cheeks pinker than usual, while her happy voice held an added tilt of youthful enthusiasm.

“So many wonderful things are about to happen,” Mildred exclaimed, in italics. “I’m nearing a crisis in my career ——,” and the lovely feminine inspiration for Harold Lloyd’s superlative comedies jumped from her seat and made a flourishing bow, laughing with girlish glee.

“Really?” she continued, fearing I was not impressed with the seriousness of her Great Moment. “I am to make one more picture with Harold and then I am to be starred!” She waited, poised on tiptoe, to watch the effect of this joyous announcement.

“Wonderful!” I exclaimed, with enough ardor to satisfy even her.

“I had two perfectly heavenly offers and spent hours trying to be very wise and worldly and decide which was the better for my future. I am so happy here—everyone is so dear—simply wonderful to me and I love everyone about the studio—so I am going to stay with Hal Roach.

Mildred Davis is to do dramas — comedy-dramas where the laughter blends with tears. Her dreams are to become realities.

Photograph © by Evans, L. A.
Now, Mildred Davis has a little story all her own. To begin with, she is a Quakeress, being a lineal descendent of William Penn, and was born in the staid old city of her ancestors, Philadelphia.

From her infancy the child was always dancing about trying to express little stories with her nimble toes and flying arms, for she can not remember when she was not acting. Probably, Mildred’s career was greatly aided when the family moved to Tacoma, Washington, when she was six. By the time she was nine she had won consent to taking dancing lessons and for hours each day she struggled thru the intricacies of toe dancing until she became a proficient exponent.

Dancing, however, was merely a phase of her dream, and when she was fifteen, the little Quakeress determined to go into motion pictures. “Of course, I met with many obstacles” (Mildred smiled at the memory), “but once I make up my mind, I never let discouragement creep in, so I journeyed to Los Angeles and tho I had no stage experience and had never even seen a motion picture camera.

I hunted up a booking agent and applied for work. I suppose I expected to become a star at once and receive a thousand a week, but I was happy when they selected me from among several girls for the Mutual Comedies at thirty-five a week.”

At sixteen, Mildred was leading lady to Bryant Washburn. But even after this, her father insisted upon her return to the Friends Select School. And it was a contract with Harold Lloyd which finally called her from Latin verbs.

Well, after Mutual came pictures with Universal Bluebird productions, followed by a chance to play with Viola Dana, and then she was leading woman with Bryant Washburn— at the age of sixteen.

All this time Mildred’s father was insisting that she return to school and after completing the Washburn film she was sent to the Friends Select School in Philadelphia where for eight whole months she tried to concentrate on Latin verbs and geometrical problems.

Out in Los Angeles, Hal Roach was searching for a leading woman for his star, Harold Lloyd, and had decided that a blonde should follow the dusky beauty, Bebe Daniels, in this rôle. One day while watching a run of the Bryant Washburn picture, Mr. Roach suddenly came to the end of his search and within a few hours a wire was flashing to Mildred Davis in Philadelphia, asking her to return to Los Angeles to play opposite Harold Lloyd.

This was two years ago and now in a few days Mildred

(Continued on page 84)
He Isn’t the Little Colonel Any More

In the first place, this information almost wasn’t—for Mr. Walthall upset the perfectly good plans of a very important and excited reception committee by arriving some five or six hours ahead of schedule, disappearing quietly into his hotel, and “playing possum” until time for the first matinée.

The reception committee, with a fleet of commandeered motor-cars ("motor-cars" always sounds so much better than "flivers" when you write it!) and a flock of reporters, dashed to the Terminal Station, in Atlanta, at two-fifteen Monday afternoon—and it was not until then that they discovered Mr. Walthall and his company, on tour in "Taken In," had arrived at an unearthly hour that morning, and gone straight to their hotel.

But, later on, I found Mr. Walthall, and was fortunate enough to meet Mrs. Walthall as well—bo I had always known her before as Mary Charleston. This all took place at the theater, on a bare stage, just before time for a rehearsal. And if there is any more depressing sight in the
By
PEARL GADDIS

world than a bare stage, and an empty theater in
the cold grey light of ten o'clock, I trust I may nev-
er see it. We sat on upturned boxes—the chairs
looked a little perilous to one who always passes
one of those hastily "have-you-weighed-yourself-
today?" machines with averted face and stony
stare—and discussed the "thinness of thus and all
that sort of thing —" but mostly, we discussed
the Little Colonel in "The Birth of a Nation."

And right here and now, I want to warn you
that if you have been treasuring a picture of the
Little Colonel, or, mayhap, the tragically appeal-
ing, heart-breakingly pathetic Poet, in "The
Raven"—and if you want to keep on thinking that
Henry Walthall is an ill-starred creature with
mournful dark eyes, and a tragic expression, to
say nothing of a melancholy frame of mind that
is as permanent as the 18th Amendment—don't
read any further. For he isn't like that at all.

For Henry Walthall is sick and tired of being
everly remembered as the Little Colonel. He
has spent the last eight months in an assiduous
endeavor to prove that he isn't that beloved character
—and his efforts have been as successful as
the celebrated failure of that would-be nature
faker, the leopard, who fain would show the world
his accomplishment in the matter of some certain
spots.

The porter who carried his bags, when he ar-
rived in Atlanta at an hour when only burglars
are supposed to be about—the clerk who, usually,
is quite justly indignant over being aroused from
his nap, with his head on the hotel-ledger—they

There's good news for movie fans (which means
the wide world, for one doesn't count the re-
formers, blue laws, et al.) in the announce-
ment that Mr. Walthall will return to the screen late
this summer—probably in September.

Above, as the Little Colonel in "The
Birth of a Nation," and left, a scene
from one of his latest productions

all discarded their usual
manners and came forth
in brand-new ones— be-
cause, in the words of the
"red cap," "Dat's de Cun-
nel o' de Ku Kluxes,
man!"

"It isn't that I am not
grateful for all this ap-
proval, and admiration—
nor that I did not enjoy
the part more than any-
thing I have ever played," explained Mr. Walthall (I
almost called him the
"L. C.," but saved myself
in time). "It would be
foolish to deny that there's
a certain joy in knowing
that a part is remembered
(Continued on page 88)
Censorship Under the Cherry-Blossoms

By ADACHI KINNOSUKE

TOKYO with its 2,350,000 people is our largest city. Osaka comes next, with its population of 1,650,000. Recently something happened in Tokyo and something happened also in Osaka. Both of these events have something to do with the movie show, and they are both amusing and important; and both of them have a good deal to do with the movie censorship.

The good and public-spirited people at Osaka invented a new sport. They call it censoring the censor — they mean the movie censor.

Now the city of Osaka is sometimes called the Manchester of Japan, for no other reason, apparently, than that the industrial activity of the country centers there. Like the people of Chicago, the Osaka folks are practical; they go after what they want, usually, with a hatchet. But not always—as shown in the case of the movie censor. Its method of dealing with him is to not to criticize him, to complain against censorship. It is much more effective than that. It is to kill censorship dead by demanding a greater ability on the censor's part. Right this minute, as the first step in this merry sport of murdering censorship, by supporting it strongly, they are demanding that the board of censors improve itself by adding a new...
member to it, in the shape of an experienced and able educator. The ground for the demand is that the influence of the movies on children is of the utmost importance. The demand does not declare in so many words that the censors have not sense enough, or ability and experience enough, to tell just what sort of pictures should be shown for the good of children of the community. But, of course, the very presentation of the demand can mean just that and nothing else. And the Osaka authorities are finding it impossible to ignore this demand from the educational element of the community for the following reason: 

More than 10,000,000 people enter movie "palaces" of one sort or another every year in the city of Osaka; and of that number more than 2,000,000, or 20 per cent., are children. Now last year, something like 2,200 rolls of imported film (almost entirely from the United States) were exhibited.

Above, the dressing-room of Nippon's Kinema, Company's studio. It is fitted with electric lights, and the old-fashioned charcoal brazier is still holding its own. Below, an examiner is putting up a number of questions for the benzhi candidates to work on. The candidates must pass the examination before they can secure the permits.

With such a condition of affairs, the Osaka municipal authorities must be uncannily clever to turn a deaf ear to the popular demand that the censor should censor himself. The Osaka Mainichi, one of the greatest newspapers in Japan, with its 400,000 daily circulation, is even more unkindly than the popular demand, so far as its attitude toward the movie censorship is concerned. Commenting on this demand for an educationalist on the board of censors, it comes out flatfootedly and declares that it does not think much of motion picture censorship, even with this addition to the board. In its judgment, the addition of an educator to the board of censors would hardly work much of a difference.
Prohibition Note

If put on the screen, the shows a close-up of what's inside the cup. You never can tell nowadays.

Take Your Pick

"Twenty-three and one-half Hours' Leave" with Douglas MacLean.
"Two Weeks" with Constance Talmadge.
"From Now On" with George Walsh.

Persons We'd Like to Meet

A man who has no aspirations toward scenario writing.
A girl who isn't trying to "break" into the movies.

One of Life's Little Puzzles

"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" is making a big hit. We saw it the other day. What's all the shootin' for? Liked the four horsemen, Alan Hale and the monkey. But outside of that—well, see it yourself.

We know a man who lives in a garret. He writes slapstick comedies with plots. We saw a slapstick comedy the other day—with a plot. But it wasn't funny. There wasn't a bathtub or a bathing girl in it.

More Players We Would Go Out of Our Way to See

May McAvoy.
Elliott Dexter.

Movie audiences are getting ready to strike. What they want is less music and more movie.

What Would Happen to the Movies—

If Ben Turpin were to see straight?
If Little Mary should grow up?
If Wally Reid should lose his cap?

Stars That Will Shine

Ruth Dwyer.
Rudolph Valentino.

Humor from Theater Electric Signs

"The Chicken in the Case" with Owen Moore.
"The Microbe" with Viola Dana.
"Are All Men Alike" with May Allison.
"Godless Men" and "Forbidden Fruit."

Filmy Facts

If all the villains that William S. Hart has shot during his screen career were placed end to end, he would still have to eat three meals a day.

If Will Rogers were to say that he was the best dressed man on the screen, no one would believe him.

If all the fan letters that Eugene O'Brien has received were placed in one pile, he would still have to pay his tailor's bill.

What has become of the Charlie Chaplin imitators? It looks as tho he lost them at the same time that he got rid of his old shoes and cane.

We suggest that someone revive that clever gag of having the comedian squirt a siphon in the villain's eye. Almost two months have passed without seeing it.
Norma Talmadge
Cerline Boll Sketches the Vivid Cinema Artist
The Beginning of the End

Motion Picture Magazine’s Honor Roll for September has another man on it, but it doesn’t seem to make any difference to at least five people a day, who still write and ask us if men are eligible to enter the contest.

The girl at the bottom of the page is Marie Ford, 2726 Hardy Street, Shreveport, Louisiana. She is a brunette. She weighs 109 pounds and is 5 feet 3 inches tall. She has had no experience, except home talent plays. Her features are clearly marked, the kind that photograph well. Her expression is pensive and sweet, and the loveliness of her hands and arms are a fit match to the flowers she caresses.

Eileen W. Hughes, 559 N. Vermont Avenue, Los Angeles, California, is also a brunette. She is nineteen years old, weighs 125 pounds, and is 5 feet 5 inches in height. She has already had six months’ picture experience and has evidently learned the value of a good pose. (Continued on page 86)

Once more for the sake of those who are still writing to ask when the contest closes, we will repeat the announcement made last month. It closes officially on September 1. That is, any photograph postmarked not later than midnight of September 1 will be accepted in the 1921 Fame and Fortune Contest. Any postmarked after midnight of September 1, will not be accepted in the 1921 Fame and Fortune Contest.

One more day will be accorded to contestants for personal inspection. That day will be September 2. A judges’ committee will sit at the offices of the Brewster Publications, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York, between the hours of 10 and 4. Anyone who has submitted a photograph in the contest is invited to be present. Those found eligible for a screen test will have one made the following days at Roslyn, L. I. Those not found worthy a screen test by the judges’ committee will not have one made.

There will be two more Honor Rolls besides this one, in the October and November magazines. The December issue will announce the name of the final winner or winners, and the final honor roll as well.
MARK TWAIN tells a yarn about a certain Mississippi town where every stranger was immediately told that whatever else he did he must hear the story of Higgin's goat.

Higgin never would even broach the subject of this goat until he was properly pickled, and so the stranger, whose curiosity had been piqued by various dark hints about this extraordinary story, would lavish a fortune in warming him up. Then Higgin would begin about the goat. In starting the story, he had to lead up to it with the story of the goat's father and mother, and that would remind him of his own father and mother; that led to a discussion of the family history and that, in turn, to the history of the town. As Higgin grew more and more garrulous, under the influence of sundry beverages, he wandered further and further from the original goat until some three hours later found him in a state of alcoholic coma, fast asleep in the arms of the exasperated stranger who had still to hear the story which Higgin had never in his life been able to finish.

A good many scenario writers are like that. They make a flying start, and never get anywhere at all—just go on and on until paper and ink, and the patience of the editor, wear out.

Every story has a natural ending point. It occurs, as a rule, immediately after the climax, just when all the difficulties of the plot have been solved and the lovers brought together. To attempt to go further is to start another story and ruin the whole effect. No matter how short it makes your plot, never attempt to pad the ending. Movies are usually too long anyway; it's quality, not quantity, which counts in plot writing.

One of the greatest dangers that confront amateur scenario writers is this matter of breaking their story into two parts, so that there are really (Continued on page 94)

The Full Close
By JOHN EMERSON and ANITA LOOS
Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston
Worldly But Not Weary

We had only a brief chat at the Sennett studio in Edendale, a section of Los Angeles. There, between scenes, she lured me on to talk of books. I had heard of her mad passion for Stephen Leacock—for his writings, I mean! She plunged at once into a eulogy of his *Literary Lapses*, was pained that I had not read it, that I presumed to quality the virtues of Leacock’s humor. And then she was called away to make her final scene for the day.

“Meet me at the gate,” she said, “and drive home with me. I’ll have to take off my make-up. My dressing-room’s a bungalow over there across the lot.”

She ran off.

*Everyone who is interested at all in pictures is watching the Sennett studio with speculative eyes.* Mabel’s new starring vehicle “Molly-O” is the subject of many prophecies and predictions. It is revealing no secret to say that Mabel’s last big hit, “Mickey,” was not a Goldwyn picture, that Goldwyn

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Photograph by Mandeville

**SCARLET tanagers... Coney Island...**

That is, in part, the way Louise Fazenda, in her Impressions in the *Classic* magazine, described Mabel Normand. I have often questioned those impressions—and then, meeting the subjects, have invariably found them correct. In outlining her fellow comedienne, Louise didn’t fail.

There is something of the tanager about Mabel. She is flashing, impetuous, startling. There is in her moods something of the bird’s vivid scarlet flight.

Of Coney Island? Yes, you can readily imagine her in its gaudy parks, shooting the chutes or screaming down a perpendicular drop on a roller-coaster. I don’t say that she does these things, but you can easily picture her doing them. The true probability is that you’d find her more frequently in the sophisticated setting of a New York restaurant, or at the theater.

“I go to New York after every picture,” she said. “I cannot stand it out here in California for very long. And when I’m there I go twice a day to the theaters.”

Experience has not jaded Mabel’s enthusiasms. She is worldly without being weary.
was deplorably wanting in the ability to furnish her with a suitable story, or direction—I shan’t presume to say which. "Mickey" was made by Mack Sennett. It was his first radical departure toward the furtherance of his announced intention to make big comedy dramas. And "Molly-O" is even more ambitious. The seriousness with which he is going about it is evident in the fact that he has secured Lowell Sherman, of "Way Down East" fame, to play the heavy, and Jack Mullah as leading man.

From the most disinterested source I could find, I learned that Mabel is photographing as she never photographed before. And certainly her appearance would seem to justify that.

In her big limousine, as we rolled across the city, she was delightful. She is small, almost plump now, with large brown eyes where wisdom lurks behind half closed lids and heavy lashes — wisdom and good humor. Her hair is dark and thick. I had noticed in the studio that she moved easily, lightly, with the careless grace that bespeaks the strong body. She has a way, when speaking, of leaning toward you, so that her eyes are disturbingly near to yours, immensely wide. And her mouth quirks occasionally, as tho inside she was laughing at you and for the life of her couldn’t keep it in. She has a comfortable way of resting her hand on yours when she laughs. Altogether, the ride was extremely pleasant.

"How does it seem to be back at the Sennett studio? Well, it is so different! It is not like coming back to a familiar place. It is more like starting in at a new one. When I left, there was only one stage. Now there are at least six. But I am quite happy. I have all the faith in the world in the story and in Richard Jones, the director."

"Have you any definite idea of the length of your stay with Sennett?" I asked.

(Continued on page 85)
Presenting — —

Pola Negri, who has brought a Continental flavor to the shadow-screen. Her characterizations are both vivid and subtle.
WHERE THE LIGHTS ARE LOW

By GRACE LAMB

The young prince, T'Su, Wong Shih, bent above the lotus-blossom figure of the gardener’s daughter. He called her softly, “Yin!” And then again—“Yin!” And the lotus blossom, who was the gardener’s daughter, closed her eyes and breathed gently lest the dream that his words were the temple bells and his touch the petals of the tree of heaven, come not true.

“Highness—” she stammered.

She knew and she felt ashamed that her father, the gardener, had seen the Prince come to her down the crooked, dainty path. She knew and felt ashamed that her father would have been willing for her to enter the household of the Prince as merely a woman, any woman, of that august household. That must be because her father was very old. His skin was like parchment, withered and dull. His eyes had forgotten the spring. When the petals from the tree of heaven drifted on and about him, he thought them insects or else he did not think about them at all.

And then—and then—her father did not know—could not believe how Prince T’Su loved the gardener’s little daughter. Loved her only, for his heart’s bride. No wonder her father could not know—it was a miracle.

And then, as softly, she called back, “T’Su—Prince.”

The Prince came nearer to her. He dared to touch her little hand, to draw it within his own. His heart was in his eyes whenever he looked on her. He thought of exquisite things when she opened her lips. His ancestors, the traditions of his most honorable house, the traditions that, in their venerable coils, had years ago betrothed him to the daughter of a neighboring mandarin, a haughty, stiff lady with pigmentation thick upon her face, what was all that—what did it all matter—when Yin, the gardener’s daughter, opened her thrilling lips?

Western civilization was knocking upon the door. The Great Wall of China had been reached over by enlightening hands and called across by voices saying, terrifically, perhaps, but tremendously, surely, other things than his ancestors had said—the sort of things that would make Yin the bride of Prince T’Su.

“Flower of my soul,” he whispered to her, there in the sunshine, “I promise you that you shall be the bride of my heart, my only one, there shall be you, most priceless, my idol, there shall be only you.”

And little Yin laughed softly, without fear. He had said what he had said, and he was all-powerful. Her father had told her so. Her father had said, “Obey the Prince, my daughter, do as he bids you to do.”

There came the day when T’Su came down the crooked, dainty path, with feet that faltered, and when she looked at him to see what might cause the stumble in his walk. Yin saw that it was because his eyes were tear-dimmed and his mouth unsteady, and she ran to him, forgetful of her dainty dignity, crying out, “What is it, O my heart’s beloved? What is it, heaven-born?” And he told her, in words so choked she had to stretch her slender throat to catch them, that Wung, his uncle, had arranged the nuptials between him and the daughter of the

They could see that an auction was going on, the auction of a girl. Old Tsung Fang was conducting it. She was pretty, amazingly so, and her eyes were like somber pools of night wherein a man might lose his soul in prayers without words...
Chinese mandarin. "Wung says this is the will of my father, Shih," the young Prince said. "My father has so stated in his will. Wung says my father has long been gathered to his revered ancestors and it is the duty of a son of China to bow to the will of his ancestors. I have told Wung." "Yes—" broke in little Yin. The word seemed no more than the tiny gossamer leaf, broken, with a silken sigh, from the frail stem of a nearby tree.

"I have told Wung," the young Prince said, "that I have a four-year respite. My father has so said. I am to go to America there to attend a four-year university course. My father wished me to be familiar with Western methods and advantages. I—I am leaving—in the morning. When I return, Wung is content that I shall then marry the daughter of the revered mandarin. But I—"

"Yes—" broke in little Yin. The word seemed no more than the note of a bird, in a throat too tiny to give it utterance.

"But I shall come straight for you, my life's love, straight and unerring and clean as the temple chimes, I shall come for you, here. Down the little crooked path. There shall be no stumbling then, my swallow, and no faltering. Ah, straight, straight shall I come!"

But fate, or was it the revered ancestry of this last child of the honorable house of Shih, decreed differently. Their meeting was to be on alien soil, whither the gentle thoughts of little Yin had never dared to go.

Prince Shih found something warm to him in the ways of the West. He felt an enormous relief to know that Western ways were stretching forth their friendly hands. The ways of his people were gracious ways, he knew, and he would not forget them. But they had need, steeped as they were in tradition, smothered as they were in over-breeding, swarming as they were with the needy and the purely traditional, they had great need of the cool, strong wind of Western tempering.

Of course, Shih might not have thought so strongly as he did had he loved the daughter of the mandarin rather than the daughter of the humble gardener. The personal urge is ever a potent argument, and the personal urge did not diminish with Prince Shih. Ever, in the innermost temple of his innermost heart, he kept, enshrined, the dainty, fragrant figure of little Yin. Ever he saw her as she swayed, like one of its own blossoms, beneath the tree of heaven.

And when his classmates talked, in the far reaches of the night, thru the smoke, when the activities of the day had given fustitude to their limbs, and longitude to their dreams, when they talked then, tenderly, if that was their way, or passionately, or tragically, about the one woman, Shih, with an answering throb, understood. He knew what they meant, how they felt. He was one with them.

The only thing he could not do—the only way he was not with them, was his inability to speak of little Yin. Perhaps it was his Oriental reticence and reserve on matters so sacred, so precious. Sometimes he felt sorry that he could not; that he had to keep silence while verbal adorations of "titian hair" and "a divine dancer" and "the kind of a girl you can't forget," kept humming in rapt phraseology about him. If he could only make them see little Yin as she so rarely was, sitting beneath her tree of heaven, little, celestial flower of a most holy stem! But his poor words—alas! He could not draw her for them, who did not know how fair a gardener's daughter might be. Her fluttering cherry blossom lips, her pale hands like the lotus, her hair like the soft mid of night before the stars have come, her voice like the temple bells, and her breath like the incense before the high priest's shrine. With his poor words—ah, no, ah, no—then would he profane the holiest holy—then would he have bruised the insurpassable whiteness of the flower of his soul—

So he sat silent, but his mouth smiled in sympathy with them, and, now and again, his eyes were dim.

They knew that he knew
and that he could not speak.

In the senior year, T'Su's uncle came to America that he might observe for himself what Western culture (which he had not approved) had done for his nephew.

Wung was very much of the old traditions. The West grew upon him like sand on a sensitive, protected skin. He felt as tho he moved perpetually in the glare of a barbarian sun. He felt continuously affronted.

He felt personally affronted and not a little bit alarmed when, upon the evening of his arrival in New Haven, he came upon Prince Shih shooting craps with a practised hand, in his very Western room. It seemed to Wung to make a definite line of demarcation between himself and what he represented and Shih, and what, amazingly, he had come to represent. It made, also, a very definite line of demarcation between Shih and the daughter of the mandarin, in whose case, Wung was reluctantly obliged to admit to his secret self, the years had not been kind.

He masked, however, what he could, of his shrinking from the Americanization of Shih.

He talked of return and of the many and important duties that would befall the remaining scion of the venerable house of Shih. And somewhat to his relief he found Shih affable to suggestion. He told his uncle he was quite ready to accompany him on the long trip back to the land of his ancestors. Professed an eagerness for it which did not deceive Wung in the very least. He knew whither Shih's thoughts were leading him, whither they were calling him: down a crooked, dainty path to where, beneath a tree of heaven, waited the daughter of the humble gardener, now gathered to his still humberl ancestors.

And knowing, Wung smiled none the less, a still and cryptic smile. Shih thought the long etched lines of an ineffable resignation more marked than ever on his uncle's face. Wung had waited and waited. What had he done with his waiting? For an instant, looking at him there, in the same room where the warning talk of the one woman had so often taken place, Shih felt an instant's premonitory fear, then he laughed it away. After all, what could Wung do to little Yin? And why should he be doing anything, forsooth? Was Shih gone so far that he would, even in his thoughts accuse his venerable and surely honorable uncle of a misdeed foul to the house of Shih? Still, Shih knew to what ends his house would go that the mandates of his honorable ancestors might be fulfilled.

Wung stayed, dazed and, more or less, incredulous, for the finals at Yale. If he were pleased to see the popularity accorded Shih, it was more than outweighed by his horror of the horribule Occidentalism of the same Shih. It seemed incredible to Wung that one of the house of Shih could be Chicago-ing with a blondined lady whose bosom showed so many inches above her bodice it would be immodest for Wung, even at his age, to conjecture. The whole scheme of things was incredible. Wung found himself doubting, for the first time, the hitherto unassailable wisdom of the elder Shih.

Still, it was patent that no one of the Occidental maidens had stolen the heart of the Prince. His eager readiness to set out for San Francisco...
whence they were to sail, proved that. And as for the gardener’s lotus-blossom daughter—Wung smiled the smile that had chilled Shih on the night of his uncle’s august arrival.

In San Francisco they had a week for sightseeing. En route they had stopped off here and there, but Wung was incurious and Shih anxious.

San Francisco was imperative. Their sailing dates had been changed.

“Here, more than on the cross-country trip, Wung showed an immense lack of curiosity. His fatigue amounted to exhaustion. It was impossible for Shih to lure him forth, and he evinced a pain that was unmistakable when, occasionally, Shih fared forth without him.

It was on one of these occasions that Shih met again with little Yin, daughter of the gardener.

A tragic occasion enough that bore to Shih, all his life, the nature and substance of a bruise.

Little Yin—under the tree of heaven, in the gardens of her father’s prudent tending. And then—

Shih, with some of his friends, had been “doing” the Chinese quarter.

They had come upon the innocent-appearing tea shop of Tuang Fang. “I hear—” one of the boys said to Shih, and he nodded significantly, “there’s a Chinese girl for sale in here,” he said.

Shih stopped an instant. Malodorous haunts and resorts of sin were not fit sights for the lofty spirit he endeavored to maintain within him. It had not been his wont to frequent unworthy places. But today—but somehow—why was there sounding in his ears the ringing of the temple bells?

The boys went thru the tea-room and all of them turned, startled, at the strange and strangled sound that came from the throat of Shih. At his face they remained transfixed, for his face was as white as the dead when they have been prepared for burial, and his eyes seemed to be looking at something neither living nor dead. They thought among themselves that his soul was in his eyes.

Why?

They could see that an auction was going on; the auction of a girl. Old Tuang Fang was conducting it and, obviously, Chang Bong Lo, Chinatown’s bad man, was ace high in the bidding, for his taloned hand was on her arm, the flesh of which crept beneath the clutch. The girl was pretty, amazingly so, and her eyes were like somber pools of night wherein a man—wherein a man might lose his soul in prayers without words. Was that—was that what was even then happening to Shih?

The last bid had evidently been made, and the last bid was, just as evidently, Chang Bong Lo’s, for the air of the stuffy room was in that state of suspension common after some electric remark, or moment. And Chang Bong Lo’s evil face bore the leering gratification of an approaching triumph. It was evident, too, that this was not an extemporaneous happening with Chang Bong Lo. He had seen this girl before; much before he had entered the innocent-appearing front door of Tuang Fang’s tea house. Doubtless, he had himself participated in the public auction the better to slake his lust for triumph and power when, at his highest bidding, the prize should be his.

Was it in Shih’s mind that he had been there, too, when the woman made little Yin ready for the infancy? Painting her cheeks that needed no paint, being, he knew, purer than a waxen lily, now. Tinting her lips, the softness of which made charming rebuke to the cosmetics, tightening her in and binding her about with garish silks and fringes? Whatever of these things may have run thru the Prince’s mind the great fact was that it was he who must have Yin. He must outbid, far outbid Chang Bong Lo. He must so far outbid him that even lust could not, would not compete. And so the cry he gave, rather a battle shout than an announcement of a bid:

“Ten thousand dollars!”

Fang brought down his hammer before, even had he been desiring of doing so, Chang Bong Lo could utter a protest.

“Sold to the worthy gentleman,” said Fang, “for ten thousand dollars.”

At the word “sold” Yin, like a paper doll in too strong a wind, bent and collapsed on her stand. Shih, with a cry, ran to her and gathered her to his heart. When she awoke, in an inner room, she was in his arms.
His eyes were reading the white tale of her face, and his tears fell upon her like the white petals from her tree of heaven. "Is it—really—
you?" she asked, at length.

"Ah, Flower of My Soul, Celestial One, Beloved—" murmured Shih. He could say no more, no less. The long four years of waiting, the terrible agony of the last hour, the sudden touch of her again, after all this while—his tears fell heavily—from his heart—and with her white hand little Yin brushed them away, keeping her wise, small silence.

After awhile, assuaged for the moment, Shih prepared to go to his uncle with his happiness. His uncle would give him the money and, when they sailed, he and little Yin would sail as bride and groom. His uncle had had scruples in China, he remembered, about Yin being the daughter of a gardener and all that, but, after his four years in the West, Shih did not take this very seriously. Yin was the woman of his heart, the only one, and a man married the woman of his heart, he knew. Of course, his uncle would know it, too.

Before he left he gave Fang the five hundred dollars he had with him, and told the Chinaman he would return in the morning with the balance of the money, providing no harm came to Yin, providing no person entered her chamber save the maid. Shih knew that a Chinaman's word is as good as his bond, and when Fang gave his word, Shih was content.

Tomorrow! Shih ran on feet that seemed not to touch the pavement until he reached his hotel. His uncle was awaiting him, and without preliminary Shih poured forth his tale. His long love for Yin, the everlasting aspects of it, his utter horror at beholding her in so horrible a position, the travail his soul was in when it came to him that might have happened had he not entered, for sightseeing, the innocent appearing tea house of Tuang Fang. "And so," he concluded, "I shall take the nine thousand five hundred back tomorrow to Fang, and all will be well."

Wung considered his long and slender pipe. Watching him, with one of those cold premonitions his uncle sometimes gave him, Shih noted how long and slender were Wung's eyes, mere slits, how hideously long his nails—was it necessary? What a thin neck he had, like a string. And feet, points—

Then his voice, when he spoke, a bit shrill, not without power:

"My dear Shih," he said, "it has been the wish of your venerable father that you should marry the daughter of the mandarin. These plans date back to before your own birth. They shall be carried out."

Shih stared at the passive figure. Not a muscle of Wung's face had changed during his remark, not a ripple had disturbed the opaque surface of his eyes.

Shih laughed too loudly. Wung stirred a trifle. He was wont to say that laughter could be barbarian. Shih remembered this, and he laughed again. He wondered, with a sudden dizziness, what the color of his uncle's blood might be—surely not yellow—not so dreadfully yellow as his face. Then he pulled himself together.

"You mean, uncle—" he said, "do you quite know what that does mean? Do I know?"

Wung moved his head in slow dismissal of the inquiry. "I cannot say," was his reply, "whether you know what it does mean. You probably do not. Your meaning, your religion, your traditions and your honor seem to have got hopelessly confused, my respected nephew. As for Wung, Wung is thoroly aware of his own meaning, which is, that the nine thousand five hundred dollars necessary for the procurement of the girl will not be forthcoming."

"There are other ways—" Shih breathed, thru his stiff lips.

(Continued on page 90)
Who Will Be Peter Pan

At first it was whispered that Mary Pickford would lend her talents in this direction, and it was Miss Pickford's desire to do so, but for various reasons this plan did not materialize. Then Marguerite Clark's name was mentioned, but this report, too, was denied. Betty Compson has been considered for some time, but at present it is felt that May McAvoy's delicate portrayal of Grizel in "Sentimental Tommy" entitles her to first choice.

And it is interesting to note, in this connection, that The Bioscope, an English trade journal, recently carried the announcement, that the Hon. Lois Sturt, daughter of the late Lord Ildefonso, is to be given the rôle, and, inasmuch as Director Robertson is now in England, conferring with Barrie about the multiple details, there may be truth in the report that there is to be a titled Peter Pan.

Peter Pan—the beloved boy who never grew up—is coming to the screen. John Robertson, who transferred the whimsy of James M. Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy" so faithfully, has been chosen for this delightful task. It has proved difficult to decide who is best endowed to create the title rôle so that the shadowed Peter Pan will be as worthy as the Peter Pan which Maude Adams gave to the footlights.

Photograph © by Underwood & Underwood

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr, L. A.

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes
Not What He Seems

By

HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

It must be admitted that I was none too keen about meeting Joseph Kilgour. In fact, I went to see him with fear in my heart and trembling in my knees. For, you know, Mr. Kilgour is that suave screen villain who always persecutes the maiden until the hero comes galloping onto the screen, and I wasn’t at all sure that there would be any hero handy to effect my rescue. Heroes, in real life, have a way of being absent when you need them most.

However, my worry was quite unnecessary, for I found Mr. Kilgour hero enough in real life to rescue a dozen miniature maidens if necessary. In fact, he is an ideal Chesterfieldian gentleman. He has that infallible dramatic instinct which comes from long application to stage art.

He says he was roped into being a villain on the stage and he has never been able to get away from it.

The course of his career was definitely shaped when David Belasco cast him as Brockton in “The Easiest Way.” As you will undoubtedly recall, “The Easiest Way” was one of the greatest hits in the history of the New York stage. Joseph Kilgour became so identified with the part of Brockton that he almost lost his own identity. At the Lambs’ Club and the Players’ he was called “Brockton”; all the chorus girls on Broadway greeted him with, “Hello, Brockie.” When he ceased playing “The Easiest Way,” theatrical managers used to approach him and say: “Joey, can you tell where to find a young actor who can play your type of part. I’ve got a small rôle similar to your ‘Brockton’ that I’ve got to fill, but it isn’t large enough for me to afford to pay your salary.”

“If of course, I couldn’t tell them of anyone,” remarked Mr. Kilgour, “I think everyone has his individuality, and whether it is weak or strong, good or bad, it is foolish to talk about
Then he added as an afterthought: "It's queer. My friends call me Joey—probably because I look so little like a Joey."

I smiled appreciatively, for Mr. Kilgour is a massive man—no slim boy to account for the diminutive "ey."

On the stage he also played leads with Mrs. Fiske and in "Arizona." He accompanied "Arizona" to London, where it had a long and successful run at the Adelphi Theater.

Kilgour tells an amusing incident concerning this. It seems that the Adelphi had been renamed the Century because of a girlie-girlie show that had had a long run there—if I remember correctly, it was Edna May's "Belle of New York"—but when the melodrama came back with "Arizona," the management renamed the theater The Adelphi.

But this isn't the only interesting experience Mr. Kilgour had in London. Kilgour, you know, was born in Scotland and, as is customary, has a deep respect for the Continental way of doing things. He started life in America as a broker's clerk, but his recreation used to be playing in amateur theatricals. This gained the attention of a big manager, who asked him to take a part in a piece he was then producing. Kilgour accepted.

And having accepted the stage as a career, he slaved to make himself a success. Not satisfied with the strides he was making studying on his own account, he got a letter of introduction to Sir Henry Irving and went to him in London, where he played any and every part in the famous actor's company.

One day in his youthful zeal not to miss his cue, he was running thru the wings when he bumped into a stately man and, looking up as he started to excuse himself, beheld the King.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he stammered.

"That's all right, my lad; run along or you'll be late," replied the King, as he stepped out of Kilgour's path.

(Continued on page 98)

Photograph by Witzel, L. A.
Anyone who has recently bought a house in the suburbs knows perfectly well that Zena Keste has time for little else but her own garden. Priscilla Dean and Owen Moore have become the devotees of the golf course. Priscilla, in her sport clothes, makes a bright dash of color on the Hollywood links, while Owen Moore pursues the elusive ball, at Westchester.

Studio folk learn to take their holidays at a minute's notice—the delay in the erection of a "set," the illness of another player necessary to the scenes scheduled for that day, means respite . . . Every now and then, of course, there is an honest-to-goodness vacation, but then one just has to go in for European travel—it's being done this season. And that leaves little time for the favorite recreation, whatever it may be.
The Return of the Two-Reeler

By HERBERT HOWE

exhibitors couldn't see it as a feature for one night. So it went forth as twins, the first reel shown one day and the other half the second day. Thus you see that the photodrama has grown about a reel a year. Altho we have not as yet had a fourteen-reeler, we have had twelve-reelers.

I had no idea the motion picture was so old until Colonel Selig whispered her real age to me. Like her stars, the screen is touchy about her years. According to the flyleaf of Colonel Selig's bible, the movie had its twenty-fifth birthday this year. The Colonel commenced making moving pictures

A NOTHER old favorite is trying to stage a come-back.

There is always something pathetic about the reappearance of a former idol whose public has forgotten. It's like reincarnation—no one recognizes you.

So it was with a heavy and dubious heart that I went to the Selig-Rork studios to review the return of the oldest of all favorites—the two-reel drama. I say the oldest of all. That is not correct. There was a time when the producer who made a two-reel drama was considered a gambler. Then, as now, there were the Thomases who said, "the public will never stand for it."

Colonel Selig was one of the first, if not the first, producer to venture into the realm of the mastodonic super-spectacle in two reels. He made "The Holy City" in 1907 as a two-reel drama, but the

At the Selig-Rork studios they are reviving the oldest of all favorites—the two-reel drama. Yet there was a time when the producer who made a two-reel drama was considered a gambler. Above, a scene from "The Northern Trail," a new demitasse drama which Bertram Bracken is directing. The players shown in this scene are Walt Whitman, Lewis Stone and Ethel Grey Terry. Below is a scene from an old two-reeler, "The Abalone Shell" which was made twelve years ago, with Bessie Eyton, Thomas Santachi and Hobart Bosworth.
The Photodrama, Like the Skirt, Gains Much by Shortening

of fifty to a hundred feet in 1896. They consisted of such exciting plots as a girl feeding chickens and a train going by. The most popular classic of this size was a watermelon contest—the first droolings of drama. These pictures were distributed in vaudeville with such success that by 1904 Colonel Selig had filmed forty thousand feet of film, almost as much as would be discarded on an ordinary feature today. It was in 1904 that the producer commenced making comedies and dramas of five hundred to one thousand feet with salaried actors. Colonel Selig directed and also officiated at the camera crank. The year brought forth such ambitious ones as "Humpty-Dumpty," "Tracked by Bloodhounds," "Bull-Fight in Mexico" and "The Gay Deceiver."

After experimenting with "The Holy City," the Colonel went back to one-reelers. In that brief space of film was first told the story of "The Count of Monte Cristo," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Rip Van Winkle," "East Lynne" and "A Tale of Two Cities."

Even today certain producers would tell you that such costume classics as (Continued on page 99)
Do not conceal, nor yet eclipse
Thy pearly teeth with coral lips;
Lest that the seas cease to bring forth
Gems which from thee have all their worth.

THERE is hardly a person to be found today who does not realize the necessity of giving constant attention to the teeth, to keep them from decaying. An unclean tooth decays; a clean tooth does not. Therefore, if we wish to keep our teeth firm and healthy and white, we must wage constant warfare on dirt and germs.

While everyone may realize that white, even teeth are "priceless pearls," yet not everyone knows how to take care of the teeth. So, since I am making it my business to study all things pertaining to health and beauty, I will endeavor to give as clearly and concisely as possible the fundamental rules for the preservation of the teeth.

Brush them upon rising in the morning before breakfast.

Brush them after breakfast, after luncheon and again after dinner, or before retiring.

Always use a good tooth paste or powder when brushing the teeth. Buy a preparation not for its flavor but for its antiseptic and cleansing qualities. If these are combined with a pleasant odor, so much the better.

A good dentifrice is one that destroys the albuminous film that gathers over the teeth and in which the germs lodge and grow. Special preparations for mouth wash and gargle may be obtained at drug stores. Whatever the properties of the dentifrice, it must not contain anything that will harden the film or scratch the enamel. Some preparations contain active pepsin, which is excellent as it dissolves all starchy particles clinging to the teeth in places where it is difficult to remove them.

That the film on the teeth is the source of most

(Continued on page 96)
Leave it to the Censor

drawn by Gropper
Filming Historical Romance

Despite the fact that there is a hue and cry about the shortage of good story material, all of the romance and adventure of American history lies untouched. Shadowed upon the screen, it would make delightful drama... It remained for an Englishman, John Drinkwater, in particular, to bring to our stage the great story of Abraham Lincoln. This he did well, with all the beauty of his poetry. Who, then, will bring similar beauty to the screen?

The German Producing Company has filmed a portion of Old World romance—"Passion," telling of Madame DuBarry and Louis XV; and "Deception," depicting the heart story of Anne Boleyn and Henry VIII. Let us not wait for them to shadow the drama and romance which belongs to our own land.

The success of John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" proved that the American people are receptive to the high romance and adventure of their native heath, yet no cinema producer has set forth to screen it for them.

It would seem a pity that we sit serenely back and wait for some enterprising foreign company to give us the drama of our own land.

The Trend Towards the Normal

There has been little of the normal in the history of the screen. It was, at the beginning, a mushroom growth, and not taken into serious consideration by artists of prominence in any line of endeavor. Then it proved its power, and artizans came flocking to the studios from every art and every country. Values were confused and a condition perilously near chaos was the result.

Today, the general financial condition of the country is doing much to bring the motion picture industry to a normal basis—and, undoubtedly, it will never achieve its zenith until the consummation of this trend.

With the state of affairs now existent, the average family does not flock to the movies quite so often as they did previously, and theater managers, all over the country, are reducing the admissions. This means two things—first of all, there will not be so great a demand for new films every night. A production will have a longer run in the neighborhood house.

In turn, this affects the producer. With the exhibitor demanding fewer pictures, he will produce fewer pictures; with the exhibitor able to pay less rental, the producer will conserve on his expenses; the fabulous salaries will be rearranged, and dollars will not be feverishly squandered. There will be time to consider stories and to bring them to the shadows. And all of this will make for better pictures.

The motion picture has come to stay—it has been accepted eagerly by the people of every country in the world. It is, perhaps, the greatest imaginative stimulant the world has ever known.

It will be a survival of the fittest!

A Question of Ethics—

Recently several productions have been re-issued—that is to say, they have been taken from the storehouse, dusted up and once more shadowed upon the screens all over the country. "The Birth of a Nation" is an instance of this and again it won the plaudits of Broadway and its critics. Certainly there is no reason why many of the screen's artistic achievements cannot live forever, except in productions where the—vogue itself makes this impossible.

However, there are other instances of old productions being released—sometimes under the appearance of being recently completed endeavors, and it is with this practice we argue.

When a cinema star gives a portrayal, it stands. Even after the star has become affiliated with another producer, the company with whom they were previously associated is in possession of their re-acts against the star. For example, one of the screen's most popular players recently left a company with which she had been associated for three or four years, during which time she had made a picture which was inferior thru no fault of her own. It was decided not to release this picture at all. Now that the star is no longer under that banner, this old production has been sold to an independent releasing unit and it will be presented for the first time, to all signs and appearances as a recent effort of the player in question.

Such a practice is not ethical. It is not in keeping with the present trend to place the motion picture upon a firm and substantial basis. It smacks of unsavory business methods, and with such methods existent the cinema cannot flourish. There is no law to prohibit such a practice—it is a question of ethics pure and simple—it is up to every producer to respect these ethics in all instances. It is up to us, the public, to refuse to patronize productions we know to be released under false pretenses. The Motion Picture Magazine will be glad to mention any such violations of ethics which come to its attention.
Peggy Puts It Over

By NORMAN BRUCE

It is probable that when Peggy Conrow was five minutes old by the clock, she overheard the doctor say to the nurse, “What a pity it’s a girl, since there’s no likelihood that there’ll be another.” Perhaps, too, she caught the sincere and heartfelt “Darn” which Maxfield Conrow uttered under his breath as he stood above her cradle, looking down at the small red scrap of humanity that should have been a boy. At any rate, she returned the gaze with a pair of eyes even then of a remarkable, cerulean blue and then deliberately and unmistakably she winked at her dis-grunted parent!

Later she carried out the implied promises of the wink, by the growing up as much like a boy as was humanly possible. In pigtails and short starched gingham skirts she climbed trees, and proved with hard-hitting lists the truth of Kipling’s comment upon the female of the species to the gentle horror of Aunt Agatha who tried to bring her up according to potatoes-prunes-and-prisms principles, in the place of the mother who had died soon after her advent into the world.

Fiercely loyal to her self-imposed pledge to “make it up to Dad,” Peggy stilled weak feminine yearnings for dolls and pink hair ribbons and forced her quaking little fingers to close about the trigger of cap pistols, tho her small-girl soul clamored silently for flight. Sternly, Peggy, at fifteen, passed by the lure of frills and openwork stockings and the pitfalls of party gowns, and dressed her slim young tallness in tweeds and serge, and since these were obviously not suited to dances and other frivolities, Peggy did not take part in these things. Many an evening a solitary little figure sat in the shadows gazing wistfully at the lights and gaiety which she had denied herself, gallantly swallowing the lump that would get into her throat, forcing her quivering lips to whistle a gallant don’t-care little tune.

And, as a final effort to atone to Dad for her tactless-

ness in being a girl herself instead of her brother, Peggy insisted upon going to an engineering school. “The firm is going to keep on being Conrow and Conrow, if I have to stay an old maid to keep it so!” she declared, adding with the rather terrible frankness that was characteristic of her, “anyhow, there doesn’t seem to be much prospect of being asked to change it!”

It was true. Despite her flowerlike prettiness there was a firmness to Peggy’s small, dimpled chin, a steadiness to her clear, wide blue eyes that made men distinctly uneasy and uncertain. And since it is a characteristic of their sex to wish to feel like the lords of creation, they drew away from this disconcerting young woman and turned to those who, less ornamental, gave them their due of proper admiration and deference.

Peggy was distinctly scornful of the gurgling, clanging, twittering tactics by means of which her girl friends attained the desired ends of a diamond solitaire and a trousseau. It seemed to her that anyone who would be taken in by such transparent tricks must be lacking in intellect, consequently at twenty she was in danger of becoming a man-hater to the distress of Aunt Agatha’s romantic soul.

She spoke of the matter to her brother, blushing a faded, old-fashioned blush at the indelicacy of the discussion. “Brother, did you notice how Doctor Ransome looked at our Peggy’s picture the other night when he called on account of my sciatica? He seemed, well—almost, yes, quite interested. And he is remarkably handsome—his nose reminds me of Byron’s—or do I mean Lord Bacon? I—I was just wondering—”

“I suppose you’ve planned everything down to the salad for the wedding supper!” grumbled Maxfield Conrow, affectionately. “Well, Ransome’s the only man that isn’t dead above the Adam’s apple in this jay town. Why, the inhabitants aren’t even progressive enough to have
Now, the people here haven't seen her yet, she has established no reputation for—ah—being strong minded or peculiar. I wish that we could make her see that a little shyness, a trifle girlish shrinking, a few feminine weaknesses.

"If you expect to get Peg to faint at the sight of a scratched finger, or leap into a chair when she sees a mouse, to further your match-making schemes, you've got a hard job on your hands, Aggie," Peggy's father said, humorously. "She's a better man than most, and I've got a notion that if I didn't have to spend the next two months in Washington, she and I together could talk that collection of boneheads out of some of their mass-grown ideas and start in making Oldtown at least two or three hundred years nearer up to date."

Being a wise woman, Aunt Agatha did not say, "Thank Heaven, then, you're going to be in Washington!" Instead she began a quiet campaign which involved the purchase of porch chairs, a hammock built for precisely two, and a quantity of white lawn and pink organdie and lavender batiste which, with the aid of a seamstress, she converted into the most frivolous, utterly feminine, shamelessly clinging-vine frocks imaginable.

Subtle, guileful, deep as she felt her plans to be, Peggy saw thru them as clearly as thru a pane of glass, but tho she laughed bluffly she was secretly in sympathy with Aunt Agatha's aims. Underneath the khaki and corduroy, the serge and tweeds, the very feminine little heart in Peggy's bosom had found itself beating double-quick time when she looked at the snapshot of David Ransome which Aunt Agatha had slipped into one of her letters. The Byronic—or was it the Baconian—nose, the humorous mouth, the dark, straight-glancing eyes, Peggy liked them all, and with her usual frankness admitted it to Aunt Agatha on her first day at the new house.

"But I'll simply loathe me!"

Patiently, "but, after all, it's the town you have chosen to live in, and the town Peggy's future is bound up with, she sighed regretfully. "I shall put my hands in my pocket and talk about birth control and the new penal system, and if I stub my toe I shall undoubtedly swear!"

Aunt Agatha fluttered distressfully, "If you could learn just a few of the little ways that men seem to find so attractive in young ladies. Of course, I am a spinster and know very little of the subject, but I have observed, my dear. There was a young person at the lake this summer,
for example. She always had a great many youths about her, I think they are technically referred to as 'beaux,' and one of the things she did was to go up behind a young man and put her hands over his eyes and ask him to guess who it was. It doesn't sound exactly sensible, does it? But it seemed to work amazingly well!"

Peggy was unconvinced. "Why, a man would like a girl better if she hadn't a single brain in her head, I can't understand!" she declared. "However, if it will please you, we'll practise!"

Very solemnly, Aunt Agatha took her place upon the lawn; very seriously, Peggy tiptoed across and held her hands over Aunt Agatha's eyes; then, shaken with suppressed laughter, she sank on the grass. "I feel like such a fool!" she confessed. "It's no use, Auntie, I can't be coy! Besides, I've already made the wrong impression on Oldtown. There was an old dusty constable sitting at the cross-roads when I drove my car in this morning, watching the snails whizz by, and I think I surprised him a little—I wasn't going more than forty-five an hour, at that. Then when I came down that cow path they call Main Street, I just missed a pig that was slumbering in the middle of it by about two inches, and a very officious person in overall gave me a lecture from his front lawn. No, Oldtown knows I'm here, and that I'm no shy, shrinking violet!"

When Dr. David dropped in after dinner, Aunt Agatha was doomed to another disappointment, for, after the first glance which was undoubtedly admiring on both sides, followed a second glance which was just as undoubtedly disappointing.

"Have you come to finish the lecture?" inquired Peggy, standing with her feet wide apart, and her chin at an angle of forty-five degrees. "If so, let me state before you begin that, so far as I am concerned, any pig left in the public highway will be practically ruined for all purposes except sausage when my Dalton-Six gets thru with him!"

Dr. Ransom's grimness relaxed into a hearty laugh. "I'll admit it wasn't the place for the pig," he said. "I'm afraid you'll find before long that we people in Oldtown are rather unprogressive, Miss Conrow. Perhaps your father has already told you of his schemes for waking us up, a little?"

Peggy sat down, crossed her knees like a boy and folded her arms. Aunt Agatha, watching anxiously from the doorway, sighed as she noted the belligerent attitude. One could as well imagine falling in love with a fretful porcupine. When she returned a half hour later with lemonade and spice cookies, the situation was not improved.

"I agree with you in so far as the result," Dr. Ransom was saying earnestly, "but understanding the conservative and stubborn natures of the people with whom you have to deal, I am certain that the only way to approach them is cautiously and with the greatest tact."

"And I am certain," said Peggy, stamping her common-sense shoe, "that if they haven't sense enough to want decent roads and sidewalks and sewers and water system and electric lights, they should be made to put them in. I suppose you'd ask to be introduced to a person who had fallen into the water before you would save his life! Tact! Common sense will get you a heap further than tact, and I'll just tell that Methuselah, Silas Tucker, so to his face!"

"I warn you," urged Dr. Ransom, "for the sake of your own happiness, not to get the Town Council down on you. They're an unpleasant lot, and one of their most sacred convictions is that woman's place is in the home, making blackberry jam and bringing up the children, while the men run the world."

"They have whiskers on their minds!" snapped Peggy. "Look at me! Do I look like that kind of woman? The old-fashioned, helpless sort?"

For the space of a full minute they measured each other silently. Deep in the man's steady gaze a little flame lighted; deep in the girl's a flame answered it. "You look to me," said David Ransom, with a slow breath, "exactly like the right kind of woman, whatever that may be."

Peggy blushed. Actually blushed, like one of those..."
sweet little fluffy things that coo. "Ain't you just ter-
ble," in answer to a compliment. Hastily she rallied her
forces. "Who isn't with me is against me, Dr. Ransome!"
(She flung down her gauntlet.) "Pitch in with me and
help me make over this hidebound old place into a san-
itary, wide-awake progressive town!"
He shook his head stubbornly. "I never operate with-
out giving an anesthetic first," he said. "You will never
get anywhere with aggression in Oldtown. They also
serve, you know, who only stand and wait."
"I'm not the waiting kind!" laughed Peggy. "And
neither am I afraid of Silas or any of the other Rip Van
Winkles around here!"
She demonstrated this to the consternation and dismay
of the Town Council when it assembled the next after-
noon in the weather-beaten vestry of the Baptist Church.
It was the first time that a woman had ever invaded the
stern precincts of government, and there was no precedent
to determine how they should meet the crisis. Gla\oring
thru his horn spectacles, the moderator pounded his gavel
upon the table, scarred with oyster suppers and cake sales.
"Young woman," he rumbled, "this here meeting is only
for the citizens of this town."
"By law," said Peggy, sweetly, "a woman is now a citi-
zen, Mr. Tucker. I am past my twenty-first birthday, and
cast my vote at the last election. I think that I may claim
to qualify."
There was an uneasy pause during which a dozen pairs
of shoes shuffled under the table and a dozen pairs of eyes
avoided each other painstakingly. Then feebly the gavel
descended again. "The meet-
in' will come to order," an-
nounced Silas.
Peggy, self-possessed and
efficient, listened to the read-
ing of the minutes and the
transaction of the routine business. When a pause finally
came, she was on her feet. "May I inquire," she said
pleasantly, "why the proposed improvements, which were
discussed by my father with you, have been halted? If it
is because he is obliged to be in Washington, I shall be
glad to offer my services as engineer to the town."
A guffaw rose in a dozen throats and grew to a roar.
A woman engineer, whoever heard tell? The butcher of
Oldtown grew purple with amusement and had to be
pounded on the back; the baker wiped his eyes on the
knuckles of his hand. Silas Tucker addressed presum-
tious Peggy with an air of tolerance. "The place for a
female woman has been determined by the Scripters in
Genesis. 'The Lord never meant her to do a man's work.'"
"When there aren't any men to do it to Peggy, mean-
ingly, "I rather fancy the Lord is glad to find a woman
with spunk enough to pitch in and help. Look at Boad-
icea, look at Joan of Arc—"
"Silas glared righteous indignation. "Do you mean that
papist female in the tin pants?" he roared. "You don't
mean to say that you're going to wear—a voice sank
to the depths of horror—'going to wear—trousers?'"
"Probably," said Peggy, briskly, "all women ought to.
to do their housework in. I think I shall form a women's
club and have an efficiency expert to talk to them. But
First I am going to carry out the contract you gave my
father, or rather you gave to the firm of Conrow and Con-
row, of which I am the junior member." And, having
sprung her bomb, she smiled sweetly around the circle of
stricken faces and marched out of the room with the effect
of banners waving and hands playing.
"Did you hear the news?" Mrs. Emanuel Tippet asked
the doctor, spitefully, the next morning when she dropped
in to his office ostensibly to have a run-around treated.
"That Conrow gal is peradventure thru the town squinting
thru a kind of a telescope thing on three legs and making
notes in a little book. And she's all rightheaded like that
scarlet woman Joan
of Arc, in the Bible!"
"Joan was no rela-
tion of Noah," Dr.
David assured her,
blandly. "You will
find the lady in his-
tory, not the Bible, my
dear Mrs. Tippet.
And if Joan looked as
charming in—ah
decostume as Miss
Conrow does, it is no
wonder they made her a
saint!"
But under his suave
manners lurked dis-
satisfaction and a sav-
age, cave-man rage
against the gaping,
snickerling dullards
who dared to gaze up
on Peggy with
greedily, prying eyes
like cold suet, dared
to wag their tongues
and lick their lips over
her name. He had
seen her only twice,
and each time she had
raised in him a
healthy fury and a de-
sire to shake her
thoroly and after-
ward kiss those rebell-
Peggy interrupted calmly, "What foolishness!" she smiled, "suppose you did see it? What harm was there to my own husband kissing me?"

Not even to herself did she confess that she was heartily sick of the task she had set herself; of the covert stares, the open sneers that greeted her whenever she set up her surveying instruments in the weed-grown, treeless square, or on the corner of one of the straggling, dirt streets. But not since she had first determined to make it up to Daddy for being a girl instead of the son he had hoped for, had she discovered in herself such shameful weaknesses, such yearnings for dainty garments, yes—for admiration. She wanted to be taken care of, to be protected. She wanted to be foolish and carefree and adored like the empty-headed little creatures who walked with their swains under the elms in the evenings and held hands over the gates.

To discipline herself for these secret, unworthy frailties, Peggy was particularly defiant with Silas Tucker and his cronies, unusually snappish with Dr. David. She drove her gang of Italian laborers unmercifully, she sat up in the hayloft room she had made into an "office," until all hours of the short summer nights, planning her work. In consequence she began to look thin and white, and the violet circles under her wide, blue eyes made Dr. David say swear-things under his breath and scold his office skeleton, his only confidant.

"Why in the name of (Continued on page 106)"
Across the Silversheet
New Screen Plays In Review

If a huge sum was given for the screen rights to Schnitzler's "The Affairs of Anatol" in order that the new Cecil B. de Mille production might be, it is a glaring example of extravagance. With the characters called by other names and the main title, "Five Kisses," as was, for a time, intended, there would have been no infringement. Certainly this de luxe review of ladies fair, boudoirs and cabarets is a far-fetched version of the sophisticated Viennese tale.

However, if you do not go prepared to take Anatol and his affairs seriously, you will be amused. Anatol must have been fabulously wealthy or else, as fellow-critic suggested, a movie star. No one else in the world could afford such a dwelling, not to mention all the trick furniture, the creations of his bride and his naughty flings.

Wallace Reid is Anatol, who becomes irritated when his wife, Vivian, played by Gloria Swanson, insists upon artistic love scenes before breakfast. He meets a school-friend of his early youth, who now goes in for rich old men and jewels. This is Wanda Hawley. He endeavors to reform her and escapes just in time to save himself from an urgent need for reforming. Discouraged, Anatol betakes himself to the country, where all is sweet and good. Here he meets the pure country maiden novelists delight in idealizing, and it is with relief that he returns to the gay White Way and one
By

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

notorious Satan Synne, in particular. It is probably superfluous to relate that Bebe Daniels plays Satan with great ado—namely, all the trappings heretofore credited to Dante's Inferno, with some special camera effects and a crouching leopard, thrown in for good measure. But, alas! Satan Synne, too, disappoints him and he returns to his wife, a

firm believer in the Einstein theory, provided it is the Einstein theory which, evolving, theorizes that nothing is permanent but change, or something of the sort.

Undoubtedly, Cecil de Mille has the faculty of presenting the very, very rich and their indolent lives, their affairs and their romance, in glowing colors—but in Anatol he has gone a little too far even for his workmanlike touch.

Nothing so ornate has ever been seen before. Even the titles dazzle you, in a riot of roses and symbolical groupings, all colored.

The cast has been well chosen, but Elliott Dexter as the friend of Anatol, Max by name, perhaps offers the best performance. Monte Blue and Theodore Roberts are also seen in other roles. It is, in truth, an all-star cast.

(Continued on page 102)
California Chatter

THE Actors’ Fund Festival, which took place at the Speed- way in Los Angeles, turned out to be the affair of the month. Not only did all the members of the film colony lend their talents to making it a great success, but all the most charming maids and matrons of Los Angeles society worked unceasingly. The result was of course a brilliant spectacle which nearly everybody within a radius of a hundred miles attended.

Perhaps the greatest drawing card among the concessions— which resembled a great midway or circus—was the tent-theater which housed several farcical playlets presented by May Allison, Gloria Swanson, Lois Wilson, Bert Lytell, Herbert Rawlinson and William Russell. Daniel Frohman had stage-managed these usually silent twinklers with such success that the people not only filled and refilled the tent, but the poor actors had great difficulty in getting them to leave at all. They wanted to watch the show three or four times. Charlie Ray conducted a country store, which was almost wrecked by Ray admirers. Pauline Frederick, dressed in a crisp linen riding suit and tri-cornered hat, presided at one of the raffles. Ann Forrest, in a soft grey afternoon frock and large garden hat, was lighting cigarettes for men at twenty-five cents a light. Tony Moreno, handsome as ever, and Roy Stewart, with his happy smile, dashed hither and yon on horseback, giving the spectators a real thrill and showing them how and where to buy. Stalwart Bill Desmond was also participating in the rodeo. From every angle, the fair was a great success and netted a good round sum for the Actors’ Fund.

I ran into Mildred Harris, Vola Vale and Mrs. Earle Williams, indulging in an ice cream soda at the “Pig and Whistle” the other afternoon. Mildred Harris was wearing a simple white silk sport dress and bright red turban, while little Vola Vale wore a large black hat and a flowered organdie dress.

Having finished their refreshments, the three, looking for all the world like schoolgirls, clambered into a perfectly enormous limousine and were driven away. So many pretty girls, so much money, so much fame and independence, and still youth—nowhere can such a unique combination be found except in Hollywood.

Dining at the Los Angeles Athletic Club the other evening, I noticed a party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas MacLean and Mr. and Mrs. Wallace MacDonald. Mrs. MacDonald is that sweet girl known on the screen as Doris May, who used to co-star in Ince pictures with Douglas MacLean. Mrs. MacLean has never been in pictures. The two girls were wearing large summer hats and crisp organdie dresses. As soon as the orchestra recognized Doris, they started playing “Here Comes the Bride” and “I Love You Trul’y.” You see, our friends,
Wallace MacDonald and Doris May are still on their honeymoon.

In another corner Herb Rawlinson, that real wonder man of the films, was dining with—I think I recognized Daniel Frohman. Of all the screen stars in Hollywood, there is no other quite such a regular fellow as Herb. I always have to curb my inclinations to use every good adjective in Webster's whenever I start to write anything about "Rawley."

Later, almost everyone in Filmland was present at the opening of the musical comedy "Irene" at the Mason.

Cecil B. de Mille has finished his latest picture, which is based on Merrick's "Laurels and the Lady," and has gone to New York City for a brief conference with Adolph Zukor and Jesse Lasky. Dorothy Dalton and Julia Faye have traveled East for a short vacation. Miss Dalton met her mother and father in Chicago and then went on to New York, while Miss Faye visited St. Louis and French Lick Springs.

The horse is rapidly returning to favor in Beverly Hills as a means of recreation. May Allison started the fad for horseback riding, and now Ethel Clayton is one of the principal devotees of the sport. She has bought two very high bred horses—one is called Tarma Denmark and the other Marksmen. The latter she bought for her brother.

Robert Brunton has returned from New York with the cheerful news that he is to go right ahead with the filming of the Kipling stories. Perhaps his most interesting news is that "The Jungle Book" is one of the first he will do. Kipling himself wrote the continuity.

Buster Keaton and his bride, formerly Natalie Talmadge, have also arrived in town and are stopping with Low Anger, Keaton's manager. Mr. Keaton is beginning to worry over his next picture already, but for Miss Talmadge, who has retired from the screen, life is just one grand sweet song.

Marie Prevost, who is starting her initial stellar production at Universal City, entitled "The Butterfly," was glancing over the scenario in the office of her director, King Baggot, in order to get an idea of the wardrobe required for the picture. When Miss Prevost, inured to wearing only a simple bathing suit, came to the twenty-fourth change of costume, she inquired:

"Who wrote this story, anyhow—Lucile?"

David Butler has purchased the more or less well-known stage play, "In Walked Jimmie," for the screen. The play is by Minnie Z. Joffa.

Dorothy Davenport is keeping in practice with her ballroom dancing, as are also those honeymooners, Priscilla Bonner and Alan Wyness.

Pretty soon all our lovely film stars will be gathered into the New York stage fold if the present order of things continues.

(Continued on page 98)
June saw most of the male coterie of screendom in New York—the occasion, as you have probably divined, was the Dempsey-Carpentier fight, across the river, in Jersey, the first week in July. One by one, the leading lights of filmland would arrive, ostensibly to confer with the executive heads of their respective companies, but really it was for the reason first mentioned.

Tom Mix visited Gotham recently, and between interviews, conferences and receptions, he was permitted little, or no time, to do those things he wished to do. Incidentally, Tony, Mr. Mix's beloved horse, was a member of the party, even if he didn't travel in the Pullman. You couldn't expect Tom to leave him thousands of miles behind, therefore no one was the least bit surprised when Tony, too, arrived.

The fox-trot craze has been revived in New York, thanks to Wally Reid. Wally, himself, is an expert in the light fantastic, and he has found recreation from his work on "Peter Ibbetson" by presenting Wallace Reid cups to the best fox-trotters in the leading restaurants. Naturally, this has proved decidedly popular, for what fair maiden is there who does not yearn for a loving-cup from Wally's own hands. Even Delmonico's, the hostelry of the distinguished, has succumbed to the craze.

The Sheik, that thrilling love story, from the pen of S. M. Hull, which has delighted the public from between two covers, for the last few months, is to be shadowed. George Melford is to direct this tale of the desert, while James Kirkwood will characterize the Bedouin, who abducts the girl and keeps her captive in his brilliant tent, on the hot sands.

Mildred Davis, who with her sun-kist curls, has been a charming foil for Harold Lloyd, and his breezy comedy, is leaving these particular comedies. However, she is not to desert the screen for a rose-entwined cottage and a wedding-ring, or anything of that sort, never fear. On the contrary, you will see more than ever of her. She is to appear as leading woman, in one of the big productions now being planned, under the personal supervision of Hal Roach.

If the latest reports from the movie colony are to be relied upon, Gladys Brockwell is to take into herself a husband—and the husband is William Scott. You know him—he has been her leading man in many recent Fox pictures.

Now that Hugo Ballin has completed "The Journey's End," and prepared it for its Broadway première, he has begun work on "Jane Eyre," the popular Bronte novel. Mabel Ballin is entrusted with the title rôle, and a charming screen version is promised.

Every day another prominent name is added to D. W. Griffith's "Two Orphans" cast. Sheldon Lewis has signed a contract to play the rôle of Jacques. In order to do this, Mr. Lewis canceled his vaudeville bookings.

"The Queen of Sheba" has been received in the highest diplomatic circles. Recently, President Harding and a party of Washington friends enjoyed a private showing of this Fox extravaganza, in which Betty Blythe stars in the title rôle.

By this time, everyone knows that Natalie Talmadge is Mrs. Buster Keaton. She was married at Norma's country place, on Long Island, and immediately left for California, where they will reside. Mrs. Keaton will no longer be seen upon the screen.

No wonder you have to secure European passage months in advance. Practically everyone in the motion picture industry is, or has been, or is going abroad. Mary Miles Minter sailed recently, with her mother and sister, for a vacation period in France and England.

The plans of Jackie Ooogan have at last been announced. At the age of six, he will head his own company, which, almost anyone will admit, is not so bad. The Jackie
How to have the lovely nails that are today expected of everyone

Well-groomed hands are today a social and business necessity

FIVE years ago manicuring was a social nicety. But today well-groomed hands are a social and business necessity. Unkept nails cannot pass muster either in society or in business any more than neglected teeth or untidy hair—and they are criticized just as severely.

Cutex, by doing away with the old harmful method of cutting the cuticle, has made manicuring so simple and easy that everybody can keep their own hands always perfectly manicured. No more harmful cutting of the cuticle! Instead you take off all the hard, dry edges of skin about the base of the nails with Cutex Cuticle Remover—quickly, easily, safely. You can hardly believe your eyes when you see the dry, dead cuticle that you used to have to chip away, disappearing as dirt flies before soap and water.

Then, with the Cutex Nail White, a pearly whiteness under the nail tips. Finally—a lovely, jewel-like lustre with one of the marvelous Cutex Polishes! There are five of these so prepared as to meet every taste and every need. If you like a very brilliant shine, instantaneously and without burnishing, that will last a week with frequent hand-washings, try the new Cutex Liquid Polish. Then there is the Powder Polish, the best and quickest you have ever used. And Cake Polish, the old favorite, so economical and convenient; and the Paste Polish, that tints as well as polishes; and the Stick Polish that every woman likes to keep in addition to all the others, just for her handbag.

So easy, and the results amazing

With Cutex you will find it actually a rest and relaxation to do your own nails. And you will be amazed at the results. The first trial of the Cuticle Remover is always like a miracle. It is a delightful surprise, also, to find that you can give your nails that really professional touch of grooming that you get from Cutex Nail White and the Cutex Polishes.

A Cutex Set is a great convenience

Cutex Sets come in three sizes—the “Compact,” at 60c; the “Traveling,” at $1.50; and the “Boudoir,” at $3.00. Or each of the preparations comes separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada.

Photograph by Baron de Meyer
This photographic study of a perfectly kept hand was posed especially for Cutex by Mary Nash

These three simple operations keep your nails always lovely

First, the Cuticle Remover. Dip the orange stick wrapped in cotton into the bottle of Cutex, work around the nail base, and then wash the hands. The ugly dead cuticle will simply wipe off.

Then the Nail White. This is to remove stains and to give the nail tips an immaculate whiteness. Squeeze the paste under the nails directly from the tube.

Finally the Polish. A delightful jewel-like shine is obtained by spreading the Powder or Cake on the palm of the hand and rubbing the palm swiftly across the nails of the opposite hand.

Marvelous new Liquid Polish added to Introductory Set. Set now only 15c

A sample of the marvelous new Liquid Polish, that gives an instantaneous shine—lasting and brilliant—without buffing, has been added to the Introductory Set. Send for the set today—now only 15c—less, actually, than you’ve been able to get it for before. Fill out this coupon and mail with 15 cents today to Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., or, if you live in Canada, to Dept. 809, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.

Mail this coupon with 15 cents today

Northam Warren,
Dept. 809, 114 West 17th Street,
New York City.

Name ____________________________
Street __________________________
City and State ___________________
Coogan Productions Company will exploit the Kid as a star in his own right. Five productions will be filmed a year, the first of which will be shot during July and August.

Naomi Childers is now Mrs. Luther Reed—to be more explicit, she married Mr. Reed, who is both a scenario writer and playwright, at her New York apartment, during the month of June. The last reports from Miss Childers declared she would not leave the screen.

Hope Hampton has succumbed to the vaudeville fever, and is, at present, resting between pictures, so to speak, by appearing in a vaudeville sketch. Needless to say, Miss Hampton is an energetic young woman. That's hardly our idea of a vacation.

No longer will Herbert Rawlinson please in the role of leading-man. Universal persuaded him to sign on the dotted line, and he is to be a star. This starring contract is a reward for his excellent work in a recent production.

Mae Murray and her directorial husband, Robert Leonard, are now at work in a New York studio, on their first independent production. "Peacock Alley" is the story’s name.

There is a rumor afoot that John Barrymore will play the title rôle in "The Christian." Vitagraph produced this, some time ago, with Earle Williams in the leading rôle, and it proved to be one of the most popular stories ever shadowed.

"Molly O," which marks Mabel Normand’s return to the Mack Sennett fold, boasts an excellent cast, including such popular players as Jack Mulhall and Lowell Sherman.

It is interesting to note that the Madge Kennedy production, "Oh, Mary Be Careful," produced when Miss Kennedy was under the Goldwyn banner, some time ago, has been purchased by the Pioneer Feature Films Corporation, and will probably be released under the title of "Spoiled Child." Altho this picture was made by Goldwyn in 1917, it was not released by that company, as it was not up to their standard, and they felt it would hurt their prestige, and the prestige of Madge Kennedy. We are glad to acquaint our readers with the true facts of the case.

Betty Ross Clarke, in private life, Mrs. Lieutenant Arthur Collins, has returned from her honeymoon, and is playing opposite Harry Carey in "Partners."

Barbara Bedford writes and requests that her new address be given as the Willat Studios, Culver City, California. Her mail has been going astray, and Miss Bedford is anxious to receive the letters her friends take the time to write her.

Judith Jordan, one of the 1920 Fame and Fortune winners, is at work in the Robert Carson Productions. The first two productions are "In Texas" and "Double Steal."

Norma Talmadge has been resting in the White Mountains. Her next picture will be "Smilin' Through," in which Jane Cowl scored such a success behind the footlights.

Alice Brady and her husband, James Crane, are now abroad, where it is not unlikely Miss Brady will do an Irish story with Emerald Isle, itself, for her stage. At any rate, the efficient Alice is combining business with pleasure, and she will bring several stories back for future production.

When Wallace Reid was in New York, lately, he telephoned Mrs. Reid, who remained in California, every evening. Most husbands could take a lesson in loyalty and consideration from Wally.

Some say that Dorothy Gish and her husband, James Rennie, are going to do stock, in Toronto, Canada, this summer. If so, it is Dorothy’s first appearance behind the footlights. Guess James Rennie wants his old school friends to meet his charming bride. You can’t blame him.
The two secrets of a youthful looking skin

Every normal skin needs two creams. FOR DAYTIME use a dry cream to protect the skin and hold the powder—AT NIGHT, a cream made with oil, to keep the skin soft and pliant and perfectly cleansed.

For daytime use—the dry cream that will not reappear in a shine

When you powder, do it to last. Here is the satisfactory way to make powder stay on. First smooth in a little Pond’s Vanishing Cream—this cream disappears entirely, softening the skin as it goes. Now powder. Notice how smoothly the powder goes on—and it will stay on two or three times as long as usual. Your skin has been prepared for it.

This cream has not a drop of oil in it which could reappear and make your face shiny.

Furthermore, this protective cream, skin specialists tell us, prevents the tiny grains of powder from working their way into your pores and enlarging them. It is based on an ingredient prescribed by a famous physician for its softening effect.

At night, the cleansing, nourishing cream made with oil

Cleanse your skin thoroughly every night if you wish it to retain its clearness and freshness. Only a cream made with oil can really cleanse the skin of the dust and dirt that bore too deep for ordinary washing to reach. At night, after washing your face smooth Pond’s Cold Cream into the pores. Then wipe the cream gently off. You will be shocked at the amount of dirt this cleansing removes from your skin. When this dirt is allowed to remain in the pores, the skin becomes dull and blisters and blackheads appear.

Start using these two creams today

These two creams are both too delicate in texture to clog the pores and they will not encourage the growth of hair.

They come in convenient sizes in both jars and tubes. Get them at any drug or department store. If you desire samples first, take advantage of the offer below. The Pond’s Extract Company, 139 Hudson Street, New York.

Generous tubes—mail coupon today

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POND’S
Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream
GREETINGS: Say, tellers, this month I have had at least 125 answers to the German pictures were ever allowed in this country; 125 asking why the star system is being done away with; 125 asking which I thought more beautiful, Corliss Palmer or Katherine Macdonald; 100 asking if I knew as old as I look up above; and 89 asking if I could ask the writers to write to them. And I'm still with you! Vive le A. M.

COURIOUS VESTA.—You say your greatest desire is to have an interview with Viola Dana. You are a happy mortal, for you shall have your greatest desire. The first moving picture wasn't a consecutive story with a leading man and leading woman. I think it was simply a girl, swinging a pocket watch, but I do not tuck my whiskers in my pocket. Thanks!

ODY DOVER.—They are probably doing special pictures. Can't get any information about them. Sorry. So you enjoy reading my few pages. It's a comfort to hear you say so. Lillian Walker is playing in a monolog in vaudeville. She recently appeared in "The Woman God Changed." Pauline Frederick in "Salvage" for Robertson Cole.

SANTA ROSA FARMERETTE.—You can reach Jean Paige at the Vitagraph Studio, E. 15th St. and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. It is rumored she is going to do another picture soon, even if she is the wife of Albert E. Smith, Vitagraph's estimable president. You will enjoy Margarette Clark in "Scrambled Wives."—I did. Owen Moore is with Selznick. Bert Lytell is playing in "A Trip to Paradise."

BILL'S FAN.—Hello there! Is it warm enough for you? Wait a minute, till I get this mosquito! (Later. Now he's out of misery.) By the way, what does it mean when a mosquito has twenty-two teeth, all of which may be seen thru a microscope? Well, they have, for I saw them and counted 'em myself. William Farnum is still with Fox. Alice Calhoun is now at work at the Vitagraph studios in "Closed Doors."

LITTLE BRIGHT EYES.—You say you are 16 and are looking for a mother to adopt you, and wish the mother in "The Gay Deceiver" would. Wish I could help you—perhaps I can be a grandfather to you.

TROUBLE.—You sound like a telephone inspector. I'd hate to recommend any of them. Send me a stamped, addressed envelope and I will try to help you.

JUNETTE S.—Beware of the man who never laughs, and trust him no further than you can see him. Ha, ha; he, he; and likewise bo, ho.—I'm always laughing. Buck Jones is married, but he is living with his mother. Elliott Drexler was formerly married to Marie Doro. Charles Meredith is married to Melba Meising. Sure, fire away—answering questions is my hobby, send 'em along.

THE VIRGINIAHS.—How do I manage to live on $10 a week? I don't try to manage it—it manages me. Of course, I don't keep a set of books; if I did, I would have to pay an income tax. William Duncan is still playing. "Everything in its place," is a good motto, provided the place is a good one.

NAZIMO, B. C.—If dreams all came true, this world would be one great lunatic-asylum. Yes, Forrest Stanley is popular. He played with Vivian Martin in "Her Official Fiancée." No, Bebe Daniels is not married. She comes from Texas. Constance Talmadge played in "Lessons in Love," and "Wedding Bells" follows. Mary Miles Minter is 19 and unmarried.

GOURMET.—Thank you. The song you composed, "Stars." I shall try it on my dog. If he survives I'll guarantee you immortality, because he's very particular. Write me again.

TRAVEL MAN.—Thanks for the Frank, I mean fiancé. You say you have three old people in your family ranging from 69, 71 and 76, and you wish they would smile once in a while. Just tell them for me that they're not half enjoying life—that smile and keep smiling and thus add years to their lives. Thanks for the invitation to come and join them. We would be a happy quartette. Yes, I think I know your friend. Keep your old friend busy—there is nothing in life so full of pain as emptiness, especially the mind and soul.

SANDROPER.—Peggy Hyland is in California, right now, doing pictures. Pearl White has red hair, alto she wears a blond wig in most of her pictures. Viola Dana was married, but her husband died. Shirley Mason is married to Bernard Durning. Their family name is Flugrath.

MARY JEAN.—So Eugene O'Brien is your favorite. He was interviewed in the July Magazine by Adele Whitely Fletcher. She tells me he is. No, I have never met him personally. Not married.

PHILANDS.—You must get busy—remember what Balzac says, "Woman lives by sentiment, man by action." There is no relation between Francis Ford and Rosemary Thedy. Did you think they were cousins? Julian Eltinge is still on the stage. Corliss Palmer is her real name, and she was born in Macon, Ga. Corinne Griffith is with Vitagraph, Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to me again.

STANLEY W.—Well, you just write to me whenever you feel like it. Rudolph Valentino played Julio in "The Four Horsemen." He is 25, and born in Genoa. He is playing opposite Nazimova in "Camille." Yes, it has been said that Monte Blue denies being the author of the Blue Laws.

PEGGY P.—Comment vous en va? No, Jackie Coogan is not going to play with Chaplin. Love is the greatest thing in the world. I advise you not to marry for money unless you want to trade your liberty for a golden collar that will always be uncomfortable. Mary Pickford is still the most popular player.

TULIP TOWN.—Thanks for the gum. Also the invitation. You say you are going to name your sister Sonora. When she grows up she will probably be a regular talking machine. Betty Compson is certainly very pretty as well as promising.

FRANCIS S.—Sorry your faith has been shaken in the players you mention. Rudolph Valentino played in "Passion's Playground." The moon may be, as some astronomers say, a dead world; but the remains seem very lively and regular in their habits.
How to Keep Your Hair Beautiful

Without Beautiful Well Kept Hair
You cannot be Really Attractive

STUDY the pictures of these beautiful women and you will see just how much their hair has to do with their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care. You, too, can have beautiful hair if you care for it properly. Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the care you give it.

Shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing, to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women use Mulsified 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.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp 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 Thoroughly

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.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified. You can easily tell when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo, you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut 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 Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-oz. bottle should last for months.
have as yet seen only one side of the question—and that not very near by. *Je vis en espoir.* Noel Taree is a brother of Conway Taree. He played in “Over the Hill.” Henry Walthall was born in Alabama, and he began his career at the age of 18. You must write to me again.

JOSEFA C.—Well, there is a lot of talk about people “biting off more than they can chew,” but the trouble often is, they don’t fast enough. I believe in doing everything with energy and vim. Never heard of the people you mention. The Egyptian obelisk in Central Park, N. Y., is one of the most noted monuments in the world. It is a carved and erected about the time of the Pharaoh, to commemorate the deeds of an ancient Pharaoh. Yes, I have been thru Central Park many times.

MERRIE ANN.—So you like babies. Ida McKenzie is a pretty child. Babies, like blossoms, are God’s experiments; and we do not know whether the little creature lying in the cradle will become the pride of a nation, the gem of a churchyard, or the curse of kindred. Marjorie Dav is playing in “The Butterfly Girl,” released thru Pathe. No, I never get tired answering questions. Write me any time.

RUTH E. NELL.—Yes, you may be able to “keep the wolf from the door;” but remember, he is always in the neighborhood. Margarette Clayton is playing opposite William Desmond in “Dangerous Toys.” Eugene O’Brien and Winifred Westover in “Is Life Worth Living?”

MIRIAM OF THE HEIGHTS.—Thanks for sending me the pressed pants. Your joke was very interesting. Tell me the answer to the riddle.

DOTIE.—I have sent your letter to Edith Roberts. RUSSELL NELL.—You refer to Jack Perrin as Will in “Lahoma.” Mary Thurman and Roscoe Arbuckle in “Should a Man Marry.” Edith Hallor and Jack Dillon were married in Los Angeles. Katherine MacDonald in “Peachic.” No man is free who cannot command himself. I have full control over myself.

KENTUCKY BARE.—I’m sorry you felt that way. I promise not to do it again. James Kirkwood’s first picture for Lasky has been shipped to New York and will be shown on Broadway in the near future. It is called “The Wise Fool.” Ruby de Remer is playing in “The Black Fox.” Walter McGrail opposite her.

You must write to me again.

PEGGY M.—Yes, I think that is a true story about Bebe Daniels having received 400 pounds of candy and 2000 letters while serving ten days in prison for speeding. Madge Evans was born in New York City in 1909. Edna Bennett is the wife of Billie Yes, Belle Bartholmess is with Inspiration Pictures, his own company. Your letter was fine. Peggy.

ADALINE.—Thanks, but I am sorry. Alice Hollister played in pictures right along. Emory Johnson went to the California University. He is Ella Hall’s husband. Mahlon Hamilton is playing opposite Gloria Swanson in “The Shulamith.”

BETTY VEL.—Well, there is only one Jack Barrymore, and only one Lionel Barrymore, and they are brothers. Does this settle the argument? No, I have never been to India. Would you like to invite me to go with you? Coolies, the laborers returned to aborigines inhabiting the hill country of India. From many of them being employed as laborers in Bombay, the name is now used by Europeans in Hindustan to denote laborers in Central Asia or black laborers imported from China, or other tropical or semi-tropical countries. Let me know when you are ready to sail.
The tooth paste that helps Nature keep your teeth sound

As you know, Nature provides alkaline saliva to counteract the acids of fermentation in your mouth. A mild acid increases this saliva flow: as when you taste lemon.

Naturally, then, Listerine Tooth Paste—containing a small amount of a mild fruit acid—helps Nature keep your teeth sound.

Note next time how your mouth waters when you brush your teeth with this delightful paste.

A very fine powder, calcium phosphate, is the cleanser. It leaves a fresh, clean, polished feeling about your teeth.

Thus Listerine Tooth Paste provides an easy, sure, and pleasant way to guard against tooth decay and pyorrhea. It is made by the makers of Listerine. You’ve known them for years.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, SAINT LOUIS, U.S.A.
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.

Scores of readers have come to the rescue of Mary Pickford since a recent issue published a letter belittling her ability. It would be impossible to publish all of them but the one printed below may be taken as a fair sample:

DEAR EDITOR:—I see that quite a few readers of the Motion Picture Magazine are permitted to express their opinions in the "Letters to the Editor" pages, and I am an ardent admirer and lover of said magazine, I think I may have a little say, too.

First of all, I should like to protest strongly against letters that have appeared lately, stating that Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin are past favorites. How can anyone say such a thing? Surely a player should be able to tell the truth, and these two monarchs are playing more than packed houses the country over. Their pictures are released, sometimes, two weeks over the intended time, to satisfy the public. Charlie Chaplin is not dead, nor has Harold Lloyd, or any other comedian taken his place. Thus the wonderful, in fact wonderful reception "The Kid" was given everywhere, a letter Charlie’s long absence from the screen. He is now more popular than ever.

And Mary Pickford! All one has to do is to go to a theater where one of her films is being shown and see the record-breaking crowds going in, and the equally large crowds being turned away outside and see the rapt faces of the little children and grown-ups, too, watching her every movement, crying unashamedly, when she cries, laughing and clapping hands at the tiniest funny episode. Mary Pickford past and gone? Not a bit of it. She’s the best actress on the screen—barring none—always has been, and always will be. True, there are many other good ones, but none like her. Not one of them has the hold on the public that can win all hearts, that Mary has, any woman who can resist her wistful, appealing, adorable charm just isn’t human, that’s all. It is not true that all there is in Mary is her famous curly hair and her cute tricks. No one could think that if they saw "Stella Maris," and "Suds." She can act. I think she is the ideal actress for the title role of Peter Pan—the only one who could play it as it should be played. I’m with anyone who says "Mary Pickford, forever." She is rightfully called "America’s Sweetheart."

I would also like to say a few words in praise of Clara Kimball Young. Her pictures certainly are fine. They are, scenically, a feast for the eyes, and Miss Young is a very good actress and marvelously beautiful, charming and attractive. She was great in "Eyes of Youth," and all others. I like to see her play with J. Frank Glendon.

Why do so many people rave about Nazimova? I really do think she’s a bit awful. She is highly Dubai, and I have come to feel it is all wonderful or extraordinary in her acting. When she tries to be funny, it is painful. Her "Redemption" was one of the pictures I never saw, but to my way of thinking, she has done nothing since.

Too bad Ina Claire doesn’t stay in pictures permanently. She was lovely in "Polly With a Past." Viola Dana is A-1, too, and I like Jean Paige, Kathlyn Williams, Anita Stewart, Hedda Hopper, Volta Vale, Grace Dar-mond, Dorothy Phillips, Mary Miles Minter, Alice Joyce, and Ethel Clayton.

What has become of Fannie Ward? I hope the screen has not put her out. Do you have something about her, soon?

I know this is a very lengthy epistle, but I do hope you can find room for it. All good wishes for your best of periodicals. Sincerely, P. G.

West Orange, N. J.

Popularity Contests are as popular in other countries, altho the results are considerably different. It is interesting to learn who leads over there in France:

DEAR EDITOR:—I am greatly pleased with your magazine. I read from the first page to the last, every month, here in France.

You are often having popularity contest in America. Perhaps it will interest your readers to know something about a recent contest conducted in Paris—to see what stars consider the most popular this country. I attach a page from the French magazine, giving the results. As you can see, Hayakawa, and Chaplin (we call him Charlie) are at the top of the list. Pearl White, Hart, Fairbanks, Mary Pick- ford and Nazimova also have a great number of fans. The others named are, almost all, French players, whom you never hear about in America. They are not so bad—a few are even good—but your stars are greater, of course.

With my best wishes for your greatly interesting magazine, I am,

Sincerely yours,

M. A. Epstein,
25 Rue Josephin Soutaray, Lyons, France.

Here are the results as copied from the enclosed page:

Sessue Hayakawa
Douglas Fairbanks
Charles Chaplin
Jacques Catelain
Nazi-mova
William S. Hart
Charles Ray
Lillian Gish

A boost for Anita:

DEAR EDITOR:—I would not count myself a regular fan if one of my letters did not appear in your "Letters to the Editor" department, so I am writing, and hope to see my letter in print!

I have noticed that many say that Anita Stewart is becoming a back number. This, I do not believe. She is my favorite, since Vitagraph days, and will always be so. It’s true, I must admit, that she has had poor stories, but who could have done better than she, in them?

I have seen her last picture, "Sowing the Wind," and let me say, it is great, and a picture deserving of her talent. I hope every fan sees this picture, for it is Anita’s first chance since she was cast in the Mayer pictures. I am sure many will change their opinion of her when they see this sensational picture. Anita is an attractive girl with the golden personality. She has that magnetic power which draws you, and makes you like her on the screen.

If by chance, Miss Stewart sees this, I want her to know that I have written this with no intention of being flowery; I’ve said what I sincerely believe.

Paul Rieger & Co., (Since 1872)
322 First Street, San Francisco
Enclosed find 20c. for which please send me sample bottle of Rieger’s Flower Drops in the odor which have appealed.

Lily of the Valley
Rose
Violet
Romana
Lilac
Crabapple
Twenty cents for the world’s most precious perfume!

Other Offers

$2.50

Bottle of Flower Drops

320c

 Làllel, Crabapple, 11.50

Lilac, Rose, Violet...$3.00

Romana, $1.00

Above odors, 1 s. 9c

Mon Amour Perfume

Sample—25c

Send 20c (stamps or silver) with the coupon below and we will send you a sample vial of Rieger’s Flower Drops, the most alluring and most costly perfume ever made.

Your choice of odors, Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, Roman-
a, Lilac or Crabapple. Twenty cents for the world’s most precious perfume!

PAGE 80

Paul Rieger & Co., (Since 1872)
322 First Street, San Francisco
Enclosed find 20c. for which please send me sample bottle of Rieger’s Flower Drops in the odor which have appealed.

Lily of the Valley
Rose
Violet
Romana
Lilac
Crabapple

Name,

Address,

[Signature]

[Signature]

[Signature]

Remember, if not pleased your money will be returned.

The Most Precious Perfume
in the World

Rieger’s FLOWER DROPS

are unlike anything you have ever seen before. The very essence of the flowers themselves, made without alcohol. For years the favorite of women of taste in society and the stage.

The regular price is $15.00 an ounce, but for 20c you can obtain a miniature bottle of this perfume, the most precious in the world. When the sample comes you will be delighted to find that you can use it without extravagance. It is so highly concentrated that the delicate odor from a single drop will last a week.

Sample

20c

Send 20c (stamps or silver) with the coupon below and we will send you a sample vial of Rieger’s Flower Drops, the most alluring and most costly perfume ever made.

Your choice of odors, Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, Roman-
a, Lilac or Crabapple. Twenty cents for the world’s most precious perfume!

PAGE 80
Now, I would like to say, that I will be more than glad to correspond with real fans, both in this country and foreign lands, and especially, someone in Paris. I suppose that betrays my nationality.

Here's three cheers for Anita's "Sowing the Wind," and I wish her every success and much popularity.

I will write again, for I have another star to talk about. But, before closing, let me say that I think Morton Picture is the greatest magazine of the screen.

Sincerely a fan,
DICK DURAND, JR.
330 N. Indiana Avenue, Kankakee, Ill.

More praise for "Sentimental Tommy."

DEAR EDITOR:—I want to write to you about a recent picture—"Sentimental Tommy."

Do you know that I had read the book about a year ago, and I thought it a wonderful little story? But, when I heard that it was going to be made into a picture, I said to my friends, that the producer would never get that Scottish atmosphere, especially in the town of Thrums, nor make the characters so interesting as Barrie painted them.

But, indeed, I was very much surprised when I saw it on the screen. The people chosen to act the parts were wonderful. It seemed as if all the characters just walked out of the book and thought they would like to have their readers see them—Gareth Hughes and May McAvoy were especially interesting.

These two young people are something out of the ordinary. They can act, and should be given unusual play Opps, so that they may show their wonderful talent. It is such people that are entitled to stardom, as they give the best that is in them, instead of others, who get by on a pretty face, and lots of advertising.

Here's more and more success to Gareth Hughes and May McAvoy, and I hope the screen will give us another picture as good as "Sentimental Tommy," and also hope there will be a few more movie folks like Gareth Hughes and May McAvoy.

Sincerely yours,
CLAIRE LEHMAN,
427 Vermont Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

There are two sides to every question. Below is a letter sponsoring the happy ending. Undoubtedly many will agree with these sentiments:

DEAR EDITOR:—I was greatly interested in the letter from Walter L. Moses, of Illinois. It is a subject that I have been interested in for some time. When we enter the theater, to watch the trials and tribulations of our favorite movie actors and actresses, we are, for the time being, children watching a story unfold before our eyes. And as children want their stories to end happily, so do we want our screen plays to end happily, although we know that our troubles are just beginning, when we are married.

However, we don't want to live over the troubles we know exist. We want to leave the theater contentedly feeling that our favorite hero and heroine will live happily forever after. I suppose, if all thought the same as I do, that we would not have any really great screen stories, but it is a relief to watch screen trials ending in mystical happiness.

I would be very glad to have any movie fan write to me.

Sincerely yours,
ENNA L. MELCHER.
102 North Street, Salem, Mass.

You Will See

Prettier teeth—safer teeth—in a week

We will send for the asking a new method tooth paste. Modern authorities advise it. Leading dentists every¬where now urge its daily use.

To millions of people it has brought whiter, safer, cleaner teeth. It will bring them to you and yours. See and feel the delightful results and judge what they mean to you.

Removes the film

It removes the film—that viscous film you feel. No old method ever did that effectively.

Film clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. It dims the teeth and leads to attacks on them. It is the cause of most tooth troubles. These troubles have been constantly increasing, because old methods failed to combat film effectively.

These effects will delight you

Pepsodent removes the film. Then it leaves teeth highly polished, so film less easily adheres.

It also multiplies the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva—the factor which digests starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva—the factor which neutralizes acids.

Every application brings these five effects. The film is combated, Nature's forces are multiplied. The benefits are quickly apparent.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Compare the new way with the old, then decide for yourself which is best. Cut out the coupon now. This is too important to forget.

Pepsodent
Reg-U-S
The New-Day Denticrife
A scientific film combattant, whose every application brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyor¬rhea. Also of internal troubles.

Ways to combat it

Dental science has now found two effective film combattants. Able authorities have amply proved them. Now dentists the world over are urging their adoption.

These methods are combined in a denticrife called Pepsodent—a tooth paste which meets every modern re¬quirement. And a ten-day test is now supplied to everyone who asks.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 921, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family
Ideal Cast Must Include Votes and Names

Guessing Ballots Must Stipulate Number of Votes Received by Winners

In order that there be no doubt as to those who rightfully win the prizes offered in connection with the Ideal Cast Contest, we have found it necessary to make a slight change. In sending in your guess as to the Ideal Cast, it will be necessary for you to stipulate with what number of votes each character will win his or her place in the cast.

If a dozen or more readers guessed the cast correctly, it would be impossible to decide which one should receive the first prize of two hundred and fifty dollars. Therefore, it has been wise to make this change. As a matter of fact, it makes things far more interesting.

In the event that you have already sent in your guessing ballot, rest assured that it will be discarded, and set right to work compiling another on which you will list the votes that proclaim the members of the cast winners.

We regret having to announce this change in plans after the contest is already under way, but there is no help for it, and the fact that any ballots previously received, on which the votes are not listed, are automatically discarded, makes it quite fair. Already, great interest has been manifested in this contest. As a matter of fact, several producers, realizing that the results represented public opinion, have sought the latest returns before casting forthcoming productions. This means that it is more than ever an opportunity of boosting your favorite.

As we explained before, you are to make out a ballot similar to the one printed at the bottom of this page, which will read: "I, the undersigned, desire to name those I think will win the Ideal Cast Contest, as follows." You will then list the players, and the director, in the order in which they appear on the voting ballot, with the number of votes you think they will receive in each instance listed beside the name.

All these ballots on which you guess as to the Ideal Cast must be mailed not later than August fifteenth. The voting end of the contest will continue until November. That is, the last ballot will appear in the November issue of the Motion Picture Magazine. As shortly after that as possible, the winning casts will be announced in our columns, and the prizes awarded to those readers who guess most correctly.

Keep up with the news of the contest by reading all future numbers of the Motion Picture Magazine.

Letters asking various questions are not desired, as we have tried to make the nature of the contest such that anyone can understand it. Simply comply with the rules which are as follows:

I. All votes must contain the name and address of the voter in order to be considered.
II. In voting for the ideal child, the vote may be cast for either a boy or girl.
III. It is permissible to vote for the same person twice. For instance, Douglas Fairbanks may be your favorite male comedian and your favorite leading man also. If so, vote for him in both roles.
IV. On the other hand, you might think that Dorothy Gish will win the ideal leading lady in the final tabulation, and also of being the ideal comedian. If this is the case, put her down opposite both of these roles on the ballot you submit, which gives the names of those you think will finally comprise the Ideal Cast.
V. Only one surmise as to the Ideal Cast may be submitted, and in the event that more than one is submitted by the same person, all surmises by that person will be discarded. This does not apply, however, to any guesses submitted before the new ruling, which makes it necessary to guess also the number of votes with which the players will win.
VI. All ballots must be addressed:

IDEAL CAST CONTEST EDITOR,
175 Duffield Street,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Ideal Cast, at the time of going to press, was as follows:

VOTES

Leading Woman—Norma Talmadge......... 840
Leading Man—Wallace Reid............. 945
Villain—Lew Cody .................. 516
Vampire—Bebe Daniels ............... 750
Character Man—Theodore Roberts ... 218
Character Woman—Vera Gordon......... 234
Comedian (Male)—Harold Lloyd......... 636
Comedian (Female)—Dorothy Gish......... 840
Child—Jackie Coogan.................. 173
Director—Cecil B. de Mille ......... 846

Leading Women
Mary Pickford ........................................ 303
Gloria Swanson ................................. 291
Katherine MacDonald ......................... 73
Lillian Gish ................................. 30
Dorothy Gish .................................... 54
Ethel Clayton .................................. 48
Agnes Ayres .................................. 45
Constance Talmadge ......................... 39
Anita Stewart ................................ 36
Mae Murray .................................. 33

Leading Men
Thomas Meighan ................................ 348
Richard Barthelmess ......................... 219
Douglas Fairbanks .............................. 93
Eugene O'Brien ................................ 87
Conway Tearle .................................. 66
Eliot Lewis ..................................... 81
Harrison Ford ................................ 33
William Farnum ................................ 30
Jack Mulhall ................................ 27
John Barrymore ................................ 24

Villain
Lowell Sherman ................................ 225
Robert McKim ................................ 189
Shirley Holmes ................................ 150
Erie von Stroheim ............................. 123
Lon Chaney .................................... 123
Noah Beery .................................... 93
Jack Holt ..................................... 134
Warner Oland ................................ 57
George Arliss ................................ 45
Charles Girard ................................ 39

Vampire
Theda Bara ..................................... 477
Louise Glaum ................................ 276
Pola Negri ..................................... 99
Gloria Swanson ................................ 73
Nita Naldi ..................................... 66
Mona Lisa ..................................... 48
Betty Blythe ................................ 143
Rosemary Thob ................................ 42
Marcia Manori ................................ 39
Mae Busch ..................................... 33

(The continuation on page 109)

The prizes, which will be awarded the voters guessing most correctly the Ideal Cast, and the number of votes with which each character wins, are as follows:

First Prize ............................ $250
Second Prize .......................... 100
Third Prize ............................ 75
Fourth Prize ............................ 50
Fifth Prize ............................ 25
How Many Miles Is Your Complexion Good For

The Final Touch

How does the powder you use meet the test of motoring? Does your charm of complexion race away with the wind, leaving your skin red, shiny, rough and blotchy? This is one of the tests that prove the difference between Carmen and the ordinary face powder. Carmen stays on, preserving as well outdoors as in, the clear, radiant color and alluring softness that it imparts to the skin. Carmen, too, excels in the other vital tests of a face powder. The glorious beauty that it gives to the skin is immune to dampness. And it is just as enchanting under the brightest light as under the softest. Learn by one trial the vast difference between Carmen and the powder you are now using.

Sample Offer Send 12c to cover postage and packing for purse size box with three weeks' supply—state shade preferred.

STAFFORD-MILLER CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

CARMEN COMPLEXION POWDER

White, Pink, Flesh, Cream and new Brunette Shade, 50c Everywhere
When Dreams Come True

(Continued from \( \text{age 37} \))

will begin her eleventh and first picture with the comedian. "It is like playing, we are all so happy out here. One must be happy to keep the comedy sparkling and we are never serious except when planning a new story. Comedies are mainly like this, as you go along and Harold seems to hate a never ceasing flow of humorous situations to draw from.

"Comedy means many dangers moments. Do you remember how I walked on the window ledge in 'High and I'-'zy'? That was the most hazardous thing I ever did. In the picture it looked as if we were about ten stories high; we were really three, but the ledge was narrow and I had to wear high-heeled slippers and a long negligee. I made an awful fuss, cried and said I wouldn't do it, for I was terribly frightened. It did make a thrilling scene, didn't it? I felt repaid when I heard all the ohs and ahs in the audience when it was shown."

Mildred is surrounded by a devoted family, consisting of her parents, a little brother, Jack, age seven, an aunt, grandmother and grandfather, and tho it is a long step from Quakerdom to screen comedy, they are reconciled now that they realize how her heart is in her work.

"Mother is my best friend," the girl told me, "she is my chum and confidant, and we have such good times together. I would never be anything if she wasn't back of me, praising, encouraging and urging me on to greater effort. She has such faith in me that I could never falter."

"My ambition is to create a definite screen character, perhaps a feminine Charles Ray, in which the laugh and the tears blend, and I want most of all, to have the opportunity to do real dramatic and emotional acting. I want to keep the friends I made in comedy. Most of my fan letters come from kiddies or high school girls and boys, and I love them. Oh, I know what it is to be a movie fan, for once, while I was going to school in Tacoma, I wrote to Viola Dana and she sent me her picture. My, but I was popular, and I never grew tired showing off my prize."

She is so gaily alive, and with her alert intelligence there seems to be no doubt that Mildred Davis is destined to become an actress of real worth and subtlety, and brings a deliciously youthful and piquant charm to all her film characters.

THE LURING SCREEN

By THOMAS J. MURRAY

I like the pictures on the screen, That show the lands where perils lean, The prairies wide and Great Divide, And horsemen far careening.

They give no thoughts to life or loss, But swiftly put the deal across, From trusty gun, the bandits run, When William Hart is screening.

I like the pictures of the vamp, Altho she bears a lurid stamp, I mark with glee her subtlety, And victim's vain resistance. For Theda now I Bara hand, And laud her thru Amusement Land, We ill could spare this artist rare, Who lures with great persistence.

I never cared for summer strands, Until I saw the bathing bands, From studios who rushed to pose And drag men from their duties. The surf as screened looks very fine, But this could claim no thoughts of mine, Why swim and miss a chance like this, To see Mack Sennett’s beauties?

The Quaker

Waits at every door

Many housewives get oat flakes without the Quaker Oats flavor—just because they don’t insist.

Many other housewives force their grocers to send overseas for Quaker. That is done by oat lovers nearly all the world over.

Quaker Oats wait at every door. Your grocer will supply them if you ask. They cost no fancy price.

They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel, but they are the cream of the oats.

The oat is the greatest food that grows. It is almost the ideal food in balance and completeness. As a body-builder and a vitamin food it has age-old fame.

Children need its minerals, adults need its energy. And all enjoy its fragrance and its taste.

It is supreme food—make it delightful.

Let every dish be Quaker Oats quality.

Quaker Oats

With the flavor that won the world

Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover
Home Try-out

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream

**Toilet Requisites 10¢**

You may be using Hinds Cream; if not, be sure to obtain the new Home Try-out package, just to acquaint yourself with its many helpful qualities. To make the home demonstration satisfactorily complete, we also include in the package our Cold Cream, Disappearing Cream, Face Powder and Talcum; and a copy of a fascinating booklet: "The Girl Who Loved the Beautiful." *Send us 10 cents in stamps,* or a dime carefully wrapped, and we will mail the package and booklet to you at once.

**HINDS HONEY and ALMOND CREAM** keeps the skin ever soft, smooth, clear and attractive. This pure, snow-white, daintily scented liquid emollient is cleansing, cooling, soothing and refreshing and healing. Sunburn, windburn, chapping and other uncomfortable conditions of the skin yield quickly to its restoring influence. Retards tendency to small wrinkles. *Sample 2c.*

Ask your dealer for Hinds Cream Superior Toilet Requisites; if not obtainable, order from us. We will send postpaid in the U. S. and guarantee delivery.

A. S. HINDS, Dept. 23, Portland, Maine

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Worldly But Not Weary

(Continued from page 47)

“Oh, it is just understood that I shall be there for a number of productions. I don’t know exactly how many.”

She doesn’t live in Hollywood. She has a small bungalow in a residential section of the city, rarely frequented by picture people, where she lives with her secretary, her Chow dog, and her books, in luxurious content.

Once we were there, she plunged again into thought of Leacock. She tried me on several of his *La's, then, and then, finding me quite taken, brought out Dreiser’s *The Hand of The Potter.* I read the cover blurb a little dubiously. “A Tragedy. Naked. Unashamed.”

“I see what comes of your return to Bennett’s?” I ventured. I don’t remember her reply. She was busy, by that time, giving me a copy of *Deborah.*

She had some very beautiful portraits, photographs, of Olive Thomas, on the table, carefully bound. She turned them over for me slowly.

“Ollie never saw these,” she said.

On the baby grand piano was a striking figure in silverted metal, that of an Hawaiian surfer rider tearing in on a silver wave.

“Tom, Tom Moore, and Renee Adoree brought that for me from their honeymoon,” said Mabel. “They want me to put it on the radiator cap of my Stutz. They have one on their car.”

I told her of an interview I had had with Renee, and how Tom Moore had driven me off with strong expressions of malgun.

“Toward interviews and interviewers, and how, later, when I had tried to get another story from him on marriage he would have nothing to do with me.”

Mabel laughed.

“Yes,” she said, “Tom’s funny that way, but all the same he’s a wonderful boy.”

Perhaps that’s why it’s impossible to find anyone who knows her who’ll say a word against her—because she always has a good word for the other fellow.

I think I have never met a person with more instant charm, less affectation, or more genuine impulse. Mabel has as much right to emui and egotism as the best of us, yet she remains impossibly and without pose. I can think of no better way to illustrate than by an incident:

She took me downtown with her, as far as Figueroa, and stopped there at the corner, and the chauffeur swung open the door for me, an urnch, a newsboy, stuck his head in and said, “Hello, Mabel!”

“There wasn’t a hint of annoyance in Mabel’s reply. She knew him! "Hello there!" she answered. "How’s the other boy, the same one?""

“Oo, he’s carryin’ one o’ them leather things out on the golf course, what they put their sticks in. Makin’ two dollars a day. He’s all right.”

Mabel gave him a dollar.

I learned later, from someone else, that Mabel had picked up that same boy one day, and had taken him to the auto races out at the Speedway. Sitting there, munching peanuts, the kid had spied Wally Reid and a couple of other familiar faces.

“Gee!” he cried. “Lookat all the movie stars!”

“Yea,” said Mabel, in return. “Ain’t they funny?”—and went right on eating peanuts! I fear I have recourse to fool tactics to describe Mabel accurately, as she appeared to me. Scarlet taganers ... Coney Island ... Lane Newsboys ... Theodore Dreiser. It’s much unlainge. But, if you have understood that Mabel is some girl, it’ll do!
Beautifully Curly, Wavy Hair Like "Nature's Own"

Troy the new way—the Silmerine way—and you’d never again have that clumsy ironed look. The curliness will appear altogether natural.

Liquified Silmerine

Is easily applied with brush. No sticky nor greasy. Perfectly harmless. Serves also as a splendid dressing for the hair. Directions with bottle. At drug and department stores.

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Bert—Light—8.00

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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 by using for a little while a novel, gentle, easy, natural support. Nearly 200,000 have done it with the wonderful Natural Body Brace

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Does away with the strain and pain of standing and walking. Stiffens and strengthens internal organs; restores energy; develops every muscle and strengthens the backbone; corrects slouching shoulders; develops hips, chest and bust; relieves backache, headaches, nervousness, indigestion, constipation, after effects of Comfortable-easy to wear. KEEP YOURSELF FIT

EVERY MAN with heavy abdomen, rupture, hernia, shouldering shoulders, weak, tender nerves or other spinal troubles, benefit by my brace.

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Write me in confidence today, stating your condition and desire. I will assure quickly and send illustrated booklet, measurement blank and our very liberal proposition.

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Why continue to STAMMER?

Send for (free) illustrated 260-page book. It tells how Stammering and Stuttering can be stopped by the most Advanced Scientific Method in the world. Those who are unable to attend our Brooklyn Home Study may obtain our Standard Course for your benefit at the lowest possible tuition.

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SEXUAL KNOWLEDGE ILLUSTRATED

By Winfield Scott Hall, M., D. Ph. D. SEX FACTS MADE PLAIN Every young man should know what every young girl knows. Every young woman should know what every young man would want to know. Table of contents and recommendations on our liberal propositions.


$1.00 Postpaid in one week

Gub Haddon—320 pages—many illustrations

The Beginning of the End

(Continued from page 44)

For no one, not even her winsome self, could be insensible to that bewitching, backward glance, over a smooth round shoulder.

Thelma Blez, 3117 Diamond Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, like the other two, is likewise a brunette. She has been the lead in numerous amateur theatricals. She is nineteen, weighs 114 pounds, is 5 feet 3 inches in height. Her photograph is a particularly artistic study, making the most of a piquant profile, and brown curls.

The lone male, like the hero of Tennyson’s “Princess,” is “blue-eyed and fair, with temper amorous as the first of May.”

He is Bavarian Buchanan, The Lodge, Lawrenceville, New Jersey, is 27 years old, weighs 150 pounds, and is 5 feet 6 inches in height. He has had some experience, but it dates from “years ago.” He looks like a throurbed.

The beginning of the end is in sight. It has been, for the Fame and Fortune Contest, a year of keen competition, of unflagging interest. Just who the lucky winner will be, is still hangs in the balance. The average is unusually high, and the process of elimination, that must inevitably take its course, will be more than usually difficult. There are so many lovely girls and fine looking men in this year’s possibilities that have to lose for the sake of the loveliest of them all. We wish we could select ten winners, at least.

Here is one of the “uninvited letters” which is so fine and true and encouraging, that we are glad to publish it. It is actual proof that the Fame and Fortune Contest keeps its golden promises.

“We feel proud to call her the ‘Fame and Fortune Girl.’ Her rise to stardom stands as an example of what your contest can actually mean to another girl in 1921.”

“You have more than fulfilled every promise made to Miss Ray, to Mr. Lubin, and to myself. Very sincerely yours, Joe Wilt.”
We sold her first story to Thomas H. Ince

ELIZABETH THACHER is a Montana housewife. So far as she could see there was nothing that made her different from thousands of other housewives. But she wrote a successful photoplay. And Thomas H. Ince, the great producer, was glad to buy it—the first she ever tried to write.

"I never tried to write for publication or the screen," she said in a letter to the Palmer Photoplay Corporation. "In fact I had no desire to write until I saw your advertisement."

This is what caught her eye in the advertisement:

"Anyone with imagination and good story ideas can learn to write photoplays."

She clipped a coupon like the one at the bottom of this page and received a remarkable questionnaire. Through this test, she discovered that she possessed natural storytelling ability, and proved herself acceptable for the training course of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation.

And Thomas H. Ince Bought Her First Attempt

Only a few weeks after her enrollment, we sold Mrs. Thacher's first story to Mr. Ince. With Mr. Ince's check in her hands, Mrs. Thacher wrote:

"I feel that such success as I have had is directly due to the Palmer Course and your constructive help."

Can you do what Mrs. Thacher did? Can you, too, write a photoplay that we can sell? If so, you will be invited to answer No. 1. But the question is too important to be answered offhand. Will you be fair to yourself? Will you make in your own home the simple test of creative imagination and story-telling ability which revealed Mrs. Thacher's unsuspected talent to her?

Send for the Van Loan Questionnaire

The test is a questionnaire prepared by H. H. Van Loan, the celebrated photoplaywright, and Prof. Malcolm MacLean, former teacher of short story writing at Northwestern University. If you have any story telling instincts, H. H. Van Loan will help you in this questionnaire and find out for yourself just how much talent you have.

We will be frank with you. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation exists first of all to sell photoplays. It trains photoplay writers in order that it may have more photoplays to sell.

With the active aid and encouragement of the leading producers, the Corporation is literally combing the country for new screen writers. Its Department of Education was organized to produce the writers who can produce the stories. The Palmer Institution is the industry's accredited agent for getting the stories without which production of motion pictures cannot go on.

Not for "born writers," but for story tellers

The acquired art of fine writing cannot be transferred to the screen. The same producer who bought Mrs. Thacher's first story, has rejected the work of scores of novelists and magazine writers whose names are known wherever the language is spoken. They lacked the kind of talent suited for screen expression. Mrs. Thacher, and hundreds of others who are not professional writers, have that gift.

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation cannot endow you with such a gift. But we can discover it, if it exists, through our questionnaire. And we can teach you how to employ it for your lasting enjoyment and profit.

We Invite You to Apply This Free Test

Clip the coupon below, and we will send you the Van Loan questionnaire. You will assume no obligations. If you pass the test, we will send you interesting material descriptive of the Palmer Course and Service, and admit you to enrollment, should you choose to develop your talent. If you cannot pass this test, we will frankly advise you to give up the idea of writing for the screen. You will choose the waste of your time and ours for children to apply.

Will you give this questionnaire a little of your time? It may mean fame and fortune to you. In any event it will satisfy you as to whether or not you should attempt to enter this fascinating and highly profitable field. Just use the coupon below, and do it now before you forget.

PALMER PHOTOPLOY CORPORATION, Dept. of Education M-9, Hellman Building, Los Angeles, Cal.
A Slim Figure— how to obtain it

USE FLO-RA-ZO-NA—a delicately perfumed bath powder that leaves your skin glowing healthfully and beautifully smooth through your daily bath sprinkled with

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to contain no alum, e
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the contrary, it is an
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ducer, scientifically
stimulating to circula
A pleasing and con
fortable way to reduce.
Fourteen Treatments $3.00 Postpaid
If your druggist cannot supply you send
$3.00 ($4.00 in Canada) direct to
ROYAL PHARMACEUTICAL & PERFUMERY CO., Inc.
Dept. 258, 49 East 102d Street, New York

Courage and God. They had volunteered to
gether, and Sylvia had screamed and Never
had confessed . . . The law alone was con
cerned with Arthur Comstock.
Late the next afternoon, Sylvia and Ben
ty sat in cold sunshine.
Yesterday—was it only yesterday—that
sunshine had been brass to Sylvia.
Now it was all over. And as she
was, she did not shudder away from Ar
thur's eventual punishment. He was too
wicked to be allowed to rove about. He
could cause too much suffering. Now, as
he had told Bentley everything . . . the paper
. . . the accident. . . the whole of
that scene in the shooting box, and, just
as she had known he would, he had attributed
it to her inneness, to her protection of the her he loved.

"It's almost worth it all," she said, "to be
so happy now."
"Even with that to remember, darling," he
said, "yet I can't believe I'm alive, am I.
Because, you see, baby, I have a you."
Sylvia considered him with gravity.
There was a sparkle in her eye.
"But you see, darling, she argued, firmly
gently, "you can't be as happy as I be
cause I have a you."
"Let's consider," he said, and then,
and then . . . Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Ar
old, who had been about to join them in the
garden, beat a hasty and, for them, un
lifified retreat. . .

He Isn't the Little Colonel Any More

(Continued from page 39)

like that—but at the same time, I want to
be allowed to forget that and do some
thing bigger."

The Joseph Johnson tried for fifty years to
convince people that he could play other
things than "Rip Van Winkle"—but they
remembered him as Rip; Jim Corbett has
been trying to shake twenty-five years—but
people still go to see him because he was once a heavy-weight cham
pion. Is it likely that Henry Walthall, de
spite his remarkable future, will not for a
get that one part, a little, remember some
of his other work, and, will perhaps in the
future, give him a chance to do something
even better? I'm afraid not.

Henry Walthall is on tour this season in a
funny little comedy called "Taken In."
Occasionally heonly this week was of play
ing the one play, he puts on some of his old
favorites. In Atlanta, he played one mati
tine and two night performances of "Ghosts." Behind the scenes some stars
which the same star did for pictures. And
in every single review of the play, the
critics spoke of the Little Colonel. They
weren't very nice to "Ghosts," those critics,
because it gave Mr. Walthall a role they
didn't like. But they were more gentle to
"Taken In."

There was one case on record of Mr. Wal
thall's deep appreciation of his memory of the
Little Colonel. It was down in Shelby County, the Walthall home, where
the stage had been pulled out and everything
had gone away, and was enjoying a week's va
cation. Shelby County, Alabama, by
the way, is enjoying some fame just now, for
the redwood trees were there claim that
the supply of what they call "contraband liquor," and what the natives call "white lightnin'" is so profuse that the department is
unable to cope with the situation, and
they asked for the National Guard, to help
patrol the Shelby mountains tops. The
natives were thus able to warn of some talk of
"the stuff" being hard to get.

"And anything that was so good that it
called for the State troops to guard it—I
wanted to sample," said Mr. Walthall, with
a reminiscent and most un-Little-Colonel
like grin. "I followed a mountain trail, and
discovered an old clump who looked so much
like a movie-mouthlicher that I was priv
ately convinced that he must be a 'rev
embrer'—but I gave him a mystic sign to
indicate that I wasn't an enemy (that sign
didn't help. I give him a cent, or a dollar mark, for it wasn't that kind of a sign!) and approached him with caution."

"Then, he [Mr. Walthall] grinned.
"I see you take them air Yankee guys in
that air picture, and you kin have anything
I got. They's some stuff here in the shack
that's old enough to dry and ain't never been out of the wood yet."

"And there and then," finished Mr. Wal
thall, "I 'forgave the Little Colonel for all
his sins."

There's good news for movie fans (which
meant poor fellow, doesn't it?) doesn't
count the reformers, blue laws, et al.) in
the announcement that Mr. Walthall will
return to the screen late this summer—per
haps September. He has already started on
his present tour end in Los Angeles, and it is already announced that Mr. Walthall will
do a picture, probably one of a series, for
Associated First National Pictures.

The present tour, by the way, looks, on the
face of it, like a daring thing, in a season when most producers are hauling
the plays back to New York, for lack of business. The Walthall company has been out about thirty-five weeks, and has played from one city to the next.

"Our scheme has been tried before by the eminent Messrs. Lenine and Trotsky, but
I think we have met with considerably more success than they did."

The gentleman who ought to know—Mr. Wal
thall, himself. "We have a sort of soviet theatrical organization—the show is owned by Messrs. Bainbridge, Clifford and my
self. We are also the three principal actors. Mrs. Walthall and Mrs. Bain
bridge play the principal feminine roles—and here you is the female bicycle.

The "Mr. Clifford" referred to is William
H. Clifford, who has been seen on the
screen almost as long as Mr. Walthall, and who, besides having a poor
credit—perhaps one of the most recent being the "heavy" with Katherine MacDon
ald, "My Lady's Diary."

There's little to add—you all know how
Mr. Walthall looks on the screen, and he
looks exactly the same way off the screen
—only more so, perhaps. He has a keen sense of humor, is very fond of books, and
a quiet, sane and wholesome life. His
ideal just now is, when he gets back to
California, to have a real, honest, to good
ness home—with a living-room that has
a huge open fireplace, a big leather arm
chair, and a pile of good books—and with the lovely Mrs. Walthall close at hand. You have only to see her, to know that she
would complete a home to its last exquisite
detail—and to see her with her husband
shows you at once that no home could be
complete for him, without her in it.

It does one good, in these hectic days of
the 18th Amendment, knee-length skirts,
suffrage, and heaven only knows what other "cussedness of the century," to meet two
people who are as sane, as wholesome and as well-mannered as Mr. and Mrs.
Walthall. And no one who has met him
personally can fail to find him of immense
interest, for he has that vital, magnetic,
yet indefinable charm which, for want of a
better name, we call personality.

But he isn't the Little Colonel any more!
Now—as to economy

ECONOMY is not only a matter of saving. It consists also of spending money to best advantage. You can often add materially to the effectiveness of your purchases by reading the advertisements in this publication.

Advertising identifies goods of unquestioned value. When a manufacturer puts his name on a product and tells you about it, you may rest assured that it is worth while. It does not pay to advertise merchandise that is not sound. The comebacks are too costly.

Make a practice of reading advertisements. Read them as news from the business world, published for your benefit.

Sometimes, they keep you from making an unwise purchase by pointing out just why one article suits your needs better than another. A step toward real economy!

Often, they help you live better and dress better, and make more of your income in every way. Also, real economy!

And you will find that they frequently save you money.

Economy, Certainly
Where the Lights Are Low
(Continued from page 53)

“Every source of money shall be closed to you,” said Wung. Shih stood still for a moment, then he turned on the passive, sinister figure.

“Go back to your dam’ China alone!” he cried, “I am not sailing with you. Neither you nor the devil shall make me marry the part of the boy I have kept for myself. I am staying in this country, in this city until, with my own hands, I have rescued Quan Yin. I see thru you now. You engineered this scheme of the devil. You alone. That was why you were so anxious to go back. That was why your damned lack of curiosity was so exacting. We were afraid, when we reached here, that just what did happen, would happen. You see how strong you are! You see on what side my venerable ancestors are. There is no scheme in the world, there is no path in the world, so crooked, so twisted, so involved that, at the end of it, I would not find Quan Yin.

This is what has gone.

It took all of Shih’s powers to exhort from Fang a promise that he would keep little Yin safe until such time as Shih should have paid him in full for her. Perhaps in Fang’s curious soul there lay a dream that rose its long potpourri head at sight and sound of this resonance given, perhaps he only hated, not without cruel cause, Chung Bong Lo, and had no care to see the little cherry blossoms bruised to death against his breast. Whatever his reasons, and they must remain forever obscure, Fang gave Shih three years in which to earn the money for little Yin.

“She be all same safe,” he promised, “but that Chang, there, he bad man. He terrible man. He must be watch all time.”

Shih nodded. “I know,” he said, “I shall not be far away at any time.”

To Yin he said, “Now, when the time comes, you will be utterly mine, my heart’s Bride. Be brave and wait for me, just as if you were waiting at the end of your crooked, dainty path.”

It was not easy for Prince Shih to be servitor, who had ever been served, but he had only to think of little Yin, bolder than he, for he should be waiting there back of Fang’s innocent appearing tea house, in order to attempt any labor, however arduous, that would increase his coffers.

He peddled divers articles about the streets, trying with an ingratiating smile, and a charming manner, to stop those who might, otherwise, not have stopped. He stood hour after hour and day after day on the corners he found the most lucrative and every time he elicited a sale, however small, he felt as the his craving spirit had made an inch of its interminable journey toward Yin.

She was deriding dishes in the greasy back quarters of a restaurant, and acted as waiter in another, taking such tips as came his way, with more gratitude than tips were wont to be received with. He went almost without food in order to permit his hair to grow and increase, and his full wardrobe grew weather-stained and depleted from exposure and lack of care. But Shih had no thought save that he saw Yin, and the sight of her was as food and fine raiment to him, as prayer and mantra.

As his notoriety spread, the all but unharmful day, when, at a lottery, entered into with a sort of desperation of despair, Shih won the necessary money. As quickly as he had winged his way to his uncle on the night he found Yin, so, now, he winged his way to the innocent tea house of Tsang Fang and thru the half-shaded window saw, as he approached, Lo heeding over Yin, whose face, like a white herb, was pressed against the dull background of the wall.

With an oath, Shih jumped thru the window and hurled himself on Lo. The Chinaman was unpremeditated, unarmed, too, and with the violent, guarded love animating Shih, it would have gone hard with Lo had not two of his henchmen, always somewhere in the vicinity of their master’s schemes, come in and terminated the locked two. Lo was denouncing Shih and informing that, as he saw, the tables were turned and his henchmen would find it to be a bad business to meddle unduly with Chang Bong Lo, when, with something of the same mechanical swiftness and opportunity of Lo’s henchmen, a squad of police entered, led by Shih’s college-friend, who had been in his company the night of their finding Yin.

It would have been easy for Shih, then, to have sworn out a warrant against Chang Bong Lo. Then might he and little Yin have departed safely and in peace. But it was in the Chinese code that an enemy must be finished by one’s own hands and, in that instant, Shih was suddenly thankful for the archenemies whom he had met thru, with his own hands must he finish the delier of Yin. None other would suffice, and so he told the police to go.

A week later, the ship bearing Prince T’su Wong Shih and the bride of his heart, set sail for China. On shore a crowd of curiosity mongers were gathering about the nearly knitted body of Chang Bong Lo.

Censorship Under the Cherry-Blossoms
(Continued from page 41)

miracle. The censor either does his work, or he does not. When he doesn’t, it is the same as tho we had no censors at all, if not indeed a bit worse. When he does discharge his duties, it is almost invariably the case that he overworks both his conscience and his censorial scissors, with the deadly result that he murders the whole work by trying to chop off part of it.

The beauty of this Osaka method in dealing with the movie censor is not new: "Physician, heal thyself," I believe is thousands of years old. Still it is affording no end of quiet and satisfactory mirth to the movie fans over there.

What happened in Tokyo is this: a great and renovating law was passed that gave the censors. One of its provisions was an invention absolutely startling in its possibilities. For it is nothing less than the discovery of a machine which will turn out movie pictures by a method almost as simple as turning a crank. More than that, the masterpieces thus magnificated by the said machine are guaranteed to be masterpieces of humor, Not mind
The Magic Key to the Screen!

The Fame and Fortune Contest of 1921

Are you young? Are you pretty? Can you act? Have you personality? Do you photograph well? If you possess all these qualifications, you are exactly what we are looking for. If you have not all, but a combination of two or more, your chances for a screen career are good.

The new contest is in full swing and every number of Motion Picture Magazine, Classic and Shadowland carries portraits of those who have won the Honor Roll, any of whom may be among the winners at the close of the contest.

People Say Opportunity Knocks But Once

But in the Fame and Fortune Contest it knocks twelve times a year in every one of our three publications, and as it knocks it holds out to you the key that will magically open the door to the silversheet! While others strive in vain for admittance, our winners walk in already crowned with success.

Have You Sent Your Photograph?

If not, send it now, and be assured that it will receive careful consideration. At the close of the contest there will be a deluge of photographs. If you send yours now, you will escape this confusion.

Two years' publicity having been guaranteed the winners of our contests for the past two years, their names will be found in each of our three publications, also frequent interviews and portraits.

Others Have Won! Why Not You?

Winners of the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1919 of 1920 of 1921

Anetha Getwell Blanche McGarrity Virginia Fair Anita Booth
Corliss Palmer Allene Ray Helen DeWitt Mary Astor
Others have won! Why not you?

Rules of the Contest

Read these rules, then read them again and follow them, if you wish to enter the contest.

1. We do not acknowledge the receipt of photographs.
2. Positively no photographs will be returned.
3. Snapshots, postcards and colored photographs are not acceptable.
4. The winners will be notified, but not the losers.
5. Do not write letters, but if there is anything you do not understand, a stamped and self-addressed envelope must be sent to insure reply.
6. Coupons must be pasted on the backs of photographs.
7. Address photographs and letters to Contest Manager, 173 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Warning!

Contestants whose names have appeared on the Honor Roll of Motion Picture Magazine, Classic and Shadowland are strongly advised not to communicate with any person who writes promising a place in pictures or a contract with a producing company. These letters are usually frauds and should be ignored.

Fill Out the Coupon Below At Once

Fame and Fortune Contest

MAGAZINE ENTRANCE COUPON

Name
Address
City
State
Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any:
When born
Blonde or brunette
Weight
Height

(This coupon, or a similar one of your own making, must be secured to the back of each photo submitted.)
Censorship Under the Cherry-Blossoms

(Continued from page 90)

you, one of these billion slap-stick horrors which insult the law of gravity, the decalogue and your common sense at one fell swoop, every time they get a chance at a screen—be it in the most delicate and precious sort, in that the humor is entirely unconscious. Moreover, the said masterpieces of the scribes and artists of this special Tokyo invention, are made up of climaxs and high-flights from soup to nuts.

Initial expenditures connected with it are modest. A half-dozen pairs of silk- edged scissors and a collection of im- peccably moral men of genius at, say, 150 yen a month apiece. That is about $75.00 in the entirely too highly appreciative American can currency. And that in turn is about one-thousandth of the highway-robbery revenue enjoyed by such stars as Mary Pickford, Fairbanks, Chaplin, et al. They call themselves censors, these patriotic men of genius. And that is all there is to this wonder-invention—the patriotic men of genius, who are confident they can certainly produce the all-highs-lighting masterpieces of humor of a movie show as above hinted. All that you have to do to convince yourself of the purity of this new invention and see a sample product of the new in- vention, is it in the hands of an American representative of the Los An- geles film companies. The whole film is made up of those portions of the picture which the censorial scissors edited out of all the American films imported into Japan. It is since censorship came into existence. Naturally, it is one grand, hilarious and breathless cascade of kissing and hugging carnivals.

Laugh, if you like. It is certainly no laughing matter with the movie fans in Japan, you, too, have passed the censor- ship bills in some of your States, and the time of lamentation may not be so far away as one might suppose. There is the case of Kobe, Japan. Kobe ranks now rather high among the great ports of the Pacific—in fact at the very top, out-ranking Hong- kong, San Francisco, Seattle, Shanghai, Yokohama and Vancouver. The total footage of the city is said year amounted to 4,284,569,000 yen. Just one port of Kobe took care of 1,646,569,000 yen of that total. And it is more than probable that city of movies rank at the very top of all popular amusements. In 1919, ten of the leading movie theaters of Kobe reported 4,969,981 admissions. The average of ticket places there displayed in that year, 2,837 rolls of imported reels and these came almost al- together from the United States. In the same year, only 1,747 rolls of home prod- ucts were shown. Therefore, the people of Kobe saw about 1,000 more American films than they did the Japanese products. Just why there seems to be so much anti-Japanese sentiment in Los Angeles at this time, is something which is not altogether plain to the movie fans of Kobe. The total footage of film shown in that year was 4,135,801. But the proprietors of the movie theaters bought a good deal more than that. For 121,000 feet of film—the very cream, the performance of the pictures, according to men in the business—they did not show. And they did not show for a very simple reason: that they could not. The good and trusty scissors of the censor robbed them—robbed the public of the said 121,000 feet. The robberies are called the name of virtue, of public morals, for the protection of children, of course. But human hunger for entertainment is not always satisfied by high sounding adjectives alone. The Japanese censor does not stop with the surgical operations on films. He gets at the public thru the "katsuben," also. Now, the katsuben or "benshi" as he, or she, is called, is the stage representa- tion. They are of both sexes, for girls are quite as active in the profession as men. He explains the picture: he makes the presentational voice of a stage. Happy vocal, the katsubens are entirely strangers to disjointed eyes- muscles, and misplaced eyesights, result- ing in a whole series of controllers and captions. The moral influences of these explainers of pictures over the audience is thought to be great. At least, that is the opinion of the Japanese censor. Therefore, next to editing the films, he turns his best attentions to the expurgation of the benshi. The benshi is not permitted to earn his bread by the sweat of his artistic sense, unless he is armed with a declaration from the censor, on the impeccability of his ethical character. One of the accompanying documents, is a license which permits of the benshi going thru an ex- aminination by the censor. These candidates for a shrine (for any one whose ethical character is questioned, the examination is entitled to a good-sized shrine) should look quite as nirvanic as a Buddhist monk.

With all this solicitude for the public weal, and especially for the moral eleva- tion of the people of Japan, on the part of the censor, one would suppose that this grateful public is building no end of pyra- midal monuments to the movie censors over there. It is not, however. Quite otherwise, I suppose. It is interesting to me to read the comments of our "column" of the daily press in Tokyo, and elsewhere, that is the constant and persistent and every-day witness to the fact. All of which goes to show the astounding depravity of human nature, and that it is not confined to Christian America, exactly. This for example: "I have been the most enthusiastic 'moviegoer' until the censorship was established," writes an Asakusa resident. Now, Asa- kusa is a ward in the capitol city of Japan: Tokyo. The local society is rather a large one largely because low-brows of Tokyo get their amusements rather reasonably there, in opposition to their movie prices. "These low-class people, who had never left their native country, assumed a cosmopolitan tendency of mind, and it is the opinion of the Japanese censor, I think, internationally enlightened so that, far from harboring racial antipathy toward aliens, they have genuine sympathy for the West- ern people. These were contributions of the moving pictures to the residents of Asa- kusa until the rigorous censorship was ap- plied to the selection (or rather spoiling) of the pictures. The abolition of the censorship, I believe, that the authorities are concerned about the effects of imported pictures on the popular mind, and if that is so, I think there are better means than the cutting off of the interesting parts of a picture.

Time was, they say, in the old days, the people of China were overrun with wild oxen, with their sharp-pointed and out-reaching horns. The first thing that the Chinese did when they found them, was to bend their horns, in such a way that the deadly points curved above the heads of the oxen in the safe and orna- mental form of the Chinese horn. Almost always, however, the Chinese killed the oxen in trying to bend their horns. In the case of the movie censors of Japan, the history seems to be repeating itself.
Ola Kronk—Really
(Continued from page 25)
deny that because she did not see Lillian Russell, or anybody else thirty years ago. "What kind of parts do you like to play best?" I asked.
"Poor girls," she answered quickly, with that little half-catch of the breath which fascinates you. "But they seldom let me play poor girls because they say I can 'wear clothes.' I wonder what would have happened to Miss Pickford if they ever discovered she could 'wear clothes'? But really, there is something tremendously interesting about girls who haven't much money. I know what it means. "But I don't like to weep. It makes my head ache. Yes it does, really. They get me in a corner and talk sad things to me and play sad music until I cry and then they let me go home. It is very hard." She opened her orchid eyes very wide, and I, too, felt sorry for her. Any girl who can seem as helpless as Claire Winstead is a menace to Hollywood bachelorhood. And it happens that at this time she happens to be a very real menace to the bachelorhood of a very handsome bachelor!
"Will you continue with Miss Weber when your contract is up, in January?" I questioned, determined to keep my mind off her alluring beauty for a moment.
"I would like to," she said, "if Miss Weber still wants me. But I really have had several offers which I couldn't accept during the months we were there together, at this studio. Miss Weber will never lose me!" I could understand that. If she were mine, I would never lose her out.
"Oh, you poor man," she suddenly exclaimed, and sat bolt upright on that "chase lounge" thing. They tell me she should always offer cigarettes to people. I have only one in my pocket. She swept across the room to the dresser, in that long, pink silk kind-of-neglige, and took a little bottle out of that of her handbag. In it was a single cigarette.
"Please smoke this," she urged, "I got it last night down at the Turkish Café, in Los Angeles. Miss Weber came back to me the latest Los Angeles craze, a place where actors gather after the last-curtain hour, to pay the critics who panned them. I thought she might have to smoke without any cigarettes. And Miss Weber sat there in that stuffy room, as I would think of a caddie in a hot barrel.

No, I don't go out much to parties," she replied, when I asked her if she belonged to the Hollywood all-night brigade. "I'm always home at twelve o'clock. I live with my mother, and she likes to have me in early. Besides, I'm a working girl." Those lines, written by Tennyson, came to mind—

How'er it be, it seems to me
Tis only noble to be good,
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

You see, I could not shake off the impression that Claire Winstead was her real self, that she was born in the shadow of her castle, and that Norman blood did not her veins! But I did know that she and hearted, because she had let me go for an hour, and she herself for the rest.

MORALITY UNDER THE
BLUE LAWS
By Blaine C. Bigler
sided to specialize in children's stories of a bunch of child actors and some bears, at great expense, and pro-
products, in the classic, "Goldilocks and the Bear" but the censor caused it

A REVIEW OF THE
SCREEN YEAR
By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH
accompanied by pictures of celebrated stars in character-
izations which they have made famous;

The Best Hunch I Ever Had"

"I was feeling pretty blue. Pay-day had come again and the raise I'd hoped for wasn't there. It began to look as though I was to spend the rest of my life checking orders—at $20 a week!

"I picked up a magazine. It fell open at a familiar advertisement, and a coupon stayed me in the face. Month after month I'd been seeing that coupon, but never until that moment had I thought of it as meaning anything to me. But this time I read the advertisement twice—yes, every word. And this time I tore out the coupon.

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jet black. 
dark brown. 
middle brown. 
 light brown. 

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Lester Park-Edward Whiteside Photoplay Productions
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The Full Close
(Continued from page 45)
two plots, end on end, like a pair of tele-escaped trains, that neither one is effective. For example, suppose you spin out a yarn about the separation of a boy and a girl by cruel parents, who object to the fact that the non-institution is a burglar, and then have the boy, a la Jimmy Valentine, say that he’s reformed and upright by rescuing the baby from the vault, thereby taking a chance on being jailed for safe-cracking. Suppose that these parents thereupon forgive the boy, and tell him to marry the girl, and then, he proceeds to love another woman, and gets into a pile of new complications—you have messed things up. The other woman has nothing to do with your reformed burglar theme; it is a love story, and is a plot in itself. You send your whole line of thought off into space at a tangent, which ends up somewhere east of Casonry.

Always stick to your original theme. Don’t let your plot people develop new characteristics, for no reason whatsoever—such as suddenly converting heroes to villains and villains to heroes—just before the final close-up.

Most important of all, be careful not to leave some matter that is not stuck out, and have to go back and wind it up after all the important matters are settled. As a rule, you will be conscious of yourself at the point where you like to end your story. Except in the unlikely instance of a tragedy, you will want to leave your hero and heroine about to “live happily ever after” after a final close-up.

It is not enough simply to say that they are going to be happy. You must show them in this blissful state to convince your audience that they are going to live happily. It is your business to lead your spectators through five long reels of adventures, and misadventures, and arouse their interest and sympathies—and then cheat them out of the privilege of seeing the hero and heroine rewarded at the end.

For this reason, it is almost always necessary to add a little, showing the lovers in each other’s arms, and everybody happy. Of course, this is sometimes rather trite, and if you can think up a better way of ending, which will accomplish the same result, more power to you. Sometimes a story will end exactly as it started, for example, “Fair and Warmer,” which, on the stage at least, was the only comic play of band settling down at the fireside and boring his wife to tears, by reading the weather reports in the papers. Sometimes the whole point of the plot is to show that things have returned to their original status, and then this kind of an ending is necessary.

One or two writers have actually ended their picture with a subtitle, some clever epigram, which exactly caps the situation. This, however, is a matter for experienced dramatists to experiment with. I authors have read a bit of co, and instead of the stereotyped love scene I was have been able to combine both in one—For example, “Red Hot Romance” ovie, who had rescued the Kingdom of B; cian, from the revolutionists, was appo- his own minister of war and very busy, so necessary, everyone had to inhabit a year jail; and, finally, sentencing his wing reason to “Life—with me!” The “Four H’ of the Apocalypse, a boy beg shining of the Russian mystic gazing and snatching of the soldier dead.

There are many original endings satisfied are right if they come at the 1. But, be sure they are logical. The with some abrupt and improbable twist of the plot, you just go ahead saying, “He’d never have done that—she’d never have married him.”

We do not think the happy ending is necessarily the most artistic. An unfortunate fact, however, is that most people are satisfied with nothing else. They have no patience with the soul-stirring effect at the end of a great tragedy, and, anyway, they say, to go to the theater and come away depressed.

Naturally, the final close-up always ends in a “Fade out.” This takes the place of the curtain of the stage. It is the smoothest and best way of finishing the final scene in almost every scenario.

Let us recapitulate the important points in our previous articles:

Don’t attempt to write “continuity”—that is, scenario form—until you have studio experience. Send your stories in to the editor in synopsis form, like a short story, and then, if you sell one or two, ask to be allowed to come to the studio and help work out the continuity. But, always plan them with a view to continuity possibilities.

The unadorned stories will never make good screenplays.

Don’t depend on violent physical action to make your story a good Photoplay. Characterization of your people is more important. Tell your story in the words of action, not in words. Style won’t help you. An ability to write what playwrights term “business” will.

Send your story to the star or director who specializes in that type of work. Attendence at your local movie theater will soon make you familiar with their preferences. Work with the famous comedy director into making a tragedy, or a tragic queen into doing a light comedy.

Try to give your plots a new twist, but don’t make them too fantastic, just because you think the movies could do them. The movies are not looking for camera tricks, or Jules Verne fantasies, so much as for human stories about the people who live next door to you.

Last of all, don’t be discouraged. And now, wishing you all the best of luck, we are going to finish in just as far as this series is concerned, to fade out.

[Editor’s Note.—In submitting your communication, be sure to be as brief as possible, especially if you are sending a synopsis.]
At the Shadow Play
By Walter Edmand Mair
Oh, the queens go by and the kings all die,
And the world for me has lost its way;
Ay, the tunes they sing in the flood o' spring
Belong to the joy of a younger day.
The minstrel men who've come back again
From the other shore of a brooding sea,
By their fires hide at eventide,
And they croom of how our dead may be.
And they say in France the rich men dance
With their backs to the moats of old
Verdun,
And their women white to see the line
Where the sickle took men one by one.
But along the Strand, when night's at hand
They say men talk who cannot be seen,
And girls are kissed in the London mist
By lips that are cold and—hardly clean.
And hobnail shoes, by twos and twos,
Are heard betimes on the Broadway pave,
While big, grey ships, by the ferry slips,
Glide grimly in on a strange tide-wave.
So I'm here and away from the restless clay
That are tumbled and tossed in the sullen glare
Of the giddy night, for I'm certain, quite,
That they have forgotten "Over There."
Oh, the queens go by and the kings all die,
And the shadow-play is the play for me:
For the game o' chance that we played in France
Can teach a man what real things be!

As the Poets Would Say
Shirley Mason
"She was the smallest lady alive,
Made in a piece of nature's madness,
Too small, almost, for the life and gladness
That over-filled her."
The Flight Of The Duchess.
Antonio Moreno
"... you Spaniard, look that you grow not,
Stay as you are and be loved for ever!"
Garden Fancies.
Charles Ray
"Fit and fair and simple and sufficient—
Using nature that's an art to others."
One Word More.
Wallace Reid
"The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn."
Song from Pippa Passes.
Will Rogers
"Look at his head and heart, find how and why
He differs from his fellows utterly:
Then, like me, watch when nature by degrees
Grows alive round him."
Epilogue.
Norma Talmadge
"She should never have looked at me if she meant I should not love her!"
Cristina.
Harry Walthall
"... Never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance."
My Last Duchess.

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Wallace Reid
Pearl White
Anita Stewart
Theda Bara
Francis X. Bushman
Earle Williams
William Farnum
Charles Ray
Norma Talmadge
Constance Talmadge
Mary Miles Minter
Clara Kimball Young
Alice Joyce
Vivian Martin
Pauline Frederick
Billie Burke
Madge Kennedy
Elsie Ferguson
Tom Moore

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95
As Pearls of the Orient

(Continued from page 60)

dental disorders is a well-known fact. This film is constantly forming on the teeth. If you do not battle with it at least twice a day, it will accumulate and harden between the teeth, and down near the gum line, and do reparable damage. Brushing alone will not remove it.

As this film absorbs all stains, it takes on a dingy color until finally the entire tooth begins to have a dark, yellowish cast, and the hardened coating of film is called tartar.

The undesirability of tartar is so obvious that it seems hardly worth while to relate the many unpleasant results of it. Yet one constantly sees people whose teeth are covered with it, so it must be that these people do not know how injurious it is to the teeth.

It causes them to decay. That is sufficient reason why you should keep it removed, for every normal person prefers his own teeth to false ones.

Then, it gives an offensive odor to the breath, and nothing is more repulsive than a foul breath. It is quite able to change the entire regard of one individual for another, while a sweet, pure breath awakens a feeling of friendliness in a person. Moreover, one—in a street car, an automobile, the theater, or one's home.

"As air perfumed with amber is her breath," is a little item a poet adds to the many charms of her lady fair. If you cannot give the breath a pleasant odor, you can at least prevent it from having an unpleasant one, by keeping the teeth clean, and the digestive organs in perfect condition.

As a rule, the breath of a healthy individual, with clean teeth, is pleasant without any attempt to mask it so.

If there is a tendency toward pyorrhea, immediate steps should be taken to offset it.

If it has reached a stage of discomfort, then a dentist should be consulted at once.

Pyorrhea is an infection of the gums from the tartar which collects on the teeth, and at the base of the teeth where they emerge from the gums.

As the food particles become imbedded in the film, they are held there and more films form over them, holding a little liquor from the saliva which would dissolve the particles. Then they form an acid which eats thru the enamel of the tooth and causes cavities.

Since this film separates the gum from the tooth, and causes an inflamed condition, it is now especially liable to infection. And when it becomes infected, it is called pyorrhea.

For pyorrhea, or Riggs' disease, in its first stages, use a strong saline solution as hot as possible, in the mouth, holding it a while before ejecting it, and forcing it back and forth between the teeth. Gargle a little and swallow a little; and draw some in thru the nose, thus removing all scum and germs that may, sooner or later, settle on the teeth.

Then, there are preparations for fighting this disease that may be obtained at the drug store. These are to be used as follows:

Wrap cotton around the tip of the forefinger, saturate with the preparation, and gently, but firmly, massage the gums, outside, inside, above, below.

In brushing the teeth, wet the brush and apply the dentifrice. Now, brush from the gums toward the tips. Now, brush crosswise and now, in a circular motion.

Last, forget you have teeth and brush the gums.

This last bit of advice was given me by a celebrated dentist of California, who had discovered that brushing the gums not only removed the films and particles and germs, but also acted as a massage agent and actively combated the diseases of the gums.

Do not neglect to have your teeth cleaned every six months by an expert, and perhaps the loss of a tooth. If you have dead teeth—that is, teeth in which the nerves have been killed—have them X-rayed, for it is well known that otherwise the roots of dead teeth, and poison the blood. This frequently causes rheumatism, and many other diseases.

How much attraction a smile, or a laugh, adds to an individual's countenance, that is, if the teeth thus exposed are strong and clean, and even and white.

"These cherries fairly do enclose A Orient pearl's a double row, Which when her lovely laughter shows They look like rose-buds filled with snow."

All people cannot have white teeth, any more than all people can have even teeth. But all can have clean teeth, free of odor or decay.

There is another matter that I am sure will interest my readers. This does not pertain to the teeth, I shall call your attention to it in this article, for it is of vital importance to all modern-thinking girls and women. It is the matter of make-up.

I do not approve of the make-up art now generally used by girls on the street, at the dance and elsewhere—for the simple reason that it looks like make-up. What we want is art that conceals art. Is there anything more hideous than a combination of white nose, black lips, and purple cheeks? The color of the rouge and lip salve is very important. We should imitate nature as nearly as possible. That dark, purplish red, so often used for the lips is a serious mistake, as also is the rouge made from the same chemicals. The trouble is that the manufacturers have difficulty in producing a bright blood-red without using vermillion, and vermillion is a highly poisonous mercury product. Be careful what you use on your lips!

The next most important thing is perming. I do not approve of the women who take out their lip sticks and rouge box in public, and deliberately daub the color on their lips and cheeks?

Ask that conceals art! Must we advertise the fact that Nature has not been kind to us, and that we have to paint ourselves like Indians? It is very hard to make a rouge and a lip salve that is not injurious, and that will stay on, but it can be done.

I know, because I have done it. I first secured all the French formulas I could, then I began experimenting. I tried every conceivable combination of non-injurious chemicals, and at last I was rewarded for my pains. I have made up more than I can use, so I am letting my friends have the surplus at cost.

I have also made use of Japanese vases to put it in, and these may be kept standing on the dressing-table. In the morning, after bathing, and before powdering, I apply the lip salve to the lips perfectly natural, and not painty. At night, when I come home I find that most of the color is still there, so I am very proud of my discovery.

If any of my readers want to try my preparations, I will mail a jar of either the rouge, or lip salve, on receipt of fifty cents—one dollar for the two.
The Answer Man
(Continued from page 78)

nadge's husband's picture? You bet there are several kinds of beards: the pike-devon beard is a sharp-pointed one; a cathedral beard is one trimmed so as to be very broad at the bottom, spreading like the tail of a fish; the forked beard is a broad beard, ending in two points; the house-cutter is one where the beard grows scattering, not together, but here and there a tuft! Mine—why they call it the corpse beard.

Rybi—No, that wasn't mine—it was Longfellow's. No other call of people are so extensively and persistently stolen from as dead. Monte Blue and Mary Thurman in "The Broken Doll." Corinne Griffith in "The Payment." You refer to Marguerite de la Motte in "The Mark of Zorro," Jerome Patrick in "Her First Elope ment."

Winnie—Ann Penning was born in Wilmington, Del., in 1895. Alice Brady and St.afford Keppit in "Sinners."

Ransom H.—You say you couldn't find the word "Bosh" in your dictionary. Well, it was first applied at the universities to anything nonsensical or trashy; it is a pure Turkish word, signifying empty. James Morrison and Neva Gerber are being directed by Ben Wilson in a series of four productions for Arrow. It is rumored Nazimova will return to the stage.

Brown Jug—I understand they are only being used for vinegar now. You say I am homme d'epitre. I thank you. Of course, I'm for the college girl. Bessie Love is playing with Hobart Bosworth in "The Sea Lion." Edna Murphy and Edward Rosenman in that serial.

Fluff—It is a misfortune for a woman never to be loved, but it is a humiliating and a calamity to be loved no more. It is one thing to get a lover and another thing to keep him. Watch out for that. Montague Love will play the role Lionel Barrymore created on the stage with Elsie Ferguson and Wallace Reid in "Peter Ibbetson."

Frances T.—Thanks for the picture. You, no doubt, have prospects.

St. Vits Dance.—Well, the average weight of a man's brain is 46 ounces. The weight, however, varies greatly in different individuals, but it is usually about one-third of the average weight of the body. Lord Campbell's brain was 53 3/4 ozs., and was perfectly healthy. Cuvier's was the heaviest on record—59 ozs.—but it was not quite healthy. You refer to Gini Reilly and Earl Metcalfe in "The Face at Your Window."

Miss O'Hill—And why do you call me Charlie? Did you know that the old watchmen, who were superseded by the present police force, were called Charlies or Charlies? Well, I'm not one of them. Call me anything you like. My favorite dish—spaghetti! Yes, George Arliss is doing "Disraeli."

Tylie—Hello Tylie! Have you been down to the Isle of Yap? Yes, you can reach him at Goldwyn You refer to Andrew Robinson and Guy Oliver. Don't stay away so long next time.

Helene M.D.—Well, Helen, I believe that a man should choose a wife with his ears, rather than with his eyes, so be careful what you say. There are about 20,000 picture playhouses in the U.S. Ohio leads. Constance Binney is Constance Grey; Glen Hunter is certainly funny. No, he isn't playing now.

Bubiles—Don't know of any postal card club, but there are several correspondence clubs. Wesley Barry is playing in "School.

(Continued on page 101)
What Do You Owe Your Wife?

Do you remember the promises you made when you wooed the girl who is now your wife? Have you forgotten the scenes they fancy-painted—that home of your own—a real yard for the kids. So, perhaps it is time to lighten the household burdens—a tidy sum in the bank—a wonderful trip every summer? She has worked hard for you; she still hopes that you will make true these dreams. She still has faith in you.

You don't want to disappoint your wife and make her life a burden, do you? You want to put the light of happiness in her eyes. You have in you the power, the ability and surely the desire to make your promises good, and you can do it easily. If you could only realize how quickly success came to thousands of other husbands, how splendidly they made true the dreams of courtship days, then nothing in the world could stop you from your success and happiness.

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---

**Not What He Seems**

(Continued from page 56)

"Actors are treated like gentlemen, in England," Mr. Kilgour told me. "They are accepted in the very best society, in fact, society seeks them. In this country, they have no particular standing, but are regarded more as a curiosity or some strange animal, to be looked upon, but not to be accepted in any personal relationship.

After all his success on the stage, Joseph Kilgour was cast in a play, the name of which I do not remember, but which ran only five nights. It was such a frost that Kilgour decided to go into pictures."

"After all my years of climbing to success on the stage," continued the actor, "I had arrived at a point where I either had to be made a star or else stand still, and as they were making no new stars, it was a case of eventually going backwards."

"That is one of the reasons why I chose the new art. The other is that I had worked so hard I was sick of the sight of a stage door."

And then my villain thanked me profusely for our little chat, and was driven away in his imposing car.

No, I had nothing to fear from Joseph Kilgour, arch villain of the stage and screen... for people of the theater are seldom what they seem.

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**California Chatter**

(Continued from page 71)

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**The Other Man**

By Frederick Wallace

I used to rave and tear around when things went wrong at home, but lacerate the feelings of my wife, and place a ban on all domestic strife. Thru the pictures I've discovered that when a husband fails to lavish soft endearments on his mate, some other man is lurking with his ready hook and line,

To earn the "deadly female" with his bait.

I see him in my fancy as sliers o'er the sill, with the lean and limescale languor of a snake; I can see her blush and tremble as she listens for his step, I can almost count the kisses he will take I think I hear him hustle when I take my fan-light out.

I distrust the tender blandishments I meet, And I've grown so blamed suspicious that, unless I trot along, I'm afraid to trust my wife upon the street. Perhaps it is my dearest friend who's bustin' up my home, Perhaps—Great Scott!—my wife has had a "poat".

She looks at me so queerly when I hustle off to work, I'm afraid each good-by kiss will be the last. So I look for chestnut tresses on the back of every coat, And I hunt for perfumed powder on each tie; But what's the use of hunting, for all the photoplays, The other man is wise and very sly?

I used to rave and tear around, as I have said before, But that's a thing I dare not risk today, For if I show my temper, I am sure the other man Will try to lead my stricken wife astray; So the lid is on the raving in our peaceful little flat, And I'm being just as careful as I can, Lest the snake invade my Eden and I lose my little one, To the provoking, predatory Other Man!

**LADIES OF THE SCREEN**

By Thomas J. Murray

Her life is cradled in adventure's swell;
On flying locomotives far she roams;
This railroad maid of whom we write,
Tis the Helen of En Holmes.

That she so seldom plays we count as ill,
For we remember her for splendid work;
Perchance you read our thoughts and know
Tis Bil—Luc Barke.

She loves tresses daintily long and wavy And on our heart she executes a lease; We hardly need to tell you this is June—Caprice.

**PROFESSIONAL NAMES FOR PICTURE STARS**

Since Arline Pretty, Louise Lovely and June Caprice have set the fashion for sugary names, why not go on with the matter to the better end, making the names match the personalities of the players? May we not append a few samples? What is the matter with Dolly Darling, Peggy Prim, Canning Cutie or Pauline Precious?
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The Return of the Two-Reeler (Continued from page 39)

"Rip," "Damon and Pythias," and "Justice and Theodora" would never get over. At least the titles would have to be changed to lure the public. But these pieces of historic literature did very nicely ten and twelve years ago. Of course, there were also such blood-and-guts epics as, "The Four- Footed Hero," "The Drunkard's Fate," "Harvesting Altalna in New Mexico," and "The Catholic Conversion of Chicago." Some of these Colonel Selig plans to revive. I'm sure that such dramas from ancient history as 'The Adventures of a Keg,' or "Ten Nights in a Barroom" would clicf fragrant memories.

It was in 1914 that "The Spoilers" was produced in nine reels. From that time on, the two-reeler was forgotten. And not until 1921 did it enjoy renaissance.

 Naturally, it was not easy to induce directors and actors of high reputation into demi tasse dramas. And Messrs. Selig and Rock, knew that it required supernatural agencies to raise the favorite from the dead. They finally secured Bertram Bracken as director. From the shelves of the great film library, at the Selig plant, Mr. Bracken selected "The Policeman and the Baby," a comedy drama, and "The Northern Trail," a tragedy, by James Oliver Curwood, as the first of the series. For these he secured players of repute: William Desmond, Lewis Stone, Ethel Grey Terry, Wallace Beery, Elinor Fair and Margaret Landis.

Director Bracken has negotiated the return of the two-reeler in a way that should more than reinstate it in favor. When I viewed "The Northern Trail," I realized more emphatically the fault of the motion picture. Commercially speaking, the five-reeler has been adulterated.

I speak of the commercialism of "original" pictures. There are, of course, innumerable pictures of from five to eight reels, which have been effective. To go beyond the question of mere dimensions, the chief trouble with the motion picture has been a sense of limitation. Commercial methods were used to standardize it, just as candles and breakfast foods are standardized. But standardized entertainment is a paradox, for variety is the quintessence of diversion. One of the prime limitations was in the matter of footage. Every film had to be stretched to at least five reels, just as in 1904, it was thought that every film must be kept to one reel. Thus, we have seen and heard stories out of short ones. Everything from a poem to a college yell was dramatized to standard length. And when anything is attenuated, it loses its kick. Great art demands the elimination of all irrelevancies.

The short story has been the favorite form of American literature. O. Henry,of all writers, has most typically American, because he wrote concisely and faithfully of common American life. Some of his stories were produced as five-reeler without much success, whereas those done as two-reelers often overshadowed the feature of the program.

"The Policeman and the Baby" has much of the O. Henry spirit. It moves rapidly without regret, and it is story. It moves without deviation, along the lines of its plot, and hence is drama. "The Northern Trail" is tragically done with such human touch that it has nothing of the morbid.

Mr. Bracken took only a week to shoot each of these productions, thus they were done with the maximum economy, and compared to most feature pictures, are in-

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G. H. (feeling the interview lost if Wally doesn't answer these properly): What type of woman do you think is the most dangerous—the most alluring to men?

WALLY (with a gesture, expansive and inarticulate): Type has nothing to do with it, Sister. I've known women as beautiful as hours, without a spark of the much discussed appeal, and I've known women with nothing visible to recommend them—at, or too thin—or something and everything wrong, who have had the power of ten women in one little finger. Tall or short, dark or fair, it means nothing to me, deeper mystery to attraction than can be seen by the naked eye.

A. W. F.: "The Affairs of Anatol" must have been a liberal education—amusing, of course, not that you needed one. How in the world did you ever manage all those leading ladies? Gloria Swanson, Wanda Hawley, Agnes Ayres, and Bebe Daniels—must have been difficult.

WALLY (with a grin): It was something like Old Home Week. Great. As a matter of fact, all of them, except Gloria, had been my leading ladies at other times and in other plays. We had a clubby reunion, and all went as merrier as a marriage bell.

G. H.: Speaking of marriage bells, is Mrs. Wally with you? I see her picture and the son's there on the piano.

WALLY: No, she's home this time. I'm going back to New York. Hope to do another production with Cecil de Mille, as a matter of fact. He's a peach to work for, and with.

A. W. F.: Would you like the boy to be on the screen?

WALLY: I'd like him to be what he would be to be, because that is the only thing he ever will be. I suppose to be everything on earth, but a screen actor, and here you are . . .

G. H.: Does he show any particular symptoms at present?

WALLY (with a chuckle): Judging by the general state of his hands, and his being, at present, he will be a mechanic . . .

(The man waiting in the hall to measure costumes, clowns discretely, and the inquisitors rise—they convey to one another, by subtile signs and signals, that it is time to depart—that they probably have plenty of material.)

SCENE III.—Fifth Avenue—or as native New Yorkers say—the Avenue. It is raining hard when the two inquisitors come upon the scene.

A. W. F.: What is the weather doing to your umbrella?

GLADYS HALL, (who says not, neither does she see): Youshay rain?

A. W. F. (hopefully): Well, what did you think of him? One of the objects of keeping these things in order was for the purpose of exchanging opinions afterwards.

G. H. (with unutterable reproach): Opinions? Think? Wally?

A.W.F.: Well, certainly Wally affects some people as he it a matinee idol, even if he doesn't like the idea. If I could see him now, he'd be like the best baker szhaders and purchase the cap so popular with directors, leather puttees, and then he'd be off for a megaphone. Is that as intelligible as you propose to be. Now, his type of work in "Peter Ibbetson," 11. His psychological appeal to . . .

G. H. (cloudly): Asking me what I think about Wally. In a minute you will be going into his Freudian complexes and reflections. How do I know what I think . . .

A. W. F. (blatant): Do you know you saw?

G. H. (with sympathy): Of course.

A. W. F.: Well, perhaps for the sake of our readers, who would like to know something about Wally, you will tell what you did see.

G. H. (with a sigh): His eyes.

(By this time the inquisitors are marooned in the center of the Avenue, while the traffic surges perilously near them in all directions. They keep going, arguing, oblivious to everything.

An officer approaches, propels A. W. F.: G. H. remains standing in the rain, blissful—their fountain pen drip along into the rain—and the foregoing is the result.)
The Answer Man

(Continued from page 97)

Days." Lillian Walker is playing in stock, and then she is going in vaudeville.

Alice K.—Well, if people knew all their "in-laws" beforehand, many a match would be prevented. Richard Barthelmess in "The Hope Chest." Cantor is from the Italian contia, a wine vault.

The We Are Fours.—Yes indeed, Richard Barthelmess would answer you if you wrote to him. You must be a very happy family. Well, I'm as happy as a lark these days—nothing on my mind at all. Here you are—Charro-ochito, an Italian phrase, literally means light and shade, but according to Fairbolt it means not only the variable effects produced by light and shade, but also the permanent differences in brightness and darkness.

Lucy L.—Wheeler Oakman is married to Priscilla Dean.

Ushering.—What do you want to know? Rockefeller Fellowses in "In Search of a Summer." Tom Chatterton was Hadley in "Her Husband's Friend." Ward Crane in "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson." The rest of your letter was not sent last night.

J. W. O.—Thanks, but honestly I'll be careful what I say about the Suwanee River again.

John K.—Yes, and there are a lot of $2,000 a week directors accepting $400 a week right now, and a lot of $1,000 players accepting $100. These be hard times. You say, "the less clothing Love wears, the warmer he is." Who is? Yes, Emerson and Loos are doing four original stories for Constance Talmadge.

Ruth S. Salem.—Yes, but Ruth, I have been answering questions since 1910. Don't you think I ought to be pensioned off? May McAvoy is playing in "A Virginia Courtship."

Joe N.—You Know What I Mean; Ruby C.; Down With Blue Laws; Brown Eyes; Little Old Woman; Jane Cancell; Helen S. Ewing; A Tom Mix Fan; E. P.; Jean H.; O. G.; H. B.; Sweet Sixteen; N. Dale Lassie; Mrs. J. O.; L. T.; Nan; K. L. S.; Lily of the Valley; Louie; Semple; William Bee- ee; Impossible; Agnes Ayres, and Forrest Stanley.—Glad to hear from you.

Your questions have been answered, tho, hence I am not moved to wit, wisdom, nonsense or mirth.

Lucienne.—Ah, sweet one, have a care. Remember that geniuses, writers, and actors are very nice to think of and look at, but awfully hard to live with. Yes, Wyndham Standing was abroad. So he is your favorite. He was in here not so long ago.

Alice Van.—Naomi Childers is married to Luther Reed. Yes, Pauline Frederick is to do a mystery story for Robertson-Cole. It hasn't been titled as yet. Nothing new on Bruce Gordon. Vera Gordon is on the stage in vaudeville now.

C. T. M.—No, Mary Miles Minter is playing in "Moonlight and Honeysuckle." So you think our interviews are too suger, I don't think of any of them are. Carmel Myers in "Nobody" and "The Kiss."

John C.—Yes, just send 25¢ here for that.

William M. L.—William Scott is not married. Gladys Brockwell hasn't played in anything since "The Sage Hero." Not trouble your stomach over this; your stomach will never trouble you. Try this prescription: Water internally, water externally.

(Continued on page 105)
Across the Silversheet

(Continued from page 69)

SCRAP IRON—FIRST NATIONAL

Orasionally, when a star endeavors to
shoulder several phases of his production,
you can expect. Time and again, one star has
eraomened to undertake the additional role of
director, or author, only to discover that it is
not prac-
ticable. They lose their perspective, and
the result is, usually, sad indeed to be-
hold. This is not the case with Charles
Ray in "Scrap Iron," however, alto-
hene directed it in addition to playing the
leading
and stellar role.

We didn't expect to like "Scrap Iron.
" We thought it would be a man's picture,
in a sense, with boxing matches and fac-
tory scenes and all the things we don't
like. It was. Yet we liked it very much.

Undoubtedly, Charles Ray is an artist.
John Steel is a very different character
from the country youth in "The Old Swim-
m"in Hole," but he is equally as convinc-
ing. He is the kind of a character for
which Charles Ray reflects so clearly—
their pitiful little hopes and dreams; their
temptations and their ideals.

In "Scrap Iron," John Steel has high
hopes, and an invalid mother. He finds
that the driving necessity for the dol-
lar often makes it expedient to break his
promise. He breaks his—just once—
with the result that he wins enough to start
 anew.

There is a splendid suspense to the
entire story, but this is particularly true of
the boxing bout. Even if this art of the
gloves does not interest you, you will find
yourself sitting on the edge of your chair
before the end of the third round.

Lydia Knott gave a truthful portrayal of
the weary mother, while Vera Stedman
portrays the young lady who lives in an
other tiny factory cottage, next door. She
is not the sweet young heroine, but inclined
to be planning for, and interested in her
own ends. It is something of a relief to
find her wearing a very short, and tight
plaid skirt, with a rough sweater, and tam
of hair, rakishly on her lobbed head.

"Scrap Iron" is not a master piece, but
it is a consistently good production—one
which reflects further credit upon its di-
rector and star.

WHITE AND UNMARRIED—PARAMOUNT

"White and Unmarried" stretches the
long arm of coincidence entirely out of
joint. Thomas Meighan plays the role of
Billy Kane, a burlgar.

The very night that Billy robs the pala-
tial home of Michael Witer, his daughter
Dorothy returns home from the dance, to
say in a bored tone, "I'm so tired of noth-
ing and everything that I almost wish I
would be robbed of something very much
to that effect. We did think it had been
obliging of burlgar Billy. Then, he re-
turns to his dwelling, via a skylight, only
to discover that he has, with his loot, a mini-
ture of the beautiful Dorothy. He pro-
ceds to wish that someone will die and
leave him a million, so that he can go free.

Time and again under the court house
and so—there is a telegram which tells him
his uncle had passed from this fair world
—the million is his.

Billy and his partners sail for Paris. On
the same steamer, of course, and they stop
at the same Parisian hotel, and then ....

Along come all the perfectly good situa-
tions which have known diverse changes of
locale, and a number of characters.

Mr. Balin has achieved something ad-
ditional, too, in the fact that he has not made
other mustached nobleman, and Mamma
Witter immediately assumes the title for
Dorothy. There is a little cabaret dancer,
too, who is sweet and good, and lives in a
tiny apartment in the Montmartre district,
with her two adopted wards.

Jacqueline Logan played the virtuous
cabaret dancer, but it would be difficult
to say, along with the characterization of
Grace Darmond, and one wonders, whether
the characters were good or not, for there
is little or no suspense, with the subtitles
continuously apologizing for the
situation. There are all the characters wander,
more or less hopelessly, thru the reeds,
and even genital Thomas Meighan
fails to save the day.

CLOSED DOORS—VITAGRAPH

Some day, in the near future, we hope
to see Alice Calhoun in a good story. Here
we have a new star, undoubtedly, has some-
thing to offer the screen—even in the weak
situation of "Closed Doors," with huge
holes obvious in the drama throughout,
she managed to be pleasing.

As to the story—once more the young
wife, neglected thru her husband's financial
ambitions, is ensnared by questionable
acquaintances, and never returns; and still one
more, the husband chooses to believe the
worst construction that could possibly be put
upon her actions.

We feel sorry for the continuity writer,
who endeavored to build a drama from this
material, and for the director, who strove
to weave it all into a thing of beauty—
but we reserve considerable pity for Miss
Calhoun. It is not pleasant to be forced to
build your stellar reputation in vehicles
never intended for screen presentation.

LESSONS IN LOVE—FIRST NATIONAL

Evidently, the Powers That Be have
long since decided that Constance Tal-
mudge is splendid at the farcical sort of
thing and doesn't need any great assistance
in the way of a story. Certainly she doesn't
get it in "Lessons in Love." This is the
farcical sort of plot, if such it can be
called, with Constance working overtime,
in her endeavor to keep some shred of sus-
pending until the last moment.

She is cast as Leila Calthorpe, who poses
as the parlor maid when the young man she
is to marry, by the terms of her guardian's
will, comes to visit her. Of course, he falls
in love with her, apron, cap and every-
thing else to the contrary. You keep think-
ing there will be all sorts of complications,
but there really are not, altho, they do set
the house on fire, and attempt several other
exciting episodes, in order to keep things
going.

Constance Talmadge is looking much bet-
ter than she has recently, but "Lessons in
Love" offers her little opportunity to sparkle,
as she has in the days of yore. Kenneth
Harlan is the hero, while Flora Finch and
George Fawcett are seen as the
aunt and guardian, respectively.

THE JOURNEY'S END—HODKINSON

Hugo Ballin has achieved something
in "The Journey's End," inasmuch as he
has told a story simply and directly, without
perception of a single subplot. Hugo Ball
may have thought of "The Old Swimming
Hole," but it is true, but this was a series of incidents, while
"The Journey's End" is drama, with plot
construction of a very different sort.
What's What in America

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his heroine and hero good as gold, and his humor an unsympathetic character. All of them err in a human way—all of them see circumstances slowly enveloping them, and endeavor to help one another at the cost of their own happiness.

Mabel Ballin is the girl, who, thru a chain of unfortunate circumstances, marries an ironworker, infinitely her inferior. Delicately reared in a convent, she finds the rude realities of her life beating against her. Then, the mill owner comes into her life, bringing with him a promise of the books and music and other better things of life which she has missed. The result is logical. How these three people, caught in a net, thru no fault of their own, work out their salvation makes a splendid story,—a story which takes them eventually to Rome, with its old world romance, its convents, monasteries, and the catacombs.

George Bancroft is splendid as the inferior, but well-meaning and loyal husband, while his little daughter, Georgette, is cast as the child. Wyndham Standing is likable, too, as the mill owner.

Mabel Ballin has a personality distinctly different from any other shadowed on the screen—she depends upon the suggesting of emotions, rather than the definite expressing of them, in portraying her roles, and her characterization of the girl wife, valiant in the face of the unhappy circumstances in which she finds herself, is subtle and delicately shaded.

We like the psychology of Mr. Ballin's direction—the good in the worst of us, and the bad in the best of us—undoubtedly it is more difficult to drive points home with such characterization, but, at the same time, it makes for far greater strength in the story.

NOT GUILTY—FIRST NATIONAL

"Not Guilty" is the story of twin brothers, originally told by Harold McGrath in novel form, under the cover title of "Parrot and Co."

It was not easy to bring it to the screen with a clarity, for it is the story of a story, a trap, a mystery. Sidney Franklin has been less sure of his situations, it would have been a hopeless conglomerate of jerky incidents. As it was, he kept his episode well and changed all in hand, with the result that "Not Guilty" is an interesting offering.

Twin brothers, identically alike in appearance, good and the other not so good, have long been the pets of those who rule with their pen. Harold McGrath has used his twins, Paul and Arthur Ellison, to good advantage. He has made Paul indirectly responsible for Arthur's shortcomings, so that when Arthur confesses to a crime, Paul forces him to take his identity, while, in the end, it is Paul, leaves for parts unknown. Down on the South Sea Islands they call him "The man who never talks of home," while Arthur, masquerading as Paul, continues to enjoy the fruits of civilization.

There is a girl, of course, but whether or not she is tricked by the fact that there are two instead of one, remains a secret until the latest.

Just once, when Paul boards a steamer at a distant and foreign port, to discover several individual parties, whom he has traveled hundreds of miles to avoid, on board, he is shuddled for the logic of things. For a time, the scene must have resembled Old Home Week to the exile, but this state of affairs did not last.

Richard Dick deserves a special word of commendation for his dual characterization. He did splendid work, both as Paul...
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You Have a Beautiful Face—But Your Nose?

In THIS DAY and AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you, if not wholly, by your "look," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times.

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Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct Ill-Shaped Noses without cost of any satisfaction.

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Also For Sale at Riker-Hegegan, Lieglett's and other First-Class Drug Stores.

and Arthur Ellison. Others in the cast are, Sylvia Bremer and Molly Malone.

A PRIVATE SCANDAL—REAL ART

This is the first production shadowed with May McAvoy as a star, and those who saw her delicate portrayal of Grizel in "Sentimental Tommy," mildly set forth to see "A Private Scandal," expecting great things—they will, that is, unless they have grown accustomed to players being stirred in new undertakings, simply because they won laurels in a featured role, in an entirely different type of picture. This is true of May McAvoy in "A Private Scandal," a fine story with no special points to redeem it.

In the first place, the picture opens with Miss McAvoy as a wife, playing the role of Elizabeth Atchison, who is about to sail for America, where she has been offered a position as governness, in a wealthy home. We dont remember how many stories have started like this, since the recent war, but that there have been many of them, we are sure. The wife in this home is having an affair, and little leanne, which is the role with which Miss McAvoy is cast, feels that it would be better for her to sacrifice herself than let the truth be known. All thru the complications the child becomes more and more attached to her, until, finally, Miss McAvoy is cast, feels that it would be better for her to sacrifice herself than let the truth be known. All thru the complications the child becomes more and more attached to her, until, finally, May McAvoy, although hamstrung by an obvious tale, still gives promise of doing other things as splendid as her Grizel.
The September Shadowland

With this de luxe midsummer issue, SHADOWLAND resumes the publication of its one-act playlets, so long a distinguished feature of this publication. The September number will contain Kendall Banana’s “The Eve of St. Catherine.” This is a vivid and atmospheric drama of medieval days.

There will be a number of other notable features. Frank Harris will tell of Rudyard Kipling’s early days. Walter Prichard Eaton writes on “Amateurs and the Future,” dealing with the problem the drama faces today with the elimination of road tours. Oliver M. Sayler contributes an absorbing interview with Arthur Hopkins, that present-day force of our speaking stage. There will be a number of other articles and interviews, dealing with stage and screen folk, of course.

The September SHADOWLAND will be one of the most artistic issues of the “most beautiful magazine in the world,” as critics have pronounced the publication. Every continent has been searched for the most attractive examples of photographic and painting art—and the September issue reveals the latest captures.

SHADOWLAND
177 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N.Y.
How I Increased My Arm 6½ Inches

When a young man of 20

All that's wonderful . . . a little bit of a girl has to be born with the spirit of a Columbus, or a Don Quixote; he

She would . . .

It once was

It went.

Increased

Be.

I exulted. Maple

I went—

A

secret

I have.

Peggy

shalls always be true to you, no matter how many husbies come to town.

"She warned the baker, "there they come now, honey—out for you!" She don't look kissed exactly, now does she?"

There was no doubt that Peggy and the Doctor had both been guilty of a forced fashion. There was a wistfulness in the girl's eyes as tho she wanted to remember that she had been carried home, a few hours before, by a cleverly scored strong arm, wanted to remember, but could not believe that it had happened. In the man's eyes was a baffled look. Last night seemed hopelessly gone from him . . . the crow of the things I was a traitor Peggy he had held in his awed arms, seemed another person from this independent, little person who was talking in the absolute merits of asphalt blocks and concrete, as a paving for Main Street.

The group before the church stood in stony immobility as they approached, each face checked into lines of the anxiety, hateful triumph. Puzzled, Dr. David paused, sensing the silent hostility of the glance murmured against his Planned.

"What's the trouble?" he asked curtly, "anybody sick?"

"We're all sick," Hiram Beals groaned. "Sick, sick, sick. Neighbors!"

He glared at Peggy. "Oldtown may not have fancy curbstones and sidewalks, but it always had good morals and high principles—til you came.

Silas Tucker interrupted. He felt that the center of the stage belonged to him, by right of his discovery. "Last night . . . he pointed to me, not over clean tongue at the doctor, "last night when all decent folks were abed, I saw you a kissing of that there female, in your office, which I went there to get away from. I could see my totally—my lawful wedded wife!"

The stout lady moaned in acknowledgment of the tribute. Dr. David Ransome glanced at Peggy, and saw by the startled flash that she had begun to remember.

"Do you mean . . . " he began working up the proper excitement, "do you dare to mean that you . . ."

Peggy interrupted calmly. "What foolishness!" she smiled, "suppose you did see it? Who knows but there is some one here to my husband's kissing me?"

"Husband?" choked Silas, "well, I swan!"

They began moving away, unostenta-

tiously, and then suddenly, as though in apology, "An elopement!" murmured the maiden lady, "how poetical! It saves in wedding presents, too."

Silas groveled, "I suppose you want to trampling round in trousers, now you've got a family of your own to look after."

Peggy cast a sentimental glance at the speechless doctor. "That's the answer, sir—will be as my husband says, of course. But I always have believed that a nurseryman's place was in the house."

Left alone, David Ransome came out of his coma and seized Peggy's hand. "Sweetheart!" he began, but she stopped him.

"You don't have to . . . to . . . " she said a bit breathlessly, just as one of the flitty little village girls might have spoken. "It was the only thing I could think of that would cover your Deans. They looked so disgustingly pleased!"

"But I love you!" urged Doctor David, if you only know."

Peggy blushed violently. "Maybe," she confessed, "maybe I wasn't so asleep last night . . . when you . . . you did it!"

"Oh, I'm glad . . . I'm so glad I wasn't a boy!"

Dear Sirs—I enclose herewith 16 cents, for which I beg you will send me, postpaid, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development."
The Answer Man
(Continued from page 105)

CENHUE S.—Yes, “The Sheik” is being
done in pictures now. No, I haven’t read
the book, but they do say it is pretty raw.
Elmo Lincoln in “Jim Gray.” Jack Perrin
was Will, and Peaches Jackson was La-
hora in that picture. You ask if I can play
the piano. I don’t know, I never tried it.

ETHA.—Your letter was a gem.

BILLY H.—I do not agree with you that
money-money is the root of all evil. Why,
just enough, Pat O’Malley, with Mo-
roso Productions, 3800 Mission Road,
Los Angeles, Cal. He is playing in “Slippy
McGee.” Shirley Mason with Fox, 1417
Western Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.

MILBRED M. D.—You ask me if I would
like to live every minute of my life over
again—well, there are a few I would like
to pass over. Nazimova has just finished
“Camille,” and Thomas Meighan is in Bos-
ton doing “Cappy Ricks,” while Wallace
Reid is in New York doing “Peter Ibbet-
sen.”

BEAUR.—How long did it take to grow
this beard?—eighty years. There isn’t an-
other like it. Well, always do your best,
and you will have something to do. Her-
bert Rawlinson is playing in “Conflict,”
with Priscilla Dean.

L. N.—No, I never played in stock or in
stock. A bear in Stock Exchange phrase-
ology is one who looks forward to a fall
in stocks, and sells in the hope of being able
to buy at a lower price, before the time
comes for delivery. The name is supposed
to have been derived from a wild beast
that sold a bear’s skin before he had caught
or killed the bear. Kathryn Williams and Ell-
ott Dexter in “We Cant Have Everything.”
Florence Vidor and Mary Beecham. Can’t tell
from that description. Your letter had a lot of
pep in it—write me again.

ROSE D.; BRICK J.; MILBRED M. J.;
ETTA CLAYTON ARMORE & RHODA HOBRE;
JUST MAY; MRS. DOROTHY.—Your letters
were all very interesting, but have been
answered above.

WILD BILL.—You may be wild, Bill, but
you sure do know good music. I remember
the place right well. Cooks would not
“spoil the broth” nearly as many times as
they do if they were required to eat some of
it. Yes, Buster Keaton and Natalie Talmadge
on May 31st, at Norma’s country home,
Bayside. Constance and Ward Crane
stood up for them. Norma Talmadge and Mrs.
Schenck gave them a Rolls Royce com-
plete. Some wedding present—hey what?
Shoot this way again, Bill.

FOUR ROGER SISTERS.—Welcome, Why
dont you send in your picture man who
wants to go to Europe, Mrs. Schenck.
No, no, Marguerite Clark is nowhere near
50. Wow! Poor Marguerite. Would like to hear
from you again. Geraldine Farrar isn’t doing
anything just now. I suppose she is vaca-
tioning until Fall. Winifred Kingston isn’t
playing in pictures. Clara Young is 5 ft
6 in. high.

MINNIE L.—Yes, I saw Anita Stewart in
“Sowing the Wind,” and I can say that
Anita is looking as pretty as usual. She
either had bad photography or had make-up,
and consequently, her close-ups weren’t
what they should be. So you think I am
only 35. Thank you, Yes, dont live in
an apartment—a one-room apartment. Alice
Joyce was Tom Moore’s first wife. Glad
to hear from you.

A MOVIE FAN.—Freckles are caused
either by exposure to the sun, which pro-
throes red pigments, and by blemishes
that appear in the skin, or by something in
the blood—perhaps the liver. You hope my

A Perfect Hat
for Fall

And now comes autumn with its
special problem—Hats! This
season calls for a hat that is
thoroughly practical—one that is
too small, nor too heavy
for the occasional warm days
that is chic and stylish.

The Priscilla Dean Tam

is all this and more. It’s serv-
icesable and attractive. It
looks well on every woman—the soft,
pliant ‘Suede-Like’ of which it’s made is so cleverly draped
that there are nobard lines
anywhere. The whole charming
affair is neatly finished with a
tailored grosgrain ribbon bow
and band. A narrow band of
elastic enclosed in the back per-
mits the tam to fit all head sizes.

And there’s a Priscilla Dean
Tam in the color you prefer.
Popular fall colors are Bright
Red, Jade Green, Navy Blue,
Tan, African Brown, Orange,
and Copenhagen Blue.

And what the Priscilla Dean Tam
means to the school girl! It’s
the very thing for wearing to
and from classes, for the campus
and tennis courts, for the jaunt
downtown.

You’ll find it the perfect, com-
pleting touch in your fall wardrobe.
Leading merchants carry
it. At the store look for the
Priscilla Dean name on the
band inside the tam—the guar-
antee of quality. Or you can order
direct from us, with letter or
coupon, enclosing $2.50, the
price of the tam.
age and beard dont grow any more. You can reach Hope Hampton, 131 Riverside Drive, New York 24, N. Y., Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.; Kath-erine MacDonald, Los Angeles, Cal.

EVELYN F. CHICAGO.—Thanks, may the hinges of your mind never glow. Nothing has happened to Alma Rubens. She is very much alive. Mabel Normand is playing in "Molly-O." Anita Stewart is playing in "Playing God."

JACE.—Hello Jack! How’s the old boy? There’s no way I can get you in communication with Mary Fuller. I don’t know where she is. Sorry I can’t help you.

B. B. D. CLEVELAND.—Write to our Cir- culation Department for your free numbers. Yes, Bebe Daniels will write to you. You think Wallace Reid ought to go on the cover. Write Bebe Daniels, Redact. Los Angeles, Cal. Keep your head cool and your feet warm and you will be all right.

ELDER R. S.—Enid Bennett was judy; Roland Lee was Billy.

PRINTERS’ DEVIL; S. JOW; MARY MILES MINTER; ADONIA; FLUFF; MIND AND HEART; HOLEY HOOLIGAN TWINS; MIL- RRED; CUTIE H.; A-No. I; SLUSH AND MUSH; KURiOS KATIE; BANS B.; MIILAM OF THE TROUBLED HEART; VIVI- LACE; DANZER; TUBBY CHUBBY; PHILADELPHIA CHILE BEAN; E. L. R.; BLUE EYED BLONDIE; TERRIBLE TESSIE; MISS E. H. K.; I. I. S.; ALICE

WILLIAMSON; NOBODY'S BABY; Babs

I enjoyed all your letters and hope you write me again.

MARIE L.—You can get in touch with Evelyn O’Brien at Selznick Studios, Fort Lee, N. J. Yes, Milton Sills is married. But we are often cruel to those we love best; that is why I answered you sarcastically, if...

HIGH SCHOOL GIRL.—You want an interview with Mary Hay. She isn’t playing in pictures just now. Yes, it is true that Ethel Grandin is coming back to pictures in "The Hunch," with Garrett Hughes. Lee Moran is playing in "Robinson’s Trouseau."

SANDGREPER.—Your letter was a delight. I am indeed fortunate to have a friend in my need, but am more fortunate to have no need of a friend. I’ll put your letter to my list of friends, however, with grati- tude. Yes, George Fawcett will play in "Peter Ibbetson." Vola Vale and William Russell are playing opposite. Write me again.

TEXAS.—You are one of those who seem to want this department to be devoted to answering questions about myself. I much prefer to remain in the background and to be known by my works. What I eat, how I sleep, how long I expect to live, the length of my beard, the size of my shoes, etc., etc., will all be written on tables of stone for the benefit of posterity, but for the present I prefer to retire into innocuous desuetude, so far as my public affairs and devote these precious pages to the interests of the Motion Picture business. Therefore, kindly shoe-fly, dont bother me.

KEVIN.—You want a picture of Richard Barthelmess on the cover. Yes, he should be there.

JA.-DA.—Thanks for the picture. I shall add it to my gallery. You can reach Corliss Palmer at this number. I am now playing in and cutting her latest picture, "Rose and Thistle." Tom Moore is going to play in "From the Ground Up."

EUGENE O’BRIEN FOREVER.—So you think Eugene O’Brien is a world better when it comes to making love. I cant agree with you about the other question. Do you know that it is claimed that of the $20,000,000 girls and women in the United States, one-half are married. Let me have those answers.

LEO G.—I’ll try not to be, but, you see, Wallace Reid is to be starred in "The Champion," Irene Castle’s maiden name was Irene. That’s 5 feet in height and has light brown hair and grey eyes. She weighs 115.

LEW PROVIDENCE.—Some, but not all, of those backs—bare backs?—well there is Theda Bara, Corinne Griffith, and how about the Queen—Betty Blythe? You ask how I write. Well, I write while I ride, because I cant stand constand. It is not right to write lying because I am not right while writing lying. I hope you get it.

ANETAIL.—Well, your letter was long and interesting, but I finished it, but you failed to ask any questions.

VIRGINIA C.—After reading your jokes I see that the chestnut season is still on. No, a bone of contention is not the jaw, Gladys Brockwell is engaged to William Scott. Your dad is right about the eagle—they live to be 80 to 100 years old. Mary Thurlow is playing opposite Roscoe Arbuckle.

PALO.—So you think I am a Plute, Yes, on $10 per. The word “photocrat” is an affront to Plutus. "The Great Air Robbery," Antonio Moreno can be reached at the Vita- graph Studio, Hollywood, Cal; Mary Mc- Allister is in California. Thanks for the invitation to come to the Nut.

VIVIAN R.—Yes, Vivian, I am 80 and have never been married. Kid McCoy will be seen in pictures with Buck Jones. Just oui dire. Herodotus was a Greek historian who lived during the 5th and 6th Centuries, B. C. That’s what I do—keep on a-humming.

E. B. C.—Albert Roscoe has played and directed. He plans on going "The Price." Barbara Bedford is about 19. Yes, Leo Delaney died some time ago. May Allison played in "Fair and Warmer." Wal- lace MacAllister married, in 1924. Kenneth Harlan is married to Flo Hart.

LUCILE.—Yes, Coriess Palmer is a beauty, and screens even better than she looks in real life. You say you want Hazel Naylor to interview Violet Merseruen, and you want Gladys Hall to interview Olga Pet- rova, I will see what I can do. You refer to Virginia Martin and Jane Novak. Some letter you write. Let me hear from you again.

HAROLD J.—It is your duty, and you should be able to say, with Shakespeare, “I seem my dooyt and I done it.”

EDWARD R. R.—I dont know what Harold Lloyd would take for his glasses. Breister is an ancient name for a breeder. Breister Sessions are the sitting of magistrates to grant publics licenses. Let me know when you are ready for that trip.

ELDEN S.—Yes, I think it is possible for two to live on $12 weekly. Allan Forrest went with Wallie, and F. Scott Fitzgerald with Beryl in "The Great Air Robbery." Send another along—I enjoy them.

M. C.—Lowel Sherman, the villain in "Way Down East," has signed to appear in a series of dramatic comedies pro- duced by Mack Sennett, the first of which will be "Heartburn." Yes, Leah Baird and Jerome Patrick are playing in "The Heart Line."

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IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS
By WALTER PULITZER
There was an old Turk from Thermopyle
Who of wives longed to have a monopoly
Said he: "I'll just scare 'em
Right into my harem
If the silly things won't be won proprely."
H. S.—You are very kind to intimate that I will not live much longer. The shorter my journey, the sooner my seat. You refer to Billy Brown.

VIRGINIA W.—Carlyle Blackwell was on the stage last. Gareth Hughes has been signed to play opposite Viola Dana in three pictures. “Life’s Darn Funny” is his first.

HELEN T. ELIZABETH.—So you drink buttermilk, too. That’s the first time I ever heard of a wildmill being run on buttermilk. Earl Williams is in California. Yes, Ward Crane is in New York. Seems to me you are all for ‘Low Hokus’.

RUTH RAY.—The “eternal feminine” seems to be in the majority in this department, but it is close with several counties yet to be heard from. Tom Mix is playing in “A Ridin’ Romeo.”

MYSTERY J.—So sorry I hurt your feelings. I surely didn’t mean it. Write me again.

ABBEY R.—Yes, Mae Marsh is going on the stage to play “Dolittle,” which will come to New York in the fall. Doris Kenyon will play in “The Love Chef.” You want a picture of Ruth Roland. Adele Fletcher is putting thru an interview with her today.

GLADYS J.—Lila Lee is 19. May McAvoy and Gareth Hughes in “Sentimental Tommy.”

WILLIE.—I am not so good as you think I am, Willie, because you know the good die young, and I am 80. Helen Eddy and Johanne Johnston in “Miss Hobbs.” Yes, Helen Eddy in “The Country Fair.” Write again.

MARIAN.—You should let your vacation be an avocation, and your avocation a vacation. Don’t confuse vocation with avocation—two entirely different things. Write Griffith Studios, Mamaroneck, N. Y. Perhaps they can supply you with a picture of Clarence Seymour. Monte Blue is with Lazy.

FINETTE.—Don’t ever remember saying that Clara Young has married again. She hasn’t, so far as I know.

STELLA H.—You refer to Arthur Donaldson in “For France.” She is very beautiful, and I sometimes almost wish I was a holder rather than a beholder. “Ave Maria,” the Hugo Ballin picture, has not a single substitute in it so far, and 7000 feet have been shot.

RUFUS.—Better give me the title. I can’t tell the name of the picture from your description.

MARY ELIZABETH.—That’s the name of a candy. You might send me some of the doughnuts that your great aunt makes, and I will tell you whether they are good or not. Mrs. Charlotte Pickford has purchased “The Tailor Made Man” for Jack Pickford. It will be Jack’s first picture under his own name.

PEENA J.—You want me to tell Ethel Clayton she is your favorite. I’ll do that little thing for you.

BILLIE H. C. SHAWNEE.—That’s one thing I don’t do—send pictures of myself to my readers. They never would write me again. Jack Gilchrist in “Princess of the Darklings.” Write to me whenever you feel like it. So long!

LA SENGORA: M. M.; STAR GAZER; POISON TWIST: L. ORSON WELLES; MARION McD.; MILDRED: L. A.; C. A.; BETTY MONTFORD: ST. LOUIS; HERVE; DEBILLY; BRIGHTON;

ANXIOUS; DON; STICKERS; DRUG 2ND; REX; LILY; ENGLISH CAROL; C. J.; A WESTERN LOVER; HENRIK S.: M. D.; MISS BLOOM; MAE MURRAY ADMIRER; BUTCH; BROWN EYES; A CANADIAN PANG; DOROTHY: MARY B.; A NEW GIRL; LU LU; LONESOME BILLY.—Terribly sorry, but here you are in the also-rans. You see, you didn’t ask anything new or inspiring. Please call again.

LOUIS CLAY.—That’s good stuff you sent me. Wish I could use it. Write me again, won’t you? Anetha Getwell, one of the 1919 winners, is playing in “On the Back Lot,” for Pantheon Pictures.

JUST ME.—You here again. Edward Roseman and Edna Murphy, in “Bride 13.” Jack Mullah and Mabel Normand, in “Molly-O,” for Mack Sennett. William Duncan is doing seven-reel serials. Nazimova left Metro to either start her own company or go in vaudeville.

MILDRED, OIL CITY.—Do you know, you are a very clever girl? You say you are typing all of our stories, and some day you hope to be a story-book aunt, and read them to your nieces and nephews. Eileen Percy is the wife of Ulrich Busch. Sylvia Breamer has dark hair and eyes, is not married, born in Sydney, Australia, and is playing in “Unseen Forces.”

POODLES.—I enjoyed your letter, but it was terribly long. Your terminal facilities are defective. Wheeler Oakeson is playing in “The Half-Breed.” He is the husband of Priscilla Dean. They appeared together in “Outside the Law” and “Reputation.” William Farnum is going on the stage. Write me again.

PALO VALLO.—I should say it is warm. I’m sitting here with electric fans, movie fans and sandalwood fans before me. So glad you are not in my home. You might consider the wheel of a cart. That turns endlessly—just one way.

I’m not deformed or weak. The mirror tells me clear: “Oh! Check the duty up! You’re a pretty kid, m’ dear!”

But I can—I plod along. My life is a dull affair, but there’s one bright spot that comes As an answer to a prayer.

There’s movies on the magic screen! I take Mother when she’s well, I take life out. I take it in.

The one the pictures tell.

It don’t cost much. That’s good, when compared to stock. I live my dull life,—but Find my romance in a picture show.
We Have Deductions of Books, So Why Not Have Deductions of Pictures?

By Frank H. Williams

Here's some samples of the way that movies might be dedicated:

To the cactus plant which stung me between the plateau and the oasis, thereby enabling me to register a look of surprise and anguish which is declared by friends and critics to be the most comical thing I have ever done, I hereby thankfully dedicate this two-reel comedy.

One-Eyed Mike, the Comique King.

To Hortense J. Las, who by her constant hickering and hacketting forced me to leave the cast of that terrible drivel, "The Blight," and seek a new engagement in "Foiled at Ten," in which I have achieved such a wonderful success that I can secure all the big engagements I want, I dedicate my first picture produced by my own company with a heart overflowing with thanks.

Mac Sinn, the Solar System's Sweetheart.

To the Greasy Spoon Restaurant, where I contracted ptomaine poisoning, which enabled me to get some real artistic touches into my death-bed scene in "Three Screams at Midnight," with the result that I have now been engaged to do in five forthcoming pictures, I dedicate this picture as a slight token of my deep appreciation.

O. Howe Punik, Specializing in Death-Bed Scenes.

To Director G. Watt Langaledge, that eminent screen craftsman who has achieved such wonderful successes and who gave me my start by telling me that I was making a monkey of myself, thereby suggesting to me that I impersonate animals in pictures, in which roles I have achieved such great success that I defy anyone to tell me apart from an ape, I dedicate my newest screen impersonation. May you live long and prosper, G. Watt.

Your true friend,

A Phunny Phayce.

Her First Thought

By Lloyd McFarling

For two hours the lecturer had been thundering forth platitudes concerning the subject of his oration.

"And this is why Shakespeare is great; why Shakespeare lives," he concluded. "He had the rare faculty of reaching, not merely a few individuals, but whole nations. He is the spokesman, not of a nation nor a class nor a creed, but of humanity. Old and young, great and small, rich and poor—how their heads in dumb adoration before the gorgeous magnificence of his genius. He has a vocabulary far greater than any other writer; to this he adds the brilliant gift of being ever able to select the single word most suitable to his purpose. But greater than all these—he has one other gift—the ability to delineate his characters-so convincingly that they become, not merely wonderful characters, but PEOPLE, living, breathing PEOPLE."

The orator had hardly finished when he was accosted by Miss Flossie Fizzles, the well-known movie star.

"You say this fellow Shakespeare is still alive," said Flossie breathlessly. "Can you give me his address? Maybe I can get him for a press-agent!"

Dont Miss These Plays

If Your Theater Has Not Booked Them, Call Its Attention To Them At Once.

LOVE'S REDEMPTION

With Blanche McGarity and Anetha Getwell, winners of the Fame and Fortune Contest, supported by Edwin Markham, the great poet, Hudson Maxim, the celebrated inventor, Dorian Romero, the Cuban actor, Octavia Handworth, favorite screen star of a few years ago, and thirty other players, in a

Five Reel Feature Drama of Intense Interest.

FROM FARM TO FAME

A Two-Reel Comedy Featuring Corliss Palmer.

First-Prize Winner of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest. Also showing the other winners, gold medalists, and Honor Roll Girls of that memorable contest.

THE ETERNAL TWO

A Romantic Comedy in Five Reels.

With Orville R. Caldwell in the Title Role and Corliss Palmer as the Female Lead.

Mr. Caldwell is now playing the lead in the mammoth stage production, "Mecca." As Ramon, he makes a remarkably picturesque hero of the cave-man type, quite in contrast to the beautiful Corliss Palmer, who plays opposite him.

Allene Ray, another winner of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, plays an important part. Among the many other pretty actresses are Helen De Witt, Eileen Elliott and Erminie Gagnon.

Every reader of the Brewster Publications—and there are about 4,000,000 of them—is interested in these plays, and if your theater manager knows it he will book them. If he does not know it, you should tell him.

Send him a postcard or a letter enclosing the announcement, or speak to him personally. He will thank you for calling his attention to it. Be sure to tell him that these plays are released and distributed by

THE CLARK-CORNELIUS CORPORATION

117 West 46th Street, New York City

This is one of the most reliable organizations in America on the State Right basis. This company will inform your theater of the nearest exchange where the plays can be secured. The Brewster Publications stand back of these plays and your theater can make no mistake in booking all three of them.
With Shakespeare at the Movies

ROSCOE ARBuckle
"Let me have men about me that are fat, sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights."  
Julius Caesar

RICHARD BARTHELMNESS
"Why, man, she is mine own, and I as rich in having such a jewel as twenty seash, if all their sand were pearls, the water nectar and the rocks pure gold."  
Two Gentlemen of Verona

IRENE CASTLE
"When you do dance, I wish you a wave o' the sea, that you might ever do Nothing but that."  
Winter's Tale

CHARLES CHAPLIN
"What must the King do now? Must he submit? The King shall do it. Must he be deposed? The King shall be contented. Must he lose the name of king? O' God's name, let it go!"  
Richard H.

NOMI CHILDERS
"If I could write the beauty of your eyes, and in fresh numbers number all your graces, the age to come would say 'This poet lies; Such heavenly touches ne'er touched earthly faces.'"  
Sonnet xxvi

IRVING CUMMINGS
"Oh what a goodly outside falsehood hath!"  
Merchant of Venice

ELSIE FERGUSON
"For several virtues Have I like'd several women; never any With so full soul, but some defect in her Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd, And put it to the foil; But you, O you, So perfect and so peerless, are created Of every creature's best!"  
Tempest

LILLIAN GISH
"The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good."  
Measure for Measure

WILLIAM S. HART
"I will not change my horse with any that treads on but four patters...... When I bestrade him, I soar, I am a hawk; he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it."  
Henry V

HAROLD LLOYD
"This fellow is wise enough to play the fool; And to do that well craves a kind of wit."  
Twelfth Night

BEAT LOVEY
"I would applaud thee to the very echo, That should applaud again."  
Macbeth

MARY MACLANE
"Heaven bless thee! Thou hast the sweetest face I ever looked on."  
Henry VIII

ANTONIO MORENO
"......Or sink or swim, Send danger from the East unto the West, So honor cross it from the North to South, And let them grasp."  1. Henry IV

MAE MURRAY
"Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul, But I do love thee!"  
Othello

NORMA TALMADGE
"A maid that paragons description and wild fame; One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens."  
Othello

CONWAY TEEARLE
"Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort As if he mock'd himself, and scorned his spirit That could be mov'd to smile at anything."  
Julius Caesar

MARY THURMAN
"For her own person, It beggar'd all description."  
Antony and Cleopatra

PEARL WHITE
"Of most disastrous chances, Of moving accidents by flood and field."  
Othello

CLAIRA KIMBALL YOUNG
"And as the bright sun glorifies the sky, So is her face illumined with her eye."  
Venus and Adonis

R.S.V.P. to the Answer Man

By THERES H. MCDONNELL

What can I ever ask you
That has not been asked before?
What can I ever tell you?
For you know it all—and more.
Yet one question keeps arising,
When I think of you, dear Sage,—
Do you visualize each writer
As you scan their scribbled page?
Can you not feel, in fancy,
That a friend, from far away,
Steps from each written message
Stopping in to say "good-day?"
Do you feel as if you know them,
The visions you have seen,
Or is each one just a "letter,"
Just a part of old routine?

Master of wit and humor
With a fund of knowledge grand,
You'll live, in retrospection,
As the King of Movie Land.
And I feel we are not puppets
In that brilliant mind of yours,
For in every town and hamlet
You have friendship that endures.
What Every Girl Wants

is a Beautiful Complexion

Face powder is as necessary as soap and water, and no face can appear beautiful without it. A face that looks shiny, muddy or "made-up" is anything but beautiful, and good face powder is the only preventive.

CORLISS PALMER PEACH BLOOM 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. Read what she says about powders in the June, 1921, Motion Picture Magazine.

We have secured the exclusive American rights to Miss Palmer's Peach Bloom 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 50-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 Peach Bloom Powder

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

THE WILTON CHEMICAL CO., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Do hot sun and dusty wind play havoc with your complexion?

Can you enjoy motoring without fear of a reddened, coarsened skin?

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You can protect your skin from the ravages of sun and wind. You can guard against sunburn and roughness. You can be sure if a fresh, dainty complexion, always—even when you motor, ride or sail—if you use Ingram's Milkweed Cream regularly.

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A booklet of hints with every jar

When you get your first jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream, you will find in the package a booklet of Health Hints. This booklet tells you how to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream to protect your complexion from hot sun and dusty wind—how to use it in treating the common troubles of the skin, whatever their cause. Read this booklet carefully. 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—it will mean so much to you.

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.

Ingram's Velvola Souveraine Face Powder

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

Ingram's Beauty Purse—an attractive, new souvenir packet of the exquisite Ingram toilet aids. Send us a dime, with the coupon below, and receive this dainty Beauty Purse for your hand bag.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

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Canadian residents address F. F. Ingram Company, Windsor, Ontario. Australian residents address 7 W. Cotton Pty., Ltd., 313 Flinders Lane, Melbourne. New Zealand residents address Hart, Pennington, Ltd., 30 Guinea Street, Wellington. Cuban residents address Espino & Co., Rubista 3645, Havana.

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Ingram's Wool Pompoms

Ingram's Talcum Powder

Ingram's Toilet Brush

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Ingram's Hair Dressing

Ingram's Toilet Aids

Ingram's Toilet Bags

Ingram's Toilet Carriers

For sample booklet please address F. F. Ingram Company, 21 Tenth Street, Detroit, Michigan.
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A GOLD BRICK always looks good. It has to. Its promising appearance is its sole virtue. Looks alone will not sell goods today. Merchandise with a name—the name of its maker—has the call. For only the maker of worthy goods can long afford to advertise. At the High Court of Public Opinion any other sort is soon condemned.

Wise manufacturers seek the good publications to tell the story of their wares. The publishers seek the reputable advertising for the readers’ guidance. The well-informed buyer seeks news of good merchandise through the columns of the best publications.

This proves the value of advertising. Neither advertiser nor publisher can prosper without your patronage. Therefore, it is to their advantage to cater to you. They do it, too.

And it is distinctly to your advantage to be guided by the message they lay before you—the advertisements.

Read them regularly!
A fine, fresh and blooming skin, radiant with health and free from blemishes, isn't the attribute of early youth alone. Every woman can keep her schoolgirl complexion long after youth has flown.

Proper care is the secret—care which keeps the skin in perfect health. This means the scientific cleansing which makes each tiny pore and skin cell active. You must use soap and water freely—you must use it every day.

Begin this treatment today

Wash your face gently with the mild, creamy lather of Palmolive, massaging it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly and it will carry away all the dangerous accumulations which so often cause skin infection.

Then apply a touch of cold cream, smoothing it into the skin. You will be delighted at the way your complexion looks and feels, at its smoothness, fine texture and fresh color. This special face washing formula is thorough. It will not cause irritation.

Volume and efficiency permit us to sell Palmolive for 10c

Remember blackheads come from pores filling up with dirt—that pimples follow when this dirt carries infection.

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The use of Palm and Olive oil as cleansers is as old as history. Ancient Egypt discovered their value 3,000 years ago.

These oils are combined in Palmolive soap because modern science can discover no finer, milder ingredients. They are cosmetic oils, soothing and healing. They impart these virtues to Palmolive soap.

And best of all the price of Palmolive puts it, though so great a luxury, within the reach of all.

Only 10 cents

Although money can't command finer, milder, more beneficial cosmetic soap, modern manufacturing science has reduced the price to 10 cents a cake. The enormous demand keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night. It permits the purchase of the costly ingredients in gigantic volume.

Thus while women prefer Palmolive for their facial soap, it is also the popular family soap of America. The toilet luxury all may enjoy at the price of ordinary soap.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U.S.A.
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited,
Toronto, Ont.
Manufacturers of a complete line of toilet articles

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A prize-winning Mellin’s Food Baby

Her mother writes:

“I am enclosing a picture of my baby, Ruth Adelaide Mason, age one year, who took the prize in a baby contest held in Akron, Ohio, for most beautiful and perfect baby.

“I feel we owe it all to Mellin’s Food.”

Mrs. J. E. Mason, Akron, Ohio.

Thousands of mothers testify that the Mellin’s Food Method of Milk Modification solved their infant feeding problems.

Send today for a copy of our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants."

Mellin’s Food Company, Boston, M.
There's lasting satisfaction in owning a Victrola

When the instrument you buy for your home is a Victrola you have the satisfaction of knowing:

that it was specially made to play Victor records;

that the greatest artists make their Victor records to play on Victrola instruments;

that you hear these artists exactly as they expected you to hear them, because they themselves tested and approved their own records on the Victrola.

Victrolas $25 to $1500. New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers in Victor products on the 1st of each month.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J.
How Many Pounds Would You Like to Lose Next Week?

Three pounds, five pounds, seven pounds, ten pounds! How many? One woman lost thirteen the first week through this remarkable new discovery. Thousands lose from three to seven pounds weekly, without inconvenience.

At a surprising new discovery takes off fast almost like magic, without medicine, starving or strenuous exercise, and without the slightest discomfort. Most people begin to lose weight right away—often more than they expected—and they feel strenuous desire. They use food they like, and eat as much as they want, following only the one simple little natural law that has never been discovered. And you, too, can lose weight—apparently without—being aware of the fact.

Yet they have not starved themselves. They have not combined themselves with anyone ever—no classes, or bitter self-denials. They ate food they liked, and ate as much as they pleased, following only the one simple little natural law that has never been discovered. And you, too, can lose weight apparently without being aware of the fact.

Scientists have been searching for this very secret of weight control for years. It is not a method or a theory, nor a diet. It is just a simple little natural law that anyone can follow with ease.

You Too Can Quickly Reduce to Normal

You can begin right away, the very first day you take the new discovery, to lose as much weight as you desire. You will love the way your body changes. You will feel more active. You will look younger. You will feel happier. You will have more energy. And, most important of all, you will feel much better. You will feel physically better, mentally better, and your life will be better. You will feel so much better that you will want to continue to lose weight, and you will be able to continue to lose weight.

The Secret Explained

Everyone knows that food causes fat. But why do some people gain fat and not others? And how can you control this? The secret is in the way you eat. You can control your weight by eating the right kind of food and by eating the right amount of food.

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13 Pounds Less in 8 Days

"There have been lost as much as 13 pounds since last Monday (8 days), and more to come, when I go to bed at six o'clock instead of seven. I feel much better. I have lost 12 pounds in 10 days. I am very happy."

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Lost 49 Pounds

"It is with great pleasure that I am able to tell you that the Control Weight Control proved absolutely satisfactory. I lost forty pounds in 4 months."

Mrs. Franklin Wright, N. Y.

9 Pounds in 7 Days

"Eugene Christian's Course has done wonders for me. I feel like I could do more. I reduced twenty pounds in 7 days, and more, and with the directions of the Course, I can do that at least once a week as I desire. Many thanks for the coupon."

Mrs. R. E. Brown, Detroit, Mich.

100 Per Cent Improvement

"Weighed 210 pounds when I started, and today I weigh 170 pounds. I can safely say that I feel ten per cent better than I did when I was fat, and am sure that I look ten per cent better than I did when I was fat."

Mrs. Ida H. Smith, North Dakota

Weights 31 Pounds Less

"I reduced from 257 to 225 pounds in three months without the slightest inconvenience, and still retain this weight. Your courses are given in my home, and the verdict of the people who have taken it is most satisfactory.

Mrs. Maine, Texas

Lost 25 Pounds

"I have found your Course in Control Weight very satisfactory. I have lost twenty-five pounds in weight, and expect a few pounds more in order to bring my weight down to my ideal weight.

Mrs. Laura, California

Reduces 6 Pounds in One Week

"The first week I lost six pounds."

Miss L. M. H., Kentucky

45 Pounds Taken Off

"I was thirty-five pounds overweight and I simply began to apply them to myself, and lost just 45 pounds."
Motion Picture Magazine

(Trade-mark Registered)

Founded by J. Stuart Blackton

Vol. XXII  OCTOBER, 1921  No. 9

Jamaica, New York  OCTOBER, 1921  Brooklyn, New York.


Address all Communications to 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York.

Application has been made for transfer of the second-class mailing privilege from Brooklyn, New York, to Jamaica, New York.

Copyright, 1921, in United States and Great Britain by Brewster Publications, Inc.

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

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Established December, 1910.  "We lead, others follow," and it was ever so

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Heralded By

ALD BARKER

Picture
Stage Plays That Are Worth While

Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for future reference.

Astor.—The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. A poetic, symbolical visualization of Blasco Ilabert's famous novel of the war and its reactions.

Booth.—The Green Goddess, with George Arliss. William Archer's adroit melodrama, or rather a melo of a rashly projected novel of the War, which is a whole new avenue to men of action, by a woman novelist, adaptable to picture. The subplot is a most effective one, and the principals are selected from the best talent available.

Carnegie.—Mansfield Park. Based upon the novel by Jane Austen, this play is a delightful adaptation of the classic novel, with refreshing dialogue and a brilliant cast of actors. The production is under the direction of a distinguished British actor-manager, and is considered a masterpiece of theatrical art.

Cassidy.—Honeydew. The zinistam musical comedy upon a return visit.

Cohan & Harris.—Welcome Stranger. Aaron Hoffman's story of a Skylock in a New England town. Presents the battle of the Jews as a play, that the Hebrews get the best of it, teaching a whole town kindness and religious tolerance. George Sidney is excellent as the twentieth century Shylock.

Eltinge.—Ladies' Night. About the most dainty comedy yet attempted on Broadway. This passes from the souborne zone to the Turkish bath on ladies' night. Not only skates on thin ice, but with John silly is admirable.

Forty-fourth Street.—The Broken Wing. A lively and well-worked-out melodrama of adventure below the Rio Grande. On the road to a city whose name is a mystery to a whole nation, with a star performance.

Forty-fourth Street.—Welcome Stranger. Adapted from the novel by the same author, this play is a delightfully entertaining piece, with a cast of distinguished actors.

Frances—The Skin Game. A new and deliciously entertaining play by John Galsworthy. One of the real things of the dramatic season. A study in class strife which many critics look upon as a miniature study of the future, will assuage you. Very well played. "Counsellor" with Mudge Kennedy. A quack melodrama by Donald Mitchell, in which Miss Kennedy, fresh from several years on the screen, plays a dual role: a slavish girl to the underworld, and a young woman of society. Far-fetched, but possessing interest. Miss Kennedy is charming. "The Mirage" with Florence Reed, the first important comedy play of the season. Edgar Selwyn's drama of New York's easiest way: the tale of a country girl who comes to the city lights and forgets her identity. Miss Selwyn's performance is one of the most prominent in the cast are Alan Dinehart, Malcolm Williams and Florence Nash. "Lady Billy", with Mitzi. A musical comedy of charm and humor. The cute and vivacious little Mitzi at her best. Pleasant music.

Lizza, with Temporary. A gorgeous and elaborately conceived musical, "mood of music and mine" of ancient Egypt along the line of "Chu Chin Chow". "Mecca" achieves several rare beautiful moments in the ballet interludes created by Michel Folies. A huge cast and fourteen scenes.

Loco's N. Y. and Loco's American Roof—Photoplays; first runs. Daily program.

Loco's Metropolitan, Brooklyn.—Feature photoplays and vaudeville.


Radio.—Photoplays supreme. Program changes over weekly.

Strong.—Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.

On Tour


"Rollo's Wild Out," with Roland Young. Light and amusing in Clare Kenner's typical sketchy type. The story of a young man who wants to do Hamlet, and what comes of his ambition. Replete fancifully handled. Excellent once done by Mr. Young, Louis Robb, Dore Davidson and J. M. Kerrigan.

"In the Night Watch." An adapted French war melodrama of the Drury Lane type. Features the singing of a battleship in battle. An all-star cast, but Max Figman shone out alone.

"The Skin Game" A new and decidedly interesting drama by John Galsworthy. One of the real things of the dramatic season. A study in class strife which many critics look upon as a miniature study of the future, will assuage you. Very well played. "Counsellor" with Mudge Kennedy. A quack melodrama by Donald Mitchell, in which Miss Kennedy, fresh from several years on the screen, plays a dual role: a slavish girl to the underworld, and a young woman of society. Far-fetched, but possessing interest. Miss Kennedy is charming. "The Mirage" with Florence Reed, the first important comedy play of the season. Edgar Selwyn's drama of New York's easiest way: the tale of a country girl who comes to the city lights and forgets her identity. Miss Selwyn's performance is one of the most prominent in the cast are Alan Dinehart, Malcolm Williams and Florence Nash. "Lady Billy", with Mitzi. A musical comedy of charm and humor. The cute and vivacious little Mitzi at her best. Pleasant music.

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One Little Mistake—and My Joy Is Ended

Some one giggled, I noticed that the clergyman raised his eye so slightly. The sudden realization of the terrible blunder I was making caused a pang of regret that I had not read my notebook, somewhere about the blunders, to be avoided at wedding ceremonies. A hot blush of humiliation surged over me—and with crimson face and trembling lip I began the march all over again.

It was long and solemnly. To a moment it was over. And yet that blunder had spoiled my wedding. Everywhere it occurred, it couldn't help noticing it. All my rehearsing had been in vain, and the event that I had hoped would bring a crowning glory of my life, proved a miserable failure.

Of course, all my friends told me how pretty I looked, and the guests pronounced my wedding a two-years’ festivity in my heart. I knew that they did not mean it—they could not mean it. I had broken one of the fundamental laws of wedding etiquette and they would never forget it.

After the ceremony that evening I cried as though my heart would break—and, incidentally, I reproached myself for not knowing better.

I Buy a Book of Etiquette

After the wedding there were cards of thanks and "at home" cards to be sent. The wedding breakfast was at noon. When I went into the kitchen I determined to avoid any further blunders, and so I sent for the famous Book of Etiquette.

Bob had always prided himself on being cultured and well-bred. We had always believed that he had a sensitive education to society, to the highest letter of its law. But, oh, the absurd breaches of etiquette we were making almost every day.

Why after reading only five pages, I discovered that we actually did not know etiquette properly. I didn't know whether to say: Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Brown, or Miss Brown. I didn't know whether to say: Bobbly, this is Mr. Brown; or Mr. Blank, this is Bobby. I didn't know whether it was proper for me to shake hands with a gentleman upon being introduced to him, and whether it was proper for me to stand or remain seated. I discovered, in fact, that to be able to establish an immediate and friendly understanding between two people who have never met before, to make conversation so smoothly and pleasantly, is an art in itself. Every day I judge us by the way we make and acknowledge introductions.

Blunders in Etiquette at the Dance

Bob glanced over the chapter called Etiquette at the Dance. "Why, don't he be a chap who never knew how to dispose of his dancing partner and return to you without appearing rude!—and here it's all explained so simply."

We read the chapter together, Bob and I, and we found out the correct way to ask a lady to dance and the polite and courteous way to refuse it. We found out how to avoid that awkward moment after the dance, and the gentleman must know the lady to return to his original partner. We even discovered the correct thing for a young girl to do if she is not asked to dance.

"We will find invaluable aid in our 'Book of Etiquette,'" Bob said to me, "for just what to do, what to say, what to write and what to wear at all times. And there are two chapters. I read an foreign countries that tell all about tips, dress, calling cards, correspondence, addressing royalty and all sorts of etiquette. Why, look, Bob, it even tells about the dinner etiquette in France, England and Germany. And, here, is a chapter on wedding etiquette—the very mistake I made in the other book. Oh, Bob, if I had only had this wonderful book, I never would have made that blunder!"

My Advice to Young Men and Women

The world is a harsh judge. To be admitted to society and recognized as a lady of brilliant mind, and to win admiration and respect for oneself, it is essential for the woman to cultivate charm, and for the man to be polished, impressive. And only by following the laws of etiquette is it possible for the woman to be charming and the man to be what the world loves to call a gentleman.

I would rather lose a thousand dollars than live through that awful moment of my wedding again. Even now, when I think of it, I blush. And so my advice to young men and women who dare to be cultured rather than coarse, who desire to impress by their delicious taste and breeding, is, "Read for the splendid two-volume set of The Book of Etiquette!"

Send for it that you may know the correct thing to wear at the dinner, and the correct thing to wear at all the balls. Send for it that you may know just what to do and say when you turn over a cup of coffee on your hostess' table linen. Send for it that you may know the proper way to remove fruit stones from your mouth, the cultured way to use a fager hand and the correct way to use napkins, and, in short, that you may always, at all times, cultured, well-bred and refined; that you may do and say and write and wear only what is right for etiquette. It dispels doubt, corrects blunders, teaches you the right thing to do.

For a short time only the complete two-volume set of The Book of Etiquette is offered at the special price of $1.50. Don’t wait until your wedding, your party, your dinner is spoiled by a blunder, don’t delay—send for your set now before you forget.

The coupon below entitles you to a 5 days' FREE examination of the two-volume set of The Book of Etiquette! At the end of that time if you decide that you want to keep it, send us $3.50 in full payment—and the set is yours. Or, if you are not delighted, return the books to us and you won't be out a cent.

Send for your set of The Book of Etiquette today. Share your friends with your knowledge of the correct thing to do, say, write and wear at all times. Just mail the coupon—don't say any more. Doubleday & Page, Dept. 7200, Oyster Bay, L.I., N.Y.
The mother whose children
no longer seemed to want her

One of the outstanding motion pictures of all time is Rupert Hughes' heart-gripping story of Home

Suddenly they have all grown up and left her—the babies she used to tuck in bed at night. The old house is empty and silent. All have forgotten her. Her birthdays pass unnoticed.

Each child has embarked on a drama of their own. Inventions, temptations are moments of nance, adventure, their lives sweep with your childish troubles.

Never before has the screen touched with such beauty and such dramatic force a subject which finds an echo in the lives of every one of us. It is a masterpiece of a new type—a presentation of life as it really is with its moments of great joy and flashes of exquisite pain. One of the most heart-gripping dramatic stories ever narrated.

The people in the play—You know them all


Motion Picture Theatre Announcements

SHOWING • BEGINNING
Old Nest
RUPERT HUGHES'
heart-gripping story of Home

Dr. Frank Crane writes:
"Hughes has taken down one wall of the American house of today, and you walk in and know the family. A film story of life—all bitter and sweet, and sad and glad, and majestic and petty, and divine and pitiful."

Fannie Hurst writes:
"Rupert Hughes dipped his pen into his heart when he wrote 'The Old Nest.' Seeing the picture is for all the world like strolling through the family album of America."

Alice Duer Miller writes:
"'The Old Nest' will appeal to anyone who ever had a mother and most people have. It is real and touching and almost incredibly without an atom of false sentiment. I have seen it four times and cried each time."

To be followed by Rupert Hughes' "Dangerous Curve Ahead"

DIRECTED BY REGINALD BARKER

Sept. 11th · A GOLDWYN PICTURE
You, too, can have the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch"

IF YOUR skin is not just what you want it to be—if it lacks freshness and charm—do not let this fact discourage you.

Remember—every day your skin is changing. Each day old skin dies and new takes its place. This is your opportunity!

By giving this new skin the special treatment suited to its needs, you can gain the clear, smooth, attractive complexion you long for.

SKINS differ widely—and each type of skin should have the special treatment that meets its special needs. Treatments for all the different types of skin are given in the booklet of famous skin treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and learn from this booklet just the right treatment for your skin. Begin using it tonight.

USE Woodbury's regularly in your toilet to keep your skin in the best possible condition. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for general use.

A 25 cent cake of Woodbury's 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.
Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

CONSTANCE BINNEY

Constance Binney's forthcoming productions will be made under California skies. And it is said that they are to be worthy of the charm which Constance brought with her when she deserted the light fantastic and the footlights for the silver cloth.
MARY THURMAN

Despite the fact that Mary's bathing suit was long ago consigned to the mothballs, she still proves the attraction of the pictures in which she is shadowed. Incidentally, she is the answer to "Should a Man Marry?" the Roscoe Arbuckle production, in which she plays the lady fair.
MILDRED HARRIS

Cecil de Mille has brought the tale of "The Laurels and the Lady" to the screen, and Mildred Harris has been entrusted with the colorful rôle of the dancer. Those who have seen her work, declare that De Mille has given the screen a new Mildred Harris, whose work is marked by a poignant and subtle quality.
CONRAD NAGEL

Conrad Nagel, too, brightens the cast of the new De Mille production. Just at present, Mr. Nagel is one of the most sought-after leading men in the Pacific Coast colony.
The responsibilities of marriage and motherhood, as May in the rôle of wife, were not enough to occupy the entire time of Wallace MacDonald. Therefore, he has taken unto himself the directorial megaphone and will supervise the film in which Juanita Hansen is the bright light.
AGNES AYRES

Agnes Ayres has been raised to a star's estate, but before beginning work upon her first starring vehicle she is playing the feminine rôle of Diane in the screen production of "The Sheik," a love story of the desert, which is now enjoying marked success in book form. Rudolph Valentino plays opposite her in the title rôle.
Mabel Ballin prefers playing in the productions of Hugo Ballin to stardom. She is at present bringing the title role of Jane Eyre to the screen.
In the Shadows

Posed by Mme. Nazimova
The Future of Screen Comedy

By Avery Hopwood

SCREEN drama, as a whole, has taken large strides forward during the past few years, but screen comedy has lagged behind.

The motion picture fan and the producer still think of screen comedy in terms of slapstick. Comedy will never advance or earn the applause of intelligent people, so long as it sticks to custard pies and bathing girls. Even Charlie Chaplin abandons slapstick when he makes a picture like "The Kid."

But there is a great future for screen comedy along other lines. Motion pictures offer fun-making opportunities beyond anything that has ever been possible within the one, two and three rooms used for the different acts of a modern stage play.

Doing is in many ways funnier than talking. You laugh when a player rushes on the stage from, supposedly, outdoors and tells a husband of the approach of his jealous wife, who is most distinctly not wanted in the scene under way. On the screen, however, you see the wife actually approaching; the scene flashes from her to her apprehensive husband, you get the suspense and the contrasting expressions on their faces. Rightly handled, the situation is much funnier on the screen than on the stage.

The movies annihilate time and distance. The screen comedy writer can call upon all the forces of sea, earth, and air to aid in his fun-making.

Moreover, humor that comes to an audience's brain, thru the eyes, is more effective than that which comes thru the ears.

Screen comedy of the better sort is a field as yet virtually untouched. There is unlimited room for the screen comedy of manners and for comedy that depends for its laughs upon the sheer power of clever situations. Screen comedy-drama—virile stories with interesting plots and with distinct comedy angles—is still in the early days of its development.

The talented writer who will put into screen comedy the same careful study of screen technique as the playwright gives to the study of stage mechanics, will offer a distinct contribution to the advance of motion pictures.
We Interview Miss Ferguson

We—Do Not Matter
Miss Ferguson—Does

The scene is one of New York's more conservative restaurants, fashionably situated behind an attractively awning entrance in the East Fifties. It is frequented by epicures, and the waiters have brought with them from France, besides their decided accent, a marked respect for the food they serve with such artistic flourishes. They are the middle-men who bring the chef's art to their discriminating clientele.

When the curtain rises, the interrogators, namely, Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher, are discovered at a corner table, with Elsie Ferguson. Miss Ferguson is leaving the next day for a vacation trip abroad, but she is, undoubtedly, one of those rare souls who finds time to live her life day by day.

She orders a summer luncheon consummately—the salad dressed thus and so—the iced tea brought to the precise degree of strength and poured into clinking glasses, iced and frosted.

She is charmingly dressed in black canton crépe with severely cut neck, and the turned-down brim of her black hat is ash rose entwined. In her presence one feels the truth of personality, in which sincerity and artistry are exquisitely blended. For with her delicacy there is strength. And her voice is like the resonant deep melody of a harp.

Miss Ferguson (the details of service out of the way): This trip is going to be a second honeymoon for my husband and for me. He is getting all of his holiday attire, and so am I. We are both shopping with the absorption of the first honeymoon—five years ago.

G.H.: Where are you going abroad?

Miss Ferguson: To Paris, with jaunts into Normandy suburbs. Mostly to think and to read. Always I've dreamed of travel—the other lands it naturally embraces—the romance it suggests. My vacation last year meant Japan and the Far East, yet it was not the fulfillment I expected it to be. It was more a tour of recuperation. I had been quite ill, you know, from overwork in my stage play, "Sacred and Profane Love," and the literal grinding out of pictures I was attempting. It does not pay to grind out art and grind out youth and vitality and the rightful joy-in-living at one and the same time. This generation—(Miss Ferguson's wholly alluring voice trailed off, significantly.)

A.W.F.: You think, then, that this generation does not take time to live.

Miss Ferguson: Americans certainly do not. They do not even take the proper time to order a meal and see to it that they get it as they order it. I've noticed, when there have been English people in my company, that they will spend hours if need be, but when they do accept the dishes, they are as they wish them to be.

The rush for the dollar is responsible for most of our faults, I would say. We forget that things are more enjoyable and pleasing when we are young and heedlessly
devote the glorious years of our living to acquisition. Greed, that is it. Men make one fortune and instead of stopping, for a space, that they may enjoy it, they seek frantically to amass another, and another, and another. There should be laws to protect people from themselves.

And all the while, among the middle classes and the lower classes, people are struggling and worrying and fretting their lives away over questions of food and education for their children and the wherewithal for the essentials of life. When a man has accumulated more than, say a million, the moneys made should revert back to those who have been contributory to the amassing.

(G. H. and A. W. F. nod assent. This is a new socialism, the socialism which sounds the crying need of humanity. It is not the ravings of a fanatic who begrudges his neighbor that which he has not. It possesses a deep sanity and a deeper sincerity of regard for the public welfare.)

Miss Ferguson (she leans forward eagerly, her face is so slightly with the earnestness of her words): This is socialism, but not radical socialism. I have known what it is not to satisfy my desires for the beautiful things of life. I have no desire to give up the comforts which make my life the pleasant affair it has come to be, but sometimes, when I think about the chaotic state of affairs in this world today, I feel that it would be even better to be the radical than the... (Cont'd on page 94)
With Measured Tread

By
KENNETH CURLEY

I've always wanted to act," said James Kirkwood. "I was really forced into directing by circumstances. And things didn't go particularly well. When the chance came to go with Allan Dwan as leading man I went. I've been acting ever since."

fused apology and instead assured me earnestly, challenging, that it was unusual. I, recalling the three weeks of chilly, unremitting rain, agreed politely—and doubtfully.

James Kirkwood is to be a star. Only a week or two lay between him and the hour when he would sign his name on the dotted line, with Mr. Lasky at his shoulder, nodding approval.

"But I have told them," he said slowly, "that I will

IN the sonorous deliberation of James Kirkwood's voice lies the key to the whole man. Its deep resonance is measured, slow, like the tone of a great bell. It is mellow and smooth, with not a harsh note. And when one, once accustomed to it, begins to notice James Kirkwood himself, there is in his every move, the slow gesture of a hand, the turn of his head, the same rhythmical purpose. It is not calculation. Of that I am sure. The man seems quite without pose or pretence. It is merely an innate quality of his. One likes him immediately.

After playing for some time with Allan Dwan, and later with Marshall Neilan, he is now with Lasky. It was there, at the Hollywood studio, that I talked with him, up in his cement dressing-room.

He was dressed immaculately in evening clothes. I was surprised by the light blue of his eyes, a steady, penetrating blue that, but for the warmth of his smile, might be termed cold. He stood, I imagined, over six feet. He appeared somewhat younger than on the screen, slenderer.

He had made no attempt to lighten the white gloom of the dressing-room, into which he had just moved. There were only the two chairs and the dressing-table. Upon it, amongst the litter of make-up materials, lay three boxes of cigarettes, all of different brands. He helped himself from them alternately as the interview progressed, as tho with them he was measuring off its advance.

We talked of the weather, of course. Everyone does in California when it rains. They say apologetically, "How unusual!" James Kirkwood re-
not sign unless it is understood that I am not to be starred in program pictures only. They are deadly. No one is big enough to carry a season of them. Unless I am to have an occasional big production I shall not sign."

He flicked his cigarette.

"A good deal depends upon the way my last feature picture, 'A Wise Fool,' goes with the public. They think here on the lot that it is a great production, but I'll not be satisfied until the public returns its verdict."

He blew a thoughtful cloud of smoke toward the ceiling.

"There are several other things— tempting offers—that I should like to consider but," he set one leg slowly across the other, "I have seen so many independent producers go under! I am almost persuaded that a big organization behind one is the better policy."

He helped himself from the largest of the three boxes of cigarettes.

"I would like," he went on, having got the cigarette going comfortably, "I would like to do 'Othello' for the screen, playing both characters, Othello and Iago. There is very little conflict between the two. I dont want to do it just for the questionable glory of playing two roles. These two are so different in themselves, both such appealing parts to me in a character sense, that I merely want to do them for what there is in each of them."

We talked so, seriously, throughout the hour. There was little of humor or sparkle apparent in him. I would have gone to my typewriter picturing him as a pleasant, rather heavy gentleman, had I not encountered Tom Gallery that evening. He, in his enthusiasm, painted quite a different portrait.

"Kirkwood's fifty-fifty!" is the way he put it. "People think often that he's very silent and reserved. He is, I suppose on first acquaintance—and when he first gets up in the morning. He'll come to the studio, sleepy and quiet, and walk around with his hands in his pockets, speaking to no one. And then something 'll hit you an awful crack on the back and let loose a terrific yell in your ears. It's Kirkwood! He's just wakened up! He's one of the best scouts in the game."

It was Tom, too—he played with him in a Neilan production—who told me that while he was a director, Kirkwood had given Micky Neilan his first chance in pictures.

"Sure," said Tom. "Somebody, a friend of Kirkwood's, sent Neilan to him with a letter which read, 'This kid seems to have promise. Give him a chance.' Kirkwood put him in a small part and let it go at that. But Neilan didn't. He kept rushing back after every scene with a 'Say, Mr. Kirkwood, why don't you make this scene this way?' or 'This would be a great idea to use in this scene, Mr. Kirkwood.' It ended when Kirkwood, bellowing his rage, told him to get out. 'If you think you know so much about it,' he said, 'go home and write a story.' The next day Neilan was back with his story. Later, Kirkwood put it on. Oh, he's fifty-fifty."

It is interesting that, after James Kirkwood made his unusual step from directing back to acting, Marshall (Continued on page 88)
Thru the summer months Irene Castle Treman worked unceasingly before the camera which recorded the scenes for "With Flying Colors," in which she is starred. But over the week-ends—that was a different matter. Motion pictures forgotten, she revered in the pool of her Ithaca home—the adoring Robert Treman ever at her side. Small wonder Monday found her ready for another stretch of constant effort.
Wallace Reid

Sketched by Cerline Boll
Silence is of the gods; only monkeys chatter."

I sat once in a famous theater in the London Haymarket, and heard that proverb drip from the oily tongue of an aged Chinese philosopher. It glittered for the moment on the surface of my mind and then sank into the depths; depths termed by a recently famous philosopher and theorist, the Unconscious.

I sat, not very long ago, in Wonderful Harry's restaurant, opposite the Metro Studio, in Hollywood, beside Buster Keaton, a recently famous comedian, and that proverb, lost for two years or more, rose again, uninvited, to the surface of my mind. If silence be of the gods, I thought, then Buster's middle name is Zeus.

I had come to interview him upon his marriage with Natalie Talmadge, a marriage, then, of just three weeks' duration. My first conclusion was that whatever else Natalie might suffer from, it would never be from "gab." Buster simply hasn't the gift.

But there are certain limits overstepping which virtues suddenly find themselves vices. I've an idea that the gold of Buster's silence would quickly turn to dross if, when he finally does open his lips, he didn't inevitably spill wisdom, or something sounding so deceptively like it that the uncritical ear can accept it without question, and find sustenance in it of sufficient substance to carry it over the next impelling gap of silence.

I was introduced to Buster and he squeezed my hand, gently enough.

I was told to have a seat in Buster's dressing-room, and I took one. Buster concentrated his attention upon removing his make-up, allowing himself a furtive stare in my direction now and then, but saying nothing. I continued to sit.

Three or four jovial henchmen then burst in to help create the confidential atmosphere so necessary to revelation of marital secrets. Buster continued to maintain his enormous silence, but he paused in his business of cleaning up to join in a jig, started by one of his jovial henchmen. He shuffled and jumped there, silently, his face never altering a hair's breadth from its habitual solemnity. It was grotesque. He might have been a marionette jerking on the end of his strings. But presently the three or four stout ones, hunger overcoming them, lumbered off in the direction of the restaurant. For the moment there was only Buster, his publicity man, and I.
By
WILLIS GOLDBECK

"It's too soon yet to say anything," Buster's voice, coming so suddenly, seemed tremendous. "I've only been married three weeks."

"Three weeks!" I murmured. "Where have I heard that before? It seems to recall tiger skins. And, yes, I believe that there was a lady, Elinor, who found that much could happen in three weeks." I only murmured it, and Buster was concerned with the birth of an epigram. He finally delivered it.

"Marriage is fine as an institution, but bad as a habit."

And later: "I shall never join the 'Why, dear' club. You know how it is. A man comes home late. Wife asks him where he was. He starts to stammer an explanation, 'Why, dear, you see I—' No, I shall never join the 'Why, dear' club."

From all of which it may be gathered that Buster is an old-fashioned husband. He has issued the pronunciamento that Natalie shall not work again before the camera; and Natalie probably won't.

Buster is an individual. His silence, his solemnness, set him distinctly apart. I had been told that off the screen he was quite different, animated, smiling, even laughing, most of the time. He who told me had met him in the hospital where he was recovering from a broken leg. Perhaps it takes hospitals, or something equally as lugubrious, to make him laugh. He didn't even grin that afternoon.

His eyes have something of a basilisk quality about them, as much as brown eyes can. He keeps them half concealed under their lids, so that they seem expressionless.

Photograph by Rice

His romance with Natalie Talmadge started five years ago. They decided to wait before committing themselves to any vows until Buster had achieved his own company and made it an assured success. Then came the Western Union proposal and acceptance. The wedding at Norma's country house followed quickly. Above, another portrait, and left, the famous comedian serenades his bride with a ukulele.

He is small, but for all that an athlete. There seems to be no ill effect from his broken leg. He sustained it when a bit of revolving machinery on a complicated set went wrong.

His romance with Natalie Talmadge started five years ago. Despite the hints and rumors of possible disaster that immediately preceded the marriage—it was said that a rival for Natalie's hand had appeared and threatened to oust Buster from her affections—there was never any question in Natalie's mind. The only hope for the rival, a wealthy merchant, lay in his own mind. Natalie, when she was secretary for the Fatty Arbuckle company, out here in California, had admitted her love for Buster. Then he was playing in support of Fatty. They decided to wait, before committing themselves to any vows, until Buster had himself achieved his own company, and made

(Continued on page 87)
Twilight Talk

When the first efforts of trying to size each other up were over, I looked meaningly at the pleasant publicity factotum and he withdrew. It was all arranged. I had told him to leave me quite, quite alone, with Miss Stewart. He dragged himself out into the world to play with the dog.

"Let's make ourselves comfortable," said my hostess. So I got up and gave her the divan. It seems to be fashionable to be interviewed on a divan nowadays, and, anyway, her brilliant orange sweater and soft brown hair looked wonderful against the background of the deep blue cushions. I didn't blame her for wanting to be comfortable.

"I saw 'Sowing the Wind' this afternoon," I began, meaning to be clubby.

"How did you like it?" she flashed at...
By
PETER MARTIN

me. She is dynamic in her conversation, and you have to slip into high to keep up with her.
"I didn't like the story," I replied, meaning to be frank myself, and see if she really was as candid as the publicity factotum had warned me, "but I liked you, because I like you in anything. But why do they give you such terrible stories?"

Her slim eyebrows rose to a peak in the center, and her famous deep-set. brown eyes looked troubled.
"I'm really to blame for that story. They gave me a number to choose from, and I selected that one because Mother said she liked the play when she was a young girl. But when they filmed it, they put in much more of the gambling-house than I expected.
"My stories on the screen must be clean, I am going to insist on that even more in the future than I have in the past. I won't stand for vulgarity if I have to go into the cutting-room myself with a pair of shears or a hatchet—like Carrie Nation!"

And, oh, boy!—how those deep-set, luminous eyes can flash!

"But next year things will be different," she went on, tugging at the fringed hem of her narrow-striped sport skirt, which, on the divan, was getting out of hand.
"Next year I am going to do only three pictures, and each one will be just as good as it is humanly possible for me to have it made.

(Continued on page 88)
What Are Concerning of the

"WHERE is she? What is he doing now?—I never see him any more!"

Apt questions in these days of changing tides, the new faces, the quick, over-night metamorphosis of the unstarred to the ranks of the satellites; questions which every film fan asks at times when the name of a former luminary is mentioned, when, perhaps, an old Biograph or Mutual film is released, and when we see such erstwhile personages as Florence Turner or Tom Chatterton acting before our eyes in a picture that is, perhaps, six or more years old.

For motion pictures are very much like the shifting sands. One moment we see a particular name brightly emblazoned in electric lights; presto! tomorrow those incandescents no longer shed their radiant warmth over Broadway and there is in their stead a new message spelled, a new name brought into the limelight, a new soul born into the realm of art.

A dozen years ago we had our favorites. Among them were Ormi Hawley, Lottie Briscoe, Arthur Johnson, Florence Lawrence, Florence Turner, Marion Leonard, Grace Cunard, Francis Ford, Cleo Madison, Bessie Eyton, Pauline Bush, Jessalyn Van Trump, Henry B. Walthall, John Bunny, Flora Finch,—and various others, including both Mary Fuller and King Baggot.

Very brilliantly did they shine. Later Time and Fate perhaps cast them into different lines, and, today, when their names are mentioned we hear someone—someone of perhaps an earlier generation of film fans who has never forgotten those record-making days of pictures—makes an inquiry.

The legitimate stage has claimed a large number of our former luminaries. Others have entered business and professional life.
Some, as writers, are now capitalizing on the experience they gleaned from those early days when acting in the movies meant, often, writing one's own stories, continuity, titles and publicity.

Among the writers perhaps best known of the erstwhile favorites is Pauline Bush, who was the center of attraction in the days when Universal included a large number of subsidiary companies. She was then the idol of innumerable photoplay devotees the world over, and it then seemed as if she would remain on the screen indefinitely in stellar brilliance.

However, came along Allan Dwan—a young director, then a recent adjunct to the picture field. He met Miss Bush, there was a romance and they were married.

Shortly afterward, Miss Bush retired from the screen in the interests of home and husband, and for several seasons no one heard anything about her. Dwan, however, became an independent producer of his own pictures—one of the newer coterie of filmdom notables about whom we, the fans, heard much.

One day not long ago, the newspapers carried the news of Miss Bush’s departure for the Orient on the first lap of a world tour, during which she would gather material for screen stories. She has always “written a bit,” and shown the same brilliance with her pen manifested as an actress. She is now in China; her articles are daily features of an English newspaper in Shanghai. On her return to this country she may, perhaps, return to the screen as an actress, but, nevertheless, her letters de-

(Continued on page 91)
Better motion pictures are undoubtedly a direct result of better studios. The panel above shows the Long Island studios of the Famous Players, erected at a cost of hundreds of thousands of dollars. It accommodates twelve companies at one time.

Then and Now

Photograph by International

At the left is the first motion picture studio in America, erected in 1905 by the Edison Company. It was built on pivots so that it could be swung around to follow the sun, and placed on a track so it could be moved from place to place. It was 20 x 25 feet in size and facetiously called the "Black Maria" by members of the company.
Lee Morton had thought to end this thing comfortably, feeling himself the victor, coming out of it, so to speak, depleted financially, but inflated egotistically. That was generally the case in his dealings with women. Still, he had to admit it; he had never been quite the case in his dealings with Lillian Lord. His friends would have said that Lillian was just "one of 'em"—but Lee Morton knew today that she was more than that, different than that, oh, different.

He had met her to say that their friendship, their relationship was at an end. That he had made up his mind to marry Helen Wainwright and establish the sort of home a man of his prestige and money should have. He had decided that Helen Wainwright could grace it. She had family, breeding, beauty and distinction—she had everything that he needed, and that he could not exactly buy. She had everything—and yet when he came to telling Lillian Lord that she had everything, he felt within himself, deep, deep within himself that there was one thing she did not have, one thing that this girl, Lillian, did have—he couldn't name it, but there it was, unassailable, poignant, paining him—

He had thought to give Lillian the bungalow they had shared a room account which should put her forever beyond the reach of his profound esteem. He foresaw that he could give her the assurances. She smiled, but she reiterated proffers of the house and the money, simply, "I could not live here alone, my dear, and the money is of no use to me, Lee, no use at all."

And then he gave Lee Morton that she had been living with him all along, not because of his money, but because she loved him.

Did Helen Wainwright love him like that? Along with her beauty and her breeding and her family connections, could she bring, for instance, his precious, warm thing Lillian Lord held for him within her breast? Was he sacrificing the tenderest thing in the world—for— for Helen Wainwright's irreproachableness?

Then he shrugged the thoughts away. They were not normal, he told himself. They were morbid. He had never had any idea of marriage with Lillian Lord. Helen Wainwright was just the wife for him. Everybody said so. And he was pretty positive of the outcome. He did not think that Helen loved him. He rather suspected that she loved Donald Scott, the shy, young architect, who was decidedly in love with her, but she felt a certain species of fascination for him and the family pressure, being brought to bear upon her by her aunt and one of her uncles, were combination enough to swing her completely in his direction.

All he needed was a wife like Helen to help him to mount the social ladder as he had mounted the financial one. And so he persisted in his farewell to Lillian.

"But you will let me know if you ever need anything greatly, won't you?" he said, and he took her hand.

She smiled at him. Long after they had parted he remembered the way she smiled.

"I shall never," she said, "need anything very greatly that you can give me now, Lee."

Lee Morton had been, as a matter of fact, wrong in another essential of the whole. Helen Wainwright was not in love with Donald Scott—at the time. Donald had been her childhood playmate and good comrade. Donald was a part of her life, of her very young life, before such things as marriage and love and family pressure had entered into it. He didn't figure in her mind as a part of maturity. Donald was someone you played with and had a good time with and never worried with. Donald was always there, always willing to enter into any of the things she wanted to have or to do. He didn't spell romance for her. He never, for instance, said any of
Helen had been conventionally raised. She had been sent away to a fashionable boarding-school and been glad to get home—so very glad that she had determined to accept any responsibility which came to her.

Aunt Wainwright has told her, too, that she must not see so much of Donald in the future—now that she was to marry Lee Morton. "Donald," said Aunt Wainwright, with her positivism that, somehow, reminded one of tinkling ice against glass; "Donald belongs to your past, Helen. He isn't eligible and he isn't worth while. It is absolutely necessary that you marry well. Your uncle and I have done more than we really could afford for you in the way of education and dress and general advantages. We have done these things partly because of our love for you and partly because of the return we knew you would make us—such a return, my dear child, as your marriage to Mr. Morton will be. We are in a tight position, financially, and it is essential that it be remedied. Your marriage will effect the remedy. We depend upon you even as, all your life, since your parents' death you have depended upon us. Many an aunt, Helen, would have done less."

Helen had been conventionally raised. She had been sent away to a fashionable boarding-school to get the things to her that Lee Morton said. He was too shy, or he never thought of them. He didn't look at her in the way Lee Morton did. He didn't make her feel the way Lee Morton made her feel. He was just Donald.

Aunt Wainwright had probably done a great deal for the return on which she now dwelt so persistently.

Well, Lee had a fascination. There was no one else. Helen floated along on the line of least resistance. There was no one else, that is, excepting Donald who was—just Donald.

Lee was kind, too. When he learned that Donald Scott was a friend of Helen's and an architect meeting with none too great success, he gave him the commission of reconstructing his bungalow for him at a fancy price. Donald was absurdly grateful about it. Helen didn't know why, but instinctively Donald's appreciation grated upon her. There was a fly in the ointment. It was Lee who should have been grateful. Helen felt puzzled and vaguely unhappy over the whole. She couldn't make out what was wrong, but she sensed that something was. Was it with Lee, or with herself, or with Donald—Donald who didn't count?

While Donald was away, Aunt Wainwright made ready the festive dinner that was to officially announce the engagement.

It was to be a magnificent affair. Aunt Wainwright, with relief in sight, was to spread herself. Everything was to be as it should be—as befitted the future Mrs. Lee Morton. She insisted upon Helen's buying an expensive dinner gown. Helen felt disinterested. She didn't seem to care whether she looked as gorgeous as Aunt Wainwright would have her or not. But she managed to smile.

Uncle Wainwright puzzled and upset her, too, by taking her into his study and being glad to get home, so very glad that she had determined to accept any responsibility which came to her. Many of the girls she knew had done just such things for their families. All that Aunt Wainwright said was true, she didn't doubt. All but the love part—she thought Uncle Wainwright had done what he had done for love of her; she wasn't quite so sure about Aunt Wainwright. Aunt Wainwright had probably done a great deal for the return on which she now dwelt so persistently.

EVERYTHING FOR SALE

Fictionized by permission from the Realart production of the scenario and story by Hector Turnbull. Directed by Frank O'Connor and starring May McAvoy. The cast:

Helen Wainwright..........................May McAvoy
Donald Scott................................Edward Sutherland
Mrs. Wainwright..........................Kathlyn Williams
Mr. Wainwright............................Edwin Stevens
Lee Morton.................................Richard Tucker
Lillian Lord.................................Betty Schade
Billy Mitchell..............................Dana Ladd
Sarah Calm..................................Jane Keckley

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one night and, with his hands about her face, asking her whether she really loved Lee Morton. When she told him that she did, his frown deepened. He didn't seem satisfied. He took his hands away and thrust them into his pockets. His eyes brooded. Helen, watching him, thought what a kind, unhappy face Uncle Wainwright had. The kind of an unhappiness that he had learned to live with.

What strange thoughts! It came to her with a pang that one could come to live with unhappiness. Was it possible that she—and then, impatiently, she shook the vapors off. She was growing morbid. She detested morbidity as being unhealthy.

Well—

On the afternoon of the dinner, unexpectedly, Donald came back. He had done wonders with the bungalow. Three other commissions had come his way as a result—fat commissions. Commissions that, in their turn, were to lead to others. Where he had felt inutile and discouraged and baffled, he now felt resourceful and competent and courageous. Immediately, Helen sensed a change in Donald. This was a new Donald. She could never, it came to her fancifully, order him about any longer, as she had done. Never again would he do precisely and unquestioningly what she had said—altho, of course, she was never again to get the opportunity—or—want it. Donald, the boy, had gone, never to return. In his place stood Donald the man, masterful.

He told her that his uncle had told him where to find her and suggested that they row over to a little island they had been wont to play Robinson Crusoe on, and Captain Kidd, and Long John Silver, and other fascinating and thrilling fictions.

Helen had the equally fanciful notion that their last bit of thrilling fiction could take place there today. She would row over with Donald, and there, upon that magically enchanted strip of shore, would tell him that now she, a woman grown, had come to bid farewell to him and to their island. She was about to embark not upon a pirate ship but upon the craft of matrimony, never to return.

How surprised Donald would be. How would he take it? Would he play at all with her and, sweeping her a gesture, bid her a dramatic farewell, or would he sulk like he had done, when they were children, when he had refused to play Crusoe on Crusoe and be prisoner for Friday?

A thought, however, Donald was planning a dramatic scene.

He remembered that there,
Helen gathered his face to her breast. It was, she thought—oh, she thought at all—the instinct to warm that cold whiteness to color and life again.

glitter like metal. Back of the half-moon the trees curved, green and immense and dark. Thrilly, Donald helped her to alight. With his quickened sensibilities he perceived how white and lovely her hand was and remembered how many times he had held that same hand in helping her to alight and had found it grubby and hard.

Then he found himself unable to let go, swept away by recollections of their past, by hopes of their future, by desire of the immediate present. "Helen," he was saying, hardly conscious of his words; "Helen—we're going on—like this—sweetheart—are we—?"

And then, strangely, an alien voice surely, her voice telling him that she thought he must have known, surely must have guessed—that tonight was her engagement dinner to Lee Morton—oh, surely he must have guessed—then, "Oh, Scotty, honey—I'm sorry—"

Donald didn't release the hand he held. He stepped back a pace or two still holding it. An odd sensation possessed him. It seemed to him to be the little old grubby hand he was holding on to—the same little grubby hand of Captain Kidd—the hand of his good man Friday—the baby hand Lee Morton was to grasp—with his hand—and a shudder of revulsion swept over him, further transforming him. Why, it was impossible—it was horrible to contemplate—that Lee Morton should dare to hold Helen's hand on his—his hand into whose perilous keeping so many women had placed their faith. That girl, Lillian Something or Other, for instance, with her sad eyes and sadder smile—not bad, just—hurt— And then he found himself talking—torrentially—not as he was in the wont of speaking.

He found himself blaspheming Lee Morton, who had befriended him, and, as he spoke, he knew what Helen must be thinking, that he was saying these things about a man who had done him a kindness, given him a start, in order to further his own case. Or wouldn't Helen know, knowing him as well as she did, that he always played four-square, never took unfair advantage, had a clean and high regard for the truth? Wouldn't their long, sweet friendship befriend him now? For he wasn't taking a mean advantage, he felt that now. It wasn't mean, even the woman you loved

Helen felt disinterested. She didn't seem to care whether she looked as gorgeous as Aunt Wainwright would have her or not. But she managed somehow to smile.
tity of marriage," he said, "his past career has been notorious for its infidelities and for the sort of things I have prayed you might never know of. How can you, Helen, with all the clear white dreams you have told me of, think of placing your faith in such a person. Surely, you are not being bought—not you?"

Helen was immobile. Donald had the sense that she was closing her inner responsiveness to his meaning, if not her ears to his actual words. When he had done, she made no sign other than to stand as she had been standing, looking out over the waters. (Once they had read "Hiawatha" there together. He had been ten and she seven. They had spilled it out between them, laboriously, losing much of the rhythm. But some of the picturesque words they had loved and lingered over. "Shining Big Sea Water" had been one of them.) After a while she turned to meet his eyes and it stabbed him to see that a new patience, a sort of resignation incompatible with her youth, had come into her face. "Dear—" he began, but she shook her head.

"I can't listen to you, Donald," she said. "I suppose you mean it—oh, kindly, wonderfully, but—don't you see—? I—can't listen—"

Donald compressed his mouth. A larger issue had presented itself to him than what seemed to him now to be merely the formality of fair play, but he perceived that Helen didn't perceive it. That was because she didn't love him. That was because Lee Morton and his money and his personality, too, he feared, had her in their spell. Donald knew what their spell had been to more than one woman—he felt, again, shy and inadequate—if only she loved him, then he would find words, then he would find the way.

He nodded and turned to lead the way to the boat.

When they reached the shining strand, the boat was gone. In their mutual excitement they had neglected to fasten it securely, and they saw it now, a speck in the distance, bobbing about.

Helen gasped. Donald laughed. "Don't be frightened," he said, "we're not so marooned as we look. Lots of boats pass here before night fall and one of them will pick us up. We'll make it our business to wigwam them until one does."

But one didn't. Several passed, but the signals from the island were either unnoticed or taken as play. No boat stopped, and, with the decline of the sun, Donald announced his determination of swimming to the mainland.

This aroused Helen from a sort of lethargy. She clutched hold of his sleeve. "Of course, you won't—"

cried. "You know how dangerous these rocks —and look at the surf that has come up! And arm! Why, Scotty—I won't let you!"

Donald laughed. Helen didn't like his laugh. Why was he so un-Donald like today? He pulled away from her, and his voice was rough. "You can't give orders, Friday," he said, "I'm going to make a desperate try for it. There couldn't be anything much worse than for us to spend the night here—for you."

Helen didn't realize what he was doing until he was in the water. There was a furious struggle, a crashing sort of sound and he was on the rocks, almost at her feet again, the blood from his head mingling and then losing itself in the salt spray.

Galvanized into action, she sprang to the shore and dragged him onto the gold half-moon. "Scotty! Scotty!" she called out, but, for the first time in their loves, there was no answering word from him, no flicker of response. His eyes were closed, his stern mouth unrelaxed, and his face as white as the all of his life-blood had gone out in that deathly surf.

Helen gathered his face to her breast. It was, she thought, if she thought at all, the instinct to warm that cold whiteness to color and life again. And then, holding him there, by sheer force of her own strength she knew that it was instinct, indeed—the most powerful in the world. She knew that if Scotty never answered her again when she called, the gold would be forever gone from the half-moon of sand, from the sun, from her life. There would be no joy in anything, animate or inanimate. Why, all along, all her life that had been the joy of it and in it—his ready answer to her ready call. The very element she had thought commonplace was life itself, essentially. Why had she never known it? She held him closer, closer—closer still—her tears fell down, unheeded, and she on his white face. It was like him, it was so

(Continued on page 100)
hand over his close-cropped head, "and I saw that she was dressed incorrectly. I did not know her at all then. I was playing as an actor of two parts in that picture, but I found time to take her to the costumers’ and show her the proper things to wear. The next day, when this same girl's ambulance stopped again near me, I noticed that it looked too clean. There was no trench mud on it. Altho I was wearing fresh white kid gloves, I splashed mud on that ambulance with my hands. It made a hit with her, just as I intended that it should.

"She thought, ‘Ah, devil-may-care man? He does not care for new gloves!’ and so we became acquainted. She was Valerie Germomprez, of French descent. I am Austrian.”

It was just as this gigantic little man was making the last shots of his year-long picture, "Foolish Wives," that I talked with him, after finding out that only the moving of heaven and earth

The "most hated man on the screen" is married again—for the third time—and now he says he has found the ideal mate. He saw her first when she was playing the small part of an ambulance driver in "Hearts of Humanity." Above, a new camera study of Eric von Stroheim, and below, in a scene from his forthcoming "Foolish Wives"
had secured an appointment for me by the powers that be at Universal City. I waited in the sun two hours—from twelve until two—before he dismissed his company for lunch and turned to me.

"You are the young man they have spoken to me about?" he asked, as he inspected me with the deep brown eyes which charmed the wife in "Blind Husbands." We walked toward his little office, as I presented my credentials.

This man, who is no higher than your shoulders, has spent one million dollars in one year making one picture. The man playing the leading part has died during its filming—fat girls have grown thin—thin girls have grown fat—he has been attacked in the press—he has had obstacles of every sort thrust in the way—he has been accused of being in German employ and he has gone stolidly ahead, defying the business office and the exchequer, with Valerie Germomprez valiant at his side. Defeat or victory was about to be realized when we talked at last, lunchless, for he never lunches. I do, but I didn't that day.

"I am very daring for having taken another wife," he said, lighting a cigarette of the most delicate aroma, "and Valerie was very daring for accepting me as a husband.

"Now, that the war is over," said von Stroheim, "there is a little less of this hate against me, and you will notice in 'Foolish Wives' that I do not act so well as I did in 'Blind Husbands.' Why? Because I had discouragement, but not such big hate as I had during the war." Above, a new photograph, and left, with his wife

Terrible things have happened to her because of me—because of the hatred the people feel for me because I was born in Austria.

"In New York, when we were there last summer, at the time we were just engaged to be married, we entered a well-known café and took seats. At the next table were four people—two women and two men. I saw them looking at me. Suddenly, one of the women exclaimed, 'It is him—or he, how do you say it?—it is that beast! I will not sit here!' and in hysterics the women left the café. Such things have my wife stood for me.

"At the Ship Café in Venice, when I was courting her, actors of Hollywood actually threw bread at me and hissed me one night when we were there."

"How does it happen," I asked, deter— (Continued on page 84)
A certain movie producer in New York recently wired to Alexander Dumas in Europe for the screen rights to "Monte Cristo." As he stated to answer collect, the poor chap can't understand why he has received no reply.

It is said that Cecil B. de Mille has "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" under consideration for pictures, but he can't find a place for the lingerie scenes.

We have seen a lot of films in the past six months that might properly be called "Junk," but Metro is the first company to have the candor openly to title one so.

Why is it, that when you are comfortably seated in the theater, with plenty of other empty aisles of seats, everybody picks out the aisle you are in for their resting place?

We take our hats off to—

William Fox, for having the courage to risk such a bank-roll on that greatest of all feature comedies, "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court."

Ruth Dwyer, as being one of the fairest and most promising young actresses on the screen.

Wanted

By Nazimova, someone who can direct her in some good productions and save her from utter oblivion.

Our idea of the height of brilliancy is to applaud characters and happenings in the silent drama.

People who live in glass houses should never invite the Sennett bathing girls over to visit them.

It begins to look as tho the fellow who is responsible for most movie titles is the same individual who names the Pullman cars.

How did this fellow Carpentier ever get such a big reputation? Why, Dempsey is even a better movie actor.

Do you remember—

When there was nothing but one reelers?
And you could see Mary Pickford, Owen Moore, Blanche Sweet, Arthur Johnson and John Banny all in the same program?
And they were all good pictures?
And the sum total of admission for all this was only a nickel?
Without any war tax?
Weren't those the happy days?

Spare us

From highbrows who constantly pan the silent drama, but who even more constantly try to sell their stories to the film producers.
Star Sisters

A New Camera Study of Norma and Constance Talmadge
ANN FORREST was trying on hats when I interviewed her—big hats, floppy hats, lacy hats. I envied her the hats. She would have been glad to rid herself of the whole lot by handing them over to me.

"I'm no beauty, you know," she said, as she yanked a lacy creation down over her blonde locks. "I'm no good as the little ingénue who comes tripping on the scene and chuckles Daddy under the chin. But, because I am small, that was all the directors would let me do when I first entered pictures. Ingénue! Gosh, I hate the word! Fay"—(to the hair-dresser of the Lasky studio, who hovered near with a curling-iron)—"I suppose I'll have to have a little more curl at the side here, but, for Pete's sake, not any more than is absolutely necessary to make this hat look right. I've got to look pretty to please my director—George Melford. That's why I prefer raggedy parts—no worry or fuss.

"I have always felt that I could act. We Norse people feel so deeply, anyway, and I used to beg and beg to be put in a dramatic part. But no one ever thought I could do it. They all thought me too young and inexperienced, until Reginald Barker started casting for 'Dangerous Days.' He told me I looked the part, but it was too dramatic for me—required a lot of weeping, etc. I begged him to try me out. He shook his head and said he didn't dare. At last, tho', he gave in, for he couldn't find anyone who just suited him, so he told me he'd give me the chance. I

wasn't afraid, but I could see him worrying as we started the scene, and, my dear, I wept gallons! The next day, when we were looking at the rushes (the projecting of the previous day's work), he jumped up and grasped my hand. 'It's great, Ann, great!' he said. 'I'm d—— proud of you.'"

That is the way that Ann Forrest got her start. In that one picture she proved herself such an exceptionally fine emotional actress that directors have been clamoring for her ever since—and they invariably want her to work in a tear scene or two.
By
HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

"So now," said Ann, "I am getting tired of weeping and will have to show them that I can make people smile."

Which is a small example of Ann's tireless persistence. She means to make a big success for herself by her own efforts. Combined with her vibrant ambition is a keen sense of humor and a jolly ability to be a gay companion and friend.

I think Ann is about the most "on-the-square" girl I have ever met. She combines the masculine sense of fair play and good camaraderie with a truly feminine charm, which may or may not be the outgrowth of a certain bit of philosophy of hers.

"To my mind," she told me with wide-open, azure eyes, meeting mine straight and honestly, "it seems that a woman is capable of doing everything that a man does, but, to be an ideal woman, she must do it without losing her femininity. This is a difficult thing to do. Too often, the successful woman becomes masculine.

"I don't know why I ever came to the realization that, so long as I had been born a girl, I had better preserve any feminine charm that might have been born in me, for you know, I wanted to be a boy, oh so badly. I was a terrific tomboy with my brothers in Norway, but I was also a great sentimentalist. I particularly loved kings. I can remember weaving fairy stories about our kings and their princes. Then, when I was about seven or eight, years old, I met our King—King Christian the Ninth. He was walking along the sidewalk very democratically, and I, run-

Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

Ann Forrest said, "To my mind, a woman is capable of doing everything a man does, but, to be an ideal woman, she must do it without losing her femininity. This is a difficult thing to do. Too often, the successful woman becomes masculine."

ning along with my brothers, bumped into him. Putting his hand on my head, he led me to the side of the walk, saying (she spoke several words rapidly in Norwegian, then noting my blank expression, translated into English): "Children should show deference to their elders." I was so thrilled I have alwayscherished the experience as one of my fondest memories. King Christian's wife was an example of the valuable place women can make for themselves, for the King never settled any affairs of state without her advice.

(Continued on page 86)
Disraeli

By JEAN CALHOUN

From the bitterness of her scorn one might have argued, and truly, that she had some particular dandy some definite nobody in mind. She held her dainty head, with its cascades of curls confined in subjection by jeweled pins, disdainfully high at the murmur of voices that came to her ears from the drawing-room. Charles was holding Mama’s silk, possibly giving weighty advice as to the shade of some flower petal, or the graceful disposition of an embroidered stem.

As a caricature, most of England’s millions knew Benjamin Disraeli, the Jew whom Queen Victoria had made her Prime Minister. He was preternaturally tall, thin, with a long, sardonic face and lank locks of hair fell over his bald forehead.

In the rose gardens of Glastonbury Towers the morning sunshine fell over an odd figure, moving among the Gloire di Dijon and the heavy crimson August roses, with little mincing steps like a dancing master. Preternaturally tall, thin, with a long sardonic face and lank locks of hair falling over a bald forehead, it was a figure to lend itself to caricature. And, as a caricature, most of England’s millions knew Benjamin Disraeli, the Jew whom Queen Victoria had made her Prime Minister.

None associated him, surely, with the picking of flowers, this shrewd, clever man, with his cold, greenish eyes that seemed to see everything, and his thin, guarded lips that said nothing, and said it so gracefully. Yet, every morning of his life, whether his desk was piled with papers that involved the destiny of nations, whether kings and diplomats were waiting in his ante-chamber, this man, whom the world thought of as a calculating machine, carried a bouquet, as a young lover might, to the frail, white haired woman who was his wife. And with each bouquet—a kiss!

From the terrace, Clarissa, Lady Pavensy, of an age that champions the lost causes of the world, lionizes the unpopular, and finds romance even in calculating machines, which means that she was just eighteen, watched the grotesque figure with its dandified waistcoat, exquisite neckcloth and varnished boots, darting to and fro among the blossoms with the artificial manner of one bowing over a lady’s hand.

“How wonderful,” she thought, with swelling heart, “that a man who makes history should pay such beautiful homage to a woman. Ah! If I could but meet such a one as that instead of the scented dandies, the pretty nobodies, who would present me with fine talk instead of great deeds!”

An unseemly occupation for a man, truly!

Disraeli, regarding the sumptuous blossom he had just picked, with the cynical expression of one paying a compliment to an acknowledged beauty, turned at the whisper of her silks.

“The roses,” he said, bowing profoundly, “suffer in comparison, Lady Pavensy. See,” he pointed to the petals scattered by her skirts along the gravel path, “they despair and die when they see you.”

“If you please, no compliments,” said Clarissa, rather rudely, “I am sick of hearing about my beauty, of which I am very humble, instead of about my wits, of which I am somewhat vain. Speak to me as you would to a man. Lord Beaconsfield, a man of that strange, splendid, dazzling world of politics in which your mind lives, I am sure, even when you take a holiday like this.”

They were talking earnestly when Charles, Viscount Deeford, came presently out of the house, freed from his silken bonds and quite evidently seeking someone. His dark brows drew together into what he fondly believed was a manly frown, but what was more like a petulant little boy rage. The affair between himself and Clarissa was at the stage where he fancied a rival in everything masculine, above the rank of a footman, and he had reason to know her passionate championship of this brilliant, but unpopular statesman, whom she had held up to him as a model on certain sentimental occasions.

“Gad!” swore young Charles, striding thru the grass, “she hangs on the words of that gargoyle! I’ll have no petticoat politics in my house when I am married!”

From the unfriendly frown with which Clarissa greeted him, that time seemed uncertain, to say the least. But Disraeli deftly handed her over to Charles, without either of the young people being able to say how it was done.
Save for the white-haired woman, even now awaiting him in their apartment in the Towers, and that other with the serene brow and smooth bands of parted hair, his Queen, Disraeli had as little to do with women as possible. He recognized them as pawns in the game he played; he never did them the wrong of not admitting their importance and power, but he was wary of them. That the destiny of England might hang from a coquetish ribbon, or dangle from a dainty watch charm, was a distasteful thought, yet he admitted to himself that even now it might be so. There was, under the turreted roof of Glastonbury Towers, a woman, a vain and silly woman, who could pull many strings with her small, helpless-seeming hands, and he knew well that under the glaze of amity and guilelessness, she was his enemy.

No trace of these things showed in his benign countenance as he laid his offering in his wife's lap, and spoke lightly of the golden beauty of the morning. But in forty years of wedlock, Lady Beaconsfield had learned many things, among them to hear what he did not say. She touched his wrist with fingers like withered rose leaves, incredulously tiny, fragrant.

"Sir Michael Probert has arrived."

The masklike countenance of her husband remained unchanged. "Ah! I shall be delighted to see him and ask for Her Majesty." He touched the bell. "Present Sir Michael with the compliments of Disraeli. Ask him at his convenience to wait on me in the morning-room."

Lady Beaconsfield murmured a protest after the footman had left. "He will be furious at being summoned—the Governor of the Bank of England! Were you quite wise to take the high hand when you wish to ask a favor?"

The Prime Minister kissed the little fluttering hand gallantly. "I never ask favors, my dear. I demand them always. As for Sir Michael's fury—" he smiled sardonically, "I am not so popular now that I need fear unpopularity. Which is an excellent and healthful thing, tho unpleasant, like—forgive me for the vulgarity—a dose of salts."

Lady Beaconsfield looked after the odd figure as he moved out of the room, and sighed a trifle wistfully. Long, long ago, she had lighted the flame of her heart before one altar, and if she might, she would have had the whole world worshipping there with her. "They do not know him as I do," she murmured, with a proud lift of the old head, a proud flash of the old eyes. "He is a great man, too great to be understood by his generation. But history will see him rightly."

In the morning-room a sulky Clarissa sat obstinately beside an agitated mother, who was trying bravely to pretend that she did not see anything wrong with her plans for grafting the glum looking young man, who stood moodily by, to her ancient family tree.

"Why do you not show Charles the swans," she suggested, gaily, "ah, Charles, you really must see the swans!"

"The grass," explained Clarissa, in a carefully disdainful tone, "is covered with dew. Charles can no doubt restrain his burning impatience to see the swans, Mama, until some other time."

At this awkward juncture, Heaven opportunely sent Disraeli to relieve the good Duchess' sufferings. "Sir Michael Probert is coming here," said that gentle- man. And that was all he said, but the Duchess rustled to her feet immediately, as tho she

"A word once said has a hundred echoes." observed Disraeli, as he joined Charles before the fireplace. "I have played a lone hand, my boy, but I need support now, and the Queen is a woman!"

His tone said profoundly, "God pity her!"
The grass," explained Clarissa in a carefully disdainful tone, "is covered with dew. Charles can no doubt restrain his burning impatience to see the swans. Mama, until some other time"

had just heard an order, and touched her daughter on the arm significantly. "My dear! You have forgotten to water your canaries! Fie, fie—poor Mimi, poor Madelon—" she passed out twittering like one of the birds in question. Clarissa rose as tho to follow, then impulsively ran to Disraeli, clasping her hands eagerly.

"You are going to discuss something important with him! You are going to make history here, in this very room!"

"Ah!" said Disraeli regretfully, shaking his egg-shaped head with a deprecating movement of his long, thin hands, "nothing more worldly-shaking than celery culture, my dear young lady! Sir Michael has the finest celery beds in Sussex.

Clarissa tossed her head petulantly. "I do not believe you! That is some of your horrid diplomacy, which is just a polite word for lying!"

She flounced out of the room, and Charles turned to follow, but was stopped at the Prime Minister's nod. "Women! Why should they trouble their pretty heads with the dull business of running the world? But I would like to talk with you, Charles. I am a lonely man, and I need advice."

Charles stared, open-mouthed. The Great Man, asking advice of him, the Sphinx of Parliament speaking—to him. He would not have been human if he had not been flattered, and Charles was even more human than most. "If I could, sir—anything! I would be so proud—" he stammered, with a nice boy-blush.

Disraeli glanced about at the closed doors, then deliberatively passed from one window to another, looking behind him once said has a hundred echoes," he observed as he rejoined Charles before the fireplace. "I have played a lone hand, my boy, but I need support now, and—the Queen is a woman!"

"Anything—" repeated Charles awkwardly, but as tho he uttered a pledge, "anything at all, sir."

Disraeli laughed a trifle grimly. "It may be that I shall ask it of you to play parlor diplomat, to listen at boudoir doors, and flatter secrets from fair, frail lips! I have never played in that way before, but now—there is a woman using scented weapons against me. Lady Travers," he added after a pause.

"Lady Travers," Charles checked his amaze at a swift signal. "But she is so—such a—"

"Such a fool, yes," the Prime Minister nodded, "but there's where she's all powerful! I can deal with wise men wisely, with clever men cleverly,
with unscrupulous men trickily, but I cannot understand the workings of a fool's mind. I believe her to be working in with man's weapons of Russia against England, in the matter of the purchase of the Suez Canal, and—I cannot prove it. She has influence in high quarters, and a restless, mischievous brain.

Charles's heart beat violently. He could not guess the unflattering reason why the great man had chosen him as confidant, for his very insignificance, his ardent youth that would make him a devotee of any cause, his divined genius for faithfulness,

"Wherever I turn in the matter I feel unseen forces at work to thwart me," said Disraeli wearily, "I have traced them to this woman—and yet! Women are so dammably strong in their weaknesses! One cannot fight a woman with man's weapons. But England must and will have the canal!" He straightened his sloping shoulders under their jaunty, snuff-colored coat of velvet. "If Sir Michael will not lend me the money, I will go to one of my own race—" he bent closer as a hand turned the knob of the door, "and between us I fancy he will refuse. Lady Travers is Lady-in-waiting to the Queen, and can make or mar any man's fortunes in England—save Benjamin Disraeli's!

Sir Michael was more than angry. He was affronted—he to be "summoned" by a scheming, mannerless fellow, who put on insufferable airs with his betters because the ill-advised impulse of the Queen gave him for a moment a certain amount of power! He listened to Disraeli's suave statements with a forbidding frown. "Dammit, sir, what you ask is absurd," he barked at the close. "Let Russia squander her millions on what she will!"

"If Russia buys the Suez Canal," said Disraeli in a soft voice, touching the tips of his long fingers together, "we will lose India within a twelvemonth!"

"Bah! Poppycock! You can't bully me by a child's ogre story!" snapped the banker, turning unceremoniously on his heel. "Not so long as I control the key to the Treasury shall England waste her substance on a ditch dug in the sand!"

The door rasped to, behind his portly, enraged back. Charles was quivering with vicarious indignation. "He insulted you, sir," he cried, with doubled fists, "Gad! That fellow insulted you!"

"I have learned, my boy," said Disraeli, with his thin-lipped smile, "not to be insulted. It takes too much time in life." With the tread of a cat, the polished boots moved over the soft carpet to a door at the side, which, flung open, revealed Lady Travers standing on the threshold.

"So sorry to disturb you!" trilled she, with an unblushing glance upward into the Prime Minister's enigmatic face, "I think I left a book in here. I'm so careless, quite a flutterbrain really! But go on talking, don't let me interrupt you!"

"I never let a lady interrupt me," purred Disraeli, with what significance she chose to read into the words, "A book? Charles, don't you hear? Lady Travers has lost a book."

From the corner of his eye he saw her deftly slip a volume from the table under a chair cushion, but continued to search industriously. All three were diligently employed in moving the furniture, looking under it, peering behind it, when the host and hostess, with several of their guests, came in.

"In God's name," grunted the Duke, who was choleric and fond of three things, the hunt, his meals, and a good joke, "are you playing hide and seek, Disraeli, or puss in the corner?"

Disraeli suavely discovered the book beneath the cushion, and handed it to Lady Travers with a deep bow. He laid his hand on Charles' shoulder, smiling about at the circle of faces, "I have a new cohort," he remarked casually, "this young man has decided to enter politics."

A shriek pierced the amazed silence that ensued and Clarissa, hands clasped, curls agitated, rushed from the group and teetered on her spindle heels—
a new French fashion—before Disraeli. "Charles in politics! Merciful heavens—with you?"

"Yes," replied the Prime Minister calmly, laying the hand she gave him into Charles', "he has promised to become my secretary."

Painting was a genteel and womanly thing to do, so Clarissa fainted away.

Lady Travers lingered behind the others, ogling Disraeli over the top of a heavily scented handkerchief. "As I was coming in just now—" she asked innocently, "didn't I hear somebody saying something about sand?"

"Your hearing is acute, Madam," he replied, adjusting his monocle, "I was just telling Charles that sand makes the best bed for—ah—celery."

Within a week, the Prime Minister of England announced to his new secretary, that Solomon Meyers, the Jewish banker of the London Ghetto, had made the necessary loan, and the check for the payment of the Canal was ready to send to Cairo. "You are to carry it."

Charles looked glad and sorry at once. "It is a great honor, sir, but—"

"Clarissa," said Disraeli, softly, tapping his desk with the brittle, white finger nails of age, "Clarissa would be proud of a man who wore the Ribbon of the Bath."

The boy choked, swallowed. "But—for carrying a check—"

"There is, or there may be danger in carrying that particular check," the older man said slowly. "Powerful interests would be furthered if it were never delivered. One serves England, my boy, in more ways than by waving a sword at the head of troops!"

Something of the flame of patriotism that burned in the shy, hidden heart of this man, something of his spirit, lonely with the loneliness of centuries, in which his race had been driven like the lepers away

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D'Artagnan of the Shadows

Herewith are three scenes from "The Three Musketeers," which find Douglas Fairbanks portraying D'Artagnan, the romantic Dumas hero. Incidentally, it has always been Doug's desire to bring this rôle on the silver cloth.
Naomi -- -- --

By BETSY BRUCE

studio, that is what I chose to do. Now you know perfectly well that if I was any kind of a business woman, I would give up all idea of writing until I had a contract in my pocket which read something like a fairy tale. Instead of that I go serenely on playing parts which appeal to me; writing in the interims; having tea here; spending a charming weekend there and planning my life with no actual thought for the future."

We insisted that

TEA or luncheon, as the case may be, belongs with an interview quite as naturally as—let us say—Turkish cigarettes with the demitasse. It may be, of course, that food is conducive to sociability. At any rate, there is no professional interviewer who will argue with this custom.

It was luncheon in the instance of Naomi Childers—luncheon at the Biltmore, and the time was a few days before Naomi Childers became Mrs. Luther Reed. Naturally, this event directed the conversation.

Naomi is the sort of person to whom you would go with your confidences. She has a ready interest and sympathy. And she admits that she loves to romance.

"As a matter of fact," she confided, tucking the veil in the soft blue feathers, curled about her hat, "that's the trouble with me. I'm indolent and a dreamer. You have to be up and doing every minute of your waking life or you'll never get anywhere. I've always wanted to write, and, unless I'm actually busy at the

All photographs by Clarence S. Bull
Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

... The romance and poetry of her name is symbolic. It stirs memories of another Naomi who lived hundreds of years ago; of a Naomi whose name is written in Biblical history—one who loved her own life, but loved love even more

she had achieved something—that her characterization in "Earthbound" would never be forgotten.

She smiled—slightly.

"I like that rôle," she admitted, "but I dont think it helped me any. I mean that people like to see you look attractive, after all. Even some of my closest friends, in speaking of 'Earthbound,' say to me: 'Nome, I think you were wonderful, really—but why did you look so forlorn and old.' You see, I had to look forlorn. I had to look old or it would have been no use. It was such a weepy part. I cried for weeks and weeks. After a while my nerves got to such a state that I'd cry during luncheon. I remember how perfectly furious Tom Moore was one day. We were having luncheon together at the Goldwyn restaurant. I had been crying all morning and just couldn't stop. He said, 'For the Lord's sake, Nome, stop it. Art's all right and all that, but you'll be a wreck before the picture is finished.'" She laughed. "Tom is a wild Irishman. Everyone loves him."

Naomi is really a passive person. That is, she doesn't ride hobbies at a furious and hectic pace; she doesn't rave and storm about things she dislikes. If something chances to displease her, she simply tilts her head ever so slightly and there is nothing further to do. And, on the other hand, when something charming takes place, there is the flash of a smile which speaks volumes.

When you have been with her for a time, you begin to notice that life is quite simple after all—that it is the and one philosophies which have been evolved given it the semblance of appearing confusing.

You discover the slightest touch of a drawl in her voice. St. Louis is responsible for it. Perhaps it is the Southern blood, too, which accounts for the absence of any tendency on her part to keep apace with the rush of the modern world.

There is a twinkle in her blue eyes, and she says:

"I must take my time about living. What is all the rush for?"

And you find yourself wondering about it, too.

While she talked to me, I noticed that a man at a nearby table was admiring her. He called her to his companion's attention, and she was favored with an icy stare and a forced smile. Women are not pleased when their companion admires another of their sex. However, you could not blame any man for admiring Naomi, as she sat there, the patrician—everyone who has ever interviewed her has called her that—nevertheless, it is true.

We asked her if she would give up the screen upon her marriage, and she said she would not.

"Mr. Reed wishes me to, but not so definitely that it will make him unhappy if I do not," she explained. "I would be miserable if I stopped now. I would never feel finished somehow. No, I will go on."

She went further to say that she thinks any girl is unwise to sacrifice marriage, wifehood and probably motherhood to her career.

"Perhaps," she admitted, "the career seems sufficient for a time, but there are other years coming—the first years of your life are the sowing years, the others the"

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Fulfilment

Seven years ago the Photoplay Philosopher issued a prophecy. It was in the July, 1913, issue of the Motion Picture Magazine, to be exact. At the time, the majority of the statements were received with skeptical misgivings. The entire prophecy is reproduced below, and it is interesting to note its general fulfilment.

According to Mahomet, God Almighty has sent just four great prophets to this world—Abraham, Moses, Jesus Christ and Mahomet. Since Mahomet's time, every generation has produced one or more "prophets," but they have been mostly those who, by some astrological, clairvoyant, spiritualistic or charlatanic device, predicted earthquakes, floods, deaths, the destruction of the world, and so on, and since most of these prophecies never came to pass, prophets have come into ill repute. Statesmen, politicians, philosophers and leaders of public thought are very loath to lend their good names to prophecies, because, with all their learning, they know that it is well-nigh impossible to foretell what is to be. The art of foretelling by means of dreams, second sight, the stars and occult influences has become a joke, and nobody of sense takes these things seriously. Cicero once remarked: "I shall always consider the best guesser the best prophet." And he was right, because prophecy is mere guessing, after all. While men of learning may, by studying the laws of cause and effect, successfully foretell the natural results of certain forces and conditions, and while it is true that history oft repeats itself, still no man can foretell with certainty what the future will bring forth.

To venture a prediction in the face of these facts seems hazardous, if not absurd, yet in the Motion Picture field conditions are shaping themselves so rapidly that it is quite obvious what the coming years will evolve. Perhaps the wish is father to the thought when I have the boldness to make the following predictions:

1. Motion Pictures will steadily advance, both in excellence and in popularity.
2. Free competition will come, and there will be no such thing as licensed films. This will result in the survival of the fittest, both of licensed and independent films.
3. The time will soon pass when stores will be converted into small, inadequate motion picture theaters. The future will see large, beautiful, modern motion picture theaters of brick, stone, cement and marble, in every large community, containing wonderful inventions for the better display of the pictures, and for the safety and convenience of the public.
4. Picture theaters will all have a scale of prices for reserved seats, probably from five to fifty cents each.
5. There will be theaters where pictures for children only are shown, and this will probably settle the question of official censorship.
6. There will be theaters (or seasons) for comedies, for education, for dramas, for historical, and classical plays, and so on.
7. While short plays will always be made, some with two, some with one, and some with even three on a reel, there will be many photodramas of four or five reels, or more, requiring a whole evening to display them.
8. The present idea of changing the program every day will be antiquated, and the exhibitors will make effort to secure plays for a "run" of from two to twenty or more days, just as the "legitimate" plays now have runs of two or three hundred nights.
9. The people will get out of the habit of running around the corner to a picture show to spend an idle hour, and they will be glad to take a car or a carriage or an auto to ride to a theater in a distant part of the city to

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Dear Friends:

Just outside my window there’s a tennis court full of pretty high-school girls banging away with their rackets, and making quite a racket, too, and they want me to come out and play a set of doubles. My aunt has just called in that the janitor wants to get in here to vacuum the apartment, and she wants to know when I’m going to get out. My chum has just phoned for me to go down town to see Mack Sennett’s “Home Talent.” But, I’m going to sit right here and chat a bit with you all about the Big Bear Lake region. The cleaner can clean, the girls can play and the phone can ring; but we’ll sit tight, won’t we? Well, here goes:

Southern California—I almost got canned from a newspaper once, for forgetting to put Southern before California in a booster story—Southern California’s got a refrigerator way up in the wooded ranges of the Sierras, in the Big Bear Lake country, about six hours’ east of Los Angeles. Ever on the alert to offer something unusual, the Southern California boosters have bottled up a bit of the far north, as it were, where in fall and winter, broad snow fields, ice skating, sleigh riding, and big game hunting lure sporting blood; while boating, riding, hiking, dancing, fishing and swimming are the attractions in spring and summer.

And so, should the transplanted resident of Wisconsin, Idaho, the Dakotas, or other cold regions, pine for a nip of old timey winter, or complain at the lack of (Cont’d on page 110)
Their Big Day

Manager’s office, who had the key to the mysterious number.

It was a hard day for the poor old Contest Manager, because he had to break the news to the ones who had lost, and, of necessity, so many had to. The lucky ones, who were to be tested, were given another precious slip and full directions for the next day. (Continued on page 99)

Friday, July the first, that all-important date, has come and gone. It exacted its toll of disappointment and contributed its share of happiness and hope. Not all the great crowd that poured in an uninterrupted stream into the offices on that day could be winners of the contest. It seems hardly necessary to say that, but the heart of each individual, who presented himself or herself, flamed high with hope and confidence, and it was difficult for some of them to be resigned to failure.

They began to arrive at half past eight in the morning, altho the hour was definitely set at ten o’clock. By ten o’clock the little reception-room down stairs was jammed with anxious contestants. Everything went smoothly and expeditiously; not a hitch anywhere. All contestants were given a slip of paper which they presented to the contest judges who were assembled. After a careful examination and discussion of their good and bad points, a rating was put down on their slip, a mysterious number that either did, or did not, entitle them to a screen test. Their suspense was soon ended, however, for they were directed to report immediately to the Contest...
I knew that Tom Mix was bringing his famous horse, Tony, to New York with him, so when I went to the Biltmore to interview Mr. Mix, I fully expected to see him come riding in, a veritable "Ridin' Romeo." But I was disappointed, or perhaps a bit relieved. There was not much I had not met in the hotels about New York, but never in all my interviewer's experience had I met a horse actually inside a hotel—and had my doubts; although later Mr. Mix told me that he could ride his horse straight into the elevator or up the twelve flights of stairs to his rooms, and he'd never turn a hair. Which, of course, could be taken literally.

Tony, it seemed, had not arrived. But his saddle, with its sterling silver mountings and carved leather—does one carve leather? Anyhow, it was hand-work, done by Mr. Mix. The equipment cost something over two thousand dollars, the attentive P. A. told me, while I waited for my predecessor to finish interviewing Mr. Mix.

He was rather perturbed, the P. A., at the non-arrival of Tony. A campaign of entertainment for the Fox star as elaborate as anything ever planned for royalty, the President, or even Jack Dempsey, had been mapped out—and Tony, one of the principals, had not yet arrived.

But Tom Mix was not worried. "I reckon he'll turn up," he said. "We know he's some place between Chicago and New York. You couldn't lose that horse."

The day was a broiling hot one, with the humidity at ninety something, but from the four windows of the big room, high above the sweltering street, came a

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The Power of Perfume

By
CORLISS PALMER

EVEN Solomon in all his glory and wisdom was not above the lure of perfume. The Songs of Solomon abound with allusions to the ancient use of sweet odors. For instance:

"Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant?"

And, "My hands dropped with myrrh," etc.

In "Salammbô," a story of Carthage in the days of Hannibal, a unique use for perfume is described. Salammbô wore earrings of immense pink pearls in each of which were concealed chambers full of perfume, so that whenever she shook her head, part of the hidden essence dropped out and scented the air.

When the ancient Egyptians entertained, they removed the sandals from the feet of the guests as they entered, anointed the feet with perfume, and handed a bouquet of flowers to each guest, which, tho it seems strange to us, was nevertheless a pretty custom. At the banquet tables, showers of perfume were turned over the guests.

Cleopatra, who represents the height of Egypt's civilization, was an alluring bit of femininity who bathed in scented water in which floated flower petals, and saturated her hair with the spicy odors that were in vogue at that time. Her presence suggested flowers and fragrance more than the serpentlike vampire, as she is always described.

In fact, in the study of the human races, the more highly civilized people become, the more keenly is the sense of smell developed, the more particular they are about physical cleanliness, and the more they lean toward dainty perfumes for the body and the clothing.

Arabia and India have been famous for their perfumes. Their intense liking for sweet odors is shown in the poetry of these countries, as

"Perfumed and robed, I wait for you, I wait,
The flowers that please you wreathed about my hair,
And this poor face set forth in jeweled state,
So more than proud since you have found it fair."

Of old, it was the custom to use perfume in many ways in which it is not used today. However, our uses of perfumes are many and varied, and subject to changes which it would be well to learn.

Among the variety of fragrances on the market, some are appropriate for one person and entirely unsuited to another, because of the differing body types and personality. In fact, these are the most important things to consider in selecting your perfume and personality, also the use.

By type I mean size, shape, constitution. Are you tall or short (Cont. next page 102)
The Fruits of Censorship

Already legal censorship is having its effect upon motion pictures. Producers everywhere are buying what might be termed milk-and-water stories. To screen a comedy or drama, even in a modest way, means the investment of thousands of dollars. And with money difficult to obtain all over the country, no company is going to risk large amounts on pictures which would suffer thru the censors’ scissors.

In instances where standard works are being shadowed, any situation which might be objectionable by the furthest stretch of censorial imagination is being changed so that it will slide by unquestioned.

Certainly this is not a state of affairs that will benefit the screen as an industry or further it as an art.

Only by reflecting life can the screen hold its own. Life has many phases, some of them demanding care and delicacy in portrayal, yet they are elemental and to dispense with them and yet shadow life from day to day is not practical.

It is to be expected that the producer will play safe with his dollars. Therefore, the public will suffer. Your neighborhood screen will show more and more insipid stories. Your favorite standard work will come to the silvercloth unrecognizable, because it is illegal to tell on the screen that which has been condemned thru the ages between the covers of a book.

Of a certainty, the silent drama is handicapped.

Vehicles and Screen Literature

Technically speaking, a vehicle is a production which is simply what the name suggests for the star, regardless of its value as a drama. If the star in question be an ingenue, her vehicle permits her to pose in a garden, sunlight siftng thru her golden curls; it offers her numerous opportunities to tease the bashful hero; several episodes showing her great regard for animals and those less fortunate than she, and, without fail, situations which call upon her to pout adéptly.

Vehicles and screen literature are not akin.

Every now and then a vehicle is particularly perilous if the star possesses unlimited personal artistry all her own. Then it is not boredom, but the story sacrificed to her at rare intervals. But years, vehicles have been all too numerous in literature has been conspicuous by its absence.

Authors of repute are bringing their brain-children to the silversheet, and their drama will not be secondary to that of any individual. This is well.

While the Motion Picture Magazine believes in the star, believes there will always be stars, it does not believe in vehicles, or, what is more, it does not believe in the star who insists upon them.

Anent Censorship Once More

The New York State Censorship Board has come into being, appointed by Governor Miller. As Heywood Broun, in the New York Tribune, says: “A board of picture censorship ought, of course, to include an artist, an author and somebody with a working knowledge of the production and distribution of films. Our new board is composed of a district leader, a Watertown lawyer, and a lady, member of an up-State Thanhopis Club.”

These people, individually and collectively, are well enough in their own way, but they are hardly capable of judging what should be shadowed upon the screen, as being representative of life, and what should not. Nevertheless, the fate of motion picture presentation in the State of New York lies entirely in their hands.

Already Mr. Levenson, the district leader, construes his appointment as a mandate to fight radicalism at government expense. Mr. Levenson is quoted as saying: “I believe the commission will be able to suggest methods and policies which will result in a plan that will successfully combat the pernicious influence of the foreign radical press which now refuses to publish, as news matter or as advertisement, anything in opposition to the Socialistic, Communistic and Bolshevistic propaganda.”

As Mr. Broun goes on to say in reply to this: “The deficiencies of the radical press are many and glaring, but it seems unfortunate that the motion picture industry should be haled out of its rightful function of entertainment to such ends as Mr. Levenson deems utilitarian.”

Censorship with logical members of the board would be destructive enough—it could never, under any circumstances, be conducive to finer screen entertainment—but with a board of censors who have heretofore been alien to the cinema, the screen is handicapped, indeed.
Out From An Old Album

By

HARRIETTE UNDERHILL

Clifton is contemplating a lot of gaiety for the staid, middle-aged director—and then he burst on our range of vision.

It happened that on the night of our party the mutual friend, who had volunteered his services as chaperon, had to go to the dentist’s or the doctor’s or the minister’s, on an errand that delayed him forty minutes. We were filled with enthusiastic anticipation, partly because we had not eaten since breakfast and partly because we had wondered about this Elmer Clifton every time we had seen a picture which he directed, and our curiosity was about to be satisfied. And then, at seven-thirty, he came with the mutual friend.

It has always been our boast that we could pick people out of a crowd, whether we knew them or not, but we never should have selected this as Mr. Clifton. It was dark in the car, and we did not have a good look at him until we were seated at the table with the grapefruit in front of us. Then we discovered that Mr. Clifton was smooth-faced, handsome and athletic, and apparently about twenty-four years old. Of course, this couldn’t be, we argued, unless he is, perchance, like Jackie Coogan and had begun to direct when he was fourteen. Resolved to have this settled at once, we said, "How old are you, Mr. Clifton?" Our "prospect" looked surprised, and then, remembering

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plain to her mother that I was not attempting to increase the crime wave.

"For years! Think of it!" Alan shook his head dolefully and sought consolation in his glass.

"But," went on Priscilla, "Alan went to France and I to Chicago. I did Red Cross work there for two years. When the armistice came, I decided, after my long spell of routine work, to do something romantic. So I wrote to Clifford Robertson, of Goldwyn, the casting director, and announced that I was going into pictures, and would he give me work? He answered me, and said he would do his best, if ever I came to the studio."

Priscilla laughed. "Of course, he thought I never would, and I thought that it meant a contract. So I packed and came out here to California. It was really wonderful the way things went for me. I had no trouble, because of his letter, in getting to see Mr. Robertson. But he was utterly floored when I demanded to know what he was going to do for me. "But, my dear girl," he said. "You didn't come out just on the strength of my note!"

"I told him that I had.

"Do you know," broke in Alan fervidly, "when I think of all that girl has been thru and the way she has slid past trouble, I simply sit back and marvel! All alone, ignorant of the ways of the movie folk, not even able to put on a good make-up! When I think of it, I—I—well, all I can say is just look at Priscilla! She is the only girl in the world who could have done it."

He leaned back in his chair, quite overcome. Of course, I looked at Priscilla.

"Some girls," I said, "a few of them, have that clange—er—that is, that fine faculty of arousing the protective instinct in men. Perhaps," I suggested, "Miss Bonner is one."

"Why," said Alan, "you’ve only to look at her!"

I looked again. (Continued on page 85)
ONE might write reams about the penalties of being a movie star. As soon as a film celebrity enters a shop, up go the prices. As soon as a film star tries to get a little personal happiness, all the sob-sisters of the yellow journals screech scandal from two-inch headlines.

Which brings us to contemplate once more the Pickford divorce case. On June twenty-fifth Judge Langan, of Minden, Nevada, upheld the validity of the divorce, and everybody was happy and hoped that the affair would sink into oblivion. But, on July sixth, the case was again resuscitated at Minden, when the Attorney-General appealed the decision to the Supreme Court. So little Mary must again fight to retain her well-deserved happiness.

On the same day, Agnes Ayres, who has just been raised to the dizzy heights of stardom by Famous-Players Lasky Company, tried to regain her freedom by suing her husband, Frank R. Schucker, a captain in the United States army, for divorce. When the beautiful Agnes appeared in Judge Sumnerfield's court, no one recognized her as the cinema star. As Mrs. Agnes Schucker, she told a story of non-support, and charged that she suffered mentally by the flirtatious habit of her husband. The testimony showed that Captain Schucker would not consent to his wife's joining him. She declared she would have been willing to live in one room to be near her husband. The court granted a decree of divorce, and Mrs.

Top, when Dumas called D'Artagnan the finest swordsman in France, he didn't realize that Little Lord Fauntleroy would some day fatally pierce his heart; center, Jackie Coogan finds the artistic camera studies in Shadowland as delightful as do his elders; while at the left, Director Sam Woods, Gloria Swanson and Mahlon Hamilton confer between scenes of "Under the Lash"
Schucker left the courtroom smiling. Here's where the rub comes.

Later in the day, Judge Summerfield learned that Mrs. Schucker was a cinema star earning a large salary. He sent for her attorney, who admitted that his client was a screen actress. Judge Summerfield thereupon vacated the order granting the decree.

The court thought Mrs. Schucker had good cause for an action in desertion, which will probably be heard later, but some mistake in Miss Ayres' mother's testimony—and the fact that Agnes was a film star, ruined her chances for a quiet severance of the ties that bind.

That Mabel Normand is to remain under contract, as star with Mack Sennett, was learned upon the completion of "Molly-O." Miss Normand's salary is the highest in the film world, and despite the ups and downs in the film business, will remain so. Mabel is to enjoy a trip to London, and will commence work on her next feature the first of September.

Meanwhile, by the ironic law which seems to govern the film world, all the beauties of the Sennett lot are to park their bathing suits during the hot summer months, and go in for regular "drammer." The lovely Harriett Hammond is to be with the Lasky Company; Katherine McGuire's services have been requisitioned for use at the Metro studio during the next five weeks, and Mildred June is to have a leading role with the Selig company in "The (Continued on page 86)"
Theda Bara spent part of her summer honeymooning in Nova Scotia on the Bay of Fundy. The bridegroom is Charles Brabin, a director for William Fox. Mr. and Mrs. Brabin knew one another for some time prior to the nuptials, and many of their friends were aware of the romance. Undoubtedly there are many males through the country who would willingly change places with Director Charles.

Everyone knows by this time that Rex Ingram is to take unto himself a wife, and that the wife is to be Alice Terry, the charming leading lady of his productions. However, it may be news to hear that the ceremony is to be performed in Ireland, with Mr. Ingram's father performing the ceremony. Mr. Ingram and Miss Terry will sail immediately upon the completion of his next production, namely "Turn to the Right."

For the last few weeks Mae Murray and her husband, Robert Leonard, have been busily at work—everyone wondered what it was all about, for Mae has left Famous Players. Now the news leaks out. Miss Murray is to have her own company, the Tiffany Productions, to be exact, and, as we said last month, the first picture is "Peacock Alley." Monte Blue came all the way from California to play opposite Mae of the golden tresses and innocent blue eyes.

Ann Forrest is the latest player to engage European passage. However, Ann is not pleasure bent. She is bound for the English studios of the Famous Players, where she will immediately begin work upon her next picture, the title of which has not yet been announced.

Mary Miles Minter's grandmother has denied the recent announcement that Mary would wed Orville Earring, of Portland, upon her return from abroad. She goes further to declare that Mary is not engaged to anyone, and that she frequently has schoolgirl romances from which she quickly recovers.

However, it is to be expected that someday there will be a romance from which Mary will not recover quite so rapidly.

Virginia Faire, winner of the Motion Picture Magazine's 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest, is to play opposite Guy Bates Post in the leading feminine role of 'Omar the Tentmaker.' This engagement comes in the wake of the very promising work Miss Faire did as Ameera in Kipling's "Without Benefit of Clergy." Those who know about such things predict a bright future for our protégée.

Monroe Salisbury is about to begin work on the first production of his own company. The play will have a Spanish background, and from now on the Salisbury fans can expect to see Monroe shadowed often and consistently. He has been inactive for a long time.

Violet Mersereau acts quickly, to say the least. One Tuesday, not very long ago, she signed a contract with Fox, which called for her to go abroad and appear in a special production to be made in Italy by J. Gordon Edwards. The following Saturday she sailed, accompanied by her mother and other sister, Claire. A clause calling for a trip to the other side is quite the thing in motion picture contracts these days. In truth, all the world's a stage—

Bessie Barriscle will open on Broadway in the early autumn, in a new stage play, "The Skirt." However, before leaving California to begin rehearsals in the East, Miss Barriscle completed her new picture. It is possible that she will combine stage and screen work.

Judging from recent reports, Tom Moore has left Goldwyn. Cullen Landis has been cast in the role which Mr. Moore was to create in a forthcoming Goldwyn release, but whether he is to take the place left vacant definitely has not yet been announced. The plans of Tom Moore will evidently, soon...

Photograph by Puffer, N. Y.

Herbert Brenon and Norma Talmadge pause to consider a situation in one of the popular stage plays Norma is doing for the screen. Incidentally, the gown is a recent import

George James, first actor to cast for "Janes..."
The loveliest Nails—a matter of knowing how

The secret of having beautiful hands lies in knowing the difference between the right and the wrong kind of care of the cuticle.

ANYBODY can have lovely nails—because lovely nails are chiefly a matter of grooming. Just a little systematic care of the right kind can actually create beauty—even when nature has denied it.

No matter how careful you are when you cut the cuticle, you can hardly avoid piercing through to the sensitive living part. Just because it is so sensitive nature immediately begins to build up new tissue to protect it. This is tougher than the rest of the skin, and so it gives the nail rim that ragged, uneven look.

The right way to care for the cuticle

When the cuticle grows over the nails it must be removed. You can do it easily, quickly, harmlessly with Cutex Cuticle Remover. Apply it about the base of the nails with an orange stick, and then rinse. When drying push back the cuticle with the towel. All the hard dry edges will simply wipe away, leaving the skin even, thin and transparent, as healthy cuticle should be.

Then you want the pearly nail tips that give elegance and distinction to any hand. Use Cutex Nail White, squeezing just the tiny bit of it you require directly under the nails from the delicately pointed tip of the tube.

For the gleaming lustre that marks the finishing touch to a perfect manicure, select one of the five Cutex Polishes—the new, marvelous Liquid Polish, if you want a very brilliant lustre, instantaneously and without the bother of buffing—or the Paste, Powder, Cake or Stick, all of which are quick, lasting and give just the brilliancy prescribed by good taste. And they will not dry the cuticle or injure the nails no matter how often you use them.

Cutex Sets come in three sizes: the

"Compact," at 60c., the "Traveling," at $1.50, and the "Boudoir," at $3.00. Each of the Cutex preparations comes separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada, and in all chemist shops in England.

Marvelous new Liquid Polish added to Introductory Set! Set now only 15c.

A sample of the marvelous new polish that gives an instantaneous shine—lasting and brilliant—without buffing, has been added to the Introductory Set. It also contains samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cutex Nail White and Cutex Powder Polish—enough of everything for six complete manicures. Send for it today—now only 15c.

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City and State
Kirkwood was scheduled to play the title rôle. A more recent cast, however, finds Rudolph Valentino, of the "Four Horsemen" fame, portraying this hero of the desert sands.

Jean Paige, who became Mrs. Albert E. Smith immediately upon the completion of "Black Beauty," is shortly to be seen in another Vitagraph special feature. It is "The Prodigal Judge" by name, and Edward Jose is to be the man at the directorial helm. This settles any question to whether or not Mrs. Smith will desert the screen.

Elise Ferguson snatched a holiday between the completion of the screen version of "Peter Ibbetson," in which she plays with Wallace Reid, and the opening of her new stage play, "Varying Shores," long enough to spend a few weeks in France with two- and three-day excursions into the Normandy suburbs.

Gladys Hulette has been selected to play the leading feminine rôle in the first Richard Barthelmess starring production, "Tolable David."

The company is at present on location in the West Virginia mountains, and great things are expected of this Joseph Hergesheimer story which is being brought to the silver sheet.

In accordance with her custom, Anita Stewart spent the summer months at her country house on Long Island. All thru the cold weather, Miss Stewart works unceasingly in the California studios, but July always finds her ready for a two or three months' respite, with shopping expeditions on Fifth Avenue interspersed here and there.

Colonel W. M. Selig, in truth a motion picture pioneer, is producing the popular story of "The Rosary" in his Hollywood studios.

Gladys Brockwell, who, incidentally, is on the verge of a matrimonial venture, is to be featured in the productions of the Novo Film Company. Miss Brockwell was recently starred in the pictures of the Fox Film Company.

Irene Castle—except that she is to be called Irene Castle Tremain in the future, we believe—is now at work on her first Hodkinson production, "With Flying Colors."

David Warfield, long beloved in the footlight world, is coming to the shadows. He is to be starred in a series of Metro productions. "The Music Master," which he created so splendidly on the stage, will be his first cinema rôle.

The screen is richer, indeed!

"The Glorious Adventure" is the first picture Commodore J. Stuart Blackton has filmed abroad, and it is declared that Lady Diana Manners, who is featured, will surprise her audiences by both her beauty and acting.

Doris Kenyon is one of the busiest people imaginable. Besides playing opposite Conway Tearle, in "Shadows of the Sea," she is preparing to open with Leo Carrilo in his stage play, which has its première sometime in September.

Louise Huff has again deserted her domestic duties long enough to appear in one production. It is "Disraeli," starring George Arliss, which boasts her name in its cast. However, immediately upon its completion, Louise took herself once

When East long enough to do "Peter Ibbetson," his mother was a famous Players studio. Once upon a while, Mrs. Reid herself was in the theatrical world.
To protect your skin, one cream—to cleanse it, an entirely different cream

Every normal skin needs these two: for Daytime use, a dry cream that cannot reappear in a shine—at Night, a cream made with the oil necessary to keep the skin soft and pliant.

These two creams are totally different in character and the results they accomplish are separate and distinct. Your skin must have both if it is to keep its original loveliness.

For daytime use—the cream that will not reappear in a shine

You must protect your skin from sun, wind and dust or it will protect itself by developing a tough, florid surface.

Make a point of always applying Pond’s Vanishing Cream before you go out. It is based on an ingredient famous for its softening effect on the skin. The cream disappears at once, affording your skin an invisible protection. No matter how much you are out of doors, it will keep your skin smooth and soft.

When you powder, do it to last. The perpetual powdering that most women do is so unnecessary. Here is the satisfactory way to make powder stay on. First smooth in a little Pond’s Vanishing Cream—this cream disappears entirely, softening the skin as it goes. Now powder. Notice how smoothly the powder goes on—and it will stay on two or three times as long as usual.

This cream is so delicate that it can be kept on all day without clogging the pores and there is not a drop of oil in it which could reappear and make your face shiny.

Furthermore, this protective cream, skin specialists tell us, prevents the tiny grains of powder from working their way into your pores and enlarging them.

At night—the cleansing cream made with oil

Cleanse your skin thoroughly every night if you wish it to retain its clearness and freshness. Only cream made with oil can really cleanse the skin of the dust and dirt that bore too deep for ordinary washing to reach. At night, after washing your face with the soap you have found best suited to it, smooth Pond’s Cold Cream into the pores. It contains just enough oil to work well into the pores, and cleanse them thoroughly. Then wipe the cream gently off. You will be shocked at the amount of dirt this cleansing removes from your skin. When this dirt is allowed to remain in the pores, the skin becomes dull and blemishes and blackheads appear.

Start using these two creams today

Both these creams are too delicate in texture to clog the pores and they will not encourage the growth of hair.

They come in convenient sizes in both jars and tubes. Get them at any drug or department store. If you desire samples first, take advantage of the offer below. The Pond’s Extract Company, New York.

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Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory three of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks’ ordinary toilet use.

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City State
ISABEL Mc.—You’re very welcome. Call in again any time—it’s a pleasure to serve you.

ANXIOUS E. — Well, I’m not up on sheet music, so cannot tell you the best song published. Yes, Marv Pickford will send you one of her pictures if you send the address in a stamped addressed envelope. Address inquiries to The Answer Man, of the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner. Each separate sheet for matters inquired for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamps or other means of payment.

Just Me.—You can reach Jackie Coogan at the Brunton Studios, Hollywood, Calif. He is being backed by the West Coast Theaters, Inc., and Jackie is going to do a series of five pictures in one year. I think Pearl White has been married only once. You can get back numbers from our circulation department.

King Baggot Forever.—Yes, that player attracts lots of attention, yet she is not particularly attractive. Romaine Fielding is playing in “The Man Worth While,” taken from the poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Irene Castle is playing in “The Broadway Bride.” So you are rooting for King Baggot. You say he was wonderful in “The Dwelling Place of Light.” Thanks for your good wishes.

Queen Elizabeth.—That’s right! Repentance is a virtue—after you have been found out. You say, "Now, that the warm weather is here, what are you going to do with that mop of beautiful hair, reposuring so leisurely upon your wonderful coconut?” I have it pinned up in a psychic now. You want a picture of Wallace Reid, Jr. You should be temperate in your admiration.

LITTLE BILLIE.—The "Jabberwocky," by Lewis Carroll, appears in “Alice in Wonderland.” It was taken from that. No, Bebe Daniels is not married. Why don’t you write to her? In your case, I must render this verdict: "Not guilty, but don’t do it again."

DOROTHEA.—Your letter was a gem. You say, in part, "No wonder they don’t pay you a big salary; they figure you get enough fun out of the job to make up for the deficiency in salary. Oh, yes, I have a regular circus all my own. You want an interview with the Answer Man. It can’t be done. The man who can interview me and survive, doesn’t live.

ANXIOUS.—Batter up! Yours was a jewel. Yes, I am really eighty, and my beard is as long as the picture above. I still live in the hall-room, and I have just bought me an electric fan. I dont know what I am going to do in the winter-time with it. Yes, Norma Talmadge is really a very dear girl. Right you be. There may be a world rounder than this, a country better than this, a city finer than this, a magazine better than this—but where are they? Write me again.

M.R. L.—See above for Romaine Fielding, and I haven’t the latest info on Edwin August. Both these fellows were top-notchers years ago.

CHARLES N. —Well, rivals who blow out each other’s brains for the eyes of a coquette, prove they have no brains. Charlie Chaplin’s "Vanity Fair" has been changed to "The Idle Class," Norma Talmadge is working on "Smolin’ Thru." Hazel Dawn, in "Devo- tion." You’re welcome.

EDNA Mc.—Chemistry comes from the Arabic kemia, which means something hidden. Yes, you should write to the players direct. Most of them have private secretaries.

BETTY JANE.—If you want to start a correspondence club, just write me about it. There are several now. Why don’t you send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of them? You can reach Corliss Palmer at this address; Juanita Hansen, at Universal Company, California.

CHARLES M.—You write that they say man is Creation’s masterpiece. But who says so? Man. Seems Owen and Norman Kerry, in "Find the Woman," Lilian Ghish is to play opposite Arnold Daly on the stage at the Greenwich Village Theater next September. Margaret Clayton and Creighton Hale, in "Women Who Wait," are not many who do. Some of them get too impatient.

CHEERFUL CLARA.—Thanks, Clara, for the pressed flower. Jean Paige is twenty-three. No, Gertrude McCoy is not playing in pictures now. Casta is a Hindu word for "rank," and it was borrowed by the Indians from the Portuguese casta. I can understand why Earle Williams is not more ambitious. He has the goods.

ANN W.—George Larkin is playing opposite Eileen Sedgwick in Universal serials. Marie Doro isn’t playing now. Here’s a good rule for you: Do unto others what most of them do not do unto you.

S. D.—Start to write this→You can enclose a copy of your drawing. It’s not bad. So you didn’t like the way "Passion Flower" ended. Well, I always think twice of what I promise, that I may promise but that I will do. Virginia Browne Fair is playing opposite Bill Desmond in "Fighting Mad." Joseph Dowling, Doris Pawn and Rosemary Thoby are in the cast. That’s right, keep on a-smiling.

It’s the only way.

TED D.—Don’t get too near the person who sacrifices everything to ambition—or you will be one of the sacrifices. Antonia Moreno is still with Western Vitagraph. No, Ted, George Washington had no children, yet we call him father.

ANNA M. C.—Allen Holubar is a director, and also the husband of Dorothy Phillips. You say, if I had a fine looking son of twenty-six, how would I go about putting him in the movies? I think I wouldn’t go about it. There is nothing you can do. Zena Keefe is married to Mr. Browell. Elaine Hammerstein is playing in "Emperor’s Love." Bebe Daniels, in "March Hare." James Kirkwood is married to Gertrude Robinson.

BUSHMAN-BAYNE FOREVER.—You say you want a picture of your favorites and an interview. You really ought to have it.

MARCELLE MARY.—Well, the census reports that there are sixty-two forms of religion in the United States, and those are subdivided into numerous branches. Thirty-one different languages are spoken by about ten per cent. of the population is referred to under the head, "and others." Gareth Hughes is twenty-two and unmarried. Dorothy Ghish is no relation to the Talmadges.
When your hair seems really hopeless
This simple treatment will make you charming
An interview with Marjorie Daw by Dorothy Davis

"It isn't necessary to have dull, unattractive hair. Any successful moving picture actress will tell you that."

Miss Marjorie Daw was arranging her hair for one of the scenes in "Experience," while she talked, and as she deftly tucked in pin after pin, her hair seemed almost to arrange itself.

It was beautiful in a fluffy, careless sort of way—and it made her look the part of "Love" that she was playing.

When I told her how wonderfully attractive was her hair—how beautifully soft, radiant and full of life it appeared—she told me the secret of its loveliness.

"It is a hairdresser's discovery—a simple treatment that anyone can use.

"It doesn't matter whether your hair is dull, lifeless and impossible to arrange. This treatment will help you—it will bring out loveliness you never knew you possessed, and your friends will soon notice a remarkable change.

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These simple directions will change your whole appearance.

First: Wet the hair and scalp with warm water.

Second: Apply Wildroot Liquid Shampoo and rub to a rich, creamy lather. Rinse with clear warm water.

Third: Apply more Wildroot Liquid Shampoo, massaging lightly, and rinse three or four times. Dry thoroughly.

Fourth: Apply Wildroot Hair Tonic to the roots of the hair, massaging thoroughly with the finger tips.

Fifth: Moisten a sponge or cloth with Wildroot Hair Tonic. Wipe your hair, one strand at a time from the roots clear to the ends. Dry carefully.

Send two dimes for four complete treatments

Send in this coupon, with two dimes, and we will send you enough Wildroot Liquid Shampoo and Hair Tonic to give you four complete treatments.

Or you can get these Wildroot products at all drug and department stores, barbers and hairdressers with a guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money refunded. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

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I enclose two dimes. Please send me your traveler's size bottles of Wildroot Liquid Shampoo and Hair Tonic.

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WILDROOT Liquid Shampoo and Hair Tonic
J. C. B.—Why, the “Misty Suffers” comedies haven’t been done in years.

COUNT MANN.—Yes, I think Theda Bara was a good Carmen, also Pola Negri, and last of all, Geraldine Farrar. Whom did you like best.

DICK.—So this is your first offense. Hope you come often. Just send your verses to the Editorial Department. Well, they say the best wedge to drive out an old love is to take in a new. Carmel Myers is playing in “Theodora.” Billie Rhodes is playing—she and Victor Potel are playing in “The Stolen Umbrella.”

HARRY C. CAMERON.—Your letter was great. I read every word of it. Wish I had room to print it. So you knew Jack Pickford when he was a baby. Thanks for all you say about me. I’m going to ask for a raise after that.

ANNA A.—Thanks for sending me the box of Social Teas. You wanted Wallace Reid and Corliss Palmer to have tea with you. I’m sure they both thank you also.

SUNSHINE.—Oh, don’t be so indignant. Indignation is grief and anger boiled up to the height. You think I am ugly because I won’t tell you about myself. I have told you so many times that I am eighty. Wheeler Oakman once told me, “Well, I’ll be deuce” You say, “if you answer me it will be the superlative felicity of my sub-lunary existence to congratulate you upon your miraculous knowledge of nature.” Now we’re both happy. Of course, I like Kathlyn Williams, Mary Thurman and William Russell are playing for Fox. Douglas MacLean, in “Passing Thru.” Write me again.

RUTH, Fredericksburg.—Well, people who are “tired of life” are always taking medicine. I am quite contented with life, and if I had any more money, I wouldn’t know what to do with it. Vitagraph any more. That player’s first wife is married to a doctor, and his second died. He now has a third. Clara Horton, opposite Hoot Gibson, in “The Mascotte of the Three Star.”

HAYAKAWA ADMIRER.—Comment vous en vu? We had an interview with Sessue Hayakawa in the October, 1920, issue of the Magazine by Adele Whithway Fletcher. Yes, Harry Myers is playing with Grace Darmond in “Handle with Care.” Ben Turpin, in a series of two-reel comedies for Mack Sennett.

GENEROUS FEMALE.—Oh don’t like the way I “call” Eugene O’Brien. Why, there’s nobody who likes him any better than I do, and I hope I haven’t hurt your feelings.

READER OF SUNNYBOOK.—Oh, yes, I can read expressions. Why don’t you send me one of yours. Great minds comprehend more in a word, a look, a pressure of the hand, than ordinary men in long conversations, or the most elaborate correspondence. May McAvoy is your feet eleven inches in height and Mary Pickford is five feet. Jack is going to play in “The Tailor-Made Man.” Yes, Lillian Gish is a blonde, and a beautiful one. Robert Harron died September, 1929.

GUMSUCKER.—So you are very curious. Well, there is one thing to say for curiosity, and that is, that it has made some very valuable discoveries. Barbara Bedford, in “Deep Waters.” You want to know when Beverly Bayne, Violet Mersereau and Enid Markay are coming back to the screen. Wish I could tell you Hobart Bosworth is starring in his own company.

NERVES.—Well, I always try to be cheerful. But isn’t that the way to be? Who has not what he loves, must love what he has. Victor Nevarre was Fantomas and Renee Claudette was Sessue Hayakawa’s Shirley Mason played in “The Mother Heart.” Yes, Elaine Hammerstein, in “Handeufs and Kisses.”

B. A. FREEMAN.—Well, I would like to know, too, where a“Vamp.” I haven’t heard of her in years. Will someone page her?

SELLAH.—That’s what you get for betting. Tom Forman, and not Casson Ferguson, in “The Sea Wolf.” Molly Kell in its vandellified form think Torchy is almost as funny as Harold Lloyd. “Theodora” and “The Ship” were made in Rome, and Goldwyn will release them. Let me hear from you again. I liked yours.

SPIRIT.—No, no, it isn’t time to think of my winter flannels yet. I’m still in my B. V. D.’s. I can’t say, aren’t you, because you don’t wear them. Lead me to that second great Bathsheba. Mary Miles Minter was in Europe for a while this summer, but she is in California now. Realart Company. Griffith is doing “The Two Orphans,” with the Gish girls. Fox did it with Theda Bara and Jack J. Jen. Indeed.

A FLORIDA FAN.—I have a Westhouseing alongside of me right now. After I read some of these letters I think I am at Caney Island. Ever been there? Oh, boy! So you want more said about your favorite, Clyde Fillmore. To be sure, he is entitled to an interview, and if you are patient, you shall have it. May McAvoy will play the role of Babbie, that Maude Adams made famous in “The Little Minister,” for Famous Players-Lasky. Yes, I like her, too.

JUNE B.—That might stand for anything—June Bride or June Bug. Which is it? Jack Holt, in “Ducks and Drake.” Well, it may not be true but it is sometimes a convenient sort of foolishness. Louise Huffman is playing opposite George Arliss in “Disraeli.”

L. B.—Why, the expression, “Between hay and grass” is proverbial. I will ask you a question. You are a convert to the English word “hobble-de-hoy,” that is, a youth between boyhood and manhood. You want to know all about Tom and Susie, in “The Shadow.” to whom the two will be wed, and it will appear soon. Cecil Vanaken, in “Girl of My Heart.” Togo Yamamoto was the Chinaman in “The River’s End.” You’re very welcome. Call again.

C. C. B.—You’re right, nature gives every man a character, but he has to supply his own reputation. Why, Roberta Courtland is in Atlanta right now, doing special writing. Thanks for the snapshots. You ought to see themselves. Do you want to try to have some tests before a camera? Write to me again.

ACHILLES.—Thanks for the joke. The longer I live, the less I know that I know. “The Birth of a Nation” has been revived, and shown on Broadway. Edith Storey is going to play in “The Beach of Dreams.” Yes, she was one of my favorites years ago. Louise Dupree is Mary Pickford’s double, so they say. No, my heart is not insured. And now they say Doralinha is having her legs—limbs,—rather,—insured—for $125,000. Wonder if Houdini has his arms insured? Harrison Ford, opposite Carmen Talmadge, in “Wedding Bells.” George Walsh and Miriam Cooper, in “Serenade.” You’re quite welcome.

KATHLEEN, Dunedin.—Well, I don’t like to see a woman cry. It isn’t right, I might say, because one’s spirit is that which prompts a man to admire a woman cor- dially for not crying when he breaks her heart. No. Douglas MacLean is not married. I never hear from Flossie C. P. any more. She has forgotten me, I’m afraid. Olga 17 was in to see me the other day. She was looking better than ever. So you want to see eaths with Betty Compson, Lila Lee and Viola Dana. Bess, N. Z.—That’s the spirit. You have the right idea, and you see it pays to wait. Surprised to learn that New Zealand is so particular about their pictures. So you think you wont see “Broken Blossoms” or “The Right Girl?” No, May-ge, your Clark’s husband never did play in pictures. So Petrova is still your favorite, and you wish she would comeback to the screen. Be patient, as I said above, and you may yet see her. LUCY B.—So you aren’t. You write a clever letter for that. Marguerite Clayton and John O’Brien, in “Bride 13.” Harrison Ford, Talmadge Studio, 418 East Forty-ninth Street, N. W. Shirley Mason played in “The Mother Heart.” Yes, Elaine Hammerstein, in “Handeufs and Kisses.”


MILLE BAITER.—You say, to succeed as the wife of a man of temperament, a woman must be a trained nurse of the affections—quick to detect a temperature and know just what to do. I say it is always the wrong thing. So you didn’t like the Vivian Martin cover. You say it looked like Henderson’s seed catalog. Cheer up, there are better ones coming. Write to me again.

MATILDA A. B.—You will have to join one of the cor-

(continued on page 108)
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THE Wurlitzer plan gives you any instrument with a complete musical outfit for a week's Free Trial in your own home. No obligation to buy. Return the instrument at our expense at the end of the week, if you decide not to keep it. Trial will not cost you a penny.

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Ideal Cast Contest Growing in Popularity

Fans, Producers and Players Share Interest in Result of Public Opinion

Months come and months go, and with them the Ideal Cast Contest goes on with steadily increasing interest. We have conducted many contests, but this one seems to be a little more popular than any other. It may be because the prizes, generous to a degree, have stimulated a vast interest. It may be because everyone is interested in seeing what everyone else thinks of his especial favorites and is sparing neither time nor pains to boost his favorite players. But we are inclined to think that the Ideal Cast Contest is popular because it is universal in its appeal. It gives every one a chance. Leading men and women, villains and vampires, comedians and children—even the hard-worked, unappreciated director.

Producers are interested, too, because they, better than any other class of people, perhaps, realize the value of public opinion; and the results of this contest will be, without question an expression of public opinion. Already, several producers have been seeking latest returns before casting forthcoming productions.

The time has passed when the star only was well cast. And even tho a director were far-seeing enough to always cast his star in an appropriate role, he realizes that he must have a capable cast to support him. Players who will create for him the roles he entrusts to them. Therefore, the Ideal Cast Contest cannot but be helpful to the watchful producer who is enabled to feel the very pulse of the public by watching the results of the contest as they appear in the Motion Picture Magazine from time to time.

The voting end of the contest will continue until November. That is, the last ballot will appear in the November issue of the Motion Picture Magazine. As shortly after that as possible, the winning casts will be announced in our columns, and the prizes awarded to those readers who guess most correctly.

Keep up with the news of the contest by reading all future numbers of the Motion Picture Magazine.

Letters asking various questions are not desired, as we have tried to make the nature of the contest such that anyone can understand it. Simply comply with the rules which are as follows:

I. All votes must contain the name and address of the voter in order to be considered.
II. In voting for the ideal child, the vote may be cast for either a boy or girl.
III. It is permissible to vote for the same person twice. For instance, Douglas Fairbanks may be your favorite male comedian and your favorite leading man also. If so, vote for him in both roles.
IV. On the other hand, you might think that Dorothy Gish will win the distinction of being the ideal leading lady in the final tabulation, and also of being the ideal comedian. If this is the case, put her down opposite both of these roles on the ballot you submit, which gives the names of those you think will finally comprise the Ideal Cast.
V. Only one surmise as to the Ideal Cast may be submitted, and in the event that more than one is submitted by the same person, all surmises by that person will be discarded. This does not apply, however, to any guesses submitted before the new ruling, which makes it necessary to guess also the number of votes with which the players will win.

VI. All ballots must be addressed:

IDEAL CAST CONTEST, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Ideal Cast, at the time of going to press, was as follows:

**IDEAL CAST VOTES**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Category</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Votes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Leading Woman</td>
<td>Norma Talmadge</td>
<td>1,566</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leading Man</td>
<td>Wallace Reid</td>
<td>1,716</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Villain</td>
<td>Lew Cody</td>
<td>976</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vampire</td>
<td>Bebe Daniels</td>
<td>1,237</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Character Man</td>
<td>Theodore Roberts</td>
<td>1,374</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Character Woman</td>
<td>Vera Gordon</td>
<td>474</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Comedian (Male)</td>
<td>Harold Lloyd</td>
<td>1,071</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Comedian (Female)</td>
<td>Dorothy Gish</td>
<td>1,209</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Child</td>
<td>Jackie Coogan</td>
<td>2,346</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Director</td>
<td>W. Griffith</td>
<td>1,230</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Leading Women**

- Gloria Swanson    | 561
- Mary Pickford     | 495
- Katherine MacDonal| 189
- Lilian Gish       | 138
- Agnes Ayres       | 123
- Ethel Clayton     | 75
- Constance Talmadge| 69
- Bebe Daniels      | 67
- Dorothy Gish      | 66
- Elsie Ferguson    | 57

**Leading Men**

- Thomas Meighan    | 732
- Richard Barthelmess| 420
- Eugene O'Brien     | 180
- Douglas Fairbanks  | 171
- Conway Tearle     | 115
- Elliott Dexter    | 105
- Clyde Firthmore   | 87
- Harrison Ford     | 51
- Milton Sills      | 46
- William Farnum    | 39

**Villain**

- Lowell Sherman   | 351
- Lon Chaney       | 348
- Robert McKim     | 306
- Stuart Holmes    | 301
- Eric von Stroheim| 234
- Jack Holt        | 180
- Noah Beery       | 132
- Warner Oland     | 108
- Irving Cummings  | 78
- Wallace Beery    | 63

**Vampire**

- Theda Bara       | 681
- Louise Glaum     | 351
- Pola Negri       | 162
- Gloria Swanson   | 108
- Nita Naldi       | 96
- Betty Blythe     | 81
- Rosemary Theby   | 78
- Mona Lisa        | 75
- Marcia Manon     | 51
- Mme. Nazimova    | 39

(Continued on page 111)

The prizes, which will be awarded the voters guessing most correctly the Ideal Cast, and the number of votes with which each character wins, are as follows:

- **First Prize** $250
- **Second Prize** $100
- **Third Prize** $75
- **Fourth Prize** $50
- **Fifth Prize** $25
How Did They Do It?

Do you ever wonder how the ancient folk got along without the comforts and conveniences of today?

Without window-glass, without tooth brushes, without automobiles, without soap, without telephones, breakfast foods, stoves, and virtually all the items we consider bare necessities of life.

And have you ever wondered at the part advertising has played in the world’s development? It has made and is making the world better housed, better fed, better dressed. It has increased the world’s capacity for things that elevate, improve and idealize the important business of living. It is a big, vital force in fostering convenient and comfortable life.

Home! Can you imagine your own empty of advertised products?

Advertising is an authentic and essential guide to the markets of the world. Without its direction you lose much, and overlook much.

Don’t fail to read the advertisements you find in this publication. Follow their guidance.

They will prove invaluable to you
Wash Away Hair

Don't use a razor to remove undesirable hair. It pulls, cuts, scars and is messy. Use El-Rado, the true womanly way to remove hair. No bother—easy, quick and painless. El-Rado will not harm the tenderest skin, enjoy the comfort of clean, hair-free underarms. Guaranteed satisfactory or Money Refunded. Two sizes: 60c and $1.00 at drug stores and toilet goods counters.

If your dealer is out of El-Rado, send your order for 50c size direct to us enclosing money order or stamp at once. We will ship it to you promptly.

PILGRIM MFG. CO., Dept. A-126, 118 East 19th Street, NEW YORK, N. Y.
Canadian Wholesalers: Dixon-Wilson, Ltd., Dept. A-126, 16 Spadina Ave., Toronto

El-Rado
SANITARY HAIR REMOVER

Use Only Genuine MASCARO
PANAFIEU MASCARO
is the only genuine MASCARO

Panafieu Mascaro is a simple and safe means of darkening the eyebrows, lashes, hair on the face, scalp, and even the eyebrows of the Irish, the brows or the hair without injury to them.

I. Panafieu, Paris, France
At Drug and Department Stores Everywhere
Park & Tilford 527 West 47th St., New York

Letters to the Editor

Letters to the editor cannot be used in this issue, nor will we accept anonymous letters. If the writer desires that only initials be used in publica-
tion, please specify.

The following correspondent suggests attention to detail and the customs of the country in which a production is laid. Most times the producers are very careful on this subject, but the slips which "get by" as it were, every now and then would seem to prove that you can't be too careful—a little mistake might spoil the entire production for someone who knew about the subject or locale in question:

DEAR EDITOR—Just recently I saw Nazimova in "The Red Lantern," and wish to call the producer's attention to a few conspicuous and highly amusing mistakes in the story.

In all the scenes where there were Europeans, they wore the latest styles for 1920, direct from Fifth Avenue, both men and women, especially in the tennis-court scene where the women had short skirts, silk sweaters and all the other sporty togs, while the men wore the present "wasp" tight-fitting costumes.

Also, anyone who has been to China knows that even there the Chinese women walk like anyone else. Where do they get this bobbing stuff? It is true, too, that the women with bandaged feet have a hard time getting about, but this wasn't the case here.

End of the Boxer War was over twenty years ago.

Yours truly,
E. H. KELLY.
Honolulu, T. H.

"Friendly criticism" predominates in this letter from the other side of the water. For the sake of well-meaning but erring producers the letter is hereby published:

DEAR EDITOR—Such an amount of previously boomed and upheld rubbish have I seen but keep pen from paper. So here is the result.

Of course, your two supreme forces, the English lord and the British policeman, are now traditional.

The worst of all film plays was "The Admirable Crichton," shown on your side as "Male and Female." The producer boasted to show us English ladies and gentlemen and their personal servants. The nearest he came to his aim was the surface show and ignorance of self-made tradespeople. Absurdity repeated itself. Such incidents as:

1. The helmsman leaving his post to console a girl.
2. The elder daughter being completely deserted, overlooked and forgotten by her nearest relatives and worthless friends in the rush for self-preservation.
3. A father utterly oblivious to the safety of his daughters, never seeming to remember he had any.
4. An elder sister showing solicitude to the younger until the very moment when danger appeared, when she immediately left, to be herself personally guarded by the man who was responsible for the rest of the company, at the price of desertion to the said company.
5. The utter disobedience of the serving girl in leaving the necessary fire, to comb the other girl's hair.
6. And a lord, a minister and other men who left the women uncovered and clung to their own coats and wraps.

Oh, it disgusted us, without pause, the more particularly when all around, one kept hearing the unpleasant shouts of "American rot," etc., which is painful to us who have dear friends in the States, and are fond of the films.

Dame Annette producers should have been present during the showing of that play and heard the shrieks of laughter which filled the theater when the yacht was shown leaving a cartoon of our Tower Bridge. Our yachts leave from our coasts and harbors, not from London wharves and warehouses.

If the producer did not learn about London, let them leave it out.

Another instance in "Her Elephant Man." The wedding of the onlookers is shown taking place in a room. Such things never happen here. Our big weddings are ceremoniously performed in churches and cathedrals. Please order on registry offices—and a cabbey from a cab-
stand never wears livery. Private coach men do, but I never saw one look like Leo Morcan in a comedy, as did Henry J. Herbert.

That incident somehow recalled a recent publication, in which Owen Moore called our Horse Guards "beefsteakers." If! Oh, well, may he and the others live to outgrow their lunacy.

It is meant to be friendly criticism, and is sent for what it isworth. I feel better now.

Yours very truly,
E. W. GOODMAN,
37 Wellmeadow Road, S. F. 13.

Rudolph Valentino wins recognition:

DEAR EDITOR—I have been a reader of your MOVIE PICTURE MAGAZINE for a number of years and have read everything that it contained of very great interest, as well as a help to movie fans. I have been a fan for some time, myself, and I know how nice it is to read about your favorite. Mr. Rudolph Valentino is my favorite actor, and in the paragraphs below I will tell you why.

I had the opportunity of seeing Mr. Valentino in "Passion's Playground." In that picture, he had a very small part, but he played it well. I also had the pleasure of seeing him in one or two other pictures. He then impressed me as being a very capable fellow. When I heard that he was going in the screen version of Josephson Black's "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," I was very happy indeed, as I knew a new leading character in the world of films could play the part of Armand Camille, and take his place silent drama. I must say that the deal of praise for "The Four Horsemen," especi-
ally the tango, is deservedly grateful.

Valentino is a true Italian
sentimental. I hope very soon that he will become more popular. Every one I know seems to like him, and I hope he will gain a good many admirers in the near future.

Sincerely yours,
LILLIAN CROZIER,
208 W. 148th St., New York City, N. Y.

Undoubtedly, censorship is not what the public desires. We have received a great number of letters on this subject and the one we print herewith is worth passing on:

Dear Editor,—As a motion picture fan, I read with interest your editorial entitled "You Are the Censor," in the May number of the Motion Picture Magazine. As there was a censorship bill before our State legislature, I wrote the Senator from our district, protesting the passage of this bill. The bill had already passed the House, and was in the hands of the Senate committee.

Members of the American Legion voted on the proposed bill, and sent their protest to Lansing.

The day the censorship bill came up for consideration in the Senate, forty thousand people had entered protests against its passage, despite the fact that the theater owners in our town, at least, had apparently paid no attention to the bill.

The bill, as it was in the committee, nine Senators voting to take the bill out of the committee. Our Senator was one of these nine.

The newspapers seem to be in favor of censorship—still they devote whole columns to graphic descriptions of murders, robberies, etc.

Now, it strikes me, if your publications would hammer away until every exhibitor woke up and placed a bulletin board in his lobby, informing his patrons, where to write, we would deal these self-appointed reformers a knock-out.

Wishing you continued success, I remain,
Yours very truly,
FRANK L. JACKSON,
Owosso, Mich.

Recently the cinema villains have been so attractive that sin has been made desirable. Here is something for the censor to investigate:

Dear Editor,—In the July number I noticed a criticism of Nazimova, and I want to say that I consider her one of the finest actresses on the screen. Nazimova not only has talent. She has genius. Of course, she has made mistakes. Every actress does that—and she has had very poor material lately, but she does have genius, and I think she is an actress any fan ought to be proud of, for she is a credit to American pictures.

But, allow me to think Nazimova is the best actress, she is not my favorite, by any means. Constance Talmadge is one of my favorites, and I think she does very well, considering the very poor stories she is expected to make. But, the one who is my very special crush now, is Majorie Daw. I do think she is the sweetest thing; and she certainly acts well.

Oh, dear, I suppose it is all the censor's fault, but I do wish that just once they would let the heroine have the nerve to marry the villain. Most of the villains are much more interesting than the heroes. They are so much more original to be bad, instead of good. Don't you think so? I would love to see Wally as the villain, and then they would have to let the heroic marry him, because she couldn't possibly prefer the very nicest of heroes to him?

Very sincerely,
B. H.,
Pennsylvania.

---

Add This Beauty to your features—whiter teeth

Millions of people have learned a way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth. A ten-day test will prove it, and that test is free.

This is to urge you that you try the method. Watch how your teeth improve. See what beauty whiter teeth can add.

A dingy film

Teeth become coated with a dingy film. At first it is viscous—you can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

That film is what discolors, not the teeth. It dims the natural luster. But it also is the cause of most tooth troubles.

Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Must combat it

The ordinary tooth paste does not effectively combat film. So the tooth brush has left much of it intact. As a result, the best-brushed teeth will often discolor and decay. Very few people have escaped the troubles caused by film.

Dental science has now found effective film combattants. Authorities have amply proved them. Now leading dentists everywhere advise their daily use.

The methods are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And other factors, now considered essential, are included with them.

The five effects

Pepsodent attacks the film in two effective ways. It keeps the teeth so highly polished that film less easily adheres.

It stimulates the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

So every use brings five effects which authorities desire.

Watch it act

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 the other good effects.

Ten days will show you how much this method means to you and yours. The facts are most important. Cut out the coupon now.

Add This Beauty
to your features—whiter teeth

---

Pepsodent

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 18, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family

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THE NEW-DAY DENTIFRICE

A scientific film combattant, whose every application brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

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mind to know the truth, "that you did not fight during the war."

Since I left, I have helped America in 1900 I have spent four years and a half in the armed forces of the United States—before the war. But, when I tried to re-enlist during the war, they told me I was too old. I was afraid, and because my papers were mixed up. It was my fault for traveling so much when I was assistant director with DuPont, but I did not sign them five years after I took them out.

"So during the war I must live. It is the truth when I tell you that I looked so much like it that I found I just did not get a job mopping floors! There was nothing left for me but the pictures. Even when I played hateful parts in the pictures, the extras around the set spied on me, and there was so much hate in the air that I could portray it very well on the screen. Now there is a little less of this hate against me, and you will notice in 'Foolish Wives' that I do not act so well as I did in 'Blind Husbands.' Why? Because I have reputation was not so much

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Priscilla Finds Romance
(Continued from page 66)

"Well, anyway," interrupted Priscilla, suddenly, "I did get work. I had taken a room in the hotel at Culver City, you see, because I supposed that of course I'd be working with Goldwyn all the time. And it was there that I met Irvin Willat, now an independent producer, who was directing for Ince. For the same reason that Mr. Robertson gave the work, out of pure astonishment at my blissful ignorance, he gave me a few things to do at the Ince Studio. That is how I met Charles Ray.

"He was looking for a girl to play opposite him in 'Homer Comes Home.' They wanted a certain type. They couldn't find an experienced actress who was free at the time, so they decided to gamble on me. I was exactly the type they wanted. It was the most awful strain I have ever been under! Charles Ray was lovely, tho. He took me aside, and talked to me a long while before we started work. He said, 'Now, Priscilla, if by any chance you shouldn't make good in this part, you won't worry. It means little to fail on a first attempt. But you're not going to. We are all going to pull for you.'

"I don't think I ate or slept for all the six weeks that that picture was in production. And when it was over, and I found myself in possession of a little money, I was so excited that I went downtown and spent every cent of it! I thought: 'Now I am a leading woman. I'll need never to worry again.' I've probably looked harder for things and worried more since then than I ever had before!"

"But shortly after 'Homer Comes Home' she was given a lead with Tom Moore in 'Mr. Barnes of New York.'

She is working now on a ten-reel picture, 'The Son of Wallingford,' being put out by Vitagraph. She says the leading feminine role, opposite Tom Gallery, who is in the title part, Mr. and Mrs. George Randolph Chester are directing themselves.

You will remember the famous series of 'Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford' stories.

"Mr. and Mrs. Chester are wonderful," said Priscilla, sitting on her hands and rocking back and forth. "They are going with us on our honeymoon." She widened her eyes at Alan again. "They're still honeymooning themselves, after eight or more years of married life!"

"Most marvelous couple in the world!" supplemented Alan. "When they heard of our engagement, they made arrangements for me to be with Priscilla on every location trip that they took. They're marvelous!"

"We were planning to take a trip to New York," explained Priscilla, "but there's a new part coming up and somehow, even at the cost of flying across the continent—Alan wanted to go that way—I just want to give it up." She smiled appealingly at Alan.

They spoke exuberantly, when I rose to their car, a big blue monster, and insisted on me to my own bungalow, dashed in another room to get a

The Only Secret of a Beautiful Complexion
What Scientists Know About Your Skin
A clear, radiant, youthful complexion, what else but health can produce it? Health is the originator of charm, the handmaid to beauty, the basis of personal attractiveness. The texture of your skin, the brightness of your eyes and the sheen and lustre of your hair, all depend upon your physical well-being. Truly, the fastidious woman watches her health. She is careful to see that her bodily organs function properly, particularly those organs that eliminate waste from the body. If these do not act regularly and thoroughly, poisons are formed, absorbed by the blood and carried to the great covering of the body, the skin. They poison the skin cells, causing facial blemishes, muddy skin and sallowness. These poisons are the most common cause of personal unattractiveness.

Result of Research
Experts have conducted exhaustive research to find some method of eliminating these poisons in a harmless and natural way.

The result of their experience in treating thousands of cases has been the discovery that Nujol has the unique property of dissolving readily many intestinal poisons. These it carries out of the body along with the food residue as Nature intended. It thus prevents the insidious poisoning of the skin cells, the most common cause of skin troubles.

This is why so many women have found Nujol to be an invaluable aid to a clear, radiant, youthful complexion.

Nujol is for sale by druggists everywhere.

How and why the elimination of intestinal toxins will bring beauty and attractiveness is told in a skin, instructive and authoritative way in the booklet, "A LOVELY SKIN COMES FROM WITHIN." Fill out and mail the attached coupon today.

Nujol Laboratories Standard Oil Co., (New Jersey), Room 8172, 44 Beaver Street, New York. Please send me copy of "A LOVELY SKIN COMES FROM WITHIN."

Name:

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35
"I'm as Good a Man as Jim!"

"They made him manager today, at a fine increase in salary. He's the fourth man in the office to be promoted since January. And all were picked for the same reason—they had studied in the same time with the International Correspondence Schools and learned to do some one thing better than the rest of us.

"I've thought it all out, Grace. I'm as good a man as any of them. All I need is special training—and I'm going to get it. If the I. C. S. can raise other men's salaries it can raise mine. See this coupon? It means my start toward a better job and I'm going to mail it to Scranton tonight.

"'Thousands of men now know the joy of happy, prosperous homes because they let the I. C. S. prepare them in spare hours for bigger work and better pay.

"Why don't you study some one thing and get ready for a real job, at a salary that will give your wife and children the things you would like them to have?"

"You can do it! Pick the position you want in the work you like best and the I. C. S. will prepare you for it right in your own home, in your spare time.

"Yes, you can do it! More than two million have done it in the last twenty-nine years. More than 100,000 are doing it right now. Join them without another day's delay. Mark and mail this coupon."

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Conditions may send this coupon to International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

Bring Out the Hidden Beauty

Beneath that dull, dis-

combed hair is a per-

fect beauty. It is said that the secret of a

young, fresh, beautiful skin is beauty that is revealed, hidden beneath the natural-

rness. Have you tried it?

Mercolized Wax (beautifier), the

beauty from the top of the head to the

foot, instantly revives the natural beauty of

hair. An economical beauty and

health restorer.

use. A perfect beauty. It is said that the secret of a

Mercolized Wax (beautifier), the

beauty from the top of the head to the

foot, instantly revives the natural beauty of

hair. An economical beauty and

health restorer.

California Chatter

(Continued from page 71)

Rosary," being directed by Jerome Storm.

A new aparth of fame has arrived in

Hollywood. Peggy House Peters they are
calling her. Daddy House Peters was play-
ing the lead in "The Man from Lost Riv-

er," a Goldwyn picture where she arrived at

the Good Samaritan Hospital. Mr. and

Mrs. Peters also have a five-year-old boy.

Richard Walton Tuffy, author of "Omar the

Tent Maker," which is to be put into

films under his direction, is taking a flying

trip to New York on business connected

with the filming of the picture in which Gypsy Bates Post is to be starred.

The film companies seem more and more
inclined to engage players for roles, rather

than fitting roles to people. Consequently,

the actors under contract are being released

as rapidly as their contracts expire. Little

Ann Forrest is the latest to leave the Lasky

Company. She has a number of offers and

will announce her plans very shortly.

Goldwyn is apparently eliminating all

their individual stars. It is understood

that Tom Moore has resigned and is due shortly to accept one of several offers he has re-

cieved from other organizations. In the

meantime, Cullen Landis has stepped in to

play the lead in "The Man With Two Moons," by Alice Duer Miller, which was

to have been a Tom Moore picture. I under-

stand. The cast includes also Sylvia

Bremer, Mary Alden, Hallam Cooley, Fred

Huntley, Laura La Vernie and Monti

Collins.

And still the celebrities come to Holy-

wood. The little city is just bursting with
talented ones. Now is the time for Mr. and

Mr. Warfield, who is expected to come here to record his famous art in celluloid for Metro. His

first picture will be "The Music Master." After this picture, Mr. and Mrs. Warfield will

make a picturization of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," playing Shylock, which role it is whispered he

means to endow with more sympathetic

qualities than he has ever been associated

with the part.

This year Lottie Pickford made a film
called "She Must Pay," which is at last being

released by Pathé. With this release, Mother Pickford makes her debut as an independent artist. Lottie

Pickford will make any more pictures has not been decided.

Mrs. Charlotte Pickford is busying her-

self, too, in superintending the building of a summer home at Santa Barbara; the

pleasure pier. Here Mr. and Mrs. Fair-

hanks will spend what few hours they can

find from their work; here Jack Pickford

will spend what few hours he can take

away from his social duties at the Ambassador

Coconut Grove, and here Lottie Pickford

and Baby Mary, her daughter, will change

back and forth from the bathing suits in

which most of their days are spent.

Sunday, July tenth, saw all the world and

her wife winding their way to the love-

able estate of Pauline Frederick, in Beverly

Hills. The occasion was the rece-


gen the threat of the LB

Orthopedic Hospital. Pa

Frederick's dress was all

ring. Seats for the public were o

while directly opposite was a s

with as many little cribs as is

brought from the school for the

Miss Frederick herself acted as

ter and the big stars of the day

Rogers, Mary Pickford, Ed

Esco Arhuckle and Bucker Ke

(Continued on page 89)
it an assured success. He had accomplished that when he sent his famous wico to Beverly, California, to marry him. Her monosyllabic acceptance, just a plain "Yes," was enough for Buster. As soon as his leg had mended so that he could hold a stick with a stick, he took a train for the East.

One of the most interesting and least mentioned features of the Keaton-Tal- madge marriage is the fact that it completes what is perhaps the most powerful oligarchy in pictures today. It is centered about the Tal- madge girls. There are Norma, Constance, and Natalie. Norma is the wife of Joseph Schenck. Schenck's influence is far more reaching than those unfamiliar with the film world ever dream. Norma is at the peak of her career now.常tance is still rising. Buster has just begun. They are all world-famous, all earers of fabulous sal- aries. It is quite certain that in aggregate wealth they outstrip even the famous Pick- ford-Fairbanks combine. It is doubtful whether they equal the former Pickford- Fairbanks fame, but I am now driven to retsider that. That will probably stand for all time as the greatest combina- tion in fimmold, both in aggregate earnings and world-wide recognition.

Buster, who before his marriage was making comedies for the Metro Pictures Corporation, has now definitely aligned himself with his sisters-in-law, Norma and Constance, as a first National star. He has signed a contract which calls for eight pic- tures a year for a period of three years. So far, then, it is quite true that only three weeks have elapsed at the time of this writing, the Keaton bar has traveled thru uncut, untroubled waters. For the nonce, Buster and Natalie have taken up residence in a beautiful residence in Beverly Hills, which Buster had provided for his bride before he went East to fetch her.

It is not a ventureous prediction to say that Buster's phlegm will probably prove a worthy sea anchor thru whatever storms the two may be destined to pass. Silence is like a treasure. It is the point of impo- tently. I'm not hinting, either, that Na- talie's rages are frequent. But she will be an unusual wife if she doesn't have at least one.

Between mouthfuls—we had long since followed the four jovial ones to the lunch table—Buster paused to remark solemnly: "The marriage bond is like an elastic. You can stretch it a lot, but the one who stretches it too far always gets the snapback."

And again: "Marriage—nothing can compare with it, not even the straight- jacket."

CHAPLIN'S LAUGHIN' POWDERS

By DAVE DE MORRIS

Grin, and the world grins with you—

Wail, and you wait alone—

For the shadow is too high for its mirth—

But for bread, gives the wailer, a stone.

Blubber, and the booby goldilocks 'll git you—

Snicker, an' the goldilocks 'll fly:

For bimuth a balm o' Gilead is—

Pray, an' keep your laughin' powder dry!

Here's to Chaplin, movie-god of cheer,

'Take befo' an' afit' your hemlock brew—

A 'cure-all' for rheumatism of the dis- 

Good for what ails me an' you.

He sold two stories the first year

This sentence from L. Leo Meehan's let- ter to the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, tells the whole story:

"Within one year I have been able to abandon a routine life that provided me with a weekly ticket and a few other incitements for the in- fluencer, and I have devoted creative work at the photoplaywright."

But it would not be fair to you to end the story there. It is interesting to know that a young man in an underpaid job was able to sell two photoplays and attach him- self to a big producer's studio in one year; that a few weeks ago he was retained by Gene Stratton Porter to dramatize her novels for the screen. But if you have ever felt as you left a theater, "Why, I could write a better story than that," you want to know just how Mr. Meehan went about it to become a successful photoplay wright in one short year.

He was doubtful when he enrolled, but he wrote that he was "willing to be shown." And with complete confidence in Mr. Meehan's ability, the Palmer Photoplay Cor- poration, whose test he had to pass be- fore he was acceptable, undertook to con- vince him.

The rest was a simple matter of training. The Course and Service merely taught him how to use, for screen purposes, the natur- al story-telling ability which we discovered in him.

You, too, may doubt your ability

But, you say—just as Mr. Meehan said—Low can I know whether I have that ability? Will I be put to the test for the fee he took, FREE?

Send for the Van Loan questionnaire

With the active aid and encouragement of the leading producers, the Palmer Photoplay Corporation is literally combing the country for new script writers. The Department of Education was organized for one pur- pose and one only—to develop and produce the writers are needed can produce the stories. The Palmer institution is the industry's accredited agent for getting the stories without which production of motion pictures cannot go on.

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation cannot endow you with the gift of story-telling. But we can dis- cover it, if it exists, through our questionnaires. And we can train you to wield it for your last- ning enjoyment and profit.

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Jesse L. Lipp

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Frank E. Waters

Chief Supervising Director

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We invite you to apply this free test

Clip the coupon below, and we will send you the Van Loan questionnaire. You assume no obligation, but you will be asked to correct in returning the completed test for examination. If you pass the test, we shall send you interesting material descript- ion of the Palmer Course and Service, and admit you to enrollment, should you choose to develop your talent. If you cannot pass this test, we will frankly advise you to give up the idea of writing for the screen. It will be a waste of their time and our children for application.

PALMER PHOTOPLOY

Corporation, Dept. of Education, M-10

I. W. Hellman Building, Los Angeles, Cal.
Twilight Talk
(Continued from page 31)

"I am rich enough now to do pretty much as I please, thanks to the money I have made in pictures, and I can afford to be 'choosy,'" she replied. "They will muddy the water at the corners until they became almost like pin points, because that yellow woman I played was so wicked—but she was psychologically logical. That is why I will insist on next year—my stories must all have a big psychological moment. I never studied psychology in school much, because I have much school, but you bet I know a psychological moment when I see it. So does anyone who has to sign contracts.

Long shadows were slipping across the green lawn outside, and the big, gloomy room in which we were sitting, was getting quite dark, when the publicity man came in from exile, lighted a piano lamp and glanced at her watch. Miss Stewart gave a final tug at the skirt, and I jumped to my feet.

"Good-bye," I said, "Hope you'll invite me up to the new house when those carpets are laid down!"

"I will," she replied, "just let me know," and she grasped my hand in parting with that frankness and firmness for which Anita Stewart is noted the world over.

Some day, some day.

With Measured Tread
(Continued from page 25)

Neilan, by that time an independent producer, used him in his picture, "Bob Hampton of Place." Kirkwood explained his return to make-up in a few words:

"I was always the man of the hour. I was really forced into directing by circumstances. And things didn't go particularly well. When the chance came to go with Allan Dwan as leading man, I went. I've been acting ever since."

We discussed the various productions of the year, the German pictures, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," and one or two others.

"I don't know," said Kirkwood deliberately, "but that I should rank "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" as the greatest picture that has ever been made."

"Isn't that a rather big statement?" I suggested.

"Yes, it is. I have read several extremely adverse criticisms. I recall that Herber Howe in particular was denunciatory. But in spite of him and of others, and of my first doubt, I think I'll let the statement stand. I think the picture was much better than the book."

I didn't care for the argument further. There were several anticipations that I wanted to discuss.

That he has confidence in the permanence of his work here in California is evidenced by the fact that he has taken a house for a year down on the Pacific, on the beach between Venice and Playa Del Rey. One of the places here, the odor of hot dogs is not in the air and the landscapes are not cluttered with piers.

In the unblemished strength of the man, his manner, his manner, his poise and quiet assurance, one realizes a personality that will probably grace the cinema for years to come. And, if it be possible, each year will find his skill on the increase, his art more developed. He is the sort of man who constantly strives—and inevitably achieves. He will progress deliriously, surely—with measured tread.
California Chatter
(Continued from page 86)
at their trickiest and the whole affair was a great success.
Lila Lee's idea of perfect bliss is a secluded spot on the beach, where she can forget to be dignified and roll in the sand to her heart's content. Oh, yes, and in the offing should be Gloria Swanson's basket with a lunch basket wonderfully filled with culinary dainties. Lila was telling me that she and Gloria thus spend every holiday they can get.

I watched Gloria enacting for a scene in "The Sentimental" the other day. Charming Sam Wood was doing the directing. It seemed queer to see Gloria Swanson wearing the tight bodice and long, full skirt and sleeves of a by-gone generation, but I must admit that she was doing some mighty absorbing emotional acting. If the picture gets over as well on the silver screen, it should be a knock-out. The picture will be released under the title of "Under the Lash." Mahlen Hamilton is leading man and Russell Simpson is also present.

That unique comedian, Will Rogers, has at last made up his mind, professionally speaking, what he is going to do. Ever since he left Goldwyn, interest has been high regarding the film Mark Twain's future. Rogers has decided to make two-reel comedy-dramas. They will be filmed either at Brumpton's or at the Hollywood studios. He will release them thru Pathé. "I've been making two-reelers, released in five reels," Rogers is quoted as saying, "but now I'm going to make two-reelers released in two reels." In leaving Goldwyn, Mr. Rogers takes his whole staff with him. Even Irene Rich, who played opposite him with much success, is to be his leading lady. Clarence Badger, his director with Goldwyn; Jimmy Flood, assistant director, and Marcel Le Picard, cameraman, will go with the new Rogers organization.

Mr. Rogers is known to have received an urgent appeal to return to the Follies in New York, but he has his home here, a beautiful estate in Beverly Hills, and doesn't wish either to leave his family here or take them back to New York.

His home seems designed for the happiness and welfare of his three children, who have a basement gymnasium and theater, a swimming pool out of doors and a great race track, occupying a large plot in the grounds, where they ride their ponies. His small daughter, Mary, is an expert horsewoman.

"I want my youngsters and wife to be well and happy," said Rogers. "That's the main thing."

Ruth Roland did some thrilling stunts from a sinking boat in deep water in Los Angeles harbor the other day for her serial, "White Eagle." All the gobs at the Submarine Base were wildly thrilled at her bravery, which was in decided contrast to some of the other stars who came down there and pretended to get wet, while some poor extra did the real work.

Beatrice Burnham, J. Farrell MacDonald, Bill Patton and George Berrell have been engaged to appear in the first picture made by the Western Photoplay Corporation. The director is Joe Franz.

That beautiful blonde, Cleo Ridgely, has returned to the screen. I saw her out at the Lasky studio the other day, working in Betty Compson's new picture, "The Woman in the Case." If such a thing were possible, Miss Ridgely was looking more beautiful than ever before in a gorgeous pale pink chiffon negligee that trailed gracefully on the floor. Penrhyn Stanlaws was directing.

When Eyes Are Close
Is Your Complexion at Ease

Does your complexion wince under the appraising gaze? Does it fear the verdict—"make-up"—"coarse"—"muddy"? Or is it a complexion of confidence—one that delights in close inspection? It is the latter if you use Carmen! For Carmen gives the beauty, the youthful bloom, the satiny smoothness that craves scrutiny, knowing that the more critical the gaze, the more pronounced the praise.

Carmen, the powder that stays on, is also Carmen the powder whose charming natural effect on the skin is never lessened under dampness or glaring light. It is truly the face powder extraordinary, as a test will show.

---Sample Offer---
Send 12c to cover postage and packing for purse size box with three weeks' supply—state shade preferred.

STAFFORD-MILLER CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

CARMEN COMPLEXION POWDER
White, Pink, Flesh, Cream and new Brunette Shade

—50¢ Everywhere
Out From An Old Album

(Continued from page 60)

that he was being interviewed and might reasonably expect all sorts of embarrassing questions, he answered: "Twenty-nine; why?"

"Well, you look so young and you've done so much. Now, tell us everything you have done."

"Oh," answered this unduly modest director, "I haven't done anything worth mentioning. Let's not talk about me. Let's talk about something pleasant."

"But you are something pleasant and this is an interview. You've got to talk about yourself."

"That's right," interrupted the mutual friend. "Make him talk about himself. He never will if all interviews. If he doesn't tell you, I shall."

"Ah," we answered, "a vicarious interview! Well then, what was his first picture?"

"It was 'John Barleycorn,'" answered the mutual friend.

"And a very good name, we said. "Yes," said Mr. Clifton gravely, "that was the first picture in which they used 'still.'"

"Good; talk some more!" we commanded.

"Now I'll tell you what," said the hero of the occasion, "we've got to hurry or we'll be late for the theater, but between the acts I'll tell you everything you want to know."

So we all hurried thru our filet mignon and our strawberry Melbas, and arrived at the theater just as Laurette Taylor, and her dog, Michael, appeared on the scene. One of the first acts was turned to Mr. Clifton and said, "Now talk."

But he said that he had to telephone to the studio, and would be back in a moment.

This was a perfectly good excuse, because we knew he was working with Mr. Griffith in making "Dream Street." The curtain was just going up on the second act when he returned. And then, at the end of the act, we turned to Mr. Clifton again and demanded the promised interview. But right here we discovered that Clifton had disappeared again.

At the end of the performance Mr. Clifton suggested the Claridge for supper, and we bided our time and didn't say a word until we were all seated around the table again. Then we began. "You're as reticent as the proverbial goldfish. Now go ahead and reveal the dark past of you."

"I think Mr. Griffith expects me over at the Central Theater for a dress rehearsal."

"Yes? Well if you leave this table without telling me all I wish to know, I'll have your name added to the list of deserters. Now, what came after 'John Barleycorn'?"

"I think it was 'The Birth of a Nation.' You know I played opposite Lillian Gish in that."

"And you were in 'Intolerance; too, weren't you?"

"Yes."

"Of course, he was. He played opposite Constance Talmadge as the mountain lover, and a mutual friend. "Was that stunning creature in the tiger skin you?" Mr. Clifton blushed and stammered, and again the mutual friend answered for him. "Of course, it was. And he helped me in 'The Woman Who Stayed at Home,' 'Way Down East,' and this 'Dream Street.' And he used to be at Universal, too. Make him tell you about it."

" Were you once a Universal star?" we asked sternly.

"No, a director."

"What did you direct?"

Well, there was Jack Mulhall in three or four pictures, and Herbert Kawinsson in half a dozen more. 'Smashing Thru' was mine. Then there was Priscilla Dean, I directed her in her first starring vehicle, 'The Two Souled Woman.'"

"He discovered Miss Dean," interpolated the mutual friend.

"Which places him on a par with Christopher Columbus," we added.

"The Two Souled Woman" was adapted from Giulet Burgess story, "The White Cat." It cost less than five thousand dollars, including the price paid for the story, and I made it in eight days."

"Go on, tell the rest of it. It meant a fortune for the Universal, and fame for Miss Dean," said the M. F.

"And didn't you direct that funny little Dorothy Gish? And isn't she a love of a person?"

"I did, and she is," agreed Mr. Clifton. "With Mr. Griffith, I did 'Battling Jane,' "The Hope Chest,' 'Boots,' 'I'll Get Him Yet,' and "Peppy Boy.""

"And which do you like better—following someone else's directions and appearing on the screen, or doing the directing yourself?"

"If I like best directing other people. I have a fairly good idea that I'll not appear on the screen any more."

"And why not, when you are such a good actor?"

"Well, you see, it's what the people in the theater say about you. In one picture, where I died after a terrible fight, the woman behind me, who was watching the picture, said, "Look at him heaving his chest when he's supposed to be dead, and the other one said, 'Yes, I think he's horrid anyway, don't you? He is dead.' And that rather discouraged me.

"And of all the stars you've directed, which one did you like best?"

"Bobbie Harron; everyone loved him. But you know I was directing him in 'The Brass Bowl' when he was in his tragic death."

"And what is your latest picture?"

"Why, 'Dream Street,' which reminds me that Mr. Griffith is waiting for me now at the Central Theater. I've told you more about myself than I ever told anyone before. May I go?"

And we answered "yes." So he went.

---

Naomi --- --- ---

(Continued from page 53)

reaping years—it is the reaping year I am thinking about. Then a woman's life is a sorry affair if she is not known love and romance, A career alone can never be enough. Nature did not intend it to be so, and what force is stronger than nature?"

...The romance and poetry of her name is symbolic of another Naomi who lived hundreds of years ago of a Naomi whose name is well known to the one who loved her own life, but loved love more.

She feels her name to be a tradition—a tradition of a woman who loved greatly—and she will be faithful to the name and tradition which has come to her down thru the ages—Naomi.
What Are They Doing Now?

(Continued from page 33)

dare that she will continue her authorship.

Darwin Karr, former Vitagraph leading
man, gave up acting some time ago to be-
come the West Coast representative of a
large film trade journal. Anthony Paul
Kelly, another ex-Vitagrapher, has become
known as one of the highest-priced scen-
artists in the field. He wrote the film-play
for D. W. Griffith of "Way Down East," and
he is, in addition, the author of several
successful legitimate stage plays.

For the past few seasons legitimate stage
producers have taken strongly to the idea
of engaging erstwhile film sparklers for
featured roles in their "spakie" offerings.
For instance, Oliver Morosco has had both
Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne
on the road for two years now at the head
of a company presenting a crook play.
Vivian Martin has just left pictures to en-
ter a New York stage production, in which
she is featured. Carlyle Blackwell is doing
the two-a-day as a vaudeville headliner.
Poly Moran, the erstwhile Bennett com-
panion who created the Sheriff Nell series,
headlines each season in vaudeville, and
Lew Cody is also "doing the time" on the

circuit.

Bessie Barriscale always insisted that
some day she would return to the stage.
Recently she made good her promise. Her
husband, Howard Hickman, who directed
her pictures, wrote a play from one of her
screen stories for her. It is called "The
Skirt," and Miss Barriscale has been play-
ing it with great aplomb at a San Francisco
theater. Thomas Chatterton is another
one-time screen hero to make his way on
the classic boards. He is leading man in a
San Francisco stock company. When he
went into pictures nearly ten years ago, he
was the first man ever to wear a full-dress
suit at Inceville, the one-time home of the
classic productions which were making the
name of Ince famous.

Theatrical stock has also claimed Belle
Bennett, former Triangle star. She left the
movies to become leading woman in an Ol-
iver Morosco play and has remained on the
legitimate stage ever since. Four years ago
Crane Wilbur suddenly quit the films. No
one knew what he was doing or where he
was for many months, and when he made
his appearance it was in the form of a play-
wright. A season later he went on tour
with Marjorie Rambeau in her "The Fort-
tune Teller" company, and since then has
been the author of several successful legiti-
mate stage dramas.

Stella Rozetto, one of the former Selig
personalities, permanently took off her
make-up some years ago to become a direc-
tor. In private life she is Mrs. Edward J.
LeSaint, and it was because she desired to
be her husband's assistant that she discar-
ded the grease-paint. Mrs. LeSaint herself
is a very fine artist, graduate of an art
academy, and, hence, her directorial work
with her husband deals largely with the art
question. In fact, she supervised this phase
of various Tom Mix and Gladys Brockwell
productions, and works on the set with her
husband whenever he handles the mega-
phone.

Winfred Greenwood, Edward Coxen
and William Garwood were prime favor-
ites in the days when American pictures
were in their palmy days. The latter, how-
ever, left pictures to go into a Los Angeles
stock company, while Miss Greenwood
married, became the mother of a family,
and has practically retired from the screen.
Once in a while, however, she steps out of
her character of mother to play a part, but
in the past few years she has made only a

The Dainty Dish

Flaked from queen grains only

Millions enjoyed it this morning

Nature gives some oats an exquisite flavor, but only the rich,
plump grains.

In Quaker Oats we use those grains alone.

We get but ten pounds from a bushel, because the small grains
are discarded.

The result is a dish so fragrant, so luscious that millions of oat
lovers, all the world over, have been won to this premier brand.

Be sure you get it. The oat is the food of foods. As a body-
builder and a vim-food it holds an age-old fame.

Make it inviting—serve in this luscious form.

The 30-cent package—the large size—will serve 62 dishes. So
this quality costs little enough.

Quaker Oats

Made to delight you

Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover
The Perfect Hair Remover

De Miracle, the original sanitary liquid, is called the perfect hair remover because it desalinizes hair, which is the only common-sense way to remove it. It acts immediately and with absolute certainty.

De Miracle requires no mixing, it is ready for instant use. Therefore, cleanly, convenient and most simple to apply. It works equally well for removing hair from face, neck, arms, under-arms or limbs.

FREE BOOK—with testimonials of eminent physicians, surgeons, dermatologists and medical journals, explains how De Miracle desalinizes hair, mailed in plain sealed envelope on request.

Only genuine De Miracle has a money-back guarantee in each package. Three sizes: 60c, $1.00, $2.00.

At all toilet counters or direct from us, in advance, on receipt of 60c, $1.04, or $2.06, which includes War Tax.

De Miracle
Dept E-29, Park Ave. and 129th St.
New York City

few pictures. Coxen, however, followed lines other than acting for some time after the close of his American contract, but a year or so ago found him lured back into his make-up. He has been playing seances and of late, however—villainous characters in support of various stars, such as Frank Mayo in "Tiger Trap."

One star, formerly one of the leading favorites, left the screen half a dozen years ago precisely at the zenith of her career. She was Florence Lawrence, the Biograph Girl, first of the real screen stars of the screen. When she quit films she went on the stage for a while, and later sponsored a dramatic school. Two months ago she returned to the screen, completed a picture, or partly, and called "The Unfoldment" and registered a decided "come-back."

Another former Biograph luminary, Claire MacDowell, has become, since her re-entrance two years ago into pictures, one of the leading character actresses of the West-Coast colony. In "Something to Think About" she put on a white wig and played a grand dame, and in almost every production in which she now appears she plays the role of a sympathetic matron. In private life she is the wife of Charles Hill Mailes, another former Biographer, and the two are living in one of the most beautiful bungalows in Hollywood.

Ruth Stonehouse, the former Essanay star, and Cleo Madison, who gained re-
town for herself in "Trey o' Hearts," and other Universal pictures of late, both have dressing-rooms at the Metro studio. Cleo has turned vampire—professionally—at least, she was a vampire in "The Lane to Youth." Ruth Stonehouse plays leads in all-star cast productions, such as "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath" and the series of Drury Lane melodramas which Metro is producing now.

And, by the way, when Cleo Madison, in the older Universal days, was starring in such pictures as "Black Orchids," Rex In-
gram was directing her and occasionally playing parts in the film plays. Now he is one of the bigger-time directors of the Metro organization and has made himself internationally famous with his production of "The Four Horsemen of the Apoca-
lypse."

Another director who came into the world spotlight last winter is Fred Borchage, whom the older generation of fans recall as a handsome, finely-chiseled young leading man who generally played leads in the smaller pictures made by the now-defunct New York Motion Picture Company. In fact, with Rhea Mitchell, Borazage formed one of the first Western screen teams. When Thomas H. Ince dis-
olved his interests with the Nypm organ-
ization, Borazage alternately acted and di-
rected—recently in a very good mandie-
ber of actor-producers. However, his great "chance" came a year ago when the Cosmopolitan productions came into be-
ing. After much sleuthing, he was selected to direct "Humoresque." It was a very big task and an unusual one for a man so young. Nevertheless, Borazage accomplished it. "Humoresque" was one of the trio of truly great American pictures last season, and its greatness has permanently estab-
lished him, like Ingram, in the cinema hall of fame.

Others, who at the time Borazage was wearing vaquero's "chaps" and riding the old Incivel horses, were perhaps even more obscure than the above, but are still in production. Referring to Gloria Swanson, Betty Compson, Juanaita Hansen, Mary Thurman, Ora Carew and Marie Prevost. We have allowed them their due to fame, nevertheless, their relative posi-
tion now in the film industry makes them of importance to this article. Juanita Hansen, for instance, has made enough money thru her starring ventures in Pathé serials to retire independently from active camera work. "Harlean" and "American Companx are now drawing salaries said to be in the neighborhood of $3,500 weekly, when half a dozen years ago each was content with the merest chance to get located in a "job."

Managerial and commercial ability, dor-
mant in certain of the erstwhile persona-
listed stars who have come to the forefront in the past season or so. For instance, no one ever regarded Arthur Shirley as other than a popular matinee idol. This year he has been acting on the sojourn at Universal City as Mae Murray's leading man, he deserted the klies to de-
velop into a commercial possibility what had once been his stagey career in his es-
planic profession. In a new building on Hollywood Boulevard there appeared an art photographic shop bearing his name over it in a huge, gilt sign. Shirley photo-
graphs were successful commercially—and then their sponsor again was bitten by the cinematic bug. "Isle of Storms" was the pro-
duced and capital and set sail for his native Australia, there to engage in making his own feature-film productions in which he starred himself.

Automobiles claimed the attention of Romaine Fielding, one of the first men to achieve early popularity in films as a Lubin hero and star. He recently sold his pictures to United Artists, where they began to grow out of their infant's swaddling-clothes into a larger and better developed child, Fielding took a company of players to Arizona to engage in making a series of Western pictures. However, after a year in the West, he found the automobile market particularly lucrative, and has returned to his former occupation. And Rudolph Cameron, who, before the war was one of the extremely popular juvenile leading men of the Vitagraph or-
ganization, has become Anita Stewart's manager, giving up acting entirely, even preferring not to pose for "still" photographs with his lovely wife. "Rudy," as he is known in the film colony, has extra-
ordinary managerial ability. When Miss Stewart became a First National person-
ally he formally took over the affairs of her company. Now he buys every story, engages every actor, director and technical man on the lot, and is High Mo-
gul of the concern.

Practically the same is true of Webster Campbell, whom we also used to see making professional love to that coterie of Vitagraph stars which included Mary And,

While the automobile world is still busy with their picture-making ventures, the now-defunct New York Motion Picture Company, in fact, with Rhea Mitchell, Borazage formed one of the first Western screen teams. When Thomas H. Ince dis-
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tion now in the film industry makes them
Texas Guinan for a series of Western pictures, which he directed and in which he played the "heavy" roles. Miss Conard re- 
turned to the screen a short while ago as 
the star of a series of two-reel Western 
plays and is now regarded as one of the 
big "names" of the industry.

In its fifteen years of existence the motion 
picture industry has been one of changes and more changes. Producers de-
clare that the public likes to see new faces, 
new modes, on the screen. Perhaps this is 
so—but The Answer Man will tell you that 
he receives daily many queries about those 
who have helped put pictures on the present million-dollar basis.

In the past few seasons there have come into great popularity such players as Ann 
May, Betty Ross Clark, Jean Calhoun, Eileen 
Percy, Louise Lovely, Helene Chadwick, 
May Collins, Raye Dean, Eva Novak, Car-
nel Myers, Jacqueline Logan, Martha 
Mansfield, Bessie Love, Zsa Zsa Pitts, Colleen 
Moore, Barbara Castleton, Mahlon Hamilton, 
Eddie Burns, Eugene O'Brien, Thomas 
Mansfield, Conway Tearle, Norman Kerry, 
Frank Mayo and a host of others about 
whom we read every day and whom we see 
daily on the screen—their contemporary fa-
vorites.

But, just as King Baggot, that erst-
while immensely popular matinee idol of 
America's silent films—his plays—that screen 
romanticist who received probably more 
proposals of marriage from fair maidens 
all over the earth than any other man of his 
time—is now devoting himself to directing 
film productions, so, perhaps, may we see 
the names of some of our present-day 
twinklers doing likewise when the sands of 
the movie shores perchance shift again.

"Here today and gone tomorrow," is 
the slogan we might adopt, but, nevertheless, 
we, the film fans, will continue to write to 
Answer Man about our favorites as 
long as motion pictures are shown in the 
ten-twenty-thirty showhouse just around 
the corner.

Just because we can never forget 
what great joy they've given us, and because 
we'll always remember the happy, smiling 
faces of such bellesvos as Harold Lock- 
wod!

THE CINEMA KING
By GWENDOLEN CUMMOR

In a tremendous hush of expectant delight— 
On the silvered gloss of the magical screen, 
You are shadowed, my Hero, majesty of 
mankind, 
Like Apollo in beauty, like Mars in your 
might. 
How I gasp as you gallantly batter your 
way.

From the first complication unto the last ray 
Of the fade-out, and oh, how I envy and 
thrill 
When your sweet leading lady's lips yield 
to your will.

And, my Hero, the close-ups! You'd never 
understand 
How your broad shoulders make me feel 
small and alone, 
How your wonderful eyes make me lower 
my own; 
How the whisper of your hair tempt my 
venturous hand; 
How the curve of your mouth at a passion-
ate 
Makes my own pout and puckeer as no 
maidens' ought.

Oh, why is it you stir me to dream I 
can't forget? 
Why, my Hero, because of the Man at 
my side!

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Commercial Art. Hundreds of our students are now 
making splendid incomes. And most of them never 
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Artists—Will H. Chandlee. 
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low in their right order, until you are 
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position. Also tells of our free artist's 
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Address: ___________________________

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but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, 
by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. 
Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will injure your wel-
fare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure 
or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My 
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We Interview Miss Ferguson

(Continued from page 23)

slacker, the moral coward. I want to take a red flag, adopt a soap-box and say, "Come on, fellows; I'll lead you."

How can a man working at mechanical tasks thru the long hours each day for weeks and months and years, ground to the stone to press out the doubtful juice of the bare necessities—how can his mind grasp things which his life has made impossible for him to grasp? Of course, his imagination is dulled, sometimes hopelessly decayed.

I know many people—people in general—would sneer at my viewpoint, and in the belief that I could draw from personal experience whereof I speak. And they would be intelligent people—kind people, too. That is why I shirk the red flag and the corner soap-box. Most of us are moral cowards. We can't do the great thing for consideration of the small thing. We are afraid of the public, of the people next door, up the avenue, and around the corner. We stay put. That is why the world does not move on to some more tremendous goal. It is necessary, I think, to learn how to live if you would wisely and well.

A. W. F.: You say this vacation time you are not exhausted. Have you curtailed your work that you may enjoy life more. Is that it?

MISS FERGUSON: That is it—just. My contract this year called for eight pictures and a very large sum of money in lieu thereof. I had eight pictures, and four rather than eight, and will receive, of course, half the amount of money. But they will be better pictures. I will give more to them because I want to give more. And in place of the additional money which I do not need, I shall have time for the new books, the new plays, my husband and the trips we will take every now and then. I shall be able to live every day somewhat as every day should be lived—fully.

G. H. (thoughtfully): The second honeymoon—and after five years. If it is not too personal (for there is a fine reserve blended with the frankness)—you do, evidently, believe in love?

MISS FERGUSON (smiling): I have been, in that respect, very fortunate. But as to believing in love. In real love, yes.

A. W. F.: How does one differentiate between real love and its—well, counterfeit?

MISS FERGUSON: Real love? Why, real love can be known by the spirit of sacrifice. Sacrifice is the element of which it is composed. (After a moment's silence): Physical attraction, which is the counterfeit in a sense, is always selfish, always self-seeking, always jealous and retaliatory. If, for instance, a woman loved a man, or thought she did, and to go with him meant for her to give up her career, her friends, perhaps social position, all the elements that had heretofore composed her life, and knowing full well what the cost would be, she was still ready to give it—then that would be love. Real love lives only for the other person. There is no thought of self. It is perhaps the one time, the only time, where self is not. When a woman, or a man, begins to figure "this will mean this to me," or "that will mean something else to me," then there is no love in its true sense. (She added softly): My husband knows love that way.

G. H. (softly, too): Do you?

MISS FERGUSON (very softly): I hope so. I believe so. And I know, too, that I would never hurt, never be able to hurt so fine, so sweet a thing.

A. W. F. (breaking a somewhat avowed silence): With so lovely a sense of romance, you must have enjoyed doing "Peter Liberton."

MISS FERGUSON: I did enjoy it. I saw it on the stage and have long wished to do it for the screen. The atmosphere is delightful.

The quaintly grey chintz restaurant is quite empty. The last stragglers have gone. The conversation has been gripping and time has whispered softly. Reluctantly the interviewers and the self-forgetful and utterly charming interviewee go, too, with an interchange of amenities and good-byes.

MISS FERGUSON: Good-bye. When I return, we must meet again and plan to set the world right, now that we have decided and admitted it to be quite wrong.


A. W. F.: Thank you for telling us all the things we hoped you would. And for your generosity when time must be precious. Good-bye.

The following takes place in a taxicab on route to the station. For some minutes the interviewers sit opposite one another, while around and about them plays the present memory of a personality so rare as to be impossible even in retrospect. Then—

G. H.: Do you want to loosen your tongue and tell me something personal?

A. W. F. (as one who had rather be left undisturbed): An orchid. Yes, but with a soul.

G. H.: What is just the word that would describe her? I have met many people, with whom interviews, written and verbal, were interchanged. People, typified, you might say, as many advertisers, but somehow, in this instance, I can see—

A. W. F. (nodding): Words are too crude, it seems. Charm, that's only near it. Beauty, that's too cold. Hers is a beauty not of the fleshly kind, dependent on features or skin or hair. It is a beauty wholly apart, yet not apart—do you know what I mean?

G. H.: I think I feel what you mean, because I feel it, too—that way. Perhaps we had better not—in our limited way—

A. W. F.: Better not, what—?

G. H.: Better not try to find the word. There probably is no word— or as I said—it's a question of sensing—

A. W. F. (comprehensively): Well—

let's not say any more about it.

Fulfilment

(Continued from page 54)

see a photoplay that they have seen advertised, or about which their friends have told them.

Exhibitors will see the necessity of stopping operations before accommodation has been accomplished, in order to accommodate their incoming and outgoing patrons, so as to disturb those who wish to remain; and those who arrive during operation will be required to wait till the end of that reel before taking their seats.

11. There will be an end of flaming postcards pasted all over the front of the motion picture theaters. Announcements will be made in some more dignified way, and announcements of coming programs will be given in advance on the screen, in the newspapers and in near frames displayed in the lobbies. Sensational titles will also be abandoned.

12. The casts of characters will be given by all companies, and these will be made.
public thru the programs, and not on the films as at present. These programs will be displayed in frames in the lobbies or distributed to the patrons.

13. Advertising of extraneous matter on the screen will be eliminated and the public will force this condition.

14. No manufacturer will dare to produce a film, for public exhibition in the theaters, in which any brand of soap or other commodity is shown in grocery-store scenes or elsewhere. The exhibitors will censor all such films and refuse to accept them if they contain intentional or unintentional advertising.

15. The bubble will become the only censor of films, and they will learn to show their disapproval by warning the exhibitor against exhibiting certain kinds of plays.

16. The scripts for photoplays will be written by experienced writers from everywhere, and the manufacturers will learn not to rely on scripts written by their own editors. Celebrated writers from various fields of literature will contribute photoplays as they now contribute poems, novels and stories. This will insure new blood and new ideas.

17. Publishers of stories, novels and poems will work in harmony with motion picture manufacturers, actualizing the other, which will mean that the best stories will appear in the magazines and periodicals at the same time that they are shown on the screen. This is the case of The Motion Picture Story Magazine, people may read what they have seen and see what they have read.

18. The screen will be more realism in the pictures. Instead of painted scenery, there will be real scenery. When an old man is required, an old man will be cast for the part, and not an actor. The players will learn to be camera-conscious and not to come down to the camera to speak their lines or point out the exits. All the players in every group will not be facing the camera. And so on. In short, the photoplays of the future will be more realistic and more true to life.

19. Motion pictures will be used in the schools for educational purposes, in conjunction with text-books, and the one will be controlled as indispensable to the other.

20. All great events will be filmed for historical preservation.

21. An era of revival will come, when great and sublime incidents will be brought back again for a new run.

22. Old, poor and worn-out films will be retired at an earlier date than at present.

Amateur photographers will be equipped with motion picture camera and projection machines, and there will be many photographers who will make a business of taking motion pictures of families, estates, farms, localities and persons, for private use.

24. Talking pictures will not displace the silent drama, but better music and orchestral accompaniment will add to the effectiveness of motion pictures. The public will learn to enjoy anything that contrasts from what the eye sees is not pleasant, and that motion pictures are complete in themselves because words are not necessary and only retard the imagination.

25. The future will see better photography; not necessarily scenic, altho this, too, will be improved, but particularly portraiture. The art of making-up for the pictures will be changed so that when a scene is properly lighted the face will not appear chalky white and expressionless and the faces of the actors in the film industry will advance rapidly from now on. The poorer companies will die off, also the inferior directors, actors, cameramen and writers, and the fittest will survive.

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[Free book offer details]
mist of battle that Annie was similarly tied. The sight almost broke the clothes line, but not quite.

“That’s what you get for being so nosy!” screeched Larabee, sticking his face close to his necktie’s, “now we’re going to put you where you won’t interfere with our little plans, Mister Spook Hound! Tie him in the belfry, boys! And remember—” he shook a dirty finger adorned with a plate glass diamond, in Martin’s face, “unless you want ‘em saying tomorrow ‘How nat
atural poor Martin looks,’ you’ll stay where we put you without us the trouble of throwing you out of the tower!”

Two of the pimple-faced crew led their prisoner up the stairs, while Larabee turned to Annie, with his heroic gal-

lantry. “And now, Sweetness, you can do a lot something for Will! Just tell him the arrangement in the back-room door. Of course, we could use a little soup, but we’re naturally of a retiring disposition, and don’t want any notoriety—

Tied to his lofty perch, Martin Tripp re-
flected gloomily on the unheroic aspects of his position, trussed up like a roasting chicken, while four scoundrels calmly and at their leisure turned themselves to the pitiful, hard-carned savings of old men and widows, and young couples, like Annie and himself. The wind tugging of some object swinging in the wind roused him from his painful reverie—a rope, the bell rope—

The timorous inhabitants of Bellport, routed from their homes, were the hesitant, stammering notes of the church bell, at length mustered courage to enter the dis-

mal portals. And there they found Annie tied to the pulpit. In a few words she told them the story and a rescue party brought down Martin Tripp, half strangled with his efforts to ring the bell, by winding the rope about his neck and swaying from side to

side.

Martin was much surprised to find him-
self alive. With his first thrill of the bell, he had expected to bring the would-be thieves scurrying up the belfry stairs; not being able to credit the malignant Larabee with the stiffness of heart in sparing him, the only other alternative was to conclude that the thieves had already made their escape with their booty. But Annie shook her head. “They had no idea how easy to open the door of the strong-room,” she said demurely, “with the directions for crock-

eting a bale box! I gave them, instead of the combination!”

Reluctant as Bellport might be to deal with visitors from another world, they be-
came valiant as lions when cautious listen-
ing at the door of the basement tunnel convinced them that the thieves were still inside. Leaving a substantial guard at this end of the tunnel, Martin led a dozen or more citizens in various stages of costume, ranging from pajamas, thru B. V. Da, to the Mayor in frock coat and top hat, and a pair of red flannel drawers.

Hearing muffled sounds of distress in Hop Sing’s laundry, they paused long enough to rescue the watchman of the bank from his ignominious position at the bot-
tom of a hamper of soiled clothes. He was querulous over the treatment he had re-
ceived if the Police Force had been tending to duty. “I thought I was the only checker in the grocery, like he always do this, wouldn’t have happened,” he complained bitterly. “I was just making my rounds outside when this here crime wave hit me, and I believe I lost my badge—”

The bank was empty, but as the hand of vigilantes crept down the basement stairs, there was the sound of muffled blows under foot. Martin waved his cohort to one side and mounted a table commanding the floor, where cracks were already beginning to ap-
ppear. In one hand he brandished Aher

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The LAND of MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN

By Clara Marie Wills

In Shadowland of Might-have-been
We're ever prone to stray.
For in the Land of Dreams
Forgotten is today.

In that blest isle of Might-have-been
The ships we passed at night
With us again cast anchor
In the Haven of Delight.

In that dream Haven of Might-have-been
We never know a loss;
There are crowns of fame for one and all,
And a cruel cross.

Toward our Land of Promise
Our feet do ever stray.
And the dream of the might-have-been
Hides our failures of today.

Dear Shadowland of Might-have-been
There all our dreams come true;
There our faint hope mounts up on wings
And strength we there renew.

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MAGAZINE
Their Big Day
(Continued from page 56)

Saturday was cloudy and threatening, but because so many contestants had come from such far-away places and had to go back, and because they were all so anxious, it was decided to make the tests anyway. Fortunately, it didn’t rain.

Two huge motor buses left the offices promptly at half past one, and drove for about two hours, out to Mr. Brewster’s home at Roslyn, L. I., where the tests were made. About 1500 girls had to go by train, for we got only the two buses available, and they weren’t big enough to carry them all.

No make-up was allowed, and this seemed odd to some, but the contest judges know what they are doing, so no make-up it was.

After about three hours crowded full of interest—for those who had been tested were permitted to watch the others, and comparisons were inevitable but friendly—we all rode back to Brooklyn just dull, tired—but happy—indeed, for the perfect day.

Of those tested on Saturday, July the second, only those who were to undergo further tests next week. Every screen test is examined by the contest judges, and those most promising are given another test. All those who are generously selected, and so on until the final winner or winners are chosen.

For the sake of about five people a day, whose address is to be written if the contest is open to men, we will say that several hundred of the great crowd of contestants who came to the offices on July first were men, and quite a large number of them were given screen tests.

Altogether, it was a great day, for the immaculate aches and pains of the contest. It is not often that a business place is visited by such a dazzling array of pulchritude as July first brought.

Motion Picture Magazine presents another Honor Roll. Next month will be the last Honor Roll in the 1921 Contest. The December number will announce the winners.

October’s Honor Roll is as follows:

Florence Rawlins, 144 West One Hundred and Twenty-third Street, New York City, Miss, has these bits for the screen with Mr. Farnum and Tommy Meighan. She is a brunette, weighs one hundred and fourteen pounds, and five feet three inches in height. Her eyes are big and wide apart and full of expression. Her mouth is delicately curved and sensitive. She is a rare type, full of both charm and character.

Eileen Elliott, 1707 Ritter Street, Philadelphia, Pa., is as demure as one would expect a maid from the Quaker City to be. “Nineteen times have I lies blown since first she saw the sun.” Her curls are blonde and her eyes are blue. She is five feet five inches in height and weighs one hundred and thirty pounds. Her lovely, pensive profile loses nothing in comparison with the exquisite roses beneath her eyes.

The dainty little lady gazing with such a rapturous expression into the beautiful crystal in Olive Ann Alcorn, 1220 West Fifth Street, Los Angeles, California. She has had screen experience with Henry Walthall. She is twenty-one years old, weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and is five feet four inches in height.

No more pictures are coming in now, but the enormous amount of work that selecting the winners has involved is keeping us all busy, and we’ll be glad when he is we who is finally chosen. Don’t be discouraged, and don’t lose interest.
everything for sale
(continued from page 39)

If Scotty should find her here! In Morton's bungalow, with night coming on, alone! How could she ever explain? Would he ever believe? In the dim recess of his heart it was necessary to know what it would mean to her if he did not, how achingly she longed that he should. The place was filled with gas, and the air heavy with it. The voices ebbed and fell again like blurry tides, all sense of things fell from her and she stood on the floor with Morton bending over her, with Uncle Wainwright scurrying for water and, most poignantly all of them, with Scotty in the doorway staring at her, sick and white. His face was working, and Helen, staring, saw him finger a revolver and point it at Morton. She tried to scream, but her throat was too wide open. Scotty saw her, and a peculiar smile touched his lips, blue as they had been the night he had been killed from the water. His arm dropped listlessly to his side. Helen knew that he felt it didn't matter. Nothing could—now.

She disappeared in the general direction of the water, as by the coincidence of drama none too subtly planned, Lillian Lord came down the stairs and Helen saw, in a flash, that she had been her. And consciousness, the sudden flash of unsealed glory in Morton's eyes. So he, too, had learned. He had had the same lesson as she, and that night on the roof. Helen closed her eyes. His lesson could be—hers was learned too late. The blood was running from her. She heard Morton say, "Better take her out into the air"—and all the time he was saying it his hand was holding Lillian Morton. Why had she never noticed before that Lillian had a tender, lovely face. Or was it—

She was sobbing the story out to Uncle Wainwright. She wanted Scotty. She had wanted, too, to play straight according to her code with Leo Morton. She had come out to find him and ask him to help her get an engagement she could not fulfill. She had heard Scotty, and, foolishly, fearing he would, in his young green ignorance do just that, had locked herself in a closet. A gas fixture in the closet had leaked, but she had resolved to die rather than hurt Scotty by giving him the truth. She had gone to the door, and, against the door—Scotty had seen her—here she was—All the while Lillian Lord had been there, and Lee Morton loved her, and she was terribly sorry about how Aunt Wainwright would feel, but love could not go where it was directed, nor could money or the need of money buy it. She could go away and not be a trouble to Aunt Wainwright any longer. That would be best. No, she knew she had not—booked—talent. Aunt Wainwright and she wanted to thank him.

Helen didn't know how the change was effected, but she had begun to sob out her explanation of the screwup, and somehow, miraculously, she finished by sobbing it out to Scotty. They had gone away together, and (as she hadn't ever questioned) Scotty tried to tell her that he had been on the other side of the hedge and had overheard her story and had seen her. If it was all as some sort of blessed miracle.

"We've all learned what love is—" she said afterward, when, in the moonlight he held her as she lay against his heart, "you and Morton and I. I think Lillian Lord knew—long ago. Dear—"
Across the Silversheet
(Continued from page 67)

all the trouble and, incidentally, the great moment, even as the immemorial serpent in the first garden, was well handled and affords a thrill.

One thing we do not understand. Why is it that two people may spend an entire day together, picking flowers in the woods perhaps, or enjoying other pastoral pleasures—unchanpered and all is well. But should they be overtaken by night and should dawn break the sky before they reach home, they are rushed to the nearest Justice of the Peace. There must be some evil and sinister influence to the night that we know nothing about.

In "The Great Moment" Gloria Swanson is the girl and Milton Sills the hero. Gloria lost much of her exotic charm when she changed her exotic coiffure. As a matter of fact, we doubt suppose there was really any connection, but we have noticed that she has not the appeal she possessed in the old days when her hair was the marvel of every film devotee. Milton Sills contributes his usual satisfactory performance.

SALVATION NELL—FIRST NATIONAL

If "Salvation Nell" did nothing else but prove that Pauline Starke is the stuff emotions are made of, it would be well worth seeing. The title role of this Whitman Bennett production, which is adapted from the stage play by Edward Sheldon, seems made for Miss Starke, who offers a splendid portrayal as Nell.

Most people are familiar with the story of Nell, a girl of the slums, whose whole world centers in Jim Platt, who is usually too preoccupied to understand or comprehend the devotion which is offered him, although he cares for Nell in his own selfish way. When a jail sentence takes her from him, she finds her way to peace and contentment through the teachings of Hallelujah Maggie, and after her baby is born she becomes one of the leaders of the Salvation Army band working in the slums.

Finally, Jim is released from jail. Once more Nell's battle begins. She knows that she is defeated if she is forced to choose between Jim's plans and her struggle to blazon the way for both of them is well told.

As a matter of fact, the entire cast is good. Jim King seems to be better advantage as Jim than he has been seen in some time. Evelyn C. Carrington is just as you would expect Hallelujah Maggie to be—just as you would wish her to be, while Edward Langford is his usual capable self as the Major.

The atmosphere, too, is splendid. There is no doubt about the slum scenes. They show that life, sordid, naked, undisguised. We especially liked the scenes showing the Salvation Army band marching valiantly forward, drums beating, voices raised—but then we admit that the corner meetings have always held a thrill for us.

Kemeth Webb, too, deserves commendation for his direction. He has lost nothing in the shadow version of the popular story.

THE GOLDEN SNARE—FIRST NATIONAL

Perhaps if the evening is very warm, you will find an hour or two of real pleasure in watching "The Golden Snare" unfold upon the screen. It has for its setting great open spaces, snow covered—and characters whose entire lives have been spent in the out-of-doors. So much for that.

But, on the other hand, it has little to recommend it as a James Oliver Curwood drama. We have seen numerous stories by
(Continued on page 106)

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The Power of Perfume

(Continued from page 58)

or medium, and are you blonde, brunette, red-headed or medium?

Personal attributes are to be defined. But since, as Shakespeare declares, all the world's a stage, and every man and woman has a part, your part on life's stage is the determining factor of your personality.

For a tragedian, the most appropriate perfumes are orchid or hyacinth or a highly concentrated French perfume. A comedian, or one who is merry of light heartedness, and good natured, should use lavender, rose, heliotrope, or one of the good, substantial, old-fashioned flower odors.

For the vampire, that is, the tall, slender woman with a glassy eye, is a coquette and a flatterer, the heavy Oriental odors of musk, sandalwood, lotus and jasmine are well suited.

The ingrate, of the sweet, unsophisticated girl, may use violet, lily-of-the-valley, lilac, or a combination of several flower odors; while the natural, wholesome sport girl should use a perfume of a very delicate, indefinite flower fragrance, such as trailing arbutus, honeysuckle, laurel or wild rose—odors that suggest the great outdoors, flowers dancing by mountain streams and in open, sunny spaces.

Naturally, the most fragrant and delicate perfumes are the most expensive as a rule, yet there is an amount inquired that it is probably cheaper in the long run to buy the expensive kind. Frequently a drop has more fragrance in it than ten drops of a cheaper quality. However, there are some moderately priced perfumes on the market today that are surprisingly fragrant and possess lasting qualities, too, so that one may relish on one's own judgment in the matter, it is possible to get a good perfume at a very reasonable cost.

In selecting a perfume, it is also well to get face powder, soap and talcum powder of the same odor, or an odor that blends with it. When you go to the shops to purchase your perfumes and toilet articles, do not let the countless, myriad crystal bottles of colored perfumes and toilet waters dis- suade you from the kind you have decided you want. It is better to have your perfume made up definitely before you go shopping, or the loveliness of the display will surely affect your decision. To me, the most alluring department in any store is that of the perfumes and other toilet accessories. They are arranged so attractively in tiers, with such regard to harmonizing colors, They gleam from the counter like jewels and flowers. Sometimes it is very hard to resist buying a perfume I really do not care for, because of its color and the attractive size and shape of the bottle.

If you want to choose what scent you want, buy a very small quantity of whatever you get, for very likely you will find that it does not suit you, after all.

The power of an odor to recall events of the past is very strong. It not infrequently happens and one finds oneself dwelling on a certain event of the past or a certain person, and suddenly discovers that one is passing by a bed of violets, the odor of which brings the air, and brings up the memory of that friend, as she always wore violet perfume. Or perhaps one is in the theater, sitting next to a woman who bears the perfume of some old and almost forgotten friend, and one turns, expecting to see her sitting near. And, by the same token that it awakens memories, it arouses sentiment, and one who values this quality of mind should choose her perfume with care and use it consistently, not change to other kinds as the mood leads one.

A domestic inclined woman may add great charm to her home by arranging the right kinds of flowers in the right places, not only because of their ornamental value, but because they are simply fragrant. There is hardly a place in the house where a vase of flowers or a potted plant is not welcome, adding cheer, routing gloom.

Jars of clear glass, perfumed dusting powders, or potpourri, may be placed on stands, tables or mantel-piece. If the jar is of glass, the vari-colored flowers and floral curios are very pretty, showing the soft shades of old rose, blue and dull yellow. This can be purchased at drug stores or toilet counters in large department stores or in the perfume specialty shops.

The colored potpourri is no better than the home-dried flower petals if the container is silver, bronze, china or anything but clear glass.

If you have fragrant flowers in your garden, why not save the petals for the time when there are no flowers blooming? A little sanding so, you may have the subtle odor of flowers during the entire year.

Another way to use these petals when dried, to make the home dainty and fragrant, is to sew them into sachets and place them between the sheets or under the pillows of the bed. Bags of balsam, lavender, or sandalwood may be used instead, or even bags of delicately scented sachet powder.

There is still another way of giving a pleasing odor to a room, and that is by burning incense. For this, one must have incense sticks standing upright in a jar or the incense in powder or cake-form placed in a burner. These burners may be large and ornamental or they may be small, simple and inexpensive. This burning of incense, so popular with the ancient Egyptians and the Chinese of today, is also much in vogue here. However, with the ancients it was a religious rite—with us it is a simple means of pleasing the olfactory nerves.

There are countless other ways in which one may make use of perfumes. In scented bath salts, scented alcohol, perfumed soaps, perfumed hair powder, perfumed shampoos, perfumed toilet, etc. But this means the expenditure of much money and would be uselessly extravagant for the person of limited means. But this, of course, means that you must use the store's perfume powder, handkerchiefs, and so on.

You may have contracted to be a beauty, but you may not want to be one. A French woman, those who wear perfume, wear only a very small amount of it, and only on certain occasions.

In a spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. You have probably quoted this several times, but did you ever stop to wonder why? Isn't it because of that wonderful subtle odor wafted on the breeze, of crabapple blossoms and violets, that flower the newt and give it a new life? The perfume of the garden, the perfume of the grass, the perfume of the flowers. You may shut your eyes, but you cannot help knowing.

That skies are blue and grass is growing.

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If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by means all 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 fingers.

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.

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Be a Black Beauty Owner Agent
Disraeli
(Continued from page 50)

from all the landmarks of the world; something of what Lady Beaconsfeld knew shone from the tired eyes, rang in the inspired tone. Charles leaned across the desk and wrung his hands. "Gad, sir, you've served her." He was ashamed in the presence of emotion and veered away hurriedly, "I'll start at once. How shall I communicate with you?"

Disraeli handed him a folded paper. "I have the duplicate of the code, and no one else has a copy. Take care of yourself, my boy." He chuckled, "I shall have Lady Beaconsfeld invite your coy Clarissa to visit us. I fancy, when she hears your praises sung from morning to night, she will be ready to listen when you return."

None would have guessed, to see the Prime Minister in the days that followed, that he bore a troubled heart under the familiar, cynical smile, the exaggerated mannerisms which made him such a boon to his enemies' sarcasms and the butt of coarse, stupid wit. Yet he saw his power tottering. Worse, he saw England's honor questioned, for Myers, shrunk and fably with fear, had come to him and told him that he was being ruined.

"Some one has started a rumor dot the bank was no gout," he complained, tugging at his beard with tremulous hands. "One after another, they have come to draw their money. That is not enough to pay that cheele—ah I am ruined, in my old age I am ruined! I shall not have the marble mausoleum over me after all!"

"Keep still about this," the diplomat told him sternly. "So long as a thing is unknown, it can be dealt with. It is tongues that sting. You have not harmed a thing more than bullets. No one must doubt that England has bought the Canal and paid for it."

To his wife he was the lover as always; gay, tender, full of little gallantries, with every morning the bouquet and the kiss. And she answered him in the same vein, saying no word of the grief heavy at her heart. But one day he looked into her eyes and saw that, tho her lips smiled, there were tears in her eyes, the frightened, bewildered tears of love.

"You know?" he questioned. "Ah, my dear, I tried to keep it from you."

"I can read you like a book," said his wife. "What is the trouble? I never asked you before, but I must know now."

Briefly, he told her that he had received a message in code from Charles saying that the check had been delivered. And unless he could get funds to meet it today, England was discredited.

"And you?" she asked, trembling. "What of you?"

He looked at her quite simply. "Oh, of course it would mean my downfall. But that does not matter."

"It matters to me," he thought, fiercely, "more than anything! But God won't let it happen! I have believed in God's goodness all my life. Aloid, she only asked, quietly, "What can we do, deary?"

The "we" seemed to give him courage. He set his glass more firmly in his eye. "I have sent for Sir Michael," he said. "He can save us if he can write."

A servant interrupted with a card. "Lady Travers, read Lady Beaconsfeld. "I will be with the word that I bring. I have no heart to listen to a discussion of Her Majesty's latest toilette from Paris today."

"Wait!" Her husband considered quickly. "Confound it, I have not visited their shoes under flags of truce. She was doubtful, uncertain; she was here to spy, to dis-
here and think of you and imagine you in
your splendid uniform, the handsomest
man there, dear—and the best!"

He managed to smile in the old familiar
way. He did not let her guess the dread
in his soul. "Send me a wire in case—
there is any change," he told the doctor, so
matter-of-factly that that worthy shrugged
his shoulders behind his stooped departing
back, and told the nurse that the old fellow
took it easy.

In the Hall of Reception, Disraeli, the
Prime Minister, stood alone, waiting the
coming of the guests who would acclaim
him openly at last, the Sovereign who
would do him public honor, and his tri-
umph, striven for thru so many long and
difficult years was as dust and ashes. What
was there for him if he gained the whole
world and lost her? Now he knew at last
why he had striven, where he had gained
the courage for the long fight—that he
might lay at her feet a name honored by
the whole world, that he might see his re-
ward in her clear, shining gaze.

Into the great hall came the guests, the
most honorable names in England come to
do honor to a low-born Jew. Shaking off
his dread, he greeted them in his familiar
fashion, kissed the women's scented, jew-
cled hands, spoke as tho in a dream to
Charles, who had hurried back to be here,
to Clarissa, hanging devoutly on her new
hero's arm.

"The Queen is coming!"
The great hall is in a ferment of excite-
ment. No one notices that a footman has
just brought Disraeli a telegram. He stands
motionless, staring down at the yellow en-
velope that contains the ending of the
world for him. The monacle is still there,
the limp hair falling over the bald fore-
head, even the little, thin-lipped cynical
smile, but the face is suddenly that of an
old man, a tired, broken old man who
would like to cry.

"The Queen's ladies!"
Mechanically, the Prime Minister
straightens, turns to the door, and gives a
cry, lost in the babel of tongues about him.
The first to enter, pale, fragile, but more
beautiful to his eyes than the glowing
young faces about her, is—his wife, Lady
Beaconsfield!

"It is you? Really you?" He touches
her pitilessly, as tho to make sure.

"Why, of course!" she smiles. "Didn't
you get the doctor's telegram that I had
miraculously recovered?" she smiled up
into his suddenly radiant face with
pretty, faded coquetry. "Aren't you glad
to see me?"

Glad! But there is no time to tell her.
"The Queen! God Save the Queen!"

Screwing his glass into his eye, carrying
himself jauntily, he gives his wife his arm.
"Come, we must go meet the Empress of
India!" said Disraeli, the Prime Minister,
and at last his smile was neither sardoniac
nor enigmatic, but the joyous, open smile
of a little boy.

COMPULSORY ATTENDANCE
By FRANK V. FAULHABER

"I thought your husband didn't attend
the movies. I saw him in the second row
with you the other day."

"Oh, I made him come along—they were
showing A Model Husband."

AN IMPOSSIBILITY
By FRANK V. FAULHABER

Interviewer: I s'pose there are a lot of
tricks in the movie-game, just like in other
businesses, eh?

"Extra": Certainly. But you can't work
any off on the director.

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Across the Silversheet

(Continued from page 101)

this author more worthy of the praise his work has been accorded.

There is the hero—a member of the Northwest Mounted Police, of course. And the fugitive, whom the hero has been hunting thru the years before the story starts, makes the hero loath to bring him back to the belated justice. And there is the villain —Black Dye, of the Northwoods, to be more exact, who covets the girl to such an extent that he plans an abolition. This results in clearing the plot of its difficulties and they all live happily ever after—that is to say, those who are permitted to live forever after. In the meantime there are several fatalities.

Perhaps Wallace Beery as the madman fugitive, Bram Johnson, who offers the best portrayal. At any rate, it is his sullen image you remember most vividly. Lewis Stone is the Sergeant of the Mounted Police and Ruth Rennie is Celic. A tiny person called Esther Scott, who is the hero's devoted and most natural figure on the screen and will undoubtedly be the favorite of the majority in the audience.

THE SIGN ON THE DOOR—FIRST NATIONAL

Several months ago Norma Talmadge appeared consistently in mediocre dramas. To them she brought to the screen that self-consistent quality of beauty, which has always been a magic to give—beauty, dramatic interpretation and charm. We believed the fact that she must eternally be handicapped by her vehicles and hoped for better times.

Undoubtedly, the better times have come. Numerous plays which proved successful behind the footlights during the last year or two, have found favor by her two hundred admirers and, "The Sign on the Door" is among them. And, what is more to the point, it makes excellent screen material. There is nothing very subtle or artistic about the story, it is true, but there is suspense, a rarity in this day of trite plots; excellent drama throughout, and excuses galore for logical emotional work.

In general outline, the story tells of Mr. and Mrs. Lafe Regan, also one Frank Devereaux, who are engaged in commercial life. When Ann Regan discovers that her step-daughter, Helen, is about to become his prey, she risks his disclosure of her previous friend, but she must and goes to his apartment in an effort to forestall his plan. While she is there, her husband visits Devereaux on behalf of a friend, and, realizing that he will not understand her presence, she conceals herself in an adjoining room. The complications which follow are unexpected and unusual, and Miss Talmadge offers a splendid study of the woman, hysterical and terrified at the frightful predicament in which she finds herself, yet eager and determined to save her husband at any cost.

The cast is excellent, with Charles Richman as Lafe Regan, and Lew Cody as Frank Devereaux.

Norma Talmadge, too, portrays Ann Regan with a conviction and charm, while, as we said before, she rises above to her emotional scenes. In all, there is something wrong somewhere—her vivacity and beauty are missing. The modeling of her features is far less distinct.

TO AN "EXTRA" GIRL

By ROBERT FIFE

Little "extra" girl, in the one sweet moment
That you belong to the screen,
You plucked my soul up from the mire,
And purged it,—made it clean.

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more to the country, her husband and her children.

When Jack Pickford completes his directorial work on "Little Lord Fauntleroy," he will immediately begin work on "The Three Musketeers," in which he is a star. This will be Jack's first appearance before the camera in many moons.

These summer days Doug and Mary Fairbanks have deserted their Rolls-Royces and bicycles to the studios, where they have worked hard and long on "The Three Musketeers," and "Little Lord Fauntleroy," respectively. Some say they will attend the Broadway première of "The Three Musketeers," but there is nothing definite about their plans as yet.

Mabel Normand liked the Mack Sennett fold so well upon her return when she began work on "Molly-O" that she had decided to remain there. However, in the meantime, between pictures, as it were, she is taking a short trip to Europe.

Jackie Coogan has written editors all over the country asking for suggestions in the way of stories which would be good screen material for his forthcoming productions. If you have any book or idea in mind, Jackie asks that you send it to him at Hollywood, California. He declares he is having difficulty finding the right stories.

The Hugo Ballin production of "Jane Eyre" boasts a splendid cast. Mabel Ballin of course is playing the title role. Norman Trever is the masculine lead and Crawford Kent is also entrusted with one of the principal characterizations. This screen version of the famous Brontë novel promises to be one of the treats of the autumn.

There have been more wedding bells in screenland. Owen Moore found Katherine Perry, the Zeigfeld recruit, irresistible while playing with her in "The Divorce of Convenience," and shortly after the completion of the production, their wedding bells rang out. As his carriage was hoonymooning at Mr. Moore's Long Island estate, whether Owen will follow in brother Tom's footsteps and induce his wife to remain in private life has not been announced. It is possible that she will continue in pictures.

THE SUNBEAM AND THE SHADOW

By CLARENCE E. FLYNN

The sunbeam and the shadow Are met upon the screen. Each mingles in the making Of yonder lovely scene. If all were only shadow, A leaden cloud would fall. If it were only sunshine, Twould be no scene at all.

In life are intermingled The sunshine and the rain. In each day strangely blended Are happiness and pain. Where'er is told life's story, However grave or fair, The sunshine and the shadow Succeed each other there.

The Perfect Hat for Fall
And the Most Popular

when you wear a Priscilla Dean Tam. Every girl is—she looks so chic and lovely. No matter what your type may be, a Priscilla Dean Tam in the color you like best becomes you. The soft, pliant "Suede-Like" of which it is made is so cleverly draped that there are no harsh lines anywhere—a charming frame for any face.

Attractive and serviceable, too, is the Priscilla Dean Dem—there's something ultra-s mart about it. The beautiful material, the artistic way it's fashioned, the grosgrain ribbon band and bow—the cleverly inserted elastic at the back, that enables the tam to lie to any head size—all combine to produce the most attractive little hat you've ever seen.

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Ideal Cast Contest Growing in Popularity
(Continued from page 80)

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Charles Ray...
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John Barrymore...
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Buster Keaton...
Fatty Arbuckle...
Charles Ray...
Douglas Fairbanks...
Wallace Reid...
Ben Turpin...
Walter Hiers...
Douglas MacLean...
Harry Seinn...

Comedian (Female)
Constance Talmadge...
Louise Fazenda...
Mabel Normand...
Mary Pickford...
Bebe Daniels...
Marie Prevost...
Violet Dana...
Mildred Davis...
May Allison...
Zasu Pitts...

Child
Wesley Barry...
Ess Alexander...
Marie Osborne...
Mickey Moore...
Bill Henry, Jr...
Virginia Ley Corbin...
Bobby Connely...
Mary Pickford...
Mary MacAlister...
Madge Evans...

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Cecil B. de Mille...
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In 4 to 8 days

Don’t say you can’t—instead fill out and mail the coupon. You will receive a free trial bottle and application comb. Use as directed on a single lock of hair and watch the transformation! This scientific restorer is a pure, colorless liquid, dainty and clean as water. You apply it yourself, easily and quickly, simply by combing through the hair. The name of this preparation has been famous now for many years. It is

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Refined women everywhere use this scientific preparation to give their hair its natural becoming color. It leaves it soft and fluffy, ready to curl and dress. Won’t wash off.

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This Portrait Is My Proof of what my Beauty Methods accomplish

My heart goes out to every girl and woman who has ambition to be beautiful. You owe it to yourself to be attractive, admired and courted, and I am proud to say it is my privilege to help you.

If you want to know the methods used by Famous actresses, stars, and many of the women who marry the most discriminating men in the world, I will send you free of cost and without obligation, my book, "How to Use Them in the Present Day," a book containing the most wonderful results which thousands of others have bought. This book will guide you in the correct way of beauty and health.

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A Ridin' Romeo

(Continued from page 57)

cooling breeze. Mr. Mix was clad in white flannels, with a bright red tie. Below his immaculately creased trousers one glimpsed short patent leather boots. His grey-brown Stetson—the P. A., who let no detail escape, had told me that it cost around two hundred dollars—was lying on a table. No wonder he kept it close at hand, I reflected, with a constant stream of interviewers passing in and out. He was taking no chances.

He mopped his brow, pushed back a lock of coal-black hair and subsided unquietly into an easy chair.

"You must be tired of talking," I observed, "and there's a waiting line outside."

"Not a bit tired," he said cheerfully. "You see, I don't often get a chance to talk, and it's good practice, meeting all these people. It's fifteen years since I've been to this old burg. Came here to Madison Square Garden with a Wild West show. Will Rogers was with us. He went into vaudeville after that and I went into pictures."

"Me on the stage? Lord, no! I have to have a regular man-size job, out in the open with lots of room, and I couldn't work without horses. There's something about the feel of a good horse under me—you know, a horse with personality—big, open spaces and the whole sky, not just a piece of it, above me—that's like nothing else in the world."

"Here in New York I'm actually scared. It's so great, the tall buildings, towering up all around—as many people in some of 'em as there are in one town out West. Reckon you could go clear thru 'em, too, from top to bottom, and not find a place where a fellow could fix a car, shoe a horse or mend a Harrier. And millions of people, hurrying to get some place. Where do they all come from? Where do they all go to?"

"I reckon I feel like a tenderfoot feels when he comes West all fixed up for hunting and roughing it. I've seen men get off the train, take one look at the mountains and inquire what time the next train leaves for wherever they came from. I've seen others hang around a couple of days and get so all-fired lonesome and just plain scared they would beat it into a saloon and stay for days. Reckon it was the only place where they felt at home. My ranch—my real ranch—is in Arizona, and a fellow sees strange things happen."

"Yes, it's a middlin' big place—about eleven thousand acres. I raise all my horses there. When I need a few to train for pictures, I have 'em shipped out to Los Angeles. My California ranch, they call it, but it's not much of a place—only twenty-six acres—but it's the group that some of the New Yorkers ever saw. I reckon. Some of my men live there, and we train the colts and the ponies and a few mules. Remember the mule in 'The Back Bar at the Back Door'? That was my mule. I loaned him to Mary. Last night I dished all up and went to the theater, and after we got home I set up till four o'clock to think out a stunt for that mule to do in my next picture."

"And does Mrs. Mix like the ranch—and Western life?"

"She likes what I like," he grinned, "with a difference."

"Fact is," he continued, seriously, "that if there's anything fine in me—civilized would be more like it—I owe it to my wife. I was brought up on a ranch down in Texas

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and I'm just a cow-puncher, and rough, but I've lived clean. I don't drink, I don't smoke. A fellow can't do it and keep a clear head and steady hand. And I make decent pictures. Course, I have to throw in a villain runnin' off with a girl and incidents like that, otherwise it would be Tom Mix ridin' a horse or a lot of men on bucking broncos—story. But I keep 'em decent, and I live decent, so when I meet a bunch of boys, like today, when I was asked to say a few words to a graduating class of boys, I say, 'Boys, I don't smoke, I don't drink, and I take care of my body. If I didn't, I couldn't do the stunts I do in pictures.' That gets 'em every time.

"But, as I was sayin', the best side of me was brought out by my wife. We have a home in Los Angeles that we love and enjoy, because it expresses both our personalities. I have my chair and couch, with their naval blankets and cushions—my Indian heads, and probably over in one corner a gun. That's me.

"Then there's the breakfast room, all blue and gold, with a lot of Wedgwood china that I wouldn't touch on a bet, and things made of lace or embroidery. That's my wife."

"In the morning, I dress as carefully as tho I were breakfasting with the Queen of Spain. She dresses carefully, too. You never see her coming to breakfast in one of those kimono things. We eat our breakfast as leisurely as tho there was nothing else in the world to do. Then I go to the ranch, get out of those clothes and into my working togs. But I have begun the day right, and I feel happy. It makes all the difference in the world? See what I mean? At night I get into my bath and into a dinner coat—and I'm a gentleman!"

"You know, a fellow has to organize for domestic happiness same as for any other business. Sure you do. You can't forget all that sweethearts stuff just because you have been corralled. She wants candy and flowers and attention, just like she always did. Why wouldn't she?"

"It's always been a habit of mine to stop now and then and take stock and see if I'm falling down on my job. And when a fellow's married, it's a good idea to take stock of the domestic organization once in so often to see if anything is wrong, and if there is, figure it out."

"She's out shopping now—seems to be the only thing this town is good for—so I told her to go the limit. Wish you could meet her."

And I did a few days later, at a dinner given for the star and his party at the Hotel Astor. Mr. Mix's mother-in-law, Eugenie Ford, who has played in his pictures and many others, was present. At his right sat a bright-eyed, slender wisp of a girl, blonde and beguiling. She was Victoria Ford before she gave up her career to marry her cowboy hero. Now she is Mrs. Tom Mix. A camera was set up at one end of the room and Mr. Mix, who had been rather quiet, and a bit shy under the eyes of so many press representatives, left the room. A minute later, the curtains at the end of the Rose Room, where the dinner was held, parted. Into the room and upon a lovely platform that had been erected for the purpose, came Tony in all his brave trappings of silver and leather—a true figure of a horse. On his back, boots, spurs, gun in one hand and hat in the other, proud and confident, was the real Tom Mix. The camera flashed, and as he rode off, disappearing behind the rose silk curtains, his backward glance was for the little figure sitting at the end of the table.

"Hurry back, Tom," she said to her "Ridin' Romeo."
"It was just wonderful—the way everyone complimented my complexion!"

"It taught me how important it is to have a clear, wholesome skin".

The beauty of a clear, flawless complexion—how much woman’s charm depends upon it. A radiant, wholesome skin—how important it is to her attractiveness.

Yet how many, many women have failed to keep their complexions fresh and clear. How often it is that a sallow skin lessens a woman’s charm in the eyes of others—that a face blemished by blackheads or tiny eruptions counts against her popularity.

Do you realize what a big part your complexion can play in creating for you a new attractiveness—in winning the admiration of friends? A complexion that will bring you compliments is easy to achieve.

You can attain the beauty of a fresh, dainty complexion, just as thousands of attractive women have, if you begin today to use Ingram’s Milkweed Cream regularly.

Ingram’s Milkweed Cream does more than the ordinary face cream. It has an exclusive therapeutic property that actually “tones-up”—revitalizes—the sluggish tissues of the skin. Applied regularly it heals and nourishes the skin cells, soothes away redness and roughness, banishes slight imperfections.

Used faithfully, it will bring to you a beauty of complexion that will mean new charm and attractiveness.

Begin today to gain new charm

When you get your first jar of Ingram’s Milkweed Cream you will find in the package a booklet of Health Hints. This booklet tells you the most effective way in which to use Ingram’s Milkweed Cream—tells you how to use it in treating blackheads, eruptions and other common troubles of the skin. Read this booklet carefully. 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 one-dollar size. Begin at once to gain the beauty of a fresh, glowing, wholesome complexion—it will add so much to your charm.

Ingram’s Beauty Purse—an attractive, new souvenier packet of the exquisite Ingram toilet aids. Send us a dime, with the coupon below, and receive this dainty Beauty Purse for your hand bag.

Posed by Constance Talmadge in “Dangerous Business”—a First National motion picture. Miss Talmadge is one of many attractive women in pictures who use and endorse Ingram’s Milkweed Cream for proper care of the complexion.
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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 what she says about powders in the June, 1921, Motion Picture Magazine.

We have secured the exclusive American rights to Miss Palmer's Peach Bloom 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.

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The Secret of Charm Never Changes

Throughout the ages it exerts its power—this charm to which the world bows, changing history and making queens—of nations as well as hearts.

Few can describe it, for charm doesn't depend upon beauty alone. The woman who wields it may be dark or fair, of any race or type. Only this is certain—she has a perfect skin, fresh, youthful, free from blemishes—the irresistible attraction which all understand and admire.

Begin today to give your complexion the care it needs and this charm will also be yours. It's a beauty secret of ancient Egypt and the beautiful Cleopatra.

How to beautify your skin

Bad complexions are largely due to lack of proper cleansing. The pores become clogged, then enlarged, then irritated. Blackheads and blotches follow.

The best preventive is a daily cleansing with Palmolive soap. It makes a balmy, creamy lather, for the base is palm and olive oils. A gentle massage makes it penetrate. A rinsing takes it out, and with it come all accumulations which have clogged the skin. Finish with a dash of cold water and a touch of cold cream. Then your skin will be fresh and rosy, clear, soft, smooth.

A lesson from stage women

All women can learn something from women of the stage, who use much rouge, much powder. But they remove them before they sleep. And with them the oil, the dirt and perspiration which clog up the pores of the skin.

Their complexions will show you that they do no harm when skins are treated the right way.

Ancient beauties knew the way

Roman beauties, in their famous baths, used palm and olive oils. Egyptian beauties used them in Cleopatra's time.

Now modern science finds no better way to beauty than by scientific blending of these oils.

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Palmolive soap costs little, yet it forms the best skin soap the world ever knew. It employs palm oil from Africa, olive oil from Spain. It combines them in a perfect emollient.

The Palmolive price is due to the fact that millions have come to employ it. And we have worked for years to bring it within the reach of all.

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One woman reduced 13 pounds in 8 days and another lost 20 pounds in less than a month. Still another took off 40 pounds in an incredible 8 hours. All without appliances, medicines, starving, special baths or massage. No discomforts and no self-denials. Results in 48 hours. Free trial

A SIMPLE, easily-followed law of nature has been discovered which enables anyone to quickly rid themselves of dangerous, burdensome excess flesh. Remarkable results are often apparent in 8 hours. These benefits are secured without the slightest discomfort or effort and without any bitter self-denials. In fact you will enjoy your meals and other pleasures of life more than ever before.

When you have reached your normal, ideal weight, you can retain it without gaining or losing another pound.

Thousands of stout men and women, who have regained their normal figures by this method, find that a pound a day reduction can usually be looked for at the wonderful system, which has led to 8 to 10 pounds a week—and even more.

Reduce as quickly as you wish

The rate at which you lose your surplus flesh is entirely in your own control. If you do not wish to lose flesh as rapidly as a pound a day or ten pounds a week, you must adhere to this natural law so that your loss of flesh will be more gradual. By reducing more slowly you avoid any necessity of sudden changes of diet or activity which can make slight and imperceptible alterations in your garments as you steadily attain a slender, graceful figure.

In addition to normal weight and a more youthful figure you secure other great benefits. For this natural method also builds your health and gives you real energy and stamina. You experience a clearer complexion, a brighter eye and a more beautiful complexion, and write that they have been astounded at looking wrinkles which they had supposed could not be effaced. As the superfluous flesh vanishes, your figures begin to drop off of their own accord. Your nerves are improved and your sleep is more refreshing. You regain youthful vigor and maintain this youthful form.

As one grateful woman says: “It is like being invited to step into an entirely new world—a world unlike what the old one was years and years ago. A body of graceful lines, firmly toning with health; a body that seems capable of any degree of physical exertion. And you obtain all this without any discomforts or self-denials. You make no 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 them.”

The Secret Explained

Scientists have always realized that there was some natural law on which the whole system of weight control was based. But to discover this vital “law of food” has always baffled them. It remained for Eugene Christian, the world-famous food specialist, to discover the one, safe, certain, and thorough method of regaining normal, healthful weight. He discards all diet foods, when eaten together, take off weight instead of adding to it. Certain combinations cause fat, others consume fat. For instance, if you eat certain foods at the same meal, they are translated into more fat. But eat these same foods at different times and they will be converted into blood and muscle. Then the excess fat you already have is used up in energy. 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.

Free Trial—Send No Money

E.Lated with his discovery and with the new hope it offers to stout 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 method is sent free of charge.

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Motion Picture Magazine
(Trade-mark Registered)
Founded by J. Stuart Blackton

Vol. XXII
NOVEMBER, 1921
No. 10

Published by Brewster Publications, Inc.,
New York, N. Y.

EUGENE V. BREWSTER, President and Editor-in-Chief
GUY L. HARRINGTON, Vice-President
E. M. HEINEMANN, Secretary
ANDREW CONLON, Treasurer

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
Jamaica, N. Y.
Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation

Adele Whitely Fletcher, Editor
Frederick James Smith, Managing Editor
Herbert Howe, Western Manager

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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for future reference.

Aster.—"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Metro's spectacular visualization of Blasco Ibañez's famous novel of the war and its reactions.

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

Cassin.—"Hong Kong." The Zimbalist musical comedy upon a return visit.

Cohan & Harris.—"Welcome Stranger," Aaron Hoffman's story of a Skylock in a New England town. Presents the battle of Jew and Gentile in a way that the Hebrew gets much the best of it, teaching a whole town kindness and religious toleration. George S. Kaufman is excellent as the twentieth century Skylock.

Ellinge.—"Ladies' Night." About the most daring comedy yet attempted on Broadway. This passes from the boudoir zone to the "Zerkov bath on ladies' one of the dirtiest scenes. Not only skates on thin ice, but crashes thru. John Cumberland is admirable.

Forty-eight Street.—"The Broken Wing." The story of love-works in the Shaw manner, a melodrama of adventure below the Rio Grande. The opus of an aviator who falls in Mexico, thereby losing his memory and his heart. The act, to a dusty series of old skates. Full of excitement and possessing a well-done characterization by Alphonse Ethier.

Forty-fourth Street.—D. W. Griffith's master-production of the rural melodrama in which Eva Speranza, in many ways, with many moving moments and the biggest and most thrilling climax since the ride of the clownsman in "The Birth of a Nation."

Henry Miller's.—"Mr. Pin Passes By." Theatre Guild production of a pleasant English light comedy by A. A. Milne. Features the delightful work of George Zucco and Claire Trevor.

K Kitto.—"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.


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


Vanderbilt.—"Irene." Now on its stech season and likely to run on forever. Charming and pretty musical comedy with Patti Harrold, daughter of Orville Harrold, is now the Irene, and she is delightful. You will hear more of her.
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This contest, at the close of which there will be awarded $30,000 in prizes to the writers of the thirty-one best scenarios entered, is dedicated to the belief, shared by all leading picture makers, that amateur scenario writers, with proper advice and encouragement, can produce quantities of strong vivid stories, real life scenarios that will give needed stimulus to the work of permanently establishing moving pictures as one of the great American contributions to art. The contest will be national in scope. No one will be excluded except employes of The Chicago Daily News and of the Goldwyn Company.

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The winner of the contest will not only receive the $10,000 offered as a first prize but will see his scenario shown on the screen.

Goldwyn will produce it

This means that no effort or expense will be spared to make of it a great picture.

The Judges

The judges of The Chicago Daily News contest have been selected from the most prominent American writers, critics, and motion picture authorities. David Wark Griffith, Samuel Goldwyn, Charles Chaplin, Norma Talmadge, Mary Roberts Rinehard, Rupert Hughes, Gertrude Atherton, Amy Leslie and Governor Morris compose the committee that will pass on all scenarios submitted. All awards will be made on a basis of merit. The judges will not know the writers' names, scenarios being known to them by number only.

To Assist You

Starting Monday, August 22nd, The Chicago Daily News began publishing a series of daily articles by the leading motion picture authorities of the country telling how to write the kind of scenarios the public wants. These articles, by such eminent motion picture figures as D. W. Griffith, Norma Talmadge, Charles Chaplin and Samuel Goldwyn are authoritative. Scenario writing is discussed from every angle. Each article is not only interesting, but instructive.

Back copies of The Daily News may be had by writing to the Scenario Contest Editor, The Chicago Daily News, 15 N. Wells St., Chicago, Illinois, simply enclose 2 cents in stamps for each issue desired. The Chicago Daily News is published every week day.

Send in your scenario now as the contest closes November 1st, 1921.

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For daytime use—the cream that will not reappear in a shine

You must protect your skin from wind and dust, or it will protect itself by developing a tough, florid surface. Then the soft texture of youth is lost forever.

Wind whips the natural moisture out of the skin, drying it so that tiny scales appear. Dust bores deep into the pores, dulling and blemishing the complexion and forming blackheads.

Always apply Pond's Vanishing Cream before you go out. It is based on an ingredient famous for its softening effect on the skin. The cream disappears at once, affording your skin an invisible protection. No matter how much you are out of doors, it will keep your skin smooth and soft.

There is not a drop of oil in Pond's Vanishing Cream to reappear and make your face shiny.

When you powder, do it to last. First smooth in a little Pond's Vanishing Cream. Now powder. Notice how smoothly the powder goes on—and it will stay on two or three times as long as usual. Your skin has been prepared for it.

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Start using these two creams today

Both these creams are too delicate in texture to clog the pores and they will not encourage the growth of hair. They come in convenient sizes in both jars and tubes. Get them at any drug or department store. If you desire samples first, take advantage of the offer below. The Pond's Extract Company, 141 Hudson St., New York.

POND'S Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

For the nightly cleansing, use Pond's Cold Cream—with an oil base.
One by one, Mary Pickford is bringing the story-book children, beloved by young and old, to the silvercloth. Her next production is "Little Lord Fauntleroy," in which she characterizes both the Little Lord and his Mother Dear. May her shadow family grow and grow!
It has been said that the beauty of the American girl is the primary reason for the popularity of the motion picture. Lucy Fox contributes largely then to the cinema's success, for her beauty is unquestioned.

She is now serialing at Pathé.
Every now and then, Louise Huff forsakes domesticity long enough to add another portrait to the gallery of her characterizations. Her latest effort is with George Arliss in "Disraeli"
In truth, Elliott Dexter is the man who came back. Even thru his long illness, his public held him enshrined in their memory. He recently signed on the dotted line of a splendid Goldwyn contract.
RUDOLPH VALENTINO

The screen portrayals of Valentino are rich in color. First of any importance was Julio in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Recently he played Armand to Nazimova's Lady of the Camellias, and at present he is creating the title rôle of "The Sheik," that love story of desert sands and Arabs, which has thrilled the reading public for many months.
When the camera caught the elusive quality of May McAvoy, it brought stardom to her door. She is still being considered for the title role of Barrie's "Peter Pan," but in the meantime she is busily at work in Realart productions.
Will Rogers, minus the perfect features of the matinee idol, and bashful in the fade-out, has won an enviable following—one which reflects credit on the human note always to be found in his portrayals. At present, he is making a series of short subjects for his own company.
Florence Vidor thinks there is no director like her husband—King Vidor thinks Florence is worthy of far more than he can offer her in his productions—. So, at intervals, she appears in Ince offerings, but a King Vidor picture is usually assured of her charming presence.
Enid Bennett is now creating her greatest rôle, while she mothers the tiny Niblo baby. There has been no christening as yet, but the daughter will probably be Enid Bennett Niblo. When this young lady no longer demands her mother's entire time, Enid will come back to the screen.
By Candlelight

Posed by Mabel Ballin and Norman Trevor in
"Jane Eyre"
Why Not Put Thought Into Action?

By

Peter Weiman

"Give me physical action or I can't give you pictures!"

That has been the cry of any number of directors for the past decade—ever since the art of a new industry donned swaddling clothes, in fact, then graduated to them to its first pantalettes.

Train rescues, mob scenes, fist fights, weeping heroines and dashing heroes have all been regarded as essential ingredients of the potpourri that made the average picture.

Today, producer and director are waking up. They are realizing that the most thrilling action is the conflict which arises from the clash of human minds, not bodies. That the scope of the motion picture to express this is limited only in so far as symbols are limited. That a handkerchief torn to shreds by trembling hands has far more effect on an audience than a heroine hanging over a precipice.

Why? Because every woman in that audience has at one time or another experienced some devastating emotion that has been expressed by nervous fingers destroying whatever they grasped; while one out of a thousand, if that, has swung over a precipice waiting for friend hero to dash to the rescue. It is self-application of a story that makes it thrilling. The sympathy that goes out thru understanding is one hundred per cent. more potent and memorable than the gasp that follows a scene which is obviously contrived for effect.

Show me my neighbor's struggle against temptation and I will have twice the interest in his resistance or his fall. Show me the expression of that struggle thru a hand on the knob of a door, turning it in indecision, then lifted while its owner turns away, then returning, hesitant, as if trying to pull back, and finally grasping the knob in desperation, and I will tell you exactly what is revolving in the mind of the owner of that hand. A scene of this kind will hold the attention of its audience twice as long as any ordinary physical combat and twice as firmly. When the door-knob at last turns, they will walk thru that doorway with the man who has struggled and won or lost, as the case may be.

It is the personal application of a story that makes for the big thrill—the thrill of reality. All the hair-breadth escapes in the world cannot give rise to the emotional uplift of the scene in story, play or photoplay that might have happened to you.
Essentially a Fireman's Bride

Irene Castle Treman declared that the man who attracted her most was the man who liked the things she liked—the outdoors, slight danger now and then, and the thrill accompanying it.

Irene Castle Treman had chosen an early hour for the appointment. Evidently, however, she had expected to be taken at her word, for, when we presented ourself at that time, she had just emerged from the bath. And in less time than it takes to tell about it, we were ushered into her hotel apartment.

Of a certainty, it was not as you would expect it to be. There was not a solitary, unnecessary but nevertheless artistic, trapping. It had not been designed and executed as a background for the girl who inhabited it—the same girl who several years ago introduced the Castle Clip and is today indirectly responsible for the hundreds of attractive bobbed heads all over the country.

Several dogs of the miniature variety and of boastful pedigree scampered about. A monkey chattered volubly in his window cage. Two pink-ginghamed figures immediately proceeded to exhibit their turtles.

Irene Castle Treman, smartly attired in a black and white frock, appeared to give immediately some semblance of order to the confusion.

"This must appear frightful," she told us, "but we're leaving for Ithaca in the morning, and the only time I'm here is during the week while we're working on my new picture, 'French Heels,' you know. Mr. Treman remains in the country. You can't get him into the city, especially in the summer, and I dash madly back there every week-end, tickled to death with the new swimming-pool and the horses, after a busy week in the city."

She introduced her nieces, who were to spend a few weeks with her at Ithaca; admonished the monkey and relegated the dogs, temporarily at least, to

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston
By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

another room. One niece, Jane by name, took her place at the window and studied the clouds, intently. The other pink frock devoted itself to an absorption of the turtles, and the interview proceeded, punctuated every so often by a shrill bark from one of the tiny canine throats, and the patter, unceasing and un-tiring, of the monkey feet beating rebelliously on the floor of the cage.

"Jane," explained Mrs. Treman, indulgently, "is trusting that the sun will not appear. If it clears, I must finish some exterior scenes, otherwise Coney Island is the program for the day. We were there the day before yesterday, and Jane simply adored it. Last night she asked me how much older I thought she would be before she saw Coney again. We tried all the roller-coasters and the highest slides we could find. Jane and I especially like the slides. If we don't go today, we probably won't get there again, for we leave for the country in the morning."

Jane sighed audibly.

I asked if Mr. Treman liked the idea of motion pictures.

She laughed. "Well enough, if they don't keep me in tears constantly. He knows that it is the sports we enjoy together which make my life worth the living, and he thinks it is foolish to sacrifice any pleasures you are able to enjoy. His business is in Ithaca, and when your father has been good enough to build up one of the largest hardware industries in the country for you, the thing to do is to take care of it."

Jane vouchsafed the information that the sky was certainly no brighter. Personally, she didn't see why anyone would be foolish enough to take pictures on such a day.

It was, the all of it, so very wholesome and every-dayish, yet withal so pleasant, that you felt no inclination to talk of hectic theories and, at the same time, it is not likely that Irene Treman spends any great amount of time analyzing her every emotion. However, we did ask her what type of man pleased her most.

"A man who enjoys those things I, too, enjoy," she answered surely. "I might be infatuated with the other kind, the sort who doesn't like the outdoors, slight danger now and then, and the thrill which accompanies it for a day or two, but that would end it. While I do go in for the other things, teas and dinners every so often, they are (Continued on page 87)"
EYES, they say, are the windows of the soul. If this be true, I am glad, for the only feature of Milton Sills that was Milton Sills, as God made him and by which I could divine his true character when I met him, was his eyes.

I had seen him often dashing across the silversheet to rescue some maiden in distress; I had watched him at the Lasky studio, clad in sleek outing garments with smooth-fitting boots and picturesque shirt, playing opposite Gloria Swanson in "The Great Moment"; I had seen him in New York walking along Broadway unperturbed by the nudges of passersby. And always he had stood pre-eminently in my mind as the gentleman screen-player—cool, suave, cultured.

Imagine my surprise, after an anticipatory drive from Lasky's to the Ince studio, where he had transferred his make-up box for one picture with the working title "Lucky Damage," when I was let onto a dimly lighted set and introduced to a man with all the usual habiliments of a crook. His trousers hung loosely from a seemingly sparse frame; a soiled old shirt was mercifully half covered by a vest which was split up the back. He wore no coat. But his face—I could scarcely credit my senses. His nose was large, wide nostriled and crooked; his ears protruded at right angles, while his lower jaw bulged like a prizefighter's. Even his voice was rather thick and husky when he spoke.

I don't think I was quite capable of speech.

"It is make-up, you know—quite a wonderful one, don't you think?" said the mobby press agent, as he noticed the sinking inclination of my knees.

"Mr. Sills," I said, trying to acknowledge the introduction cordially, but feeling very much as one of those heroines of war fiction must have felt when her handsome lover or husband was brought home with his face scarred beyond recognition.

"This is a fine way for me to be when you are kind enough to come all this distance to interview me. I hope you'll pardon my appearance."

His eyes—keen, cool, kindly grey eyes—regarded me critically, penetratingly, as if they were trying to divine whether I had the character stamina to stand by such a fiendish-looking person.

"The kindest heart is often found beneath the most hideous exterior," he reassured me. "Handsome should be as handsome does. But it isn't always so. I have known the most perfectly beautiful women imaginable—their faces are masks of all that is good and noble in woman—but in reality they are devils, calculating devils. And I have known plain little women with hearts big enough to mother the universe. As a matter of fact,

The Philosopher and the Cinema
the character I am portraying now is supposed to be as wicked as I look (the steel-like grey eyes twinkled momentarily); then he meets with a terrific accident and the doctor, who treats him, being a specialist in repairing war-scarred faces, remodels the face, and with the face the character.

“I believe that such a transformation is possible. I know that with a face like this it would be pretty hard to fight for the good things of life.”

Lambert Hillyer, the director, approached just then, and in his rather casual and gentle way said: “Mr. Sills on the set, please.

Milton Sills considers motion pictures a Godsend to the theatrical profession, because they permit people to live the normal home life which the stage makes impossible

and Miss Manon—now ready—lights!” Mr. Sills drew a murderously-looking cigar out of his pocket and clamped it vigorously in his jaw. Then he drew Marcia Manon to him.

“Now kid,” he said you listen to me——the camera clicked—the sordid went on.

Watching, I wondered that man out there was a college graduate. University of Chicago, nay more—he had finished his p. g course and had taken up his career as a college professor when the call of the stage caught him. What I wondered, was the magnet that could be strong enough to attract a blue-blooded college professor of philosophy, who was more familiar with Einstein’s theory than grease-paint, to the rather pretentiously passionate art.

The company worked steadily then until five-thirty. As soon as his work was finished, Milton Sills hastened back to me—

“It is a shame to keep you waiting like this.”

(Continued on page 96)
Katherine Perry, an erstwhile Ziegfeld girl, came to the movies and was cast as leading-lady with Owen Moore in "A Divorce of Convenience." The irony of titles. So Owen decided that he wished Katherine to be his leading-lady forever and ever. And the wedding bells chimed. Then came the honeymoon at the Long Island country house. And the first touch of frost finds the honeymoon still in a golden fulness.

Golden Hours

The above photographs of Mr. and Mrs. Moore were snapped just as soon as the newly-weds would permit a cameraman to enter their Eden. Certainly, they tell a story of golden hours.
The Gishes Two

A New Camera Study of Lillian and Dorothy Gish in the Forthcoming D. W. Griffith Production

"The Two Orphans"
BEBE DANIELS

is the youngest person I have ever met. She is young in her girlhood, just curving into womanhood, and in her mannerisms; she's young in her enthusiasm and her serious outlook on life, and yet—she is strangely sophisticated.

She has a peculiar habit of speaking like a veteran. "Ever since I was four years old," she says, "I have earned my own living—on the stage."

When she was eighteen and a half, she had to play the part of a woman who seduces another woman's husband in "Why Change Your Wife."

"So you see, I had to know something of life," she says.

Bebe suggests a Fannie Hurst heroine come to life. She is a luxury-loving child, a lover of sumptuous gowns and furs and jewels. She hopes she will never have to play a part that calls for rags; she detests that sort of thing. Quick to make the most of a bargain for herself, she is generous to a fault with her friends.

Her maid and those players who have not advanced so quickly as she all love her—no one is jealous of Bebe's success, for Bebe the star is a sane, warm-hearted creature who takes her stardom very sensibly. Stardom has not gone to her head.

"I believe what will be, will be," she explains seriously, "I am a fatalist."

She is a restless individual, a creature whose favorite sports are indoor...
By
Hazel Simpson Naylor

sports, who admits she detests golf, tennis, swimming. I cannot imagine Bebe with a coat of sunburn, and yet—

When I was led to get an interview from her, it seemed most appropriate that a slight smoke of oriental incense should seep from her dressing-room door. Ah, thought I, sniffing the perfumed air, she will be languorous, heavy lidded, wearing a peignoir of black velvet. Black velvet, too, would drape the windows and floors. A single soft-shaded lamp of old Japan would throw a single high light on her jet black hair. But—

The door was flung wide open and a very search-light of sunlight blinded me with its sudden power, and, as the strangeness of the glare gradually abated, I saw Bebe, a tall, slightly self-conscious girl, just beyond the awkward stage, standing up to greet her expected guest. Even an interview impresses Bebe as a great adventure, so you see she is not blase; that is, not blase where anything concerns her career.

While we lunched, or rather I lunched and Bebe drank grape juice, we discussed cabbages and kings, careers and clothes, and I discovered many things. Bebe wants money for the things it can buy: I might almost limit it to clothes she can buy, but she wants to do really great screen work more than she wants money. Love, and this is the most anachronistic characteristic of Bebe Daniels, has no place in her life. She has hung up the no-admission sign to would-be husbands. At the age when most girls spend their waking and sleeping hours dreaming of their Prince Charmings, Bebe Daniels thinks only of her "work." She hopes (with a naive so sincere that it is startling) that she will make good.

All of which, I suppose you are thinking, has nothing to do with black lacquer.

But just as the uncurtained sunlight in Bebe's room is indicative of her startling girlishness, so is the black lacquer of her dressing-room furnishings indicative of her screen personality. Rich is the painted black of her specially-designed furniture, and oriental are the painted figures thereon. She herself designed the orange and black sofa cushion, the hanging pagoda-like lamps and the specially-made black lacquer victrola—and all the time that Bebe is talking, or making up, or dressing, she has her victrola playing jazz music.

Hers is the soul of a Cleopatra with an American girl's brain and culture. Bebe Daniels offers many piquant and varying phases of the genus femina, for as interesting as her personal characteristics are the details of her rise to fame. Bebe is a stage child. She has really been brought up behind the footlights. Her mother and father had their own company touring the West, and she played the baby parts.

Bebe is a stage child. She has really been brought up behind the footlights. Her mother and father had their own company touring the West, and she played the baby parts. The Daniels' family tree traces itself back to the Empress Josephine. Our Bebe was named by her grandmother, who was a daughter of the President of Colombia, South America. Her marriage to the American consul at Buenos Aires was one of that period's real romances.

(Continued on page 82)
The two accompanying photographs depict the latest advance of the cinema. Above is the Shakespeare Memorial Theater at Stratford-on-Avon, which is being used as a motion picture theater when not required for Shakespearian festivals. At the right is the Town Hall in New York City. The Town Hall, originally erected for lectures and similar occasions, was recently the home of D. W. Griffith's "Dream Street." It is a far hall from the corner-store which formerly housed the movie to these edifices. Of a certainty, the cinema advances!
into his studio and brought him a queer toy. It was a Chinese shadowgraph figure which had found its way into a dusty little shop of odds and ends in Florence.

It really would seem that the shadowgraph has clung to life almost consciously.

“It was clutching at a new form of expression,” said Tony Sarg, “when it lured my drift-anywhere friend into that queer Italian hole, and forced him to part with seventeen francs for a badly damaged figure. And that quaint little perforated man has waited with the true patience of the Orient for me to get ‘round to him. And all the while, there were dozens of influences working to pull me ‘round.”

Mr. Stewart Culin, curator of the Brooklyn Museum, was perhaps the strongest of these influences.

A number of years ago, Mr. Culin went to China. He brought back with him many fascinating things which only an expert could have discovered. Among them was a collection of old shadowgraph figures. These, tho his personal property, were given a place of honor in the Museum, befitting their great age and rarity.

And now, an odd thing has happened to them. They have been taken from the sanctity of the Museum, and transported to the unsanctified atmosphere of Tony Sarg’s studio. There, they are actually handled, with reverence, it is true, and by Mr. Sarg alone.

Their ancient limbs are made to move, and they throw quaint shadows when held between the light and a screen of taut white linen.

It was Mr. Culin’s suggestion, this temporary removal of museum treasures to a Ninth Street work-room. He felt that they should be a link between the ancient East and the modern West—that if old China could be brought to Broadway, so much the better for both. A man who knows the past in art, he refuses to regard it in any way as dead, to handle it with gloves.

There are twenty of these old figures. As they lie on a table, their parts too-easily jointed, in color a smudgy black, they make just the sort of little heap a careless maid might whisk into the waste-basket. It is only when they are held up between the light and the eye that their wonders are revealed. In outline, they are simple enough, but in each case the entire figure, in its costume of a vanished age, is a mass of beautiful and intricate stenciling. So much is cut away, the parts left are so delicate, that one marvels that the whole thing does not fall to pieces. The answer to this is buffalo hide. There is the voice of the past; buffalo hide, carefully stretched, dried and scraped, and even after more than a hundred

(Continued on page 88)
Heart of Stone

LEWIS STONE and I visited the zoo together. Lest Mrs. Stone and the two little pebbles read this and jump to the conclusion that the pride and mainstay of the Stone family has fallen into the devious ways of some professionals and is rushing a flapper, I hasten to add that we were there for business purposes only—an interview.

You see, Lewis Stone's place of business is in a zoo. He works—I mean emotes—for the Selig-Rork Film Company, which is located on the same lot with Colonel Selig's famous collection of animals. Mr. Stone has just signed a new contract to do three two-reelers and four five-reelers for Colonel Selig, one of the pioneer film producers of America.

There is a certain primeval vigor about Mr. Stone which made it seem appropriate that he should be there among the lion cages and the wild tigers and the smart-faced foxes and the funny little monkeys. I felt that there was a bond of sympathy between these creatures of the forest and the stalwart man who walked at my side. And while he made quips and jests at our watching the animals, I sensed his wish that these restless four-fosters could be back in their own free forest. Caged animals are so like many human beings who are trapped in by life's circumstances.

But I wander from my theme.

Mr. Stone gives the impression of dapper slenderness, a slenderness which screens muscles of steel. His eyes are changeable brown and green and grey, as his moods

or the lights affect them. His hair is snow white—that lovely white that comes to bless those who turn grey in their twenties.

Lewis Stone was grey at twenty, and, as he was on the stage at the time, it necessitated his making up his hair. One day a friend called his attention to an advertisement for dying the hair. "Just apply at night with a comb," it read, "until you acquire the desired shade."

That sounded fine to Mr. Stone. Why not dye his hair once and not have all this trouble of making it up twice a day? So he purchased a bottle at a nearby drug store and carried it home to his hotel room. There he pinned a large bath towel around his shoulders and started to comb in the dye. So occupied was he with getting the color on that he never noticed that each time he applied the liquid several drops splashed from the comb onto the hotel wall. You see the color went on in streaks and it kept Mr. Stone working to get an even shade across his locks.

Finally, he thought he had acquired a wonderful raven hue, and he went to bed well pleased with his efforts. But

Lewis Stone gives the impression of dapper slenderness, a slenderness which screens muscles of steel. And his hair is snow white—of that white which comes to bless those who turn grey in their twenties.
when he awoke in the morning sunlight revealed his hair as being a lovely purple. Since then Lewis Stone has gone about, as he puts it, "as God made him," and if people didn't like him white haired, well and good. But they do, for his hair only adds distinction to his virile young face.

All in all, Lewis Stone's career has covered a period of twenty years. He went on the stage when he was twenty and he experienced practically all the joys there are to a stage existence and very little of the hardships, for he always had good parts on Broadway, and the greater part of his travels were generally limited to Philadelphia and Boston. Yet he is the strongest booster for the screen I have ever talked to.

"I don't know what I will do when picture audiences tire of me," he said, "for I absolutely love pictures. I have no desire to go back to the stage. Just look around you —"

I did. We were seated on a bench beside a tiny green pool edged with fragrant flowers. In the distance rose the fresh green hills of California, edging to that alluring purple hue that has a tendency to make one dream and vision, then dream again. Several rods to

Mr. Stone has just signed a new contract to do three two-reelers and four five-reelers for Colonel Selig, one of the pioneer film producers of America.

our right stood the Selig stages swept by invigorating breezes from the hills.

Mr. Stone continued, motioning to the stages with his right hand. "I work there all during these lovely days, and then when five-thirty comes I am free to go home like a civilized human being. And my evenings are free to read or see a play or have a game of cards, things that I have always wanted to do."

This love of home is Mr. Stone's strongest characteristic. He is a very real person for all his book knowledge and versatility, and he enjoys the real things of life.

You who saw him in Marshall Neilan's "The River's End" got a very good idea of the man as he is. For he is courageous, keen and kind. His eyes have that straight-forward, stern expression that comes only from military training. Twice in his lifetime he has enlisted and served in the army. The second time he won a commission.

During our conversation in the zoo, I was particularly interested in a protest he made against certain movie theaters which charge a dollar and a half for loge seats and send you upstairs only to be greeted by the usher with "no seats now, you'll have to stand back there or take a seat in the balcony."

"What right have movie theaters to charge exorbitant prices and then not give you a seat? If they charge that price, seats should be reserved," said Mr. Stone—and I agree with Lewis Stone, not only regarding movie theaters, but his wholesome outlook on life.
The New Thought Vamp

"Bon soir, Monsieur," said I in best Berlitz.
"Oh, hello!" said he. "My wife's in there. Go in and see her."
I swung in with alacrity. Francis McDonald is a fine fellow.
There she was tapping a cigarette beside a demitasse.
Mae Busch.
Let me say at once that my motive was viewing, not interviewing.
She looked just as she did in "The Devil's Passkey."
The flirtatious hair flared out from under a wide drooping hat. Even the cigarette smoke seemed attracted by her. It strolled upward, then lingered, and wickedly wound a halo about her head.
As dejeuner was finished, she suggested a stroll thru the silken mist toward her apartment in a Moorish structure.

W

We have with us the New Thought vamp, Beware!
Mind triumphing over rag, bone and hank of hair!
She looks like a French cocotte and reads Epictetus.

She is a symphony in movement, for she was reared in lité Tahiti.
But she doesn't hula any more; she reads her bible every day.
She was born English, reformed French, reclaimed English, refilmed French.
She is a remarkable young lady. She is married and friendly with her husband. Perhaps that is because she doesn't live with him.

Francis McDonald was backing out thru the swinging doors of Frank's café waving au revoir to someone within.

The elevator was one of those evil affairs which require an Edison to manipulate. You need to keep your head when punching the buttons, which range like those on an adding machine—or the back of a vampire's gown. I punched. We descended straight toward the lower regions. Mlle. Busch chortled wickedly.
"We're headed for the cellar!" she exclaimed.
"Instinctive, purely instinctive on my part," I apologized.
But there was nothing in the cellar, so I punched three, which leads heavenward.
The Busch apartment is a velvet grey which rose lights turn to mauve. There was a flutter of gold in an ebony cage. Miss Busch went to it and spoke. The flutter subsided and the lump of gold perched on her finger and gave a canary caress. Maybe it said its prayers in canary. I'm not very well posted on prayers—in canary. At any rate, it folded its wings, bowed its head and retired to its perch for the night.
By HERBERT HOWE

As Miss Busch approached a rose canopy of light, I noted a silver tone to her wild flurry of hair. She has been working for a year in "Foolish Wives" under the direction of von Stroheim. When you consider that one's hair may turn white in a single night, there's nothing strange about its turning grey in a year of foolish wifing.

"My hair was perfectly white when I was sixteen," she said. "I'm letting it turn back. I think I shall like it." She drew ivory fingers thru the silvered mass and put it in an electric-excitement. "I shall revive the pompadour vogue," she said.

Then I learned of her plans for conquest. Let me first explain, so far as one can explain, the feminine intricacy.

"The trouble with most people is that they don't concentrate. They haven't confidence in their own thought—direction. Their minds waver for an instance and then, like a man on a tight rope, they fail unless they can regain their balance in time."

Thus spoke Mae Busch.

Mac Busch has unusual attraction. It is not the attraction of beauty, altho you may believe the whimsically turned mouth, the green eyes and riotous hair catch your fancy. She is highly magnetized with that force which hasn't been satisfactorily explained but which has evidence in metaphysical phenomena. I suppose if I were a votarist of some cult I could explain it to you in capitalized terms which would awe you or put you to sleep. But I'm only a nomad among the cults so I have no right to any verbal possessions. Anyhow, Miss Busch's voice has greater melody.

"I can do anything I choose if I project my thought toward an objective." Her eyes defied me thru the narrow drooped lids.

"I've never been a hypnotist's subject," I countered weakly. "But do what thou wilt."

She waived the proffer.

"I don't mean hypnotism—or egotism. I only believe in the power of my own thought. I believe in a magnetic (Continued on page 82)
THE common impression of a movie hero is that he is an individual who gets paid real, honest-to-goodness cash for making love to a wonderful assortment of beautiful leading women, when there are plenty of other ambitious young men who would perform the task for nothing.

Persons We'd Like to Meet

An author who will admit he was overpaid for his story. An “extra” who believes that stars gain their position simply thru dramatic ability. A producer who will admit that financial return is the sole object of his energies in the film business. And Charlie Chaplin’s tailor.

We’ve seen many camera-hogs around the studio, but the one who takes the hard-boiled potato is the star who backs out thru doors so that she won’t have to turn her face from the camera.

Henry Ford boasts that he turns out a flivver a minute, but he’ll have to do better than that to keep up with the movies.

According to motion picture standards, it begins to look as tho the Canadians are a nation of mounted policemen.


The press agent is one individual who, when he says, “I’ll tell the world,” means what he says.

If Will Rogers was as good looking as he is good an actor, Wallie Reid would have to look for a new job.

Wanted: A stage star who will not enter the silent drama with the intention of elevating the movies.

By TAMAR LANE

A New York theatrical producer has just presented a play, the title of which, “Getting Gertie’s Garter,” tells what kind of a play it is. Of this the censors will have nothing to say, but let a Sennett bathing girl appear in a perfect one-piece suit and they see dirt immediately.

A film company is now making a series of pictures featuring marionettes. It won’t be the first time, however, that wooden actors have been seen on the screen.

Don’t Pick Me Out to Ask Why:

In the movies, when a person is shot in the arm, he falls to the ground. And then a few scenes later appears with his head bandaged up.

Everybody picks on the movies. The latest fad is for all persons acquitted of murder or other such little offenses to calmly announce to the press that they intend to “enter the movies.” If they would take the trouble to inquire of some of the actors along Broadway, they would find that they will have to do more than commit a murder to break into the films?

Reelism

Seen Only on the Screen
California license plates in the Sahara. Telegraph poles in the South Sea Islands.

A motion picture concern filming the Bible has found that one scene calls for three thousand oxen and three thousand asses. They should have trouble getting the oxen.

You can’t place too much reliance upon these reported earthquakes in Los Angeles. Often it is just a movie star carting home her week’s salary.
The production of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is to be rich indeed, for it boasts a dual Mary. In velvet knickerbockers and heavy laces, with golden curls, Miss Pickford portrays the Little Lord. Then she plays the Mother Dear as well, offering a quaint and whimsical characterization.
A

An air of excitement pervaded the Lasky studio in Hollywood, for word had just been received from New York that Jack Holt had been made a star.

Everyone was glad, for Mr. Holt is not only one of the most popular actors among the picture fans, but he is a general favorite with his associates.

Without once losing his fine reserve or modest diffidence, qualities that are a distinguishing part of his character, the new star was vastly pleased and very happy.

Said he, earnestly: "It means harder work, more consecration and a renewed effort to give the best that is in me, for only in this way can I show my appreciation to Mr. Lasky and the Famous Players-Lasky corporation for this honor."

Jack Holt is to be featured in a series of outdoor pictures, which is entirely to his liking, for he is an ardent advocate of all outdoor life and thoroughly typifies the clean-cut American manhood that invariably makes a strong appeal to the public.

At present he is heading an all-star cast in William de Mille's new production, "The Stage Door," from the pen of Rita Weiman, and our interview was punctuated by frequent interruptions while he took his place before the camera.

In this gay drama of New York's idle rich, Mr. Holt plays the part of Larry, millionaire backer of musical shows and friend of chorus girls. "He is pretty much of a rotter in the beginning, but proves every inch a man when the test comes," is the description of the role.

The elaborate set in which the company was working showed several rooms in Larry's sumptuous country home, and is without doubt one of the most beautiful and artistic ever built on the Lasky stages, carrying the impression of the most lavish luxury. In the distance were Japanese servants lighting the candles on the banquet table, while in the foreground, the house-party, comprising chorus girls, among them Lila Lee, Shannon Day and Stella Seeger, and a group of Larry's cronies, was at its merriest.

"Later," explained Mr. Holt, during a moment's lull between scenes, "tragedy crashes into this frivolity, and instantly the color of the entire set seems to change. Charles Ogle runs away with the picture, for he has a wonderful role, and, believe me, he plays it with gripping power."

Tho he had been in motion pictures something like two years, it was at the Lasky studio that Jack was given his first important part, that of Karl Von Austrein, in Mary Pickford's "The Little American," and most of us readily recall his excellent work when he was forced to witness his little American sweetheart subjected to German insults. It was his skill in superb suppression that made the part so strong.

"Men must control their feelings; they should really never break," he replied, simply, when I mentioned this. He continued: "We have some amusing experiences while striving to maintain realism. I remember once we staged a fight and we fought to the finish, for we had agreed to give the audience the real thing. When it was over, we were wrecks and it took us days to recover, yet we were mercilessly panned, our critics saying we had faked the fight, for we were not mussed up enough for it to be real. Another time, I had a terrible fall from a horse, which the camera caught from beginning to end, but by some accident my hat stayed on thru the whole thing, and so the fall was dubbed a trick, tho I carried the bruises for many..."
months. It isn't realism, but exaggerated and diagramed realism that counts on the screen.

Jack Holt is very good looking, a stalwart six-footer, straight and lean, and when I asked him how he kept in such perfect trim, he replied promptly, "By riding horseback. There's nothing to equal it. This is practically the only exercise I have when working in pictures, so I ride to the studio each morning, and you may well guess I take the longest way around. Frequently in the evenings, Mrs. Holt and I take long rides. She's fond of it, too.

"I've always been crazy about horses—grew up with them down South," he continued, for a moment forgetting his diffidence in the enthusiasm of his favorite subject. "At present I have three polo ponies and a

fine hunter, and when I'm at home I spend much of my time fussing around the stables. We're trying to organize a polo team for Beverly Hills. I hope we can, but it takes a great deal of practice to excel at polo, and most of us have little leisure.

"A polo pony must be a thoroughbred, must be level-headed and have endurance, and probably only about eight out of a hundred will qualify as a top-notcher. Horses have personalities as distinct as people. That is the reason we can become so deeply attached to them. They are real persons, with faults as well as virtues—red-blooded and human. My big dream for the future is to have a ranch and raise thoroughbreds. We are told if we think hard enough our wishes will come true. I'm trying out this theory." He added the last with his characteristic short laugh, which carries a highly humorous inflection.

Mr. Holt was born in Winchester, Va., attended the Virginia Military Institute, and after graduating as a civil engineer, he went up into Alaska, responding to the lure of our last colorful frontier with fashion plates, he emphasized.

Recently, Mr. Holt was loaned to Goldwyn to play a leading rôle in "The Grim Comedian," journeying to New York for several of the scenes. He relates a tragic tale of having been there five days, and yet not seeing even the outside of a theater, as the company worked day and night.

"Aside from being able to see the good plays, New York holds little fascination for me," he told me. "I love the country, being close to the hills, the ocean,

(Continued on page 93)
Photograph by Spurr, L. A.

MARGARET LOOMIS
A new Portrait Study of the Charming Cinema Star
By
WILLIS GOLDBECK

think, by an extra man, the only thing he ever did or tried to do in the writing line. A good many editors are afraid to take the real movie stuff. There is too much combustible tragedy and pain mixed up with the tinsel of it.”

It is to be hoped that some day Louise will find the time, between comedies, to try her hand. She can write. She has proved her aptness of phrase, time and again, in the Brewster magazines. She has worked upon scenarios and has a sense of plot development that many students of photoplay writing would give much to acquire. We have yet to find an author, writing of pictures, who has been, formerly, one of the myriad extras, who has lived and starved and walked weary miles for one job or another, who has been part and parcel of the film world. The big authors, the Eminents and the Imminents, have stepped in too easily ever to realize the hardship of it. They may write critically, analytically, brilliantly perhaps, but they won’t ring true. When Louise started, she lived on twenty-five cents a day. She has spent the major part of her career in the studio that has probably known more sudden success and quick tragedies than any other—the Mack Sennett studio. One might almost say that the majority of our famous screen women of today have worked there. And Louise has seen them, stripped down to essentials—in spirit as well as in body—fighting for their places in the sun. And now, watching them today, lolling in riches and ease and splendor, she knows them better than a merely curious author with an eye to fat checks ever could. Practically every success, she says, has been built upon the sacrifice of someone else. I remember that Gloria Swanson told me that, too, even named the person who, thru no fault of hers, had had to give way before her greater grace and beauty.

Louise hails from that grand old State of Indiana, that State whose sons, when they can get away from her, almost inevitably become famous. That name Fazenda is her own. It is Italian, altho Italy is too high up on her family tree to figure at all in Louise’s appearance, speech, or thought. She’s pure American. But when she toured the country recently, making personal appearances in many of the theaters where her comedies had been run, the population of the Little Italies turned out to support her en masse. In one town, in the heat of their adoration,

(Continued on page 95)
The Community Theater Comes To Hollywood

By MILDRED LEWIS RUSSEL

FOUR years ago a little group of business and professional men and women of Hollywood were gathered together by Miss Neely Dickson, teacher and student of dramatic art, to discuss ways and means for opening a community theater. They were college people for the most part, teachers, writers, lawyers—but not students of the little theater movement. Miss Dickson had made long study and personal investigation of the little theater movement and methods in Europe and America. Miss Dickson has vision. She convinced her friends of the feasibility of her pet scheme. But doubtless even she did not foresee the rapidity of its successful growth.

Now, Hollywood, be it known, tho a part of the city of Los Angeles—in corporated—is jealous of its individuality, and justly so. Within a few days, in the hands of a committee, four hundred season tickets, at $3.50 each...
for the season of five productions were sold. In addition, thirty contributing memberships at $25 each were sold to patrons of the arts. No vote, no stock, went with these tickets—just two tickets, with privilege of choice of seats, went to these "patrons." Five hundred dollars, borrowed from the Hollywood Carnival Association, brought the necessary financial backing to nearly three thousand dollars.

An old bowling alley, on a central side street, was selected for the "theater." Members of a committee cleaned and curtained and beautified the ugly little structure. Still others contributed chairs—two hundred. The newspapers—both Hollywood and Los Angeles—gave generous support. It became a community movement indeed, for, besides the chairs, donations were made of paint, of drayage, of highly skilled work for the lighting, and the wiring.

The little building selected is thirty-five by eighty feet. A latticed and vine-covered pergola, lantern-hung, gives promise of delightful surprises. The lobby, gay in new-art decorations, simple and inexpensive, but effective, gives assurance. (The first fifteen feet of space are used for lobby, box office and patrons' dressing-rooms.) The little auditorium (thirty-five by forty-five feet), with its high and quaintly beamed ceiling, cunningly tinted to give (Cont'd on page 94)

Footlights and applause—ever alluring to the gifted actor—draw the stars of the silver screen back to the stage. That is one of the reasons that Hollywood has the most unusual theater of its kind—talent of the finest, playing a role for the fun of it. Above, Barbara Gurney, in "The Sweetheart Game," and left, "Salome" in pantomime, with Betty Blythe, Ramon Zeno, Josephine McLean, Manuel Perez and Edgar Hansen.

All photographs by Arthur Kales
I WAS told, "She is awfully sad. There must be some tragedy in her life. Try to find out what it is."

I had seen her on the screen, and something infinitely wistful and patient in her expression, in her gestures, in her hands had touched me. I thought, concurrently, "I wonder what it is—"

I imagined all sorts of things. A love affair that had left a patient, perpetual scar. A memory that gripped her with pain. A hope that had been frustrated. A dream that had never come true.

Perhaps an ideal, sensitively conceived, that had revealed itself with clary feet and had trod upon her sensibilities. She looked as tho she were a-querer with sensibilities.

For weeks and weeks and weeks I tried to secure an appointment with her. The most that I could do was to reach her by 'phone. The impression made upon me was that of a personality, clostral and certainly evanescent.

"People believe," said Pauline's mother, "that Pauline is sad, but it isn't really being sad. Rather, I should say, that it is being thoughtful. Pauline has always been that."

Rather, I should say, that it is being thoughtful. Pauline has always been that. I have never had to worry about her or about what she might do. She has always been such a wise and discreet little person, from childhood up. She has thought things out."

"Hasn't she ever had any trouble?" I asked. Was I then to be denied the Miserere for which my ears had been attuned?

"I don't think so," said Mrs. Starke. She looked toward Pauline, wistful, somehow remote under the hat with the drooping black veil. I knew that she hoped not. Pauline aroused herself from whatever realm of delicate remoteness she mentally inhabits.

"On the contrary," she said, "things have been wonderful. Perhaps I am so far away most of the time that people think the far-offness is being sad, but, really,

The Glad Sad Girl

And then one day she called me up and asked me to have tea with her at the Commodore.

She came in quite late, and there was another girl with her; her sister, I thought, since there was a marked resemblance between them, save that, where Pauline smiled infrequently and with something of reluctance, the other girl smiled gaily and frequently.

We made ourselves known all 'round, the one to the other—and the other girl was Pauline's mother! I nearly didn't get the interview at all, gasping out my astonishment, accustomed as I am to the mothers in the movies, at that! Having just read Ring Lardner's discussion on being thirty-five, I felt full of ages and the discussion thereof. I asked Mrs. Starke how she did it. She said, she "thought young."

Pauline interpolated that she had never thought of her mother as her mother, but rather as a child to be taken care of and protected. "I always felt," she said, "that I must watch out for mother. It never occurred to me that mother was to watch out for me."

"People believe," said Mrs. Starke, putting her finger upon the pulse of my curiosity, "that Pauline is sad, but it isn't really being sad. Rather, I should say, that it is being thoughtful. Pauline has always been that. I have never had to worry about her or about what she might do. She has always been such a wise and discreet little person, from childhood up. She has thought things out."

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By
GLADYS HALL

it is only plotting and planning and dreaming."
"Haven't you ever been in love?" I persisted.
I was determined to come upon a heart-throb, if
there was one to be had.
"Oh, I've thought I was," Pauline laughed,
"many, many times. What girl hasn't. But I
suppose I never have been, really, because I have
never seen the man who wouldn't seem an in-
truder with mother and me—and my work."
"How about a collaboration—eventually?"
"You mean marriage and work? No. I am
probably more sincere than I am any other one
thing, and I don't believe sincerity can be halved.
I shall have the career first, and give all that I
have to give to that and then, I hope, I shall have
marriage. I don't want to be only half a woman,
and an unmarried, a childless woman is that—
unconsummated, undeveloped."
"Are you going to continue to free lance?"
"Until the right opportunity comes along—yes.
I believe in letting well-enough alone."
"What will you do immediately upon your re-
turn to California? I mean is there a role wait-
ing for you there?"
"There is," Pauline Starke assured me. "The
Vitagraph Company is producing the James Oliver
Curwood story, 'Flower of the North.' David
Smith, who directs the majority of the
Western special pro-
ductions, again takes
the megaphone.
"Tell me about the
very beginning."
"It all came about," said Miss Starke, "be-
cause I wore a green
sweater."
"And had a sad ex-
pression," amended
her mother. "That
was what Mr.

I have thought I was in
love many, many times,"
laughed Pauline Starke, "But
I suppose I never have been,
really, because I have never
seen the man who wouldn't seem an intruder with mother
and me—and my work"

Griffith noticed, Pauline, not the green
sweater.
Pauline smiled. A faint humor. She
said: "Are you sure? Men, even art-
ists, are sometimes more susceptible
to green sweaters than they are to
sad expressions. However, Mr.
Griffith did single me out from
among some onlookers, ask who I
was, and say: 'She is the type I
need. She has such a sad face.' He
took me on. Pure luck, you see."
"Or the sad expression," echoed
her mother and her interviewer.
"Or the green sweater,"
 amended Miss Starke again,
politely but firmly.
We let it go at that.
Pauline would have the last
word. Her dreams are not in-
definite ones. In her remoteness
there is reason.
The call of the ole swimmin' hole in the early autumn days, when the sun is hot—the cool, limpid waters winding their way between the shaded banks. These are vivid memories of every boy grown into manhood.

When the Water's Fine

Johnny Jones, more familiarly known as Edgar, thru his portrayals in the screen versions of the Booth Tarkington stories, is like every other boy his own age where swimming is concerned. The accompanying photographs tell their own story.
Little would one think, seeing this pampered idol of the cinema, this spoiled, luxury-loving Adonis of the Silver Sheet; that he, too, had once known adversity. Seeing him now, reclining on silks and satins, treated with the tenderness and consideration that a mother gives her child, one could never dream that the cruel, cold, relentless hand of Misfortune once had him by the back of the neck. When he sweeps, with majestic strides into the love scenes that have made him famous, and clasps the object of his adoration in his arms, one can imagine that he has lived, but one cannot dream of aught but sweet music and soft words greeting his ear. I refer to that popular idol of the fair sex, that mirror of beauty and poetry of motion, Mr. Benjamin Turpin, who wears graven on his coat-of-arms that famous Latin motto "I am honest, altho I look crooked."

Ben Turpin has not always been cross-eyed. It was when he was working with Essanay, about nine years ago, that he used to cross his eyes just for the fun of it, until one morning he woke up, gazed in the mirror and found them definitely and substantially crossed. He says he couldn't have them straightened, but what's the use? His motto is, "I'm honest, altho I look crooked." Above, a portrait, and below, a scene from a Sennett comedy.

Now that Ben is a star, and deservedly so, he can look back on his turbulent career with more or less amusement, but, believe me—or believe him—it was not so gosh-hanged funny when it was happening. Old John R. Adversity gave him a number of sharp and severe kicks in the shins before he assembled himself on the Mack Sennett lot and really got his chance. Ben unhesitatingly gives Sennett the credit for finding and developing him. Come to look back on it, Mack has found and developed quite a few of our well-known stars, but there are few, very few, who will admit it in Turpin's emphatic manner.

Turpin was born in New Orleans, some while back, and while he was a kid there, he spent most of his spare time learning acrobatics, from the colored stevedores along the levee he picked up a few dance steps, until it wasn't long before he had pieced (Continued on page 112)
Usually the prettiest girls, you know, are softly curved and of medium height. Now as nice as this seems to the girl herself and to all beholders of her beauty, it is not going to be so nice in a very short time, unless that girl has the good sense and forethought to look into the future, determined that she will develop into womanhood with all her girlish attractions, plus the more low-ripened quality of added years. The very fact that she is of medium height and rounded means an extra hard struggle. It is always that type that gains weight the fastest, and in a short time what were soft curves have turned into bulging curves, which naturally look worse on a woman of average height than on a tall woman who can carry the added weight with dignity, tho suffering the loss of her youthful slender appearance.

The reason I mention sundaes and sweets, especially, is because sugar and cream are two of the most fattening foods there are, and because they form at least fifty per cent of the food eaten by school girls and debutantes.

Eternal vigilance in the diet is the price of liberty from the ogre, obesity.

If you are one of those persons whose food is readily assimilated and quickly turned into fat, you will have to control your appetites and learn the proper diet, and do it now. For it is much easier to keep from gaining flesh than it is to lose it, having once gained it.

But whether you are too heavy and wish to lose weight, or whether you merely wish to keep from gaining flesh than it is to lose it, once having gained it

A new photograph of Corliss Palmer, who says, "Eternal vigilance in the diet is the price of liberty from the ogre, Obesity. And, remember, it is much easier to keep from gaining flesh than it is to lose it, once having gained it."

The Slender Silhouette

By

CORLISS PALMER
Across the Silversheet
The New Screen Plays in Review

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

In the first place we argue with the truths held forth in "Experience." This story may have been all right on the stage with clever lines and good dialog, but on the screen it fails to convince us. Too, the plot interest has been sacrificed in favor of the throbbing moral, and, personally, we prefer entertainment sans a sermon. To those who do not agree with us, "Experience" may prove enjoyable.

According to the moral of the tale, success does not come to those who give their time to the pursuit of pleasure. That is why Youth, coming to the city with high hopes and dreams, fails in his quest. He frequents the primrose path, and woe betide anyone who does this. But we couldn't help thinking of the scores and scores of successful business men we know who find stress ease from their financial worries and responsibilities, hand in hand with pleasure, habits of the well-worn path. Perhaps they didn't go in for this sort of thing in the very beginning—that is to say, when they first came to the city. We can't say as to that. We admit that temptation, intoxication, despair and crime are dangerous acquaintances, although many of the world's greatest preachers declare that one is only strong after they have known temptation and resisted her. This Youth does, but he is doomed to despair nevertheless, with apparently no reward for his victory. As

(Continued on page 111)
are willing to wager she will not need it, for her head with its high forehead bespeaks brains as well as beauty. She is a brunette, weighs 128 pounds, admits to seventeen years and is 5 feet 4 inches in height.

The girl at the bottom of the page is Nancy Belle, 3424 A Street, Philadelphia, Pa. She has had ten years experience in musical comedy and vaudeville. She is blue eyed and blonde, weighs 124 pounds and is 5 feet 5½ inches in height. Miss Belle in her billowy frock, moves thru the stately measures of the old-fashioned minuet with a most engaging charm. We can just see her doing it.

Next month Motion Picture Magazine will announce the lucky winner or winners of the 1921 Contest. The judges are hard at work now eliminating, this hopeful one and that. It has to be so, altho it brings a heartache to many.

Now the reasons why you lost the contest are these: Your mouth did not photograph well, your front face was lovely but your profile was bad. Your teeth were defective—a tiny flaw, perhaps, that could only be seen under the searching eye of the camera. (Cont’d on page 86)
EIGHTEEN months ago Tom Gallery had never thought of becoming an actor. Today he bears the promise of becoming one of the screen's most popular leading men. In other words, despite the dirge of the disgruntled, the age of the movie miracle has not passed. There is still a chance for you!

It started way back in France when Tom and Herbert Howe, a well-known writer on things cinématique, were bunkies together in one of the divisions of the American Overseas Force. They shared each other's possessions, and the possessions of others, as only bunkies can, and when the time came for the return voyage and separation, arrangements were made whereby they might keep in touch with each other. Tom Gallery lived in Chicago; Howe in New York. The latter, after a few weeks, found occasion for going to California—and Hollywood. On the way he stopped off at Chicago, saw Tom, and suggested that he come on with him and try to break into the movies.

"Tom was looking splendidly," Howe told me one evening.

"and I didn't see why, since he hadn't decided on anything else, he shouldn't try pictures. He didn't fall in with the idea right away. I got on as far as Omaha, where I stopped to visit some friends, before he wired me that he was coming. He caught up with me there and we finished the journey together."

The first few weeks for Tom were the same old story that every ambitious newcomer has known. He plodded from one studio to the other, doing extra work, gradually working into bits and small parts. It was while he was being tried out for a rôle that he met Zasu Pitts.

She told me about it on the (Continued on page 102)
THE South Seas—where Stevenson, Loti, and Somerset Maugham unearthed romantic treasures—are to sweep over the screen in dramatic tides.

An expedition, which left San Francisco in August, is due to return in October with a film depicting the Marquesan splendors as set forth in "The Moon and Sixpence," "White Shadows in the South Seas" and other works of contemporary vogue.

The story tapestried against Tabitian life is "The Lagoon of Desire," by W. F. Alder. It appears this fall in novel form. Mr. Alder has explored the Far East and has written several novels and short stories. The dramatic possibilities of his "Lagoon of Desire" gave inception to the Far East Productions Company, organized to produce pictures in the Orient.

The players who went to the South Seas to do the picture are: Ruth Reneck, Edward Hearn, Walt Whitman and Fred Stanton. The producers, S. M. Unander and W. F. Alder, declare they have a "find" in a native girl of rare beauty who enacts a leading role. I wonder if it can be Vanquished-often, who is such an alluring figure of the isles, as described by O'Brien. According to her photographs, she would never pass the censors. Let us hope that they really are wearing them longer in Tahiti and that they gave her plenty of hay. Otherwise, the island princess will be Vanquished—Again—by order of the censors.

SHAW WARNS LOS ANGELES

Altho Hezi Tate, assistant for the magnificent De Mille, addresses me as Mr. Lubitsch, because of my love for "Passion" and Pola Negri, I still eat dachshunds, caress wienerwursts and praise German pictures in public.

Great is the groaning of the film flaneurs under the autocracy of censorship, yet these poor oppressed used the censorcratic methods when they stirred up an agitation that barred German pictures from Los Angeles. Thus one city of our great democracy is deprived of seeing four pictures which Frederick James Smith pronounces among the triumphant ten of 1921. They are "Deception," "The Golem," "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" and "Gypsy Blood."

The film folk might learn from their enemies, the Germans, how to make novel pictures that are yet decent enough to pass their enemies, the censors.

Bernard Shaw addresses us succinctly on this subject. He says:

"The American audience must be deathly sick of seeing nothing but cowboys, American sob-stuff, close-up, make-up and all the rest of it.

"They want French films, Italian films, English films and Scandinavian films for variety. If they do not get them, the American
By
HERBERT HOWE

films will drive the American public out of American theaters and the glory of Los Angeles will pass out as that of Babylon passed. I think tariff is a reduction absurdum which will soon cure itself."

Let the Babylonians take heed.

WELCOME, MRS. WALLY

Mrs. Wallace Reid, my favorite of the stellar wives, is coming back to the screen—she who was Dorothy Davenport, Universal star and discoverer of Wally. Her first appearance will be with Lester Cuneo in a Western feature, "Behind the Mask." Lester used to be a regular guest this summer at the Reid's swimming parties in the pool on their estate—"Tank Teas," Mrs. Reid called them. Now anyone who has been to Mrs. Wally's parties knows that she has screen requisites. Even Mr. Sennett would agree that her place is not the home. Let it be said that Lester is not one of the "heavies" who lure ladies from their heartstrokes for the wicked studio life. Wally has challenged him to nothing more serious than a swimming bout.

HE SHOULD HAVE SHAVED

A young man applied to a producer for a certain part in a production.

"Just the type!" exclaimed the producer. "How much do you want?"

"Two hundred a week."

"No, I can see now you are not the type," said the producer. "You should have a beard."

The young man went away and grew a beard. In a month he reappeared.

"How much is the salary?" asked the producer.

"Two hundred a week," repeated the applicant, "is my beard all right?"

The producer cogitated a moment.

"No," he exclaimed triumphantly. "The wrong color!"

GLORIA A RENO RESIDENT?

We are informed by a reliable runner from Reno that Gloria Swanson has leased a residence in that popular Hollywood suburb and plans to transact business there that will cut down her overhead considerably. Once Mrs. Wallace Beery and at present writing Mrs. Herbert K. Somborn, Gloria may soon be free again to wed her art. Mr. Somborn also is enamored of art. He has promoted a company to star Juanita Hansen in serials.

A QUERY FROM MR. CHAPLIN

When the girl played by Gloria Swanson in "The Great Moment" tells her father that a snake bit her, and that a gentleman (Continued on page 102)
Greenroom Jottings

Last season Wesley Barry created the title rôle of "Penrod" on the Los Angeles stage, and in his heart there burned a great desire to bring Penrod to the screen. So it was with reluctance that he left the cast for a rôle in "The Lotus Eaters," which was filmed in the East. However, his desire is now to be gratified, for Marshall Neilan is producing the famous Booth Tarkington story for the screen, and Wesley will characterize Penrod.

The New York première of "The Three Musketeers," the new Douglas Fairbanks production, was a gala affair. The notables of filmdom were there, while Mary and Douglas Fairbanks occupied a box. Needless to say, the box received quite as much attention as the screen, despite the fact that an interesting story was being shadowed in an artistic manner.

Since the death in Naples, Italy, of Enrico Caruso, the public has demanded the reissuance of the Paramount production, "My Cousin," in which he was starred. In this story Caruso played a dual rôle, a famous opera singer and a poor struggling sculptor. The big scene was filmed in the interior of the Metropolitan Opera House and shows Caruso on the stage singing his favorite rôle in "Pagliacci."

Lulu Bett is coming to the movies. Perhaps you met Lulu between the covers of Zona Gale's widely read novel or perhaps you saw Carol McComas portray her behind the footlights last season. If so, you will agree that "Miss Lulu Bett" deserves a place in the screen library. William de Mille will supervise Lulu's activities while Mildred Harris will be responsible for her portrayal.

Estelle Taylor who has been playing consistently in the productions filmed in the Fox Eastern studios recently left for California where she will continue her work before Fox cameras. The name of her first picture to be made under Hollywood skies has not yet been announced.

Alice Calhoun, the young Vitagraph star, has been working steadily lately with little or no vacation between productions. Perhaps that is why the Powers That Be have given her a holiday. It comes at an opportune time, too—just when Alice's big brother, together with his wife and three-year-old son, arrive from Cleveland for a visit.

Gloria Swanson is enjoying a vacation in New York, with excursions to Atlantic City and other nearby resorts. Needless to say, she is in great demand. She was entertained by the Masons at their special table in one of New York's leading restaurants and many nearby diners found themselves wondering why they had never joined the order.

Speaking of the titles of pictures—and the lack of them—the Famous Players-Lasky production of "Peter Ibbetson," with Elsie Ferguson and Wallace Reid will be released under the title of "Forever." And even tho we do not believe in the mad changing of titles in which the producers ceaselessly engage, we admit that "Forever" is apropos of the story, which is more than can usually be said.

Pola Negri who won the plaudits of the public thru her impersonations of Du Barry in "Passion" and Carmen-cita in "Gypsy Blood" will soon be seen in another imported offering, namely "One Arabian Night." Those who have seen advance showings of this production declare it compares favorably with its predecessors.

Madge Kennedy who has now been absent from the screen for almost a year recently returned from a vacation abroad. Madge's departure was unheralded—she slipped quietly away. The next season will find her on the road with her stage play "Cornered" in which she pleased Broadway last season. Yes—it is whispered that she will return to the screen but there are no definite plans yet.
The more you cut the cuticle the uglier it grows

The right way to manicure

*First,* the Cuticle Remover. Dip an orange stick, wrapped in cotton, into the bottle of Cutex Cuticle Remover. Work carefully around the nail base, gently pushing back the cuticle. Wash the hands; then, when drying them, push the cuticle downward. The ugly, dead cuticle will simply wipe off, leaving a smooth, shiny rim.

*Then the Nail White.* The Cutex Nail White will remove the spots that will persist and give the nail tips that immaculate whiteness without which one’s nails never seem freshly manicured. Squeeze the paste under the nails, directly from the tube, which is made with a pointed tip.

*Finally the Polish.* A delightfully jewel-like shine of just the right brightness is obtained by using first the Cutex Paste Polish and then the Powder, by brushing the nails lightly across the palm of the hand. As you can get an equally lovely finish, instantly and without bother, by giving them a light coat of Cutex Liquid Polish.

When you cut off the hard, dry edges about the base of the nail, you cannot help snipping through, in places, to the living skin.

You know what always happens to a cut—over the wound there forms a tough little ridge. If cutting is continued, the cuticle will soon be composed entirely of this coarse, unsightly tissue. Surplus cuticle has to be removed; this can be done easily, quickly and harmlessly with Cutex Cuticle Remover.

Your first Cutex manicure will seem like a miracle. It does look like magic to see the hard, dry cuticle disappearing as dirt melts before soap and water. It is a delight, also, to find that you can give your nails that professional grooming that you get from Cutex Nail White and any of the Cutex Polishes. Each Cutex preparation comes separately at 35c or in sets—the Compact Set—60c; the Traveling Set—$1.50; and the Boudoir Set—$3.00; at all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada.

Introductory set—now only 15c

Contains samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cutex Nail White and Cutex Powder Polish—enough for six complete manucures—with orange stick and emery board. Fill out coupon and mail it with 15 cents to Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York, if you live in Canada, to Dept. 811, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

**Cutting the cuticle makes it coarse and unsightly.**

*Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston.*

**Cutting the cuticle makes it coarse and unsightly.**

*Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston.*
Mrs. Wallace Reid is not content to let Wally corner all the family honors. Therefore she has consented to appear as leading lady with Lester Cuneo in his forthcoming production "Behind the Mask." Mrs. Reid will henceforth use her husband's name instead of Dorothy Davenport as she was known before she retired from the screen several years ago in favor of domesticity.

Theda Bara is going on tour—not in her stage play of last season, but in connection with a two-reel motion picture which is being made especially for this purpose and which will be displayed at cinema houses. The story of this picture is taken from two remarkable novels which Miss Bara purchased on her recent trip abroad.

"A Prince There Was," an adaptation of the George M., Cohan stage play, is in progress at the Lasky studios. Tom Forman is directing and Thomas Meighan is starring.

Trips to distant climes are in order between productions. Hugo and Mabel Ballin are the latest to return from a foreign shore. Immediately upon the completion of "Jane Eyre," Mr. and Mrs. Ballin vacationed at the Bermudas.

Louise Fazenda is again in New York. This trip is not for pleasure, however: rather it is for the purpose of playing with Raymond Hitchcock in the five-reel adaptation of the musical comedy "The Beauty Shop."

Barbara Bedford, it is announced, is the latest Fox star. Miss Bedford, who has shown great promise in recent characterizations, will immediately begin work upon her first Fox production.

For a time it was thought that Elinor Glyn would have her own company for the purpose of producing her stories on the screen. A few days ago Mrs. Glyn announced that she had abandoned the plans, temporarily at least. It is likely that she will soon return to England to visit her mother. At any rate, her story, "Six Days," is not to be filmed yet.

When Charlie Chaplin announced that his next production would be "Vanity Fair," he received scores of letters imploiting him not to do Thackeray, when he is such a wonderful comedian. The picture is now ready for release under the title of "The Idle Class," and Mr. Chaplin wishes it known that it has nothing to do with the classic or the popular magazine of the same name.

Everyone who has read the Hull novel, "The Sheik," has wondered how the screen version would affect the censors. Along this line, it is interesting to hear what George Melford, the director of this production which features Rudolph Valentino and Agnes Ayres, has to say on the subject:

"We have handled the frank scenes in 'The Sheik' so delicately," explained the director, "that I think the censors will be the only disappointed reviewers." Selah!

Will Rogers is about to complete the third of his series of two-reel features with Irene Rich heroing and Clarence G. Badger directing. The title of the first production is "Faith."

The James Oliver Curwood story, "Flower of the North," is being photographed at the Western Vitagraph studios. David Smith is directing this new special production, while Henry B. Walthall and Pauline Starke are entrusted with the leading roles.

Monte Blue came East to play with Mae Murray in her first independent picture, "Peacock Alley." He intended to return to the Coast immediately upon its completion but D. W. Griffith changed his plans. Monte is (Continued on page 108)
Why You Must Have Beautiful, Well-Kept Hair to be Attractive

E VERYWHERE you go your hair is noticed most critically.

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.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is the result of careful study.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just

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 luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, doll and heavy, lifeless, stiff and unmanageable, 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 discriminating people 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.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just

Follow This Simple Method

F I R S T, 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

T W O 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.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

You can easily tell when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

T H I S 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 Cocoanut 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 Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for children.

WATKINS
MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

Your Hair Should Be Dressed so as to Emphasize Your Best Lines and Reduce Your Worst Ones

Begin by studying your profile. If you have a low nose, do not put your hair on the top of your head; if you have a round, fat face, do not fluff your hair out too much at the sides; if your face is very thin and long, then you should fluff your hair out at the sides. The woman with the full face and double chin should wear her hair high. All these and other individual features must be taken into consideration in selecting the proper hairdress. Above all, simplicity should prevail. You are always most attractive when your hair looks most natural—when it looks most like you.
AMBITIOUS AUSTIN.—You want Earle Williams again. Why, well, of course, he’s the one. But, you want some “scholarly advice.” Well, how’s this do? Be frank with the world. Frankness is the field of honesty and courage. Say on every occasion just what you mean to do, and let your intention be to do what is right, whether the world is mad or pleased. Never do a wrong thing, either to make a friend or keep one. Never buy friendship or abuse it. Deal kindly but firmly with all. Hate hypocrisy. If you are tongue-tied, speak, and face, and another behind his back. If you have a complaint against any one, tell him, and not others of it.

DORIS.—No fault to find, whatever. Marie Osborne is now in California. Yes, there are several pictures of John Barrymore that have been produced. I hardly think that is true of Wallace Reid. You know you can believe any news, and can only believe half you hear. I am quite sure Wallace Reid will answer your letter. You can get “Who’s Who on the Screen” direct from us. I’m very much interested in you. Write me again.

LILIAN LINDSTROM.—Are you running opposition to Mary Pickford? Always glad to hear from Australia. I hardly think Wallace Reid has been there. He was born in St. Louis, Mo. The Lee children are playing in vandeville just now. Have mailed you the pictures.

E. L. N.—Can’t say that I agree with you. I prefer fasting to fasting. Mary Miles Minter, Realart, Los Angeles Ca.; Conway Tearby, Selnick Fox, N. E.; Alice Joyce, Vitagraph, E. 15th Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

LULU HAYE.—You aren’t quarrel with me, milady. It takes two indifferent individuals to make a quarrel and I shall not be one of them. Yes, Blanche Sweet has been ill, and she is not married. Pricilla Dean married to Wheeler Oakman—no children. House Peters married to Mae King. Dorothy Davenport is back in pictures. You’re welcome. Come again.

LLOYD S. K., ASHLAND, O.—That was some verse of yours. Never heard of the comedies you speak of. Pearl White has been divorced from Wallace McCutcheon. Ruth Roland is working on “The White Eagle.”

LIME.—Who? Well, they may omit me from the index, but I refuse to be squelched. I’m sorry, but I don’t know of a company who is looking for scenarios. All of them are, but many are called and few are chosen. You sure have a good line of ideas. Wish I could help you.

C. C. S., DENVER.—You want to know if the interviewers really tell the truth about the players, especially Mary Miles Minter? Yes, they do. So you are very much in love with her. I’m sure she would be do by having to hear that story. Herbert Rawlinson played in “The Black Box.” You say if that fee isn’t enough you will send along enough hair-s tonic, whisker-dye or hair-color to make it quite right. It’s nough. Hope you write me again.

RUTH, KANSAS.—You women are all the time trying to get what you call liberty and independence, but it is a fact that the heart-strings of a woman, like the tendrils of a vine, are always reaching out for something to hold them, in California. Mack Suhlhall opposite Viola Dana in “The Fourteenth Lover.”

DISSY DILL.—We never know what we will do until we get a good chance. You want to know my real name. My child, don’t you know it’s much against the rules. Some call me Rip Van Winkle, others St. Nicholas, and so on. Yes, I do live in a ballroom. I really don’t live, but I manage to exist. Sure, I like Agnes Ayres very much. I am anxious to see her in “The Sheik.” Be patient, onna cuntor am.

Hector Cargill, 24 Buick Street, Petone, Wellington, New Zealand, would like to hear from American readers.

TWO-LIP TOWN.—They were divorced. People take great pains to catch each other, but very little pains to hold on to those lovely old Dorothy tellable editors. Gaston L. S. of Mac Murray’s “Peacock Alley” will include Monte Blue and Edmund Lowe.

THELMA D. OAKLAND.—I am not your friend unless I am willing to share in your misfortune. I wish I could help you. So you don’t like to hear about the personal affairs of the players. Yes, it is true that Hope Hampton has had an offer to appear on the stage in a play for Daniel Frohman called “The Bride.” Should she accept she will also have the film rights to this play.

STAR GAZER.—Our general health is a speedometer that tells how fast we are living. Mine registers about 50 in the morning, 70 in the afternoon, 60 in the evening, and 40 in the early morning. If you are fond of Florence Reed. She was born in Philadelphia in 1883.

DULCIO W.—Come now, don’t be so severe on me. As my friend Shakespeare says, “It is excellent to have a giant’s strength, but it is tyrannous to use it like a giant.” No, I don’t know how you can get in pictures. Jane Novak is playing in “The Rosary.” Jerome Storm is directing it. Thanks for yours.

EARNEST ERNEST.—I guess that was really Corliss Palmer you saw in the Pullman at Atlanta, because she passed the time of day on her way home to Macou, on August 3rd. You have sharp eyes. And she refused to throw you a kiss. Wasn’t that mean of her? She is back here now and as busy as a beehive.

ETHEL G.—You say I should take good care of myself so nothing will happen to me. I don’t think anything will happen unless it be enlarged condition of the cranium due to excessive flattery. Shoo fly, don’t flatter me. I don’t hang about in private places to be seen, unless Charles R. Box played in a picture with Bill Hart. Edna Purviance is a blonde. She has been loaned by Charlie Chaplin to appear in “The Other Side of Heaven.” Carl Donnelly in “The Enchanted Heart” in a role interpreted by Rollo “W. for Goldwyn. But she’s going back to Charlie. Etc. Etc.—Who was Hamlet? What, you go to Sunday School and don’t know that? So you want a lot of news about Louise Lovey. I’ll tell the editor. Gaston Glass is playing with Mary Miles Minter. Thanks for
If your friends were entirely frank with you

There are some subjects that your most intimate friends habitually dodge in conversation. Even wives and husbands often back away from them.

Halitosis is one of these.

What is it? Why, halitosis is the medical term meaning offensive breath. And nine people out of ten suffer from this trouble either chronically or from time to time.

One of the most trying things about halitosis is this: the victim of it is usually not aware himself of the fact that his breath is not agreeable to those about him.

Halitosis may come from a disordered stomach, from bad teeth, catarrh, too much smoking, eating or drinking. It may be temporary: it may be lasting. When it is chronic it's a case for your physician to look after. Let him get at the seat of the trouble.

For temporary relief, however, and for that comfortable assurance that your breath is sweet and clean, there is one simple, ready precaution you may yourself observe.

Listerine—used as a mouth wash.

Thousands of people now know this delightful toilet aid for its wonderfully effective properties as a breath deodorant. They use it systematically as a mouth wash and gargle because it relieves them of that uncomfortable suspicion that their breath may not be just right.

By doing so, of course, they are at the same time observing a sensible method of preserving mouth hygiene, guarding against sore throat and the more serious germ diseases that find entrance to the system through the mouth—all of which the antiseptic properties of Listerine combat.

If you are at all sensitive about your breath, you will welcome Listerine. It is the most agreeable and effective way to counteract halitosis.

To those who are not familiar with this use of Listerine we shall be glad to forward a generous sample if you fill out and mail to us the coupon below.

Once you have tried Listerine and enjoyed the fresh, clean feeling it leaves about your mouth, throat and teeth, you will never be without it—at home or in your traveling bag.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, SAINT LOUIS, U. S. A.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., 2119 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

Please send me a sample of Listerine as you suggest in this advertisement.

Name\n\nAddress\n\nCity\n\nState\n
your valuable hints on how to economize. What we all want, however, is some hints on how to live without economizing.

MILDRED.—You might have enclosed the stamp, but you must pick it up and tear it apart in order to address it to yourself. I'm a busy man, you know, and I haven't enough lugging stuff to go round. Yes, Tom Moore is married to Renee Adoree. Don't forget to send that parcel. I'll be looking for it.

MIRIAM E.—Yes, I am strictly temperate. I have to be. This is the temperance age when we must keep up standards and by keeping up standards that prevent us from putting them down. Mother of saints—What a question! You want to know if it is safe for a virtuous girl to join the movies. Why not? Some virtuous girls are safe anywhere, and some are safe nowhere.

Your other question was forbidden fruit—kindly keep off the grass.

B. V. D., PITTSBURG.—Do they wear them there, too? We have had pictures of Rudolph Valentino in the April, 1921, MAGAZINE and March, 1921, CLASSIC.

STAR GAZER.—You in again? Oh course, I like my fans. I couldn't live without them. Don't forget that it is awhile yet before the cameras are large enough to be correct. James Kirkwood, Helene Chadwick and Richard Dix in "The Sin Flood" for Goldwyn. Yes, Gareth Hughes and May Collins have the leads in "Little Eva Ackerlein."

JUST ME.—You are fastidious in your tastes. Viola Dana is 23. You want to know what she uses on her eyelashes. So you want to get stout, and don't know what to do. Eat a lot of carbo-hydrates such as sugar, potatoes, white bread, cream, candy, nuts, and oils. As a rule, most people are trying to thin. Me instance.

GEORGIE.—It so happens that I have the information you want. The word "Booey" comes from the Gothic bogan, to profit. Hence booey is something that the soldier derives profit from. We have "bootees," "what boots it?" and "so much to boot." All of which are from the same root. In Canada, "booey" means a man's personal luggage on a journey.

GREEN EYES.—Thanks for the picture. You know I save them all. Well, I say, to do a mean thing is bad, but to keep on doing it is wicked! It is easier to quench a spark than a fire, so stop now! Alice Terry is starring in "Turn to the Right," the famous stage play, directed by Ross Alexander.

VELMA L. B. O.—Good night! You send me twelve long letters and expect me to rush answers thru to you. Have a heart. Pity the feeble and thirsty. Better send a stamped addressed envelope if you want that many answered.

JOSEPHINE T.—Happiness is simply unregretted pleasure. If you were as old as the most, Compos mentis is Latin, meaning of sound mind. Non compos mentis is not of sound mind. Mary Astor, who was discovered by our Fame and Fortune Contest, is now starring in a series of two-reel dramas of life in the Maine woods to be released thru Pathé. Mary Miles Minter is nineteen. I enjoyed every word of yours.

WALLACE—No, "Deception" was produced in Germany. Emil Jannings was Henry the VIII.

KATHERINE M. MADISON.—No, child, I am not a genius. When a true genius appears in the world, you may know it by the fact that the churches are all in confederacy against him. Yes, Mildred Harris has been operated upon for appendicitis. Mary Thurman with William Russel for Fox. Write me again.

B.—Well, I read every line of your interesting letter criticizing the last issue. It was very helpful. Thanks for what you say about me. Just learned that Irene Castle's "Broadway Bride" has been changed to "French Heel." I remember, in love, old wood burns better than green.

NO-SEE.—What a beautiful penman. You sure do write a good hand. Let me see some more of it.

HOWARD C.—How is the weather? I enjoyed your story. I'm glad you are writing me that wonderful letter. It must have taken you hours to compose it. Monte Blue and Mary Miles Minter in "The Cumberland Ro-

nance." Dan Mason is the "skipper" in "Toonerville Trolley." Let me hear from you some more.

EDITH M.—Heigho! One-tenth of the Jewish population of the world is contained in New York City. You can see for yourself why the world comes to New York. Mary Hay is about 4 feet 10 inches. She was born in Oklahoma. Your letter was very fine and your verses very clever. Keep at it and some day you will have them printed and become famous.

RUTH P. ISIKO.—You are in hard luck. As Helen Rowland says, "The worst thing that can happen to a woman is to be taken for a wife, be without a lover; to 30, to be without a husband; at 40, to be without henna, and at 50, to be without philosophy." Anita Stewart has finished her "Mad Bargain" and "A Question of Honor." Yes, Edward Earle has been in pictures for some years.

BESSIE P.—To be happy, one must ask neither the how nor the why of life. William Scott and Eileen Percy in "Maid of the West." No, Agnes Ayres isn't married now. Buck Jones is married, but he is living with his mother.

STAR GAZER.—You here again. This is the third time you've used three strikes in a row. You are referring to Wallace Beery. Thomas Chatterton was directing last time I heard from him. Shoot again.

I'LL GET 'EM YET.—Keep up 'em and you will. If you work only when you have time, you will always have work. Shirley Mason in "Ever Since Eve" for Fox. Constance Binney, Realtar, Los Angeles, Cal. Sorry I haven't Harrison Ford's hourglass.

WORRIED.—What's the use? You want a picture of Carol Dempster. Griffith Studios, Mamaroneck, N. Y. Mabel Normand is playing in "Molly-O" her first picture under her new Sennett contract. Jack Mulhall, Lowell Sherman and Jacqueline Logan are playing in it.

LOREN E. J.—You mustn't mind that, a woman is built to worry about somebody's staying out late at night, and it isn't a man, it's the hired girl, or the cat. Most of the players you mention are not playing any more. Rubye de Rener has finished work on "Pilgrims of the Night."

FARRELL FREDERICK FAN.—I'll say we ought to die when we are no longer loved, so I want you all to love me. I will do all I can. George Nichols and Jack Curtis in "The Coming of the Law." Bernard Randell was Eddie, and Jack Bumham was Cassidy in "Within the Law." Yes, Marion Davies was in California this summer.

EVELYN S.—So you wouldn't want my job. I wouldn't want you to have it. I want it myself. Mary McAllister is about 12 years. Lester Cuneo and Francesca Billington in "Blue Blazes." We'll write you all. Write Dorothy Gish, Griffith studio, Mamaroneck, N. Y. Eugene O'Brien in "Clay Dollars." William Faversham is playing in "Justice" for Selznick.

QUEEN O.—No, they are not married. You here are—Matt Moore, Harry Morey, Faire Binney, Roland Bottony, Kathryn Williams, and Grace Valentine in "A Man's House." Any man ought to be willing to make a home with these beauties.

C. A. L., JERSEY STORE, PA.—Glad to hear from you. Carlyle Blackwell is on the stage and that is why you don't hear of, or see him. Wallace Reid is with Lasky. Hollywood Canteen. Convey Disco, Fort Lee, N. J. You neglected the stamped addressed envelope, and that is a very important matter. Texas Guinan has finished eight Western pictures. It is rumored she will return to musical comedy.

SWEET SIXTEEN.—So you think I am a young girl—thanks. No, but a person with brown eyes screens better than one with blue eyes, as a general rule. Constance Talmadge in "I'm Good for Nothing." Louise Huff is playing in "Disraeli."

MYRENA.—Thanks, but the word "tip" originated from the former customs of placing a box in restaurants marked "To give to the waiter." I would like to see all tips abolished. Let employers pay a fair salary and not make their employees subjects of charity.

(Continued on page 101)
We sold her first story to Thomas H. Ince

Yet Elizabeth Thatcher never dreamed she could write for the screen until we tested her story-telling ability. Will you send the same test—FREE?

Elizabeth Thatcher is a Montana housewife. So far as she could see, there was nothing that made her different from thousands of other housewives.

But she wrote a successful photoplay. And Thomas H. Ince, the great producer, was glad to buy it—she first she ever tried to write.

"I had never tried to write for publication or the screen," she said in a letter to the Palmer Photoplay Corporation. "In fact, I had no desire to write until I saw your advertisement."

This is what caught her eye in the advertisement:

"Anyone with imagination and good story ideas can learn to write Photoplays!"

She clipped a coupon like the one at the bottom of this page, and received a remarkable questionnaire. Through this test, she indicated that she possessed natural story-telling ability, and proved herself acceptable for the training course of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation.

And Thomas H. Ince bought her first attempt

Only a few weeks after her enrollment, we sold Mrs. Thatcher's first story to Mr. Ince. With Mr. Ince's check in her hands, Mrs. Thatcher wrote:

"I feel that such success as I have had is directly due to the Palmer Course and your constructive help."

Can you do what Mrs. Thatcher did? Can you, too, write a photoplay that we can sell? Offhand you will be inclined to answer No. But the question is too important to be answered offhand. Will you be fair to yourself? Will you make in your own home the simple test of creative imagination and story-telling ability which revealed Mrs. Thatcher's unsuspected talent to her?

Send for the Van Loan questionnaire

The test is a questionnaire prepared by H. H. Van Loan, the celebrated photoplaywright, and Prof. Malcolm MacLean, former teacher of short-story writing at Northwestern University. If you have any story-telling instinct at all, send for this questionnaire and find out for yourself just how much talent you have.

We will be frank with you. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation makes first of all to sell photoplays. It trains photoplay writers in order that it may have more photoplays to sell.

With the active aid and encouragement of the leading producers, the Corporation is literally combing the country for new screen writers. Its Department of Education was organized to produce the writers who can produce the stories. The Palmer institution is the industry's accredited agent for getting the stories without which production of motion pictures cannot go on. There is a critical shortage of photoplays. Producers pay from $300 to $2,000 for stories.

Not for "born writers" but for story-tellers

The acquired art of fine writing cannot be transferred to the screen. The same producer who bought Mrs. Thatcher's first story has rejected the work of scores of famous novelists and magazine writers. They lacked the kind of talent suited for screen expression. Mrs. Thatcher, and hundreds of others who are not professional writers, have that gift.

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation cannot endow you with such a gift. But we can discover it, if it exists. And we can teach you how to employ it for your lasting enjoyment and profit.

We invite you to apply this freetest

Clip the coupon below, and we will send you the Van Loan questionnaire. You will assume no obligation. If you pass the test, we will send you interesting material descriptive of the Palmer course and Service, and admit you to enrollment, should you choose to develop your talent. If you cannot pass this test, we will frankly advise you to give up the idea of writing for the screen. It will be a waste of your time and ours for children to apply. Will you give this questionnaire a little of your time? It may mean fame and fortune to you. In any event, it will satisfy you as to whether or not you should attempt to enter this fascinating and highly profitable field. Just use the coupon below and do it now before you forget.

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With the questionnaire we will send you a free sample copy of The Photodramatist, official organ of the Screen Writers' Guild of the Author's League, the photoplaywright's magazine.

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PALMER PHOTOPLAY Corporation, Dept. of Education, P-11
124 West 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Please send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your questionnaire. I will answer the questions in it and return it to you for analysis. If I pass the test, I see to receive further information and suggestions. Also send free sample copy of the Photodramatist.

NAME ____________________________
ADDRESS ____________________________

Page 70
Letters to the Editor

The stars have a champion in this reader, who feels they deserve more than adverse criticism for their effort to please. And there is recognition of the extra, too.

Dear Editor—I have enjoyed very much reading the letters from "film fans" and I often feel like smiling at the way in which they criticize the players.

My! Don't the stars get enough criticism among themselves without the public's venturing forth to find one of the players who try so hard to please us in every way, and then going into detail over every minor fault. None of us are perfect, and the film folks are just as human as we are.

It is certainly no punishment for them to toll unceasingly day after day for us and then to be criticized. What is the matter? You think our very mannerly extras as I do of the stars. God bless them!

We often see the faults in others which we cannot see in ourselves. Or if we do see them, we are too vain to acknowledge them.

The actors and actresses strive to do the impossible. They strive to please everybody. Do we? I know that we do not. We think of ourselves only.

I would be glad to hear from fans. Wishing the Magazine more of the success which it daily receives, I remain,

Sincerely,

LORRAINE NAAMAN
211 DES MOINES AVE., SALINA, KANSAS.

Perhaps no topic introduced in the Magazine has won more attention than that of happy endings. Ever since the editorial published many months ago, "And They Lived Happily Forever After," a deluge of letters has come to us. Here's another plea for the happy ending.

Dear Editor—May I voice my opinion regarding the endings of pictures? I have just read in the August issue several letters regarding this important subject. I wonder how many people leave a theater feeling sad and happy after seeing a picture that has a sad ending? Most people, I believe, go to the movies to be amused, forget their own troubles and at least for the time being are happy. That is, if the pictures are strong enough to make the spectators forget themselves.

Personally, when I see a picture that has a sad or tragic ending, I leave the theater wishing I had not seen it, and usually feeling in a depressed mood.

But the truth is there is so much sadness in life, that even tho the film plays are filled with dream happiness, if they have the desired effect of making the millions of people who see them feel happier and better for having seen them, why desire pictures with sad endings when they undoubtedly have exactly the opposite effect. I hope the majority of people would rather see the picture end happily.

In another letter in the same issue, a writer says, "Mary Pickford has had her day. I must say I do not agree with him. I think she will continue to be "America's Sweetheart" and stay at the top of the list as long as she remains in the films. She has outlived any other star in the affections of the movie-going public and I doubt if there will ever be another like her.

A great many of the new players are splendid and I wish them every success. I think your new Ideal Cast Contest is great and am watching the results very closely.

Wishing the Motion Picture Magazine and other Brewster publications every success, I am,

Sincerely yours,

VIRGINIA MOVIE FAN,
Norfolk, Va.

In defense of many things, but mainly versus Pola Negri—This letter is very interesting.

Dear Editor—I have been a reader of your very useful magazine, the Motion Picture Magazine for some time and have always liked it very much.

For the last few months I have noticed your praise of Pola Negri,"Passion," and I waited impatiently for its exhibition here. At last it came and I swallowed forth to see this play, played by an actress who wasn't afraid and had a pretty face to recommend her. I went. I saw. I was disgusted, disillusioned.

You sang the praise of Pola Negri and of "Passion" until I thought at last I should see a vivid, truthful story with a really good actress, one who could act.

After seeing "Passion," I came to the conclusion that Pola Negri is absolutely the worst actress I have ever had the misfortune to see. When she was born the Gods must have been very angry, or asleep, as they certainly didn't endow her with any charms. She is decidedly ugly and if she has expression I fail to see it. She acts just about as well as a three months old baby. If one really can act, the looks do not matter but if one is not attractive and can't act—!!

In my opinion, the whole of "Passion" was forced action and dull as could be—nor that I think it too bold. Not after seeing "Salome." But it simply reminded me of an old Edison play revised with the beginning of old.

One critic even went so far as to say that America hasn't one actress to compare with Pola Negri, indeed we haven't, unless it be Polly Moran. This same critic said we had a number of young, so-called actresses with starry eyes and curls who don't know the first lesson in acting. Has this critic seen Betty Compson in "Prisoners of Love"? It was broad, perhaps not quite commendable, but Miss Compson made her so human that you felt sorry for her and wished her fate might be different. The story was not very good but Miss Compson made it at least interesting and lovable. Not so of Pola Negri. You felt that she deserved her fate and that she ought to have been shot in the first reel. She didn't appeal to you at all. So much for the charms of Pola Negri.

I think we have some very beautiful young actresses who can win one's emotions as they please, and they are Mary Pickford and Miss Compson. Who can resist her? It is my belief that she can act in any kind of play and make a success of it. And Norma Talmadge wondered what she would do with "Passion." I sincerely be—
I believe she could make the little milliner live, and everyone would sing her praise far and near. And Lillian Gish. She could make us really love that naughty little heroine. And what is more—feel sorry for her.

All three of them are very beautiful women and they certainly can act. I am not against foreign-made pictures, but do let us have good ones and please don't give us any more that remind one of nothing so much as the early efforts of the American producers.

Then again "The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari" won my attention and I went to see it. There were about twelve people in the theater when I arrived and it was the second showing on the third day. And when I came out, there were about five companions left in torture—still watching the doings of the Doctor. The picture lets us draw a curtain over the details. With the best wishes for a prosperous future for your most wonderful magazine, I remain,

Yours truly,
Miss Ida Wallace,
1 Liberty St., Charleston, S. C.

Unquestionably the state of mind has much to do with the impression created by the motion picture in every instance. And at this time, when censorship threatens to entirely figure out this truth, the following letter holds much interest:

Dear Editor:—I am one of the many readers of your magazine and consider it the most interesting on the market today. Naturally, like a number of other readers, I wish to voice my sentiments on the movies. Every now and then, one will come across articles in the various magazines on "Better and Cleaner Motion Pictures." Such articles, it seems to me, are a waste of brain energy. I happen to be one who sees a movie almost every night and I cannot remember ever having seen anything suggestive or vulgar. Do not the censorship people criticize all pictures before they are shown publicly?

I would really like to know what is meant by Better Pictures. For the last three or four years, producers and directors have given the people some wonderful productions. Consider "Broken Blossoms," "Way Down East," "For Better, For Worse," "Forbidden Fruit," "The Miracle Man," "The Right to Happiness," "Midsummer Madness," "Humoresque," and numerous others. What do they mean by "Better Pictures"?

Perhaps there are people who think it is terrible to see a girl in a one-piece bathing suit, or a bevy of chorus girls dancing with bare shoulders, or a man in his pajamas, and such things. Well, there are many girls on the screen around the world, displaying the contour of their figures and it is simply regarded as an ordinary sight. With reference to the chorus girl, do they expect a movie director in portraying a musical show or cabaret for the screen to have his chorus girl dance about in dresses to the ankles, long sleeves and necks covered up to the ears and chin? Is that portraying real life? Is it a natural thing for a man to don his nightclothes on retiring? Why then are these things out of place?

My only solution for this is that the minds of all those who attend the movies are of different character.

With best of luck to your wonderful magazine, I remain,

An ardent reader,
Carl L. Kraus,
722 West Diamond Ave., Harleton, Pa.

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All Races are learning a new way to clean teeth

This new way to clean teeth is spreading all over the world. Leading dentists everywhere advise it. To millions of people it is daily bringing whiter, safer teeth.

Everyone should make this ten-day test. See and feel the benefits it brings. Compare the new way with the old.

To fight film

That viscous film you feel on teeth is their chief enemy. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. It dims the luster, spoils the beauty and causes most tooth troubles.

Film is what discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which fermants and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the tooth to cause decay.

This pleasant ten-day test

We supply a pleasant ten-day test to everyone who asks. That test is most convincing. The results are a revelation.

Each use fights film in two effective ways. It also brings three other effects which authorities deem essential.

It multiplies the salivary flow. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Much stay intact

The ordinary tooth paste does not effectively combat film. The tooth brush, therefore, leaves much of it intact. So teeth discolor and decay despite the daily brushing. Very few people escape.

Dental science has long sought ways to fight that film. Two ways have now been found. High authorities advise them. Many careful tests have proved them.

Both are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And this modern tooth paste, nearly all the world over, is bringing a new dental era.

Thus every use immensely aids the natural forces designed to protect the teeth.

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 the five effects. Repeat them for ten days. Then let the clear results show you what this method means, both to you and yours. Cut out the coupon now.

---

Pepsodent
REG. U.S.
The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, whose every application brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.
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EXECUTIVES are willing to pay almost any price these days for good salesmen. Hundreds of companies pay between $3,500 to $12,000 a year. Many star salesmen make more than the President of the United States.

Mr. de Mille believes that efficient salesmen is greater than the supply.
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 you will 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 R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

Moral Fiber

(Continued from page 35)

"Well, it is good, even if I did paint myself," she said with a slow smile. "Buell will like it, and now if he will just get me that assignment, I can—"

She turned and looked at a little sketch she had made of Jared years before. Immaturity was it, but very like him, and holding a promise that she had now fulfilled.

"My brother," she said, walking over to the mantelpiece, "was almost an old harmonica, 'the time is almost here.' It has been a long wait, dear—five lonely years. But I made the vow in good faith, and I will all the more added aggressively, as if to reassure herself.

She sank into a low divan before the fire and gave herself over to retrospection. Five years of tireless study and brilliant progress in her chosen career—illustrating—but five hard and lonely years for all that, since Jared's tragic death. Hard, because a naturally gentle and tender heart had been forced by an indomitable will into the narrow and high-walled path of a bitter and unreasonable mission. Lonely, because a naturally sunny spirit had been locked up from friendship as a result of the inimical destiny circumstances had thrust upon her. The life of business was smooth for Marion, for she had had plenty of money to start with, and success had come to her, and love was even now beating his wings at her door. It was hard to let love win, but she could not. Her life was consecrated to a single purpose—revenge. But when that was consummated, perhaps she would—John was so dear, so faithful, so persistent. She knew she had found her man, but she could not go to him yet. Not until—she was Buell. It was Buell, telling her she was to do five illustrations for George Elmore's latest novel. The long-looked for assignment! Here was her chance to strike. Her knees shook as she hung up the receiver. She felt suddenly weak and sick, with an instinctive repugnance for the business at hand, which she quickly stifled in an indomitable spirit. There is but one thing to do—"}

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An Interesting Experiment

Stand in front of your mirror and look at your body over extreme magnifying glass. Observe the back of your neck, shoulders, back, spine, side, arms and legs. Take very careful minute drawings by tape and pencil. Study your interestingly reflectorily mirrored hamstrings, muscle mind, so that you will know what you are doing. Try this one scientific experiment. From which part of the body can you see the most detail? Is that part of the body more or less sensitive than any other part of the body?

You Will Not Know Yourself

You will not know the true meaning of beauty until you have learned the value of your muscles and tissues. You will not be able to have a more graceful figure. Your whole appearance will be completely transformed. This isn't the same thirty days. It is a new person and a new man will re- vel in your mirror. You will not only have beauty but health and strength.

In so short a time, I do not promise you to become a fully completed sculptured figure, but if you work, you can, to a certain extent. You will improve your posture, your general condition, your vitality and even your character, will be greatly improved.

Send for my Book—"MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT" IT IS FREE

It tells the secret, and is handily illustrated with about twenty-five soft-page photographs of myself and some of the world's best athletes, showing the difference a large number of hours daily spent in the gymnasium will make. The results are shown, and the secret how to make it is within the pages of "MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT." Please write or perhaps you are too old.

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Men who can make people laugh are highly paid for doing so. By capitalizing their humorous ideas and their ability to draw, cartoonists like Fox, Briggs, King and Smith make $10,000 to $100,000 a year. You may have ideas that are equally good. Let Federal training give you the skill to put them on paper.

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Can you name it?

THE first Royal Mystery Cake Contest created a countrywide sensation. Here is another cake even more wonderful. Who can give it a name that will do justice to its unusual qualities?

This cake can be made just right only with Royal Baking Powder. Will you make it and name it?

$500 For The Best Names

For the name selected as best, we will pay $250. For the second, third, fourth and fifth choice, we will pay $100, $75, $50 and $25 respectively. Anyone may enter the contest, but only one name from each person will be considered.

All names must be received by December 15th. In case of ties, the full amount of the prize will be given to each tying contestant. Do not send your cake. Simply send the name you suggest, with your own name and address, to the

ROYAL BAKING POWDER COMPANY
WILLIAM STREET
NEW YORK

HOW TO MAKE IT

Use level measurements for all materials

1/2 cup shortening
4 tablespoons Royal baking Powder
1/2 cup sugar
Grated rind of 1/2 orange
1 cup milk
1 egg and 1 yolk
1/2 cup melted butter
2 tablespoons orange juice
2 cups flour
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon salt
Crisp shortening, 1/2 cup sugar and grated orange rind.

Bake in muffin pans. Set together four, six and eight-portion cans and add alternately with milk and cream. Ladle in brown egg white. Divide batter into two sorts. To one part add the chocolate. Put by tablespoonfuls alternating dark and light batter into three greased cake pans. Bake in moderate oven. 20min.

FILLING AND ICING

1 tablespoon molasses butter 1 egg white
1 cup confectioners sugar 3 squares (1/2 sq. of)
1 teaspoon salt 1/2 cup melted unsweetened chocolate
Grated rind of 1/2 orange and pulp of 1 orange

Butter some orange juice and rhul into bowl. Stir in 3 squares melted unsweetened chocolate and salt. Add 1/2 cup sugar until smooth, stirring until smooth; add 1 egg white, stir proof this liquid on layer used for top of cake. While this is soft, spread with unswetened chocolate (shredded in fine pieces with sharp knife) once more. As remaining cake sides and 1/2 square melted unsweetened chocolate which has been melted, spread this thinly between layers and add sides of cake.
the tense silence with a false assumption of chagrin.

"No. This woman need not go. I will leave your house tonight, George Elmore," said Grace, in a voice half-strangled.

"Then I will stay with the man I love," said Marion, a triumphant smile beginning to curve her lips. But it died, stillborn.

John Corliss confronted the group.

"Had a small matter, John... Nobody hurt—couldn't get here any sooner. For God's sake, what has happened? What are you doing here, Marion?"

His sister answered him.

"She is illustrating my husband's latest novel, and seems to find love-making a necessary part of it. I—I have just now discovered the sort of illustrating she does. They have confessed and I am leaving immediately."

Marion made a step toward her.

"Don't come near me, you unspeakable creature," Grace said, with an angry suacer, sweeping majestically out of the room.

Marion winced.

"Don't believe her, John," she said to her lover. "It isn't true. I—I can explain to you later. Will you let me? I didn't know she was your sister. Please understand."

But John—slowly, and in a voice that did not quiver or break—turned his face away, the better to withstand her appealing gaze.

Marion walked slowly upstairs on leaden feet. What ghastly words she had written!

In trying to hurt one person, she had hurt four—herself, her lover, Grace's brother, what a mockery! An innocent man, vitiomized in his home—how could it be? The answer was no comfort to her. Marion's was one of the four. Well—she had accomplished her mission, and wrecked her own happiness doing it. She had fulfilled her vow, and paid for it with more than her life. Who was it said "Revenge is sweet?" It wasn't. It was bitter akes to parched lips.

"The bright flame of triumph had turned to ashes. What was this insistent pain tearing at her heart? Remorse? Solely not. But Grace's eyes had looked just like Jared's, on that well remembered day when George Elmore came to Glendale. She could not hear that look in any human eye. She could not even express the thought that she had brought it there—except to George Elmore. Ah, well—

it was not too late to make amends. The sounds of her own sobbing and the quavering of Grace's voice in the hall. Marion crossed the hall and opened Grace's door.

"I do not love your husband," she said slowly, "and I don't love you. I have a lover."

Grace paused, her hand hidden behind her, and looked at Marion with startled eyes.

"What do you mean? Why did you do this thing?"

"I am Jared Wootton's sister," Marion said in a lifeless voice. "One week after you left Glendale he shot himself because of your heartless betrayal of a boy's adoring trust. When I found him lying dead in the grass, I made a solemn vow to Heaven to make you pay for it—but I can't see it through—please be kind to him."

She turned to go, but caught the glint of the tiny pearl-handled revolver Grace was hiding behind her.

"What are you thinking of doing with that?" she cried, stepping quickly over to Grace and trying to take the thing from her.

"I'm going to kill myself," Grace said passionately, struggling hard to maintain her grip on the revolver. "Now, more than ever. I didn't know about your brother—"

"I'd much better die," The two women fought furiously for possession of the tiny instrument of death.

Downstairs George Elmore and John Corliss eyed each other in angry silence. At last Corliss said:

"You low hound! To betray a wife and seduce an innocent girl."

But any defense that George Elmore might have made in Marion's behalf was never uttered. The muffled sounds of the scuffling in his wife's room caused him to run hurriedly upstairs, leaving John Corliss to his own murthering thoughts. Marion had succeeded in wresting the gun from Grace's frenzied grasp. She stood there clutching it, tears streaming down from the struggle, when George Elmore broke into the room. Grace sank into the nearest chair and began to cry, the swift, hot tears of unshed gall. Without a word, her husband took her in his arms and she sobbed out the whole wrretched story on his shoulder. He stroked her hair tenderly.

Marion had slipped away, back to her own room, as unable to contemplate their happiness as their despair. She leaned against the door in the harsh decree of an arbitrary fate that was already claiming its "eternities of tears."

Ineffable weariness dulled her brain, infinite misery lay deep in her eyes, utter hopelessness expressed itself in the dejected droop of her shoulders. It was the end of all things. She no longer cared, thought, acted. Her heart opened gently, scarcely jarring her loose from its support.

"My own girl," said a well loved voice, "they have told me more things than I had any need to know. Can you forgive me? Marion—Marion."

And the girl, dazzled by the bright flame suddenly shining on the little dark brown eyes, found no words to speak. But her heart, beating against his heart, spoke for her—Beyond the night somewhere afar, was a great unborn, some white, tremendous打破day."

The Losers

(Continued from page 68)

Your carriage was poor—you could neither stand nor sit well. You were pretty and attractive and it made him think she was prettier and more intelligent. The emotions you tried so hard to convey, did not register at all on our pretentious pretty, but just a little bit stupid. You lacked breeding. You might have been stunning to look at, but it was not "camera beauty. You were too self-conscious."

The whole story of your hair was lifeless and unbecomingly arranged. Your hands were large and not well-kept, your feet badly formed, altho your face was lovely. And so on ad infinitum. Any one of these reasons, trivial enough by themselves, and, of course, not enough to spoil one's chances of ever getting into the movies, is enough to cast you the coveted reward in our contest.

For the girl who wins the Fame and Fortune Contest, is the girl who has beauty and brains, too, who is pretty from any angle, whose hands are tapering and slender and whose feet are well-shaped and in proportion, will be young. She must have a good figure, an attractive face. She must have quickness, magnetism, personality, and at least a spark of the "divine fire."

"Ah, I can hardly believe it," she would be beautiful and full of charm. At any rate, don't miss the December Magazin, when you will see the paragon of perfection.
Essentially a Fireman's Bride

(Continued from page 23)

not the core of my life. I must admit they are always purely secondary—nothing more.

"But clothes," I persisted. "You have always been fond of them and noted for the manner in which you wore them. How about that?"

"Now you have me," she admitted. "They are my great weakness. I know they are superficial and that everyone who ever colored dressing up in finery never came to any good end and all that sort of thing, but nevertheless I never expect to be indifferent about what I wear. Even when I'm living constantly in the country, with no earthly excuse for buying suntan things, I keep sublimely on. I don't do very much designing these days, because I've found that I can get individual things at the good shops. But that doesn't mean that I'm not quite as keen about what I wear. You know that if we came to town and I was not looking well, someone would be sure to say,

"'Poor Irene Castle. She certainly isn't what she used to be since she's taken to living in the country.'"

"I would far rather the woman at the next table to say:

"'There's Irene Castle. She's a wonder for her age,' or something like that."

"Do you think you ever will do your own designing again?" I asked.

"It's hard to say," her gaze following Jane's tiny finger, which indicated a sky more glowing than ever. "I've had an offer to dance again, and in that event I may design my costumes. However, pictures keep slipping through and don't permit me to work out of doors most of the time. I'm afraid, too, that I never could find another dancing partner like Vernon Castle. Then, if I did make a success of it, I'd never want to give it up, and if I didn't, I'd always be sorry I even attempted it. I know Mr. Treman wouldn't like it, for then I'd have to be in town week-ends, too, and, as I've said before, he couldn't and wouldn't leave Ithaca entirely. It's part of him, and he of it. Why, he's captain of the fire department, the volunteer, you know, and he'd be miserable in town. And I'd be miserable without him. There you are."

Undoubtedly, she has kept a clear perspective and some degree of realism, even through the strange affair her life has been. Success came to her and Vernon Castle only after they had endured hunger in Paris. They were the idols of Manhattan, lauded and feted. He enlisted in the Aviation Corps and was shortly taken from her, but she valiantly carried on. She wanted the world to know more of the man they had known so thoroughly as the dancer, and she wrote a book of him, which she called simply "My Husband." Her marriage to Robert Treman, a great friend of Vernon Castle's, was undoubtedly a wise one, and together they revere the memory of him who gave his life to his country. Life to her is splendid and fine; happiness to her is the natural thing, because she has erected her life upon worthy things.

She will leave behind the name of Irene Castle, which she has endowed with renown, and take the name of Irene Castle Treman because she is essentially, as she herself declares, a fireman's bride.

By this time all chances of sunshine had disappeared. The sky was even greyer than before, and Jane was undoubtedly now wishing that the interview had been sooner.

So, I'm sorry. I departed. And as the door closed behind me, I heard Irene Castle Treman announce, "All aboard for Coney Island—the steepest roller-coaster and the highest slides!"

---

The Art of Hair Coloring Revolutionized

The glory of permanent youth is now possible through the discovery of Dr. Emile, Physician-Scientist of the Pasteur Institute, Paris.

This scientific formula, Inecto Rapid, employs an entirely new principle ranking in importance with other discoveries of the Pasteur Institute.

It gives streaked or faded hair the original or desired color, banishes gray hair in 30 minutes and brings back the original beauty and lustre to hair which has been damaged by ordinary "dye." Inecto Rapid in a natural manner accomplishes repigmentation penetrating their hair shaft instead of merely coating the surface of the hair as in the case of commercial coloring preparations. Inecto Rapid may be applied to any texture of hair with absolute and positive assurance of success.

Inecto Rapid is used exclusively in the fashionable hair dressing salons of London and throughout all of Europe where it has raised the art of hair coloring to a position never before approached. It is employed by 1500 of the foremost European hairdressers and is endorsed by the highest medical authorities.

Inecto Rapid applications are made at the leading hairdressing salons throughout the world.

In New York it is used exclusively in the Waldorf-Astoria, Biltmore, Plaza, Pennsylvania and other leading salons. Inecto Rapid is given to the public under the following specific guarantees:

1. To produce a color that cannot be distinguished from the natural color under the closest scrutiny.

2. Not to cause dark streaks following.

3. To maintain a uniform shade over a period of years.

4. To be harmless to hair or growth.

5. Not to make the texture of the hair coarse or brittle and not to cause breakage.

6. Never to cause too dark a color through inability to stop the process at the exact shade desired.

7. To color any head, any color in 30 minutes.

8. To be unaffected by permanent waving, salt water, sunlight, rain, shampooing, perspiration, Russian or Turkish baths.

9. Not to soil linens or hat linings.

10. To produce delicate ash shades herefore impossible.

Inecto Rapid is packed in new and very attractive manner that eliminates waste.

Every woman who wishes to improve the appearance of her hair should investigate Inecto Rapid.

Send No Money

Just fill out coupon and mail today. We will send you full details of Inecto Rapid and our "Beauty Analysis Chart," which will enable you to find the most harmonious and becoming shade for your hair.

Inecto, Inc., Laboratories
818 Sixth Avenue, New York
Old China Comes to Broadway

(Continued from page 37)

years, unshriveled and uncurled. Moreover, it is beautifully tinted. The figures, manipulated by slender bamboo rods with the right hand, are held in position with the left. When the rod is withdrawn, the puppet is in a position carrying colors with it to the screen, the effect produced is charming and most Chinese.

Here was not only a touch of poetry for Tony Sarg's inspiration, but a very simple and practical device which could be copied and elaborated. The lesson in mechanics he has fully taken to heart. The poetry is, as he puts it: "We are, he says, to hear from that later.

A happy accident was the meeting of Mr. Sarg with Herbert M. Dawley. Major Dawley had just finished his series of animated pictures of prehistoric animals. He was full of ways and means of getting actual results for the screen. He was convinced that he could "film" all the humor that Mr. Sarg might crowd into the outline and movement of silhouettes. Together, they threatened to meet the challenge with the enthusiasm of boys determined to dig to China, only it was China that started with. Broadway was their goal, and from Broadway they were going to motion picture houses. That it was really the world they intended to reach, and not just English-speaking countries, is evidenced by the fact that there are no "balloons" coming out of the mouths of the actors, filled with words to point the drama. It is pantomime pure and simple, wedded to humor.

It is hard to estimate the tremendous difficulty involved in getting an idea over in pantomime. Ask a deal and dumb man. Ask an analytical actor and Warfield said to Tony Sarg: "Old man, you've given us actors something to study." The method of making these motion silhouettes, where cameras are casual and reference one or two sounds absurdly simple. Cut from black cardboard animals and human figures, make them jointed, place them near to, and behind a screen, manipulate and amusingly, photograph them with a motion picture camera, and there you are.

And yet, Tony Sarg and Herbert Dawley go about the business of making mountains.

"Suppose," says Major Dawley, "you were required to spread the movements you go thru in a given five or six and two-thirds minutes over an eight-hour day—would you know just how it was done?"

An honest answer to this must be an unequivocal "Yes."

In the rôle of photographer, he is able, in a hard day's work, to put his two-dimensional puppets thru an amount of action which takes just one and two-thirds minutes to enact on the screen.

This is, of course, race-horse speed, when compared with what some of the makers of animated cartoons has to show for his daily output. One and two-thirds minutes on the screen would represent, for him, about sixteen hundred drawings on celluloid, at least two months' work. But he has this advantage: he can have a comfortable meal and a smoke, go back to his job, review, and recapture the spirit of it. With motion silhouettes, the poses which have been photographed are tightly locked away in the camera. The photographer must animate capable of a minute analysis of action, of vivisecting movement, but he must bring to it a nerve-racking intensity of concentration.

Major Dawley has another complaint to make against his work. He insists that he no longer hears his friends when they speak, so intent is he on noting how they lift their hands and wag their heads.

There are moments when the Sarg silhouettes depart from shadowgraph limitations, and take on, in effect, a third dimension. This is done by the device of combining drawings with the figures. The result is a puzzle motion picture: Find where the figures leave off and the drawings begin.

Tony Sarg has made his pictures depth of perspective after the manner of French shadowgraphers. He uses oiled paper of varying thickness, and for the heavy shadings several layers superimposed.

All this has led him into an exhaustive study of what has been done in shadow work in Egypt, Java, Siam, Turkey and France, with the result that, captured by the ancient art, he has determined to produce a real shadowgraph drama, something to rival the famous "Kermis," the shadow play of the Middle Ages, which has had a continued broadcast by the motion picture camera.

From the interview with Mr. Frank Dearman and Mr. Kieserfeld, however, it is clear that in the motion picture world, have evidenced in this venture, one is tempted to jump to the conclusion that it will come into being in a motion picture hour.

Of one thing we may be certain: it will reflect the past. But Mr. Sarg has not determined whether it will be Javanese, Siamese or Chinese. He wonders.

If it be Javanese, it must, to have a wide appeal, be greatly modified, for the shadowgraph figures of Java are startlingly different from our own. For the purpose of exaggerated gesticulation, are made almost twice the natural size, and the little gestures hardly do more than suggest human beings. Like the Chinese figures, they are made of buffa-lo hide, and are also tinted, but they are moved, as a rule, by delicate rods of horn rather than bamboo. Their successful manipulation is not only a matter of practice, but dramatic sense as well. The shadowgraphs of a man of Java, who speaks for his little men and women, must have a flexible voice, and temperament. And what gentle heroines he has to present to his public! Admiration for the woman who loved her. She had only one outfit, the best, cast in the house of Pat." She had a most beautiful write-up in a Javanese poem, which Helen Haimen Joseph quotes in her "Thirty Vietnamese Poems."

"She was truly queen of the accomplished, neat and charming in her manner, sweet and light in her gestures. She never neglected the five daily prayer hours. She was sprayed with rose-water. Her body was hot if not anointed every hour. Everyone loved her. She was fault. Later, when she married, she could not endure a rival mistress. She was jealous."

There was the makings of drama!

In Siam, the creators of shadows are content to follow somewhat more closely the lines of the human form, but their figures are heavily pigmented and so closely and finely perforated that when performing before a light, they suggest little beings bejeweled from head to foot. And the light often comes in Siam, from a carefully placed bonfire.

The Turks love shadowgraphs, which they make rather crudely of camel skin. They have used them for centuries, for the expression of the last word in vulgarity. They are happy to see thrown on the screen a hunchback, a dwarf or an opium fiend.
but their hero or heroine is Karagouz, which, translated, means Black Eye. This is literally a descriptive title, for the figure, being in profile, looks out from the screen with a wicked black eye of exaggerated proportions. He has, in his repertory, this Black Eye, an endless list of indecencies, at which audiences scream with laughter.

Théophile Gautier, having seen some of these tricks, fairly sputters with disgust. "It is impossible," he writes, "to give in our language the least idea of these huge jests, these hyperbolic broad jokes which necessitate, to render them, the dictionary of Rabelais, of Bérard de Lustré, flanked by the vulgar catechism of the Vis à Vis." The shadowgraph play is a matter of dispute, but the French have tacitly acknowledged the supremacy of the Chinese by calling them kimn kanonettes.

Perhaps the best test of a people's love for an art is food. How many followers of a given art can earn their daily bread, or, in the case of China, their daily rice, on its proceeds? A whole class of itinerant shadowmatics have lived in comfort in the Celestial Empire on the returns from a simple sort of shadowgraph play. They carry a miniature scene on their shoulders, light, screen, actors and scenery complete. They may halt at any corner and begin a performance, moving the figures with their hands from below, and reciting the lines for all of the characters, with telling contrast.

They always gather a receptive audience of children who shaved heads.

The shadowgraph play is in the blood of China, but while the French took it over, the inevitable happened. They gave it great changes, which is pretty French in spirit. Dominique Seraphin was their first shadowgraph showman. He started a little theater in Versailles in 1770. They was successful, and at the fall of the royal house, Seraphin was ambitious. His shadows gave Molière's "Imaginary Invalid," and a little thriller called "Broken Bridge." There was a short period, beginning about 1790, when the shadowgraph theater was given over to the management of one Moreau. These were dark days for shadowgraphy. They tried to use these for the expression of a holy vulgarity unwelcome to Parisians. Perhaps his downfall was a piece entitled "Quintara," but the whole world was confused. (What was that 20th man?) At any rate he was retired as a magus after two or three years, and Seraphin's was recalled.

The triumph of the shadowgraph in a matter of contemporary history is the Chau Noir, the cabaret of Montmartre. Shadow plays were given of poignant beauty and emotional appeal. It was here that Caran d'Ache gave "Cœurs à table," an epic of the Grand Army of Napoleon. There were masses of men in the background, advancing, retreating. Paint martial music was heard, a distant word of command, and sharply outlined in the foreground rode Napoleon on horseback. He is a loving portrait, following Caran d'Ache, added the Oriental element of color, and with the magic lantern, created dissolve views as backgrounds. He gave "The Predigial Snoop" and "The Temporization of St. Anthony," with ingenious elaboration.

Rehn writes about his work: "We saw the sun setting over the sea, the forests trembling to the morning breeze; we saw desert stretching out into the infinite, oceans surging, cities flaming with lights, and the moon shining. The tripes of rivers on which barges were silently and slowly gliding."

When "Tom Sarg" begins his work on a real shadow play, he will find a wealth of material.
Scores Vote Guessing Final Leaders

Popularity of Current Contest Exceeds Greatest Expectations

The month of August brought the closing date for the ballots, guessing the names of the winners, together with the votes which brought them to the top of the list—and with it came an avalanche of votes which threatened to swamp the offices and those who counted the returns as they came in. At present the ballots are being classified, and it will then be counted. This, of course, will take time, but as soon as the result is determined, announcements will be made.

The last voting coupon appears in this number. That means that this is your last opportunity to announce your favorite players to do your share for those players who have pleased you most thru their work upon the screen.

It is not likely that the final announcements, both as to the winners in the cast and the winners who guessed the results most correctly, will be made next month, but be assured that there will be no time wasted. The classification and counting of the ballots is being handled in a systematic manner and the final results will be arrived at in the shortest possible time.

Constantly during the duration of this contest, directors and producers have inquired by telephone and telegraph as to the latest results. They have felt that public opinion would be of infinite assistance to them in the casting of their productions—undoubtedly, the contest has served a twofold purpose. And it has given credit where credit was due.

The character man or woman is as great an artist in his or her way as Mary Pickford in hers or Charlie Chaplin in his. In the ordinary contest they are slighted. And their friends are legion. Perhaps that in itself explains the great popularity of the Ideal Cast Contest, for it held a niche for everyone.

Letters asking various questions are not desired, as we have endeavored to make the nature of the contest such that anyone can understand it. Once more we repeat the rules and regulations which we found necessary.

I. All votes must contain the name and address of the voter in order to be considered.

II. In voting for the ideal child, the vote may be cast for either a boy or girl.

III. It is permissible to vote for the same person twice. For instance, Douglas Fairbanks may be your favorite male comedian and your favorite leading man also. If so, vote for him in both roles.

IV. On the other hand, you might think that Dorothy Gish will win the distinction of being the ideal leading lady in the final tabulation, and also of being the ideal comedian. If this is the case, you were privileged to put her down opposite both of these roles on the ballot you submitted, which gave the names and votes of those you thought would finally comprise the Ideal Cast.

V. Only one surprise as to the Ideal Cast was to be submitted and in the event that more than one is submitted by the same person, all surprises by that person will be discarded. This does not apply, however, to any guesses submitted before the new ruling, which makes it necessary to guess also the number of votes with which each player would win.

VI. All ballots must be postmarked with post office date.

The Ideal Cast, at the time of going to press, was as follows:

**IDEAL CAST**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Votes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Leading Woman</td>
<td>Norma Talmadge</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leading Man</td>
<td>Wallace Reid</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Villain</td>
<td>Lew Cody</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vampire</td>
<td>Bebe Daniels</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Character Man</td>
<td>Theodore Roberts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Character Woman</td>
<td>Vera Gordon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Comedian (Male)</td>
<td>Harold Lloyd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Comedian (Female)</td>
<td>Dorothy Gish</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Director</td>
<td>D. W. Griffith</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Child</td>
<td>Jackie Coogan</td>
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<tr>
<td>Leading Woman</td>
<td>Gloria Swanson</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mary Pickford</td>
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<td>Katherine MacDonald</td>
<td>297</td>
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<td>Agnes Ayres</td>
<td>586</td>
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<td>Lillian Gish</td>
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<td>Anita Stewart</td>
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<td>Ethel Clayton</td>
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<td>Richard Barthelmess</td>
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<td>Eugene O'Brien</td>
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<td>Douglas Fairbanks</td>
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<td>Conway Tearle</td>
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<td>Elliott Dexter</td>
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<td>Clyde Fillmore</td>
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<tr>
<td>Harrison Ford</td>
<td>72</td>
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<tr>
<td>William Farnum</td>
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<td>Jack Mulhall</td>
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**Villain**

<table>
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<tr>
<td>Lon Chaney</td>
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<tr>
<td>Robert McKim</td>
<td>429</td>
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<tr>
<td>D'Arcy Stroehm</td>
<td>333</td>
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<tr>
<td>Asa Yarn</td>
<td>303</td>
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<tr>
<td>Virginia in the house</td>
<td>189</td>
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<tr>
<td>Leo White</td>
<td>165</td>
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<tr>
<td>Irving Cummings</td>
<td>135</td>
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<tr>
<td>George Arliss</td>
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**Vampire**

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<th>Character</th>
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<tr>
<td>Theda Bara</td>
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<tr>
<td>Louise Glaum</td>
<td>465</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pola Negri</td>
<td>345</td>
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<tr>
<td>Gloria Swanson</td>
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<tr>
<td>Nita Naldi</td>
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<td>Betty Blythe</td>
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<td>Mona Lisa</td>
<td>111</td>
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<td>Rosemary Theby</td>
<td>105</td>
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<tr>
<td>Marcia Manon</td>
<td>63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nazimova</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(Continued on page 100)

The prizes, which will be awarded the voters guessing most correctly the Ideal Cast, are the number of votes by which each character wins, as follows:

- **First Prize** | $250
- **Second Prize** | $100
- **Third Prize** | $75
- **Fourth Prize** | $50
- **Fifth Prize** | $25

...and here,
The $100,000 Drop!

Something bringing beauty, something bringing youth—drilling into mines, slaving in dungeons—searching the earth and sky.

So men have sought through the ages, always seeking for this magic.

Victor Vivaudou, master perfumer, finally saw the light. He dredged the ocean for costly ambergris, culled the gardens of the world for flowers and then fused them with the rare secret essences of Ancient Araby. After twenty long years of effort—constantly blending and re-blending—he finally obtained in one single shimmering drop—the Perfect Perfume.

THAT FIRST DROP COST $100,000

And he called it MAVIS (The Song Bird)—for it was Spring and he had reached the end of his quest.

It is this costly fragrance—as fresh as a flower, yet subtle as incense—that is to be found in all of the irresistible MAVIS toilet creations—each one of which combines the rarest perfume and the best ingredients, carefully blended under Mr. Vivaudou's personal direction, by chemists whose art has been handed down to them for generations.

MAVIS

Talcum Powder $0.25 Cold Cream $0.50
Face Powder $0.50 Vanishing Cream $0.50
Fatties $1.00 Sachet $1.25
Compacts $0.50 Lip Sticks $0.25
Toilet Water $1.00 Brilliantine $0.50

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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 what she says about powders in the June, 1921, Motion Picture Magazine.

We have secured the exclusive American rights to Miss Palmer's Peach Bloom 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 50-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 Peach Bloom Powder

Beware of imitations and accept no substitutes warranted to be "just as good." There is nothing 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 fifty cents please send me a box of CORLISS PALMER PEACH BLOOM POWDER.

Name ..............................................................
Street ....................................................................
City and State ....................................................
dance to soul slumber and heart yearning. As the young Fox family romance blossomed, it dwindled in the sun. The silence was so deep, it seemed to smother. Perhaps the hum was of insects nipping in the bed of cacti that surrounded the little square were empty and the palm leaves never stirred. I looked for lizards, but they, too, seemed to be at siesta. Steeped in 'Knickerbocker Glories' it was with the Brinmont lot and wondered vaguely how that Ford had floated into the distance. It's terribly confusing to tarry on a studio desk during a movie play, you begin to wonder whether you are crazy or they are. It's worse than 'Intolerance.' For instance, there I was a century ago in a Spanish town somewhere in Mexico with a Ford in the distance and D'Artagnan driving up in a Packard to take Lord Fauntleroy to lunch.

Miriam Cooper sat puckling the fringe of her scarlet mantilla, which matched the flower in her shining black hair. Rose glasses shielded the sun from the brilliance of her eyes. George stood puckling the leaves from a bush. Raoul sat by the camera directing the placement of re-fections.

"Are you to be starred in this picture, Miss Cooper?" asked the publicity man.

"No," was the laconcic murmur.

"Will you be attacked in publicity then?"

"I don't know,"—a faint smile and a shrug

"—Anything you like."

I marveled; few stars would dare give their publicity man that privilege.

"I never want to star again," she said.

"I used to star for Ford, you know," again a smile, "It is much wiser to play a small part in a big film as a great part in a—feature. That was proved to me by my experience in 'The Birth of a Nation' and 'The Honor System' and my experience later in my starring pictures. I only play in pictures because Raoul wants me. He can't find the type he wants—then he takes me.

Her smile this time faintly audible. I suppose it is amusing to let one's husband go seeking for The Right Type—as for the Blue Bird—and to behold him each time returning home with the thought that he was lost. I'd never think of asking Miriam Walsh for an article on How To Hold A Husband. She'd smile. Or she might say, "by not holding him."

"I'd never recognize George in censor-made clothes," I remarked, glancing to irere-in-law George who was still puckling, puckling, puckling the leaves from the yellow rose bush. Already he had the bush stripped to its B. V. D.'s. If he'd pulled another leaf, it would never have passed the censor. Luckily, Raoul called "Camera!" and the bush was saved for the Baptists.

There was no rehearsing, yet perfect co-ordination. I suppose that is the attribute to the actor. When George slouched off to bowl over a greaser who was kicking a horse, I thought the scene had been spoiled by my being rather for animals. But it was all in the script."

"What do you think of 'Serenade' as a title?" asked Raoul of me, after the man who kicked the horse had been kicked by George.

I thought it sounded musical, but so does "Carmen," and yet it was changed to "Serenade." They mustn't get classical with the movie moviels, so I suggested "The Love Jazz." Raoul looked rather ill and strolled away. George by this time was picking on another bush, and Miriam alone was left to me. It was well. Miriam

That Walsh Filmly (Continued from page 66)

is the decorative feature of the family. The romance is that Raoul had always been the leader. George had said as much. Thus appearing in his pictures both George and Miriam Cooper-Walsh had be-partners in Fox products. "Serenade" is their reunion jubilee. Upon its completion George lives Eastward, but Miriam remains in Hollywood to appear in Raoul's production of "The Dance of the Dolls"—unless, of course, Raoul finds another type to suit him—which he probably won't, altho he feels his wife should star in her own pictures in Fox product. The combination suggests the Vidor. King Vidor finds Florence Vidor too good to play parts in his productions, while Florence considers King the only director in whose productions she really shines. Thus a Vidor production seldom appears without Florence among those present.

...Stars in family groups are becoming quite quite the fashion again. It may be the hard times. Anyhow, there's Jack Pickford directing Mary with Mother directing both. The Gishes are planning another sister act with "The Two Orphans." But the Walsh filmly is only the triumvirate of which I am aware, and the honest workman of some sort in New York when Raoul, famous and rich in pictures, decided to bring in younger brother and let him attack the man at the dictionary.

"I owe everything to Raoul. He got me started, and he taught me all I know," observed George. It was thru his success in Fox productions directed by Raoul Walsh that George was made a star. He had a smile and physical agility, even as he Fairbanks, but it was logical that William Fox should star him. While Miriam Cooper came into prominence first via "The Birth of a Nation," her debut, I believe, was under Raoul's direction in his "Honor System" she followed up the success she had achieved with Griffith. After "The Honor System" the Walshes industrially is divorced, and Miriam never appeared to such advantage. Nor did Raoul. He couldn't find The Right Type. And she couldn't find The Right Director. In the meantime, George had got down to his B. V. D.'s and couldn't go any further. Thus a re-union seemed the logical thing, and it is appropriately celebrated with "Serenade."

Star Gazing (Continued from page 45)

and enjoying the freedom the city would deny me."

There is a charming Mrs. Holt, a tall, slim girl, and as both the actor and his wife are quiet and retiring in their tastes, he and his wife are quiet and retiring in their beautiful Hollywood home with their family, there being three wee ones in the household.

As I watched William de Mille adding vigorous punches to his scenes thru an occasional suggestion to Mr. Holt, I recognized anew the excellent technique, pace and filming of this actor's work, and I found myself trying to visualize the screen character the new star will create for us.

One can be assured, Jack Holt's men will be essentially of the masculine type, and whether in the broad and sweeping measure or the more restrained moments of his acting, his own sincere efforts will be felt.

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125 B — You actually pay $10.50 for this charming Xmas gift! Engraved with any personalized message you desire. This dainty, plain, round covered watch has 14 jewels, stainless steel case and 10 year movement! Gold color case and band. Regular price $16.50. Less $6.00 where over.

low price $15.00

128 B LADIES' 10K GOLD RING With 6sz. diamond, $1.35. Your choice of ruby, topaz, sapphire, turquoise. Retail value $9.00. Save $7.50. 125 State size.

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128 D — This $5.00 GILBERT RAYON DIAMOND ALARM CLOCK has been designed by Gilbert for the gold finish, 375, 14K. Set with 6 Rays. Hunter movement. Engraved in Old English. Regular price on this item would be $17.50. Our price $10.00.

117 D STERLING SILVER TEA SPOONS 117 D — These spoons are flat handled with plain, silver, beautiful, high-grade gold filled handles. Sold in groups of 6, each at $1.10, and 12, 2.00 and 24, 3.00. Our price only $1 each; six $5.50, 12 for $10.00.

116D — MENS BELT AND BUCKLE 116D — This excellent buckle can be made in any size, with your initials engraved in Old England. Choice of metal. Retail value $4.00. Price $2.50.

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height, Chinese lanterns, mystical drapes and curtains—its close-packed audience of celebrities, and devotees, dispels any lingering doubts, while leaves you on the qui vive for the curtain.

So it was that first night, in September, 1917—just two months after the first plans were made. Wrote Michael Reid, Louise Hef and Raymond Hatton, in William de Mille’s farce-satire, “Food,” which was featured, but there were also three other one-act plays by amateurs. From that night forth the Community Theater of Hollywood has been a success, dramatically, artistically and financially.

Since that night, under the wonderful direction of Miss Dickson, this theater has given performances of such high standards it has won tributes from English foremost dramatists. Sir James Barrie, John Masefield, John Galsworthy, John Drinkwater have sent personal tribute to Miss Dickson’s achievement.

For the dramatic artists it has been a source of constant delight. The lure of the footlights is ever upon them and their community theater affords them opportunity for self-expression in their art.

Nowhere is there such a movement—where artists of international fame give their services gratis, not merely play to work, as on a commercial stage. For theirs is a critical audience of their peers. All of the famous folk are not upon the stage. Mrs. Carrie Jacobs Bond is generally there, and William de Mille, and Beulah Marie Dix. In its audiences have been Baal Rustan, Madam Elizabeth Rothen- well and Walter Henry Rothwell, Richard Buhlig, Samuel Merwin, Clayton Hamilton, John Masefield, Eleanor Glyn, Elise Ferguson, Sano, and many others—an inspiration to the best of actors. And the professional and business folk of all Los Angeles, especially the teachers, attend regularly.

The brightest stars of the stage and screen world have appeared upon its stage during the last four years. Henry Walthall, Henrietta Crosman, Theodore Roberts, Conrad Nagel, Lois Wilson, Winter Hall, Helen Jerome Eddy, Betty Blythe, Ann Forrest, Willard Lucas, Charles Meredith, Avian Martin, Harry Page, and a dozen others—all say it is great fun.

There has been such demand for a longer period than two weeks’ production—so many people have turned away at every performance—that Miss Dickson is now seeking a larger theater. There seems to be no limit to her wonderful achievements. Furthermore, with the desire to stimulate creative work in play-writing, she offered a prize of $400 for the best full-length play, and one of $100 for the best one-act play. There were restrictions, reservations, and guarantees—but no danger of the author’s being restricted as by the commercial theaters.

For the Hollywood Community Theater has produced many brilliant plays, never before brought to Los Angeles by the commercial theater—and most others already popular. Most of these have been one-act plays, to popular exceptions have been “What Every Woman Knows,” “The Middle of the Journey,” “Dear Brutus” and “Belinda.” Their scope and variety, during these four years includes nine from the successful one-act dramas, and eighteen of the brightest English, forty from the American, one from the Japanese, four Russian, three French and two German.

Plays from the pen of such well-known writers as Carrie, Dunsany, Kummer, Wilde, Gaspell, Molier, Tchekhov, Shaw, Masterlink, Hallem, Hudson, Mitchell de Mille, Prosser, Schatzler, Drinkwater, Mille, Ade and Zonett.

And before closing, it is interesting to note what the players and producers think of the theater. The following are typical expressions:

WILLIAM DE MILLE: Choice of plays is most essential to the development of a community theater. I thoroughly approve of Miss Dickson’s selection of plays. If they keep on censoring the motion pictures, little theaters will be the only means of expression left us.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS: It’s a holly idea the community theater. Everybody is entitled to a chance at the thing he wants to do, providing that thing is constructive. And since the primary purpose of the community theater idea is to give those who think they have ability to act the chance to find out, why, I’m for it.

COUSINS RAY: The Community Theater and other little theaters, operating along unselfish, earnest and artistic lines, lead to upbuilding and achievement. Such theaters must, therefore, be beneficial to the drama and its uplift.

KATHERINE MACDONALD: I have attended every production when possible since the opening of the Hollywood Community Theater four years ago. I was present at the first night production, at the Empire Theater in New York of “Dear Brutus.” Also I attended the first night of “Dear Brutus” in Hollywood, and found it equally enjoyable! Friends, recently returned from Europe declared Miss Crossman’s performance “brilliant,” better than anything they saw abroad.

CHARLES CHAPLIN: I rarely go to the theater out here, but the Community—excellent short plays, artistically presented, splendidly cast—jolly, you know—tra-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la-la! Yes, indeed, I like it.

KATHLEEN WILLIAMS: This little theater should, and does, embody the community. People are quick to grasp that which is good. Physicians, merchants, ministers, teachers—all support this theater, appreciating the rare opportunity afforded them of seeing all-star casts, splendid plays, beautifully artistic productions.

KING Vidor: Much new talent has been discovered among amateur workers with professional actors at the Community Theater. What an opportunity for the beginner! Then, too, it keeps the star happy just a taste of stage-life. In just the same way, the community theater, everywhere, should develop new talent in play-writing—and be an outlet for new efforts, unrestricted by commercialism.

WILLIAM D. TAYLOR: To be a success, every community theater must have (1) a sound business basis, (2) talent of a quality to satisfy the community standard, (3) a director of ability and tact. Hollywood community of artists, musicians, writers, is fortunate in having all three. Hence its success.

And the proof of the pudding is—it tastes like more! Here is the one community theater that has consistently made good. Unemployed, but with a director of executive ability—once in a lifetime opportunity, and executive ability—it has proved, despite heavy expenses of royalties, production and expenditures.

Long may it continue to prosper, long continue to evoke praise unstraitened from its famous artists, and give inspiration and happy diversion to the stars of the silent drama.
LONG ago SHADOWLAND established itself as one of the most beautiful—if not the most beautiful—magazine in the world. But SHADOWLAND is something more than a thing of rare pictorial and typographical beauty. It has a literary personality all its own, for in its pages are appearing the best work of the best writers in the world today.

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WALTER PACH
PIERRE LOVING
ARCHIE BELL
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ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER
BABETTE DEUTSCH
KENNETH MAGGOWAN
LOUIS RAYMOND REID
THOMAS J. CRAVEN
HERBERT HOWE
HAROLD D. STEARNS
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH
LISA YASEY TARLEAU

are regularly writing for SHADOWLAND. If you wish to be first in painting, literature, drama, motion pictures, poetry and kindred arts, you must read SHADOWLAND.

The November issue will be an unusual number, both in points of artistic appearance and in literary value. Be sure to get it!

SHADOWLAND for November

Stuff of Gold

(continued from page 55)
a solemnly awkward committee presented her with a floral tribute—a huge funeral wreath! Louise at 19 didn't know whether they were being subtle or what, but she soon sensed their blissful unconsciousness in the matter and thanked them with a little speech.

Louise, with all her work in pictures, has had time to give an occasional and profitable thought to business. After seeing herself on the screen, she wouldn't think of doing business, but she has headed a successful taxicab company, has maintained a large auto park in busy Los Angeles, and has turned over a good many big deals in real estate. In doing so she has again violated all the conventions of the screen. That has been her way from the beginning. She has clubbed her path-way to success, leaving behind her a pallid mass of shocked and bludgeoned traditions.

And so now she says, "If ever my picture work should go wrong, should fail me, I know that I can retire comfortably to a farm somewhere in the country and raise chickens."

But she never will. She is tetering now between a tempting offer to go into vaudeville and to make five-reel comedies.

"But I want to get into dramatic work," she says, a little wistfully. "I've always wanted that. Griffith not long ago offered to write me into one of his pictures as a cockney slavey girl. At that time I was not free. It nearly broke my heart."

She lives with her mother in a district of Los Angeles set apart from the usual habitats of the film players. Her home is a novel affair. It consists, really, of two distinct houses, placed, so to speak, side by side. One of them is recognized as Louise's own particular retreat.

"I think every one should have a place like that," she said. "A place where they can be alone when they want to. There are moments in everyone's life when they feel that they must be alone, don't you think? I often feel that way."

She has surrounded herself with an astonishing array of pet animals: Killarney, a self-sufficient Irish terrier, a parrot, Washoo, the wavy-haired cock that has appeared so often with her in pictures, Mary Garden, a baby goat who follows her faithfully wherever she goes. She is in amazing support with her pets. Teddy, the Great Dane, left Mack Sennett when she did that he might continue to work with her.

It is to be hoped that some producer will come to the realization of the "stuff" that it is in Louise. It is the stuff of which, oftentimes, gold is made—when the alchemist is one who can combine his inspiration with opportunity and his opportunity with sound finance. She is capable of other arts than that of buffoonery and horror. In the hands of Griffith, if he did not let his tendency toward slapstick dull the keen edge of more subtle humor, she might attain the realm of mirth and the path of pathos. Even as it is, there are tears in her smiles, in her eyes whenever she most needs them.

USEFUL INSTRUCTION

By Frank V. Faulhaber

Another man's wife: Let's go down to Filene's location; it is very entertaining to see them take the pictures.

Another woman's husband: Yes, and educating. I've learned several tricks already from the director, in the art of training a woman.

“Here’s an Extra $50!

"I'm making real money now! Yes, I've been keeping it a secret until pay day came. I've been promoted with an increase of $50 a month. And the first extra money is yours. Just a little reward for urging me to study at home. The boss says my spare time training has made me a valuable man to the firm and there's more money coming soon. We're starting up easy street Grace, thanks to you and the L.C.S."

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It is the business of the L.C.S. to prepare men for better positions at better pay. They have been doing it for 50 years. They have helped two million other men and women. They are training over 19,000 now. And they are ready and anxious to help you.

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11. S. FOURNIER'S EXP.
12. FRENCH ENGINEER
13. Marine Engineer
14. Ship Draughts
15. ARCHITECT
16. Contractor and Builder
17. Architectural Draughts
18. Concrete Building
19. Plastering and rendering
20. Plumber and Glazier
21. Travelling Overseer or Super.
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The Wild Desert Dancer in
"One Arabian Night"

FIRST National pictures are made by independent artists—stars and producers who are their own bosses. They are unhampered by outside influences and are free to carry out their own ideals. Consequently their one aim is to make pictures of high artistic merit and splendid entertainment value—pictures that are a credit to themselves and pleasing to the public.

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Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

The Philosopher and the Cinema
(Continued from page 25)

he said, and I tried to forget the hideous make-up and look only at the kindly eyes. But the effort was too much for my truly feminine susceptibility. I said I would really have to run along.

"Oh, but I can't let you go with this impression of me," he protested, "can't you spare just a few moments and I'll show you how this make-up comes off."

I looked at the nice eyes and said I'd be happy to wait. And so we walked across the cool wind-swept studio grounds to his little grey dressing-room over which climbed a profusion of tiny pink roses. The one object in the business-like room beside the huge make-up box was a chair which looked for all the world like a dentist's. In this he leaned back while his man drew off the horrid ugly clay nose with a piece of string, and two huge pieces of clay from behind each ear. Then from his mouth he took two false jaws. The transformation was uncanny. Sort of screen flash-back in flesh and blood. At last I was looking at the Milton Sills I had always been accustomed to expect. With several deft combings his hair was put back in meticulous order and the change was complete.

And then I told him of my wonderment at his choice of the stage as a career.

"I had always been very active in athletics at college," he told me, "and, to tell you the truth, I missed the thrill and the excitement when I settled down to a professor's life. I am still vitally interested in Philosophy, but I needed more action than I could get as a college professor—also more money."

Milton Sills is the greatest booster for pictures with whom I have ever talked.

"I consider them a Godsend to the theatrical profession. When we are on the stage, we have to sleep while normal people are working and we have to work in the evenings to amuse others. Our time is never our own and we can never enjoy normal home life. But in pictures it is different. Out here we have beautiful homes, we work during the day and we have an opportunity to live like sane people."

Milton Sills is happily married and has a young daughter. He is just what the picture profession needs—a sane cultured gentleman who cannot but raise the standards of the screen by his association with it.

The Slender Silhouette
(Continued from page 60)

gaining weight, here are some simple instructions to aid you:

First, and do not doubt this, no matter what anyone may say to the contrary, it is the food you eat that makes you fat, and if you do not eat food you will not get fat. And what is more, you will lose whatever fat you already have. So when some acquaintance says, "Dieting doesn't do any good; I tried it for months and I didn't lose a pound," don't let it get you off the diet at all, for it is not true. Probably they started on a diet, but hadn't the will-power to keep to it, or perhaps they did keep to a diet of some kind, but certainly not of the right kind.

Now, to begin with, dont think I am going to put you on a starvation diet. On no account may you eat anything to sap your strength and health. You may even eat for the mere pleasure of eating. But you must eat only certain things and let others cut out.
eliminate from your diet at once: Sweet or Irish potatoes, corn, soup, ham, bacon, or any form of pork; milk, butter, salad dressings made of oil; lima beans, or any dried beans, coconuts, bananas and grapes and nuts.

Here are some of the things you may eat without fear of gaining weight: dried fruits, broiled, not fried, or lean beef in any form; turnips and turnip tops, spinach, green beans, green peas, tomatoes, carrots, pimientos, mushrooms, radishes, onions, lettuce, watermelon, cantaloupes, grapefruit, oranges, apples, peaches, plums and almost any fruit, berry or melon; fish, oysters, tuna fish, lobster and almost any game such as duck, quail, turkey; salads made of fish, fowl or lean meat, celery, fruit and lettuce, and served with a dressing made without oil. I have a friend who ate none—cheese, un-agar, an egg and a slight amount of flour, and then cooked—may be eaten without compunction. Beets and olives are not taboo.

And here are some more don'ts: Don't cat bread at all unless you can get gluten bread, which absolutely will not fatten, while all other breads will—if something will. Don't drink with your meals. And don't drink between meals any more than you consider necessary for your health. All liquids are fattening. Especially alcoholic liquids. If you must have coffee or tea with your meals, use saccharine instead of sugar for flavor, and leave out the cream. Lemon in tea makes a more healthful combination, anyhow.

After you have eaten a meal, do not lie down and take a nap. Do not even sit down unless you are in an office and have to do desk work. Take a walk if possible, not necessarily a brisk one, or engage in some mild form of exercise. Get into the habit of this, especially after dinner, and you will do much to keep the food you have eaten from turning into fat.

If you are overweight now and follow my directions for a week, you will not lose weight. If you follow them for a month, you may not lose weight. But after that month, just see what happens! Weight every few days, or at least once a week, and see how fast the pounds fall off. There is now no limit to the slenderness you may achieve, if you keep the diet up with a reasonable amount of natural exercise. It will be a pleasant surprise to you after the first few discouraging weeks of going without the bread and sugar you have eaten until I really think this is the reason so many people fail to get the desired result. After trying it for a week or two and seeing that they have not lost an ounce, they become discouraged and think they have been especially cursed by providence and are doomed to be forever unslightly. If you will just remember you are in hot expectancy much until after the first month, you will be amply rewarded for your patience and your struggle.

Of course, my directions must be modified to suit people of different stages of obesity. The very stout person should observe a more stringent diet than one who is only very plump should; eat only when very hungry, and then only enough of the right kind of food to give strength and nourishment, not necessarily enough to satisfy appetite. But even when she has reduced to the weight proportionate to her height, she should endeavor to maintain that weight by continuing on the diet, tho she may naturally increase the amount of food at each meal.

Retaining a slender silhouette is a task for one unaccustomed to self-denial. But remembering that after having lost it is still more difficult. Remember that any-thing worth having is worth working for.

$$500.00 \text{ PRIZE CONTEST}$$

The famous Lester Park-Edward Whiteside photoplay, "Empty Arms," is creating a sensation. It has inspired the song "Empty Arms," which contains only one verse and a chorus. A good song, moderately good, and to my mind not a song that will outlast. It has been sold out at $5.00 each.

You write the words for the second verse. If not satisfactory that you see the photoplay before doing so. Send us your name and address and we shall send you a copy of the words of the first verse and chorus, the rules of the contest and a short synopsis of this wonderful photoplay. It will cost you nothing to enter the contest.

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RACINE TIRE SALES CO., Dept. 1078, 2106 So. Racine Ave., Chicago.
Dawn of the East
(Continued from page 51)

ture serial, 'The Yellow Menace,' or some such rot! In a city with a cap on every corner and the baseball scores up on the billboards twenty minutes after the game is finished in the New York Polo Grounds—nonsense!

Not entirely convincing from a purely logical viewpoint, perhaps, but Natalya was reassured. Very slowly, like a rising tide, the color swept her face to the line of dark hair masses; very bravely she met his embarrassed eyes. "What I told you—you are not angry? It is as you said—to him, my Asey—are you believe in me?"

"Sure," muttered, elegantly, her husband. Scowling along the length of his cigar, which had gone out from inattention, jamming his hands into his pockets, striding the floor. "But it makes me sick to think of you in that place!" he burst out between set teeth, "and that saffron devil, that Wu Ting! God! I never thought I could want to kill a man before, but if I ever ran across him—"

He made an eloquent gesture with one big, angry brown hand, as though gripping a throat, wringing about his neck.

Natalya broke the tenseness with a laugh, purring, soft—the satisfied sound of the triumphant female creature whose mate shows his teeth in her defense, in a swift change of mood, she flung off fear, humility, memory, and ran to the piano, where her fingers found mad chords. Behind her, Austin Strong picked up the evening paper. His eyes rested on the familiar headlines—"Senate Begins Graft Probe," "Broker Sues Chorus-Girl Wife," "Texas Hold Up Bank Men Control in Broad Daylight"—with a sense of relief at getting back to the sane, normal things of everyday. The Senate was always beginning a graft probe, brokers were always suing—these things were American, understandable.

Whatever Austin Strong determined to do, he did thoroly. He had made up his mind to forget the story he had heard from his wife's lips, and so far as she could see in the days that followed, he did forget. If anything, he was a trifle more tender, and her heart was filled with singing. It was with a sense of shock that she heard how little Chinese factotum said good morning, one month a month, after a telephone message: "Please, Missie. Honorable Sotan say tell you clome his shlop damn quick. I show you. Hereclle husband gone, mebbe you like clome now?"

She drew herself up, the great lady towering above a serv. "Tell you master I shall not come!"

"Allee ligot. Say, mebbe you likee know Wu Ting clome."

"Wu Ting!" Natalya drew back. Her first impulse after the shock of the news was to repeat her refusal to go. Then she thought of Austin, and the way his lean, sinewy fingers had closed on an invisible throat—if he should find out what was here, there would be terrible trouble. "You shall take me," she said breathlessly, "now! At once."

Sotan's curio shop was set back from the street, behind a bamboo gate. Within was the usual miscellany, chosen to attract the untutored and undiscriminating tourist eye—the blue crockery, the dark tiles, and slatey blue and pink kimons, embroidered with plum blossoms. Natalya had dressed for the visit in a dark skirt and sturdy blouse to attract the attention of the locals as possible, but here, among the gaudy fabrics and insouciant trilles of the bazaar, she felt that she was glaringly conspicuous.

Sotan, sleek, smirking like one of his
own grotesque wooden carvings, approach-
ed from behind the screens at the back.

"You are most becomingly in this cos-
umme, Madame!" He bowed. When your unmarried husband see you so, he will be much gratified."

"My husband!" Natalya gasped. He isn't here! No! he was going to the lib-

tary—today—"

"I ask very pardon," murmured the shop-
keeper oilily. "I speak of your true husband,"

you make nullly to in Tencent, the Hon-
avor, Wu Ting. Tilting his head or silence, he led the way into a back room,

cbeween looking out into a back-

tard that was evidently used for a tea-

room. Now it was blank and dingy, the little temples and pagodas looking forlorn against the unfriendly Western sky. "You do not believe? It is true! He payed money, he send you the chair of brocadel, he take you to the tomb of honorable ancestors. Thus Chinese mal-
lage. You Mrs. Wu Ting!

Natalya opened her lips, but no sound came from them. Her eyes burned out of the paper whiteness of her face as thru the hole in a tiny thumb hole.

"And I can save you," continued Sotan, rubbing his yellow little hands softly." You promise fin't out w'at Mlister Strong know abou'

ith and tell me you and you can go home. I tell my friends—they kill Wu Ting. You like?"

The pent horror in Natalya's brain found outlet in a screaming and the glass door at the side of the room the glided another figure. Wu Ting made a gesture and his former servant obeyed it sullenly, shutting from the room, but leaving the glass door ajar.

Leaning against the wall, with a shrink-
ing that was of the soul as well as the body, Natalya stared into the twinkling, beady eyes of the man. Sotan had just called her husband. Her mind clutched at a strain of hope—if she could get him away from her, if she could escape from this hideous place, Austin would take care of her. "That man"—she gestured toward the door—he was bargaining with me! He offered to have you killed if I would agree to his terms!

Not a quiver of the flat, yellow face be-
fore her showed that her desperate device had succeeded, but the small, unblinking eyes of Wu Ting were venomous. Without a word, he turned. Clutching at the table, Natalya watched him go out the door and close it behind him, then her heart gave a start. The glass of the door was cast the shadow of Murder's Self, with lips drawn back from teeth, fingers crooked into fists!

When Wu Ting slipped back into the room he was smiling softly. "I should have had him stabbed long ago," he said affably, "I fear I am soft-hearted. But his lips shall never speak lies again!"

"Then it was a lie?" panting Natalya. "He said I was married to you! Tell me it wasn't a lie!"

Wu Ting shook his head regretfully. "No. Even the mire produces sometimes a white blossom. He spoke the truth that once. You were my wife by Chinese law, and I came to claim you. But this little incident—he motioned gracefully toward the glass door—has, I fear, changed my plans. It is necessary that I leave at once; and with as little notice as possible from these importunate police of this barbarous country, who interfere between a gentle-
man and his own property, and with a heart inconstipacy, my dear lady!" He spoke English with a suavity and precision that made melody of the words.

Walking across the room, Wu Ting opened one of the casement windows and clapped his hands. Like a genii of the

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THE LIZZIE GEM COMPANY

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Scores Vote Guessing Final Leaders

(Continued from page 90)

Character Man

Lon Chaney
Richard Barthelmess
Charles Ray
Buster Keaton
William S. Hart
John Barrymore
James Kirkwood

Character Woman

Natalya Talmadge
Pauline Frederick
Kathlyn Williams
Alla Nazimova
Kate Bruce
Lillian Gish
Mary Swanston
Mary Alden

Comedian (Male)

Charles Chaplin
Buster Keaton
Fatty Arbuckle
Charles Ray
Douglas Fairbanks
Vera Reed
Ben Turpin
Douglas Me Lean

Comedian (Female)

Constance Talmadge
Louise Fazenda
Mabel Normand
Mary Pickford
Bebe Daniels
Mildred Davis
Marie Prevost

Director

Cecil B. de Mille
Marshall Neilan
Thomas H. Ince
George Fitzmaurice
William de Mille
Tom Forman
W. Allan Dwan

Child

Wesley Barry
Ben Alexander
Marie Osborne
Bobby Comely
Virginia Lee Corbit
Bill Henry, Jr.
Mickey Moore
Mary MacAlistier

---

fairy tale, another Chinaman appeared from somewhere out of the gathering autumn dusk. "My servant will conduct you safely home," bowed Wu Ting.

Still, with satirical politeness, he helped Natalya to descend from the casement into the deserted tea garden. Already the squat figure of her guide was disappearing toward an ornate gate in the farther wall. As she turned to follow, Wu Ting leaned from the window. "Perhaps it might interest you to know," he smiled, showing a row of square teeth, stained black with the betel-nut, "that by leaving me as you did, you divorced me according to the law. So you are my wife no longer."

As she stumbled across the frozen grass tufts toward the gate that meant freedom and happiness, Natalya whispered something over and over like a prayer of thanksgiving. "I'm leaving the past behind forever, and I shall learn to make gingerbread and sew on buttons and be an American wife! But we must go away from this city before long, because I want the first thing my American son can remember to be a robin sitting in an apple tree—"
The Answer Man

(Continued from page 78)

TRIXIE 16.—I know of no cure for grey hair. There are various remedies that will restore color so long as you keep using the preparation, but nothing will turn it permanently, because it keeps on growing from the roots. When you get up in the morning and discover that grey hair No. 10 has made its appearance, don't get the glooms, but smile sweetly and say, "Ah, wisdom and good sense are coming at last."

For every hair that fades, or fades away, figure that you are the gainer by about one ounce of brains. Yes, The Blazed Trail Company is taking pictures in the Adirondacks. Evangeline Russell is the leading woman. Never heard of the other player.

ERNEST B.—Well, I guess Orville Erringer is nearest Mary Miles Minter's ideal. I used to wing a wicked ball years ago. That was my base, and I could shoot them across to third on a line.

GUMBLOOM.—Horrors, no. Charlie Chaplin is not dead. Long live the king.

ENZEDER.—Well, the measure of a man is the quality of his hope. If this is your debut, I certainly won't put you in the "Also ran." Yes, I have had the pleasure of meeting Mme. Petrova. So you really keep busy. You ought to come to New York this winter to see her in her new stage play.

LYNCHBURG.—Well, in the long run you will find that it is much cheaper to learn from other people's experiences than to let them learn from yours. Lottie Pickford is playing in "They Shall Pay." Jean Pege. The Prodigal Judge," Doris Kenyon is playing with Conway Tearle in "Shadows of the Sea."

ELMO LINCOLN FAN.—Le joue viendra. Words fail me. I enjoyed your muchly. So you are getting tired of the eternal grind that Dorothy Phillips shows in every picture, and you are tired of the Spanish posing of Bebe Daniels. Yes, I saw "Prisoners of Love," and it was a fine play, altho a trifle raw. You refer to Barbara Bedford. You can get a list of the correspondence club. Richard Tucker in "A Voice in the Dark." Richard Dix in "The Poverty of Riches." Yes, Rosemary Theby is Mrs. Harry Meyers. I believe they met at the old Larkin studies.

WALTER E. CUMBERLAND.—Have mailed the letter. There is one Gladys Walton in the pictures with Universal, and there is plenty of the stage. Sylva Koscierczak and Tom Moore in Goldwyn's "The Man with Two Mothers." Thomas Meighan in "A Piece That Was."

L. H. BUENOIS AIRE.—No, I don't think any of the players you mention are Hebrews. There is no complete book on the subject. Well, this magazine was the first periodical devoted to the pictures, and it was started with the February issue 1911. And well I remember it.

CALIF BUCKAROO.—Where in this department have you found any Witticisms? Once in a while there is a brain flab that jumps about among slumbering ideas, but they are hardly Witticisms. Didn't you know that Florence La Badie died some years ago.?

PILOT MAC.—So you want to be an aviatores. Better wait five or six more years until the blame things become more perfect. My finished Gipsy finished film "Action," Clara Horton opposite him.

ROLLING PIN.—Why our printers print from electric types on rubber rollers. You surely write a clever letter. When you come to America, be sure to look me up.

(Continued on page 109)

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!

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Douglas Fairbanks Earle Williams
Charles Chaplin William Farnum
William S. Hart Charles Ray
Wallace Reid Norma Talmadge
Pearl White Constance Talmadge
Anita Stewart Mary Miles Minter

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The tom and Mrs. Tom

(Continued from page 69)

But Tom is not in full agreement there. When he came in again, he mentioned, without going into any details, the probability that when he finished "The Son of Wallingford" they would soon start working together. He is wise, then, in realizing that he has in his wife one of the most unusual actresses in motion pictures.

If faith can mean anything, I think that there is no doubt that Tom will eventually attain the fame he so richly deserves. Besides Zasu, whose belief in him is boundless apparently, there is a father—or was it an uncle?—back in Wisconsin who, as the Chicago Tribune puts it into his story of Tom in a popularity contest, run by that paper. He held an important position as an official of the Police Department, and when he announced his boy's candidacy the whole police-force fell in with a will to collect the necessary votes. The result was that Tom swamped the other contestants so heavily that even Wallace Reid had no chance. It's that sort of support that'll put any man almost anywhere in time. To be sure, Wallace was suddenly flabby chins. One by one, the idols are falling. It means that very soon there are bound to be new ones set up. Among the most wonderful of them, I—haven't been surprised to find Tom Gallery.

On the Camera Coast

(Continued from page 71)

sucked the poison from the wound, the irritate.

The ladies of Hollywood have been observing Bebe Daniels, and the company of Jack Dempsey have announced the engagement of the two. Unable to guess engagements, unless otherwise indicated, I cannot speak with authority. The ladies do say that Jack was in the automobile with Bebe the night she was doing the sixty-miles-an-hour that took her to jail for a week. Mr. Dempsey is being well entertained by the cinema set, among whom he has many friends. Perhaps Bebe is just one of the hostesses. At any rate, we have Jack's word to say that she is surely eligible for the fair sex. But perhaps in the end of the world—just for one, I want that one to be Tom."

EXID BENNET A MOTHER

Exid Bennet is starring in the role of mother, played by Nilo directing. It is his own dramatic, but some pictures of mother and child will be released very soon. I believe. At this writing, the baby has not had time to be christened. I venture to guess it
Watch for the November Number of Motion Picture CLASSIC

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Herbert Howe writes entertainingly about the Curly Kid, who is Cullen Landis himself.

Lillian Gish is the charming subject of a personality story by Frederick James Smith.

Ruth Roland, Mae Murray and Agnes Ayres appear in delightful character sketches and camera studies.

News of the Eastern and Western Studios make a perfect number of

The Motion Picture CLASSIC for NOVEMBER

will be Enid Bennett, jr.—or rather, Enid Niblo. Miss Bennett's latest picture is "Singing a Valse" directed by Mr. Niblo, who has been directing Douglas Fairbanks in "The Three Musketeers," and will also direct Doug in "The Virginian." As soon as Enid Bennett-Niblo can dispense with her mother's entertainment, we may see the lovely Enid on the screen once more.

MRS. CHAPLIN AS MISS BETT

Mildred Harris, once Mrs. Chaplin, is to appear on the screen as Miss Lulu Bett. The staggering news was just received.

William de Mille is to film Zona Gale's story, which was produced on the Broadway last season. Miss Harris won the high esteem of Cecil de Mille when she worked under his direction in "Fool's Paradise." He pronounced her a fine actress.

Certainly, she has developed rare beauty—a beauty that will flavor Miss Lulu Bett. Assisting Miss Harris in the De Mille endeavor are Theodore Roberts, Helen Ferguson, Enid Wales, May Giraci, Mabel Van Buren and Clarence Burton.

And still I marvel o'er the freaks of casting. With a real Lulu Bett on the lot in the person of Lois Wilson, why employ the orchidean Mildred?

HOLLYWOOD NEWS SERVICE

The Hollywood news service, operated without the use of telegraph or cable, surfaces anything which Mr. Brisbane ever dreamed. The day after Rudolph Valentino and Agnes Ayres departed for location at Oxnard, to do scenes for "The Sheik," there were "sketches" on Hollywood boulevards announcing that a romance was on. Upon the return of the company, I proceeded at once to the Lasky studio, and surmised enough, for Agnes in the arms of the swarthy Rudolph. The gallant sheik embraced her against five times, for periods of ten minutes each, and still the director yelled for more. Now, I ask you, dear reader, isn't that enough to start a romance, even with a wind machine blowing on you? But Miss Ayres managed to shake herself free to come forward and chat of her trip to New York. She appeared not the least pupilant after the hot love-making, but you never can tell about these women. It's the man who gets the sensations away.

I shall see Signor Rudolph at once and report the whole truth next month. (Buy your copy)

MARY PICKFORD RESTING

After completing "Little Lord Fauntleroy," Mary Pickford has given herself a vacation. She accompanied husband Doug to Wyoming, where he is filming "The Virginian." She and Doug plan to take a long rest on the Italian Riviera after "The Virginian" is finished. However, I'm skeptical about this. Mary has never rested for long. Doug says they are going to tire some day to the Riviera, and he is going to write the story of his life. Not being literary, I'd rather see him act it. While Mary is away, brother Jack will make pictures at her studio. I still maintain that Mary will not be away long.

THE WALLFLOWER: POPULAR VARIETY

Rupert Hughes and Sam Goldwyn searched Hollywood for months to find a wallflower suitable for use in Mr. Hughies' picture, "The Wallflower." She had to be as pure as the driven snow. Production was held up indefinitely. Driven snow is rare in Hollywood. Finally, Colleen Moore blew into the studio. Rupert and Sam leaped to their feet and vied three lavish choirs. She is, they say, the perfect wallflower. I objected, for every time I've seen Colleen at a dance she was as far from the wall as the center of the floor permitted. But it seems that in the picture she

Edith Roberts, popular Universal Film Star Jones

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blossoms forth eventually with the colors and contours of a daisy. That makes it all right. Colleen will be the first popular variety of wallflower.

GOLDWYN SEEKS NEW FACES

Most anybody has a chance to get a screen test at the Goldwyn studio just now. Mr. Goldwyn seeks new faces. Among those recently tested was Rush Hughes, son of Rupert. He was quietly led to the projection-room by Richard Dix to behold the verdict. After the test had been run, asked young Hughes if he'd like to see it run over.

"No, thanks," said he. "Let Dad shine on his own. I won't try to hear them referring to him as Rupert Hughes, the father of the genius, you know."

But Sam Goldwyn is not so considerate of Rupert's future. Young Rush will appear in the film version of his father's story, "The Wallflower." To show you how the film business makes cowards of us all, let it be said that Hughes père has given orders that Hughes fils receive no publicity. He gives as reason that Rush is liable to get heady after a taste of film fame and refuse to return to Mercedsburg Academy this fall. It's a wise father who keeps his son from film fame.

LIFE'S GREATEST PROBLEMS

Rex Ingram was criticized for putting an automobile and a fountain pen at the disposal of Eugene Grandet in "The Conquering Power." To Horace Balzac, Eugene was somewhat in advance of Ford and Waterman.

"But, what's that got to do with it," asks Mr. Ingram. "A work of art is great in the degree it is universal. Life's problems change little with the centuries."

But, the price of tires do, Mr. Ingram, and, while admitting that the greatest of life's current problems are the fountain pen and Ford, they do change with the centuries. All we ask is—if you decide to present Salome, don't have her worrying over dressmaker's bills.

ALICE TERRY TO MARRY IN DUBLIN

Alice Terry, the golden high-light of "The Conquering Power" and "The Four Horsemen," will marry Rex Ingram in Dublin, Ireland, according to present plans. Mr. Ingram intends to have his father, an Episcopal clergyman of Dublin, tie the marriage bow, thus adhering to the production policy of cutting down expenses. It is Mr. Ingram's intention to produce several pictures abroad, among them "Vanhoe." In this he is wise. The Ingram method is the romantic drama, and surely no time is better than immediately after his marriage and before romance has forever fled. However, don't let us rear our hopes. We've been fooled so often. They're probably married now, and under an unromantic management of Santa Ana.

Mr. Ingram's next picture will be "The Walls of Jericho," which he will produce in Egypt.

All the more credit—

Tom Moore was reminding on the good old days when he worked for fifty a week in Philadelphia.

"And I had more than I've got now," said he. "No, I'm wrong; I've got more debts now."

AND THINK OF DEBS!

Recently a Los Angeles newspaper carried a story which listed Bebe Daniels' salary at New York W. "Now why should we pay our stars big salaries," demands a producer, "when over at Realart they get them to go to jail for three hundred."

Well, some of us have gone for less than that.
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO VIDOR:

King Vidor seems to be running in tight from the principles he once advocated. As an artist in pastorals, he was at least distinctive. As a melodramatist, he is in the chromo class. We hear little now of "The Principle of Evil" and "The Power of Right Thought." Mr. Vidor reminded one of the boy who is shame for being a goody-goody. Perhaps I misjudge. As an independent producer, Mr. Vidor had sad financial experiences, and great is the temptation of Mammon. The fault of the Vidor pictures, such as "The Jack-Knife Man," lies in their failure to build to a climax, not in their failure to supply hokum. Now that Mr. Vidor is associated with Thomas H. Ince, a master drama-builder, he may catch the dramatic spirit. But we hope he doesn't abandon his homely philosophy, for that, and nothing else, earned him distinction.

BILL HART'S RIVAL

Let Bill Hart and Tom Mix look to their spurs. Gareth Hughes is able to mount without "em. Sentimental Tommy has a grand old nag which he rides until both are sore. Everywhere that Gareth goes, the nag is sure to follow. It followed him to the studio one day and parked among the motors. Some gay blades around the Metro lot attached a sign, "For Sale—Fifteen Dollars." A crowd gathered and soon there were many buyers. Then out rushed Gareth, his makeup all awry.

"Get away from that horse's head," he cried. "You fools, the saddle's worth a hundred honors!"

How unpoetic.

ETHICS AMONG THIEVES

A certain producer was threatening another producer who he claims is stealing the story of "Turn to the Right.

"What you got to yell about?" demanded the accused. "Metro owns the original—you don't."

"That's all right," shouted the plaintiff. 

"but I stole it first."

And so he did, going to all the trouble of changing it by substituting orange marmalade for the peach jam.

LEEMMLE'S PLEA TO THE CENSORS

Carl Laemmle, president of Universal, brought a crowd of censors to California to review "Foolish Wives," and paid all their expenses. Knowing the power of suggestion, his counsellors advised that placards be placed in the hotel rooms occupied by the guests—

"Don't Cut Our Films: Cut Our Expenses."

VARIEGATED MORAIS

Cecil B. de Mille received two censor reports on his "Forbidden Fruit." They arrived in the same mail.

One from a State board in Ohio praised him for producing a picture so clean that only ten feet had to be cut.

One from a local board in Washington denounced him for producing a picture so filthy it had to be barred entirely.

"May God save our souls while the censors disagree!"

TO CONSTANCE BINNEY:

My Dear Miss Binney: I herewith present to you the beautiful antique hatchet with which George Washington slew his father's cherry tree. You are the first star out of the East who did not feel the vanity of the West by raving over its sun-baked palms and half-baked gentry. You couldn't tell a lie; you said you preferred electric-lit Manhattan to sun-lit Hollywood. By so doing, you take your place among such immortals as George Washington and Mary Garden.

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public'll go wild over me. I was pretty good!" I say, was singing to the professional tone. But Lulu just pouted.

"All you've learned is to talk about yourself. You can't make love any better than that. I thought you'd come back a perfect Romeo!"

The band began again, and Steve comes up and leads off, and into the room, which was bar before Mr. Volstead took to interfering with a man's inalienable rights to get drunk, and since then was a bar. Steve says:

"You look like you just lost your last ace. Sam!" says Pete Hardy, behind the counter. "Have something for what ails you? Sorry, but I'll have to make it only half whisky. This here's a soft-drink empire nowadays."

"Gimme a Romeo!" I says.

"A what?" says Pete suspiciously. "You haven't taken to insulting your stumpnick by these here fancy pink liquids that come in bottles?"

"I'm ashamed of your ignorance!" I says. "Romeo is a book, not a drink. He was a fellow that lived long ago and made love like ladies like."

"Oh, a book?" says Pete, contemptuous.

"The only person I know that owns a book is the parson. You might ask him."

Well, the parson had the book, and I look to the Drinker's Room, took a seat down in the parlor to read it, but, owing to not having had much schooling, being exposed to an education without catching it, I suppose it longer than I thought. Anyhow, before I was done the red lambkin on the mantel, the black walnut parlor organ and the picture of a lady in a white nightdress hanging onto a rock with a gift cross on it in mid-ocean, sort of faded away and I seemed to be standing in a garden, all dotted up in a white satin suit that ended at the knee and made my legs look bower'm usual, which is saying a mouthful. Overhead, leaning over the rail of a balcony and in the picture in that book, which wasn't like girls dress nowadays, was Lulu, looking down at me romantically.

"Romeo?" she says, with the tremendo stop out. "Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo?"

"Oh, that I were rouge, that I might touch that cheek!" says I, making a grace-ful leap up into the balconcy beside her.

"How's that for service?"

"Dost thou love me, my Romeo?" asked Lulu, tenderly.

"I'll say I dust!" says I. "Thou is the prettiest girl I ever sawed."

An old dame in a cap brought out a tray with glasses and a picture proving that Verona hadn't suffered the disadvantages of Freedom as yet. "Thou has a fine falcon, says I, after a drink, 'and thy father has a knockout of a cellar.'

It's easy to talk that highbrow way once you get the hang of it! Juliet, or Lulu, wrung her hands. 'Ah, my father!' she moaned. "My father wishes me to marry Paris, one of our own set, you know!"

"That simp!" says I. "If thou must marry him, shoot me, I prithee—any jeney would add to a man's store and bring in a vote of thanks besides!"

"I am to lead the grand ball tonight with him," moaned Juliet. "By my haloine, was ever virtue so sad?"

"Now, by yonder moon I swear," says I, getting real hot up.

"'Tis not a moon, but an electric sign advertising Chew-Chew Gum," sighed she. "However, 'twill suffice! What sayest thou, Lulu?"

"I say that if that cabaret ooie jazz-eth with you tonight, he'll find that I shake a mean fist," says I. "Come, promise that after the show they'll take the money Lawrence's, where I'll meet them and we'll be hitched."

When this guy Paris sees me he gets green round the gills. "Excuse me, my dearest lover," he says to Juliet, "I—I must go answer the phone!"

"Nay!" I says. "Sceath, you can't get away with that! Hasn't the lady told you your face makes her sick? Come outside, and I'll change it!"

"Something tells me," murmurs he, "that tomorrow I shall be a grave man!"

We go out into the street, and while he is telling the reporters for the Verona Morning Star that he was never in better condition, I find a fellow and give him a dollar to double for me and fight Paris. When it was all over but the floral set-pieces, I hurried to the parson's. He met me, wringing his hands. 'She's dead! Struck down in her sweet youth—'

"Did thou get the license number?" I yells despairingly.

"Nay, nay, my son," says the parson; "all the same and—she—took the knockout drops with her own hand, thinking thou wast killed."

His flowing robes seemed to turn white as4

I was staring at the dame in the nighttime, clinging to the cross in the middle of the ocean! There was an unromantic smell of frying bacon in the air from the hell-fight Lunch across the street, and the sun was just coming up behind the fire-house cupid.

"Gosh!" says I. "I don't see as romance got poor old Romeo any forrder, as the farmer said when he drank his home-brew.

There was still a few horses tied in front of the dance-hall, where their masters was recovering from too much Prohibition. I went out and helped myself to the one with the wickested eye.

Lulu, still in her dancing dress, was in the kitchen making pop-overs. When she saw me, she comes out, tossing her head. "Well, Mr. Magazine," says she, "have you thought up something pretty to say to me, after all?"

For reply, I leaned over and lifted her up to the side in front of me before she can say Jack Robinson. Away we go like a cyclone back toward town.

"Are you crazy?" moans Lulu. "Do you really think you're beautiful?" screams Lulu above the pound of the pinto's hoofs. "My pop-overs'll burn. Take me back at once!"

"Git up, you wall-eyed, pie-faced son of a..." (Continued on page 108)
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Greenroom Jottings
(Continued from page 74)

now at work at the Griffith Mamore neck studios in one of the principal roles of "The Two Orphans."

And speaking of Mae Murray and her independent venture—her next picture will be "Put and Take," from the scenario Fannie and Frederick Hatton have prepared for her. While husband Robert Z. Leonard is at work cutting "Peacock's Alley," Mae is studying the script o. "Put and Take" and conceiving ideas for original costumes.

Milton Sills finds himself in demand these days. As soon as he completes one engagement, he begins another. His most recent work is with Mildred Harris in "Miss Lulu Bett" in which he plays the leading male rôle.

In truth all the world's a stage. J. Gordon Edwards writes from Rome that he has been able to get some exceptional settings for "Nero," the Fox production which he is directing at Rome, Italy.

A HARD-LUCK STORY
By BLAINE C. BIGLER

Charles Chaplin gets a thousand bucks For falling down a flight of stairs, And so I tried it, but, oh, shucks, I laid myself up for repairs.

Arbuckle rolls around in fat And gets a smile from every queen, While I, tho quite as big as that, Get grins instead of smiles. I ween.

A Sennett beauty doesn't wear Enough to hide her form divine; I went in swimming mostly bare— A fine, or thirty days, was mine.

Bill Hart can always get his man, And bluff the villain off the map; But when I tried it, gee, ker-slam! I settled down and took a nap.

And so it goes, these movie folk Can get away with anything; I try the same—no, do not joke— No flowers, please—the choir will sing.

Doubling for Romeo
(Continued from page 106)

smoil!" I yells at the horse; "we'll be back in tune to take 'em out of the oven! I saw the parson weeding his garden when I started out."

"The parson!" shrieks Lulu. "What's the parson got to do with it? I tell you I won't go."

I drew up the horse so sudden that we both got off over his head at the parsonage gate. "I've seen 'em making love in the movies," says I, grabbing Lulu's hand. "I've read 'Romeo and Juliet'—but the fellow with the club had the right idea! Come in here with me and get married, or I'll knock your block off!"

Lulu cuddled up against me. "Oh, Sam!" she cried happily, "aren't you the most romantic man?" and she followed me up the steps, meek as a clipped lamb.

There's something to be said for old-fashioned methods, after all!

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Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla. Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.
Lonesome Mary.—You flatter me by calling me job, but I fear I am making a poor show of it. For one thing, I can't even wet melon and corn on the cob. I have my own teeth. Where did you see the old films? Howard Estabrook and Jowett southern in "Mysteries of Mera, Janita Hansen and Thomas Chatterton in "Secret of the Submarine," and Grace Dar- 
mond and Ralph Keillard in "Shielding Shores.

Farnum-Friderick.—Yes, I will pray that 
Dane Fortune visits you. She is a 
respectable old lady who calls upon 
she can, but who more frequently sends 
saughter, Miss Fortune. I hope that the 
old lady herself will be your visitor and 
get. Treat her well and she will remain 
with you. Alice Mann was the daughter, 
Marie Burke, the wife and Evelyn Bent 
the cashier in "Help, Help, Police.

Celia D.—Glad to hear from you 
Uustralians. We have quite a subscrip-
list in your town. Sylvia Bremer is oppo-
site Cullen Lands in "The Man With Two 
Masks.

Norman.—You bet I'm 80 and I dont 
use any monkey glands either. I hope to 
live to be 100. Why not? Guy Empney 
is playing "Mr. Million Dollar" for Dave 
Warfield is seriously thinking about 
playing in "The Music Master" and "The 
Return of Peter Grimm" for the screen. 
What he wonds is

G. T. R.—You never bore me. 
Your letters always inspires me. You think 
that Lillian Gish is so spiritual and ethereal. 
I say, yes, and very charming, and put her here 
at the office. Dorothy is also charming. 
J. B. T. The trouble is many people when 
they get marred, quit being friends.

Answerer's Girl.—You write a very 
soible letter and I am glad you look at your 
career in the light that you do. Stay 
at school for a few more years. You will 
need it when you get older.

Pfr.—I don't know what to say, but 
Balzac says, "It costs more to satisy a vice 
than to feed a family." Herbert Rawlison 
is the man in Universal. Viola Dana in "There 
are no Villains."

Ms, Roy Bernard.—Dot Bernard's 
father writes me the following facts about 
his daughter'sรถ: "Thank you, thank you 
Mr. Rawlison, I am glad to know more about her. 
When she was six weeks old I took her from her birth-place, 
Port Elizabeth, South Africa, to Kimber- 
ley, the diamond fields of renown, and from 
there to Johannesburg, the Transvaal, 
where her father, the late William Bernard, 
was then leading-man with The Australian 
Comedy Co. playing thru South Africa; 
and it was some rough journey, across the 
veldt, just before the Boer war, when they 
were so hostile to all British people. When she was one year old, we left Capetown for 
Australia, and she celebrated her first birth-
day on board the S. S. Dornes, bound for 
Melbourne, Victoria, and it was celebrated in 
true style! Captain Douglas had a birth-
day-cake made, with her full name in sugar-
caking on top—"Dorothy Norah Bernard"— 
—and that night at dinner, everybody drank 
her health in champagne.

"We left Australia for London, en route 
to the United States with John Sheridan's 
"Fun on the Farm." She was three. Seven 
years later went again to Australia with 
Harry Conor's "Trip to Chinatown" com-
pany also playing thru New Zealand, with 
that company and later with Nancy O'Neil's 
company thru both those countries. Some 
travel!"

Miss T. N. T.—Don't shoot this way. 
Frank Keenan has been playing on the 

FREE!

"The Origin of the Saxo-
phone," Tells how each 
Saxophone was first 
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sextets, or in regular band 
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A Romantic Comedy in Five Reels.

With Orville R. Caldwell in the Title Role and Corliss Palmer as the Female Lead.

Mr. Caldwell is now playing the lead in the mammoth stage production, "Mecca." As Ramon, he makes a remarkably picturesque hero of the cave-man type, quite in contrast to the beautiful Corliss Palmer, who plays opposite him.

Allene Ray, another winner of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, plays an important part. Among the many other pretty actresses are Helen De Witt, Eillene Elliott and Erminie Gagnon.

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This is one of the most reliable organizations in America on the State Right basis. This company will inform your theater of the nearest exchange where the plays can be secured. The Brewster Publications stand back of these plays and your theater can make no mistake in booking all three of them.

stage. Yes, I like cats—that is, the four-legged ones. No, I never play football—it’s a little too messy. You can reach Pauline Frederick at 449 Park Avenue, New York City.

Mrs. Horace S.—I wish you could have had a dictograph in my office when I read your letter. You would have heard some nice things. Why, Mae Murray and her husband, Robert Leonard, have formed the Tiffany Company, and her first picture will be "Peacock Alley." Herbert Rawlinson, in "The Black Bag," a Universal picture. Yes, she had her hair bobbed. Better write to our Circulation Department about that. Earle Williams is playing, but I never see him. His last was "The Silver Car." Call again.

D. R. Dallas.—You say you want to see more pictures of J. Warren Kerrigan. So do I. George Loan Tucker, the director of "The Miracle Man," died June 20, 1921. Mac Marsh, in "Nobody’s Kid." Florence, Vancouver.—Yes, the censors are getting strict. Next thing, they won’t allow any photo-players or to lick a stamp. You say it is none of the public’s business what a star does in private life. Yes, but you can’t make the public think that. Players are watched with eagle eyes. Dorothy Davenport is playing, but Mary Hay isn’t.

Darling Mine.—You sound like the name of a song. Well, you might just as well give your cow beer and expect her to give milked milk as to ask me which is my favorite player. Thanks for the verse; wish I could print it here, but haven’t the room.

Jacqueline.—You say my department is too short—that you want to see more of me. Watch out, Cynthia, the Board of Censors is coming!

Beanie.—There is such a thing as being too conservative. He who fears to climb lest he fall, or to play lest he be trampled on, or to walk lest he be overtaken, will neither freeze nor burn: he will simply sizzle, dry up and blow away. Harold Lloyd is playing in "Among Those Present." You bet, he is funny. Lowell Sherman, with Sennett.

An Old Maid.—The Lord forbid! What’s wrong with you? You say you are always getting ladders in your house. Yes, I know, they both have some connection with limbs. Monte Blue is California. Whistle. Let me hear from you some more.

Leota.—Of the twenty-eight richest men in the United States, more than half live in New York State, but I don’t happen to be included as one of them. Pearl White is with Fox, Virginia Valli is married to George Lason.

Emma B.—You say love may be less thrilling, but it lasts much longer, when dilated with a little common sense. But where does romance come in? Love and common sense are not related. Agnes Ayers is getting a divorce from her husband, Frank Schusker. Dorothy Dalton was married to Lew Cody for the second time, I understand, but they are now divorced.

A Nazimovite.—You ask me how I lived to be eighty and kept in good health. I did it by living right, day by day, and by keeping ever before me the magic word, Moderation. The things that I like that are not good for me, I try not to indulge excessively. That’s the secret. Edna Flugrath is the other sister, and I believe she was married in London. Why, it doesn’t take any more than Nazimova, does it? She will be glad to hear from you. I liked your snugly letter.

Izma.—This sort of work is play for me. Yes, he was in service. Alice Joyce was Tom Moore’s wife once.
a matter of fact, "Experience" might be considered depressing—it depicts life as being cruel to youth, and we don't think that is very pleasant or true.

Richard Barthelmess is featured in the role of Youth, while Marjorie Daw is Love. These two players did some excellent work together, and the audience that the picture will find will cast them in the same production once more. However, with Mr. Barthelmess starring in his own production, one may wonder about his career.

The portrayal of Youth calls for a versatile characterization, interspersed with the emotional, and this Richard Barthelmess adequately supplied. The other symbolic characters, too, were in the majority of instances well chosen, but it seems to us that the ensemble would have been far more convincing if it were toned down.

There is a tendency to overdraft, to overact. The moral of the story is obvious from the beginning. It needs no intense driving home.

To our mind, George Fitzmaurice was not the man to direct this production. He rarely gives in for the delicate suggestion—rather, he is extravagant in his production always.

WEDDING BELLS—FIRST NATIONAL

Since time immemorial, men have advocated for their women that they taboo for their wives. And, since an equally early age, domestic difficulties have been the result. It is this idea, then, which creates "Wedding Bells" to her. "It is a good idea, for it gives Constance Talmadge one of the best vehicles she has possessed in many months. Her last effort is a story which does not depend entirely upon the star's farce for its very being. There is a central idea—a slight idea, and a far-fetched one, for it is true, but an idea nevertheless. And the idea, incidentally, is particularly timely, dealing as it does with bobbed-hair femininity.

Rosalie Way Carter's brand-new husband admires a bobbed-hair restaurateur, with the result that Rosalie bores her gloriously. A quarrel ensues, and, thru a miscalculation, the wedding is secured. Every complication known to the farce-brand of comedy results, and Constance Talmadge and Harrison Ford maintain their superiority to the central farce.

Too, Constance Talmadge photographed to better advantage than she has in some time, and, while "Wedding Bells" is not an exceptional production in any way, it will be sure to please the host of Talmadge enthusiasts.

AFTER THE SHOW—FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY

"After the Show" is in some degree different. It is not the eternal triangle, nevertheless it strikes a deep and vibrant note through it does not strive to drive to the classic formation of a super-feature; it has no cast numerically resembling the erstwhile German army and it is not an all-star production. William de Mille directed the story, which is from Rita Weinman's pen.

The building of each and every character is so naturally done that there is nothing to obtain. And it moves along to a close, the interest always well maintained.

The story is quite different from the majority which have been selected for screen mates late as it does of a stage-doorkeeper who adopts one of the many who are striving for a place in the chorus, first of all—then, perhaps, the heights. He shares his income and his pleasures with his protegee. Finally she wins a place in the chorus thru his interception with the manager. Then a man comes into her life, an unworthy man and old Pop interferes, it is not his fear of the loneliness he has heretofore known which prompts him, rather a fear for the girl who has come to mean so much in his life. In the beginning she has told him that she would come from the ends of the earth if he needed her and when there is no other way to save her from an endless heartache, Pop makes it necessary for her to prove her words, even at a great risk to himself.

Lila Lee, Jack Holt and Charles Ogle are the featured players. Lila Lee once more proved her ability and charm, and you are glad of Jack Holt's recent stardom when you find him offering consistently worthy characterizations.

However, there is much to be said about Charles Ogle. For months and months we have watched him playing various roles in various productions. And whether his part has been major or minor he has given it his best. Because he has a small part worthy of effort, he is not able to give his role in this production, which incidentally is by far the most important role the actor has had in his career, a role which will not soon be forgotten. Charles Ogle's Pop is a splendid shadow portrait.

THE OLD NEST—GOLDwyn

Frankly, we hesitated about viewing "The Old Nest." We heard it was a sentimental production, and did not stop to think that it might be that and more. It is. It presents a timeworn question logically and naturally against a sentimental background. "The Old Nest," asks whether the joy a mother gets from her children during their babyhood and schooldays is worth the heartache and sorrow which so often follows when they have left the old nest for their own firesides and foreign fields to conquer.

Rupert Hughes penned this question vividly and vitally, Reginald Barker directed it naturally, and the characterizations are, for the major part, very real. Dwight Crittenden, Nina Foy, Gorden Lauds, Lionel Ricken, Louise, Molly Malone, Lefty Flynn, Helen Chadwick and Mary Allen are entrusted with the principal roles. Lila Lee's portrayal of the mother will not soon be forgotten. It is possessive of the very spirit of motherhood, and will remind you of your own mother, whoever and wherever she may be.

As the children grow up and leave home, the erstwhile long-dining-room table gets smaller and smaller. Some of the family are successful, one is a failure. And in the rush of their individual lives they grow neglectful of the loving couple left at home. Finally the table permits the mother and father to reach across and clasp one another's hands once more—but in this they do not find the joy they first knew. You cannot imagine what you have not possessed—but they have now known it otherwise.

Even if it is your custom to avoid the sentimental, we believe you would enjoy "The Old Nest." It is a simple story, simply told, and, while there are several thrilling episodes injected into the action, it is for the main part a story of everyday, rich in the poetry of today and tomorrow.

THE HELL-DIGGERS—PARAMOUNT

"The Hell-Diggers" may interest those who are concerned about drogues and en-
How to Reduce Your Weight

You CAN do it in a dignified, sudden way in the privacy of your room and surprise your family and friends. I know, for I have reduced 45-50 pounds from 20 to 30 in a few weeks. When I have lost so many I can do for you.

Just reduce by doing things or dieting. You'll look old if you do. You'll have work to adapt your dress to your condition.

I build your vitality, strengthen your heart and teach you how to walk, stand and breathe correctly, as I believe you.

If you need more detail, immediately, I'll tell you what you should know. No delay—and I'll send you an illustrated booklet FREE, showing you how to stand correctly. Write me! I will respect your confidences.

Susanna Crockert, Dept. 49, 1919 Broadway, New York

TURPIN TRIBUNATIONS

(Continued from page 59)

himself together a vaudeville act, or varie-
ty, as it was known, and hired out to get himself a job. There were no vaude-
ville theaters at that time, and variety was given in the dance halls connected with the
big saloons.

Ben finally got a job working in a "hok-
ytonk" in Houston, Texas. While the rest of the entertainers assisted in serving
drinks to the thirsty cow-gentlemen on the
floor, Ben put on a neat rough-and-tumble
comedy tramp act. Sixteen to twenty shows
a day were a mere nothing. He would fol-
low the fat ballad singer, who acted the
part, with the comedy soubrette to do her
turn, preceding the ballad singer, and then go on again. He worked in one of these
Temples of Alcohol and Art, until one day
he saw an advertisement in a paper that a
boy was wanted to handle props, and do a
different specialty every night, by the
Mabel Page Repertoire Company—"salary
fifteen dollars a week, money for ticket
wired." This fifteen was considerably
more than Ben was making, so he wired for
the job, the ticket was sent, and he joined the
company. The actors in those days tried
to be just as impressive as they do now, and
Benjamin was considerably alarmed by his
important surroundings. He reported to the
manager, a pompous person, who promptly
asked him if he could play a part.

"What do you want a part?" queried the
hero of these immortal words.

"Why, speak lines! Carry a role!" explained
the manager.

"I didn't get the idea," said Ben. "I can
rustle props and do a specialty, and I can
speak lines!" he said to Ben. "I'm a bright boy
and trying to get along."

Ben, being so proficient, played a part in
"Tennessee's Partner" that night, rustled
props for the rest of the actors and went
out between the acts and did a specialty.
He made a hit and kept the job. The Mabel
Page Company played each town for two
weeks, with a change of bill every night.
Monday night, "The Billionaires"; Tuesday,
"Lend Me Five Shillings"; Wednesday,
"The Road to Ruin"; Thursday, "Our Best
Penny House"; Friday, "The Two Orphans," and always Sat-
urday night, "East Lynne."
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To Banish Blackheads, Pimples, Tan, Freckles, and Oily Skin
To Banish the Figure, Hands and Arms
To Remove Superfluous Hair
To Grow Beautiful Eyelashes and Eyebrows
To Clear the Skin of Acne

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local boy. Ben never had a dull moment. Hundreds of people would wait in the lobby of the hotel, just to see him come downstairs. If he went into a café, in a few moments the place would be packed with crowds standing outside waiting to come in.

In Chicago, he was escorted, with great state, into the finest offices of the various magazine managers. The rooms were thrown open like magic.

"I told 'em," said Ben, "that many a long and anxious hour I had spent outside those doors, just wanting to get a day's work at whatever salary they cared to give me. This success is sure fine.

"What I would like to do in pictures is to borlesque the present big features," says Ben. "Or the old, absurd plays."

"Uncle Tom Without the Cabin," a big success, and so was "Home Talent." I think 'Love's Outcast' will be good, and we are sure putting a lot of work on these; some of mine; because, after such a long time of hard knocks, I want to put my best work in them. Roy Del Ruth is my director, and other good men. Mr. Sennett and all of us lay out the story, and then Roy and I work out the gags. It takes about a month of hard work to make one of these trenchant comedies, and if it takes to make a big feature, and if a thing isn't right, we do it over and over again.

"He pointed to Roy, who had been for some time and still is, in trying to make a colly JP with a fast tied to its tail, wag that enough to stir up Phyllis Haver's golden tresses, as she leaned over the counter in a deli store. The director, cameraman, a few prop boys, and Miss Haver, had evidently been at it some time before I arrived. Ben and I talked, and then went to lunch, and when returned to the set, the poor pup's tail was still wagging.

The Turpins have a beautiful home in Hollywood and he has invested quite a little of his surplus wealth in Hollywood real estate, so that he no longer has to worry about where next week's rent is coming from. But, with all his prosperity, he still remembers the days when things were not breaking so perfectly, and when he used to sit in the café, altho he tried to keep me from seeing it, when he appropriated and paid the check of two of his acquaintances who had not been working for some time.

Across the Silversheet
(Continued from page 111)

"Art that Conceals Art" is Miss Palmer's motto—she strives to imitate nature, and believes that a lady should not appear painted or made up, but natural.

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It may happen to you at any time—an entrance into the brilliantly lighted theater, where you suddenly find yourself unavoidably the center of all eyes. How satisfying then if you can be absolutely confident of your fresh, clear complexion. How reassuring if you can be certain that your skin is free from unsightly blemishes, that it glows with radiant health. How truly do you realize at such a time that a wonderful complexion, after all, is the one thing that contributes most to charm and attractiveness.

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Ingram's Milkweed Cream does more than the ordinary face cream. It has an exclusive therapeutic property that actually "tones up"—revitalizes—the sluggish tissues of the skin. Applied regularly, it heals and nourishes the skin cells, soothes away redness and roughness, banishes slight imperfections. Used faithfully it will help you to gain and retain a complexion that is beyond reproach.

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To correct an oily skin, use this special treatment every night:

First cleanse your skin thoroughly by washing it in the usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly, with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

To rouse a pale, sallow skin and give it the brilliancy and color it should have, use this new steam treatment:

One or two nights a week, fill your wash-bowl full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the bowl and cover your head and the basin with a heavy bath towel. Steam your face for thirty seconds. Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this, wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin with an upward and outward motion. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing with a piece of ice.

In addition to the two treatments given here, you will find other special treatments for all the different types of skin in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.


"Your treatment for one week"
Send 25c for a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch"; a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap; and samples of the new Woodbury Facial Cream, Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1311 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1311 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

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Doctor's Wife Takes Off 40 Pounds Through New Discovery!

Tells how she quickly reduced to normal weight and improved 100% in health without medicines, drugs, starving or discomfort. Many others are losing a pound a day and more right from the very start!

BEFORE I began following your course, my weight was 170 pounds. My blood was bad, my heart was weak, and I had headaches always—didn't sleep and had constantly to use laxatives. It was a standing joke among my friends about me being fat and sick.

"With your help, I am now in the position that you could call perfect health; sleep perfectly; my blood test is 100% pure; my complexion is beautiful and my weight is 128 pounds—a loss of 42 pounds."

Above is an extract from a letter written by Mrs. Hazel Vermilya, wife of Dr. J. C. Vermilya of Bloomington, Indiana.

Before her marriage, Mrs. Vermilya was distinguished for her perfectly-proportioned figure. Not one pound of unnecessary flesh marred her exquisitely slender figure. No matter what she wore, the simplest figure-hugging gown or the most close-fitting evening gown, she was at ease. For her she made an attractive, youthful appearance.

Begin to Cut Out Flesh

With marriage came more happiness, more friends. "I felt that there was nothing left in all the world to wish for," Mrs. Vermilya confides. Yet even then a subtle enemy was at work, preparing to destroy all the value of the happiness she had gained. She was getting flabby and more flesh than she ever had gained flesh before. She began a weight reduction program, and in 42 pounds, or more than 4% of her body, she had lost. She had gained flesh years with more than her daily diet. She had gained flesh.

"I was so much better in health and strength I was able to do the things that I had been unable to do before."

Mrs. Vermilya had just about resigned herself to being fat and unattractive when she heard about a remarkable new discovery by a food specialist. She found out that he had discovered the simple natural law upon which the whole secret of weight control is based. He had actually discovered the wrong way of eating. And she had been starving herself!

Finds Right Way

"I grasped at that new discovery and a drowning man grasps at a straw," Mrs. Vermilya tells us. "I had tried almost everything and I was still 40 pounds overweight. I couldn't enjoy my meals any more—I felt sure that everything I ate would add more flesh. Oh, if this new discovery would only show me the way to regain my normal weight now!"

A Remarkable Reduction

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**Motion Picture Magazine**

(Trade-mark Registered)

Founded by J. Stuart Blackton

Vol. XXII  \nDECEMBER, 1921 \nNo. 11

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JAMAICA, NEW YORK  \nBrooklyn, New York.


Application has been made for transfer of the second-class mailing privilege from Brooklyn, New York, to Jamaica, New York.

Subscription $3.00; in foreign countries and Newfoundland, $3.50. Single copies, 25 cents, postage prepaid. U. S. Government Stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both old and new address.

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

Adelle Whitely Fletcher, Editor
Frederick James Smith, Managing Editor

EUGENE V. BREWSTER, President and Editor-in-Chief
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[Also Publishers of the Motion Picture Classic, out on the fifteenth of each month, and Shadowland, out on the twenty-third]

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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for future reference.

Astor.—"The Blue Lagoon," Lavishly staged melodrama of two children shipwrecked on a desert island. Motion pictures have destroyed the possibilities of this sort of footlight offering.

Belasco.—"The Return of Peter Grimm," with David Belasco and interesting David Belasco revival, marked by the usual perfect detail of presentation. Mr. War- holds a compelling performance of a spirit.

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 drops two Englishmen and an English woman from an aeroplane into his power. Finitely staged and played.

Cain.—"Tangerine," with Julia Sanderson. A pleasant and entertaining musical comedy with scenes revolving that which almony center, Ludlow Jail, and an island in the South Seas, where the women do all the work. Color and tinkling music.

Ellings.—"Back Pay," with Helen Mac Kellar. A play by Fannie Hurst, with the highly pleasant Vincent MacKellar in the leading role. Interesting.


Fulton.—"Lilion," the Theatre Guild production of the Franz Molnar "legend." A remarkable and brilliant satire, tinged with the Old World flavor. Molnar's ability to portray between the here and the hereafter, with a scene in the beyond. Eva Le Gallienne stands out of the cast, while Joseph Sibert plays the man and Dudley Digges is an excellent Sparrow. Well worth seeing.

Franklin.—"Six-Cylinder Love," with Ernest Truex. This 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 laughter.

Klaw.—"A Fearless Pair," starts out to be a satire on the loose-living younger sort and proves to be an entertaining, if conventional, drama. Francine Larrimore plays the heroine who sees the evil of her ways.

Knickerbocker.—"The Merry Widow," A revival of the once-world-popular Franz Lehár operetta. The present revival is not particularly distinguished, however. The old dash and color are lacking. The leading roles are in the hands of Lydia Lipowska, Reginald Pasch, Jefferson de Angeli and Raymond Crane.

Lyceum.—"The Easiest Way," with Frances Starr. Interesting David Belasco revival of the vivid Eugene Walter drama of New Mexico. One of the big plays of the last twenty years.


Maxine Elliott's.—"The Silver Fox," with William Faversham. An admirable comedy by Cosmo Hamilton, written with a sense of humor. Of a bluffing author, a blundering wife and an idealistic poet. Splendidly acted by Violet Kem- ple Cooper, who scored last season in "Clair de Lune"; Mr. Faversham, Law- rence Grossmith, who gives a portrayal of superb sublety; Ian Keith and Vivienne Os- borne.

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

Plymouth.—"Daddy's Gone A-Hunting," Maurice Rambert's production by Zoe Akins, author of "Délassée," A production of artistic Bohemia and a woman's problem. Miss Rambeau gives a splendid performance and a hit. another thin-ice farce by Wilson Colson and Avery Hopwood, this time with a darker scene in a barn. If you do not mind blushing, you will be amused by this piece, which has an interesting cast, including Walter Jones and Dorothy Mackaye.


Shubert.—"The Greenwich Village Fol- lies 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, although there are several gorgeous and colorful scenes. Still, it is a way above the usual revues and will move the more the glowing interludes, while the hit of the revue seems to go to Irene Franklin, although Valadia Vostoff and others dance attractively.

Times Square.—"Honors Are Even," with William Courtenay and Lolo Fisher. A fair, if frail, little comedy by Roy Co- gini, presenting the doings of two people who love each other but wound admit it. Mr. Courtenay and Miss Fisher are the loves, while Paul Kelly makes a small role of a caytul lad stand out.

On Tour

"Welcome Stranger," Aaron Hoffman's story of a Skylock in New England town. Presents the battle of Jew and Gentile in a way that the Hebrew gets much the best of it, teaching a wholesome kindliness and religious toleration. George Sidney is excellent as the twenty thousand Skylock.

"Ladies' Night." About the most daring comedy yet attempted on Broadway. This passes from the boudoir zone to the Tur- kish bath on ladies' night. Not only skates on thin ice, but swims thru.

"The Broken Wings." A lively and well worked melodrama of adventure below the Rio Grande. The opus of an aviator who falls in Mexico, thereby losing his memory and his heart, the latter to a disky señorita. Full of excitement.

"Mr. Jones Passes By." Theatre Guild production of a pleasant English light comedy by David Harland. Enjoyable light and delightful work of Laura Hope Crews.

"The Champion," with Grant Mitchell. A lively farce comedy of an aristocratic British family's return to England, but turns out to be a failure.

"Wake Up, Jonathan." An attractive and distinctly o.
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This film magazine of amusements and arts brings to you in motion pictures the Stars and Shows of Broadway, taken you behind the scenes in theaters and movie studios, shows Directors at work and how movies are made. Produced in co-operation with the Brewer sa publications—

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Screen types and their different characteristics.
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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Continued from page 6)


"Roller's Wild Out," with Roland Young. Light and frothy comedy in Clare Kummer's typical sketchy style. The story of a young man who wants to do Hamlet, and what comes of his ambition. Replete with fancifully humorous lines. Excellently done by Mr. Young, Lotus Robb, Dore Davidson and J. M. Kerrigan.

"In the Night Watch" An adapted French war melodrama on the Drury Lane type. Features the sinking of a battleship in battle. An all-star cast, but Max Filmgman shines out alone.

"The Skin Game." A new and decidedly interesting drama by John Galsworthy. One of the real things of the dramatic season. A study in class strife which many critics look upon as one of the events of the war. Will absorb you very well.

"Cornered," with Madge Kennedy. A crook melodrama by Donald Mitchell, in which Miss Kennedy, fresh from several years on the screen, plays a dual role: a slangy girl of the underworld, and a young woman of society. Far-fetched, but possessing interest. Miss Kennedy is charming.

"The Millionaire," with Florence Reed, the first offering in Broadway's newest theater. Edgar Selwyn's drama of New York's easiest way: the tale of a country girl who comes to the white lights and forgets her ideals. Miss Reed plays the girl and prominent in the cast are Alan Dinehart, Malcolm Williams and Florence Nash.


"Mecca." A gorgeous and elaborately colored "photoplay" miming ancient Egypt along the line of "Chin Chow." "Mecca" achieves several rarely beautiful moments in the ballet interludes created by Michel Fokine. A huge cast and fourteen scenes.


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A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

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ALLA NAZIMOVA

Madame Nazimova has brought a twentieth century Camille to the silvercloth—and now she plans to lend her exotic charm to a series of short subjects, among which will be found several of the Ibsen heroines she portrayed so colorfully in her previous stage work.
DOROTHY DALTON

Miss Dalton is one of the stars in the all-star De Mille production of "A Fool's Paradise"
This season finds Mae Marsh returned to the stage in "Bristle." However, it is rumored that she will return to the Griffith fold. Selah!
CORINNE GRIFFITH

Miss Griffith has been appearing consistently in feature productions—and her popularity increases with great strides
NITA NALDI

The stage and the screen—both claim some part of Miss Naldi's attention. At present the stage is favored.
EUGENE O'BRIEN

Eugene O'Brien won stardom as Norma Talmadge's leading man. He has retained it through characterizations in Select productions.
IRENE MARCELLUS

...who has found the "Follies" the surest road to a cinema career. At present she is at work under the direction of Marshall Neilan.
ALICE LAKE

Alice Lake found her stardom at the Metro pictures and there she has remained. Her next picture will be "The Golden Gift"
HENRY WALTHALL

For a season or two, Henry Walthall gave his efforts to the stage. However, the shadowed drama again claims him, and the early winter will find him featured in the Vitagraph production of "Flower of the North"
Madam Elinor Glyn

A New Camera Study of the Famous English Novelist Who Recently Spent Several Months in Hollywood

Editor's Note.—On the opposite page is an interview with Elinor Glyn, who has written a series of three articles for the Motion Picture Magazine, the first of which will appear in the January number.

In these articles, Madam Glyn has painted a vivid picture of Hollywood as she found it, touching on those who comprise the industry—their lives and their morals. She has not been fearful of facts, telling of certain cliques which reflect small honor on the motion picture profession; while, on the other hand, she tells of the scores of earnest players who give their all to their work.
The Altar of Alcohol

As Described by
Elinor Glyn to Gordon Gassaway

PICTURE, if you will, a woman who has spent the greater part of her maturing life in and about the courts of Europe, intermingling with the keenest intellects of her day; achieving international prominence for herself in the field of letters—

Then imagine this woman suddenly translated into the very heart of a film colony, its maestros of production, its social leaders, high lights and low-lights—and imagine her assuming the role of a minstrel among such spirits.

Elinor Glyn in Hollywood, together with Ella Wheeler Wilcox, has achieved her greatest prominence in the public mind for her personal interpretation of souls stirred by passions.

It is interesting to hear her impressions, how she regarded the personalities which have sprung into prominence on the American screen; what she thinks of Hollywood's great beauties; of Hollywood itself.

When Elinor Glyn moved in on Hollywood, she announced that she was in search of a Perfect Man in America and that such a man should be found in Hollywood, where it is believed that all the perfect men go, either before or after they die.

Did she find her perfect man? And what does she think of movie men anyway, of their lives, of their morals?

After talking to her in her lavender-draped boudoir, at the Hollywood Hotel, where all prominent authors go, it is evident she thinks a mindful.

"I have never seen so many perfect human beings together in one place in my life!" she explained with a glance out of her marine-green eyes across the tips of the palms branching up toward her windows from the hotel gardens.

"And Hollywood is itself a Fountain of Youth. I am ten years younger than when I came here a few months ago. The spirit of youth pervades the movies. I dance here—and I never danced before in my life.

"The movies themselves are young, and they have attracted youth to them. I don't care whether it is at Fort Lee, or Culver City, or Hollywood—wherever there are movie studios there stands Youth incarnate. But alas—it is a youth which is sometimes prone to burn the candle at both ends and in the middle. Splendid young men are, in some instances, throwing their lives away on the Altar of Alcohol—and it is not such very good alcohol at that. I worship clean youth—but it must be clean. I cannot stand a taint, either in morals or in character—it is as repugnant to me as the smell of stale liquor on a young man's breath!"

"Dont you think," I put in, "that absolute lack of brain development, plus a large sense of mimicry, fits a person best for a motion picture career?"

"I do not," she flashed back at me, distracting my attention from a rather worn tiger-skin, which covered a lavender couch heaped with pillows of many pastel shades.

"I think that every actor and actress in the films who wishes to reach and maintain the top of the ladder should study. They should study history, and the drama—and English. Most of them are not what we in England would call well educated. They are too young for that. Many of them were taken out of high-school to go into pictures, so now they should secure good tutors and have themselves well informed."

"Who?" I asked apropos of nothing, "is the world's greatest lover?"

"Wallace Reid," replied Madam Glyn without hesitation.

"And who," I went on, "is the world's greatest screen actress?"

"Miriam Batista. You remember her as the little girl in 'Humoresque.' She is really the only perfect actress on the screen today."

"But what of Gloria Swanson, and Mary Pickford, and Pauline Frederick?"

"Miss Swanson has had her very great moments—greater perhaps than many other women acting today—so does Miss Frederick. As for Mary Pickford she is alone in her supremacy—but Miriam Batista as an actress is perfect. She is the only perfect actress on the screen. Charlie Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks are also very great—these people are the kings and queens of the world. It is said of me that"

(Continued on page 92)
“I was terribly scared when the toastmaster introduced me and I shook so I could hardly stand,” she could laugh now that it was all over. “You see, the ‘Silent Drama’ does not teach us the art of facing an audience and talking. Well, I managed to say a few things that they seemed to like and then I told them my knees wouldn’t let me say any more, they were shaking so.

“A globe trotter was called upon next and he began by saying, ‘When Miss Wilson has made as many talks as I have, she will find it is no kneezy matter.’ Wasn’t that clever? No one caught it for an instant, but when they did what a roar of laughter went up.”

Arriving at the Wilson home, a beautiful white stucco house nestled close to the picturesque Hollywood hills, we were greeted by Mrs. Wilson, who listened with keen interest while Lois recounted the events of the luncheon and her share of honors, all told simply and unaffectedly.

Now, probably every interviewer wildly hopes the prospective interviewee will exhibit some weird tendency, have a Greenwich Village temperament, for instance, or advocate a strange ism, ology or rant on the Red’s philosophy.

All this, you must know, means good copy—a thrilling story, a colorful chronicle.

Lois Wilson has been chosen to create the title rôle in the William de Mille production of “Miss Lulu Bett.” Undoubtedly, she will be splendid as heroine of this story, which has enjoyed great popularity, both in book form and on the stage. At the left is a portrait of Miss Wilson, and she is seen below with her mother on the veranda of her Hollywood bungalow.

**Lois Wilson** stopped for me on her way home from the Los Angeles Ad Club luncheon where she had been the honor guest. She was excited and radiant, for she had been the recipient of many favors, made a speech, received much applause, been presented with a huge bunch of pink roses and altogether had a beautiful time.

She looked like a lovely pink rose herself with her flushed face dimpling beneath an adorable pink hat, and I could well imagine the pleasing impression she had made, for Lois Wilson’s greatest charm is her refreshing naturalness and happy, wholesome girlishness.

She is very pretty, too, with perfect features, eyes of a soft, warm brown and clear complexion which is totally free from make-up. She is rather tall and very graceful, moving with the easy swing of a school girl.

As we drove to Hollywood, Lois told me all about the luncheon.

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser
By
MADE CHEATHAM

To the credit of the motion picture industry, tho to the despair of the interviewer, we seldom find such material among our film stars. They are merely normal young people, fired with ambitions, bravely struggling toward the top, striving to fulfil their lofty ideals—sincere, fun-loving, busy, happy, in fact—just folks; even as you and I.

I thought of all this, sitting in the quiet living-room chatting with Lois and smiled to myself as I tried to picture her in some bizarre environment. She is distinctly a home girl, frankly, sweetly so, with no desire to

"As I do each picture, I am sure my work is best in that particular one," said Lois Wilson. "However, I prefer dramatic and emotional roles, for they offer a wider opportunity for real acting, and I hope some day to do something really worth while in this line. I have high hopes for 'Miss Lulu Bet.'" Above and left, two camera studies of Miss Wilson

flash in the public eye except thru her work on the screen. She reflects the wholesome home life with which her Canadian father and Bostonian mother surround their little brood, over which they hover, affectionately, guiding and guarding each step and sympathetically sharing the pleasures, joys and triumphs of their four daughters.

"I often wonder what girls do who have no homes," said Lois, and her eyes swept the cheerful room, while we listened to the gay caroling of a canary in the pergola beyond. "I know I could never accomplish anything worth while, if I didn't have the whole family back of me."

One sister, Roberta, is married and lives in Chicago. She played leads with Universal for a year or two. The next sister, Janice, is breaking into pictures, having played in Tourneur's "The White Circle," and a recent Sessue Hayakawa production, while the baby of the family, Constance, is in High School and at the interesting age where the world is rosy or clouded according to the High's football score.

I soon made the discovery that Lois Wilson has no desire to be starred, that is, not at present.

"A star," she said, "must have many talents to attract and hold her audience if she wishes to retain her popularity. When the public makes me a star, then I shall feel I am ready. In the meantime I am willing to work hard

(Continued on page 87)
Formerly of Brooklyn

Walter McGrail said he hadn't the slightest idea why he chose the stage as a means of earning his bread and butter. "Heaven knows," he said, "none of my ancestors ever had such a failing. The men were all doctors. A doctor gets so he likes to hear himself talk—maybe that's why I went on the stage—"

We had progressed to the salad course. It struck me suddenly that I only had the ice-cream to look forward to and still I had to learn all about the twenty-six or eight years that had passed lightly over his head before I met him. Feeling like a bandit who orders his victim to hold up his hands, I said:

"I'm sorry, but I shall have to ask you where you were born."

He turned slightly, grinned sheepishly and said: "Brooklyn, N.Y. Could anything be more thrilling?"

But a crash and spatter diverted my attention. A gesticulating waiter, apologizing volubly in French, was picking up the remains of a huge silver bowl of

Photograph by Woodbury, L. A.

We met at Victor Hugo's, Walter McGrail and I. Victor Hugo's, I might explain, is not the tomb of the dead novelist, but a cozy restaurant, where one can get the most delicious food in Los Angeles.

We progressed nicely—talked about the weather, and then about the weather again. We consumed great quantities of food. I worried thru the meal somehow, wondering if it was the heat that had short-circuited the spark-plugs of my usual loquaciousness. My conversation was certainly in low gear; his wasn't running at all. I tried to content myself in a rapt study of his ruggedly good-looking profile. I mentally decided that his 'light grey suit was extremely good looking, and that his silky mustache was fascinating. I liked his hands and his manner of doing the little things. He acted, talked, and

Page 24
shrimp salad that he had deposited down the front panel of my best frock. Everybody was looking my way, and the head waiter was scowling majestically at his shivering subordinate. Walter McGrail at last gave me his entire attention. He protested he wouldn't have had it happen for the world. I laughed. "Dont worry," I said. "No damage is done, but I do feel sorry for the poor waiter."

He turned to me, all interest. "You're the first person I've found who feels the same way I do about it," he said. "Poor devil, think of the cussing-out he'll get in the kitchen. I loathe people who curse out waiters."

At last a spark! I could have blessed that waiter and his shrimp salad.

"Last night," went on McGrail, eagerly, friendlily, "I decided what I'd tell you. Namely, that I haven't a bungalow, nor a motor, nor a Jap servant. So far as I can make out from the magazines, I'm the only actor out here who hasn't. Outside of that, there's nothing interesting about me. I've always sidestepped interviews, you know. I don't believe the public really wants to know what we eat, wear or do. Do you?"

I nodded that I most certainly did.

"Well, maybe I'm wrong," he apologized. "Anyway, there's so little that's interesting about me. I haven't the slightest idea why I chose the stage as a means of earning my bread and butter. Heaven knows, none of my ancestors ever had such a failing. The men were all doctors. A doctor gets so he likes to hear himself talk—maybe that's why I wanted to hear myself on the stage.

"I started in comic opera. Yep, carried a spear. The stage manager told me I had 'Some Voice!' I leave what he meant to your imagination. A short while after that I met a friend in Brooklyn. He started raving about pictures, said I ought to get in them—told me to come along with him. I knew all the important people and he would introduce me. He did introduce me—to the man at the gate. Then he left me flat. I wandered around the lot until I happened to bump into a director I knew.

(Continued on page 85)
The Rural Courtship
Posed by May McAvoy and Casson Ferguson in the Realart Production of "A Virginia Courtship"
On Desert Sands—

The bush of the desert—brilliant arabesque tents populating the oasis—the lure of the stretching sands—above, the panoply of the night sky, studded with gold—all this has been caught in the screen production of the popular novel, "The Sheik." Rudolph Valentino lends his colorful personality to the title rôle, while Agnes Ayres portrays the abducted maiden—
Instead of the Silken Gloria

silk, wine red, shimmered with a dull gold thread entwining a Chinese pattern, heavy and intricate; her bronze sandaled feet shaped into silken ankles, her marcelled hair showed burnished glints in its dark strands. She wore pearls.

From a box, a dozen times the size of any sweetmeat box we have ever seen, she offered us French chocolates. We believed ourself to be in a De Mille production. Nowhere else could such boxes of chocolates exist. And we murmured a fervent prayer that our limited knowledge of French novels, the dansants and importations would hold out as long as the interview.

Then Gloria Swanson went over to a great chair standing by the window and curled up in its recesses comfortably. We took heart. In her grey eyes there was an earnest light which bespoke other things.

"I'm homesick," she told us, in her quiet voice. "Were you ever homesick?"

We remembered two or three instances specifically, and nodded our head.

“‘The years need hold no terror for anyone who has built a storehouse for age,” said Gloria Swanson. “And cultivating a mentality is a pleasant and profitable business. I think it gives you greater pleasure than you could possibly derive from so many of the things upon which we are often tempted to build our very lives themselves.”’

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

T

HEY have called her the silken Gloria. And she has given material proof to their words, for, framed in the lavish De Mille backgrounds, she has seemed part and substance of them. Remembering her, you thought of other things, luxuries all—costly perfumes perhaps, gowns brought from the Rue de la Paix, orchid corsages, sparkling gems.

With this portrait of her well implanted in our mind, we visited her late one afternoon at her suite at the Ritz-Carlton. And our first impression of her, gladdened in the sunset’s afterglow, caused us no reconsideration. Her gown of heavy
"It's a horrible ailment, isn't it?" she continued. "The next time I come East, Gloria will be with me. They wire me daily, but that doesn't help very much. I suppose, when I get back, she will be even more grown up. Children change so when they're babies. If you could only hold on to their babyhood—"

It was the cry of mothers thru the years.

We had already forgotten the silken part of Gloria—it had slipped away into an unobtrusive background, while she talked.

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe, L. A.

Gloria Swanson is avid for knowledge, and for life. We doubt, too, if she cherishes idolons, for in the very truths of living she has been able to find overwhelming beauty.

We asked her if we might have a photograph of Baby Gloria, but she shook her head. She was courteously firm.

"Gloria signed no contract with Mr. Lasky," she told us. "I'm trying hard to remember, too, that she is an individual, and must not be hampered by anything I may or may not do. I must prepare her for the issues which will undoubtedly come to her, as well as I am able; be near if she wants me; talk things over with her without giving dogmatic advice, and brave enough to let her ultimately make her own decisions, whatever they may be.

"She has been such a wonderful gift that I do not wish to abuse that gift in any way. I look at her often and wonder if it is true—if she is really my own."

"Life is complicated and difficult," we said. "Do you think it is worth while?"

Oh, yes. Rather. People often make it more difficult. We court misfortune. At one time or another, every blessed one of us will find a cross to bear, but it will never be greater than our strength. It intensifies the next happiness, too, as a matter of fact. Tho I dont think you pay for any happiness you have known by a commensurate sorrow. But then, I believe firmly in

(Continued on page 93)
Flicker, flicker, little Star

I see the Censor Man

Afar . . . . .

Now put away your . . . . .

Negligéé . . . . .

With the rosettes that

Did adorn it . . . . .

It is a silken, gauzy thing . . . . .

You know

You never should have worn it . . . . .

When you appear in

Such attire . . . . .

Upon a pillowed chaise-longue

Seated . . . . .

Ah me! The thoughts that

You inspire . . . . .

(The rest of this has been

DELETED . . . . .)

In mothballs fold your

Bathing suit . . . . .

No more can you flirt with the . . . . .

Ocean . . . . .

And as for romping on the shore!

Discard that anarchistic . . . . .

Notion . . . . .

Beware of . . . . . Situations . . . . .

The day of problem plays

Is over . . . . .

If you must have excitement . . . . .

WILD . . . . .

Run out and play with

Little Rover . . . . .

Is there a Bandit in your

Troupe? . . . . .

His make-up will stand alteration . . . . .

Lest Willie learn his

Wicked Tricks . . . . . and

Sink a ship or rob

THE NATION . . . . .

The bedroom farce

Has gone its way . . . . .

(At least . . . . . in all things

Cinematic . . . . .)

So if you have a Plot

Risque . . . . .

Just park it up in

Grandma’s attic . . . . .

And then return to us, my dear . . . . .

In garments wise . . . . .

With thoughts inspiring . . . . .

Proving . . . . . despite the

Yester-year

You are advancing . . . . .

Not retiring!

Flicker, flicker

CENSOR MAN . . . . .

Try and catch us

(If you can . . . . .)
The worst thing that can happen in a family is genius,” Fanny Brandeis muttered. She said the word as she might have said "kleptomania" or "a weak chin," resentfully with a curl of her firm smooth red lips. Her confidante looked back at her out of the mirror, Fanny herself, a tall, severely dressed young woman with a rather gallant carriage and a face that would have told an interesting story to a student in the new science of character reading.

Winnebago folks said that Fanny took after her ma, and lucky for her too—the Pattersons were people that come out of the wash without fading or shrinking, but the Brandeis family was slimsy. Look how Ed Brandeis was; you never went into the Brandeis Bazaar without finding him humped over a book! Not but books were all right in their place, on the shelf in the parlor, nicely dusted, or to keep on the center table, but a grown man reading poetry—and spung in the middle of the day, too! No wonder that boy, Ted—or Theodore which was the highfalutin name they called him now he was in that foreign place named after china—Dresden, yes that's it—no wonder he had turned out worthless and took to fiddling instead of keeping store.

Fanny's chin, square, firm, Fanny's mouth, repressed, the least trifle grim, went with her position behind the wash goods and infants' counter of her mother's Bazaar, but at times there was a book in her eyes—a poetry book. When the breeze that came in thru the open door of the dingy old store on the corner of Bliss and Main was freighted with the warm purple odor of lilacs, instead of the usual Winnebago scent of dust and yeasty bread from Schmidt's Home Bakery, and laughing-gas from Doc Meyer's Painless Dentistry upstairs, Fanny's blue gaze was apt to grow absent and far away and, likely as not, she would not hear Molly Brandeis's annual comment on the advent of spring. "I couldn't tell by the smell of the air that we'd ought to be goin' over our stock of light-patterned lawns and send in an order for overalls, and maybe a couple dozen of those new-fangled smock things."

That there was a part of Fanny's soul that loathed the hateful necessities of scrimping and making out bills and taking money over the counter her mother did not guess. She was as shy about undressing her soul before other people as she was about undressing her beautiful young body in her mother's presence. Molly Brandeis had not seen her daughter except in a trig gingham dress, every button firmly fastened, not a hook or an eye missing, or in her Sunday fouldn' since she was a little girl. So no one except Fanny herself knew that her neck, beneath the harsh stripes and checks, was smooth and white and delightfully curving, or that her arms had dimples in the elbows.

No one but Fanny herself ever heard such a revolutionary remark as the one she made now, standing before the mirror fastening with stiff fingers the snaps of the blue serge that took the place of gingham in the winter. Below in the kitchen she could hear the persistent clatter of iron against iron as her mother shook down the ashes of the kitchen stove, and grey flakes floated up thru the register in the floor. The bedroom was sunless, beyond the window the boughs of the maple moved mournfully against the sodden sky. There would be a run on ear muffs and knit mittens at the store today in preparation for the skating party on Prouty's Pond that evening.

"Genius," said Fanny in a fierce undertone, "that's what's the matter with this family, that's why mother
No wonder that boy Ted—or Theodore, which was the high-falutin name they called him, now he was in the foreign place named after china—Dresden, yes, that's it—no wonder he had turned out worthless, and took to fiddling instead of keeping store to waste and coal gas when I want——'

She hesitated, slowly flushing all over her rather large, handsome face. Even to herself, Fanny had never tried to formulate what it was that she wanted, or put into cold, unblushing words the vague longings, the heart-stirring dreams that seemed somehow unsuitable to a girl who was sensible and twenty-four and an admitted old maid. If Clarence Hoyl had not gone away to Chicago when she was twenty—but he had gone. She had not even heard from him for three years now, and she was quite aware that to the new generation of fluffy high school girls and boys who affected belts under their armpits and smoked cigars ostentatiously she was beyond the possibility of romance.

Jerkling her belt sternly into place, fastening the white cotton lace collar at her neck with a confection of gilt wires that spelt her name with elegant flourishes, Fanny turned away from the mirror and went down the steep back stairs. The Brandeises never used the front of the house. It would be a waste, just for the two of them.

In the kitchen Molly looked up as her daughter entered. She was a large woman with a face built for humor and comfortable curves, but sagging into folds and wrinkles like a gown that is too big for the wearer. Between her brows the last years of struggle and worry and insistent effort had grooved out a frown which she would wear in her coach, but the harassed, faded blue eyes beneath were affectionate as they rested on Fanny.

"Set right down! I'll have your breakfast on in a jiffy." She hugged the shawl about her flat chest as she flung the dishes on the bare table with nervous haste, "I'm late this morning—the stove wouldn't draw—I must see Hutchinson about the coal he's giving us—I must——"

Fanny interrupted the stream of duties impatiently. "Mother! You look bad, as if you didn't sleep. You ought to stay home today, I can manage all right for once——"

Molly's eyes did not meet the girl's anxious ones. "Oh, I'm all right enough. Besides I don't want you should have to work so hard, and there's bound to be a lot of customers a day like this with the sudden spell of weather and all. Folks that thought they could make their last winter's ones do will be coming bound to get new fleece-lined——" she paused to lay a discolored hand, corded with dark veins on the girl's shoulder with rare tenderness. "I wish you could take things easier, Fanny, and have a few good times—young times! Seems as if you'd ought to—to remember when you're old." She rattled the stove lid, elaborately careless, "why don't you go to the skating doings at the Pond tonight? You could wear your red cashmere under your coat and one of those fur neck pieces at four ninety-seven?"

"Me?" Fanny gazed at her mother, astonished, "why I haven't gone to anything since Ted went away. I'm all out of practice being young," she made a sorry attempt at a laugh, "besides it wouldn't be any fun standing round watching the girls and their beau."

"I hear that Clarence Hoyl's back on a visit," Molly Brandeis blurted. "As a matter of fact, I—I saw him at the Post Office when I dropped by last night, and he asked about you. I expect he'll be at the Pond tonight, Fanny."
The girl looked down at the pale, glistening mass of oatmeal in her dish. "Oh, I guess he wouldn't hardly know me now," she remarked indifferently, but the spoon clattered against the china with the sudden trembling of her hand.

All that day, as she waited on the wants of customers seeking fleece-lined, and red flannel—the kind with the long legs, you know—Fanny felt a queer little glow in her heart, a sense of expectancy, although she told herself that Clarence Hoyl was likely married to one of those society ladies with low necks, and anyhow if he wasn't what was it to her? She had schooled herself under the hard tuition of necessity to believe that she had no right to think of herself. It was Ted who mattered; Ted with his white face and big burning eyes, and the wonderful fingers that could play tears and west winds and moonlight on the violin; Ted whom the great Schabelitz himself had called a genius; Ted who must have all the money they could pinch and wring out of the Bazaar to study in foreign lands and become famous.

It was dusk when Clarence Hoyl came, tall, with the lean, boyish handsomeness she remembered, and wearing his well-fitting city clothes with an air of prosperity. As soon as she met his eyes across the counter of red flannel, Fanny knew that she had been wrong, and he had not forgotten, and the sick thudding of her heart answered her question and told her what it was to her.

There wasn't time for much then, with an acidulous maid-en lady clamoring for wool stockings and Doc Meyer's wife fingering the flannel-by-the-yard.

"Fanny! You haven't changed a bit except to grow prettier!"

"Clare! But you always were..."
Clarence objected to her independence, the charming apartment, her work—and Michael Fenger. Yet he kept coming back to quarrel with her. And every quarrel ended by his asking her to marry him.

kind o' sleazy to me!"

"Fanny—" he caught her hand, unabashed by the curious stare of the maiden lady in search of stockings, "I've got to talk to you. There's four years full of things to say. Will you be at the Pond tonight? Promise."

Fanny moved thru the next few hours in a sort of dream, selling goods mechanically, redding up the shelves without knowing whether she was putting the infants flannel bands on the shelf sacred to the flannelette petticoats or not. For the first time in years she did not feel a pang as she sat at the bare, bleak kitchen table dinner, a sick desire to be different, to have crisp white damask, and shining silver and separate dishes for the vegetables.

The Pond was illuminated with paper lanterns, and the strains of the Fireman's Band playing "You'd Be Surprised" gave an air of festivity furthered by the bright wool-sweaters of the high school girls, the tinkle of high-pitched laughter and clash of skates. Fanny, in her old coat and long-skirts—it was the year when legs were in style—was awkwardly silent while Clarence Hoyl, in all the splendor of an English tweed overcoat and a plush hat that couldn't have cost a cent less than seven forty-five wholesale, strapped on her skates.

She listened to his story of the struggle of the last four years to a secure place in the journalistic world as they glided over the ice, and her heart beat fast with pride of him. It had been a hard struggle, a clean one—a man-fight, among men and she thrilled to it. All the repressed longings, the vain dreams of her life behind the counterfeit tofiee life at his words. But she said little, only now and then a prim "You don't say," or "I want to know."

"But I'm not the important one," Clarence declared, breaking off suddenly. "I want to know about you, Fanny! That was what I came back to find out. I heard an old hurdy-gurdy the other day playing Narcissus and it made me think—" he bent over her, "do you remember how we used to sing it in your parlor, Fanny?"

Clarence objected to her independence, the charming apartment, her work—and Michael Fenger. Yet he kept coming back to quarrel with her. And every quarrel ended by his asking her to marry him.
"With Ted playing on his violin—" nodded the girl, "yes, I—I remember—"

They were far away from the other skaters now and he took her cold hand in his clasp. "Now tell me everything!" he commanded. "Darn it, I'm glad I came back! I've wanted to tell you these years, but the city is a jealous master—it has to be served whole-heartedly if it's to be your friend instead of your enemy, and I've been mighty poor, Fanny. I couldn't come back till I was on my feet, but I've put in some bad hours imagining that Jud Mason or Shorty Williams or some of those other boys had persuaded you to put on white satin and march up the aisle of Father Fitzpatrick's little old church!"

She laughed mirthlessly. "Oh nothing like that! I've not had time for falling in love. You see it takes quite a lot to make a violinist famous, and there isn't much money loose in Winnebago."

"But what have you done?" he urged, "what have you been thinking about?"

"I've sold shaving soap and percale wrappers and a yard and a half of unbleached muslin," said Fanny Brandeis hurriedly, "and I've thought about—shaving soap and percale wrappers and a yard and a half of unbleached muslin! That's my life to date, and as far ahead as I can see!"

"You poor girl!" the handclasp tightened, "it's wicked you should sacrifice your splendid life to make a genius when there are too many geniuses in the world already—"

"Oh!" Fanny was shocked at such sacrilege, "of course, Ted has to have his chance. It won't be so hard soon—he's thru studying and ready to start in on his career, but we'll have to keep on till he's made his place. If he was hampered by having to take care of anybody now, all he's done would be wasted—"

She seemed to be repeating something she had learned by heart. "He may be a great violinist, but he's a damn poor man!" flared Clarence Hoyl, and she saw that his face was stern in the red light of the lantern they were passing. "I'd like to tell Mr. Theodore Brandeis a few things! Listen Fanny! I won't let you stay behind a counter. I—"

Thru the skaters came a small boy, bellowed by his importance as the bearer of stupendous tidings, "Fanny Brandeis! Father Fitzpatrick says to come home quick's you can get there! Your Ma's took sick—"

Molly Brandeis died an hour after Fanny reached her. As she knelt by the comfortless bed with its old patchwork quilt, holding her mother's cold hand, Fanny found herself thinking, by a strange freak of fancy, of a bed she had seen in a moving picture—with cane panels and painted roses, hung with a can-opy, covered with lace. She knew that she would suffer, but now her heart felt frozen, numb. As she straightened out the counterpane, smoothed the skimpy pillows, she found the letter that had broken Molly's tired old heart.

"Dear mother," she read in Ted's weak, flourishing script. "You'll be surprised to hear I've got married—she's Yvonne Delas, the daughter of a butcher in the street where I've been living. You'll see from the enclosed picture she's awfully pretty. Of course, I can't keep on with the music (Continued on page 90)
In Case You’re Fired,  
Dont Quit!  

That’s the Advice Priscilla Dean Gives

She tells me she detests interviews which psalm of women’s beauty. And she reads all picture magazines from cover to cover. I therefore court her wrath and the Carnegie medal by deeming her sirenic.

She had just returned from location in the Canadian north woods.

I asked her if she had met Fred Beauvais.

“A growl was the answer to my pleasantry. “Pardon,” you say?” she queried, “what did you -say?”

All photographs by Fredrich

SHE opened the door and let out a growl.

So this was the Wildcat of Paris!

Before me stood Priscilla Dean, the most advertised crook west of Washington.

I remembered her as the Silk-Lined Burglar, yet did not flinch; neither did I shift my costly flask from hip to hose.

With alert eye, I sought for evidence of the growl. She was smiling, a hand extended.

Perhaps, thought I, the lady has ventriloquial gifts.

Satisfied by this conclusion, I entered the drawing room and followed her gesture to a deep divan astrew with gilded cushions. Ivory shades tightly drawn over windows, melted the sun to a cool mellow light. Miss Dean seated herself in a high-backed chair where the shadows enhanced the luster of eyes and flesh. She appeared very queenly sitting there, her head thrown back, her arms resting along the edge of the chair. Feline and gracile, ivory and black, she might have been a Young Duchess painted by Sargent.
“Nothing,” I murmured. “I thought you might have met some of those romantic Indian guides with which, I’m told, the woods are full.”

“I lost twenty pounds,” said she evasively, holding aloft two slender arms. “No wonder—canned corn, canned beef, canned tomatoes, canned beans. We ate in a mess hall with lumberjacks. To say ‘please pass’ anything was to talk foolish. You just stood up and—reached.”

Priscilla demonstrated the far-flung gesture. She is pantomimic in conversation. As on the screen, she speaks crookedly—thru the right corner of her mouth, to be exact. This is congruous with her pictures of crooks, but not so congruous with Sargent’s picture of a Young Duchess. For all her optic diablerie and the opulence of a houri, Priscilla speaks pure Brooklyn. She is the justification of incongruity: a poem by Keats set to music by Irving Berlin.

Roughing it in the North Woods certainly would not become her, particularly with “the air full of knots and the bed full of bugs.” She hadn’t seen her husband, Wheeler Oakman, for three months. Wheeler had been in Mississippi filming “Slippy McGee.”

“So you know Wheeler?” she asked.

At mention of the name there came another of those growls which punctuated our tête-à-tête so ominously. Between the growl and the cuckoo in the clock, my nerves were well-nigh shattered. This time a swinging door opened wide enough to reveal a savage black eye belligerently fixed on me.

“Will you be still?” exclaimed Priscilla, her own eyes waxing belligerent.

The Priscilladean eyes under brows of Mephistophelian arch speak graphically. They have a power that’s magnetic. After seeing Priscilla in “Reputation,” I was about to tell the world that she is America’s finest actress de cinema. But calmed by the evening air and mindful of Lillian Gish, I compromised with “one of the finest—the most magnetic.” Her contract with Universal expires this fall, but a seductive offer may cause her to remain.

“At least, they’ve quit firing me,” she remarked, with candid relief. “Fire me? I should say they did. They were always firing me. Even after I starred in ‘The Wildcat of Paris,’ they couldn’t see me. By that time I’d gotten used to it, too, and wouldn’t quit. I made up my mind to stick on that lot and show them.”

Even in reminiscence, her eyes were defiant. There is a turbulence in Priscilla that’s not altogether leashed. Even in a moment of dignity, such as that attending an interview, a restlessness is apparent.

Before her marriage Priscilla was one of the few stars who had real old-fashioned suitors. They came from all professions—law, medicine, aviation. Toward them all

(Continued on page 96)
Mary Carr is seen above as the heroine of the Battle of Monmouth, in the Revolution. Molly Pitcher was one of the most picturesque figures in American history. At the right, she has posed as Martha Washington, wife of George Washington, and the first "First Lady of the Land"
Mary Carr, who has received universal tribute for the characterization of Ma Benton, in the Fox production, "Over the Hill," has posed for a series of portraits of famous American women, three of which are herewith reproduced.

Above, Mary Carr, as Barbara Fritchie, who kept the Union Flag flying, despite the Confederate Army. Whittier immortalized her in the poem, famous for the lines—

"Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

At the left, Mary Carr, in her human mother portrayal in "Over the Hill."
Both Jane and Eva of the Novak clan have found a place in the ranks of leading women. It was Jane who blazed the Novak trail into motion pictures. Gold-crowned Eva followed in her wake. And now it is rumored that Jane will forsake the Novak clan for that of Hart. William S. is the reason.
The Little Picture Theater in the Desert

By FRANK STOKES, Jr.

Illustrations by Olive Butler

I WAS sitting in the shade of my cottonwood tree. For six, long, weary months I had done little else. I was tired of the view that met my eye—back of me the mountains, low, ragged and brush covered; in front of me the desert slanting off to the floor of the valley, then away indefinitely, unless on a very clear day when one could just make out the blue (a little deeper than the blue of the sky) of more mountains over in Nevada.

Above it all, heat waves lazily varied like the thin, vaporous bodies of a thousand Horas. If a giant’s hand would compress that desert or stretch it out longer; if an earthquake would level those mountains or pile them up higher—anything to change the aspect of that view. But no, it remained ever the same, and I was tired of it all.

Also, I was tired of reading old papers, old magazines, and paltry, old novels. I was tired of writing letters home when I could think of nothing to say. I was tired of going to bed at night with nothing to look back upon but a day of inertia. I was tired of getting up in the morning with nothing to look forward to but another day like yesterday. Above all, I was tired of myself. I, too, was always the same. There is so little in oneself to interest one that a few hours alone is a punishment for most men. Imagine, then, six months of it.

I thought of the things I was missing in Los Angeles, the theaters, the operas, lectures, musicals; everything, in fact, that “lifts up a man” and takes him away from himself. Good literature elevates a man, it is true, and, if he has the power to concentrate, it takes him away from himself. Yes; but how about that argument once the book is read? One likes to agree or disagree, praise or condemn. One likes to have one’s points contested. A book that is read and not followed by an argument is only half read, after all. And even tho a man may manage for a while to get along in this solitary manner, discussing philosophy with his dog, or Balzac with a passing wren, yet our poor anatomies are so constructed that each organ has its limitations. Only for a certain time will the eyes follow printed lines; only for a certain time will the nerves remain quiescent. Strain either eyes or nerves and one becomes surly and cross.

Just now I was both surly and cross. So I sat looking out over that dreary Mohave, because there was nothing else to look at. Even the fact that I was getting better failed to cheer me today. I observed, to myself, that tubercle bacilli simply couldn’t stand the solitude.

As I sat cursing the luck that forced me to live in such a place, I noticed a little cloud of dust arise out there on the floor of the desert. By that I knew that rancher Bob Laycook was coming over. I knew it was rancher Laycook, for he was the only man that used the little side-road which bumped and jostled one—that one being Bob Laycook—and finally brought him to the door of my shack.

Rancher Bob Laycook was a big-hearted fellow, which was proved by the fact that he bothered with me. He was “as easy going” as a well-greased wagon on the downgrade. The shortage of crops never worried him, neither did the high rate of taxation provoke him to wrath. More than half of Bob’s sixty years of life had been spent on the desert over which he was now driving with his team of brown mules. Bob had come before the country was “all-settled up,” and he lost his wife, Mary. Thirty-six years it had been since the little house they were still living in had first been nailed together. The planks to their porch steps had many times been replaced. The shade trees they had planted were now tall and broad. “Spot the third, his days of watching sheep long past, now spent his old age lying in the mud near the spring, nor could the sauciest of ground squirrels entice him to give chase.

Laycook and his wife were typical desert people. There was but little in the outside world to interest them. The tariff, the Mexican situation, the turmoil in Europe, bothered them as little as the ground squirrels bothered Spot. Yet I was very fond of Bob and his wife. They were
simple in their natures, so childishly frank in their remarks, so free from the money struggle, consequently so willing to do for another a kindness unremunerative to themselves. So far as discussing philosophy or Balzac were concerned, my dog or the passing wren was equal to the Laycooks. But in good nature they were unexcelled. So it was with pleasure that I watched the approaching dust cloud.

By the time Bob’s team of mules jogged thru the open gate, my fit of melancholy had quite gone, and I smiled as I noticed how one wobbly wheel jerked Bob’s head forward at regular intervals.

Bob never had to tie his mules; in fact, stopping wasn’t nearly so difficult a matter as starting. He simply hollered “Whoa!”—never more than once—wrapped the lines around three feet of whip stalk, set the disconnected brake, and disembarked. Generally he finished these operations by taking a fresh chew of tobacco. Today was no exception, and, as he replaced the plug to his trouser’s pocket, he turned and said, “Well lad, how be ye?”

“I’ve been feeling better ever since I first saw you coming,” I answered.

“Thank ye, lad, thank ye. Well, do ye feel fit enough to take in the theater tonight?”

Bob squatted upon the ground, picked up handful of pebbles, and, with mock unconcern, began flapping them into an old squirrel hole.

“The theater!” I gasped. “If there were such a thing as a theater within forty miles of here, I’d start perambulating in that direction right now.

“Forty miles! There’s one within eight miles, an’ ye don’t have to what-ever-ye-call-it, either. Go get yer hat an’ coat an’ come along with me. Ye’ll have supper with me an’ Mary tonight. Most generally we jest feed at my house, but tonight we’ll dine. We’ll have soft fried eggs what the hens laid soft an’ easy durin’ the full of the moon, an’ cabbage what has been grew in gentle weather, an’ coffee what has been runnin’ a temperature. We’ll have the whole layout from bean soup to the belly-ache.

“Then we’ll motor over to town with my mules, amble down past Grijalva’s grocery with its big wander full of pancake flour an’ chewin’ tabacca, an’ into the theater we’ll go. My! My!” continued Bob, assuming the manner of a parlor man. “I really must borrow yer clothes-brush—can this be axle grease on my pants?”

“Be serious, Bob!” I said. “What is this bunk you are giving me?”

“All right, I will be serious—it’s jest this,” replied Bob, producing a hand-bill from his pocket. “Look at this! La Punta’s goin’ to open a moving picture show tonight. I ain’t much stuck on picture shows myself, ain’t never seen one, in fact; but Mary, she’s made up her mind an’ that settles it. ‘Course, she can’t go without me, an’ I need some male support.”

“Cant say I care much for picture shows either, Bob,” I answered. “They are too darn cheap; sit up and knock down comedy, or stories of adventure that would make the James Boys’ Biography seem dry reading. But I’ll go with you, because I know you never could stand it alone.”

“Thank ye, lad.”

A few hours later we were seated in the New Star Theater of La Punta. The New Star Theater occupied the ground floor of the oldest store building in town. I looked at the dirty walls and cracked ceiling, and wondered what there was about the New Star Theater that was new. Beside me Bob sat, wondering what to do with the quilt of tobacco he had neglected to dispose of before coming in. On the other side of Bob sat his wife, Mary, as pleased as a child and as expectant. On all sides of us sat other people just like Bob and his wife, in that they too were desert folk, simple, plain, and easily amused.

I compared this audience with that of the Mason in Los Angeles, an audience made up of millionaire tourists from all parts of the East, tired business men out, like
Bob, to please their wives, overdressed and overmannered society fops, with here and there a celebrity of some sort. They, no doubt, were about to witness some fine drama—I shuddered when I thought of what we were likely to see.

The lights in our dingy, little, makeshift theater went out at last; our show had begun. And not one of us realized that some of us had reached a turning-point in our lives. From that moment we became great travelers, and great readers. Each one of us began to crawl out of his particular rut. We went to Japan and rode in mandrawn carts. We saw Fuji-yama, which reminded us of our own Old Baldy on a moonlight winter night. We visited a dreadnought and looked into the breach of a sixteen-inch gun. We saw the Roman Colosseum. We stood beside the King of Spain and watched his vassals bow before him. Then we came home and, figuratively speaking, we settled down in the old armchair. We picked up a volume of Mark Twain at random, opened the book and read "The Prince and the Pauper." We read the story from beginning to end. Then some one turned on the lights. There we were in the New Star Theater, and suddenly I realized what was new about the squalid place.

Beginning then, I became more contented with my lot, for, since I had something new to think about, I began to forget myself. As we drove home that night, the country seemed less drear, less melancholy. For the first time the thought occurred to me that even the Mohave Desert might be new and full of interest to other people in other parts of the world, just as those queer, little Japanese rickshaws, commonplace enough in Japan, were new and full of interest to us.

For the first few miles Bob and his wife rode in silence. On their part they were beginning to realize, I think, that the world was larger than their desert.

At last Bob spoke.

"How old is that there Colu-eem?" he asked.

"Eighteen hundred years," I answered.

"Darned if it ain't got my off mule beat!"

"Yes, even old Ben is young compared to it."

Five minutes of silence, during which Bob rattled the spokes with his three feet of whip stalk.

"Must'a been right smart fer size," he said at last.

"It seated eighty-seven thousand people."

"Eighty-seven thou—— jumpin' tree toads! Two times seven is fourteen; two times eight is sixteen an' one is seventeen. Why, that's a hundred an' seventy-four times as many people as live in La Punta an' all the country 'round."

"That's right."

"How did they get a crowd like that together?——must'a pulled off some turkey shots."

"Worse than that," I answered. "The Colosseum was built for gladiatorial games."

"What's them?"

"Gladiators were prisoners of war or slaves, or condemned criminals, that were forced to fight to the death for the amusement of rich nobles or degenerate emperors."

I went on to tell Bob all I knew concerning the subject of gladiators, how one Roman emperor had gladiatorial games that lasted one hundred days; how often one hundred pairs of men or more were pitted against each other in a death struggle, while eighty-seven thousand people yelled with delight.

When I had finished, Bob said earnestly, "Why, it beats rooster fightin' all to hell." Then he whacked old Ben with the whip stalk, and growled, "Aw, come on an' move along. You ain't got no kick comin'; yer darn lucky in being a mule."

That was the beginning of Bob's education. Concerning him, that was what was new in the New Star Theater. It aroused in him something that had been there always, tho latent; a desire to know, to read, to enlarge his mental radius. Surely this desire had always been locked within him, but the key to the lock had only now been found.

Bob's wife, Mary, was eager too, albeit ancient history interested her less than Mark Twain's story.

"It do seem so strange," she said slowly, as the thinking aloud, "that a prince could change places with a pauper, and nobody be none the wiser." She had a vague idea, no doubt, that a prince must have some tell-tale mark, some superior quality to mark him a prince, even tho he might be dressed in the dirtiest of rags.

Mrs. Laycock was troubled, tho she didn't know what was troubling her. I knew. One of her firm convictions had been shattered. If there were nothing very different between a prince and a pauper aside from their clothes, then why the prince and why the pauper? If the prince had no qualities that the pauper

As we drove home that night, the country seemed less drear, less melancholy. For the first time, the thought occurred to me that even the Mohave Desert might be new and full of interest to other people in other parts of the world, just as those queer little Japanese rickshaws, commonplace enough in Japan, were new and full of interest to us.

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could not have under like conditions, then what right had the prince to so much and the pauper to so little? If it were true that the prince had no just privilege of the kind, then what right had the King of Spain to stand quietly by while others bowed before him? Bob wanted to know what right the old Roman emperors had to force "them Sorryaters" to kill each other in "that there Colosseum."

I was amazed! To think that these crude, almost totally uninformed, desert folk had arrived so swiftly to conclusions concerning conditions that thousands of well-read, well-informed people had never considered. Probably the combination of pictures coupled with our conversation gave form to a conclusion that had long been in the making. At any rate, a moving picture theater aroused a thought from its slumber if this were so.

How true it is that seeing is believing. They had seen the Roman Colosseum where paupers slew paupers for the amusement of princes; they had seen many paupers bow with reverence before one prince; and they had seen, also, a pauper change clothes with a prince after which the prince was no longer a prince but a pauper. They had seen all this with their own eyes, and they had arrived at certain conclusions. *Sic transit gloria tyrannis.*

As we bumped along over the desert road, the mechanical side of the moving picture business came up for discussion. Mrs. Laycook remarked that it must have been exceedingly difficult to find two girls so nearly alike as Margaret Clark and "that other one." She refused to believe me when I told her that both characters were played by the same person.

"That can't be," she said incredulously, "for I seen 'em both at the same time."

I tried to explain how the trick was done, but I failed. Then I remembered that in my shack I had several magazines containing articles on motion picture photography. I asked Mrs. Laycook if she cared to read them. It did not surprise me to have her say she would like to, but it did surprise me that she should appear anxious.

"Ain't got anything on that there Colosseum, have ye, lad?" Bob asked.

"I believe I have; anyway, I've got Mark Twain's story, 'The Prince and the Pauper,'" I said, turning to look at Mrs. Laycook. A smile of pleasure touched her lips. She was truly pleased.

What a difference an hour or two had made. On the way to town we talked, I remember, of setting hens, range cattle, how to sun dry meat, and how best to clear land of brush, all good topics truly, but topics we had exhausted many times before. On the way home we talked history, travel, and literature, or rather I did most of the talking, for, by comparison it must be remembered, I was a well-informed man. Yet it was quite remarkable that they should listen, they had never even done that before.

When they let me down at my gate, I thanked them for one of the pleasantest evenings I had experienced since my sojourn on the desert. I didn't mention the books; if the books were wanted, I thought, they would be asked for. I was not disappointed. Bob spoke of several trivial things, but came out at last with what was on his mind.

"By the way," he said as tho it had almost slipped his memory, "them books, have you got 'em handy?"

"Oh yes," I replied, "just wait a minute."

I gave them three magazines and two books, all dealing on subjects we had discussed. I would have given them more, but I didn't dare, for too much food may rob even a hungry man of his appetite. If they want more they will come back, I thought.

And in a few days I saw a little cloud of dust out there on the floor of the desert. By that I knew that rancher Bob Laycook was coming over. I knew it was rancher Laycook, for he was the only man that ever used the little side road that bumped and jostled one—that one being Bob Laycook—and finally brought him to the door of my shack.

The last time Bob sat beside me under my cottonwood tree he had never even heard of the Roman Colosseum. Today he knew more about it than I, and I am ashamed to confess that I rather resented his greater knowledge of the matter. I felt as a master might feel who sees himself outclassed by the very student he taught to hold the...
how. This, however, was only a passing fit of jealousy which lasted barely long enough to be formed into a thought, then vanished.

Bob returned my books. He had them wrapped in one of his wife's kitchen aprons. He untied the package and placed the books on the bench beside him. Then he picked one up and slowly turned the pages. By the manner in which he fumbled that volume, I knew he was a booklover, even tho the book he held was probably the only one he had ever read completely. Your true booklover will always commit himself in this way; he caresses a book as a pipe smoker caresses a pipe, as a mechanic caresses his tools, as a musician strikes soft chords upon the keys of his piano. Your true booklover can no more abuse a book than Rip Van Winkle could abuse a dog. Yet further proof that Bob was a booklover came from the conversation we had that morning.

"In one of these here magazines you lent us," said Bob, "I read a little something about Ponce the Lion. I believe his name was, what hunted around quite a spell fer a spring what would make him live forever. Now, if he wanted to live forever, why in thunder didn't he jest set an' write a book? Take this feller here, fer instance—he died ten years ago, accordin' to the front of the book, yet here he is a tellin' me all about that there Columseum. Gives me the jimjams when I look at the thing that way, darned if it don't.

"An' again, take them moving pictures what we saw the other night, has-it occurred to you that maybe half them fellers what we saw marching along right lively was dead before we saw 'em? B-r-r-r! Jest like seein' ghosts! And there's old Pounce the Lion what tried so hard, all gone but his soul—we ain't sure he's even got that."

"Haven't you got your premise bawled up a little?" I asked. "Why the author of that book you are holding is just as much dead as Ponce de Leon."

"I dont know what ye mean by premise," retorted Bob, "but jest the same it ain't bawled up. The author of this book is more alive than I be right now. I'm dead as a rotten lizard this very minute to everybody in the world 'cept you an' Mary an' a few of these desert people 'round about. But this feller—law! he's talkin' to thousands of people all the time—more than I could do with a megaphone as big as Jim La Feta's sheep shearin' shed."

"I couldn't compete with Bob's logic, so I changed the subject. "When are they going to have another picture show in La Punta?"

"Tonight."

"Are we going?"

"You bet we are."

Thus it began, and thereafter we became regular patrons of the New Star Theater. We were theater-goers in every sense of the word; as keen, as critical, as observant, as any first-nighter in New York. Players that, a few years ago, were never seen outside the large cities, became old friends and came occasionally into the dreary Mohave to entertain and inspire us. Also, we became old globe-trotters with all the earmarks of old globe-trotters—a broader and more liberal point of view, a greater degree of tolerance for—well, for the revolutionist in Mexico, the heathen in China, for every race in every part of the world, even tho their religion, politics, and manner of living be totally different from ours. We went on many tours personally conducted by the manager of the New Star Theater; and each time we went we returned wiser than before and more lenient. At the same time we became great home-lovers, for we soon learned that many lands were worse than ours, and that all lands have their drawbacks. Our desert was not so hot and dreary as the Sahara, nor was it so cold and dreary as Labrador. True, we didn't have the boulevards and green parks we saw in other countries, but, then, neither did we have to wear the high collars and tight shoes we saw there. Bob noticed a neat little house that struck his fancy on one of our rambles in Japan, so he made a summer-house like it near the old spring, much to the disgust of Spot who saw his cool mud removed.

A picture of the Colosseum I gave to Bob took the place of an ancient calendar upon the "settlin'-room" wall. Mrs. Laycook sent to Chicago for a cookoo clock like the ones she had seen being made in Switzerland. Even Spot, the old barbarian, had to submit to a brass-studded collar. Books, magazines, and papers poured in and completely submerged the (Con. on page 83)
The Primitive

Ruth Roland lives in a remote, delightful street in outer Los Angeles, where the lawns are like the tops of billiard tables and discreet, expensive motor sirens make music all the day. It lies beyond the car lines, where only motorist or energetic pedestrian may penetrate, amongst low, undulant hills, covered with beautiful shining residences.

A trim maid appeared at the door in answer to my ring.

"Yes," she said, "Miss Roland is in. Will you please wait here?"

She showed me into the living-room, told me that Miss Roland would be down directly, and then left me—to saturate myself in savage hues. The room rioted with them. The Orient's insidious junk had crept in and predominated. Fat gods sat cross-legged on lacquered tabourets, grinning, slant-eyed. Painted candlesticks, bent with the heat, tapered irregularly toward the low ceiling. The dim light of early evening made the place seem faintly bluish, mysterious. Over the doorway, I noticed a Hula skirt hanging, reminiscent of tropic isles, where warm seas go "shuddering symphonically up some exotic beach." It was as tho, in a moment of un-leashed barbaric spleen, Ruth had swept up Shang-
Ruth's handshake should be accompanied by a hearty, "Howdy, pard! Put it there!" It is almost a man's grip, and she offers it with a wide swing of her hand to yours. Ruth snatches at once of the open plains, rushing winds, and hell-for-leather rides on foaming ponies. I wish she'd cussed a little, to add the final vigor to the picture. But she stopped at "so help me, goodness!"

She is at once dominant. She arranged our respective seats with quick dispatch, seating me on a convenient chair and settling herself on the big divan at a safe distance away. She was quite hidden, but for her head, behind the high back of the thing, over which she stared at me and talked.

Hers is a tale of fearlessness, of warranted bravado, of danger mocked at, and of fierce anger toward anything that isn't "straight." The primitive Ruth is not far beneath the surface. That is not censure; it is praise. The elements are always clean and big. Ruth is that way.

While she talked, I could not but be conscious of the white smoothness of her skin, of her violet-blue eyes, of the extraordinarily firm, yet not displeasing, mold of her chin. All her thrills and adventures have left no mark of worry or nerves upon her face. And tho she spoke vividly, she did not gesture or move, and her eyes remained upon me, with their level, not-pleasant stare. Her body was quiet, while her mind raced on.

I was surprised to find myself tensing in response to her descriptions of this incident or that, occurrences of her work in serials. There was something dynamic in the way she told them.

"There's only one rule," she said, "that I lay down for my stunt work. I've got to be in on the know. I won't be framed. What I mean, is that I won't stand for a director planning to put me thru a dangerous scene without telling me about it first. Lots of men want give you credit for courage, and will try to get the stunt by springing it as a surprise, instead of talking it over beforehand. That's one thing I won't stand for. One man tried it once, when I was working in a tiger's cage. We were trying to get a picture of the tiger leaping at me for the close of an episode, and we wanted it so that the audience wouldn't be able to tell whether he had landed on me, unless they saw the next episode of the picture. We couldn't get the tiger to leap quick enough. After several failures, the director said, 'Try it once more, Ruth. I'll get it this time, sure.'"

"I have queer hunches. Maybe I'm psychic, I don't know; but anyway, I felt that something was wrong. Why should he be so sure of getting the tiger to jump this time? When I asked, he looked me squarely in the eye and said he wasn't framing me. But I wasn't satisfied, and I finally cornered one of the boys who'd been working with me for a long time. He 'fessed up in the end. They were going to burn the tiger by shooting a blank cartridge into his side at the right moment! I got mad—and when I'm mad, I'm mad! I knew that tiger, and I knew that he

(Continued on page 84)
When the Fairbankses frolic, they find it well to do so within the boundaries of "Pickfair," their Beverly Hills home. Whenever they venture forth, they are crowded into an uncomfortably small space by their adoring public.

Perhaps that is why the great swimming pool, which lies just beyond the slope of green lawn at "Pickfair," is so popular with Mary and Doug. Thanks to the California climate, the pool may be used thru most of the year. And we suppose it might serve as a skating rink with a little artificial aid, provided one of the cold spells which the Los Angeles reality men neglect to mention, came blustering along.
Personally, we vote Mary and Doug indulging in aquatic sports quite as attractive as the velvet-breched and golden-curled Fauntleroy and the swaggering and beplumed D'Artagnan. Of a certainty, theirs is a splendid way of keeping fit.
Our Own News Monthly

CONDITIONS are so bad in the movie business that many stars are now willing to work for a thousand a week. And the producers are willing to give them five hundred.

One star was forced to sell her beautiful touring car, leaving the poor girl with only her limousine and roadster to get about in.

The bottom has fallen out of the megaphone and leather puttee market.

Cecil B. de Mille, it is said, has decided to shine up his last year's puttees and forego the purchase of a new pair.

Charlie Chaplin is expected to dig out his old shoes and trick pants from the closet and use them during the winter.

Harold Lloyd, should he lose his horn-rimmed spectacles, will probably be forced to lay off until better times. It's tough to be a movie star.

We Take Our Hats Off To:

Diana Allen, the girl who so closely resembles Olive Thomas, and who does such splendid work in "The Way of a Maid" and other pictures.

Mary Alden, for her wonderful work in "The Old Nest" and for giving the screen a new kind of "mother."

Paramount's picture, "The City of Silent Men," scored a hit no doubt, but for a real box-office attraction some producer should film "The City of Silent Women."

Why Do They Do It

The movie magazines all started "why do they do it" columns to give the fans a chance to criticize the many awkward blunders made by some of the actors, directors, etc., of the films. It looked like a good idea, all right. But even a good thing can be carried too far. One critic recently criticised a film because there wasn't enough sand in a desert scene; another found fault because a railroad named in a photoplay could not be found to actually exist. Soon we expect some one to raise a hullabaloo because there is not ice in "Way Down East" or enough Germans in "Deception."

Now that the critics of the silent drama have gotten into the habit of asking foolish questions, some one ought to start a "Why Do They Do It" column for the why-do-they-do-its.

Why is it that in movie shipwrecks the ones saved are the hero, heroine, and sometimes the villain? Because if it were otherwise there’d be no story.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead that never to himself has said: "I can write scenarios. I know I can. "These directors are awful. I could make better pictures myself."

(Continued on page 85)
It was either the telephone operator's provocative humor or it was just plain loquacity on the part of the folks at the other end of the wire. But I was commencing to wiggle into a murderous mood, characterized by blood-curdling pictures, wherein I hurled the offenders into lakes of fire and brimstone! It was perfectly lovely.

 Abruptly, however, the click-click, click-click that had pounded into my deafened ear for the past two hours gave way to prolonged brrs-brrs. A sweet voice that sounded dreadfully weary, answered.

 "May I speak to Mr. Robertson?" I asked.

 Mr. Robertson came to the 'phone. He hesitated at making an appointment; he and Mrs. Robertson were sailing the following day at noon for England, where they were to confer with Sir James M. Barrie regarding the picturization of "Peter Pan." Mr. Robertson, however, is not the man to brave tearful pleas. He yielded; an

"Make the most of the story," said John Robertson. "I dont believe in dragging in gorgeous sets and a galaxy of handsome men and women to embellish a picture. And the plot that I personally prefer is that which unfolds thru character conflict—conflict thru the differences of character rather than conflict thru physical force." At the left is a camera study of Mr. Robertson, and he is seen below directing Elsie Ferguson.
Presenting ~ ~

Mary Alden, whose portrayal of the mother in "The Old Nest" abounds in the very essence of motherhood. She will remind you of your own mother, whoever and wherever she may be.
The Movies and Their Morals

Today finds the motion picture taking its place as one of the greatest industries in the world. Too, it takes its place among the Arts. From the wildest scheme of yester-year it has grown; it has expanded; branching out in various ways. Great financiers are pouring their gold into its coffers—no longer is it a seven-day wonder. It has proved its greatness and taken the place of prestige given it thus far the civilized world.

With the birth of the motion picture there was an exodus from legitimate circles. Failures—those comprising the human flotsam, as it were, drifted into the silent drama, unable to hold their own with the accomplished workers of the theater. For months and years this state continued to exist. The movies were termed "low-brow." No one deeming himself a success, even moderately, or feeling he possessed any chance of success, looked upon the screen with favor. And the failures, the human driftwood, came to the movies in great numbers, scattering here, there and everywhere.

Slowly the movies have come into their own. The greatest executives, the most renowned managers and players of the theatrical world, the foremost representatives of letters and art have brought their gift to the silent drama. But by the time they came to the screen, the damage was done. The undesirable are to be found distributed generally over the field. And today, unfortunately for the welfare of the screen, they are in some instances still present.

Due to the colossal proportions of the industry, the elimination process must, of necessity, be slow. Time alone can adjust affairs.

Every now and then a single instance of a screen person run amuck seeps out—however, these individual cases do not reflect the state of the entire industry. On the motion picture roster are the names of scores of earnest and sincere workers, men and women cherishing ideals and illusions, who are giving their very all to their work.

We hope to join these members of the industry in a crusade against the cankerous thing, diminishing it true, yet not diminishing rapidly enough—which threatens the very vitals of the great industry—the far-reaching art itself.

Like the crusaders of old, we will carry on—if need be, putting aside personal achievement that we may more quickly accomplish our purpose!

Censorship and Billy Sunday

Billy Sunday, one of the greatest evangelists the world has ever known, has promised to lend the film industry his assistance in fighting censorship.

Cecil de Mille is said to be largely responsible for Billy Sunday's determination to stand with the screen people in their war on censor boards. Mr. Sunday recently visited his son in Los Angeles and went to the Lasky studio. The conversation turned to censorship, and Mr. de Mille asked:

"If you were forbidden to use the name of God in your sermons, what would you do?"

"I would go out of business," Mr. Sunday replied.

"That's just what will happen to us if the extremists on the censor boards have their way." said Mr. de Mille.

Mr. Sunday's answer was typical. "I get you," he said, "I'll help."

He went on to say, "There is no more justice in allowing a few people to say what shall be seen on the screen than there would be in setting up a policeman to teach a Sunday school class."

The motion pictures welcome Billy Sunday as their champion!

Capitalizing on Morbidity

Time and time again when misfortune has befallen some motion picture star or, as has been the case, some player, capital has been made of it. The pictures in which they have appeared, often in some minor role, have been exhibited while their name has been advertised outside of the theater in bold letters.

And be it said to the credit of those in the motion picture profession, they have done all in their power to stop this practise but without avail. They have, in some instances, refused to release the production for a space of time, even tho this meant a considerable financial loss. However, as soon as the production was again released, there has been a tendency to place much upon morbidity. The cure for this practise is simply in the public's hands. If an exhibitor's audience does not frequent his theater when he indulges in this sort of thing, there will soon be a change of tactics.
Hope Deferred

As Motion Picture Magazine goes to press, the final winner of the 1921 Fame and Fortune Contest has not yet been selected. We realize that this deferred announcement will be a great disappointment to the thousands of contest followers, but it was unavoidable.

In the first place, the contest judges are so widely scattered. It takes time to get their decision.

In the second place, in spite of all our pleas, the office was literally swamped with pictures the last few weeks in August. This cannot help but delay the decision; as it has been the consistent policy of the contest to treat every photograph received with the same consideration.

In the third place, the competition is really extraordinary. So many beautiful entries are vying with each other for the coveted prize. They have been tested over and over again to find some flaw in their beauty or some fault with their acting. This is reason enough by itself for delay.

In the fourth place, it is important and meaningful to the participants to hurry up a little.

The difficulties are real, but we hope to relieve the disappointment. We wish the people who are yet to be announced this favorable news.

(Cont'd on page 150)
SLEEP, but my heart waketh; it is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled: for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night.

The deep voice of Robert Waring paused, having grown unexpectedly tender at the exquisite passage. Deborah looked out the window across the dusty veld, with shining eyes that saw nothing. At last she turned her head. "I never thought it was beautiful, until you read it to me," she whispered, so that her husband could not hear.

Simeon Krillet, pouring over his accounts, was not wholly oblivious to the presence of his wife and his overseer, an altogether presentable young Englishman, just lately come to the Transvaal. They were reading "The Word." This was the only book of any description that Krillet allowed in his house. He knitted his shaggy brows in perplexity. It was well to read "The Word," but one read that as a duty, not with such obvious pleasure and personal enjoyment as his young wife and Waring seemed to be getting out of it. His frown grew blacker, as the voice of Waring went on with the passionately beautiful Song of Solomon.

When it was finished, Deborah sighed ecstatically and said under her breath, "It is Heavenly. The words are like music—but I wish I had something else to read. I've been married more than two years and I have not even seen any book but the Bible in all that time."

"Why, you poor little starved soul," exclaimed Waring in a low tone, "I've got lots of books with me. Never travel without 'em. I'll be glad to have you read them."

"Simeon wouldn't let me," murmured Deborah. "He thinks it is wicked to read any other than the Bible, and Boer women are brought up to believe that their husbands are their masters and must be obeyed."

Krillet got up hastily from his desk, "Come in here, Waring," he called, unable to endure the lowered voices any longer. Gesturing awkwardly with his ancient and inseparable meerschaum, he gave Waring his orders for the day, in a voice more than usually stern. His wife, standing apart in wistful abstraction, he ignored, until he was thru with Waring.

"Go to bed, woman," he ordered, not unkindly. "Tant Anna is coming tomorrow with Jan on important business. See that my wife is fit to greet my sister and her son."

Silently Deborah obeyed, and Waring too withdrew to his own quarters, leaving the old Boer to his complacent reflections.

A hard man, Simeon Krillet. His whole life was governed by a limited and harsh conception of "The Word." Justice, yes, but untempered with mercy. The lives of others, he governed by the lash. His servants, men and women alike, he beat unmercifully for the slightest dereliction from duty. He never spared the rod. His young wife had not yet felt the weight of his displeasure, but she knew it would come in time. His first wife had died of a broken heart, so one said, a timid well-meaning little creature who had not been able to survive the man's fanatical cruelty.

Deborah was finer stuff, and younger, and only two years married. Perhaps the first wife had had some spirit in the beginning. Perhaps Deborah would break, too, in time, and become a toneless thing of drab domesticity—but not yet. Krillet was fond of her in his way, really loved her, as much as a man of his forbidding character could love anything.

Deborah had been married to him by her foster parents, because they wished her out of the way, so that their own dull daughter might have some chance in the marriage market. Simeon Krillet was more than thirty years her...
s senior, but he was rich, and her relatives figured, with the shortsightedness inherent among relatives, that she had done well.

On the day Robert Waring arrived at Friesburg to take over the active operation of Krillet's extensive acres, he heard vague rumors of the man's young and beautiful wife that he guarded so carefully. These rumors were reinforced by Krillet himself on the long trek out to his farm. Waring's interest was only slightly quickened. A Boer's idea of beauty was the full blown, generously proportioned Cape-Colonial girl, of blonde and florid nature. With fervor more biblical than conjugal, Krillet referred to her as the beautiful Shulanite of the Song of Solomon. Waring had smiled with secret amusement. A second look at Krillet, with his mean little pale-blue eyes, his long thick beard streaked with grey, and his ungainly hulk of a frame, had not helped visualize his South African wife as a thing of beauty.

He was totally unprepared, therefore, for the glowing, insistent loveliness that was Deborah Krillet's. Deborah's hair was black, as black as moonless nights. Her eyes were a deep impenetrable grey, as grey as the days of a woman who lives without love. She was pale, with the even creamy pallor of ivory; and her scarlet mouth, drooping sadly at the corners, bore out in mute testimony the divine discontent that her whole being proclaimed. Krillet was insensitive to this, but Waring felt it immediately.

The dull days of routine work on an isolated South African farm were made bearable by her presence. Waring had left England to live alone and forget. It was easy to forget with Deborah near—everything but Deborah, that is. Many weeks went by, during which their intimacy ripened into more than friendship, before Krillet announced the arrival of Tant Anna Vanderberg and her son, Jan. Neither Deborah nor Waring were conscious of what they had come to mean to each other.

They only knew that at night they loved to walk the road a bit, thru the long lane of rustling poplars, beyond the clump of fragrant mimosa trees, out to the open veld—so grey and brown and seer by daylight, but magically transformed at night by an all be-drenching moonlight, into "the field of the cloth of gold." Deborah had to go to bed by nine o'clock, but, even so, there was a little time to spend together, for the Boer farmer sups early.

They only knew that existence had taken on an added zest, and for Deborah, the lonely colorless days of her life had suddenly grown bright and full of interest. England and London and the big town house in Grosvenor Square, in particular, and all the sorrow it had meant for Waring, slipped easily from his mind, in the gracious presence of this woman.

They only knew that they found happiness in each other's company, Deborah in shy unspoken emotions, and Waring in a thousand turbulent thoughts craving utterance.

The household was awakened early the next morning by the shrill terror-stricken cries of Memke, Deborah's own little Kaffir-boy. Krillet was wielding the lash. "Son of evil!" he snarled, curling the leather thong about the defenseless boy's shoulders. "This will teach you to neglect my fowl-hok."

Waring started forward in anger, but Deborah's hand detained him. "He does it often," she said; "the women,
too. My turn will be
next.”
“Good God, not you?” Waring ex-
claimed aghast.
“Even I,” answered
Deborah, with a mirth-
less smile.
“If he ever beats
you, I will kill him,
as God is my judge,”
said Waring, his soul
revolving at the
thought. “Don’t ever
let him strike you,
Deborah. Promise me
you will not.”
Deborah promised
—a futile promise, as
she knew, and they
talked of books again.
Waring brought her
“As You Like It” and
“The Tempest,” She
hid them under her
apron and, retiring to
her room, spent an en-
tire morning of sur-
reptitious pleasure
reading them.
She was interrupted
by a harsh peremptory
command from her
husband. Tant Anna
and Jan had arrived,
and she was not there
to greet them! She
hastily stuffed the
books under the mattress and, without changing her
morning dress, hurried downstairs.
This slight deflection, on her part, was considered an
insult by Tant Anna, a haughty, arrogant, scheming old
woman. It incurred the wrath of her husband, and the
woman’s visit, mercifully brief, was made almost unbear-
able for Deborah.
Anna Vanderberg was not only feathering her own
nest, but the prospective nest of her son, Jan, as well.
She had come to demand a marriage portion from her
wealthy brother for Jan, for marrying a woman of Kril-
et’s choice, Krillet, in a burst of unexpected generosity,
promised six hundred pounds in gold.
The visit consummated so successfully for Tant Anna
and Jan came to its close. She left with this parting
shot: “Your wife may not have time to meet her guests,
Simeon, but she has plenty of time for the Englishman.”
Jan found a letter in his wagon for Waring, which he
had forgotten to give him.
“Come all the way from
England, and such pretty
writing on it,” he said
with a silly smile that was
meant to be meaning.
Waring took the letter,
glanced at the “pretty
writing” with a frown and
tore it into a thousand
pieces.
“Oh! Such a house-
hold, I am glad to be
leaving,” exclaimed Tant
Anna, gratefully.
At nine o’clock, as was

her custom, Deborah went up
to bed, hungry to be reading
the books which she had not
been able to look at since Tant
Anna’s arrival. Waring went
up to his room to smoke. He
opened his diary and wrote:
“If Krillet beats Deborah, I will kill him. God help me.
I love her,” and sat moodily contemplating the wall for
the rest of the evening.
Downstairs Krillet finally finished his endless accounts
and crept softly upstairs so as not to disturb the sleeping
Deborah. But she was not asleep. Cuddled upon her bed,
oblivious of everything except the magic words of an
Immortal, she did not hear Krillet’s angry gnap, nor his
descent of the stairs for his whip.
He snatched the book from her started grasp. “Play
acting,” he cried in horror. “A book of sin! You shall
be punished for this,” and
brought the whip down
across her shoulders.
A little cry broke from
her, quickly stifled as she
recalled Waring’s threat
and her promise. Krillet’s
hand was raised again.
“Dont beat me, Sime-
on,” she cried on the
impulse of the moment.
“You will injure your own
child.”
“What?” said the
man, his face softening.
“Is this true?”

UNDER THE LASH
Novelized, by permission, from the Paramount produc-
tion of the scenario by J. E. N. adapted from the novel,
“The Shulamite” by Alice and Claude Askew, and the
play by Edward Knoblock and Claude Askew. Directed
by Sam Wood and starring Gloria Swanson. The cast:
Deborah Krillet..................Gloria Swanson
Robert Waring..................Mahlon Hamilton
Simeon Krillet..................Russell Simpson
Tant Anna Vanderberg............Lillian Leighton
Jan Vanderberg..................Lincoln Steadman
Meneke.......................Themox Jasper
Kaffir Boy.......................Clarence Ford

They only knew they found
happiness in each other’s
company—Deborah in shy,
unspoken emotions, and War-
ing in a thousand turbulent
thoughts craving utterance.
She descended the stairs in her mocking regalia, with a firm step—the only sign of her inward terror, the pale hands that clamped and unclamped in uncontrollable trembling.

"Yes," replied Deborah, cringing inwardly at the lie. An heir was Simeon Krillet's dearest wish. Its gratification altered the face of all things for him. He even allowed Deborah to go on with her reading, and said further that she might read all the books that Waring had. The privilege, however, was dearly bought for Deborah. She knew that only tragedy could ever come of the falsehood uttered in an irresistible instinct of self preservation. Krillet left the room, quoting joyfully from "The Word." "Oh Lord, Thou has blessed me, even as Abraham was blessed. My children's children yet shall play about my knees."

Days went by with Krillet more attentive, Waring more restrained, and Deborah punished daily by her own guilty conscience. She and Waring were growing daily more dear to each other. He made frantic entries in his diary. The last one said, "Deborah has told me of the lie she told her husband. What will he do when he discovers the truth? Today he goes to Frieusberg to get books and presents for his wife and prospective heir. There is no heir. My poor little Deborah."

Into this troubled household came Jan claiming his marriage portion according to their agreement. Krillet had had a change of heart. He did not now wish to give it up, as he wanted everything he had for his son; but Deborah reminded him that a promise was an oath in Heaven, and he dare not break it.

A light dawned on Krillet's saturnine countenance. "You are right, Deborah," he said, "that would be a lie—and a lie is the greatest sin, and a liar the lowest thing on earth. The sjambok (whip) is too soft for a liar."

Deborah trembled inwardly. Why had she done this thing? Krillet's lash was preferable to his kindness. But outwardly she merely smiled a courteous agreement and went and got the title for Jan, and sent him on his way rejoicing.

Later Krillet prepared to go to Frieusberg for the books and other gifts, but Waring, feeling that he knew books so much better than Krillet, offered to go in his stead. While the Kaffirs hitched up his wagon, Krillet changed his mind and sent Waring. "Plenty of books in my room," he called, as he drove off, "don't hesitate to go in and get some in my absence if Mrs. Krillet should want any. Good-bye beautiful Shulamite," he added under his breath, casting a backward glance at Deborah's window.

Deborah lay upstairs in her room behind closed blinds, for a storm was brewing, and smiled happily to herself as she heard the wagon creaking off. Two whole days alone with Waring, she thought, and so she lay there, content enough for a while.

The storm broke suddenly. Nothing is more savage than a South African storm. The blinds rattled and banged against the house. The rain beat against it in veritable sheets of water. The wind whistled and shrieked like a mad thing. Lightning played its dazzling part, and mighty claps of thunder punctuated the awe inspiring epic of the storm with terrifying frequency.

Waring had just reached the farthermost Mimosa tree on Krillet's estate. He took shelter under it, hoping the storm would soon spend itself. He did not know its fury.

Suddenly there was a blazing glare. The earth was bathed with fire, it seemed to Waring's blinded eyes. One second later the tree under which he stood came crashing down on top of the wagon, killing one of the horses. The other terrified animal, unable to free himself from the wreckage, stood still, trembling. Waring was thrown violently to the ground by the impact, where he lay white and still, unhurt but stunned, until the driving rain brought him back to consciousness. He loosed the frightened horse from the shafts and, mounting him with some difficulty, rode unsteadily back toward the farm.

In the meantime, Krillet, with newly discovered con-
sideration, decided that only a book of Waring's would keep Deborah cheerful during the storm, which still raged in unabated fury.

He had taken a handful of books from the table in Waring's room, when an unexpected clap of thunder startled him so, that he dropped the books that he held, knocking several others off at the same time. Waring's diary lay open on the floor. The daunting sentence, "If Krillet beats Deborah, I will kill him. God help me, I love her," met his eye. He feverishly turned the pages to the last entry. "Deborah has told me of the lie she told her husband. What will he do when he discovers the truth? Today he goes to Frieusberg to get books and presents for his wife and prospective heir. There is no heir. My poor little Deborah."

The man's face grew livid. Great drops of sweat stood out on his forehead. His hands shook, as with a palsy. He turned suddenly, and confronted Deborah, who came smiling into the room. She was dressed with great care, he noted with hitherto unobservant eyes.

The word "Robert" died on Deborah's lips. She had thought her husband well on his way to Frieusberg.

"Read, woman," Krillet thundered in a terrible voice, pointing to the page of the diary that said: "If Krillet beats Deborah, I will kill him. God help me, I love her."

Joy at the declaration suddenly wiped the fear from Deborah's face.

"God help me, too," she cried, "I love him."

Krillet said nothing, but turned the pages to the last entry.

Deborah paled.

"Well," she whispered thru dry lips.

Outraged pride and religious fanaticism contorted Krillet's features into those of a madman.

"Don't beat me, Simeon," his wife cried for the second time, "I couldn't bear it."

"You are past the rod—Liar!" he shrieked suddenly, "For the faithless wife, the punishment is death. Come."

Half leading, half dragging the terrified woman, he got her to her own room. Memke, always on guard for his beloved mistress, overheard the terrible sentence. Altho his knees shook, and his eyelids rolled upward showing nothing but their gleaming whites, from his fright, he bravely dashed out into the storm, running down the road Waring had taken, as fast as his legs could carry him.

Krillet ordered Deborah, with grim humor, to put on her wedding gown. She was to be the bride of death, to whom there could be no unfaithfulness.

For the second time in her life, Deborah arrayed herself in all her bridal finery. It was not so different from the first time, she mused bitterly. After all, what did even death matter, if she couldn't have Waring? She descended the stairs in her mocking regalia, with a firm step—the only sign of her inward terror, the pale hands that clasped and unclasped in uncontrollable trembling.

Out into the storm her husband dragged her, thru the kitchen garden, past the fowl-hok, beyond the Kaffir's huts, squatting in uneven clusters, to the huge rambling old barn. He stood her up against the farthest wall, wet and shivering with cold and fear. Whiter than the white lace of her wedding dress, she yet stood erect (Continued on page 100)
Across the Silversheet
The Cinematic Month
In Review

At various times, producers have taken stories out from another generation and given them a modern background. Many critics have deplored this custom—others have tolerated it—some have condemned it. And the productions subjected to this treatment have been both aided and impaired. Dumas’s “Camille,” as presented by Metro with Madame Nazimova portraying the Lady of the Camellias, has lost considerable charm in the absence of the basque and crinolines. Perhaps it was the colorful background which gave flavor to the story—

Everyone knows the story of the lady of many loves who finds one day a great and overwhelming love only to realize that the years which have gone before make it impossible for her to accept it without causing great unhappiness. Every actress has hoped to give the world another “Camille”—scores have found some consolation in playing the famous death-bed scene.

In this rôle, Nazimova gives the best performance she has ever given the screen, with the exception of her work in “Revelation” and “Out of the Fog.” However, that does not mean her characterization throughout was as splendid. Several times she flashed with an artistry and fire—several times she registered poignant suffering—intermittently she gave a portrayal which resembled the sort of thing she has been doing recently—there was a lack of the fine shading and subtlety of which Nazimova is undoubtedly capable.

Liberties have been taken with the story action, too. Armand, her lover, makes no appearance in the death scene. She passes on without him at her side. This is a radical departure, for Armands have held the hand of every dying Camille known to the footlights or screen. However, it is said that another ending was photographed which is true to the story, but it was not exhibited at the première. It was a pity, too, for Rudolph Valentino, as Armand, gives a performance which will undoubtedly place him among the artists of the screen. There is always repression, yet great understanding, in his work. We predict a brilliant future for him.

As for the settings—it is difficult not to resent them. It may be that they are ultra-modern, but they reminded us of nothing more than the reception-room of a theatrical modiste. If we understand
By
ADELE WHITELY
FLETCHER

it correctly, the modern setting is designed with the idea of helping the scene—it is atmospheric of the action, but not obtrusive. The settings of "Camille" constantly detracted from the characters and the action.

DISRAELI—UNITED ARTISTS

Some months ago, when George Arliss brought his art to the screen in the title rôle of "The Devil," we regretted that he had not chosen "Disraeli" for his cinematic début. Until we saw him shadowed in "Disraeli," we had no idea how wisely we had deplored his choice.

In the character of the Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, M. P., Mr. Arliss gives the screen a portrayal worthy of a niche in the gallery of great shadow portraits.

The story of the Prime Minister and his efforts to obtain for his Queen and his country the control of the Suez Canal, when Russia desires to step in; his dealings with spies, politics and stupidity in his own country, seems flat in the telling, but with Mr. Arliss creating the Prime Minister and diplomatically managing difficult situations, it is both interesting and fascinating.

The settings, direction and photography are very good, while the other members of the cast, which includes Mrs. Arliss, Louise Huff, Reginald Denny, Margaret Dale, E. J. Ratcliffe and Frank Losee, were well chosen.

However, this is one of the rare occasions where you do not resent a production's being essentially a vehicle for the star. We have often thought we knew what was meant by a finished performance—now we are sure that we do.

BEYOND—PARAMOUNT

Spiritualism holds a great part of the world in its throes today. "Beyond" in spiritualism finds its basic reason for being. It tells of Avis Langley who makes a death-bed promise to her mother that she will care for her brother, who has inherited a great craving for drink. After Avis is married, she loses track of her brother who has journeyed to New Zealand. One night her mother's spirit comes to her, and the morning finds her on her way to New Zealand to keep her promise. Her brother is in trouble and she gives six (Continued on page 88)
I REMEMBER, I remember (with maternal promptings) the day that I was born.

I remember, dimly, four or five inaugurations and the details thereof.

I recall, with feverish haziness, the most recent nine-day wonders of the Public via the Press.

I was present, at the Waldorf-Astoria, on the day Peace was declared and bear with me some confused memories of much discordant singing, especially from an operatic favorite who, mounted upon a chair, gave lusty voice to the Marseillaise and was thereupon smothered in orchids by a cavalierish non-combatant.

Each of these memories is a thrill.

Each of them is, however, but dim. They ebb and flow, collectively, like tides. Their atmospheres and their colors and their details are blurred and indistinct.

There is One Day, however, which Time shall neither efface nor Successive Events obscure.

That is the Day on which I interviewed Marie Prevost.

The fact of the interview is not, in itself, particularly remarkable. Times without number have Miss Prevost been interviewed before, and times without number shall she be interviewed again.

BUT...

I remember:...

THAT was the Day on which Miss Prevost donned, for the last time, a bathing suit for the benefit of the G. A. P.

Photograph by Joel Fedler
By

GLADYS HALL

That is The Day which shall, long after this writing is yellow in the archives of Time and the writer thereof unmummified in the same safe keeping, still be preserved from Film Folk to Film Folk as a heritage and a tradition.

Even now, in this, our day and generation, it has been sanctified by the public ceremonial of burning the Last Bathing Suit on Coney Island Beach. It has been solemnized by the draping of said beach in cerements of crepe and Miss Prevost, likewise sombrely accoutred, presiding over the lacrimose rite.

There must have been something of the sacrificial altar in it to Miss Prevost, despite the fact that she told me she had neither scruples nor regrets. I could scarce believe so bold, so brave an utterance.

When one has Mackennettied in a bathing suit to the almost audible applause of the Fan Public for four years; when one has been acclaimed as a Bathing Beauty with the most capital B's ever before recorded, it takes a courage born of a harder god than Neptune to cast aside the praise (and the paraphernalia!) for the more acridous and certainly the more onerous tests of dramatic work.

How does a Bathing Beauty know whether or no she can be as successfully dramatic as she has been successfully... well, successfully, at any rate?

How does a Bathing Beauty to whom, admittedly, the work was all play, dare to don the breastwork and amulets of the dramatic ramparts where what one does, rather than how one looks is, or should be, the order of the play?

For dramatic work, Miss Prevost told me, is to be her line of work in future now that she has signed her three-year contract with Universal.

At the time of our talk she could not be definite as to what picture she would begin with, or just what type of work she would be called upon to do, but she did say that Pauline Frederick was a model upon whose general lines she would like to pattern herself—and that she wouldn't miss a Pauline Frederick picture for anything.

One thing she would never do again—wear a bathing suit—for public purposes.

"I wore it for the last time," she said, "in the photographer's studio just now."

"Do you remember the first time?"

"I should say so! It was in December and I caught the most horrible cold."

"Now," I said dreamily, "it is nearly June—and you wouldn't wear it at all."

"I want something," Miss Prevost said, "not just look something, but it is no creature—Bathing girl pictures were fun, but..."

We just played around and had a good time except when we stopped to realize that we weren't getting anywhere. That is, I wasn't. I've got all I can get out of it, and now I want to grow. I'm afraid that if I had stayed on in the same line (lines!!) for another year I should have lost even that inclination. And a bathing girl doesn't have very much time..."

Ah, well, it is not every one who could win the plaudits of the thousands by—er—playing about and being natural.

What is more creditable, it is not everyone who could to win a sterner spur, abandon the leisure and come-easy plaudits.
On the Camera Coast

The nerves of old Hollywood are well-nigh shattered after a month of shocks. Ever since Bebe Daniels was incarcerated for speeding it seems as tho the jail has been the center of social life. Even announcements of marriage are being issued from behind bars.

When a prisoner in the Santa Ana resort stepped up and announced that he was May Allison's husband, the Hollywood smart set reeled. Before we had time to recover from that blow the Arbuckle affair delivered its knockout. Hollywood now lies inert taking the count from all the divines and vigilantes of the nation.

May Allison as a Bride

As I remarked, we all were staggered by the audacity of the Santa Ana convict, R. W. Lyhne, when he announced he was the husband of the film star. Records were consulted and sure enough it was discovered that May Allison had been wed, but not to Mr. Lyhne.

The beautiful May hastened by motor to Santa Ana to confront the man who claimed to be her worst half. He didn't even recognize her, and subsequently retracted his statement.

"I never saw this man before in my life," asserted the star. Then she proceeded to tell of her marriage in the fall of 1919 to Colonel William Stevenson.

Let Miss Allison or, rather Mrs. Robert Ellis, explain:

"I met Colonel Stevenson aboard the New Mexico, flagship of the Pacific fleet, at a dinner party given by Admiral Rodman who was a close friend of the colonel's. This was a little while after I had broken my engagement with Robert Ellis, Selznick director.

"At the time I met Colonel Stevenson I was rather discouraged. The pictures that I was making did not satisfy me and were not of the type I liked. Then, too, the disagreement with Mr. Ellis had upset me and, when Colonel Stevenson urged me to marry him, I consented. We were married with the distinct understanding that we were not to live together as man and wife until I had completed my contract with the studio at which I was working. Then I was to give up my professional career and go East.

"Within a few days I realized that I had made a mistake. There was nothing wrong. I have the greatest admiration and respect for Colonel Stevenson. I simply did not truly love him and later I told him so, and he agreed, like the gentleman that he is, to allow the marriage to be annulled.

"Mr. Ellis and I were reconciled last summer and, during a hurried trip to New York, we were married. I do not understand how the prisoner at Santa Ana conceived the idea of being my husband. His case is pitiful."

The young matron had intended to issue an announcement.
of her marriage upon the arrival in Hollywood of her husband, Mr. Ellis, who was on his way West at the time the Santa Ana culprit made his boast. The bridegroom had not known of the previous marriage, but what is such a detail in the presence of love? Mr. and Mrs. Ellis are going to New York on their honeymoon. Mr. Ellis has another year’s work at the Selznick studio according to his contract, and Mrs. Ellis plans to star in a Broadway stage production by the Hattons, Fanny and Frederick.

The charming May—first ingenue to keep a secret—informs me that her marriage to Mr. Ellis took place in Greenwich, Conn., last Thanksgiving. Robert Vignola, the Cosmopolitan director, and Ethel Clayton, Paramount star, were the witnesses. Absolute secrecy was maintained. Not even the members of Miss Allison’s family were aware that she had become a bride.

Perhaps after a year on the stage Miss Allison will return to pictures under the direction of her husband. I hope so. She has the real charm of refinement which, as everyone knows, is badly needed on our silvercloth. As for Mr. Ellis, he certainly knows how to cast. We congratulate him upon securing an ideal bride.

Billy Sunday gets religious

Award the harp and crown of ilies to Cecil B. de Mille, high pontiff of the Lasky studios. He always did have a winning way with dollars but I never suspected he could save souls. He brought Billy Sunday to see the light, however, in regard to censorship. So now instead of challenging the devil to come up from under the platform, Billy may challenge the censors. I’ll bet the diplomatic De Mille converted Billy by showing him what he missed—the choice bits of film eliminated by order of censors.

Jackie Saunders sued

Jackie Saunders has been sued for $30,000 heart balm by Juanita M. Cohen, who charges that Jackie purloined the affection of J. Warde Cohen, Juanita’s husband. Miss Saunders states that she was not aware until late last year that Mr. Cohen was married.

Playwright Kenyon in Court

Charles A. Kenyon, author of the stage play, “Kindling,” and employed as a scenarist at the Goldwyn studio, has sued, by his wife, Elsa Cook Kenyon, for separate maintenance and $1,000 a month allowance. Mr. Kenyon filed the complaint in which he asked for divorce. Each charges the other with desertion, and Mrs. Kenyon also alleges “indiffrent support.” According to his wife’s allegations, 

(Continued on page 102)
Madge Kennedy has not deserted the screen, despite the fact that the last year has found her continuing in the stage production of "Cornered" in which she has scored a great success. The early winter will find Miss Kennedy's delightful farce again being shadowed. The Madge Kennedy Company is now being formed and there are all sorts of happy plans in the making.

Lottie Pickford, sister of Mary and Jack, is soon to be seen in the Pickford Production, "They Shall Pay." For two or three years Miss Pickford has been absent from the screen but now that Mary Pickford II, named after her famous aunt, of course, has left babyhood in her wake, her mother is once more able to undertake her screen work.

And talking of the Pickfords, Mary II plays the daughter of one of the tenants on the estate in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." If the flash which is shown of her is a fair sample of what she can do, the screen will soon be richer because of a distinctly new personality.

Jean Paige, or Mrs. Albert E. Smith, whichever you will, is now in Canada where she is being filmed in the exterior scenes of "The Prodigal Judge." This is Miss Paige's first screen work since her marriage to the president of the Vitagraph company. It evidently means that she will not forsake her career.

Almost everyone remembers Chic Sale, the vaudeville character-actor who ventures forth and, without any assistance, portrays a church service or rural school entertainment. Chic has come to the screen in a production entitled "His Nibs" in which he portrays seven diverse roles. Such versatility should be in great demand in these days of expense curtailing.

While he waits for George D. Baker to prepare his second series of starring vehicles, Gareth Hughes will appear as leading-man for Viola Dana in her next special production, "Glass Houses."

Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks have been sharing honors during their stay in New York. After attending the premiere of Doug's "The Three Musketeers," they decided to postpone their trip to Europe until Mary's "Little Lord Fauntleroy" opened. Needless to say, the New York police had their hands full and had to use force in keeping back the hundreds who lined the streets on both occasions that they might catch a glimpse of the famous couple as they entered the theater. Now that they have sailed for the other side, the police force has breathed a sigh of relief.

Bull Montana, celebrity of the ring and the screen, has made known his intention of swearing allegiance to America. Bull's real name is Luigi Montagni and he is a native of sunny Italy.

"Love Is An Awful Thing" is the altogether fitting and proper title of the forthcoming Owen Moore production in which he is seen, together with his bride, Kathryn Perry. Mr. and Mrs. Moore began work on this production immediately following their honeymoon. It should not be lacking in realism.

Charlie Chaplin has taken London by storm. As a matter of fact, the crowds surrounding his hotel are so large that it is often impracticable for him to leave his suite. And now that Mary and Doug are to join him, the English bobbies anticipate a busy winter.

Edward M. Kimball who has been critically ill at the home of his daughter, Clara Kimball Young, is said to be improving, according to the latest bulletin from his physicians. Mr. Kimball has been on the screen for many
Before you complete your Christmas list

Look at this stunning manicure set

IN a delightfully smart and convenient set—everything you need to keep your nails perfectly manicured.

Before you make up your Christmas list, look at these Cutex sets. Note how distinctive they are—in their dress of black and rose! Each one done up for the holidays in a special Christmas wrapper! Any woman would welcome one as an accessory to her dressing table. See how handily they are arranged—the file, the orange stick, the emery board in a little compartment; the Cuticle Remover, the Nail White, the Polishes in the nicest possible con-

Everybody feels them to be a real treat. You take care of one's nails! Your manicure will seem like a miracle to you. However, ragged you may have made the cuticle by cutting, just one application of the Cuticle Remover will leave the nail rim smooth and even. You will be delighted also with the really professional touch of grooming that Cutex Nail White and Cutex Polishes give to your nails.

Cutex sets come in four sizes. The smallest at 60c is called "The Compact." In it are trial-size packages of Cuticle Remover, Nail White and Paste and Powder Polishes, with nail file, emery board and steel file—all complete.

The next size at $1.50, is called the "Traveling Set," because it is so ideally suited to the toilet case; but it is just as convenient for the dressing table. It contains the Cutex preparations in full sizes, with larger size file, orange stick and emery board.

Then comes the "Boudoir Set" at $3.00. In it, everything one can possibly need for the most immaculate care of the hands. And lastly, the DeLuxe, at $5.00, the last word in luxuriousness for manicuring.

Don't let another day pass without looking at the Cutex Sets. Get one and see how delightfully it works. Each article in the set can be had separately for 35c.

At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada.

Cutex Traveling Set
$1.50
Contains Cutex Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Pink Paste Polish, Cake Polish, nail file, emery board and orange stick—everything you need to keep your nails lovely.

Boudoir Set, $3.00
Everything for the most immaculate care of the hands.

DeLuxe Set, $5.00
The last word in luxuriousness for manicuring.
years. As a matter of fact, he was one of the first players to win recognition in the films.

Hope Hampton is so delighted with her new picture "Stardust," based on the popular novel by Fannie Hurst, that she is personally superintending the cutting of the film. News of stars' maintaining an interest in their productions even after the filming is completed is more and more frequent. They undoubtedly realize that many good productions have been ruined after leaving the camera.

Great things are being said about the J. Stuart Blackton production of "The Glorious Adventure," in which Laid, Santa Manners is to star. A special Prizma color apparatus has been used in the filming of the production and there are said to be one hundred and thirty characters in the story in addition to the thousands in the ensembles.

The first of the Allene Ray series of six productions being produced by Bert Lubin is soon to be released. It is called "Partners of the Sunset" and affords the recent Fame and Fortune winner a splendid role.

The world heard that Peggy Hyland had wed Frederick Granville and then she apparently disappeared from sight. However, we have discovered that Miss Hyland is appearing in "The Old Santa Fe Trail," under the direction of Mr. Granville and in this connection traveling slowly across the continent. The company departed from San Francisco a month ago and are filming the story as they travel. In about three more months they expect to reach New York and film the last scenes of their story at the Statue of Liberty.

It is not as yet definitely decided but it is not unlikely that Norma Talmadge will do "The Garden of Allah," upon the completion of "Scalin' Thru," the production upon which she is now engaged.

Corliss Palmer, the Fame and Fortune winner of last year, has spent her days recently creating a dual role in a Corliss Palmer production "Rose and Thistle." And now that the actual filming of the story is completed, Miss Palmer, after the manner of stars, has taken herself to the cutting-room where she is watching the assembling of scenes.

Ann Forrest quietly dropped from sight. Everyone wondered what had become of the lass who found stardom in her tears in the Mary Roberts Rinehart production, "Dangerous Days." However, she has been discovered at the Famous-Players English studios, where she is busily at work. Yes, her productions are to be released in America.

Ben Turpin came to New York for a vacation and a rest. Immediately upon his arrival, however, he discovered that he would spend the next week appearing at the palatial Capitol Theater where his latest comedy was being shown. Ben had all sorts of trouble dodging the matinee girls who crowded about the stage door.

Bill Hart is another who will testify that a rest is the most difficult thing to manage. His days in New York before he went to his Connecticut farm for a spell were well filled—chiefly with interviewers asking about his engagement to Jane Novak. Bill insists that although Jane is the finest girl who ever lived, he is not going to marry her. And he said it as tho he meant it. He says he will marry some day, but he insists upon selecting his own bride.

Will Rogers is said to have taken the place of Roscoe Arbuckle in the Paramount forces. Whether or not this is authentic, it has been impossible to discover. At any rate, Mr. Rogers is creating the character which was to be played by Mr. Arbuckle in "The Melancholy Spirit."
Your skin needs two different creams at different times

For daytime use — the cream that will not reappear in a shine

A TIRED looking skin adds years to a woman's age. To freshen the skin instantly, use the cream made without oil. You can put it on just before you go out, for there is nothing in it which could reappear in a shine.

Take a bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream and smooth it lightly in with an upward motion. The dullness, the flat unbecoming tones disappear — your complexion takes on a new freshness and transparency.

When you powder, do it to last. The perpetual powdering that most women do is so unnecessary. Here is the satisfactory way to make powder stay on. First smooth in a little Pond's Vanishing Cream — this cream disappears entirely, softening the skin as it goes. Now powder. Notice how smoothly the powder goes on — and it will stay on two or three times as long as usual. Your skin has been prepared for it.

This cream is so delicate that it can be kept on all day without clogging the pores, and there is not a drop of oil in it which could reappear and make your face shiny.

At night — the cleansing cream made with oil

Cleanse your skin thoroughly every night if you wish it to retain its clearness and freshness. Only a cream made with oil can really cleanse the skin of the dust and dirt that bore too deep for ordinary washing to reach. At night, after washing your face with the soap you have found best suited to it, smooth Pond's Cold Cream into the pores. It contains just enough oil to work well into the pores and cleanse them thoroughly. Then wipe the cream gently off. You will be shocked at the amount of dirt this cleansing removes from your skin. When this dirt is allowed to remain in the pores, the skin becomes dull and blemishes and blackheads appear.

Start using these creams today

Both these creams are too delicate in texture to clog the pores and they will not encourage the growth of hair. They come in convenient sizes in both jars and tubes. Get them at any drug or department store. If you desire samples first, take advantage of the offer below. Pond's Extract Company, New York.

ND'S Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream
Now trees their lively hats do bare
No reverence Winter's silver hair
A handsome hostess, merry host,
Not out of ale and now a roast,
Tobacco and a good coal fire.
Are things this season dots require.
—Washington Irving.

A-1-27.—Glad to hear from you. Yes, if you send a stamped, addressed envelope you will receive the addresses you wish. Lois Wilson can be addressed at the Famous Players-Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

PEARL B.—No, Norma Talmadge is not Jewish. Edmund Lowe and Monte Blue are playing opposite Mac Murray in "Peacock Alley." Certainly, I can keep a secret—think I'm a woman? Lou Chaney's first Universal will be "Wolf Breed."

VON TELL.—Keep cool, little one. How do I know whether Wallace Reid is true to his wife? Why not ask him. June Ethridge is not playing just now. Why, Bert Lytell is playing in "The Right That Failed," with Virginia Valli.

G. H. or R.—Thanks for the generous fee. The Lord loves a cheerful giver, and so do I. No, that book has not been filmed. Larry Trimble is a director. You're welcome.

SILVER KITTY.—You ought to be glad you belong to somebody. Douglas MacPherson was Louis in "Jim, the Penman." No, Mary Fuller is not playing just now. Robert Agnew, in "The Passion Flower." Augusta Anderson, in "There's a Rose Among Us." Can you intend to both my whiskers. I will need them in another month or so.

ANNA A.—Sure, I like cookies. Claire Windsor. Elliott Dexter, Virginia Valli; Lowell Sherman and Colleen Moore are with Goldwyn. Various myself, I like all varieties, and therefore I like you. Write me again, won't you?

PEGGY K.—Yes, I arise early, because I believe that the early hour has gold in its mouth, the late hour lead. Both Ethel Clayton and Katherine MacDonald have been married. You can reach Alice Calhoun at the Wingraph Company, Brooklyn, N. Y.

JENNIE M. L.—Thanks for the souvenir postals. I appreciate the thought. Your letter was very interesting, and I would advise you to join one of the correspondence clubs.

MISS FIS.—You appeal to eminent authority when you appeal to me for advice on how to prevent hair from falling out. However, if I had known fifty years ago what I know now, I might have saved my mop. Baldness usually comes of a too-tight scalp, or a too-dry one. Take the tips of the fingers and loosen the scalp occasionally, and rub in a bit of crude oil once or twice a week. If this wont do it, you must have germs (dandruff, etc.) Rudolph Valentino has been in pictures about two years. Yes, he was married to Jean. No, I don't intend to both my whiskers. You ask me for advice. I am not a man. You will find the answer in my reply.

E. M. B. — Newburgh.—Oh, don't get mad. If you lose your temper, don't look for it. If you would distinguish yourself, learn to distinguish between quick action and hasty judgment. But when a woman has fully made up her mind about a thing she grows and asks a man's advice. Let me hear from you again.

PEGGY, Richmond.—Ah there! You're in again! Theda Bara was born in this country. Ohio; Norma Talmadge, born in Brooklyn (God's country), and Pola Negri, born in Hungary. You're right, some folks are too good to get married. But, on the other hand, you abuse the word. "Love." As Emerson says, "Love is the highest word, and the synonym of God."

PEP.—Hello, Pep! You sure are original. You think Priscilla Dean is a glib chaser, while Katherine MacDonald is a crepe hanger, while Ruth Roland is a little sunshine bringer. Pola Negri, in "One Arabian Night." Gladys Hulette in "Tol-able David." June Caprice isn't doing anything just now.

BUSINESS.—Sorry your list was delayed. No, I am not another Hannibal. You know his finish, don't you? He destroyed himself by poison, B. C. 183, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. Rockefiffe Fellowes is playing on the stage. So is Donald Hall.

ANITA MCP. — Glad to hear from you again. No, Wallace Reid did not come over to the office to see us. He made us go to him. If Mohammed went to the mountain, the mountain must go to Mohammed. So you have American blood in you, and you like this country better than any other. Ah! that's why you're so clever.

C.O.—Come and see me when you are in Brooklyn. L'AIGLÔUSE.—You're right; but men aren't apt to marry girls who are "good fellows." Well, you know Ruskin says, "Don't get into debt. Starve and go to Heaven—but don't beg. I don't mind if it is really needful, stealing! But don't buy things you can't pay for." Mr. Ruskin wouldn't say that if he were here now. Allene Ray, one of the winners of the 1920 contest, is playing in "Lady Luck." No, I never heard that Nazimova had a "crush" on Carpentier. Who told you that? You should see "Dream Street," with Ralph Graves. With my brains and pep, I should be about thirty. I went past thirty so fast that I forget what I was like. Gaston Glass is playing opposite Mary Miles Minter, in "Her Winning Way."

SWEET OLIVE.—How many hairs in my whiskers? Just one thousand and one. I am sorry not to be able to tell you what has become of Gail Henry. Zena Keefe is playing with Conway Talcott, in "After Midnight." That's no time for her to play, is it?

E. E., Fort Wayne.—So you are happily married. Congratulations. The first month a man is married, he says "my wife" every ten minutes. After he has been married five years, nobody would ever know he had a wife. You want something about Buck Jones. You really should have it. He is much in demand.

M. C. — Jeunne is the only woman I have any will-power to love a fat girl. Constance Talmadge was born April 19, 1900. She stands five feet five. Kenneth Harlan was born in 1895. You're very welcome.

RUTH H., Youngstown.—Not so, Ruth. She who hesitates is found. Wait and see. No, I never believed in
Brewster Publications, Inc.
are pleased to announce
A NEW MAGAZINE
to be called

Beauty

Devoted to all that is beautiful, particularly to the human face and form divine. Never before in the history of the world has womankind been impressed with the importance of beauty. We see evidences of this everywhere. Only a few years ago those who used paints, powders and cosmetics were called "painted ladies," but now their use is universal. Every woman now begins to feel that she should "look her best," and she is not afraid of the old bugaboo, Artificial Beauty. She now tries to assist nature, and even to improve on nature. Art can supply what nature will not. In launching this new magazine we are inspired by the thought that we can be of material assistance to womankind. We are gathering about us some of the world's greatest authorities, and we shall supply our readers with the best and most authoritative information on all subjects that pertain to personal beauty. Famous beauties of the stage and screen, society beauties, beauty parlor experts, celebrated dermatologists and others will contribute important articles, and among other features soon to be announced will be a

Beauty Box

conducted by Corliss Palmer, who, as winner of the 1920 Fame and Fortune contest was adjudged the most beautiful girl in America. This will be an "Answer Man" department, in which Miss Palmer will answer all questions on Beauty subjects. There will be a monthly gallery of notable beauties each month, done in colors, and occasionally, a painting of some famous beauty of old, suitable for framing. In fact, the features are too numerous to mention in this brief announcement.

Every Woman Will Want This New Magazine

Every man will want his wife and daughter to have it every month. They have magazines on Dress, Fashion, Health, Art, Fiction, Politics, Homes and Gardens, but none on Beauty. And this magazine will by no means confine itself to what is called artificial beauty. In the very first number will appear an article by the celebrated Elsie Ferguson on how beauty can be attained and retained by right thinking and right living. The world-famous Norma Talmadge will treat on cosmetics as an aid to Beauty, and so on. And the

Beauty Gallery In Colors Will Be Truly Beautiful

Watch for further announcements, and remember that Beauty will be a thing of beauty and a joy forever.
them, either. There'll be no more. I'm sorry, but I have no photos except the one up above.

Socrates.—How learned. You know, Socrates is said to have brought down Philosophy from the clouds and made her converse with mortals. He drank the poison cup, in the seventeenth year of his age—one hundred and one years before Christ. Plato and Xenophon were his disciples. Tom Gallery is married to Zsa Zsa. Susie Hayakawa is married to the "Street of the Flying Dragon."

Inquisitive One.—Yes, that was Eugene Strong. The phrase, "Dont care a damn," is usually thought to be a piece of profanity. It is not so, however. The dam is a small coin current in India, and the phrase is equivalent to "Dont care twopence."

So, when you say it, you wont be swearing. Mrs. Wallace Reid is playing opposite Lester Cрооу in "Behind the Mask."

Sworts.—Jack Mulhall is in California.

T. M.—Gloria Swanson has been married twice. Wallace Reid, once. Yes, Harrison Ford, in "Smilin' Thru." with Norma Talmadge. No, I am not a club member because I am not married. You know, some men prefer home to the club, because there is some one there they can talk back to.

Lilie King.—Write me any time. Will Hays says that my nail gets to me O.K.

H. M., Providence.—The reason you didn't get an answer was because you didn't sign your name. Lotus Way did enjoy yours. It made me sit up and take notice. Thanks for the pictures. Tell me some more.

Elsie T.—Your logic is like a flea; it jumps around lively enough, but you can never put your finger on it. It all depends upon the size of the house, and also what kind of service you intend using. Get in touch with the various exchanges.

Casanova.—You're right, women aren't the only ones that marry for a home. No, I am not jealous—point du tout. Rudolph Valentino has played in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Don't mention the phrase, "A Weaver of Dreams" has been done on the screen.

O U R Ya.'s.—Thanks. But then, La Rochefoucauld says, "Whatever disgrace we have merited, it is almost always in our power to re-establish our reputation." Francis Bushman played in "Grasshark" for Essanay some years back.

Ellyn R. S.—You bet. I still live in my half-room. They raised me twenty-five per cent. again last October. Everything in terms of the cent. Beer is two and seventy-five-one hundredths per cent, women are one hundred per cent, and rents are raised twenty-five per cent. Walter Berry was Miss Barbara Bedford in "The Young Lady's Lover." and Albert Roscoe was Uncas, in "The Last of the Mohicans."

Arlene T.—Thanks. glad to get the info. Write me again.

Mary E. K.—You're right, Mary; you say some men, like pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light. Eugene O'Brien has been in pictures about eight years. He is working on "Chivalrous Charlie." Alice Lake, in "The Golden Gift."

Regina.—Wanda Hawley was born in Scranton, Pa.

Peter Gyck.—Well, a man's character is like his shadow, which sometimes follows and sometimes precedes him, and which is occasionally longer, occasionally shorter, than he is. Thomas Meighan is married, and so is Gloria Swanson, and Martha Scott, in "From Now On."

Alice Beth.—Thanks for the invitation to come to Hollywood. That's my next desire. Do write to your old Answer Man again.

Alice S.—Of course, I am eighty. Expect to have a birthday in January, if life runs on like a song. Humph! There's a lot of people out of tune. Pauline Frederick is playing in "The Sting of the Lash."

Alice M.—Of course. I am eighty. Expect to have a birthday in January, if life runs on like a song. Humph! There's a lot of people out of tune. Pauline Frederick is playing in "The Sting of the Lash."

Maries L. W.—No, my dear. Marie. I would be lynched if I answered you truthfully. The naked truth. And then, what about the Board of Censors?

N. A. L.—Be careful how you invest your money in motion picture stocks. He's a live one. If you make a mistake, your local stock companies organized every month, whose principal business is to sell stock and then retire. Edward Earle was in New York last I heard of him.

Grazia.—Yes, the way you told it was perfectly right for you to write Mary Pickford, telling her that you love her. As a rule, a woman loves most to be loved; a man to be admired. Clarence Seymour was no relation to Anna Sturtevant.

U. Make Me Laff.—As long as I don't make you sick, I am all right. Haven't the address of Buster Keaton's sister. Write him at Los Angeles, Calif. It's hard work keeping track of the players, without knowing the whereabouts of their relatives. No offense, however.

Flakal.—Seems to me you are rather strenuous, since you both kill and drown; but, since you only kill and drown sorrow at the photo-show, you are excused. Marjorie Daw has been selected to play in "Fifty Candles." Edna Murphy and Johnnie Walker, in "Play Square." Raymond Hatton is in California.

Ruth E.—Well, your letter was all about Mary Miles Minter. I have never met her, but I think she is very beautiful.

Alex.—Oh! I promiss to put you in the almanacs. You say, "Even if marriage is likely to be a failure, a wedding is always a success." Yes, a good beginning, anyway. Quite a joke, haw, haw, Alex.

G. C. K.—Well, you talk; why don't you try it? The reason for that is that the Dead Sea contains upwards of twenty-six per cent. of saline matter—that of the ocean varying from three to four.

No living object has ever been found in the waters of the Dead Sea.

Heleneette S. F.—Cheer up, William S. Hart will return to the screen in February, 1928. Carewe, opposite Bert Lytell, in "Lady Fingers." Yes, you can use a postage stamp twice. The first time, it will cost you two cents; the second time, fifty dollars. You want an interview with Walter His. Also with Frank Glen.

Gloria Louise.—Be sincere, tho your sincerity should cost you your life. Did you read the interview with Irene Castle last month?

Birents.—Glad to hear from India. Well, the first picture that was made didn't run along so smoothly as the present pictures. You want to know the name of a few players that are near-sighted. How about Harold Lloyd and Ben Turpin? Well, don't you know that a man is a slave to his own opinions; a woman is a slave to the opinions of others.

Tylie H.—No, child, I am not married. As George Eliot wisely said, "In the ages since Adam's marriage, it has been good for some men to be alone, and for some women also. William Russell, in "From the West." Owen Moore is playing in "Love Is an Awful Thing." And he's pretty good authority. Did you like the interview with Milton Sills last month?

Little Boy Blue— I sure did enjoy yours. Why don't you write me a personal letter and tell me about West Point? You are very interesting.

Arthur N.—All right; that's a go—every month.

Lally Vote.—Texas Guinan is an actress and not an actor, as you supposed. Yes, Bebe Daniels really was in jail. Her next picture is "Spring Fever." With Eddie Gribbon, Hinson, and others.

A BARRYMORE Fan.—Some letter. Thanks for all you say about me. You want Lillian Gish to remain in pictures, and you think Rudolph Valentino is the epitome of Romance. You want Eugene O'Brien to play together again. Wish hard enough and it may come true.

Marion B.—So you are studying Cesar and want to see him in pictures. Well, he was the greatest man in all Roman history. As a general, he was equal to the greatest and most admired commanders the world ever produced. He was assassinated the fifteenth of March.

(Continued on page 98.)
How Did They Do It?

Do you ever wonder how the ancient folk got along without the comforts and conveniences of today?

Without window-glass, without tooth brushes, without automobiles, without soap, without telephones, breakfast foods, stoves, and virtually all the items we consider bare necessities of life.

And have you ever wondered at the part advertising has played in the world’s development? It has made and is making the world better housed, better fed, better dressed. It has increased the world’s capacity for things that elevate, improve and idealize the important business of living. It is a big, vital force in fostering convenient and comfortable life.

Home! Can you imagine your own empty of advertised products?

Advertising is an authentic and essential guide to the markets of the world. Without its direction you lose much, and overlook much.

Don’t fail to read the advertisements you find in this publication. Follow their guidance.

They will prove invaluable to you
A plea for the cameraman who is, after all, considerably important. At any rate, the motion picture would cease to be without him.

DEAR EDITOR: There have been so many complaints concerning the "wasting" of film space in printing the names of directors, cameramen, etc., that I cannot resist putting in my oar and pulling the other way.

In the first place, if the cameraman does not deserve credit, who does? Often, when the company is out on location, he parks his camera and himself on a space hardly larger than his imagination, and from this precarious situation he must do his best. His work is far more dangerous than that of a clerk, or any other occupational matter.

I read not long ago of the work of the cameramen for some of the scenes in "Male and Female." His position was at the top of a wet and slippery point of rock, which place of vantage he was privileged to shoot scenes for over an hour. If he had lost his balance, he would have gone to certain death. And yet, when one visits a movie theater, and scarcely three feet of film are used to proclaim the praises of the cameraman, there are disguised exclamations of, "Well, I wonder how long we have to look at that!" And so on, and so on! But it's a new world we live in. People want to be, first, last, and nearest. And when a modest length of film is used to give publicity to the cameraman, who certainly deserves it, the public at large is taken in and shakes its head resignedly. The poor public!

When you watch a news reel at the movies, and there is suddenly flashed upon the screen a view of the big arena at Jersey City, for instance—a view taken from the air—did you ever stop to wonder where the cameraman was at the time the scene was taken? Probably he was balancing himself on the wing of an aeroplane, and that isn't exactly the spot one would choose for a resting place.

And perhaps you have witnessed a view of Broadway, New York, taken from somewhere in space. Probably the cameraman was located on a very precarious scaffold somewhere at the top of one of those tall buildings. Nice, secure position, isn't it? And yet the movie fans object!

The directors get a little more publicity than that, such directors as Cecil B. de Mille, D. W. Griffith and Marshall Neilan. But there are also other directors of much merit, such as Sam Foreman, Allan Dwan, H. C. Van Trees, and countless others I could mention if I wished to take up space.

Let us have some interviews with these directors and some publicity for these cameramen. I am one who believes in credit where credit is due, and they certainly deserve it.

Let us all get together and give a few rousing cheers for them all. We want to be as familiar with their names as we are with those of Elsie Ferguson, Mary Pickford and Richard Barthelmess and Bert Lytell, who is a favorite of mine.

In closing, I am sure that the Motion Picture is the best, most interesting, most complete magazine on record. I like it.

Sincerely,

HILBERT E. HAY,
225 Park Street, Lancaster, Ohio.

About this and that.

DEAR EDITOR: I am riting you because everybody else does. This the first time i ever write anything, and I hope to see my letter in print, if it costs anything I don't care to make you print anything.

I am sore at the editor of the paper out here and I thought that you could get me a little dope on all my friends in the moves. My sister in law is out the San Francisco and she says that Charlie Chaplin is going out there to sell a new motion picture story. Well, this is one of the set papers that his wife that he uste have is getting long without his name as well as she did before I think that he better up the whole she was so thin my sister that she went out there him once and she her a nose like a woman holler she said that he is going to be with his she but I thing that she hit him because she is bigger then he.

Whid did the doggas fairbanks change his name to pickford because he barrin' that is that man hes many picters hudson. I wish that Nowizmova could be called aloon as she makes poor pictures than she usta but i thing her pictures in a lot a other actress are, Poline frenderik is another women that I do not like because I want to see her in madam x or something and she started to tar her hair and I started to cry my wiff said that I tried to holl like a dog an the cop her that I had hider hair and he took me et and put a muzel on me.

All the acters with blond hair, I like too and the red heads too, i like perl wite and bebe darich as if you secat munnel tell her that I will quit my job as managing editor of this noo paper if she will let me be her leded man i feel the simphone orchestra out her and i shar car ple ad find out if ruth roland is land ed anywhere yet because if she carries very much insurance I would consider a matrimo ing ageement with her make i can spen some new york herrican to her husband if he is because she wont last long at the rate she is going.

I gotta close now because paper costs too much sa helo to all my friends in brook lin and N. Y. give my love to mare pick ford and tell her to write me a letter and me her pictur i will put in it ni paper.

lots of luck and hope the weather ain too hot there.

yours truly,

SILAS HENRI,
editor of the bugler.

A letter which touches on many interesting things—highlights.

DEAR EDITOR: I saw "The Passion Flower." And I did not, as several folks assured me I would, go into transports over the picture. The story, to me at any rate, seemed out of its sphere on the screen, and lost some of the spice that there was in the play. Perhaps I missed Nance O'Neill, the Eulalie Jensen was an almost perfect Raina, and Elisabeth Gillett has theמחפ תועבשィ for Eulalie. There is something about her which appeals to me. Is it personality? I saw her in a "Alsop," and in "The Whisper Maker" with Corinne Griffith, and in both of these she made the most of her niche. She is vibrant, thrillingly alive. My idea of her run parallel with that of Priscilla Dean. About Miss Talmaidge. Occasionally
in the picture there were flashes of her old life, enough at any rate, to leave a doubt in the eye of the beholder that she is due for the rubbish-heap of has-beens. Miss Talmadge has beautiful eyes. But why not let it go at that? Why must every quiver of a lash, or flicker of a lid get a close-up? It hails the story and becomes unbearably tiresome after the first half-dozen. This also was a fault that I found in "The Journey's End." That picture was so satisfying, such a tribute to one's intelligence, in that all those needless and inane titles were omitted. But instead they committed the error of close-upping Mabel Ballin's eyes at every opportunity, so that the skinner thread of the story was lost for many.

I succumbed entirely to Pola Negri in "Passion," and when "Gypsy Blood" was released everyone said it wasn't so good as its predecessor. I can't see that at all. I thought it perfect, and I consider Lubitsch the greatest director yet, not even excepting Mr. Griffith. All this silly talk about the invasion of the foreign motion picture amuses me immensely. Propaganda, fiddles-sticks. Genius and art are not a matter of nationality. The American producers raise a great hue and cry that one should see American films first, that the American film must of course be better, being American! How absurd. They tell us that 'would be unpatriotic to give the foreign films a glimpse.' What would we do, on that basis, with our Italian operas, our French plays and our Vienna music? And films certainly are an art, as much as the others. If the imported film is superior to our own, no amount of slush-talk can drag the public away. For, as Emerson says, "If a man can make a better rat-trap, write a better book, etc., etc." You know the rest about the world making a better pathway to his door. I earnestly believe that this competition is a good thing. It will awaken money-made producers to what the public wants, and we'll have no more pictures like "Shame" and "I Am Guilty.

Yours for Better Motion Pictures,

JULIE D. STOZZ.
41 McKinley Place, West New York, N. J.

Attacking the gold seekers of the screen and a plea for its artists.

DEAR ENNOR: What is the matter with the movies of today? Are they trying to force us back to the stage for real acting? It seems that producers of today not only lack good stories, but they lack stars. Because a woman can wear freakish clothes, plaster her hair to look like a fancy mold of grease, then she's a star. Bebe Daniels is all right as the world-be vamp, a saucy maid, or as atmosphere; but as a star, well, take the whole Ziegfeld show and star them. One of your letters recently, Miss Pickford, has seen her day. Well, who has taken her place? No champion is beaten until another has taken her place. Pictures are so good now. All fuss and show, no plot or acting. This day-dream stuff, and sex problems, have killed pictures. Why doesn't someone screen "Turn to the Right," and plays along that line? "'The City of Silent Men" was in a way unusual and different. I liked it very much. But "Who Am I?" was frightful.

If producers would leave chorus girls where they belong and get some pep and ginger into their work, results might prove more satisfying. Get the "gold-seekers" out of the game and give us real artists. Hoping the movie garden will be weeded before the real products are destroyed, and wishing you continued success,

Sincerely,

JANE SIMS.
648 East Long Street, Columbus, Ohio.

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You Will See

Prettier teeth—safer teeth—in a week

If you ask for this test—as millions have done—you will see great effects in a week.

Old methods of teeth cleaning have proved inadequate. Nearly everybody knows that. Teeth brushed daily still discolor and decay. Tooth troubles is a good thing. It will awaken money-made producers to what the public wants, and we'll have no more pictures like "Shame" and "I Am Guilty."

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Sincerely,

JANE SIMS.
648 East Long Street, Columbus, Ohio.

Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substances which ferment 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.

Teeth are unclean

Teeth brushed in old ways are dangerously unclean. The film that's left may night and day attack them. So dental science has for years sought ways to fight that film. Two ways have now been found. Able authorities have amply proved them. And now leading dentists everywhere advise them. These effective methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And all the world over it is being applied to people who will try it.

Film ruins teeth

The great tooth enemy is film—that viscous film you feel. Now it is known as the cause of most tooth troubles. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Old methods do not end it. So very few people have escaped its attacks. Film is what discolors, not the teeth.

These five effects twice daily

There are other effects which modern science has also proved essential. And Pepsodent brings all of them with every application.

It multiplies the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protection agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That to digest the starch deposits which cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

Pepsodent users twice daily get all these desired results.

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. Judge by what you see and feel. Read the book we send. Then in the future do what you think best. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

Pepsodent users twice daily get all these desired results.

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. Judge by what you see and feel. Read the book we send. Then in the future do what you think best. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 314, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family

PAG 81
Late Votes Delay Results

Final Tabulation and Announcement of Winners Scheduled for January Number

Time and experience has proved that, no matter how many votes arrive daily during the life of a contest, there will always be several times that number averaged during the last few days. The Ideal Cast Contest proves no exception to this rule. The avalanche of votes which poured into the offices of the Herald-Press Publications during the last week of this contest have delayed the final tabulation, together with the announcement of the winners, until the January number.

The ballots, on which the readers guessed as to who the winners would be, in addition to the number of votes with which they would win, have been assembled, so that it will be a simple matter to decide which participants have won the generous prizes that have been offered. Naturally, it is impossible to do anything with this phase of the contest until every last ballot has been credited to the player for whom it was cast.

We have received score of letters from the readers, commending us upon the fact that it was not only necessary to guess the Ideal Cast, but also necessary to stipulate with what number of votes the various players would take the first place. Undoubtedly, this was the fairest method, for it is altogether probable that many would be correct in guessing the players. This would mean that the prizes would have had to be awarded by drawing or some method of chance. This is never a satisfactory arrangement.

Below are the results at the time of going to press. Many of the players retain their previous position, but there are several changes.

The prizes will be mailed to the winners in the form of checks as soon as the final results are determined, and we feel certain that the last list will have been counted and credited by the time the January issue goes to press.

The Ideal Cast Contest has proved even more popular than we believed it would. It has served a two-fold purpose and been watched closely by producers casting their forthcoming productions, the players and the readers alike. In the near future, we hope to announce another contest, and for it we can only wish the popularity and interest which this last contest has received.

The prizes, which will be awarded the voters guessing most correctly the Ideal Cast, and the number of votes with which each character wins, are as follows:

| First Prize | $250 |
| Second Prize | 100 |
| Third Prize | 75 |
| Fourth Prize | 50 |
| Fifth Prize | 25 |

The Ideal Cast, at the time of going to press, was as follows:

IDEAL CAST

| Leading Woman—Norma Talmadge | 3,195 |
| Leading Man—Wallace Reid | 999 |
| Villain—Lew Cody | 975 |
| Vampire—Bebe Daniels | 3,321 |
| Character Man—Theodore Roberts | 3,783 |

Character Woman—Vera Gordon | 1,752 |
Comedian (Male)—Harold Lloyd | 3,048 |
Comedian (Female)—Dorothy Gish | 3,138 |
Child—Jack Coogan | 1,921 |
Director—Cecil de Mille | 3,189 |

Leading Woman
Gloria Swanson | 1,227 |
Mary Pickford | 999 |
Katherine Mac Donald | 471 |
Ruth Roland | 408 |
Lillian Gish | 462 |
Agnes Ayres | 299 |
Anita Stewart | 162 |
Ethel Clayton | 159 |
Bebe Daniels | 135 |
Dorothy Gish | 111 |

Leading Man
Thomas Meighan | 1,747 |
Richard Barthelmess | 621 |
Douglas Fairbanks | 532 |
Eugene O’Brien | 521 |
Elliott Dexter | 424 |
Conway Tearle | 363 |
William Farnum | 150 |
Jack Mulhall | 117 |
Harrison Ford | 105 |
Clyde Fillmore | 129 |

Villain
Lowell Sherman | 804 |
Jack Holt | 842 |
Eric Von Stroheim | 767 |
Lon Chaney | 790 |
Stuart Holmes | 741 |
Robert McKim | 645 |
Warnor Oland | 663 |
Irving Cummings | 204 |
Noah Beery | 192 |
Wallace Beery | 129 |

Vampire
Theda Bara | 1,806 |
Louise Glum | 747 |
Pola Negri | 684 |
Gloria Swanson | 598 |
Betty Blythe | 270 |
Nita Naldi | 267 |
Rosemary Thoby | 235 |
Mona Lisa | 163 |
Marcia Manon | 132 |
Nazi | 117 |

Character Man
Lon Chaney | 999 |
Thomas Meighan | 737 |
Richard Barthelmess | 693 |
Charles D mogren | 393 |
William S. Hart | 321 |
John Barrymore | 310 |
Bert Lytell | 306 |
James Kirkwood | 347 |
Raymond Hatton | 180 |
Wallace Reid | 168 |

Character Woman
Norma Talmadge | 3,171 |
Pauline Frederick | 747 |
Gloria Swanson | 348 |
Dorothy Gish | 360 |
Kate Bruce | 348 |
Mary Alden | 300 |
Mary Carr | 213 |
Gloria Swanson | 171 |
Mary Pickford | 156 |

(Continued on page 107)
The Fountain of Youth and Beauty

(Continued from page 60)

be drawn tightly over the head, if the hair is to be kept dry. If your bathroom is not equipped with a bath tub, you can always buy an attachment, which does not cost much, and connect it with the faucet, thus insuring the best and cheapest daily treatment.

The alcohol rub is a very fine thing after the bath, especially after the hot bath in cold weather. It diffuses a glow to the body and and the skin and makes the skin look like velvet.

Bathe salts are an indulgence, not a necessity. Yet they are a very pleasant indulgence, having no bad effect; perhaps, even having a slightly beneficial effect. So, if you are able to grate every desire, keep a bottle of bath salts at hand, dissolving some in the water when taking a tub bath. The amount does not matter. You may make the water as saline as you like. Some physicians say that the chief value of a bath bathing lies in the amount of salt that is deposited on the body. If this is true, it is better to omit the shower bath afterward, and the leave the salt to use its healing power on the body. There is a variety of both scented and unscented bath salts, so it may not be difficult to find what you want in the shops.

Is my desire to dispel people’s minds of the idea that there are adequate substitutes for soap. Women, especially, have an inclination to eliminate soap, thinking it has an injurious effect on the skin. If you can dispel this notion with us to stay, and instead of having an injurious effect, it has quite the opposite, if properly used. With the semi-weekly hot bath, it is also help. In fact, even with the tepid bath and the daily shower, it should be used. The principal thing to do is to select carefully a soap that is suited to one’s skin. There are mild soaps and strong, penetrating ones. There are anti-septic soaps and medicinal soaps, and soaps recommended as skin-food. But my advice is to select a soap without regard to its anti- septic qualities. You are there in case there is some definite skin disease, in which case a doctor should be consulted. If the skin is thin and sensitive, a very mild soap should be used. Formerly, many of a more penetrating soap may be used to open the pores and increase the circulation. The same soap, if used by a person with a thin skin, would cause an irritation, and perhaps even a slight erosion of tiny red spots, particularly on the face. A scented soap is no better and no worse than an unscented one. If the odor is a pleasant one. However, the fastidious individual will not use a scented soap unless it contains the same scent as the perfume used regularly, or, at least, one that blends perfectly. The only way to learn what kind of soap you should use is to experiment, limiting your experiments to the unscented soaps. Apply soap to the face as well as to the body daily, the only exceptions to this being when the face is sunburned, when cleansing cream should be substituted, or if there is a rash on the face, requiring special treatment.

Remember that cleanliness of the body indicates cleanliness of the mind, and neg- lect on the one is reflected in the other. Soaps and lotions, and not the cold and thoroughness. Also remember that your health can be greatly improved by taking the right kind of bath at the right time. Then you may consider that you have come as near the fountain of eternal youth and beauty as it is permitted mortals to come.
A DASH OF COLOR
Rich, Knitted, Heavy
Pure Silk Scarf

SOLID COLORS
SCORES OF PATTERNS

Not purchasable for this price
at Furnishers.
1 for $2.
3 for $5.
6 for $7.50.

Guaranteed as represented or money refunded.
Carefully packed in boxes.
Send Check or money order to:
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Astor Court, Room 48
45 W. 33d St., N. Y.

Just West of the Waldorf-Astoria.

The Primitive
(Continued from page 47)

loathed guns. They infuriated him. What might have happened, then, if I had gone into that cage and hadn't been able to get out—had slipped or something—is time to consider him? My fate, however, was clawed to shreds and I'd not be here today!
Well, I told that chap what I thought of him—and he just worked with me again. I won't be tamed.'

Ruth's love of the game, her sporting instinct, is no pose. Bosted up by the large use of doubles. She feels gratification in risk, but she won't be double-crossed. If she's willing to chance her neck at least once every day, she feels that it is her right to know what kind of a chance it's going to be.

She is the only big star to remain true to the serial. Pearl White, Tony Moreno, Bill Duncan, have all turned to the feature production.

People say to me, "Why don't you use features? Serials are terrible!" But I've tried both, and I prefer serials. I'm pretty proud that people will go and see me every week for fifteen weeks. There are not many I go to see that often. And I want my fans to think of me as Ruth—just plain Ruth. I want them to say, 'Let's go down to see Ruth tonight!' just as they say, 'Let's drop in on Linice and Tilly because they feel they know me.' And I think they do. I work my hardest to give them the best thing they can get.

Ruth's popularity hasn't been limited to fifteen-weeks. She has been in pictures exactly eleven years, and the fans are still crying for her. She's a Kalem comedies in features, but most of all in serials; she has wowed us from our dreary dreams and kept alive the vanished spirit of adventure and danger. Now, in the "White Eagle," a new serial that she is making for Hal Roach, the man who is responsible for Harold Lloyd, she is advancing again against the horizons of discontent and restlessness that are abroad in the world. There are mysterious White Riders and dangerous Westerners, where outlaws dwell; there are great battles that surge over the ancient abodes of the cave-dwellers; there are wild rides and wilder falls.

Perhaps Ruth's most precious bit of property is Joker, her horse. She has ridden him thru many dangers, and on his back has more than once been dragged toward that seemed inevitable disaster, only to be saved in the end by Joker's cleverness and her own quick resource.

"When the camera starts to click," she said, "Joker is like a war-horse bearing the bugle-call. He's crazy to act."

We must be thankful for the enthusiasm that has kept Ruth for so long in pictures. For some years necessity has ceased to be a reason for her persistent work. She has been spoken of as one of the Hitty Green of the movies; because, I gathered, of her large holdings in Los Angeles real estate. But she has refused to let success dull her eagerness or weaken her strength. I noticed, when she got up to say good-bye to me, that her shoulders were unusually broad; that her step was free and lithe. And that grin again said, "Sorry I wasn't dressed right," she said, smiling, "I'll do better next time. Gybe." "Gybe," said I.

MOVIES AS SHAKEPEARE SAW THEM

While it is certain that William Shakespeare himself never was filmed, references in his plays which fit the modern screen drama might be taken to indicate a prophetic vision of what was to come. Expressing his own opinion, he says, in A Midsummer Night's Dream: "The best in this kind are but shadows." For the story here is "A kind of excellent dumb discourse."—The Tempest.

For the camera-man: "No eye hath seen such scarecrows.—King Henry IV.

For the story editor: "A kind of excellent dumb discourse."—The Tempest.

For the movie fan: "By my penny of observation.—Love's Labor Lost.

For the usher: "Sweep on, you fat and greedy citizens."—As You Like It.

For the operator: "I ran it thru."—Othello.

For the pianist: "And stretched meter of an ancient song."—Souvenirs.

For the proprietor: "Nothing comes, and so money comes withal."—Taming of the Shrew.

A TRIP TO BOYHOOD DAYS
By Robert E. Carroll

Come, Tom, forget your troubles.

And come with me away.

To scenes we knew and friends we loved

In boyhood's golden day.

Forsake the city pavements,

The ceaseless strife and din—

Come! Let us cross the span of years

And play we're boys again.

In the valley of the village,

The pasture on the hill,

The apple-trees and orchards

Where boys might eat their fill.

The streams where wary trout were hid,

The shaded swimming pool.

Wherereckledunches yelled in glee

When they should have been in school.

The fertile sweep of meadows.

The white road washed with rain,

The creaking wagons homeward bound

With fragrant stores of grain.

The lanes where lovers whispered

And Tom, you roguish, well known

How lovers steps were wont to lag

In days of long ago.

'Twll take us but a moment

To make this little trip;

No fare nor luggage needed,

Nor steed nor cabin ship.

The weary years have passed since then,

We'll bridge the gap between

And view the scenic boyhood knew

Tonight upon the screen.

A MODERN SERENADE

Like the thrilling glory of a crimson sunset,

Or enchantment of a dream we would again;

Like the mystery of the moonlight's silvery splendor,

Or the rainbow hues that crown a mist of rain.

With the magic power of many charms elusive

That fascinate, tho ever fleeting seen,

I bow a captive to a luring vision—

And sing your charms—"My Lady of the Screen."
Formerly of Brooklyn
(Continued from page 25)
He asked me what on earth I was doing there. I told him; so then and there he cast me with Dorothy Kelly and Jimmie Morrison. I’ve been playing in pictures ever since.

“Two years ago, Louis B. Mayer sent me to come West and play with Anita Stewart. She is a nice girl and I enjoyed playing with her. I just finished ‘The Invisible Fear’ and ‘The Price of Happiness.’ I am ‘bugs’ on just one subject and that is David W. Griffith. I think he is the most wonderful man in the business, both personally and as a director. The greatest thrill I ever had in all my life was when Griffith wired, asking me to come back East and play in his ‘Way Down East.’ It was the keenest disappointment I have ever known that I was tied up here and couldn’t accept his offer.”

“My dear girl, you should have been a boy.”

I asked, coming from the sublime to the ridiculous, as it were.

“Because I have a tear on my lip that I acquired as a boy,” he answered.

No false modesty, I added to my list of observations—and tells the truth.

That’s Out
(Continued from page 50)
The latest fashions decree longer dresses for the fair sex. Let’s hope this doesn’t include the bathing girls.

Famous Remarks
D. W. Griffith: “There’s no use talking, the star is the thing.” William Jennings Bryan: “The movies never reach great heights until the talking picture is perfected.”

It begins to look as tho a man, to be elected President of the United States, must first prove that he can sew well.

Censorship Suggestion No. 3592
Eliminate scene showing husband making his own wife a present of a sealskin coat. Not true to life.

Eliminate scene where wife sits on her husband’s lap. This is too intimate for public showing.

There is still a virgin field for the makers of educational pictures. No one has so far pictured the life of a small with a slow-motion camera.

THE BORN STAR
By Gwendolin Cumnor
My sweetheart’s just one of the extra girls,
But she’ll be a star some day.
She has dark eyes and the blondest curls.
A mouth like kisses and teeth like pearls.

The most intriguing way.
When the leads are on and the action wags,
She acts till you just sweat.
But when they exit and interest lags,
She just looks bored and her shoulder says:
She registers like a blur.

So she stands herself on each telling scene.
And men watch for her star.
I sit alone and curse the screen.
For the extra girl who can play the queen—
My sweetheart will be a star.
resolved themselves into two roughly dressed fellows, who seized upon the sack with greedy talons.

"Feel the weight of it!" cried one, swinging it violently, "a bundle of rugs from the bazaar!"

"Or a hundred-weight of figs!" said the other, starting as the old woman gave a groan. "Come! Let us be off and look into it later.

Along the winding lanes to the bazaar they hurried, the old woman following as best she might, shuddering at every thump of the sack against the wall. In a dark archway, a cradle, and Din's shop, they proceeded to investigate, dropping their burden with a howl of horror when the limp body of the clown fell spouting from the mouth of the sack.

As they turned to flee, they spied the row of chests before the silk-merchant's shop, awaiting the slaves to carry them to the palace. Lifting the lid of the nearest, they dumped the hunchback unceremoniously within and made off down the bazaar, diving into the shadow as if pursued by furies. The old woman fell-a-laughing, despite the weight of her thoughts, as she watched the slaves, preceded by the waddling eunuch, carry off the chests, the shadows moving along the moon-white wall.

"Allah jests!" she mumbled. "A present for the new favorite! It serves the hussy well, too; she was always so unkind to poor Saidi. But wouldn't I like to be there when the chests are opened, too!"

Alcazar, as it happened, was the one to find the grand prize last of all. For an instant, being heavy-witted, he thought it was Nour-Ed-Din, but a faint scratching on the chest reassured him. This he ordered opened to the eunuchs' quarters and delivered to Zuleika. The one containing the distorted body of the clown he carried to the court-yard, trusting to chance to find him an opportunity of having it carted away when the next day dawned.

"Small chance of the old Sheik's being curious about it tonight!" he muttered, shaking a pulpist fist toward the blazing casing of his master's apartments. "Not with a new luck to spy upon! And the old one making music for the handsome young merchant, and only old Alcazar to enjoy the secret!" and he winked at the moon, which turned his arm in white to his shoulder to him, scornful of such indelicacy.

The lights of the palace winked out. The nightingale's song sounded drowsy, drunken with roses, and a shadow moved upon the grass. In the magic of the moon the young Sheik, Sharkan, stood beneath the case-ments of his father's apartment, broad of shoulder, slim of hip. He whistled once, twice, the strain of a love song of the bazaars, and the casement moved, a white hand waved for a moment and was gone.

Laughing a low laugh of triumph, Sharkan laid hand on the rose trellis and began to climb. Beneath, in the courtyard, the lid of the chest lifted, and caged eyes stared at the world he had hoped to leave. The wis-man had been viscer than his client knew, and had given him a tablet that brought shame, not glory. He will be so joyed to find that he is not dead, after all, that he will pray Allah to shower me with blessings," that worthy reflected, "and, who knows, a grand teem may be a gift more precious than rubies or pearls of great price.

In the love-chamber of the old Sheik, the faithless favorite was held in the arms of the faithless son, and the heat of their two hearts was one. On the dais, the betrayed prince lay asleep and the moonlight crept across the floor unheeded until the clasped figures of the old Sheik and his slave lay in a luminous pool. It was the sound of a kiss that awoke the old Sheik at last.

Sunk in their ecstasy, the two had no warning of their doom before the bright steel flashed down, sprinkling the dark with shattered drops of light, and the dancer, whose ambition had led her small flowery-foots from a beggar's caravan across the threshold of a Sheik's chamber, fell from the arms that clasped her, scarlet lips still shaped into a kiss.

The young Sheik started up, but the red-dened blade was before him. "Never again shall your fancy wander into your father's garden!" snarled the prince, with the intolerable jealousy of the old for those whose blood still runs hot and hasty in their veins.

Swaying across the outflung bodies that had so lately pulsed to the strong rhythm of life, the old Sheik strode to the door that led into the harem. Behind him the casemates of the house, marble, pink, twisted, malignant, moved on the moonlight, mingled with the dark and huddled heaps upon the floor, and a moan, weighted with all the woes of the whole world, quivered thru the stricken silence.

In her apartment in the harem, Zuleika lifted her head at the rustle of the curtain from her lover's shoulder, to meet the red rage of the old Sheik's glare. Motionless, they saw him raise the blade of vengeance, then his fall. Like a man of rags, the Sheik crumpled down, no longer powerful and mighty, an ignominious thing of withered flesh—carriage, which could no longer care, was woman beautiful or a man were young.

Saidi, the hunchback, cast his tin-clown-sword from him and sahmahed. "You were kind to me," he said to Nour-Ed-Din. "My body is twisted, but my memory is straight." He pointed to the casement, thru which the first streaks of morning showed crimson on the sky. The keeper of this gilded cage is dead and the birds may fly, and sing their songs in the free air! May Allah give you joy!"

Half—fearfully half—indescribably, Zuleika and Nour-Ed-Din went out of the Sheik's palace into the new-minted day. No lost in the pale moonlight, sick at heart, lover's sighs, they stood hand in hand, watching the Sultan Sun ascend his throne in the east, and kissed each other humbly, without desire, as children kiss.

And in the room above, Saidi, the hunchback, sat and cradled the dear, dark head of the dancer on his knees. He had lost her, yet he was not unhappy. Now, at last, she belonged to him alone; now, at last, he need not fear those others who had looked at her, and were her slave. Her smile. Now, at last, he could think of her without agony or longing, but in peace.

Thru the casement came the far-cry of the Muezzin, leaning from his tower, calling the city to prayer: "O great Allah is wise! There is no God but Allah!"

Yes, Allah is great, Allah is wise—

THE QUICKEST CHANGE

By F. V. Faulkner

"What does a director do when a 'star' refuses to play a certain picture? Get a different 'star'?

"No. He gets a different scenario."
and do my best to win its approval and regard.

Besides, I believe the all-star pictures, such as William de Mille has been making, where a strong story, capable cast and sincere direction combine to make a worthy production, offer a splendid chance to a player. Pictures such as these are the ones which will live longer. Mr. de Mille is marvelous to work with; he is so sincere and so sure that motion pictures will develop into the greatest of the dramatic arts. "Of course, I like to see pictures. I have my favorites. I adore Priscilla Dean's face and dash; I adore Mary Pickford's genius, John Barrymore's artistry, and I think Conrad Nagel is a very fine actor. He has sincerity, and an intellectual power that will carry him far."

"My favorite role?" and while she repeated my question, she puckered her smooth forehead, mentally reviewing the series of recent films in which her excellent work has placed her among the most promising actresses of the screen.

"Perhaps I enjoyed developing the character of Maggie Wylie in 'What Every Woman Knows' more than anything else I have done," she replied, slowly. "It was a large part for me unusually, but they thought it was so much in the 'Lost Romance,' I loved that, too. In fact, each picture I do. I am sure it is the very best of all. I prefer domestic and emotional roles, for they offer a wider opportunity for real acting, and I hope some day to do something really worth while in this line. I have high hopes for Miss Lulu La Cour."

"My first year with Lasky was spent in comedy, for I played opposite Bryant Washburn and Wallace Reid. Comedy is splendid training; laughter and tears are very closely related, and the actress who wants to do emotional work must understand comedy methods. Anyway, it is a wonderful thing to make people laugh."

Birmingham, Alabama, is Lois Wilson's native city, and, after being graduated from the Normal College in Livingston, she planned to teach school. She hoped to specialize on languages, and perhaps, some day, occupy the chair of languages in some big college, yet—and it was just yet—that sent her into the studio in Chicago to ask Lois Weber for a chance before the camera. Miss Weber, who has been the guiding spirit for so many aspiring young stars, must have felt the compelling force of the girl's desire, for she gave her a small part in the picture she was making, in which the famous dancer, Pavlova, was the star.

The ambition smoldering in the youthful breast burst forth in full power with this encouragement, and Lois Wilson determined to go on, so when Miss Weber transferred her picture activities to Universal City, Calif., Lois came along, and she has been here ever since.

"Mother came to me in a few weeks," said Lois, recalling the important step, "the rest of the family following shortly. I told you, they were good sports, weren't they?" and she smiled happily at her mother, who came in to tell Lois that Mrs. William de Mille had phoned, asking her to an informal dance that evening.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Lois, with enthusiasm. "We always have such good times there; the De Millers entertain beautifully."

As I left her, I felt I had come close to one whose dignity and strength promised well for the future of motion pictures. Lois Wilson will never fail to bring a true womanliness to her work, over which she will cast a glamour of a fine intelligence and high ambition.

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Writer's Digest, 602 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati

WHEN words fail, Say it with flowers. Patronize your local florist.

You can "Say it with Flowers" anywhere, anywhere—through the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association.
Across the Silversheet
(Continued from page 67)

months of her life to assisting him in his fight to come back. To go further with the story would be to ruin the entire suspense. And suspense, as we know, is one of the things hereafter happen so quickly that it would be impossible to jump far ahead of the action. Consequently, complications of the Enoch Arden variety, and there is a convenient, the far-fetched, solution.

The cast is splendid, with Charles Meredith, Finley Quaye, Winifred Kingston, Lilian Rich and Spottiswoode Atten support Ethel Clayton. Miss Clayton has played convincingly few in program pictures, but she always brings to the story, however mediocre and banal it may be, her best efforts. She is without a doubt one of the most sincere actresses on the screen today.

THE THREE MUSKETEERS—UNITED ARTISTS

Those who have read Alexandre Dumas's "The Three Musketeers," and those who still have that treat in store for them, will enjoy the latest Mr. Fairbanks' and the shadowed story.

The story of the rural lad, D'Artagnan by coming to the ancient city, and, thru his swordmanship, becomes the companion of Athos, Porthos and Aramis, The Three Musketeers, eventually finding himself in the intrigues of an adventurous and high romance, adapts itself beautifully to the screen. It affords many quickened pulses and a sustained interest from start to finish.

Liberties have been taken with the original Dumas story, it is true, but in these days of censorship there was no choice in the matter. Mr. Fairbanks and his distants undoubtedly felt that it was wiser to eliminate certain colorful episodes themselves, that made their characters and story, but to have those boldly lifted from the high points in the story by censoral shears. They managed this task with high efficiency and without impairing the story. For example, Milady de Winter is hardly the amorous lady Dumas painted her; Constance is the niece rather than the wife of the Earl of Dorset, D'Artagnan is spared several adventures.

However, as we said before, these changes have been deftly made and the production is potentially better for their presence, is well worth while without them. No time or expense has been wasted on "The Three Musketeers" a splendid affair.

As the rural youth, Doug has endowed his characterization with a local color; but later, as the bejeweled and dashing cavalier, he is often typical of the land of the erstwhile free and the present home of the brave.

The rest of the cast is colorful and the settings are extravagant, breathing the spirit of the time, and in every instance the proper background, for the action. The screen these are indeed because of the "Three Musketeers."

THE IDEL CLASS—FIRST NATIONAL

Every once in a while Charles Spencer Chaplin gives the screen a masterpiece—\(\text{2tis}^{\text{2}}\) "Shoulder Arms" and "The Kid." In between he gives us a schedule with less worthy efforts, which are, nevertheless, better than the majority of similar productions. Such a production is "The Idle Class."

The beloved Charlie is cast in a dual role, even as is every star now and then he acts in the team and a trap. And those who have felt that the Chaplin comedy was responsible for its being to the patched throw, huge shoes and nasty care, owe it to themselves to see Mr. Chaplin in "The Idle Class."

To attempt relating the plot would be futile, for it is chiefly conspicuous by its abundance of say that golf capers will undoubtedly enjoy this O.P. episode. The central idea about which the production is entwined is of mixed identities and mass confusion.

Edna Purviance again plays opposite Mr. Chaplin, and causes you to hope that the rumor that she is so soon to be given an opportunity to prove her worth is not without foundation.

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY—UNITED ARTISTS

The greatest attraction of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," to our mind, was Miss Pickford's portrayal of Dearest; next we liked Claude Gillingwater as the Earl of Dorincourt; next, the settings and photography, and next Miss Pickford as Little Lord Fauntleroy. Nor does this necessarily mean that we didn't find Mary very enjoyable as the little lord. It does not. We simply found the story itself previously mentioned, even more enjoyable.

Little old New York, the rolling English lawns, the turreted castle with its curving driveways and a sombre baronial hall—these settings and others, thanks to artistic craftsmanship and selection and expert photography, resemble old tapestries mellowed by years, and, perhaps, some days against them the characters move with beauty.

As Dearest, mother of the Little Lord, Miss Pickford gives a shadow portrait which is the acme of artistry. She has made the mother pathetically whimsical—understanding, but not entirely up to the world, reared high upon her head, her tiny form encased in basques and hoops, she seems an old painting come to life. We do not think that even time will dim our memory of her Dearest.

And that Mary Pickford is truly the artist is evidenced by the fact that she has permitted Charles Gillingwater an opportunity in the role of the grandfather. His Earl of Dorincourt is identical to the word-picture of the Earl Frances Hodgson Burnett gave her several years ago, and we have hope that he will remain within the shadow fold.

For the Little Lord himself, Miss Pickford has undoubtedly the gift of eternal childhood. She has mastered the slight swagger of the little boy, along with many other characteristics—with her curls in evidence and velvet breeches and old laces, she has created a charming Little Lord Fauntleroy, even if you are always aware that it is your beloved Mary Pickford portraying that character. In several scenes, she does splendid work, but every audience will adore her meeting with her crotchetty grandfather—and later the parting.

The story of Cedric Errol, who lives in New York with his widowed mother until his grandfather, Mr. Welling, sends for him to come to England, where he will be prepared for the title which will some day be his to share, is familiar to every one who remembers the bedtime story hour.

It was not a simple task to bring to this popular book to the screen, and at times the adaptation is inclined to drag a little. Nevertheless, everyone who sees the production will be glad that Mary Pickford elected to bring the story to the screen.

Naturally, the fact that Miss Pickford
I Teach Piano a Funny Way

So People Told Me When I First Started in 1891. But now, after over twenty-five years of steady growth, I have far more students than were ever before taught by one man. I am able to make them successful players of the piano or organ in quarter the usual time at quarter the usual cost.

To persons who have not previously heard of my method this may seem a pretty bold statement. But I will readily 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.

Investigative by writing for my 64 page, free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ."

My way of teaching piano or organ is entirely different from all others. The first four hours of study, one day a week, will entirely away from the keyboard—learning something of Harmony and the Laws of Music. This is an awkward back to most teachers of the "old school," who still think that learning piano is solely a problem of "finger gymnastics." When you do go to the keyboard, you accomplish twice as much, because you understand what you are doing. Within four lessons I enable you to play an interesting piece not originally in the original key, but in all other keys as well.

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for a while at least. I've taken a job with her fathers's

When she had read as far as this, Fanny
put down the letter. She looked quite im-
personally at the pictured face, a coarse,
cheekily handkerchiefed, manly, with a
frizzled hair and a conscious smirk. Yes,
Ted would have been likely to marry her
kind. Except for his music, he had had
doubtless the rose to do away from
away from the livery stable office many
times in his small boyhood. For this
creation, her strength, her stamina,
and spent her life; for the daughter of a
butcher, she herself had stilled every girlish
desire for pretty clothes and good-
times—had saved her! And she was
plain dresses and no diamond necklaces, but
there was an air to 'em. Her hair was kind
of red now, and done like in pictures, and
her finger-nails were shiner enough to see
your face in them!

As she sat at her desk on a spring morn-
ing two years after her transformation into
the new Fanny, a faint whiff of lilacs blown
from far country lanes across the city roof-
tops, brought a sudden vision of the dark
Bazaar, piloted by garments in bales, with
the empty aprons on them, and the door,
fluttering in another lilac-scented

Fanny Brandeis laughed softly aloud, listen-
ing to the stir of the great building, the
whirring of presses, the rasp of a nearby
diaphonaw, the tumult of the city's fever-
ish life below. Yes, she had succeeded! She
was accustomed now to the feel of silk
next her skin, she took taxicabs and fine
restaurants and beauty parlors for granted.
Her present was the one she hadn't bolded
a neat French maid, and one of the most
expensive views in Chicago. A tiny grey
sedan waited for her every morning in front
of the door, at a pressure of her finger on
the button there would bring a deferential
secretary. Only yesterday, she had been
interviewed by Delfie Grey, the sob-sister
on Clarence Hoyt's paper, and the inter-
view lay on the desk before her now,
headed, "Successful Business Woman Says
Men Are Unnecessary to a Woman's
Happiness."

She smiled complacently as she read
the words. They probably made Clarence
furious. He overflowed with the her independance—her work—and
Michael Fenger. Indeed, he objected to almost everything about the new Fanny,
yet he kept quiet about his love for
her. And every quarrel ended by his ask-
ing her to marry him.

Marriage—it was something that never
occurred to her now, even when Michael
Fenger, who was the manager of the firm
and had fat white hands and a passion
for system, mentioned it, as he sometimes did when he was sentimental after a cocktail,
or when they sat in a box watching some
romantic play. Since Ted had come to live
with her, and bought little Yvonne
Her lips curved in the absurd, kissing
shape a woman's mouth wears when she
thinks of babies. Poor Ted's marriage had
been calamitous, but the baby was delicious,
a gurgling, rosie mite who had no idea that
her aunt was a Successful Business Wom-
an, and couldn't play a Lullaby, and a
Head-o-Hair to pull. The
butcher-interval had not been propitious to
genius, but Ted had wonderful plans for the future, and was going to
the present to lie on the couch and smoke
more cigarettes.

"Well, when does the Great American
Victory Communica-

Fanny turned, to find Michael Fenger

No Woman Knows
(Continued from page 35)
standing behind her, smilingunctiously. Glancing brown into this sparkling patent-leather shoes, she was the epitome of Success. Fanny’s gaze considered it critically. He was the kind of man who ought to admire her, yet she was al-
ways conscious of an odd feeling when his smell, unwinking eyes fixed themselves upon her—as if, somehow, she hadn’t enough clothes on.

Yet, he was rich, he had power and posi-
tion; he had promised to help Ted start his career on the concert stage. She would probably end by marrying him. Even then he came toward her now and laid one puffy white hand on her arm, she rose with a slight precedening that she had wanted the window down. “It smells of spring,” she explained, turning back. “It makes me lacy! An intermittent attack of spring fear, I suppose.”

“Gad, but you’re pretty this morning!” said Fenger, in a queer, thick voice. And before she knew it, she was in his arms, and his tips were on her, thick, pursy lips, moist and flabby. She sprang from him, unconscious lifting an arm to defend herself from the greed of those lips, the hand which clasped her arm. “No!” she said, breathlessly. “No—what aren’t you—” she hardly knew what words broke from her.

Michael Fenger laughed raucously. “Love! You talk like a school-girl. Next thing, you’ll be saying ‘where did I come from’ in front of the doctor brought me this black bag?” He snapped his fingers and his diamonds flashed sharp, cold, fires. “Love! You’re a sensible woman; you know what’s what! I got the things you want—money, a big house, a yacht, position! They’re the only things that count in this world, and you know it!”

She was immensely thankful to her secre-
try when she knocked on the door and announced a business caller. Yet she meant to accept Michael Fenger—sometimes. He dismissed ungraciously, and his scowl remolded her position, her success—the things she had worked for so tirelessly, and so well. It made her angry. She smiled up into his lowering face, deliberately. “Come to see me tonight!” she murmured, knowing that he took the challenge quite honestly that she meant them so.

Yet, when she fitted her key into her own door that evening—she never rang nowa-
says the baby—her heart was strangely heavy, and she remember-
ed with a pang of relief that it was the maid’s afternoon off. She and Ted would have supper together, and afterward she would have time to rock the baby to sleep before Fenger came.

But the apartment was silent—deserted.

The lake was as still as any stream, with its view of the lake, tossing in the sunset, she found Ted’s note, pinned to the lamp-shade. She took a candle and walked down that Yvonne was back. It wasn’t her fault that she left me—that damned actor was to blame. Of course, I’m going—there’s a boat for Beacon this afternoon. Thanks for all you’ve done—Ted.

“P. S. I didn’t take the violin. I won’t have much use for it now.”

When Clarence Boyd pushed open the unlocked door of the apartment an hour later and stepped into the hall, he paused, amazed at what he heard. Could it be that Mrs. Pfllmer, the rich woman, was crying when she is by herself? Cries with great gasps and little gulps and smiles, like any other woman who is unhappy and alone?  

A. ELI KATZMANN, Secretary to the Editor, submitted these photographs. The Leonel Lamp Prize of $1,000, Mr. Kauffman wrote: “If you win the $1,000 prize, The Palmer Plan was it. But I’m going to need it.”

FELIX WHITE ELLIS, Chicago War Worker, whose photograph, “The Grey Man Woman,” won First Prize of $2,500, Mr. Kauffman said: “You can understand how grateful I feel to Mr. Boyd for getting me here. I’m ever so very thankful. I am in the Palmer Institution for being there or a facility which made the success possible.”
Richard Barthelme's portrait

in his first picture since

he's been his own boss

"Tol'ble David"

DICK BARTHELMES needs no introduction. You all

know him for his fine work in scores of pictures. He has

now organized his own company and is working for himself

and you. And he's a First National star.

First National picked Mr. Barthelme's because his fine work in the past is a sure promise for even better work in the future as an independent artist. First National's pictures are all made by independent stars and directors and the work of these artists is accepted for exhibition purposes strictly on its merit as the best in entertainment.

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Look for First National's trademark on the screen. It is the sign of pictures of the highest entertainment value.

The Altar of Alcohol

(Continued from page 21)

I enjoy the company of the members of the European royal families better than that of my own countrymen, or of Americans. In other words, that I am a snob. Whether or not that is true, right here in Hollywood I have found as many crowned heads as I ever found in Europe. Only here they are crowned with the crown of success and achievement.

A diadem does not interest me, but I love the Infanta of Spain, as I did many members of the Russian royal house, because, as individuals, they were intellectual and appreciable. It is their business to study and be interesting.

"I think movie folk should also make it their business. But I have never found a class of people so given to self-justification and so self-sacrificing as the player-peo-

The Altar of Alcohol

people of Hollywood. Hollywood, at present, is brimful of splendid raw material—almost perfect—but in many instances this raw material in the shape of young men is slipping distressingly downhill."

I am going to champion the people of the movies, I understand in a series of articles you are writing for the Motion Picture Magazine:

"I am," said Madam Glynn, adjusting a lavender pillow behind her shoulders with hands which are white and firm. "I am going to tell about the Hollywood I know, not the Hollywood I heard of, but the Hollywood that is in the midst—I am not going to be fearful of facts—but I am going to tell, too, of the sincere and earnest folk, the indefatigable workers. I am going to plop down this opportunity to champion the people who have made the world's recreation hours so pleasant affectionately.

Elidor Glynn sees Hollywood in comparison to the intellectual courts of the old countries—she knows life minutely—the motion picture folk, her championship at the present moment.
Instead of the Silken Gloria

(Continued from page 29)

right thinking. I feel sure that any success which has come to me has come largely be-
cause I've always felt quite sure that it would come—some day.

"And how about that misfortune which came now and then?" we asked; "would you avoid it if you could?"

"I know that I could not if I would—to put it that way. However, I think that it is always infinitely wiser to take things as you find them. I have never been afraid of life. I'm curious about every single phase of it. When old age comes to me, I want to feel that my cup of living is brim-
ning over."

"Old age," we repeated; "what of it? Does it terrify you?"

"No." She traced the golden threading in her gown thoughtfully. "By cultivating a mentality, you build a storehouse for age, and it is a pleasant and profitable business. Youth is inclined to go serenely from day to day, finding its pleasure in the things which belong to youth—charming parties, smart clothes. And these things have no part in age. If you have acquired nothing else thru the years, then age must be terri-
fying. It is not difficult for anyone to possess some small degree of the knowledge Elinor Glynn possesses today. She is a very wonderful woman. Age need hold no terror for her. And I'm sure she has found a greater pleasure in her quest for knowledge than she could have derived from so many of the things upon which we are often tempted to build our very lives themselves."

She smiled.

"I admire the woman of today so very much. Man has dropped behind a bit, I think. And if woman had not advanced the world would have stood still. It is a natural reaction to what has so recently gone before. It is a story old as the ages. It has happened before—remember the Amazon—s—and it will happen again. In the interim—she stretched both pearl-
beaded hands before her comprehensively.

She has, perhaps, one of the clearest senses of values we have ever encountered. She is avid for knowledge and for life. We were both astonished when she expressed to the very truth of living she has been able to find for herself an overwhelming beauty. Yet intermingled with her comprehension and sophistication, you find a strain of girlishness, manifested in her enthusiasm, her great and unalterable belief, her mo-
mentary wonderment.

It was pleasant to talk with her that after-
noon while the first dim violet shadows stole thru the windows into the family music-scented room—

And we were never still to find her as

we found her—

Instead of the silken Gloria.

CLIMAXES

By Clarence E. Flynn

One climax comes in every play,

And only one.

And after it had its day

The struggle's won.

Untangled is each vauriant thread:

Sad hearts to happiness are led:

And, with the day all fair ahead,

The play is done.

One climax comes in every life,

And only one—

The apex of our human strife,

The race we run.

Their vases are all and timers are dried.

Our answered door is now aside;

Life's dearest has deserted;

Then life is

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No. A201—Send for this rich looking gold filled compres-
sion watch bracelet today. A $10 value with admired jewel 
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A stem wind and stem set model and looks like a very 
expensive watch. The plates shown are handcrafted in 
and the gold dial adds to its attractiveness. The bracelet is 
flexible and will fit any wrist. Has velvet and silk lined box. 
Excellent time pieces. Send no money. Rush your name and address only. When the postman 
delivers your watch to your door pay $2.95. Money 
back if not satisfied after examination.

Bar Pin

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tened with 6 beautiful 
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Very stylish. Postpaid. 
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to, eight stones, 
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Toilet Preparations

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Bairart Co., Dept. 953, St. Louis, Mo.

THE BARRIE DIRECTOR (Continued from page 57)

appointment was made for that very afternoon.

On my way to the Robertson apartment, it suddenly occurred to me that John S. Robertson was one star director who delivers with pen and pencil the true picture that sets all filmland alog. There is "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," with John Barrymore, date, 1920, and Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy," date, 1921. Wont Barrie's "Peter Pan," which the author and Mrs. Robertson will adapt, be a 1922 Roberton production that will create a sensation greater even than that of "Sentimental Tommy."

Who is Director Robertson, and what ideas has he to influence Famous Players to give him such tremendous stories to make into pictures?

That is precisely what I wanted to unearth without any delay. Therefore, a close-up of ye interviewer traveling at a dizzy pace toward Broadway and the Fifties.

Mrs. Robertson greeted me at the threshold, apologizing for the chaotic condition of the room. "It has been one grand rush for one solid week," she sighed.

At this moment Mr. Robertson entered the room. There emanates from him a certain quiet strength that inspires calm and confidence and makes one feel that it is at home. Mr. Robertson excused herself, the plea of looking after several knotty matters that had to be solved by the morning.

Mr. Robertson expressed keen pleasure in being entrusted with the screen version of "Peter Pan." It means much to both him and Mr. Robertson to go to confer with Sir James. The skeptics scoffed at the idea of any motion picture director being capable of preserving with any faithfulness the whimsy and delicacy and subtlety of Barrie through the silversheet. Mrs. Robertson, as scenario writer, and Mr. Robertson, as director, have proved that Barrie can be given to the world whole thru the medium that reaches all civilized (?) peoples.

I asked Mr. Robertson if he believed the story was the thing in making pictures, to which he agreed most emphatically.

"Make the most of the story," he continued, "and the motion picture will be a success. The best actors in the world would be successful in the parts if they are devoted to the story."

"Physical force is brought about largely thru situations that do not bear much relation to life, and people go thru the motions. There is no conflict thru differences of character in this branch of pictures."

"In Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," the story is unfolded and the dramatic element in- jected thru the conflict of good and evil in Dr. Jekyll. He is morbidly infatuated in the evil nature and then thru every possibility by drinking the chemical mixture he in- structs in his laboratory. Here the conflict is within the one man."

"In Sentimental Tommy," on the other hand, it is difference of character in two people which bring about the conflict that makes the plot such a fascinating one. Grizel is a girl with a one-track mind. Tommy is a youth with a many-track mind. He cannot understand or even think of him. Grizel cannot understand his; it distresses her. The friction of the two causes the conflict, which lasts until it is discharged thru compromise.

"Drama, of course, is conflict. It is the conflict of characters that I am chiefly interested in, rather than in extravaganza pictures.

"The obvious delineation of character is more tiresome and certainly less appealing to those strangers who are strangers to motion pictures. Censorship within is a barricade against encroaching laymen. But it means a radical change in screen stories; more time and consideration in picking the stories that appeal from the standpoint of decency."

"This may be known as 'the censorship within.' Censorship without is the death-knell of pictures. It means catering to forty-eight States—should every State have a censoring law in the near future. It means ripping and cutting a picture to pieces, for how can mere mortal please one hundred and forty-four people who are strangers to motion pictures? Censorship within is a barricade against encroaching laymen. But it means a radical change in screen stories; more time and consideration in picking the stories that appeal from the standpoint of decency."

"Of course, this does not mean creating character, but it does mean that the pendulum is swinging the pendulum to the other extreme. The story should be human. 'Sentimental Tommy' is such a story. A human story, with a touch of the bad, a little of the good, and the bad fluctuates. It was the thinker who sagely diagnosed: 'there is so much bad in the best of us, and so much good in the worst of us, that hardly believes any one of the two are the better.'"

"So, in motion picture characters, a little of each. In that little of each and in the logical development of the character lies the subtlety that either makes a picture very good or very poor."

"There was a pause. Mrs. Robertson entered, smiling happily, as tho the knotty problems had been solved and the world was beginning to appear normal again."

"The American public will be eager to know about your plans for 'Peter Pan,' I volunteered."
OF SPECIAL interest in this number are the interviews and picture pages of film folk who have "gone and got married" or got engaged, as the case may be, and are now enjoying the cream of romance in real life.

There is a double page of scenes and descriptions of the best stage plays of the new season.

There are character stories—of Jewel Carmen by Capitola Williams Ashworth, of Rudolph Valentino by Herbert Howe, of Norma Talmadge by Adele Whitely Fletcher, and of numerous other luminaries who are in the public eye at present.

Interesting fiction in this number will be the novelization of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," Mary Pickford's latest production, of "Star Dust," Hope Hampton's last picture and of "The Single Track," Corinne Griffith's forthcoming photoplay.

Some of your favorites are sure to appear in

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In Case You're Fed Up, Don't Quit!

(Continued from page 37)

she maintained a careless insouciance. I recall a picture I have there, even in a northern city. She had been chosen queen of the affair. Great plans were made for dinners, balls and varied feasts, in all her honor. And the woman who was to chaperon the gay Priscilla took two trunks filled with gowns. Three seconds before the train pulled out, in a mad flurry, up to the station and cared for the last coach. Her baggage consisted of one suitcase and a paper bag, both of which she was continuing during the trip, and doubly would have made good the threat had not Priscilla informed him that she wouldn't marry, since she could drive the plane all right. It was a desperate case. Upon her return to Hollywood, she would receive a telegram from the unhappy flier; and being Priscilla, she didn't want to bother him.

Whereupon Priscilla would fire back:

"Stay where you are!"

Wheeler Oakman was the first man who had tried to force the ardent love to his terms, and he was hired to do it. It was in a picture at Universal. There was a scene where Wheeler proposed and Priscilla said "Yes, wheeler," and he would have a heart attack while the cameras stopped. Priscilla says she intended to, anyway.

Soon the flier moved into a new home near that of Charles Ray's, in Beverly Hills.

"It's colonial," said Priscilla, describing the home literally. Wheeler, who was a Southerner, and Priscilla, is rather Italian, so he likes colonial. Oh, of course I do, too. And there's a patio—that's Italian, or is it Spanish?—that's my idea. So the flier's heart attack was really to scrabble. Do you like them scrabbled?"

"Yes, or boiled: it doesn't matter," said I, distracted by a growl.

Life moves relatively for Priscilla. Things are always happening. She came to California six years ago with Constance and Norma. Those three years three days she had been engaged to play in two-reel comedies. Immediately upon their arrival in Hollywood, the company passed out and the ladies turned it in the right hand, in the right hand. Priscilla says. There was to be an automobile tournament at Arcot Field, with screen stars participating as drivers. The Buck sisters participated in an original automobile car. She won the prize for the most beautiful stellar entry. The day after the show, she picked up a paper and beheld her picture with headline, "Priscilla Dean, Universal Star, Wins Prize."

"That was the first I knew about being a Universal star," says Priscilla. "Being naturally curious, I went out to Universal to find out what it was all about. Sure enough, Lyons and Moran wanted me as leading woman. I played in one comedy with them—they shook her head lugubriously. "Not so good. I was fired. Lois Weber grabbed me as I was going out the list, and she took the baby vamp in 'Even as You and I.' After that, I was fired again. Then Frank Lawless wired Carl Laemmle to give me a chance in 'The Wildcat of Paris.' They had wanted Constance Talmadge, but couldn't get her. So they gave it to me. After that, once before, I was getting pretty sore by then. I said I wouldn't quit. If I hadn't put my foot down, they would be firing me yet, I suppose. As a matter of fact, I have had long ages, and walked out in the middle of my contract. Can you imagine how I felt when I learned I was ungrateful after all. Mr. Laemmle had done so much for me? But now they are very nice, I think I'll stay."

When I asked her what she did before entering pictures, she regarded me dubiously:

"I'm almost afraid to say," she said. I hastily sought to change the subject, but she was moved to confide: "As a child, I played with Jo Jefferson in 'Rip Van Winkle,'" she said simply, sympathized. It was a confession—like admitting ancestors were among those present in the Mayflower.

Trite as it was her beginning in the histronic realm, Priscilla may now lift her head and be a part of any of the typical movie "types." That's why she was fired so often.

Her chief problem at present is finding stories. Candied trixes do not suit her. She isn't the sunbonnet trick that needs only a smile, a back light and a bottle of gasoline prior to doing "Reputation," she did nothing for six months, because no story was available. She had been reading Cynthia Stockley's "Wild Honey" when I called. It. I learned that one day, in the summer of '91, while I was threatening to marry a young woman, despite her wretched eye. Yet I wouldn't say that she's disappointing.

She, of course, had habit, she sweats, is overfeeding Jubilo.

At mention of Jubilo, a horrible growl roared out and into the room flounced a small-town star, a woman from the New York hills. Jubilo's first career was as a sailor, and he had been in the navy. Jubilo was not an individual, for he is unlike any of the typical "movie types." That's why she was fired so often.

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Across the Silversheet

(Continued from page 88)

has undertaken a dual role, calls for double exposure, and in this instance we wish to give special credit to Charles Rosher, the cameraman. We have seen double exposure and double exposure, but never anything so perfectly timed as several scenes in “Little Lord Fauntleroy.” In one scene, in particular, we see Dearest handing the Little Lord a photograph.

producer Marion, the famous scenario writer, is entrusted with a role in the production, and there are several favored players in the cast, which includes Joseph J. Dowling, Colin Kenny, Kate Keen, Grace and Emmett King, besides many others.

Any production which boasts Mary Pickford is sure to be worthy—imagine, then, “Little Lord Fauntleroy” with a dual Mary.

MORAL FIBER—PHOTOGRAPH

It is a good thing, in view of the shortage of good story material, that the silver sheet has many attractive stars. Because of Corinne Griffith, “Moral Fiber” is pleasant entertainment. You know almost from the first episode of the story just what will happen, but with it coming to Corinne Griffith, while Catherine Calvert abounds many scenes with her charming presence, it is a different story.

In the beginning of the story, Miss Griffith portrays a child, and be it said right here that she does it capably. She has captured the elusive spirit of childhood and made it her own in several instances. Later, she goes to the city, wins success, and then she immediately proceeds to live up to the reputation she has won of being one of the best dressed women on the screen. There are many emotional scenes, but very little can be said for the strength of the story.

Miss Calvert is not happily east in this production, but she has not let that interfere with her offering her best, and she has great charm.

Joe King and Harry C. Brown are the important male members of the cast, as is William Garths, Jr., and they all offer adequate characterizations.

If, by any chance, you are not attracted by the title, do not let that influence you, for it has nothing whatever to do with the production, unless its relation is so subtle that we failed to recognize it.

Another thing—a title which is spoken by a successful novelist reads something like this: “I got my novel done, so I came down.”

Someday producers will realize the necessity for care in title writing.

SEARENAD—FIRST NATIONAL

“Searenad,” the Raoul Walsh production is something of a family affair, for Raoul Walsh, alias Miriam Cooper, is lady fair, while George Walsh, the alderman, is the dashing hero.

As the title indicates, “Searenad” is a music drama with a Spanish theme. There are scenes which breathe all terrors of the old world—there is fire and deep intrigue, and thru it Cooper moves with great appeal.

George Walsh left adventure tales some months ago, but “Searenad,” we realize that he will forsake effect for substance. It has been dispersed with them, but it does not help the plot.

The story of “Searenad” is the story of the epic of the ex-Dr. (Prov. L. C.) the other is the story of any co-operation at the instance of the consumer.

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a make your money save five cents give you knowledge of tools, materials, instruments and money-

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Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets—Bottles of 24 and 100—all druggists.

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The Answer Man
(Continued from page 78)

forty-four years before Christ, in his fifty-sixth year, pierced by twenty-three wounds. How about Pedro de Cordoba as Caesar? I have corrected that other item. Write me again.

Hazel W.—So you want an interview with William Farnum, Martha Mansfield and Crane Wilbur, who are playing in vaudeville together. King Baggot is directing for Universal. His next picture will be "The Girl Who Knew All About Men." I sure would like to meet her.

Duckie P.—I have used a magnifying-glass, telescope and field-glass binoculars on your joke, but have been able to see the point. Is there one? Constance Talmadge is twenty-one; Norma Talmadge, twenty-four. You can reach Wallace MacDonald at the Vitagraph Company, Hollywood, Calif. Katherine MacDonald, at her own studio, Georgia and Gerard Streets, Los Angeles, Calif. Let me hear from you again.

Jean K.—You refer to Albert Roscoe. He is no relation to Roscoe Arbuckle.

Tempest and Sunshine—I am quite happy, thank you. It is a great thing to live content with small means, to love elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion. Marie Doro has finished "Beatrice." It was made in Italy, directed by Herbert Brenon and distributed by Goldwyn.

Talmadge Fan.—They are about as well paid as any of the stars. A man sins because he is bad. A woman sins because she thinks the man is as good as she is. Isn't that what you mean? Rosemary Theby, in "The Last Trail." 

Gene.—Thanks for the compliments. Violet Merserue is abroad now. So you think that Phyllis Haver has wonderful possibilities. You think Betty Compson and Gloria Swanson proved what they could do. Watch them—they'll grow.

Lark and Carol.—Oh, I'm feeling great, thanks; even if I am not considered so. It's a little chilly these days, but men are never satisfied. Gladys Walton is with Universal.

Josephine P.—You may point to picturesque exceptions, but it pays in the long run to travel the straight and narrow way. According to the Good Book, this means everlasting bliss, while the other course means everlasting blisters. Harriet Hammond is playing with Alice Lake in "The Golden Gift." Write me the news.

Dorothy Mc.—Yes, Anita Stewart was in Brightwaters, L. I., this summer. Her brother-in-law, Ralph Ince, lives there.

Philip M.—There are a lot of answer men scattered over this planet, but I believe I am the first to be called The Answer Man. My latest rival is Colliis Palmer, who is to be the Answer Lady for our new magazine, BEAUTY. Yes, Betty Blythe is probably on the Coast at this writing. Harry Carey did play in "The Fox," for Universal. Emory Johnson, in "Gray Ghost," John Pielou is Constance Talmadge's husband.

Miss Information.—The plays you ask for are much too old to use now. Our stories try to appear at the time the picture will be shown.

D. A. a S.—All photoplayers are musicians, the instrument they play is the human heart. But some don't play it well. Yes, indeed, I do think Ruby de Remer is beautiful. She was married once. Can't tell you when Richard Neil is. You must not be such a stranger. Write me again soon.

Jor.—That's all good stuff of yours. You say we ought to have more pictures like
"Lying Lips." You think that House Peters and Florence Vidor did splendid work in that picture. I sort of liked it.

Anna A.—Send along the verse. I will be glad to see it.

Two Bees—Thanks for calling me Solomon, but I cannot be as wise as he, because I have not seven hundred wives to consult. That's where he had the advantage of me. Walter Miller was Stephen and Ruth Dyer was Mary.

Constance—if you have a good library in your town, you have a university. Mil- ton Hazel, of Florence Vidor, Doro- thy Dalton isn't playing in anything just now.

U. R. A. Nut—Thanks, hoping you are the same. I beg to remain. Jack Muhall's wife, who was Laura Bundy, recently committed suicide. Louise Lovely is with Goldyn's, Alice Lake, in "The Infamous Miss Revell."

Deborah—Well, I don't always have room to say nice things about the fine letter I receive. Lillian Gish is still with Griffith. Wanda Hawley was Wanda Pettit before her marriage. Those were real tears—tears, the silent language of grief.

Tam-O'-Shanter—Aha! So you sent Constance Talmadge twenty-five cents for a picture, and she never sent it. I bet she went out and bought a new hat with it. You ask, am I a blonde or brunette? Neither—it's just plain. Barberins Bedford, in "The Face of the World."

Birdie Q.—So you think you are very shy, I don't notice it. Yes, there are quite a few pictures running on Broadway—"The Old Nest," "Queen of Sheba," "The Connecticut Yankee" and "Over the Hills," Hazel Dunn and Bert Lytell, in "The Lone Wolf."

Mourjore—Greetings! You remind me of the hen that sat on a brick by mistake, and then thought she was a bricklayer. You see my dear, a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. No, Ben Turpin was not born cross-eyed. He just got that way. House Peters and Irene Rich, in "The Invisible Roger." Tom Moore, in "Downing the Game." Edna Murphy and Johnny Walker, in "Live Wires."

Red Winkle—If you are after that success you speak of, you must work for it. Won't come to you, you know. You must chase it. Ethel Clayton, in "Her Own Money." Yes, Jack Holt is a star. He is starring in "The Man Who Sold Himself."

Violet M.—By all means, always enclose twenty-five cents when asking for a picture. Photographs cost the slavers all the way from fifty cents to one dollar, and sometimes they send as many as one hundred a day.

Lowell Flynn, C. E., Boz, M., A Peppy Quaker, Lent Marina, Bars, Wickett, E., B. Darn, Sweet Sixteen, Miss Silver, P., Joe Pro, Gypsy, A Gretian, Dos Rechies, Dicky Dunk, Love 'Em All, Blondie, Cowgirt, K. and C. Johnson—It is to be able to answer you per- sonal.

Lillian Saxer, of Charles Avenue, New Orleans, will be glad to correspond with other sailors and sailors' wives who are in hospitals. That's the spirit. I'm sure there are a good many of us who think of the war as much as they do.

Louise.—That man aeronaut was certainly a fine high-flier. Casson Ferguson, in Un- known Wife, Louise Harvey in "Earthbound." Om, in "The Crimson Stain." I was Larry (Continue).
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TWENTY-FOUR LEADING PLAYERS

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Wallace Reid
Pearl White
Anita Stewart

Theda Bara
Francis X. Bushman
Earle Williams
William Farnum
Charles Ray
Norma Talmadge
Constance Talmadge
Mary Miles Minter

Clara Kimball Young
Alice Joyce
Vivian Martin
Pauline Frederick
Billie Burke
Madge Kennedy
Elsie Ferguson
Tom Moore

These portraits are not for sale. They can be secured only by subscribing to the Motion Picture Magazine, Motion Picture Classic or Shadowland for one year, and then they will be sent free.

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Under the Lash

(Continued from page 65)

and faced him, the page that said "God help me, I love her," torn from Waring's diary, clutched against her wildly beating heart.

Krillet, with a horrible, unutterable calm, deposited a lantern on a barrel next to him, and read the service for the burial of the dead. She was, in truth, already dead to this fantastic.

"Oh, grave, where is thy victory? Oh, death, where is thy sting?" the ominous voice rumbled on.

Deborah turned on him savagely. "Murderer!" she hissed thru her clenched teeth.

"Fie! Hypocrite! Do your vile work and get it over with, without all this ghastly mockery."

Krillet's eyes were glazed. He moved and spoke as tho under a spell. The pale face of the beautiful Shalmaneera illuminated briefly at eerie intervals by the incessant flashes of lightning, held no more meaning for him than a vision. The whole thing was a frightful dream from which he would soon awake. Untrue—untrue—the words rang in his ears like the mighty discharge of the storm. Outside the "Voice of God" hurled its terrible malediction down on the faithless wife. So it seemed to Krillet. But he must do his duty—her throat was so white and beautiful after she would just close her eyes, or whimper, or be afraid—but he must do his duty—her throat was so white. He raised his rifle to aim.

"Deborah, Deborah!" came the voice of Waring out of the night.

Krillet lowered his gun and stepped outside, thanking his God for delivering both sinners into his hand.

Deborah's agonized moment of suspense was broken by two shots, heard clearly above the noise of the storm, and Waring rushed in to her.

"Krillet's shot went wild, Deborah; I had to kill him to save you."

Deborah, with all her senses keenly alert, realized that Waring would not have a chance with a Boer jury. She conceived a desperate remedy for a desperate situation. They would create the body of Krillet back to the tree that had so nearly killed Waring. It was gruesome business, but the only way. In the morning, the Kaffir boys would find him and conclude that the fallen tree had killed him. They both shuddered at the ghastly task, but it was successfully accomplished, and, so Kaffir will touch a dead body, even to bury it, Waring and Deborah had also to perform these last rites themselves.

Deborah duly entered the death in the big Bible, under the "Birth-Marriage-Death" list of the Krillet family: "June 21, 19—Simeon Krillet, fifty-five; killed by the judgement of God."

Waring and Deborah then took up their daily tasks once more, and the farm ran smoothly—without the aid of the Under the Lash. Deborah was hurt and puzzled by Waring's silence. Was she not free now? Did he love her, he was moody and often morose of late. What did that portend? She pulled the crumpled page of his diary out of the boom of her dress. She carried it always. Her eyes blurred with sudden tears as she read it, and her hands dropped to her sides with listless grace.

"What is the matter, Deborah?" said Waring, who had come up unexpectedly.

"Nothing," replied Deborah, with exactness as much conviction as that reply to that question ever had.

Waring took the paper from her resistless hands.

"Darling," he said, with a full heart, when he saw what it was. "I do love you."
Deborah drooped toward him, but he drew back, his face twisted with pain.

"Do you love me? I am not free—I have a wife back in England. She does not love me. We have not lived together for three years," he added, his heart torn by the look of ineffable hurt in Deborah's eyes.

Suddenly, her face blurred. She threw back her head and laughed wildly.

"I...I had to stay—let Simeon kill me," she cried, half hysterically. "It would not have hurt like this.

"Dont, Deborah; dont," pleaded Waring.

Her mood changed swiftly.

"My poor dear, I am sorry," she said gently, laying her hand on his arm.

The gentle touch broke down all restraint in Waring. He seized her hungrily in his arms and kissed her on the mouth, long and hard he kissed her; hot, blasting, soul stirring kisses, that left her quivering and afraid. At last, he released her.

"Go away; you must go away from here," she said weakly. "This is my punishment. Dont make it harder than I can bear."

Waring took her slender hand in his and kissed it repeatedly.

"I will go," he said, and left her.

He went immediately upstairs and packed his belongings. All the books he had left for Deborah. When he had completed his preparations for departure, he sat down at his desk and wrote a full confession of the death of Krillet, to which he signed his name. This he sealed carefully in an envelope.

Deborah had not stirred. She could not think. Her heart, if it did not break. It was turned to stone. Later would come the suffering.

Her stolid silence was rudely and incongruously interrupted by the arrival of Jan and his wedding party, to pick up his uncle for his wedding.

"Where is my brother?" demanded Tan

Tart Anna, wondering at the sight of Deborah's set face.

"He is dead," replied her wife. "Send the others away. I will tell you about it."

Jan and his noisy followers departed promptly, in no wise disturbed by the untimely death of Simeon Krillet. Had not Jan need and title indisputable to his six hundred pounds?

Tant Anna's capacity overcame her grief, and scarcely were the details of her brother's death told, before she was figuring out how in heaven she would be.

"I suppose," she said, with an ill-concealed sneer, "now that your husband is out of the way, you will marry your English lover?"

"No," said Waring himself, appearing suddenly on the stairs. "I am going away. Deborah started, and put her hand to her heart. The pain was beginning to be felt.

Tant Anna's ever-present suspicions doubled and tripled, by the arrival of Jan and his wedding party, to pick up his uncle for his wedding.

"Here is the truth about Krillet's death," she heard Waring say. "Use it for your own protection, if you can. Good-bye, beautiful Shulamite—good-bye."

Dr. D... formed the words, "Good-bye, sir," without emotion. "We're going."

Mr. N... than Tant

Anna, face buried.

in her outstretched arms, one hand grasping the paper Waring had left with her. The pain was unbearable.

Tant Anna grabbed the paper with hawklike fingers, and read it before the girl was aware of what had happened.

"So you and your lover murdered my brother, did you?" she asked in a palpitating voice. "Well, I shall see justice done," she added, without waiting for a denial from Deborah.

"Give me the paper," was all she could say.

Tant Anna's love of justice was no more deep-rooted than her grief for her brother's death. Her greedy old brain schemed even while she spoke.

"I will sell it to you, my dear."

"Your price?" asked Deborah, and without waiting for the answer. "You can have everything—the farm—the horse—all the fences, even enough for me to get away from this hateful place forever. See, here is gold," she added, running to her husband's desk and extracting from its secret drawer several bags of English gold.

Tant Anna, with eyes gleaming with gratified avarice, one arm around the shining pile, handed over the paper.

Waring tore it in pieces, and walking over to the window, scattered it to the four winds of heaven. At least her lover would be safe.

She sighed drearily. Memke was ordered to hitch up the light wagon, and Deborah went upstairs to pack, leaving the old woman to go out over the field.

In Friesburg Waring found letters awaiting him, one in the same "pretty writing" as before. Impatiently he tossed aside and looked thru the others. He was about to tear the last letter, when something, sudden, intangible, compelling, made him hold his hand. He opened it dully.

"July 9th."

Her heart throbbed as she read the letter, began, "to inform you that my divorce, of which I wrote you six weeks ago, has been granted. I am married now to Lloyd Sherman, the man I have always loved—Marzia Waring Sherman."

Waring drew in a deep breath, and smiling boyishly, stepped outside of the post office, where his wagon and Kaffir boy waited.

"Turn around, boy," he cried. "We're going right straight back where we came from."

The boy thought him crazy, privately, but a Kaffir never dreams of disobeying his white master, and without more than wartering the tired horses, they started back.

Sunrise on the veld. Two wagons were traveling the familiar road, one bound for Friesburg, and crawling along at a snail's pace, the other bound for Krillet's farm, going at break-neck speed.

Deborah's heart was as the leaden feet of the Kaffir boys. After a night of bitter, active, wide-awake despair, her turbulent grief had sunk into a distressing apathy. But apathy is a two-edged sword, and Deborah thought with a greater pang of it. Her eyes were heavy with unshed tears, her heart with vanished hopes. She did not even see Waring's wagon approaching, but the faithful and alert little Memke did, and pulled up short as Waring jumped down and ran across the road to her.

"Deborah, read this," he cried, holding the letter before her amazed eyes.

Surprise and delight and happiness flooded her face like the dawn.

"My beautiful Shulamite," he said, with passionate tenderness. "My Deborah, mine now—and forever."

Surprise on the veld. Two wagons were traveling the familiar road, each bound for Friesburg. One held two delighted Kaffir boys, the other held one—a man and his woman. 
Kenyon is receiving $2,000 a month from Goldwyn, but, according to his own statement, his income does not exceed $1,200.

ROYAL RECEPTION FOR QUEEN BLYTHE

More than three thousand people sought admission to the Philharmonic Auditorium here in response to the proclamation issued by Queen Betty Blythe-Sheffield. The opening night was dazzingly brilliant. All the platinum and diamonds not in the hock shops were flashing heliographically from star to star. Queen Betty, in a new diamond coiffure of tissued gold, threw necks out of joint as she floated down the aisle in a pink ostrich feather wrap—Bill Russell towered from a box like Solomon himself. I can truthfully say that Bill was the biggest star present. And Shirley Mason was the smallest—but what a bijou! I fall for the petite Shirley, but her husband, Bernicc During—also her director—is a colossal not to be challenged by anyone less than Jack Dempsey. Virginia, Pearson, of opulent majesty, was seated with Lila Lee. Tony Moreno represented Spain, and Max Linder, France. The dusky beauty of Florence Nesbitt came from a galaxy of American beauty. Tom Mix was present to lend a hand to the chariot race, which he staged. And finally, Monty whispering somewhere in the house. During intermission, when the gentlemen stepped out to cool their collars after seeing Queen Betty arrive safely with her hair at the court of Solomon, the lobby became a parade of paparazzi, satellites, "extras" and civilians. Miss Blythe, herself, was not present, but returned the next week from New York. When reproved for her tardiness, she said she had stayed over to see the premiere of Nazimova's "Camille," and had contracted the Camillean cough. Nazimova reciprocated by catching cold from seeing Betty so lightly garbed in Sheba. Such is realism—and stellar susceptibility.

THE H. C. OF MATRIMONY

Charlie Chaplin, stingy man, gave Mildred only $125,000 when the marital partnership was dissolved. And Mildred, stingy girl, wound up $12,500, of which she alleged was the percentage due them for getting her the settlement. It seems the best way to get a divorce now is on the production of a debt, just like getting a film contract. The more lawyers can get out of the victim, the more they make. But $125,000—sweet spirits of alimony!—and yet Charlie says he wants to marry again.

MEIGHAN IMPORTS "L"

Hollywood is all right as a workhouse or rock pile, thanks Tommi Meighan, but it is the city of Dreadful Night. When the star received orders to report at Western headquarters of the Lasky-Adams, decided to bring New York with him, so he pocketed an elevated station, and here it is.

"Come over and see my street," he urged.

I did. The sight rendered me as emotional as Camille on her deathbed. To make the illusion complete, they had a man who looked like Jack London, through a window and resembling a taxi driver with death for forfeiting.

J. WARREN KERRIGAN

The kleigs will soon shine again upon the countenance of J. Warren Kerrigan, who has not seen Athens since thus made of the Fred Warren distributing corporation. Mr. Kerrigan has been idle for several months, but don't count him among the starving Bohemians. He is one of our wealthiest citizens, having retained his normality throughout the salaried period.

MARY ANDERSON STARS

"Sunshine" Mary Anderson, who saw the light of stardom from the Vitagraph cradle, has been signed to star in comedy-dramas under the supervision of Scott Dunlap, formerly a Fox director. The pictures will be released thru a new organization, known as Associated Photomax. The same company has also taken over the long-distance services of Jane Novak and Helen Gibson.

WE AWAITS ANITA

The fall season will not open officially in Hollywood until the return of Anita Stewart, the slim princess of the film select. Miss Stewart and her husband, Rudolph Cameron, will take possession of their new mansion, the month, and the star will commence production of Countess Barcynski's "Roses O' the Sea," adapted for the screen by Madge Tyrone.

A REAL ARTIST

John Bowers is performing a real service for humanity by designing pajamas. There is certainly a chance for improvement, both artistic and utilitarian, in the nocturnal costume.

THAT-A-BOY, DICK

Richard Dix is on the way to stardom at Goldwyn, all right. He has purchased a house in Beverly Hills, thus fulfilling the first requirements.

LOS ANGELES WIT

Not wishing to let Mencken and Nathan make all the literary discoveries in Los Angeles, I submit the following sample of humor.

Sid Grauman, manager of Grauman's "Million Dollar Theater," was discussing "The Great Impersonation" with Director George Melford.

"Why did you cut the film on that picture, George?" said Sid. "That's out of your line. It's work for a woodchopper."

"Why so, Sid?"

"Well, there's a forest and a wood all thru the picture," said Sid. "Ann Forrest is the leading woman and Jim Kirkwood is the star."

MARSHALL NEILAN, CRITIC

Marshall Neilan makes his bow as a critic by commenting as follows on "The Old Nest":

"The finest story I have ever seen."

"The Old Nest" makes "Way Down East" fade away into the background, and I frankly admit that I believe your story to be far greater than "The Miracle Man."

"Mr. Neilan produces pictures at the Goldwyn studios."

"The Old Nest" is a Goldwyn picture.

CLARA K. YOUNG IN VAUDVILLE

Clara Kimball Young has gone into vaudeville. Her manager, Harry Garson, who directed her in "Charge It," is now directing George Bela on a film version of the old vaudeville sketch, "The Sign of the Rose."

BILL HART AS AUTHOR

The movie stars seem to be doing most everything just now except pictures. Bill Hart has taken an office on Hollywood Boulevard, where, he asserts, he is writing a novel based on the American Revolution. I trust it will not I. condemned as bolshe-
“Danderine”

Grows Thick, Heavy Hair

35-cent Bottle Ends all Dandruff, Stops Hair Coming Out

vist propaganda. He also is writing a scenario, which he will produce next February. Some time soon he will take a vacation on his farm in Connecticut.

MARY DESMOND CHRISTENED

Mary Johanna Desmond, baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Desmond, was solemnly christened at the Desmond home. Bill Hart, who lives across the street, came over to act as godfather.

IT WILL BE A GAY PARADE!

Gay Paree, Hollywood’s only rival—according to the gentlemen who write for the “legit” magazines—is liable to seize the center of revelry. There has been a great exodus from the movie colony. Ethel Clayton plans to live in Paris as soon as her Lasky contract expires, in November, Anita Loos and John Emerson already have a salon on the boulevards. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks plan to make the French capital their headquarters.

Elliott Dexter is going over to take chambers in London or Paris. James Kirkwood is on his way to London to star in “The Man from Home,” a Lasky production. Charlie Chaplin has made England merrie once more by a visit. It is said he will come back a knight—he and his good cane, Eucatex. Hollywood Boulevard looks like Main Street the day after the circus.

GOLDWYN SIGNS COLEEN

At this moment Samuel Goldwyn is talking figures—monetary—with Colleen Moore. If he has enough money in his savings bank, he will sign her as a star. If not, Mr. Goldwyn and Rupert Hughes are charmed with her variety of “The Wallflower.”

MABEL NORMAND IN COSTUME

After a vacation in New York, Mabel Normand is to do another special production as Mack Sennett’s popular watering place. F. Richard Jones, who directed her in “Molly-O” and the immortal “Mickey,” will continue to be her megaphone escort.

It is reported that Mabel may do “When Knighthood Was in Flower.” No one could revive the age of chivalry more quickly.

A BUSY WINTER AHEAD

The movie industry is showing great resilience after the depression. Jesse L. Lasky has placed seventeen companies to work on his Hollywood plantation, to say nothing of the legions he is sending abroad to hold the Lasky-Paramount stronghold in London. Among the big productions which he is planning are “The Wanderer,” from the stage play of that name, and “The Man from Home,” to be made in London. It is probable that several stars will be added to the roster. I predict that Lois Wilson will be one.

Irving Thalberg, Mayor of Universal City, has fourteen gangs working. Priscilla Dean is doing Cynthia Stockley’s “Wild Honey,” a story of South African life. The other stars who are performing are: Marie Prevost, Miss Du Pont, Frank Mayo, Herbert Rawlinson, Lon Chaney, Gladys Walton and Eileen Sedgwick. By the way, take notice of the new Universal productions. They have taken on considerable luster since the election of Mr. Thalberg to the managerial chair. Better stories, better casts, and directors of such standing as Paul Scardon, Robert Thorby and Robert Henley. Erich Von Stroheim is to stay on, I understand, having earned respect by spending more than a million dollars in a year, thus eclipsing the record of the fictional Brewer and his millions. Tod Browning is also chalking up for another production. Mr. Scardon is directing

Ten minutes after using Danderine you can not find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks’ use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp. Danderine is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them, helping the hair to grow long, strong and luxuriant. One application of Danderine makes thin, lifeless, colorless hair look youthful bright, lustous, and just twice as abundant.

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103 PAGL
Miss Du Pont, the new star, in "Ropes," and Mr. Henley is guiding that stellar débutante, Miss Prevost.

PARIS PRO-GERMAN!

After the naughtily way the Germans behaved toward France recently, "you wouldn't think that Paris would turn pro-German, but it seems to have gone to Hollywood. The Metro News Bureau says:

"Fresh evidence of the value of the film as a historical text-book has been found in the cabled dispatches from Paris, describing the protests against the showing there of 'Rasputin,' filmed in Hollywood five years ago."

Edward Connelly, who enacted the role of the monk who is credited with playing a prominent part in the final tragedy of the Russian empire, paused in his work on a Metro stage to discuss the attack upon the film. Mr. Connelly is engaged in portraying the part of the deacon in Rex Ingram's production of 'Turn to the Right."

"'Rasputin' is historically correct," said the film prototype of the Russian fanatic. "But this is not nearly so important as the principle involved in this attack. The 'Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse,' in which I also was fortunate enough to play a part, will be the subject of a similar attack, just as soon as it is shown in Europe, where German militarists have an opportunity to discuss it."

To think that the German militarists would attack Rasputin right in Paris! And we left there thinking the war was over. I wouldn't be at all surprised if the German Frenchmen attacked the Ingram edition of Balzac's 'Eugenie Grandet.' In which case, the film actors should declare war immediately. It beats all how the world stays pro-German.

VIOLA DANA, MECHANIC

Viola Dana has been working in a garage for several days, I am informed. Congratulations, Miss Dana, upon the new field of activity, in which you no doubt will have a much more important part to play than before. Personally, I shall look forward to engine troubles with a great deal of pleasure, providing, of course, Miss Dana doesn't wear overalls.

The Barrie Director

(Continued from page 94)

At this inauspicious moment, the telephone jangled raucously. Mrs. Robertson answered, but the call was for Mr. Robertson, whereupon he excused himself. A moment later he reappeared to say he was going right over to the Players' large book of diamonds, watches and jewelry on credit. Millions of dollars worth of jewelry from which to choose your Xmas gifts. Your choice is sent you on approval, without any penny down.

Charge Account Plan

Don't send a penny in advance. Your simple request brings any diamond or piece of jewelry you choose. When it comes examine it and if it is not the greatest bargain you ever saw, tell us and we will decide to keep it you can pay at the rate of only a few cents a day.

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"Fresh evidence of the value of the film as a historical text-book has been found in the cabled dispatches from Paris, describing the protests against the showing there of 'Rasputin,' filmed in Hollywood five years ago."

Edward Connelly, who enacted the role of the monk who is credited with playing a prominent part in the final tragedy of the Russian empire, paused in his work on a Metro stage to discuss the attack upon the film. Mr. Connelly is engaged in portraying the part of the deacon in Rex Ingram's production of 'Turn to the Right."

"'Rasputin' is historically correct," said the film prototype of the Russian fanatic. "But this is not nearly so important as the principle involved in this attack. The 'Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse,' in which I also was fortunate enough to play a part, will be the subject of a similar attack, just as soon as it is shown in Europe, where German militarists have an opportunity to discuss it."

To think that the German militarists would attack Rasputin right in Paris! And we left there thinking the war was over. I wouldn't be at all surprised if the German Frenchmen attacked the Ingram edition of Balzac's 'Eugenie Grandet.' In which case, the film actors should declare war immediately. It beats all how the world stays pro-German.

VIOLA DANA, MECHANIC

Viola Dana has been working in a garage for several days, I am informed. Congratulations, Miss Dana, upon the new field of activity, in which you no doubt will have a much more important part to play than before. Personally, I shall look forward to engine troubles with a great deal of pleasure, providing, of course, Miss Dana doesn't wear overalls.

The Barrie Director

(Continued from page 94)

At this inauspicious moment, the telephone jangled raucously. Mrs. Robertson answered, but the call was for Mr. Robertson, whereupon he excused himself. A moment later he reappeared to say he was going right over to the Players' large book of diamonds, watches and jewelry on credit. Millions of dollars worth of jewelry from which to choose your Xmas gifts. Your choice is sent you on approval, without any penny down.

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J. MYLON & CO.
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Hope Deferred
(Continued from page 60)

There will be the Final Honor Roll of the contest in next month's MAGAZINE. This must not be confused with the monthly Honor Rolls. The Final Honor Roll will be those contestants who, while they could not win, were next best qualified. In other words, the most promising, after the final winner is selected. The winner will most probably be announced in the January number.

The editorial judges decided to have one more Honor Roll, as some of the late entrants were very fine. This is another Monthly Honor Roll, not the Final Honor Roll of the Contest.

The lucky man is Byrne Hobson, 1124 Second Street, Shreveport, La. He has not had any picture experience. He is twenty-four years old, five feet eleven inches in height, and weighs one hundred and fifty pounds. He is a decided Brunette with black hair and brown eyes. He has a fine, clear-cut profile and if "coming events cast their shadows before their eyes," he will wager that here is fine movie material.

Miss Mary Groome, 288 South Second Street, Columbus, Pa., has had not any picture experience either. She is a Brunette, with dark brown hair and darker eyes, and an olive complexion.—Ah, in her becoming white wig, is a dainty little morsel, weighing but one hundred and nine pounds and reaching the great height of five feet one inch. She is nineteen years old, dusky-eyed and red-lipped. Miss Beth Darling, 2633 Romeo Street, Los Angeles, Calif., has had six months' valuable screen training. She is a little thing, with a voice like a siren, just pounds, is five feet one and one-half inches in height, and has seventeen years to her credit. What we can see of Beth, outside of her face, we like. Who wouldn't trade places with the scarlet, so suavely curled around her pretty throat?

Greenroom Jottings
(Continued from page 74)

Elron Gyn, the noted English novelist, finds it necessary to utilize every fleeting moment. Her trip across to England recently was occupied with the series of articles she is writing for THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE ON HOLLYWOOD and the Hollywoodites—this promises to be a vitally interesting series.

Naomi Childers is so busy being the wife of the author, Luther Reed, these days that she has neglected the screen. Mrs. Reed is one of the most attractive guests at the different luncheons and teas and she says that just as soon as she can manage it, she will come back to the screen.

Curiosity
By GERTRUDE CHAMBERLAIN

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
We wonder just how old you are—
Not that we've forgotten you less,
But because we like to guess.

With your childish ways so winning,
You have set our heads a swimming.
Oh, the stars up yonder shine,
But, if we believe Einstein,
Things are not what they do seem,
Even on the movie screen,
And as your charms do drive us furious,

The Magic Power of A Few Little Lines
Have you ever noticed a cartoonist draw a short line there? Another there? A small curve? A splash of shading—and you have a wonderful picture? It was all so easy—because he knew the correct lines to use and just where to put them. Through this New Easy Way to Draw you too can learn the Magic Power of a Few Little Lines and how to make big money in drawing them!

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The Answer Man

(Continued from page 99)


GLAD EYES.—Vernon Steele, opposite Mae Marsh, in "Polly of the Circus.

RHEA.—Wow! Zowie! You want to know whether a star would rather have a divorced man make love to her, or a single or married man. You are also want to know if there is any difference in the quality of their love making. And you say you are sweet sixteen. Good night!

RUTH ROLAND.—I am not in business for my health, but I try to keep in health for my business. My business consists in answering a few fool questions and a few from Rand send-in men. You want more about Ruth Roland. Well, there is an interview on the way, I overheard this morning. You bet, she is a friend of mine. We all like Ruth here. We also like her away from here. No, no—I mean we like her wherever she is.

LUR Mc.—No, I am not the only answer man in captivity. The woods are full of them. I believe that I was the first, however, and the first to be called by that name. No, I believe I'll never fall in love now. I'm much too old for that. But still, never too old to yearn. I still have that little book by Kipling sent me. I shall always treasure it.

FIFTY.—It is a luxury to read letters like yours. You can get back issues direct from this office, this address, regular price.

ANN E.—Le tour you have yours was one hundred per cent, good. The custom of throwing a shoe after a bride comes from the Jewish custom of refunding a shoe to a purchaser of land. It is the completion of the contract. Parents also gave a shoe to the husband on a daughter's marriage in token of yielding up a daughter into the care of the husband.

DOROTHY A.—Scena Owen was married to George Walsh once. Yes, I saw Lewis Stone and Ruth Rennick in "The Golden Snare," but didn't care so much for it. Gail Kane is playing in "Wise Husbands," with Gladdie James. It is being produced by Pioneer.

SQUEEZE.—I don't eat a great deal of candy now. It is all right it helps to sweeten the disposition. You bet, I have a flowing beard. I wish my wife flowed as fully as my beard. Why don't you join in some of the correspondence clubs? Yes, Roy T. Barnes played in "A Kiss in Time."

MARY B.—Well, the ordinary load of a camel is from thirty to thirtyfive miles. Alice Brady and her husband, James Crane, have been in Europe for some time.


(Continued on page 108)
Hinds Honey and Cream keeps the skin so smooth—velvety soft—refreshed!

This picture is a reduced copy of the original photograph of the Hinds Cream Girl.

You can possess the appealing beauty of smooth, clear, perfect skin and charming complexion through the use of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Snow-white, exquisite in fragrance, Hinds Cream is cooling, soothing—a delight to the skin. An application of but a few drops brings a feeling of refreshing comfort, appreciated especially after shopping, sports or duties of the day. Skin which has become roughened, irritated by sun, wind or dust, chapped and sensitive is alleviated quickly by Hinds Cream; and faithful use of it soon restores the skin to the clear, soft beauty of perfect health.

For more than a half century this cream has been gaining patronage in America. The demand has extended throughout Canada and into all other foreign countries. It keeps perfectly in all climates.

HINDS Honey and Almond Cream not only improves the complexion but keeps the arms and hands attractive. It softens the cuticle, in manicuring and relieves tenderness. Men use it after shaving for skin-comfort, to soften and heal. Sample 2c.

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By GWENDOLYN CUMMINS

From the glitter and glamor of Cinema Land—
From the shadowy, nebulous Country of Dream—
With a beauty surpassing, a presence supreme,
You have come with a scepter of gold in your hand,
How we tremble and flutter thru each breathless reel,
How we suffer for each erudit pang you must feel.
But, at last, you are safe, with your wrongs all made right,
And your lips, trusting, pressed to the lips of your Knight.

Lovely Queen! Combination of siren and saint,
With a form like a nymph, thrilling eyes, and a mouth
Like a honeymoon blossom blown out of the South;
Rippling hair, in whose web boldest heroes might faint.
How those lips of yours, clinging in passionate truth
To your lover’s, disturb my serene contemplation.
Oh, why is it you look over here when you smile?
In sweet song sing the Man who loves me.

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(Continued from page 82)
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Address:

The Answer Man
(Continued from page 106)

GABLE.—A good deal depends upon appearances. In France, they ask, “Who are you?” and in America, “How much have you?” Isn't it so? Next, pa. Kenneth Harlan was the doctor and Ethel Shannon and Katherine Kellard, in “Mama's Chicago.” May with “Fine and Love,” for Goldwyn. Lon Chaney is with Goldwyn.

C. M.—Yes, I'm the same old fellow. Well, I think the excitement has shifted to Eugene O'Brien. Thomas Meighan and Conrad Nagel are six foot; Wallace Reid, six foot one, and Monte Blue, six foot two. Pretty close.

Augusta F., Canyon.—You ask which I would rather hear from—humid, lover or poet? I cannot see any difference between the three. Adele Faurong was Miss Warren, Ruth Rennie was Virginia, in “The Mollycoddle.” Helen Chadwick and Richard Dix, in “Dangerous Curve Ahead,” for Goldwyn.

A CUBED NUT—I have passed a unanimous vote of thanks to you for your dandy letter and kind words. You have the right address for Monte Blue. Antonio Moreno, with Vitagraph, Hollywood, Cal.; Charles Ray, Los Angeles, Cal.; Corinne Griffith, in “Moral Fibre.”

Gorbe RameyVILLE.—Glad to know you. So you think I have a goat alongside of my desk who eats my letters as fast as I answer them. He'll be pretty fat by now. It would require forty goats—forty theses. Virginia Vail, opposite Bert Lytell, in “Junk.”

Ethel W.—That was Fred Thompson, in “Lovelight.”


Aunt M.—You ask the same question that Shakespeare left unanswered—the tempted or tempter, who sins most? Creighton Hale, in “The Two Orphans.” Write me again; yours was plus-excellence.

H. K.—Thank you for your life interview with Sessee Hayakawa in the October, 1920, issue of the MAGAZINE. He laughs last and can afford to laugh. Norma Talmadge is five feet two inches tall and weighs one hundred and ten pounds. Dorothy Dalton, at 805 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal.

M. P. Fan.—There is such a thing as too much humility, I think. Humility is an acknowledgment of superior force, and it is not always wise to admit that the other fellow can lick you. So you want to see a picture of Willard Mack. Vola Vale, opposite William Russell, for Fox. William Scott, opposite Eileen Percy.

Russell F. S.—Yours was answered above.

Madelaine H.—Ha, ha, you think I ought to get mixed up with a lawn mower. What would you do in December, what is it about ten below? Yes, Colleen Moore and Wheeler Oakman, in “Shippey McGee,” for Moscoso. Write me again.

Mary M.—Yes, V. and P. and P. Some people never give up. I guess I'm one of them. Monte Blue and Mary Thurman, in “The Broken Doll.” Eva Novak, in “The Last Trail.” For Fox, Anna cattle, in “The Blue Fox.” Yes, the little colored boy is Sammy Snowball.

Peter Morrison Fan.—Good for you. You want more about him, and you ought to have it.

L's Girl.—No, I have no relatives on

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RICHARD WALLACE, Brooklyn, N. Y.
REVISED ADVICE FOR SCENARIO WRITERS
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Mary had a pet scenario,
And everywhere the busy postman went—
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Just so it's branded with their famous name.
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Our S. E. Post does all the dirty work!"
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From all the people paper stay away;
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But sing a big prize-fight; then,
Just see you advertise,
They'll think of those cute, clever go.
Who, no, their past has been,
Are they still with the movie pen.
But of two, as you still are keen,
Having a whole-sized check.
Scarce dr.
For all the excels as: "By that tale a great scenario!"
So write, near a studio!
The Answer Man

(Continued from page 110)

Mousie,—Yes, he disappeared. I don't know whether he ran away with a woman or from one. Cemetery is in California. Natalie Talmadge married Buster Keaton. King Vidor is his right name. I appreciate your kind words hugely.

Toots,—The average literary man of today uses about four thousand different words in writing a book or play of any considerable length. Shakespeare, whose vocabulary has been laboriously checked by scores of enthusiasts, uses just over fifteen thousand different words. Milton comes second, with his hayseed. I never checked up mine, but I must come along next. Address Anita Stewart, at Brightwaters, L. I. So you are going to send me a picture of Eugene O'Brien and his mother, which you took. Will be glad to get it.

Helles M.—So you have decided that my inquiries are interesting. Glad to know that. Now, that that is settled, we will take up the next question. Katherine MacDonald is married. Ella H. Ford and Francis Ford, in "The Great Reward."

Alberta.—You certainly have a very interesting collection. You say you have a newspaper,—April 11, 1913, New York Herald—giving full account of the shooting of Lincoln. Then you have several scrap-books with seven thousand war poems and you want to know where to dispose of them to the best advantage. I will look it up and let you know next month. But do you know that there are many thousands of these Herold's from around the world. They are reprints. There are probably only a dozen originals in existence.

By Story.—Fine! You say a man eighty years old hasn't the line of slang that I have. Well, maybe not; but I have. You want me to tell you where to get hooch. Oh, you want to know too much about me.

Oregon Girl.—You say everybody preaches "reserve" to a girl—and scorns a wallflower; everybody preaches "thrift" to a man—and hates a tightwad. No, they do not have Turkish baths in Turkey. Address Wallace Reid, Lucky Studio, 1520 Vine Street, Calif.


Mrs. D. Scott.—Yes, that is a real dog, and it is owned by her. It is the least dog I have ever seen at one time. Well, don't you know in some town it is customary to cuss the bride? I don't want to live in one of those towns when I get married. Richard Dix and Helene Chadwick, in "The Glorious Pool." Harry Myers, in "Handle With Care." Yes, Herbert Rawlinson is married to Roberta Arnold.

Jessie B.—Yes, worth makes the man, but I am sorry to say it usually depends upon how much he is worth. Yes, Vivian Martin is on the stage in "Just Married." For Ralph Graves, see above. Warren Kerigan, California. Sure thing, write me again.

Tootsie.—You can write Corliss Palmer at this office, and if she is not too busy with the present and future, and she will get you or send you the name of the best photographer or taking pictures, she will answer you. You can write Virginia Faire at Pathé, 35 West Forty-second Street, New York, or George F. Hazen, Nashville, Tennessee. Yours are the views of a pessimist, and a pessimist's point of view is only a point. Oh, you flatter me. Yes, Lloyd Hughes and Gloria Hope are both parts of your beautiful hair.

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just married. Yes, it is true that Violet Mersereau is playing in "Nero," a Fox picture taken in Italy.

GRACE B.—You are a wonder. Most girls would rather admit that they are thirty than to admit that they more. You refer to Jewel Carmen, in "A Tale of Two Cities." So you like Gloria Swanson better than Agnes Ayres.

ERASMUS.—Faire Binney wishes me to state that she and Constance are both daughters of the late Harold Binney, the well-known patent lawyer of New York. In error, I said that Constance Binney was Constance Gray in a recent issue.

MARY C. G.—That's a fine letter of yours.

You say you are sixteen, and you sound more like twenty-five. You had better go to college instead of pictures. Get an education. child. Anna Little's real name was Mary Brooks.

Mickey.—You want to know if Thomas Meighan is a musician, because he has such pretty hands. Never noticed his hands—always look at his face. And you think Wallace Reid looks like a "Mama's Boy." You say, I must be too coarse, or awfully old, to answer these questions. Cant I be both?

LORRAINE J.—If the world does not smile on you, as you say, it may be because you don’t smile on the world. Try it. Leon Gendronas was Larry in "Scrambled Wives."

KATHY WILKINS FOREVER.—Well, I am glad to hear that you can write stories as easily as you can eat, but I am sure the latter is more sustaining. You must type—write your stories. Theda Bara is making a tour, appearing in the principal cities of the United States, showing a two-reel picture for the occasion.

PEARL WHITE FAN.—Try Bayside, L. L., for Pearl White, or Fox, Studio, Thirtieth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street, New York City.

GOODR.-I hope you keep your word—one a week. Who knows? Perhaps we are soul mates. You say you are sixteen, and I’m eighty. Solict!

THP VAMP.—I would think twice before I put my money in those mines. You may have to go thru many trying days before you get your money back. Vola Vale in "The Dancer." Diana Allen was the other girl. Wilfred Lytell was the rich Anita Stewart’s next picture, "Her Mad Bargain."

C. M. O.—Do not think of marrying an actress, if you can possibly avoid it. It is awfully hard to keep a skilful wife on a muskrat salary. Of course, I have a beard. It’s always in front of me. I ease escape it, so I know it is there. Cant say whether "The Inner Flame" has been produced.

CURLEY HEAR.—I sure don’t know whether Mary Pickford or Norma Talmadge plays the piano, or whether Vivian Martin plays the violin. You are again, but please ask me something easy.

HOUSE PETERS ADMIRER.—No. Jane Novak isn’t married yet. Cheer up, and keep at it, in spite of handicaps. Demosthenes, greatest of Greek orators, was born tongue-tied, and Tallyrand was born a cripple.

SQUIRREL.—Comment vous en es tu. No, you don’t need pink pigeons to do me in. As long as I can read the writing, it’s all right. So you don’t think that a vampire is pretty. Cant prove it to you. Ralph Graves is out West doing "Kindred of the Dust."

Rush.—Keith Harlan is married. You can reach him at the Talmadge Studios, 318 East Forty-eighth Street, New York. Yes, but dont write mash notes. You must be patient. With time and patience, the mulberry leaf becomes satin.
The old-fashioned method of hair dyeing has passed away. With it have passed many false notions, among them the reluctance to admit that the hair has been brought back to its original beauty and lustre by artificial means. This is entirely due to the discovery of Dr. Emile, Physician-Scientist of the Pasteur Institute, Paris. Through its marvelous results it has replaced all former methods and is used exclusively by 1,500 of the Foremost European hairdressers.

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Shadows in a drama vast,
Filled with varied act and scene.

Shadows flitting in the sun
Like the bees among the flowers;
Shadows hast'ning one by one
Down the course of passing hours.

Shadows in the sunny space;
Shadows on the tangled grass;
Shadows on the river's face;
Shadows in the winds that pass.

Shadows playing in the lane;
Shadows fighting battles brave;
Shadows walking ways of pain;
Shadows falling in the grave.

Shadows moving in the grove,
Falling on the summer lawn.
On and off the screen they move,
But the play goes ever on.

THE STAR OF SHADOWLAND

By RENÉTE GAMBÉE LÉONG

Dun the lights on shadowland,
Not sums nor moons there are;
A silver sheet
With music sweet
And lighted by a star.

Bright the star of shadowland,
Her orbit circles far;
Her universe
Must oft rehearse,
She is a movie star.

THE OLD HOME ROAD

By WRIGHT FIELD

Ah, there it is—the road that used to lead
Beyond the wood, around the corner, so,
Across a meadow and a weathered stile,
O'er the low bridge that spanned the streamlet's flow,
Ending at last in a white gate that sagged
Beneath the weight of many little feet—
And later, from the boyish forms that ran
Across it, whispering nothings, low and sweet!

Yes, there, at last, a silvery, scythe-like curve,
Where a wide willow drops its velvet plumes,
And white flower-faces peep beneath the trees,
Like wistful ghosts entrapped in silent glooms,
It runs, and beckons me to follow on
To where it climbs the stile and spans the stream,
And sweeps around the little red-brick house,
Whose windows in the dying sunset gleam!

Ah, I have waited long to see its curve,
Dear and familiar, calling to my home,
Knowing how gladly would my weary feet
 Rush to respond, nor care again to roam.
Almost I see my mother's tender smile,
Almost I hear her greeting, low and sweet—
But, ah, I start and tremble from my dream;
'Tis gone—and blank once more the silver sheet!

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**Motion Picture Magazine**

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Founded by J. Stuart Blackton

Vol. XXII

JANUARY, 1922

No. 12

Copyright, 1922, in United States and Great Britain by Brewster Publications, Inc.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC., AT JAMAICA, N. Y.

Entered at the Post Office at Jamaica, N. Y., as second-class matter, under the act of March 3rd, 1879.

EXECUTIVE AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Subscription—$2.50 a year in advance, including postage in the United States, Cuba, Mexico and Philippines. In Canada, $3.00; in foreign countries and Newfoundland, $3.50. Single copies, 25 cents, postage prepaid. U. S. Government Stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both old and new address.

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

Published by Brewster Publications, Inc.,

New York Corporation.

EUGENE V. BREWSTER, President and Editor-in-Chief

G. H. L. HARRINGTON, Vice-President

E. M. HEINEMANN, Secretary

L. G. CONLON, Treasurer

(Also Publishers of the Motion Picture Classic. out on the fourteenth of each month; and Shadowland, out on the twenty-third)

Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation

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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.—"The Return of Peter Grimm," with David Warfield. Another interesting David Belasco revival, marked by the usual Belasco effect. Mr. Warfield gives a compelling performance of a spirit.

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

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

Casino.—"Tangercine," with Julia Sanderson, is a fascinating musical comedy with scenes revolving between that alimony center, Ludlow Jail, and an isle in the South Seas, where the women do all the work. Colorful and tuneful music.

Eliotage.—"Back Pay," with Helen MacKellar. A play by Fannie Hurst, with the highly promising Miss MacKellar in the leading role.


Fulton.—"Lillom," the Theatre Guild production of the Franz Molnar "legend." A remarkable and brilliant satire, tinged with the Old World, with Charles Durning, a young life between the here and the hereafter, with a scene in the beyond. Eva Le Gallienne stands out of the cast, while Joseph Schubkraut plays the name part. Well worth seeing.

Garrick.—The first Theatre Guild production of the year is a drab but powerful American play, "Abrahan," by Arthur Richman, who has woven his theme—the readjustments of ideals to life—into an absorbing thing. Very well played by Florence Eldridge, Frank Reicher, Karine Proctor and others.

Harris.—"Six-Cylinder Love," with Ernest Truex. The season's biggest sell-out and a popular appeal to car and automobile problems of a young couple trying to live up to their car. Plenty of laughs.

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

Klaw.—"Lilies of the Field," with Marie Doro starring and Norman Trevor featured. Another flip and shaggy "gold digger" play.


Marie Elliott's.—"The Silver Fox," with William Faversham. An admirable comedy by Cosmo Hamilton, written with keen satire and humor. Of a blundering author, a philanthropic wife and an idealistic young artist. violet Eddle Cooper, who scored last season in "Clair de Lune"; Mr. Faversham, Lawrence Grossmith, who gives a portrayal of superb subtlety; Ian Keith and Vivienne Osborne.

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


Republic.—"Getting Gertie's Garter." Another thin-ice farce by Wilson Collison and Avery Hopwood, this time with a daring, self-sacrificing Miss Turley and an expert blushing, you will be amused by this piece, which has an interesting cast, including Walter Jones and Dorothy Mackeay.

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A 25 cent cake of Woodbury’s 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:

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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Constance is perhaps screenland's favorite flapper. Nevertheless, she insists that her future productions will have a slightly more serious vein. It would be a pity for her to desert the farce, altogether.
It takes ages for Eric von Stroheim to produce a picture. It takes ages after that for him to cut it to the required length. But his efforts are worth waiting for—"Foolish Wives," they say, is soon to be released.
Margaret Loomis has contributed colorful moments to many productions. It is a mystery why the Powers That Be do not give her more opportunities. Certainly, she has a distinct personality. And it cannot be denied that this is a rarity.
Alma Rubens has not been constant in her work before the camera recently. She has taken long vacations between productions. Remembering her work in "The World and His Wife," this is to be regretted.
Mabel Julienne Scott has given the silvercloth several worthy portraits within the last year or two. Her latest work is her portrayal of Fanny, in "No Woman Knows," which was called "Fanny Herself" between the covers of Edna Ferber's novel.
Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

CECIL B. DE MILLE

Cecil B. de Mille is the master-director of the silken drama. His luxuriant backgrounds always boast an innovation, and his women are gay creatures in brilliant plumage. His next production is "Saturday Night"
Milton Sills is cast as Neil Cornish in the forthcoming screen version of "Miss Lulu Bett." In his portrayal, Zona Gale's piano salesman seems to have stepped forth from the pages of the book.
This portrait might well be termed "The Sheik," for it pictures Rudolph Valentino in the title rôle of that production. His is, without a doubt, one of the most promising shadows now mirrored upon the screen.
HELEN FERGUSON

Helen Ferguson came to the screen in the old Essanay days, when she "cut" classes at school to interview directors. Her latest work is her characterization of Diana Deacon in "Miss Lulu Bett"
The Wishing Rug

Posed by Mildred Harris and Kamuela Searles in "A Fool's Paradise"
What a terrible storm about the poor movie world—! A company of hard working people, engaged in an industry which caters for the amusement and relaxation of vast publics in all parts of the civilized world! Every trade and association contain black sheep, and when glaring cases are discovered, it is the fashion to thunder denunciation upon the entire band! This is rank injustice, and so I write this paper, not to take any particular side, but to ask readers to reflect before they join the throng of abusers.

That all professions in which young men and women are obliged to portray the parts of lovers, with a different partner many times in a year, must be more filled with greater temptations than serving in a shop, say "jumps to the eyes." The emotions are being continually appealed to—and it must be the same on the stage as on the "set." Therefore special self-discipline is necessary to keep actors and actresses from straying into behavior which is immoral. And that many of them do keep perfectly straight is well known. This deplorable "home-brew" and the childish desire to drink, just because it is forbidden, is mainly responsible, I feel sure, for the wild parties which are so much spoken about. And if the exposure of one of these parties is going to help to a better state of things, it is well that this disaster has happened. There must be a great number of the moving picture colony who do not indulge in these vulgar orgies, because during my ten months stay in Hollywood I never saw one such gathering. In the beautiful dignified home of Mary Pickford, nothing but refinement and peace and gentility reigns. At Winifred Kingston's house there come together all the brightest wits of the literary and artistic world.

Dear little Marjory Daw, living in the hotel with me, is just a simple little lady. And the splendid boys! Some of them only taking the parts of "Extras" who made up our little company of friends, are all gentlemen in the true sense of the word, and none of them ever drink or carouse—and some do not even smoke. These are only a few of the names of the hundreds of public screen favorites there—they come to my mind because I saw them the oftenest. But strictly (Continued on page 94)
THE poor movies—their cooing doves coo in soli-
tary silence, while their fighting cocks fight in
three-inch newspaper headlines.

Rex Ingram and Alice Terry do not envy the
fighting cocks. But their morality sheds no mantle of
disinterest or "blaanness" about them. Rather does it clothe
them in an aura as fascina-
ting as that with which we invested our youthful
dreams. Alice looks up-
on the screen with an indiffer-
ence which is posi-
tively startling in one who has
been greeted with such thun-
dering salvoes of praise since
her perfor-
mancess as E u g e n i e
Grandet in
"The Conquer-
ing P o w e r," and Marguerite
L a u r i e r in
"T h e F o u r
Horsemen of
the A p o-
calypse." She is
interested solely in her rapid-
ly approaching
marriage to
Rex Ingram,
the young director
who also stepped
into the Hall of Fame
with the same two pic-
tures.

No Romeo or Juliet of

Rex and His
Queen

your imagination could be more
physically attractive or mentally al-
luring than these two. Rex is twen-
ty-seven or twenty-eight, as attrac-
tive as any matinée-idol. Alice Terry
is as lovely to look upon as the bride
of your heart was on the day you
loved her best. She is untouched by
that modernity which is turning, not
only movie girls but society girls,
into the cigarette smoking neurasthenics so aptly described by F.
Scott Fitzgerald.

"I told Alice I didn't think I
wanted her to work after we were

"I am glad I made good in 'The Four
Horsemen,'" said Alice Terry, "but more
for Rex's sake than my own. I have little
enthusiasm left for pictures. After we are
married, I may play a part once in a while
for Rex, when he has one which suits me,
but never for anyone else." At the top of
the page, Rex Ingram is seen directing Miss
Terry in a scene; above, an informal picture,
and at the left, a portrait of Miss Terry.
married," said Rex Ingram, "and she replied that I'd have a fine time making her. She's ready to quit any time."

"Are you really willing to give up your career now that you have practically reached the top?" I demanded of Alice, who had luxuriously kicked off her gold slippers and was sitting with her feet curled up under her cloth-of-gold gown.

"Absolutely. There are so many things that are so much more worth while. I would rather be Mr. Ingram's wife than the greatest star on the screen. Never would I work for anyone else, and he cannot always have parts that suit me. Anyway, when we are married and have our own home, and I can have time to do the million and one things I have always wanted to do and never had time to do, I will have no desire to return to the screen. Rex is all I want. You can understand, can't you? Perhaps, I suspect this movie game. I have seen so many of the greatest stars reach the top and then gradually slide down. An actor can advance just so far, then comes inevitably a poor picture followed by two or three failures, and he is immediately forgotten. There is only one Mary Pickford. The screen public is very fickle. Stage audiences will flock to see their stage favorites even after they have grown old, but not screen audiences. There are too many new ones appearing all the time.

"Somehow, I can't grow elated or conceited, and think that some divine fate chose me to be always great, like so many of the screen stars do. Perhaps this is because I struggled so long before I was noticed. I started in pictures when I was fourteen as an extra in Triangle and Lasky productions. I was given good notices for a part I did with Bessie Barriscale in 'Not My Sister.' I played the sister. But, somehow or other, no more chances came my way. Directors said I would never make good, but I kept plodding on until one day Rex Ingram said he was sure I had ability, and he cast me.

(Continued on page 102)
We Interview Camille

Adele Whitely Fletcher (impatiently): Will you please turn around? You stare so long that I might suppose you had never seen a celebrity before.

Gladys Hall: (as from a long distance): I'm not looking at a celebrity so much as at an esthete... a tragedienne... A Woman of Sorrows...

A. W. F. (interested in spite of herself): You have the right atmosphere for once. Look at the dull gold of that mandarin coat she is wearing... the blackness of her hair... I like it sleek like that... the long cigarette holder... the gestures...

G. H.: I remember someone's asking a big director once whether or not he thought Nazimova beautiful. "Beautiful!" the director exclaimed impatiently, "what does it matter whether she is beautiful or not?" I see what he means now, don't you?

(A. W. F. is about to reply in detail and at length when the conversation, waxing ever louder in enthusiasm, is suppressed by the residue of the audience, there for the purpose of the Silent Dрамmer. A. W. F. and G. H. sit beside with a mutually ejaculatory:

"We'll interview her Tomorrow!")

Scene I. (Tomorrow) Reception-room of the hotel hotelizing Nazimova. G. H. and A. W. F. sit side by side on a settee. The reception-room resembles a funeral parlor. G. H. repeats in a monotonous voice poems written to Nazimova. In between stanzas the interviewers discuss the morbidity of the Russian temperament, as symbolized by Nazimova. A firm and brisk step is heard coming down the corridor.

A. W. F. (always optimistic): Here she is.

G. H. (owlishly—in all her wisdom): Simplicissimus simplicia! She wouldn't walk like that. What—Camille—Woman of Chance... The Lady with the Camellia... Ibsen's Nora... the introspective Hedda Gabler... the woman in "The Comet" dressed in dust... Hilda Wangel... come, come, my dear, this is not Cutie Springtime. This is "woman of no eyes, sphinx of the marble mien, Empress of hate, who turns men's blood to ice..."

(Nazimova steps briskly into the room. It was her step. A. W. F.'s optics are twin blue triumphs. She—Nazimova—wears a blue tailored suit, manfully tailored. Her feet are shod in low-heeled

Photograph by Rice

"Do you know what my friends call me?" asked Nazimova. "They call me 'Peter.' And sometimes 'Mimi.' That does not sound as tho I were tragic, does it?" Above, a new camera study of Nazimova

Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher are "also among those present." G. H. Spends most of the evening with her back to the scene, in her efforts to see Nazimova in person.
oxfords. She removes her small velvet hat and her tamed, firm hand is held out in a greeting. Her hair is parted on the side, sleek, boyish. She talks with a reminiscence of accent.)

**Nazimova** *(appreciating the funeral parlor atmosphere)*: This isn't exactly my setting, is it?

G. H.: Isn't it? Aren't you the tragic type?

**Nazimova**: Tragic? I am not tragic. What made you think that?

G. H.: Well, you *look* tragic. You are the tragic type.

**Nazimova**: That may be—outwardly.

A. W. F.: The parts you have played. They have all been tragic. Ibsen . . .

**Nazimova**: Ibsen! But Ibsen is not tragic. What a strange idea. Ibsen is an optimist. A very true optimist.

G. H.: Well but life . . . don't you think life tragic?

"Always," announced Nazimova, "I said that I would never play 'Camille' until I had forgotten how I had seen it played. I kept faith with my determination. I had forgotten how they portrayed the Lady with the Camellias when I began my own portrayal." Right, a new portrait, and below, an informal home picture

**Nazimova** *(amused)*: Certainly I do not. Life is beautiful. I think what you call tragic is not true to life. There is sorrow in life—there is suffering too, but suffering can be beautiful. I think I like to suffer.

A. W. F.: But there is grief in life.

**Nazimova**: Yes, but you know grief is for today. Tomorrow may be different. Nothing lasts for always.

G. H. *(rather ruefully)*: I always thought of you as being tragic. I don't think I can quite get over it.

**Nazimova** *(there is laughter in her voice)*: Do you know what they call me—my friends. They call me "Peter." And sometimes "Mimi." That does *(Continued on page 98)*
The star of Antonio Monteguido Moreno has long shone in the cinema firmament. And it has shone steadily, brightly. Whatever his rôle, Tony has brought to it his best effort. He has colored it vividly.

Tony the Versatile
Richard Barthelmes
The Popular Cinema Star as Sketched
By Cerline Boll
The Scarlet Thread

By
WILLIS GOLDBECK

entering therein, gradually faded from my consciousness, irised out, so to speak, until my attention was centered wholly on the remarkable youth opposite me.

One is at once aware of a detachment in Gareth which effectually prevents the casualist from ever knowing him, ever obtaining a complete realization of his thoughts. His mind is erratic, here and yon, pausing with the scintillant flutter of a butterfly upon fifty different subjects within the minute. His conversation knows no laws, no limits. He is a supreme egotist with egotism's only vindication—artistry.

One thing there is that the arbiters of starred destinies must learn: that genius and fried fish are immiscible. Thus, to my dying day I shall probably associate Gareth Hughes, above all the star fantastic, with the clamor and smells of a cheap Hollywood restaurant.

We sat there on either side of a greasy table, in a booth of the café that caters to the players of the Metro Studio. Gareth hitching spasmodically at his shell-rimmed spectacles and I tapping the table top, stupidly enough, with my fork. It was not an auspicious beginning.

But—what it was, the surprisingly palatable chicken sandwich, Gareth's finesse, my own interest suddenly aroused, I do not know—I found presently that we were drifting along on a comfortable, unconstrained tide of conversation. The hot restaurant, the clatter and clash of mouths and things...
voi of thought you may be pursuing, interrupting mercilessly, victimizing your words for his own aggrandizement. Your talk of him, be it praise or pillory, is his loot. He is a supreme egotist, with egotism's only vindication—artistry.

One must acknowledge, if one would do Gareth justice, that he cannot be judged by normal standards. To the real artist our thunderously American quality of "normalcy" is abhorrent, deadly. It is a confession of our own sterility as an artistic nation, of our subservience to throttling conventions. It is like those huge bottle-shaped instruments in which the Comprachios of Claire De Lune confined growing human beings until they had assumed the shape of their horrid prisons. Our reformists are the Comprachios of our souls.

Gareth said none of these things to me. On the contrary he has recognized his variance with our standardized manhood and has set about, perhaps unconsciously, certainly in vain, to reshape himself. His efforts, finding outlets in moods, express themselves, amusingly, in his clothes.

I knew him first in a bulging thing of Harris tweed. He wore knickers and golf stockings huge with angora fuzz. He dangled a gold pencil. He blasphemed under his breath, absent, with the innocence that makes anathema on a cherub's lips a hymn of purity. He addressed two girls who were in the company but whom he had not known for more than an hour as "dear," quite as absently. He hitched nervously at his spectacles. He was the dilettante who adored to walk in "the beautiful country! I love it!" He carried a heavy dog leash. He had a dog, Barrie, somewhere, he told us vaguely—down in his car, he thought, with his man. It didn't matter. He had the leash.

But this last time, at the studio, he was the horseman. He wore heavy riding boots and carried a quirt with which he smacked them resoundingly and with frequent relish. He had no intention, so far as I know, of riding that morning. But he was in the mood. Ergo! He dressed it!

"Until two weeks ago," he said, in his queer clipped little accent, "I never rode. I have ridden every day since. I am a bit sore perhaps, but I love it. Oh, I love it!"

His moods seem all alike in that quality of fleeting fervor. One wonders, perhaps extraneously, upon the lady who might one day be loved like that.

One ceases much of his wondering when he learns that Gareth has been upon the stage, here and abroad, since early childhood. There has been no variation in his life to mark the passing of childhood and the establishment of maturity. His youth has been his maturity and his maturity his youth, so far as those circumstances which mold the character are concerned. Perhaps that is the secret of his astonishing appearance. It is today—when he is twenty-three—what it must have been when he was fifteen.

Gareth is a supreme egotist, yet he can discuss the vanity of actors dispassionately. That is because his egotism is intense interest, not bombast. It has that same quality of detachment that characterizes Gareth himself.

(Continued on page 84)
The passing year has found many cinematic importations. There have been films from England, France, Germany and Italy. Shortly, however, there are to be other importations. The Swedish Biograph Company, of Stockholm, will present several productions in New York this winter. The stories of these pictures, for the most part, are taken from the works of such authors as Ibsen, Björnson, Selma Lagerlöf and others of similar worth. The stars of these pictures are recruited from the Swedish stage. At the left is a scene from "The Dawn of Love"; just below, a glimpse from "The Secret of the Monastery," while the picture at the bottom of the page is from a production with the very American title of "A Fortune-Hunter."

Shadowed Drama from the Land of the Vikings
Flower of the North

By NORMAN BRUCE

JEAN D’ARCAMBAL performed the acts of living as tho they were ceremonial rites, gravely, with due reverence. His manner of partaking of the simple luncheon that Jeanne Cauchée cooked and served with her own gnarled dark hands turned the rough red wine into Burgundy, the beef into partridge, the coarse cloth into fine linen set with silver and crystal. There was even a flower in a tumbler in the center of the table, another in the buttonhole of his velvet coat, glowing so bravely that one would have been graceless indeed to notice that the coat was shabby and threadbare.

“He is a great gentilhomme, thus Chevalier!” Old Rose often said to Pierre, her brother, in the awed tone which she reserved for speaking of her saints. “Such cleanliness—he mek himself wash every day! And linen shirt, and silk stocking, and a leg!” She rolled her eyes rapturously. “Thus leg of Mis’é Chevalier was made of a certainty to wear silk, and, yes—to dance—” The last word pronounced with due sense of its sinfulness.

“Rosé!” Pierre would reproach her, “’Ow many time I tol’ you not to say thas? Since twent’ years we serve Mis’é, and see nothings, hear nothings! Those who say that Mis’é Satan comes to visit our master in the nights, they lie in their throat! Is it then a sin to wear fine clothes and wash oneself? Non!” Pierre was liberal in his views.

For three hundred years D’Arcambal House, known throughout the countryside as Fort O’God, had reared its head among the trees in the heart of the Canadian Forest since the first of the Chevaliers had built it, and hung its walls with fantastic brocades, and set its huge rooms with the graceful coquetry of carved fauteuils, prié-dieux and spinets imported at fabulous cost in order to graft a slip of old world culture onto the wild life of the new, with a result as incongruous as grafting an orchid upon an oak.

For three hundred years the D’Arcambals had lived there under that roof-tree, and in all that time they had preserved, somehow, the strain of high-hearted gallantry, of gracious aristocracy, altho the brocade upon the walls had faded and grown tattered and the slim, coquetish fauteuils and lounges covered with delicate needlework had become tatty and unkempt like an old courtezan.

Jean D’Arcambal was the last of his line. To be sure, there was a daughter, Jeanne, an elfin girl whose fragile, windflower appearance was a masquerade for muscles like a boy’s, and a spirit like that of some shy, brave gallant forest creature. It was of Jeanne that the Chevalier was thinking now, as he sat in the stately ruin of what had been the library, staring into the coals with somber eyes.

Presently, sighing, he rang for Pierre. “Mademoiselle Jeanne was not at lunch. Where is she?” He spoke in French, with a certain vanity of accent.

Pierre spread his hands. “But ‘ow should I know, Mis’e? Nom de dieu, is it that I am clairvoyant, moi? I tink me mebbe she go to the Settlement to buy some more thas soap—” His tone shrugged its shoulders over incomprehensible whimsies of gentle folk.

The Chevalier winced, passed a transparent hand, veiled with lace ruffles over his eyes. For twenty years he had not been able to hear the word “Settlement” without the throb of an old sore. “She should not have gone alone,” he rebuked Pierre. “She is no longer a child. She is a woman, and I think—beautiful—”

He lifted his gaze to a gilt-framed portrait that hung over the carved
mantel. Out of the dim canvas smiled a woman's face, shaped like a white flower petal. Blue eyes, set wide apart, gave a wond'ring innocence to the painted gaze, but the lips were incongruous. In a face all patrician else, with delicately disdainful nostrils and arching brows, cold and insensate as the sickle moon they blossomed crimson and full, lute shaped, passionate.

Pierre's gaze followed his master's. The French-Canadian's eyes were like windows with the blinds lowered, his face inscrutable. "Bien, Mis'u!" he bowed. "I go fin' Mademoiselle tout de suite in one dam horry, yas!"

But D'Arcambal hardly heard, already far away along the tortuous lane of Memory. The short winter afternoon grew dingy with dust before the sound of voices aroused him from the merging of reality and retrospect into a waking dream. Pierre's voice, shrill and breathless, spilling fragments of two languages broadcast, Jeanne's voice, thrilling to some new emotion and deep, stranger tones.

"Mis'u! Le bon dieu—three candles on the altar next mass-day, no less—-it would be sin!" Pierre vociferated, with eloquent hands, supplementing his tongue. "Il le bon dieu had not sent Monsieur here—-

The Chevalier D'Arcambal rose, bowing the bow which had been in the family for three hundred years. It banished the forest—outside the window Paris lay, white in the summer moon—carriages moved thru its boulevards bearing silken ladies and powdered beaux to some ball, lanterns swung in the winter wind—-

"... Two years later, she came back with her child. Pierre heard her at the door of his cabin. She—she died before she could speak to him"

"Monsieur! It is an honor to make you welcome to my house."

The young American held out his hand. "My name is Whittemore, Sir—Philip Whittemore, of the Northern Fish and Development Company. I've been—I've been hoping for the privilege of meeting you ever since I first met your daughter."

The fine dark brows of the Frenchman lifted festively. It was not that his manner grew less cordial, indeed the cordiality was carefully emphasized. Ah, you know my daughter then? This time he spoke English with a fineness of pronunciation which seemed to rebuke the newcomer's round American twang. "You have, perhaps, been introduced by my friend, Monsieur Cortel?"

Philip Whittemore blushed boyishly. "Well, fact is, I guess we weren't introduced at all! She came to the Company's Store several times, and once a half-souled Bohunk tried to get fresh and, of course, I showed him where he got off. After that we used to talk now and then, and at mass—then this afternoon——" He glanced deprecatingly down at his damp garments with the healthy male distaste of heroes. "—well—her canoe got into a bit of trouble in Big Thunder Rapids—"

"Monsieur! You are wet—you've been in the water."

In his excitement his accent slipped. "Tell me, I beg of you! Where is Jeanne? But I heard her surely——"

"She's gone up to change her clothes, I guess," Philip assured him cheerily. "She's as wet as a drowned badger, but all right. The spill didn't do her any harm except to give her a good scare. And the funny thing is how she came to take the rapids fork—she must have been thinking of something else——"

In a few blunt, unwilling phrases he described the rescue. Hearing him, no one would have guessed the charming maelstrom of the waters, the grinding molars of the rocks from which he had plucked the girl, but D'Arcambal knew the place, saw the white stain of fatigue on the boyish face, the far-away expression that always lingers in eyes that have looked into the grinning face of Death. "Monsieur, you have made me your debtor for life," the old man cried, trying to control the quiver of his lips. "She is my everything. I—is there not something I can do to show my gratitude?"

The other hesitated. A tide of red washed to the roots of his brown hair. "No—thank you, sir! It would seem so—so commercial——"

"What is it?" demanded D'Arcambal, impatiently. He turned to Pierre. "Go make a room ready for Monsieur, lay out dry clothes, he will not return to the Settlement tonight!"
Alone with his guest, he made an eager gesture, "Now, Monsieur!"

"Well—" hesitated Philip, "if it wasn't for my company, I wouldn't ask it, but we're being pressed by the new Forest Fisheries Corporation and—well, if you would sell us the right of way across your land, sir"—he laughed embarrassedly—"don't feel you have to. I—I'm afraid I wasn't wholly philanthropic in pulling your daughter out of the river! It would have—annoyed me awfully to have had her drowned!"

D'Arcambal wrung his hands. "The right of way is yours, it is less than nothing! And now you must go and change or you will take cold. I fear you will have to put up with such garments as these"—he gestured to his quaint velvets and brocades. "I have never been in France in all my life, Monsieur, yet I have tried to bring France here, to keep alive the old ways somewhat."

Thru the unwonted courses of the company dinner which old Rose took out of sundry cans and boxes for the occasion, D'Arcambal watched the two young people, and read signs which he recognized; the heart is a harp on which is played old tunes, no matter how lax its strings and how out of tune. "They are in love with one another, tho' they do not know it yet," he mused. "They try not to look at one another, they cannot keep their eyes away. There is a light in their faces that does not come from my poor oil lamps—yes, I must speak to him tonight."

After Jeanne had slipped away, pouting at being sent to bed like a child, the two men sat before the leaping fire in the library, a room so large that the firelight could not reach the far corners where shadows hung like cloths. A silence fell upon them, which, presently, D'Arcambal broke with an effort.

"You love my daughter, Monsieur." It was not a question, but a statement. The younger man started, colored and stared at him with a wonder which grew slowly to discovery.

"Perhaps," he said, "perhaps I do. I've been pretty busy all my life, sir, and I don't know much about love, but—well the world has looked different colored, somehow, since I saw her the first time—"

"There is something I must tell you," D'Arcambal said slowly, almost tiredly. "I have always known that I must tell it to the man who loved Jeanne, yet I have never been able to decide how I might begin. There is one very dear who must be blamed by my telling—" And once more his eyes lifted to the lovely, ardent face shining out of the tarnished frame.

"Her mother—" Philip murmured, "the mouth is the same. It makes a man think of a kiss—" he broke off, blushing.

"Her mother. Yes." D'Arcambal spoke with long pauses between the words. "My wife, my beloved wife. Jeanne is very much like her. I think there is almost no trace of the—the father in her." The knuckles of his old hands were white with the strain of their clasp.

Philip sat motionless. In the silence, the sound of a white ash dropping from a charred log was loud and obtrusive.

"Her father," continued the Chevalier, firmly, "was a James Thorpe, factor at the Settlement. A coward and a beast—but handsome. She ran away with him, and two years later she came back with her child. Pierre heard her at the door of his cabin. She—she died before she could speak to him."

Philip Whittemore leaned forward impulsively and touched the hard wrung hands. "Surely you didn't think that would make any difference to—to a man who loved Jeanne, sir?"

The frayed white ruffles of his stock stirred on the old Chevalier's shrunken breast with his gusty sigh. "She does not know," he murmured, "it would be kinder if she never knew. But in honor—"
winds dancing over a dark stream.

But when, two days later, Pierre called them from their dinner to listen to the wild story which Mud-in-the-Face and his squaw, Noise-of-Waters, had brought, the terror in Jeanne's curious wild-wood eyes confessed her heart; the tremble of her slim fingers on his arm betrayed her. Translated by Pierre, their message had to do with a raid that was to be made on the buildings of the Northern Fish and Development Company by the rival Forest Fisheries Corporation in the guise of Indians. Mud-in-the-Face had heard of the plan by chance; the company's buildings were to be burned, their nets destroyed, and the blame for it was to be laid on him and his brothers. Now he and his Little White Brothers were kin, the missionary had said so, with one Father-God. As the arrow from the bow, he had come to warn them, as a leaf before the wind.

Monsieur, her husband must know what heritage he is going to bequeath to—his children. "His children" scorned Philip, with the hardihood of his youth. "Does a man think of his children when he loves a woman! But you were—you were bully to tell me, and—

and—I can make her care, sir? You are willing?"

Long after the young man had gone upstairs, the old man sat looking with dim eyes, wistfully up at the red lips with their cruel smile. He had loved her very much, even after she left him he loved her, and he would love her to the day he died, and after perhaps. Yet he had wanted to hate her. It was strange what a mess people made of their lives, strange that God trusted such precious things as life and love to their blunderings, as one might entrust fragile baubles of inestimable worth to the careless hands of children.

He and Jeanne said good-bye to their guest the next morning, and the girl, wilfully, refused to mention him afterwards despite his laborious openings for confidence. She had always been a curious, elusive creature, of April moods, yet with strong currents running below, like little
of coming here? Mud-in-the-Face was eloquently evasive, but D'Arcambal shrewdly suspected the true answer would have been the hope of a reward of fire-water from Fort O'God.

"Oh—it is he—" Jeanne shuddered, "he told me—he told me—"

It was not Philip she meant, that was evident from the horror in her voice as she pronounced the pronoun, but in a moment she grew calmer, barricaded her lips. D'Arcambal regarded her with the helplessness of Age before the eternal puzzle of Youth which speaks a language the exiles from its green borders cannot remember.

"Where are you going?"—but he knew. Where would she be going except to the man she loved, like iron to the magnet? Shame swept him—the shame of the old for their shrunken muscles, their lost strength, their uselessness. "At least, you shall take Pierre, and he shall take a gun—"

"Non! My hi' lady with the sharp tongue!" Pierre slapped the knife in its sheath at his belt, "she answer all argument for me."

Philip Whittmore looked up, startled from his books, into Jeanne's flaming eyes. "Why—what—"

She flung her hands up in a strangely foreign gesture which remained in his brain, like a flashlight photograph, while he listened to her story. Pierre had told him that Jeanne's mother was an English girl—but that quick, instinctive spreading of the hands—his thoughts swarmed like confused bees, settled slowly upon conviction. There was French blood in this girl!

And all the while he was taking in what she said, making his plans. "That chap, Conlon of the Forest Fisheries—he's at the bottom of it! He's got a shifty eye and a way of talking out of the corner of his mouth—"

"Conlon? But that is not his name." Jeanne checked herself. "I shall take the canoe and go up the river to the Indian Village—you will need help! The Chippewas have served the D'Arcambals for three hundred years!"

She was turning, but he caught her hand. "You are so wonderful! You are like a flower with your white skin and your crimson petal lips! A Flower of the North—"

She stood quite still, eyes closed, young bosom rising on the tide of her swift breath. Then, before he could check her, she had slipped from his reach, turning on him the elfin, mischievous look of a faun. "You shall finish later!" she mocked him. "An revoir, Mis'u! There are seasons for flowers, you know!"

Moments passed and he heard a little laugh, and turned to find Jeanne waist-deep in the river beside his canoe. It was darkening all about them, but on their two faces shone the sun.

(Continued on page 90)
Beauty and the Interviewer

world without a single tangible note upon which to drape, or even hang, an interview.

We know because we have tried it several times.

Being forewarned, we took along a rival beauty, Betty Blythe, who, aside from being a personal friend of Miss Griffith's, would act as a sort of pulchritudinous buffer. We figured that about fifty per cent. of the time our mind would be off Miss Griffith. Also we figured that something like a state of partial normalcy could be achieved in this way.

But we were wrong. In five minutes we realized how one could attain, without effort, Ben Turpin optics. And the mental disturbances Miss Griffith had prepared a little dinner for three. Or we should say four, for a Fourth Party was present. But more of this fourth party later.

Miss Blythe sighed about being on a diet—and attacked the fruit cocktail with a fine courage.

“What can we write about, Miss Griffith?” we begged.

Miss Griffith’s smile was a disconcerting enigma. We nearly upset a glass of water.

All photographs by
Kenneth Alexander

E VERY time we think of Corinne Griffith we think of a remark made by one of our writing confrères. Reincarnation was the subject of a general discourse when the young man suddenly withdrew his denial of the theory. “It’s a great idea,” he remarked, suddenly convinced. “Just think, in some future existence, I may be Corinne Griffith’s bath salts!”

Which discloses some of the reactions of a mere male writer to this orchidaceous star. These gentlemen go to interview, move thru a roseate mist of an hour or so, and find themselves suddenly back in a cold
"Tell something about—" began Miss Blythe, cheerfully.
"Betty!" admonished Miss Griffith. "I should say not!"
The Fourth Party coughed. We started.
"Go on," we pleaded, "we're entertained and everything."
"There, I knew that would help the interview," said Miss Blythe blithely, as it were. "Or tell him about that time—"
"Betty!" exclaimed Miss Griffith.
"We dare you to tell," we sniffed. "Dare you!"
"Let me," said Betty, all excitement. "It'll help the interview awfully."
"Yes; awfully," snapped Miss Griffith. "I thought you were on a diet—you ought to talk."
"Am," chuckled Miss Blythe, seizing some more potatoes. "But don't put that in Corinne's interview."
The Fourth Party coughed. 
"Go on," said Miss Griffith, "use that about the diet."
"Say, I came up here to help," said Betty, with stellar indignation, "not to be exposed—this is your interview."
We rattled our forks in the approved social manner and tried to register the idea that we were entirely neutral. Suddenly Miss Blythe hit upon another idea. "Tell about that time when we were both working at the Vitagraph studio and that—"
"No," said Corinne firmly. "Not that, but I might tell you—"
"No!" shrieked Betty. "Lordy, no. This is your interview. I'm just helping."
The Fourth Party coughed. "Well, anyway," went on Betty. "Tell him about the future of pictures. They all do. Last week I told a reporter they were still in their infancy. It helped the interview a lot. Gives it—you know the word—er—"
Miss Blythe looked at us. "I suppose you're going to say (Continued on page 88)"
Who Will the New Stars Be?

By HERBERT HOWE

Illustration by G. Francis Kauffman

While strolling over the fresh green sod in the sepulchral stillness of the Goldwyn studio and thinking how many good stars had been buried there and wondering if it wouldn’t be better to spend less time cutting the grass and more time cutting the films, I encountered Joe Jackson, publicity magna vox, who is the only man who can tell what Sam Goldwyn is thinking. It happens that Mr. Goldwyn has just been thinking about what the public wants—which seems timely—and has decided that what the public wants are new faces.

“Well, I hear Fannie Ward has a new one,” I suggested.

“You wax maudlin as usual,” said Joe. “What we are after are fresh faces.”

“ Seems to me you have enough
of them already," I replied stiffly.
"Isn't Cullen Landis fresh enough for you? He broke a lunch date with me."
"You remain opaque," scoffed Joe.
"The old stars are all right but they are not fresh—
"What we want is youth," he went on.
"Youth with its ideals, imagination, spontaneity, color and vigor—"
"What you want," said I, "is tanlac. You have that sick and sinking feeling."
"The fresh flower faces of youth with their glorious vision and shining—"
"Noses," I interrupted. "Don't be so damned florid. You're not talking to a director. I haven't been educated up to subtitles."
Just a little while ago the movie mollahs bawled out the star system, pulled it down from the heavens and hung up a bunch of super-directors, Eminent Authors and other funny fixtures. But somehow the new style of illumination didn't work. People don't give a yen about the mechanics behind the screen; they're only interested in those they see. Once I went to see a Rupert Hughes picture, and all evening the lady next to me kept asking her lord which was Rupert.
Yes, we must have subjects for sentimental adoration. We are a nation of idol worshippers. Didn't the ladies feast their eyes on Georges Carpentier until he had to be fenced and padlocked lest the ardent dames attack him before sweet Dempsey did?
(Continued on page 95)
Youth is ever serious. It spells its careers with capital C's and drama with capital D's. Later on youth learns to appreciate the Mack Sennettisms of life, but at eighteen she is too busy reading Shakespeare and Barrie and studying the intricacies of the Ibsen female to do aught but deprecate the mere pleasantries of existence.

Such is the youth of May McAvoy who has vaulted into stardom on the strength of her understanding portrayal of Grizel in "Sentimental Tommy."

As I trod over the boards of the Lasky studio to meet the youngest of the Realart stars, the call of the sea was strong upon me. I wanted to be back home on the beach, with the roar of the white-capped breakers in my ear and their salty spray blowing thru my hair. I wanted to feel a baby hand tugging at my dress or a velvety cheek pressed in fleeting fancy against mine. I didn't give a tinker's darn about fame and all its little funny eccentricities that make it stand out like coveted diamonds in a jewelry store window.

One cannot see thru May McAvoy's beauty. It is the kind that endures, growing lovelier as the years pass on. Above, a portrait of Miss McAvoy, and right, as she was snapped between scenes in the studio.

But May McAvoy wouldn't have understood all this. Her shiny dream-filled eyes see but one goal ahead: "Success." She has her feet firmly planted on the rainbow path and the pot of gold for which she is seeking tirelessly, relentlessly, means one thing only to her—success in her chosen profession.

Like Gloria Swanson, her career is the breath of life to her. 'Take fame from these girls and they would slowly wither away like a rosebush denied sweet rains or refreshing water.

But I digress.

The boards of the Lasky studio were blistering my feet; when I reached the McAvoy set, the glare of the Cooper-Hewitts did likewise to my eyes and head. The set was a small boxed-in affair representing a stolid home in the olden days of the prim Pennsylvania Dutch. And in this sweltering...
By

HAZEL

SIMPSON

NAYLOR

atmosphere— for it was no less— May McAvoy went thru her scenes for the camera immemorable times, wholly unconscious of any physical discomfort. After the endless rehearsals, the camera started clicking and May’s nostrils widened slightly like a finely bred race horse at the starting post. When she came from the set to meet me, I was astounded at her seriousness. Her beauty is like that of deep waters, there is none of the surface brilliancy of cheery streams that dance over little rocks. One cannot see thru May McAvoy’s beauty. It is the kind that endures, growing lovelier as the years pass on.

To me she seemed strangely puritanical in this age of sophisticated, corsetless maidens. I would like to know if she smokes—I have a sneaking hunch she does not. For picture purposes she was wearing a dull blue calico dress with hideous round toed low-heeled shoes. Her hair, a glorious burnished mop of natural curls, was stiffly braided. She put on a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles to protect her eyes.

“No. New York,” she answered as we went out and clambered into her Essex sedan.

Just five feet tall is May McAvoy, so that reaching the pedals was a serious affair. Each little lever was moved with such precision that for once the traffic of Hollywood held no terrors for me.

Over our luncheon at Frank’s I begged her to tell me how she happened to enter the movies, and how she felt now that she had been elevated to the dizzy heights of stardom. Across the room from us were several girls who have played leading roles for years and are now out of a job. Across the table from me was one who was much younger and who had just stepped into stardom. I wondered why?

May McAvoy is a wise little lady. She read my thoughts and explained the reason something like this: “Fate picks out one girl and makes her a star, that’s all,” said Miss McAvoy. “An actress may have all kinds of ability, but if she isn’t given the opportunity to prove it, she gets nowhere. I was very fortunate to be chosen to play Grizel.”

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Getting the natives to perform before the camera in a natural way was by no means an easy task. They would strike a pose and hold still, and we had considerable difficulty in making them understand that they should move about and do their work while the camera was in action. They finally did as they were told, however, although the little black box with the crank in it was always a puzzle to them.

The high chief has full sway over his people, and his word is law. In his hut were gathered all the chiefs and sub-chiefs from the neighboring villages. The whole evening was passed before we had completely arranged for all the scenes we wished to secure. Summing up our "cost sheet," we found ourselves indebted to the extent of eight and a half cases of canned salmon, forty-four plugs of tobacco, and about seven cartons of chewing-gum. After a long discussion between the chiefs, they decided that this was sufficient pay for the scenes we desired to take.

At the top of the page is a charming view of the boats anchored in the Samoan harbor, while in the center may be seen a circle of the natives posing for the camera, and at the left, a group of Samoans bathing.
Trailing the Tropics
With a Tripod

By
ALVIN VICTOR KNECHTEL

Illustrations by Alvin Victor Knechtel

In the interests of the copra trade of the South Seas, a small auxiliary ketch was to be sailed from Boston, thru the Canal, and across the Pacific to the island of Samoa, in the South Seas.

The ship was to be manned by a party of Harvard graduates who planned to sail the vessel on a pleasure cruise and deliver her at Samoa where she would be pressed into service as a trader between the islands.

Very few expeditions of this sort start out without a motion-picture photographer to record the details of the trip, and, as luck would have it, I was offered the chance to "step aboard." I accepted without hesitancy.

Fifty thousand feet of film, movie camera, two tripods, graflex camera and "still" camera comprised my equipment. As the ship was a small one, being about one hundred and twenty-five feet long and twenty-five feet abreast, I was allotted very little space for a dark room, which was amidships, giving me the least effect from the roll of the ship.

Three days at sea found us in the Atlantic Gulf Stream, caught in a real storm. The ship was equipped with a great spread of canvas and we were forced to take down sail and "heave to." For thirty-six hours we bobbed around like a cork, drifting miles off our course. This natural phenomenon afforded an unusual opportunity for some great "shots," so out came the camera.

Not satisfied with just scenes of the storm taken from the deck, I decided that to view the storm from the masthead would be a real thriller. With the camera securely strapped to my back I climbed the mast, and a real thrill it was—not for a sailor probably—but for poor landlubbers such as most cameramen are. I experienced a real thrill.

One early morning found us within sight of the island. With great difficulty, due to the coral reefs around the island, we succeeded at anchoring in the harbor on the lee side.

Armed with rifles and revolvers, we went ashore in a rowboat to explore the island. We discovered evidences of treasure hunting made by an expedition from Germany in 1904. Crude dwelling places used by the adventurers were still standing and in one of the buildings were several unopened boxes of hoisting machinery.

Our stay at Coco Island was cut short by the sudden coming up of a heavy tropical rain storm. The wind was very strong and the anchors were slipping, allowing the ship to drift nearer the shore. When we reached the ship, she was within twenty feet of piling-up on the coral reefs. The auxiliary engine was started and just in the nick of time as we were within five feet of being wrecked—on Robert Louis Stevenson's Treasure Island.

Upon arrival at Samoa, the ship was converted into a trading vessel, and so we were obliged to leave our "home" of the past four months and I proceeded to get down to the business of taking motion pictures showing the life of the Samoans.

As I was the only motion picture man of the party, I did not relish the idea of mingling with the natives alone, so, after much persuasion I succeeded in getting Frank Thorsen, the chief engineer, to accompany me.

At first we couldn't understand the language of the South Seas, so we engaged an interpreter. We were lucky in that respect as our interpreter handled the English language very fluently and was very much interested in learning how the "movies" were made.

Our headquarters were established at Pago Pago on the island of Tutuala. Tutuala is the largest of a group of islands under the United States Government. Pago Pago is the Naval Station where are stationed about one hundred Yankee sailors. We obtained a room in one of the government buildings, which we equipped as a dark room for making tests of our moving picture film and for developing all of our "still" negatives.

To win the confidence of the natives and to get them to follow our directions when it came to taking the pictures, was, from our way of thinking, going to be a very difficult proposition.

From the interpreter we learned that the natives would do most anything we asked of them, provided that we would "come across" with an "aloa" which is Samoan for "gift." Delving deeper into the subject, we learned the chiefs were particularly fond of chewing tobacco, the girls and children liked gum and that canned salmon was always welcome, so we stocked up with a good supply of the "ba"t and set forth.

Much to our surprise, upon arriving at the first village, the high chief had his hut decorated with the branches of the cocoanut trees and had killed and roasted a young pig especially for us. This is their highest form of welcome.

Being under the Stars and Stripes, the islands of Samoa are also affected by the 18th Amendment. However, the natives have their own beverage, and holding to custom, the drink was prepared for us.

Dried root from the "La" tree is pounded to a powder and simply mixed with water by bare hands, and is then

(Continued on page 91)
Miss Lulu Bett lived at first between the covers of Zona Gale's popular novel. Then Carol McComas, formerly of the screen, gave her life on the stage. It remained for Lois Wilson to bring Lulu, with her pathetic charm, to the silvercloth. This she has done ably under the capable direction of William C. de Mille. Theodore Roberts plays Dwight Deacon; Milton Sills portrays Neil Cornish; Ethel Wales is Grandma Bett; Clarence Burton is Neil Cornish; Monona is played by Mae Giraci; Helen Ferguson plays Diana, and Mabel Van Buren is cast as Mrs. Deacon. It promises to be one of the most interesting pictures of the new season.
He's under contract with Goldwyn now, for two years. He explained his beard and his bathrobe.

"I am dying," he said. "I have been dying for the last three days. According to custom, it's indecent to shave while descending into the Valley of the Shadow. The bathrobe's to cover a pair of perfectly good pajamas. I am dying respectably, at least, in bed."

And he has, of course, a perfectly beautiful nurse to tend him. She eventually draws him back, as only nurses can, from the Valley of the Shadow, with murmurous words of love. But be that as it may...

It was thru no particular inclination of his own that Richard entered pictures. He had played for several years, and with unvarying success, in stock. He had, as he said, high ideas about the art of the stage; in fact, he rather scorned the screen as of a lower order. He is very frank about it now. He laughs at himself when he tells about it. It was chiefly thru the urgings and aid of David Butler, an old friend of his and himself a screen star, that he turned to pictures.

"I arrived in Los Angeles one day, not so many months ago, either, and heard that Dave was working, with his own company, down at Inceville, on the coast at Santa Monica. Dave and I had done everything together, from eating to sleeping. I ran down to see him. It was a great reunion. The first thing he asked me, when the hubbub of back slapping was over, was what I was doing and, if I wasn't, why hadn't I gone into pictures? Naturally, he could talk my language better than anyone else, and it wasn't long before he convinced me that the only thing I had been living for was to even... (Con. on page 86)
The Keeper of Her Gift

It was the mystic hour! No—this is not the beginning of a detective story. We have a heroine, it is true, but her sense of humor would bar her as the heroine of the average novel.

And we have atmosphere—the happy atmosphere to be had in the reception-room of Madge Kennedy's suite at the Ritz-Carlton. Lights glowed under their pink and lace shades. Seven stories below rumbled the traffic of Philadelphia's night life. An Indian love lyric stood open upon the piano. Bright flowers filled countless bowls. The Memoirs of Empress Eugenie lay upon the table, the place marked by the frill of a handkerchief—Beyond the window could be seen the night sky—a mantle of black chiffon gleaming with gold.

Madge Kennedy had just returned from the evening's performance of "Cornered," the stage play in which she has been appearing. This explains the unusual hour.

"This," said Miss Kennedy, "is the hour when vampires should be interviewed." She selected a macaroon carefully. We were enjoying a repast of petite fours and ices.

We didn't say anything, but we believe that comediennes can be quite as effective in their own way as vampires.

"It is good to know I'm going to make pictures again," she continued, "good pictures, such as I have always wanted to make, based on stories in which I believe. I've missed the studio for the last year—really."

We knew that she was planning to combine stage and screen work for a time at least, and we asked if she didn't think it would mean considerable strain. She is in reality such a serene, such a placid person that it is not possible to think of her hecticly endeavoring to do more than she is able.

She shook her head solemnly. "Not nearly as great as would be the strain of doing nothing. I have continued with my work because I am happy in it. Oh, of course, I get frightfully tired sometimes, but who doesn't? If it was an effort, I'd stop tomorrow."

The brown eyes, which have occasioned gales of laughter when they have flashed some subtle farce to their audience, were earnest.

"You know," she went on, "I feel differently about my work than many people. Of all the things which people give the world, acting is the one thing which does not last. Screen acting does, it is true but as yet no characterization or portrayal has been handed down to posterity. On the stage if you do a splendid bit it is crowned with success that evening only—immediately it is gone, probably never to return. Musicians, artists and writers have a great responsibility, I think, for what they do stands down thru the ages. I believe in doing your best, but I think actors are very foolish to adopt an intense attitude."

"Don't you think it is the very possession of the gift which often robs its owner of their perspective?" we asked her. Somehow, you are convinced that Madge Kennedy has thought most things out carefully, helped by the knowledge she has assimilated from her extensive reading. As a matter of fact, it is difficult to mention a book..."
with which she is not familiar at any rate. "Perhaps, yet there is no earthly reason why the possession of a gift should be responsible for a lost perspective. Anyone who has a gift knows full well that it is something deep inside of them which springs into being when they need it—which writes for them, paints for them or acts for them, as the case may be. We deserve no great credit for any gift we may possess. We are happy in its possession and fortunate to have been granted its trust. We must be worthy of it and in turn pass it on to others—that is all, I think."

Watching her as she sat there, hostess
WITH the big disarmament convention now under full swing at Washington, wouldn't it be fitting for Bill Hart, Tom Mix, Buck Jones, Harry Carey, et al., to take seats at the affair?

We were pleased to hear that the title of Cecil B. De Mille's next production is "Saturday Night" because now we can rest assured that he will give us more excellent bathroom scenes.

As Hi Speed himself says: "There's one good thing about film productions anyway—they strand no actors."

Somehow or other we always find it difficult to get excited when a close-up shows the poor heroine shedding tears, because we feel intuitively that somewhere just outside the camera lines the assistant director is standing with a sliced onion.

Which reminds us of the exhibitor up in Iowa who demanded, in booking "Way Down East," that he be given the regular Broadway cast.

Everytime we go to the theater and have the war tax deducted from us, we wonder what war we are paying for.

The bathing beauties according to all records confine their aquatic feats to photographers' studios.

Famous Remarks:
William S. Hart: "After my next picture I will retire from the screen."
Mack Sennett: "The Eighteenth Amendment doesn't worry me a bit. My bathing girls were always dry."
Roy Moulton doesn't believe in signs any more. He saw one in the window of a fish store recently that read: "If it swims—we sell it." He went in, but found they didn't have any bathing beauties in stock.

One of the difficult feats in viewing the movies nowadays is the affecting of an air of interest in the highbrow music they are serving, so that people will think you understand it.

Now that the leading women have all bobbed their hair, who can they get to play the title rôle in the coming production of "Lady Godiva"?

There is perhaps no little grounds for the argument that the main trouble with the movies is that the producers pay in the neighborhood of fifteen dollars for a story and then lavish $150,000 on mob scenes, young villages, and mammoth sets. But from many of the stories we have seen on the screen of late, we feel that even at that rate the author has been handsomely paid.

(Continued on page 89)
The New Star

The great Contest is closed. The winner is chosen. These two short sentences might tell it all, representing as they do, nearly a year of labor and interest for the makers of the contest, and nearly a year of hopes and disappointments for the thousands of contestants.

The winner is Miss Clara Bow, 857 73rd Street, Brooklyn, New York. She is very young, only sixteen. But she is full of confidence, determination and ambition. She is endowed with a mentality far beyond her years. She has a genuine spark of the divine fire. The five different screen tests she had showed this very plainly, her emotional range of expression provoking a fine enthusiasm from every contest judge who saw the tests. She screens perfectly.

Her personal appearance is almost enough to carry her to success without the aid of the brains she indubitably possesses. She has short blonde curly hair, very thick. Her eyes are big and brown and set far apart in compliance with a law of beauty. Her features are delicate, the mouth particularly lovely. Her teeth are even and white, and her suite is as gay and unforced as youth itself. She is slenderly built, with an easy and graceful carriage, that proclaims perfect health and a freedom and zest, denied those of more mature years.

The distinguished contest judges are well satisfied with their decision.

Motion Picture Magazine is glad also, to publish the Final Honor Roll. It consists of those who were considered for the final winner. Several of them were very strong contenders, but individually they lacked the various good points that made Miss Bow the final choice. We are sorry to note that only one male entry is included. The Final Honor Roll is as follows:

Miss Clara Bow, 857 73rd Street, Brooklyn, New York.
Miss Eileen Elliott, 1707 Rittenhouse Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Miss Laura Lyle, 56 W. 47th Street, New York City.
Miss Ella Lee Jeannette Ruby, 838 N. Church Street, Rockford, Ill.
Miss Margaret Porter, 1078 Madison Avenue, New York City.
Miss Helene Bristow, 105 Thomas Street, Newark, N.J.
Miss Bojan Claussen, 129 W. 87th St., New York City.
Mr. Maurice Kaines, 11 Abingdon Sq., New York City.

(Continued on page 99)
"The Two Orphans" has been popular in novel form for many years. It won popularity behind the footlights, too, and several years ago it was shadowed upon the screen. However, the last few months have found D. W. Griffith, that wizard of the cinema, giving the tale his best efforts. Splendid things are promised.
The cast of Griffiths' "The Two Orphans" is a noteworthy one. Lillian and Dorothy Gish will again play together—for the first time since "Hearts of the World," Dorothy portraying the blind girl. Lillian has the other half of the title rôle. Monte Blue is entrusted with an important rôle, as is Joseph Schildkraut, who has created the title rôle in the stage version of "Liliom" thru the past season.
"Half of America is trying to get thin," said Corliss Palmer, "the other half is trying to get fat. This is the reputation we have won in our persistent efforts to acquire a beautiful figure. I think it not a bad reputation to have. It indicates the determination of American women—and men—to attain their ideals."

The ideal figure is one that is symmetrical, with the weight proportionate to the height. Unfortunately, we are not all born with this ideal figure, but we may do much to attain it. In order to do it, we must make sacrifices and overcome old habits.

HALF of America is trying to get thin, and the other half is trying to get fat. This is the reputation we have won in our persistent efforts to acquire a beautiful figure. I think it not a bad reputation to have. It indicates the determination of American women—and men—to attain their ideals.

Avoided by one endeavoring to reduce, are prescribed for one who wishes to add weight, only if the digestion and the general health will permit. Try them in small quantities at first, and you like them and they do not upset the digestion, eat as much of them as possible. They will surely make you as fat as you wish to be. But if you find, and you probably will, that they do not agree with you, you had better plan your diet along these lines:

Eat as much of nature's sweets as possible, that is, eat grapes, figs, raisins, dates and bananas. They are splendid, as they contain medicinal properties, such as iron and oils, in addition to the large amount of sugar to be found in them. The grape has won fame as a fattener, because of the portly forms so quickly gained by the workers in the vineyards of Italy, France and Greece. It is especially recommended as it is an appetizer, too. The banana

(Continued on page 97)
A Reversal of Roles

By

MAUDE CHEATHAM

BEHIND the sunglasses the eyes were smiling and very genial.

I leaned back in the garden seat reassured, somehow I had imagined Noah Beery would be difficult. Probably, I had unconsciously confused his screen villainies with the man himself, the character actor frequently has to bear the brunt of criticism inspired by his rôle and tho this may be unjust it is a tribute to his art.

"All the girls and women whose lives I have wrecked still like me," he remarked, whimsically, when I mentioned this. "and my wife and son continue to think well of me," and he smiled broadly at the pretty woman sitting beside me.

"He is the best man in the whole world," quickly confirmed Mrs. Beery, in a sweet, musical voice with its charming Boston accent. "Odd," she continued, "but nine out of ten of Noah's fan letters come from Spanish speaking people and they all comment on the sympathy they find back of his hardness and cruelty, this seems to strike a response in their own temperaments."

"Are you Spanish?" I asked, suddenly, looking at his black, straight hair and dark eyes, tho his height and general bigness would dispute this blood.

"No," he replied, "my father (Continued on page 102)"
Just Miss Dupont. No first name."
Out at Universal City they introduce you that way, with a conscious, studiedly careless pleasure in having puzzled you, to a tall, rather lovely blonde whose grey-blue eyes are as the limpid waters of Lethe, and whose mouth, mostly sweet, ripely scarlet, one likens, futilely, to the forgetful fruit of the lotus.

One can't blame the Universal staff for being a little puffed up about their mystery woman. Making a mystery in the film world nowadays—popularly known as "fooling the fans"—is an almost impossible business. But Universal has gone and done it. Miss Dupont-No-First-Name promises to bring many sleepless nights to baffled admirers who would write to her in the familiar vein. Of course, she has a first name, privately, and Dupont isn't her real last name, either. In fact, it's all something of a muddle. Because she has played under the name of Margaret Armstrong, too, yet that isn't her real name, either. It's—but why spoil it all—until the last paragraph anyway?

Miss Dupont has height; an acceptable tithe of magnificence in her beauty, and a degree of sweet dignity, apparently all the essentials necessary to the making of a Juno. Yet there is something, perhaps it is the sweetness, that bars her from the goddess-metaphor. Goddesses inspire awe. Miss Dupont, if I may judge from observations of myself and others, is more likely to inspire fatuity. One thinks, quite idiotically, of a luscious peach ripe for the plucking. One watches, fascinated, the slight smile at the corner of

(Continued on page 84)
A Question of Honor

By SUSAN, ELIZABETH BRADY

Anne Wilmot paused a moment on the banks of a wide river bed, thru the center of which trickled a small flow of water, her attention arrested by a huge boulder lying in midstream. The water purred and gurgled and rippled around it, in a most alluring invitation. What a gorgeous place to rest and view the scenery, she thought, and proceeded to take off her shoes and stockings and wade thru the icy mountain brooklet. She climbed up the slippery sides of the rock to its broad top, and sat very still for a long while.

All around her stretched the picturesque Sierras—infinite hills—their peaks lost in Heaven. Everything was fresh and cool and quiet, the only sound the murmur of the tiny brook against the big boulder that divided it. What a contrast to the feverish life she had just left, where there was never quiet—or peace.

She had come out to this mountain country with her aunt at the invitation of the man who wanted to marry her, Leon Morse. He was a Wall Street promoter and was going to tunnel a railroad thru the mountain—or something—making for himself thereby, undreamed millions. Anne’s ideas of just what he was doing were rather vague. However she did not trouble about it. The bracing air, the rugged grandeur of the scenery, the sparkling mountain streams, the wild flowers that grew everywhere in riotous profusion, were salutary stimulants to a mind surfeited with the dansants, theatres, bridges, and the crowded confusion of a great eastern city. She wore becoming knickers and tramped the hills from morning till night.

She laid on top of the moss-encrusted rock in placid contentment with the change. The sky was so blue. The brook babbled so softly. Everything was so still—

There was a sudden roaring in her ears. A solid wall of water was rushing toward her. It hit the boulder with a mighty crash, and thus deflected from its course went swirling past—a raging torrent—completely filling the river bed.

She jumped to her feet in a fright. What had happened? The little flow of water she had crossed had looked perfectly tame. She did not know of course, that it happened to be the channel for the overflow from a big dam to the main stream. But she had no time for wonder.

With horror filled eyes, she watched the water rise. Its spray was even now dashing over the top of the highest part of the rock on which she stood. She screamed in shrill terror.

Bill Shannon was eating his noon day meal with his inseparable companion old Sheb, near the seething river. They accorded it scarcely a glance. They were merely conscious of the fact that the flood gates had been opened and the great avalanche of released water was thundering down its undisputed way. Shannon raised a crisp curled piece of bacon to his mouth, but got it no further.

"'S matter?" asked old Sheb, "too hot?"

"I heard a woman scream," replied Shannon.

"Aw, shucks," retorted Sheb. "Its only the river howling..."
She was horribly afraid, but she never faltered, until she reached her Bill's door, panting and breathless.

Shannon ran to the river's edge. Anne Wilmot was clinging desperately to the rock, the top of which was barely visible above the furious surge of the river. He knew he must act quickly to save the girl from being swept off her feet to a horrible death.

Overhead was a wire stretched clear across the stream with a trapeze like trolley, which was used to carry men across, while the gates of the dam were open. It was the only chance. He cut the trolley loose from its mooring and it slid slowly out on the wire. Hanging by his knees from the cross-bar, like a circus performer, he swung out over the river.

"Grab my hands, when I get to you," he shouted to the bewildered and terrified girl.

How he got her safely to the other side, Providence alone can say, but he did. Anne gathered herself together, and sized up her rescuer. He was young, clean, good looking, but his rough camping clothes gave her the wrong impression. She assumed the condescending manner one adopts toward privileged servants.

"I am Anne Wilmot," she said, with a trace of hauteur.

"I thank you for saving my life."

"I am Bill Shannon," the man replied. "Don't thank me. I'd have done the same for anybody."

Anne was miffed—decidedly. She was accustomed to adulation—no less—from the male sex. She would at least exact respect from this outrageous person, who did not seem to be aware of any inferiority.

"Here is some money my good man," she said holding out a well filled purse, but Shannon merely turned his back on her.

"This is private property you know," he said at last, "you are trespassing."

In her amazement she ignored the rudeness.

"Well I happen to be visiting the man who owns it—or—er—at least has the right of way—"

"Morse!" ejaculated Shannon, interrupting.

"Do you know him?" asked the girl more confused than ever.

"He knows me," chuckled Shannon. "Just ask him if he knows Bill Shannon? Good morning," he added suddenly, recalling his uneaten lunch.

Anne left then, perforce, barely acknowledged his ironical bow.

She did not know that Shannon had the right of way of that particular tract of land, not Morse. Neither did she know that Morse had tried first bribery, and almost got killed for his pains, then threats, which were ignored, and was now resorting to out and out crookedness, to get the right of way for himself. Morse was an unscrupulous promoter and wanted the fat dividends a railroad would bring. Shannon was an engineer up there on a mission entrusted to him. He had what the other man lacked, ideals, and the courage to fight for them. His project was a dam and the reclamining of vast acreage of desert land thru irrigation.

His work was well under way when Morse was seized with the inspiration that sent him flying out to the mountain country. His modus operandi was "bribe a man, or break him," and since his attempts at bribery had met with such poor success, he had decided on the harsher measure. Pate threw a convenient tool into his hands in the person of Charles Burkthaler, the biggest ranch owner in the district. Being persuaded that the dam was a menace to the community he was endeavoring to enlist the opposition of the villagers. Aided and abetted by Morse and his henchmen, this state of affairs was beginning to prevail.

Anne learned the story—or a garbled account of it from Morse himself. Her sympathies were all with Shannon. She determined to look him up and offer her congratulations for his gallant defense. At least this is what she told herself. It was a far more personal and feminine reason than that. She was piqued by his indifference to her and could not resist resorting to a woman's form of retaliation.

She sought him near the spot where he had performed his spectacular rescue. He was often there. He thawed visibly under her persistent friendliness and grew warm at her praise of his achievement. Anne felt herself small and insignificant before this stalwart young crusader, who was determined to give the people that greatest blessing, fertile land, in spite of them. Her reserve melted away. He was friendly now but, with true feminine perversity, she could not stop at that.

One day, running across him unexpectedly in the woods, she yielded irresistibly to an impish impulse to
feign a sprained ankle. He shed his indifference in a moment. How strong his arms felt as he carried her thru the woods to his lodge. How tenderly he laid her down on his cot, and how solicitously he offered to bathe her ankle.

Anne got up hastily, declaring she felt much better and limped out on the porch to prove it. There being no further excuse for remaining she started home. Shannon walked with her as far as a rustic bridge over one of the numerous mountain streams. He turned to go, and with a little frightened gasp Anne tripped and fell—as she had intended to—into his arms. He bent his face, so close to hers, kissed her on the mouth. It really frightened her.

"Brute!" she cried, "Beast!"

But he only laughed.

"You didn't want me to kiss you? It's probably the first time in your life you ever paid toll for being a flirt—but it serves you right, my dear."

Anne gave him one haughty backward glance, and turned and ran swiftly down the path, in great confusion.

"Oh be careful of your ankle," he called after her with mock tenderness.

Anne ran all the way home, nor stopped at her own front door, but flew upstairs past her astonished aunt, and flung herself on the bed in her own room. A thousand conflicting emotions struggled for supremacy. She hated him—but she loved him. He despised her—but he had kissed her as tho he loved her. She had never been kissed that way before—but she wanted to be again. He was so brave and strong, so big and fine. She was on his side—no matter that his opponent was her host and an ardent suitor for her hand—she was on his side.

Her aunt's warning reminder that she must dress for "the ball" brought to an end these turbulent reflections. There was to be a dance at the town hall that night. Everybody went, and Anne would not have stayed away for anything in the world, since she was perfectly sure her Bill would be there. And so he was.

"How's the ankle?" he said with a wicked twinkle in his usually cold blue eyes. "How about dancing? Can you? Will you?"

"No," replied Anne in a forlorn attempt at a snub.

"Oh yes you will," he said under his breath, pulling her gently but firmly out onto the crowded floor.

Anne was conquered again, but this time she gloried in it. They whirled away to the rollicking strains of an ambitious local orchestra.

The music stopped suddenly. There was a great commotion at the far end of the hall. Burkhalter forced his way thru the crowd to the center of the floor, and proceeded to denounce at the top of his voice, the proposed dam and irregation project of Shannon. Furnished with clever, tho fallacious, arguments by Morse's men, he had just about succeeded in convincing the credulous villagers present that the dam was an actual menace to their land, their homes and even their person.

Shannon stood perfectly silent while he was speaking, and then in the clamor and hand clapping that ensued at the close of Burkhalter's speech, he stepped out thru the crowd to his side, encouraged by the fervent squeeze Anne had given his hand.

He spoke quietly and convincingly without the bluster that his enemy had employed. So clear, and concise were his statements, so obviously truthful was his report and so friendly and engaging his manner, that the fickle gathering promptly swerved to his side and loudly announced their confidence by cheers. Burkhalter and his gang of roughs retired in high dudgeon, promising between curses, to run Shannon out of town. Idle threat!

Anne went home so proud and happy that she couldn't sleep. She slipped on a negligé.

"You are all right now, honey," he said. "I must go and find Bill. Jest lay there till we get back"
And when she showed him her lacerated hands and told him modestly about saving the dam, his eyes filled with unexpected tears. He kissed her hands reverently and tenderly, leaned over the railing and heard Morse's voice. He had not gone to the dance with her, pleading pressing business. She wondered why he was back, but she did not long remain in suspense.

"I wanted to tell you," said a strange voice, "that Burkhaler is going to dynamite the dam and the walls of his tunnel at the same time tonight. Everything is all set. Serves the beggar right for trying to fight people bigger than he is," he added with an obvious attempt at flattery.

"Good," Morse replied, not insensible to the flattery.

The terrible announcement burned itself into Anne's brain like a brand. She hesitated, but only for a moment. Hastily throwing a coat over her negligee, she slipped out thru the back door of Morse's place, and ran thru the woods towards Shannon's lodge. She was horribly afraid, but she never faltered, until she reached her Bill's door, panting and breathless.

Shannon took her face in his hands, after she had told him, and said in a voice not quite steady, "Why did you come to warn me? Was it because I love you more than any one ever loved anyone, since the world began?"

"No," replied Anne, "it is because I love you that way."

"Wait here for me darling—I'll be back," he cried, and made for his offices in great haste.

Meanwhile her whereabouts had been reported to Morse by one of his ubiquitous spies. The man could scarcely credit the story but he determined to investigate for himself. He threw open the door of Shannon's lodge without the courtesy of a knock. Anne was curled up on Shannon's cot with her coat off, her airy negligee half slipping from her shoulders. An exclamation of anger and amazement from Morse made her conscious of his presence. She hastily got up and pulled her coat on over the offending negligee. She flushed guiltily.

"So," said Morse, biting off the word. "So, you have a lover. I always knew you were a flirt, but I never would have believed this of you. Tipped him off did you? Sold me out? Betrayed me for that—" Well you'll pay for it my girl. I'll take your lover's place for the moment."

He seized the frightened girl in his arms, desire flaming suddenly in his evil eyes.

She did not struggle, but lay quite still. She had her eye on a revolver that she had seen Shannon put on a curtained shelf behind her, before he left. The man loosed his hold for a moment. He had not expected this tame surrender.

"Let me take my coat off Leon," said Anne, with misleading sweetness.

He let go of her altogether, startled out of his habitual caution.

She whipped the revolver down from its shelf and leveled it at the man.

"Oh well, the game is up I guess," he said, with a shrug. "I'll get out and leave you to your lover."

Anne's aint awaited his return frantic with anxiety. His appearance did not reassure her.
"It looks as tho she was going to spend the night," he told her, "better send her some clothes."

A servant was hastily dispatched with some clothes and a tearful note from Mrs. Wilmot. Anne accepted the clothes gratefully and cried a little over the note, but she would not leave. Her Bill had told her to wait and she would not dream of leaving.

She did wait.

But after two or three hours she could not stand it any longer. It was almost dawn. Something must have happened to him. Suppose they had dynamited his dam! Suppose he was lying in some heap of debris, wounded—hurt—killed! She must find him. She did not know that Shannon had come back to his lodge just in time to see her lying close in Morse's arms, his face bent down to hers; and heart sick at the sight had gone wandering off again—into the woods—anywhere—the dam and the tunnel clean gone from his mind. A heartless flirt after all! It couldn't be true. But he had seen her passive in his enemy's arms—in his own house. It was too much. No, Anne knew nothing of this. And once more she set out with a high heart to find her man.

She went direct to the big tunnel and stopped short at the sound of voices. Shannon had told her he would station guards both at the tunnel and the dam. It was only these guards talking. She took another step forward, but they were not guards. They looked like tramps. They were doing something with wires. They must be Burkthaler's men!

"The little one is for the tunnel, and the big one is for the dam—see! Don't get 'em mixed. We'll clear out now—'s all set. Twenty minutes more, and up she goes," said one harsh voice.

"Aw'right," said the other. "Dirty job. Some fight those guys put up that was guarding the place—wasn't it?"

"Sure was," replied the first voice. "The fifty bucks we gits hardly seem enough—countin' the scrap and everything."

The two men withdrew and Anne came over where they had been standing.

"The big wire is for the dam," she said, "as tho she were reciting a lesson. "I'll save the dam for him, anyway."

She began to cry in her excitement. She picked up a sharp pointed rock and hacked and pounded on the big wire. Twenty minutes! They had stood talking for five minutes after that. That left her fifteen. It seemed to Anne that she had been at it for an hour. Her hands were sore and bleeding from the unaccustomed work—but the wire was nearly cut thru—two or three more blows—but her hands hurt so. She could scarcely control them, but she would finish the job. Twenty minutes must be

up by this time, but still she pounded away. "Oh, dear God," she cried, "let me save his dam; help me to save his dam." The big wire snapped in two. "Bill!" she screamed, and knew no more.

A terrific explosion shook the ground. Burkthaler had set off the fuse in perfect time, but the dam was saved.

Old Sheb, who was standing guard at Shannon's offices, was the first to get to the mouth of the tunnel. Anne was lying half-buried underneath a veritable avalanche of dirt and broken timber. Her face was white, and her eyes were closed and a little trickle of blood had smeared itself across her cheek. The old man blanched at the sight, but he resolutely went to work to extricate her.

He carried her limp body all the way to Shannon's lodge, his old legs trembling at

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Across the Silversheet

The New Screen Plays
In Review

The story of "Peter Ibbetson" by George Du Maurier is perhaps one of the loveliest things known to the stage. For a background it had a garden in old France where people living, took time to live—and to dream.

"Peter Ibbetson" has come to the screen. For a great part it has been left as it was in the original translation, in so far as the action is concerned. And up to this point it is invested with only a little less charm than it possessed behind the footlights. But suddenly those responsible for the production seem to lose confidence in their methods and they cram it brimming with action, which might well be called melodramatic. More is the pity.

Peter and Mimsi were children when the story began—children neighbors who played together under the blossoming apple-tree in Peter's sunny garden. Then misfortune sent Peter to England where he grew to manhood under the guardianship of a worldly uncle, Colonel Ibbetson. He rebelled against the sophisticated life to which his uncle has brought him and eventually was forced to depend upon his own resources. And the dreamer, faced by the realities of life, found his resources far from reliable.

Peter and Mimsi eventually found one another again but it availed them nothing in the material sense of the word. It was then that their ability to dream—to dream true, as they called it—came to their rescue.

If motion pictures were not forced to live up to their name—with constant motion, and if charm was not, therefore, sacrificed to action first, last and always, "Peter Ibbetson" would have been a delightful shadow story.

Perhaps the finest portrayal is contributed by George Fawcett as Major Dequenois. In one particular instance Mr. Fawcett does a piece of work which might well be remembered with episodes of Henry Walthall's "Little Colonel" in "The Birth of a Nation." It is not similar, the work of Mr. Fawcett, except in its excellence.

Wallace Reid has been entrusted with the role of the dreamer, Peter Ibbetson. It may be said to his credit that he has been earnest in his effort. Several times he came thru with fire but, on the whole, he is not the
By

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Peter which DuMaurier sketched in his story. And Elsie Ferguson is Mimsi—Mimsi who teaches Peter to dream true for she is Peter’s dream. Miss Ferguson has endowed Mimsi with imagination and great charm. There are other popular players in the cast too. Elliott Dexter is splendid as Peter’s scientist father and Dolores Cassinelli colorful as Dolores, a dancer.

ONE ARABIAN NIGHT

First National

The latest importation, “One Arabian Night” is not so worthy as its predecessors despite the fact that it is rich in characterization. In the first place it is not a story which may be readily told in the day of censorship. It tells of strange lands in other days and even history may not be authentically reproduced. The story is that of “Sumrun.” Those who saw it several seasons ago back of the footlights remember the colorful story of the Old Sheik and his harem; of the hunchback clown who cherishes a great love for the primitive Gypsy dancer who finally delights the old Sheik when the traveling troupe of which she is a member reaches the city. There are all sorts of complications in the harem and most of them prove tedious to the audience, as the story’s thread weaves an intricate, tho colorful pattern.

As far as we have been able to discover, this number among the early efforts of Ernst Lubitsch, who also gave the screen “Passion” and “Gypsy Blood.” In “One Arabian Night” may be seen evidences of his grooping—he lacks the fine restraint which marks his other work, proclaiming rather than suggesting. Nevertheless the same fault does not mar his characterization of the hunchback clown. This is one of the most poignant portraits which the screen has shadowed.

Pola Negri is the dancer and her portrayal is almost as splendid in its own way as that of Mr. Lubitsch. She makes the desert dancer a creature of gold and scarlet. There is an abandon to her typical of the role and we noticed her absence from the screen resulted in tedium.

Then Paul Wegner deserves special commendation for his impersonation of the Old Sheik who masks his

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Athletic Club and tried to hear each other speak above the raucous paging of a Mr. Marshall Nellan by a very lumpy little page boy in gold buttons.

I remembered that picture "Come Thru," in which a kinky-haired young man with long legs and broad shoulders burst into screen-light as a young crook who danced and danced. That was more than four years ago—almost five. After that, this young man, whose eyes always seemed to refuse to listen to reason, appeared in other crook dramas for Universal, among them being "Smashing Thru" and "The Flash of Fate." It was Herb Rawlinson. Then came studio difficulties and he left the "U" to go out into the great world to make his fortune.

"If I had been content to let the world have its way with me, I could have played many popular parts as a smiling, curly-headed matinee idol, but I won't do it, because life is too short, and I want to act—not smirk! I like crook parts, and it seems like I have almost always played a crook or a detective, altho my first new starring picture will not be that sort of thing, it will be thrilling, and I must have thrills!"

Living at an athletic club is good for keeping fit. Herb says he has weighed his one hundred and seventy pounds ever since he has been in pictures. But before he was in pictures, he was on the stage, having decided to be an actor at the age of thirteen, when he ran away with a circus in Pennsylvania after arriving in this country from England by way of Canada. You see, he was born at Brighton, England, and, ever since he was old enough to hold a hammer, he made miniature stages with little actors on them, and thus entertained the neighborhood children. It didn't please his family who were not connected with the stage, and so they sent him to a farm in Canada, where all bad little English boys go, he found a pal there with pal-ish thoughts, and they ran away to join the circus in the great United States. From that time on, his career star-ward was what any young man's has been.

But today Herbert Rawlinson is thinking things over. To see him in the Athletic Club lounge, or on the screen, one would think he had never been introduced to "care" or "worry." But he says he has. I accused him of having an Irish soul in a British body, but he shook his head, which is set securely on a stalwart column of bronzed throat—the bronzing process having been undergone while he was up in British Columbia, recently, with Priscilla
By GORDON

Dean in "The Conflict," where he had to play the part of a lumber-jack and ride on run-away log rafts and everything.

But he is so filled with the joy of living that his soul cannot be somber long. "The world wants action. Now, more than ever before," he offered, with a soft burring of the words in his pleasant voice, as he rolled a cigarette with white paper, "and so I am going to give 'em action in my new picture at Universal."

It is perhaps a mark of fate that the gentlest characters, in real life, are most often selected to play wild and wicked villains on the screen. The most domestic actresses are chosen for vamps. The happiest fathers are the screen's greatest Don Juans. Warner Oland is the kindest man and the greatest rascal I know—on the screen. "Bob" McKim, the screen's best-known professional villain, is the most thought-ful and gentlest of fathers and husbands at home. Herbert Rawlinson is the most straight-forward and the least devious young man of my acquaintance, and yet he is the best-known portrayer of crook characters the screen has ever put forth. He is so honest he is hard to interview. He won't dissemble, and to him a spade is very much a spade. It is not a hoe nor a rake nor the ace of clubs. That is why, I think, he said a lot of things which he prefaced with the remark: "This is not for publication!" but all of them to do with some (Cont'd on page 89)
On The Camera Coast --

It has been an exciting month with the Cinamese coming and going to jail, getting married, and performing other nefarious acts. There seems to be a decided spirit of unrest in the colony.

GLORIA SWANSON SUED

Gloria Swanson has been a sued and suing young lady. For the second time within a month she scaled into headlines thru regular court procedure. First she announced the institution of court action for divorce. Now comes the announcement that she will also appear as a defendant in the high tribunals.

To quote the repressed Examiner:

"One of the most sensational legal battles in the annals of Los Angeles probate courts loomed yesterday when the relatives of the late Matthew P. Burns filed a contest to his will in which they charged Gloria Swanson, the screen star, and her mother with exerting undue influence on Mr. Burns."

It is alleged that the decedent toppled for the charms of Gloria, but upon learning some time later that she was married, he transferred his affections to her mother and married her. The widow, Mrs. Adeline J. Burns, who is the mother of Gloria by a previous marriage, is the chief beneficiary in the estate of $100,000. The brothers and sisters of the deceased man now allege that
he was of unsound mind at the time of framing his will, and that the star and her mother employed unfair influence over him.

"To all of this Miss Swanson replies, "Absurd."

A MARRY, MARRY MONTH

I am pleased to announce that there have been more marriages than divorces this month in Hollywood, hence the race may yet be saved from suicide. Fond fans, your handkerchiefs!

Ralph Graves, of "Dream Street," arrived on Hollywood Boulevard a married man. On his way thither from New York, as the story goes, he fell by the wayside in St. Paul and married Marjorie Seaman, a young stock company actress. The two met, saw and were mutually conquered at

the Griffith studio, whence came Miss Seaman in quest of a film career. The romance ripened in New York and was preserved in St. Paul. That's all, there isn't any more—for the time being.

I turn to other chimes—William Boyd and Ruth Miller, whom you have observed in the ensembles of Paramount pictures, were married at the home of Sylvia Ashton, character actress, in Hollywood. 'Twas as old-fashioned a wedding as any that ever was screened. Among the guests were

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The Sister of Jane--and the Sister of Katherine

By LILLIAN MONTANYE

they were exactly as you remember them—round-faced, rosy-cheeked Jane, pert and saucy—sweet, slender Katherine, grave and whimsical.

To describe their delectable act and their more than delectable acting is not possible. Suffice it to say that they show what two movie children with irrepressible spirits and no sense of responsibility can do when turned loose with a new and inexperienced director. It’s a clever act, and the children romp thru it with such unstudied abandon it’s hard to remember that they’re only acting. And then, at the end, the director stages a death (Continued on page 86)

Since the Lee children began their stage career, two years ago, they have been from coast to coast. But Mrs. Lee has kept the same apartment in New York they had while they were in pictures. Even tho they are not there much, it is a home—a place to come back to. As Jane said, practically: “Well, we’re leaving tomorrow, but we’re coming back. We always have come back.”

E very now and then letters come to the offices of Brewster Publications asking, “What has become of the Lee children?” “Where are our two ‘Baby Grands’ who used to frolic all over the screen and bring joy to many hearts? Aren’t they ever coming back?”

We knew they were touring the country in a vaudeville act, but that was all we knew. And when we passed a theater one day, and on the billboard, in letters a foot high, was an announcement: “Jane and Katherine Lee in The New Director”—we decided to find out for ourselves about these former starlets of filmdom and pass the information on to our readers.

From our seat down front, we watched the conclusion of a song and dance act, but thru the audience was an air of expectancy. And while we were reflecting upon the fact that never before had we seen so many children in a vaudeville theater, nor of an afternoon so many fat, boid, good-natured looking men—the charming young dancer made her final bow, and amid a storm of applause came tripping upon the stage—Jane and Katherine Lee. They wore gingham pinafores, sunbonnets, socks and sandals—and
Constance and Norma Talmadge are now in California. Constance will remain long enough for the exteriors of her forthcoming production to be filmed while Norma expects to make two or three pictures before she returns to New York. This gave Norma and Constance a splendid opportunity to visit with Natalie who now resides in California and who they haven’t seen since she became Mrs. Buster Keaton. Mrs. Talmadge crossed the continent too, of course. It must have been a great reunion.

“My Boy” is the title of the next Jackie Coogan picture. The story was written by Jack Coogan, Sr. and Victor Herman, the director, and it gives Jackie every opportunity to display his talents.

William Farnum has returned from his European wanderings. He has been away since March and as it was his first holiday in twenty-five years he made the most of it. Most of the time he spent motoring thru France and Italy. At Rome he saw the beginning of the erection of the Fox studios. Now that he is back he declares he is anxious to get before the camera again and Herbert Brenon has been engaged to direct him in a special production.

Charlie Chaplin’s return from abroad was heralded with luncheons and dinners galore. At one of the festive occasions Mr. Chaplin declared that Europe objected to the American films because they lacked subtlety and featured the sweetly-sweet love scenes, dwelling too much on sex. He went on to say that the motion picture would undoubtedly rise to greater heights when producers ceased to underestimate the public’s intelligence. We are in hearty accord with Charlie.

Mildred Harris has been chosen to play opposite Thomas Meighan in his next picture “A Prince There Was.” This is the story which was written and produced by George M. Cohan on the stage.

Dorothy Gish proved her versatility one evening not long ago. Her husband, James Rennie, is playing in “Pot-Luck,” a popular New York stage play. When the curtain descended after the first act the leading-lady was taken ill and could not continue with her performance. Chaos reigned back-stage. In front sat the audience, expectant. Then Dorothy came valiantly to the rescue. She had been in the theater frequently during the rehearsals and seen the play several times with the result that she was able to take the leading-lady’s place. The play continued without a hitch. Needless to say the audience recognized the popular screen comedienne and greeted her with applause which rang loud and long.

If the announcements can be relied upon the screen will shortly shadow two productions of “The Little Minister,” James M. Barrie’s story. Penrhyn Stanlaws is now directing Betty Compson in this story in the Western Paramount studios. And Vitagraph announces that Alice Calhoun will shortly begin work on “The Little Minister” at the Vitagraph Eastern studios. It should prove difficult to decide which production to attend.

Marie Doro returned from Europe recently but motion picture studios will not claim her for the time being. She is starring in the stage play of “Lilies of the Field.”

Cecil B. de Mille is the latest screen celebrity to declare his intention of going abroad. Mr. de Mille has promised himself a vacation for sometime but his trip will not be entirely a holiday. While on the other side he will make arrangements for producing a picture there in the near future.

Sigrid Holmquist who is known abroad as the “Swedish Mary Pickford” is to play opposite Eugene P
Greenroom Jottings

O'Brien in his new Selznick production, "Prophet's Paradise."

Charles Ray is really coming to New York. Great preparations are being made by the motion picture industry for his arrival. Mr. Ray has not been East in years and he has often planned a trip. Needless to say, his time will be well occupied. He will have all the new stage plays to see; receptions galore; luncheons, teas and dinners; not to mention the scores of interviews he will be subjected to in between times. It is to be hoped that his trip is not planned as a rest!

Mabel Normand recently succumbed to the inducements of Mack Sennett. She signed a contract which will keep her on the Sennett lot for some time to come. Her salary? It is not definitely known but they do say it belies hard times.

Have you sent Jackie Coogan a dime or a quarter, as the case may be, for a photograph. If you have you have indirectly helped the starving Polish children for it is to this fund which Jackie gives this money. He recently visited Paderewski, the famous pianist, at his California ranch where he contributed to this worthy cause.

"The Prisoner of Zenda" brings memory of school-days—and the novel of that name backed by an innocent-looking geography. It brings memories of the neighborhood stock-company with the handsome leading-man in the title role. Realizing its popularity, Rex Ingram is about to bring it to the screen. Of course Alice Terry will play the leading feminine role. As a matter of fact, it has been said that the Terry-Ingram nuptials have been postponed until its completion. Others in the cast are Robert E.erson, Lewis Stone, Helen Holmes, and Francis MacDonald.

Anita Stewart returned to Califor- nia early this winter after a long rest in the East at her Long Island home. The new wardrobe which she brought back with her will delight the eye in "The Woman He Married."

Zasu Pitts finds life just one motion picture after another these days. It permits her little or no time for domesticity. As soon as she finishes playing with Ethel Clayton in "For the Defence," she will start work on "Is Matrimony a Failure?"

Vera Stedman will be absent from the Christie comedies for some time. She was recently the mother of twins. However, she contends that she will not desert the screen. Mr. Jack Taylor, a musician, is the proud father.

One by one the players are returning from the other side. Anna Q. Nilsson came back to these shores the other day after a sojourn in Sweden where she visited her people. Incidentally, Miss Nilsson remained there long enough to select and purchase a home for her parents.

It is not unlikely that Charles Spencer Chaplin may be knighted if he wishes it. Great Britain considered this recently when her native son vacationed on her shores. It is doubtful, however, whether or not Charlie will accept the honor for he is democratic and frankly and openly socially inclined.

Fannie Ward has given up her apartment in Paris on the Champs Elysees for she has decided to spend the winter in London. Fannie will be missed without a doubt for she was one of the best-dressed women abroad and inevitably pointed out on the Rue de la Paix as the beautiful American actress.

Starring in productions with a well-deserved share of the directorial responsibility is not sufficient (Continued on page 88)
The hands of Mary Nash, celebrated for their beauty, are an example of how proper treatment enhances natural charm. Miss Nash uses only Cutex in the care of her nails. She says: "I don't see how I ever tolerated having my cuticle cut—Cutex is so easy to use, so quick, and makes my nails look so swell. I regard Cutex as a real toilet necessity."

Do just two things—and your nails will look professionally manicured

ALL that made maniuring slow and difficult has been done away with. You don't have to soak your nails—you don't have to cut the cuticle. Just work carefully around the nail base with an orange stick dipped in Cutex Cuticle Remover; then rinse, and the hard, dry edges of dead skin will simply wipe away.

Then you are ready for the polish. If you are in a special hurry, Cutex Liquid Polish will give you a particularly brilliant shine—instananeously and without buffing. But if you are doing a more leisurely manicure, you will probably wish first to buff your nails slightly with one of the other marvelous Cutex Polishes, which for convenience come in Paste, Cake, Powder and Stick form. Then apply a light coat of Liquid Polish. You can form no idea of how quick and easy Cutex has made maniuring until you have given it a trial.

This very minute before you forget, sit down and send for a Cutex Introductory Set. In the cunning little box of black and rose—so smart and taking in itself—you will find samples of everything you need for maniuring this new way—with a book of instructions.

Follow the directions and give yourself a complete Cutex manicure. It will seem like a miracle to you. However ragged you may have made the cuticle by cutting, Cutex Cuticle Remover will leave it smooth and even. And you will agree that you have never used a polish from which you get as quick, lasting and brilliant a shine as from any one of those provided by Cutex.

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To many thousands of people, a Cutex Set is now an absolute toilet necessity. You can buy them in three sizes, at 60c, at $1.50 and at $3.00. Or each preparation can be had separately at 5c. At all department stores in the United States and Canada.

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Introductory set—now only 15c
Contains besides the samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Cuticle Comfort, emery board and orange stick, a little bottle of the marvelous new Liquid Polish, exactly what every woman wants for an instantaneous, dazzling polish. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York, or, if you live in Canada, Dept 801, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.
This is the last time I will see you this year, so right now I’m going to wish you all a very merry Christmas, and I’ll give you a little hint to see that you are all made happy with lots of good cheer.

Browney Eyes—You’re wrong about Norma Talmadge being a mother. Mildred Harris and Thorne Meighan, in “A Prince There Was,” Niles Welch and Elaine Hammerstein, in “The Way of a Maid.” Well, there is some hope, if you don’t grow worse, but no hope if you don’t grow better.

Dizzy Sisters—Thanks for the hairpins. I suppose I am to use them on my beard. You say, if rain makes flowers beautiful, why don’t I stand out in the rain some time. Then you’d say, some folks don’t know enough to come in out of the rain. Well, you can ease your mind right now, because Milton Sills is married. He is playing opposite Florence Vidor in “Lucky Damage.” Thanks, do write me some more.

Tulip Town—Thanks for the three dark-complexioned candied candies. They sure were sweet. You want to know if the Bronx in New York is a city or a hotel. Great guns, no; it’s one of the boroughs of New York, and it is very, very thickly inhabited. Elliott Dexter has gone to London to play in pictures. Yes, it is true that Virginia Faire is to play in “The Count of Monte Cristo.”

F. A. R.—Thanks for the Canadian quarter. Have answered yours by mail.

Peter S.—Why do you write to some of the exchanges, such as Pathé Company, 35 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City, or Famous Players-Lasky, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City?

Ruth C.—No, Ruth, I don’t believe in it. He who gets rich quick is apt to go broke in a hurry. Last time I heard of Peggy Hyland, she was in New York. No, child, I have an excellent disposition, I never murmur without cause, and seldom have cause. But when I do, I use language not according to Hoyle, and quite unparliamentary. No, you’re all wrong.

Margaret V.—Some clever letter. You can get in touch with Richard Barthelmess, 565 Fifth Avenue, care Inspiration Pictures, New York. Thanks for the invitation to luncheon, but I’m on a diet now. I have no titles, alphabetical or otherwise, after my name, nor before it. If I were to have some letter appended to my illusory name, I would prefer C. O. D.

E. L. M.—Constance Talmadge’s next picture will be “Good for Nothing.” You can’t make me believe that about Constance’s pictures. Yes, “Jane Eyre” was produced about three years ago. Kathern Burt was the author of “The Branding Iron.”

Tommy.—Thanks for the scandal sheet. Allan Forrest, in “The Hole in the Wall,” with Alice Lake. Ethel Clayton, in “For the Defense.” Yes, Tommy, perhaps you admire a beautiful soul more than a beautiful face, but we don’t run after them quite so hard.

Catherine M.—Bless your honest heart, and may the hinges of our friendship never grow rusty. So you are all for Eugene O’Brien. The custom of giving presents at Christmas is pagan in origin. Once Christmas presents were unknown. The custom was confined to New Year’s Eve. Baby Marie Osborne is making personal stage appearances. Righto, write me again.

Wyneth L.—Last I heard of Violet Mersereau she was playing in “Thunderclap,” for Fox. May Allison is not playing now. Yes, it is true that Rex Ingram is producing “The Prisoner of Zenda,” with Alice Terry. It was produced some six years ago, with James K. Hackett as the star.

Theukalax.—Personality is best, and the most permanent. Beauty is the present nature gives to a woman, and the first it takes away. Hereafter, read Beauty magazines for such things. Gaston Glass is playing opposite Shirley Mason in “The Aliens.” Yes, I liked Elsie Ferguson in “Footlights.” It is her best picture, but she didn’t always look her prettiest. Julian Eltinge, last I heard of him, was improving in health, and expects to enter vaudeville soon.

Hazel B.—Pick up the marbles! What did you think, that I wrote the questions as well as the answers? I should hope not. It would be an easy job that way. No, I didn’t care, either, for “The Child Thou Gavest Me.” It was an impossible sort of thing. Ruth Stonehouse is doing classical dancing on the stage. Write me some more.

Pat o’ Paris.—Begorra, I have no wife, Pat! You cant keep ’em down. Yeast, tho compressed, will rise again. Frank Mayo recently divorced his wife and married Dagmar Godowsky. You cant blame her for wanting to change her name. Alice Calhoun is to play the little minister in the Vitagraph production by that name, while Betty Compson is to play it for Famous Players. Vitagraph produced this play about seven years ago, with Clara Kimball Young. Drop in again some time, Pat.

Frances B.—You want an interview with Rudolph Valentino. So, so. He is playing opposite Dorothy Dalton in “Mauran of the Lady Lety.” Harrison Ford, opposite the Talmadges. Your letter is rather gloomy, Frances. As the artist and the poet love the storm, so must we learn to love the clouds of life, because they help to make the coming sunshine brighter. So cheer up.

Ku Klux Klan.—Indeed! Certainly, I believe in the New Thought. Why shouldn’t I—who doesn’t? We should think nothing but beautiful thoughts of beautiful things, dream of nothing but beautiful color and tender hues, and seek nothing but lovely tones and graceful lines. No idea where you can secure a picture of that player. Agnes Ayres is playing in “The Lane That Has No Turning,” with Mahlon Hamilton.

Vivian.—Yes, I like perfume. Were you thinking of sending me some? The manufacturers of perfume in Italy consume annually about 1,850 tons of orris, 1,000 tons of roses, 150 tons each of jasmine and violets and fifteen tons of jonquils. We have plenty of perfume around here. Corliss Palmer is making it. William E. Perk was Bill in “The Ghost of the Gar-
Every normal skin needs two creams

A protective cream for daytime use
A cleansing cream at night

Complexion flaws prevented by a daytime cream without oil

Rough, chapped skin. To make up for the drying effect of dust and wind you need a daytime cream that softens and protects the skin without adding a particle of oil. Before going out into the cold air, touch your face and neck and hands with Pond’s Vanishing Cream. It disappears at once and leaves the skin delightfully soft and satiny.

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First rub the face lightly with Pond’s Vanishing Cream. It cannot reappear in a shine. See how smoothly and evenly the powder goes on over this base and how long it stays.

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Flaws prevented by nightly cleansing with oil cream

Blackheads. Blackheads need a more thorough cleansing than any wash can give.

Wash your face with pure soap. Then work Pond’s Cold Cream thoroughly into the pores. This rich oil cream penetrates the skin, loosens all the dirt which has lodged in the pores. Wipe the cream off with a soft cloth. This leaves the skin really clean.

Wrinkles. For wrinkles you need a cream with an oil base, for oil is the greatest enemy known to wrinkles. Pond’s Cold Cream, rubbed gently into the face at night, acts as tonic, stimulating the circulation, softening the skin, and warding off the wrinkles. Too vigorous rubbing is apt to be harmful, but gentle, persistent rubbing, systematically done, is beneficial even to the most delicate skin.

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Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tube of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks’ ordinary toilet use.

Name
Street
City State
The Answer Man

Eldin August, in "The Idol of North." Claire Anderson, in "The Road Demon" were pretty old favorites.

The Spaghetti Girl-So you and your father own the largest spaghetti factory in Color City. Aren't you smart! So you think that my departure from wholesome -has a good flavor, and leaves a nice taste in the mouth. Thanks, so do spaghetti. Am hearty.

Henry G. J.-No, I don't advise you to study hypnosis.

Thelma B.-By no means. Try sending New Zealand stamps for a subscription. Send a money order equivalent to $3.50. Milton S. is going to play in "Miss Lulu Bell." You're weak.

Mabel B.-Yes, it is true. Van Dyke Brooke died on September seventh at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. Remember when he sold direct to Norma Talmadge? He surely was one of the first directors, and one of the best of his time. Bert Lytell, in "Keep Off the Grass." I never meditated myself, but I am told that the Capitol at Washington is four hundred and fifty-one feet in length and three hundred and fifty feet wide, taking greatest dimensions.

Sexton.-Charles R. in Los Angeles. But didn't you know that fire extinguished much more quickly by salt water than fresh? Hence, if you ever have a fire in your town, take a train and run down to Atlantic City and some salt water. George Chebro is playing in "Happy Go Lucky." Has a pretty girl. Corbett Conkling.-Well, that's some name. No, I am not too old. Walk. Every day I try to walk at least an hour, and finally succeed. Everybody should have some exercise. Douglas Fairbanks is thirty-five years old. I am afraid there is no choice.

E. Love.-Why, Famous Players-Lasky are releasing "Go Leh." It was made in Germany. Yes, Edmondline has been operated upon recently for appendix while he is recovering. Charles Ray, in "Two Minutes Go By.

M.-Certainly. I believe in religion, but I sometimes think that we have just enough religion to make us awfully not enough to make us love one another. A woman stewart is married to Rudolph Cameron, but Florida is not married. Alice Calhoun, in "Rain and Has All Beauty." Mother o' Mine! You want the thr and addresses of about twenty-five players. Not C.

Hollands 19.-That's a great letter, all the way from olland. Alice Lake, in "Good Night, Nurse." Harry Carey is playing in "Brute of a Man." Edward Leonard is married, while Ella Hall is married to Emory Johnson. Yes, they were both good in "The Master Key." Thanks for the criticisms and comments, which I believe are blessed. Incurvus.-Jennie A.🏻-No. Looky here! You promised to make your letters shorter. You are a very promising writer, but your terminal facilities are defective. Hoot Gibson, in "Red Courage."

Budwe B.-It is nearing the season when everybody gives everybody else things they don't want, and receive in return a lot of things they don't want. Nevertheless, it is a jolly good, cheery season. Everybody is blessed to give and to receive. (My address is 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.) Anita Stewart is playing in "Roses of the Sea." Ten.-Yes, I am the same old chap. Why, don't you know that Florence La Badie was some time ago? Guy Coombs is directing, and Greer Garson, Pates has been playing since the days of Pals. Write me again. Your letter brought back pleasant memories.

Eugene O'Brien Nut.-So, this is how it is? I agree with you, it is a miserable thing to live in suspense with the implication that an unknown spider is playing in "Prophet's Paradise," with Sigrid Holmquist opposite him. She is called the Mary Pickford of Sweden.

Silvester F.-Yes, it is a sort of intoxication to see a picture after seeing it. When intoxicated, a Frenchman wants to dance, a German to sing, a Spaniard to gambol, an Englishman to cat, an Italian to boast, a Russian to be affectionate, an Irishman to fight, an American to make a speech, and a German to write letters of criticism. Yes, Jack Mulhall is playing in "Turn to the Right." Lois Wilson and Milton Sills, in "Miss Lulu Bell." Laurette Taylor is in Europe, and Theda Bara is making personal appearances on the stage. Eva Tan- guay, in vaudeville.

Thomas P.-No, I don't know of a place that will read your scenario tree, and I am sure Mr. Griffith hasn't the time to devote to it.

The Count of Noah Count.-As I've said before, I have no title nor degrees. We always admire the fellow with a lot of letters tacked on to his name, because we know he got there by degrees. Ha, ha! Edith Roberts is playing in a De Mille picture, called "Saturday Night."

Louise N.-No, I don't think "Silas Marner" has ever been done in pictures, but it ought to be. You think Raymond Hatton would be a good Silas Marner. Dorothy Davenport is playing in "Behind the Mask." May McAvoy, in "The Happy Ending."

Elizabeth B.-Those troubles are the greatest which never come. Don't meet sorrow half way. Don't cross the bridge when you come to it. Gladys Walton and Jack Perrin, in "The Gutterknife." I admire your literary style.

Flora Daw.-See here, friend, I am an answer man, and not a physiognomist, but I will try and answer your questions. Among other things, I recall the fact that impulsive persons usually have black eyes. I think so; if they haven't, they usually get them. Yes, Jackie Coogan's next picture is "My Boy." Cortis Green, in "The Single Track." Bebe Daniels has brown eyes, and you can reach her at Realart, Los Angeles, Cali. Doglas MacLean is married. Shirley Mason, in "Her Loved Ones."

Mrs. W. J. Y.-So you think Elliott Dexter is wonderful, the way he cured himself by Christian Science. Then wonderful is Mary Baker Eddy. The picture was of Rod La Roque and Monte Blue. Colleen Moore, in "The Wall Flower."

James B.-Thanks, read yours with much interest.

Paul G.—You say, a woman who has not seen her lover for the whole day considers that day lost for her; the tenderest of men considers it only lost for love. You can write to Bebe Daniels, the above address. Wallace Reid is married.

I. M. L.-N. Z.-Yes, indeed, she is just the type of woman you think she is. Married, and a good somebody. Elliott Dexter and Claire Windsor, in "Grand Larceny," Conway Tarrle, in "After Midnight." Jesse J. Clayton, of Columbia Studios, Fort McPherson, Ga., would like to correspond with some of my readers. Cheer him up; he's lonely.

Thelma Mont.-Yes, a beautiful stage, but if you play your part well, life won't be a tragedy or a comedy. So you think Henry Wallith has a charming personality. You're not the only one who thinks so.

Kate.—You say everything is wrong in this world. No, it's yourself that's wrong. The closer you get to some people, the more distant they are. Louise Huff, opposite Richard Barthelemany. Alice Joyce, in "The Silent Chamber."

Just a Movie Fax.-The more the merrier. I can't tell you where Wallace Reid buys his clothes. Out of my line--I have no clotheline. No, clothes don't make the man, but they make the impression. Why, Bebe Dan-

itels is playing in "The Speed Girl." Wanda Hawley, in "Her Face Value," and Alice Brady, in "Hush Money."

Little Frisky Cat.-So you are glad Christmas is coming. In England, in the olden days, the Christmas feasting were anything but hurried. They extended for many days. It is true that merchants went to each other's houses in turn, feasting, for three weeks. Mary Anderson, playing in "Vanishing Trails," with Franklin Farnum.

Elizabeth B.-I believe many great men who do not feel the way you do about the German pictures being shown in this country. Leah Baird is not playing now. (Continued on page 107)
Why You Can Have Beautiful Hair

How to Make it Soft and Silky, Bright and Fresh-looking and More Luxuriant.

The new shampoo method, now in vogue, has made it easy and practical for any woman to have beautiful, well-kept hair.

For the beauty of your hair, as you know, depends upon the care you give it.

Shampooing it properly is the important thing. It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

But while your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and tends to ruin it. As a result, throughout the country, more and more women are now shampooing with Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

Proper Shampooing Made Easy

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. And it has made the shampoo a pleasure.

It is astonishing how really beautiful you can make your hair look, with little effort, by shampooing with Mulsified.

The method 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.

Two or three teaspoonsful will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. Rub the lather 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.

Use plenty of lather. Rub it in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips.

When thoroughly clean, wet hair tightly squeaks when you pull it through your fingers.

Thorough Rinsing Is Important

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 quicky and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want always to be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months. Splendid for children—fine for men.

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FAT REDUCER
FOR MEN AND WOMEN:

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O need of being fat or you confuse Dr. Lawton’s
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was years ago and during these years my
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take medicine or treat-
ments of any kind. All I
ask is that you use
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and follow its per-
instructions and you will
SEE 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 and I will
gladly refund your money.

You gently apply the
reducer to fatty parts
and by easy manipula-
tion it forms a
deep rooted massage
which extends well
down into the tissues.
This manipulation breaks down the
fatty tissues and dis-
 solves the fat cell
which is then carried
off by the circula-
tory organs of the
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current, but a few
minutes. You can
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REDUCER. We are
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private administrations in the
office 2 to 6 daily.

Ideal Cast Selected by Readers
Norma Talmadge and Wallace Reid Proven Favorite Heroine and Hero

The last ballot has been credited. And
the ascertained result lists the Ideal Cast
as follows:

Leading Woman—Norma Talmadge, 5996
Leading Man—Wallace Reid, 5952
Vampire—Bebe Daniels, 5225
Villain—Lew Cody, 4662
Character Man—Theodore Roberts, 5829
Character Woman—Vera Gordon, 2634
Comedy—Harrie Reddick, 4650
Comedienne—Dorothy Gish, 4539
Child—Jackie Cooper, 7301
Director—D. W. Griffith, 4170

This is the same cast which has led for
the last few months, with the exception of
the director. At the last minute, D. W.
Griffith took the lead over Cecil B. de
Mille.

The final tabulation in this contest was
a mammoth task. For a time we thought it
would be impossible to announce the ideal
cast in this number, but those responsible
for the counting worked overtime that the
announcement might be made.

To divide the winners who guessed the
cast correctly, together with the number of
votes received by each player, has not
been possible, owing to the great number of
ballots which were submitted. Natur-
ally, nothing could be done with this
end of the contest until the final results
were obtained. The sorting of the guess-
ballots is now receiving undivided attention,
and we sincerely hope to announce the
prize-winners in the February issue.

Again we mention the great popularity
with which the contest was received, both
by the readers and by those in the profes-
sion. The day a player was permitted
to play and the simply because of the
overwhelming popularity, is long past.
To-day directors believe in casting some one
who is well-suited to the role which is to
be characterized. Therefore, the Ideal
Cast Contest has served a purpose.

Below the results of the contest are
listed.

And, if it is physically possible, the prizes
will be awarded to those who guessed the
winners most correctly some time during
the coming month, with the announcement,
as we said before, in the February Maga-
zine.

Leading Women
Gloria Swanson 2,892
Mary Pickford 2,547
Katherine MacDonald 834
Ruth Roland 813
Lillian Gish 426
Agnes Ayres 363
Anita Stewart 315
Ethel Clayton 291
Constance Talmadge 201
Bebe Daniels 189

Leading Men
Thomas Meighan 2,706
Richard Barthelmess 1,872
Douglas Fairbanks 813
Eugene O’Brien 756
Elliott Dexter 630
Conway Tearle 510
William Farnum 210
Milton Sills 189
Harrison Ford 183
William S. Hart 174

Vampire
Theda Bara 2,913
Polia Negri 1,188
Louise Glaum 1,170
Gloria Swanson 963
Bette Blythe 756
Nita Naldi 447
Roosevelt Theby
Martha Matson
Mona Lisa
Alia Nazimova
Alla Nazimova
Lottie Chaney
Louella Parsons
Stuart Holmes
Eric von Stroheim
Robert McKim
Jack Holt
Warner Oland
Irving Cummings
Nath Beroy
Wallace Beery
Noel Swanson
Charles 2,385
Pauline Frederick 1,203
Kathleen Williams 747
Alla Nazimova 705
Lillian Gish 567
Kate Bruce 519
Rose Tapley 441
Mary Alden 421
Mary Carr 420
Gloria Swanson 348

Character Man
Lon Chaney 1,126
Richard Barthelmess 1,182
Thomas Meighan 1,173
Charles Ray 591
John Barrymore 535
William S. Hart 409
Bert Lytell 483
James Kirkwood 315
Raymond Hatton 276
Wallace Reid 213

Comedian
Charlie Chaplin 3,060
Buster Keaton 831
Douglas Fairbanks 885
Fatty Arbuckle 660
Wallace Reid 438
Charles Ray 411
Ben Turpin 360
Douglas MacLean 366
Larry Semon 300
Walter Hiers 264

Comedienne
Louise Fazenda 2,732
Mabel Normand 2,148
Lonise Fazenda 969
Mary Pickford 858
Bebe Daniels 832
Mildred Davis 417
Viola Dana 213
Zasu Pitts 210
May Allison 183
Marie Prevost 159

Child
Wesley Barry 3,150
Ben Alexander 543
August Osborn 297
Mickey Moore 294
Bobby Connelly 225
Virginia Lee Corbin 216
John Henry, Jr. 208
Mary Pickford 198
Richard Headrick 141
Johnny Jones 132

Director
Cecil B. de Mille 4,170
Marshall Neilan 804
Thomas H. Ince 417
William de Mille 575
George Fitzmaurice 180
Tom Forman 165
Eric von Stroheim 162
Allan Dwan 141
Rex Ingram 132
King Vidor 117
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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 cannot 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
Elsie Ferguson
Katherine MacDonal
Dorothy Daneli
Constance Talmadge
Dorothy Gish
Pauline Frederick

Janna Jacques
Norma Talmadge
Corliss Palmer
Agnes Ayres
Lillian Gish
Gloria Swanson
Blanche McGarity

"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 Sponge.
Tint 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.
Freckles.
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 newstands about January 8th.

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.

Dont Forget the Date, January 8th, 1922
BUY BEAUTY!
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.

I have a sneaky idea those who class Harriett Hammond and Gloria Swanson among the glorious ones must have a point. And Alla Nazimova. Nazimova has a mighty personality, but, alas! is far, far from beautiful.

Of course, we do not care especially for beauty all the time. Lhd. I think, it is not good for the system. But it seems funny to have people tell you who is beautiful when you can see they’re not. That helpless feeling overwhelms you.

Lately, too, there have been rumors about Mary Pickford’s looks. I have always cherished a belief that Mary was one of us, not a beauty, but a wonderful woman. Now, as she grows older, they have to go and make her over.

Bette Blythe never caused much of a furor here. Of course, we haven’t seen “The Queen of Sheba.” However, there were numerous plays with her as leading lady, and no one ever flew into ecstasies. Good photography helps, I suppose, and I hear that she has a brain which must be unusual by the way it is being shouted to the public.

May McAvoy is another with real youthful beauty. In the first play I saw her in, “The House of the Tolling Bell,” everyone about me agreed in excited whispers that she was “Swell.”

As a finale, I will say:

Great success to Lilian Gish, who has worked so hard. If I would rather see Zasu Pitts than Katherine MacDonald any day. Oh, yes, my vote for “Peter Pan.” Marguerite Clark.

P. ASPELMEIER.

493 East Water Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Below is one of the many objections we have received concerning warmed-up entertainment or if you will, reissues.

Dear Editor: Will you tell me just why we, the innocent public, must be served with warmed-over entertainment, when we spend our hard-earned quarters to have a change of scene after a monotonous day at the office?

When we work, we must, of necessity, be served with the same dishes day after day—that is business routine. But when we seek diversion—well, who can enjoy routine in the movies? We go there for something different, and what do we get? We see our favorite actress or actor—true. But we have read that book—a best-seller, maybe—and we know just what she or he is going to do or say. Nothing very thrilling about that.

That “well-known” book stuff on the screen is bad enough, but deliver us from being served with a play we have seen a year or two previously. I tried it once, and I know! I recently saw ConstanceTalma, in “Up the Road With Sally,” and never again. Constance has been my favorite, but when I saw her in 1921 dressed in a suit which was fashionable in 1919 and playing in a story which we all knew by heart and saw enacted maybe two years ago, her charm seemed to wane. Let us have something original.

Sincerely,

E. M. JOHNSON.

2107 Kenmore Boulevard, Akron, O.
Praise for Gloria Swanson.

Dear Editor: I have been a constant reader of "Letters to the Editor," and have noticed that not many of these people think much of Gloria Swanson. Of course, each one to his own taste, but I can't find the reason for this. Thru Mr. De Mille's and Miss Swanson's tireless efforts, pictures have been produced that are considered foremost in the film world. Could any other actress on the screen today do better with the character that Miss Swanson portrayed in "Something to Think About"? They call her exotic and odd. At least, she is different than the rest, and is not foolish enough to carry things to the extreme.

I earnestly hope that Miss Swanson will continue her fine acting. Also, I can't agree with people that say Mary Pickford and Pauline Frederick are finished. I prophesy that they will be playing in pictures long after some of these new stars are gone.

Three cheers for Anna Q. Nilsson, Agnes Ayres and Bebe Daniels.

Good luck to your interesting magazine.

Sincerely,

DOROTHY RITZEN.

The question of happy endings is always interesting. This writer contends that movies are a refuge from harassing worries—therefore condones the happy endings.

Dear Editor: I wish to state that I have been a reader of your magazine for a number of years, and since coming to Panama, where life is not just ideal, I find it almost indispensable.

I especially like the interviews with the players. They give us just that little inside view of personality which is not always apprehensible from the screen.

And then the Answer Man comes along with just enough humor to tone us up.

Also I find the "Letters to the Editor" interesting, and especially letters on the " endings" of our screen plays. And this is the subject which has prompted my writing this letter.

Perhaps some of us are a little biased in our opinions, but, personally, I do not care for plays that end tragically, except occasionally an adaptation from some classic, and then we generally know the ending before seeing it. The tug and kiss and "lived happily ever after" endings are not always appropriate, but the suggestion to that effect is generally. Some one has stated that we must be shown that life is frequently thorny, but I cannot see why we should go to the movies to be shown such things, when constantly we are harassed with them in every-day life. It seems to me that the movies should be one of our places of refuge where we can go and just live a series of glorious victories and happy endings.

Would like to say a word for Douglas Fairbanks. He is a splendid athlete, and always puts life and joy into his plays. In "The Mark of Zorro," we see displayed the qualities of an actor and a real man. But of course, Doug is universally known, and "Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe, Are lost on hearers that our merits know."

Also I like Betty Blythe. She seems to possess that quality of character significant of depth and singularity. I should be pleased to hear from others who are interested in the movies.

Sincerely yours,

JAMES C. MCDANIEL,
Board of Health Laboratory,
Ancon, C.Z., Panama.

Be More Careful
of your teeth—combat the film

If you are brushing your teeth in a wrong way, learn what this new way means.

Authorities now advise it. Leading dentists everywhere are urging its daily use. Millions of people employ it.

Make this ten-day test and let the results show you what really cleans teeth mean.

That dingy film

Film is what clouds the teeth's beauty. It causes most tooth troubles. Countless teeth discolor and decay because the old ways of brushing do not effectively fight film.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. That is what discolors—not the teeth.

Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Ways to end it

Dental science has in late years found two ways to fight film. It has proved them by careful tests. Now they are embodied in a new-day tooth-paste called Pepsodent—for daily application.

Dentists here and abroad now advise it. It is now bringing a new dental era to some 40 races of people.

Other new effects

Pepsodent brings three other effects, natural and very important.

It multiplies the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits. They may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

Thus every use does five things which dental authorities now regard as essential.

You'll quickly see

A 10-Day tube of Pepsodent is sent to all who ask. That shows the delightful effects. In a week you will realize that this method means much to you and yours.

Send the coupon for it. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-costs disappear.

Watch all the effects, then read the reasons in our book. That test may lead to life-long benefits. Cut out the coupon now.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, whose every application brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

Dentists here and abroad now advise it. It is now bringing a new dental era to some 40 races of people.

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Watch all the effects, then read the reasons in our book. That test may lead to life-long benefits. Cut out the coupon now.
“I Got the Job”

“I’m 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 International Correspondence Schools he knew I had the right stuff in me—that I was bound to make good.”

Spare-time study with the I. C. S. is winning promotions for bottoms of men and bringing happiness to thousands of homes all over the world. In offices, shops, stores, mines, mills, and on railway, I. C. S. trained men are stepping up in the world to jobs they know are safe. Only men who pass our examinations. Past whose only qualification is long service. The best men. These men know. They start the same way—and make it right now.

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Alas Miss Dupont

(Continued from page 60)

her mouth, that seems to be the surface echo of some inner laughter.

We were at lunch in the cafeteria at Universal. Around us with a buzz and a hum were buzzing. The noise and clutter of a studio restaurant dinned incessantly in our cars. The place was dimly hot, reeking of food. Outside, California mountains bulked sternly beneath a white-hot sun.

Miss Dupont was dressed gorgeously in a gown of pearl beads. Her blonde hair, arranged in a tangle upon her head. She talked quietly, accentuating her words with little archings of her eyebrows and recurrent glimpses of that slight sweet smile. I found her to be a rather delicate type. One would never have suspected her of being a novice in pictures. Yet, then, she was making only her second picture of any importance, "The White Peacock." Her dreams, a year before, had been touched by the movie Madas, from Stroheim, and had cras­hed to tri­umph when she landed the fea­tive role in "Foolish Wives," and now a starr­ing contract with Universal.

"On the strength of that part in "Foolish Wives," I think it was my whole suc­cess. And I got that because I happened to be the type Mr. Von wanted. That is his creed—"Give me the type, and I’ll make the actress.""

She is, then, Miss Dupont, merely another concrete example of this man’s staggering audacity, this Stroheim, who has fought his way to the top of the motion pic­ture industry against untold obstacles of birth, prejudice and skepticism; who, from the corner of the most notoriously eco­nomical film company in the country, has spent a cool million—actual, not advertised—on one feature production; who has shot one hundred and fifty thousand feet. No wonder she makes a twelve-reel picture; who has consumed a year in the shooting; who wrote the story, directed the production, and played the big role; who cast all the remaining roles, and who is now cutting the result of it down to those twelve ultimate reels. He stands—un­questionably—as the supreme individualist of picturedom. It is interesting to hear this girl’s opinion of him—this girl who, but for a glance of approval from him, would no doubt be still wearing gowns in a modiste.

"At first I loathed him. I thought that no man could be more repulsive. I remember an incident that occurred at the Grant Ho­tel in San Diego, where I had gone to take the first scenes. We, the whole company, had gone in to dinner. I was suddenly conscious that he was looking at me. It seemed to me that I could read every existent awful thing in his eyes. I remem­ber that I felt myself changing color, flush­ing and blushing frightfully. "But now, that I have known him! I think much of my repulsion must have come from the conception that I had drawn of him from his screen role. Certainly, it all seems to increase one’s confidence in him. But I have found none more courteous or con­sentable than he. I want, above all things, even my new stardom, to work with him again."

We got back, presently, to her again, and to her name. She was reluctant to reveal the secret.

"It is an experiment that the Universal office has worked out," she said, "the idea being, I imagine, for the sake of public discussion. People will begin to wonder who I am. Miss Dupont is the second name they have given me. Mr. Von asked me to change my name to Margaret Armstrong when he engaged me. He did not like my real name. So for a long time, during all the making of "Foolish Wives," I was that. And then, when Universal called me in on my star account, they changed the name again to Miss Dupont. I don’t know, perhaps I am easy, but, rather than have any difference with the office, I agreed. So I have only played in one part under my true name, and that was with Bessie Love in "Bonnie May.""

She went on to tell me briefly of her so­journ among the six-year-old stars before she became interested in pictures.

"I had several friends in the pictures, or who knew them, and they advised me so strongly to stay away from them that I did.

And I myself knew of several cases of girls, much prettier than I, who had striven vainly to young, break through the ex­tra part to something worth while. So, to pass the time—I did not have to work—I became a mannequin in one of the modiste shops here in town, a model, and a designer. I have always loved gowns, the feel of rich cloth against me, the faint rustle of silks and satins. And I frankly delighted to be photographed. I think that that caused me to be chosen with three others when Metro asked for four models to use in a scene in ‘Lombardi Ltd.’ Bert Lytell, who played the leading role, was supposed to drape one of his mannequins with this beautiful gown. It was I who designed the gown and showed him how to drape it, and later stood before the camera as the man­nequin while he did it. Jack Conway, the director, noticed me, and it was he who en­couraged me to follow up pictures.

"But I have never endured hardship. Mother, who came out here with me from Illinois, has always made a home for me—no, I was born in Illinois, but I came too early a date to recall it. I didn’t do much extra work. Instead, I waited. I think that is the better policy in pictures, if you can afford it."

I had been racking my brains ever since she mentioned that picture with Bessie Love, "Bonnie May," the picture wherein she had used her own name. I knew that name. I had seen the picture. This girl, Miss Dupont, tall, luxuriantly blonde, the quintessence of what a woman should be to whom all things should richly, had played the part of the show girl. The name hovered on the tip of my tongue, but would not come off. Then Ramsay Wallace, her leading man, suggested that we were parting and said, "Can I take you into town, Pat, in my car?"

Of course! Patty Hammam! So, gentle fan, I would introduce you. "Meet Miss Hammam, alias Margaret Armstrong, alias Miss Dupont. You’ll find her charming!"

The Scarlet Thread

(Continued from page 29)

He is concerned, mightily delighted, with the mechanism of his being. He is bored when you turn the talk toward other things. But it is always as one might be toward a hobby, a thing apart. He seems to hold himself to a personal perspective, as tho we were regarding a cherished portrait not quite complete. A stroke of the brush here, an erasure there, to heighten an effect. His self-conscious is this.

For vanity that is unthinking, intolerant, he has contempt, mingled with compassion.

"I was that way myself once," he said,
He sold two stories the first year

Will you clip the coupon, as Mr. Meehan did, and take the free creative test which he took?

This sentence from J. Leo Meehan's letter to the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, tells the whole story.

"Within one year I have been able to abandon a routine life that provided me with a meal ticket and incidental for the infinitely more fascinating creative work of the photoplaywright."

But it would not be fair to you or me to end this story here. It is interesting to know that a young man in an underpaid position who had two photoplays and attached himself to a big producer's studio in one year; that a few weeks ago he was retained by Gene Stratton Porter to dramatize her novels for the screen.

You too, may doubt your ability

At the outset, let us correct one false notion that is keeping many talented men and women from trying to do photoplaywriting. In photoplaywriting, as in any form of writing, ability is not necessary; it can be trained. If you have any story-telling instinct, read for this question of the following passage and see whether you would not just as much like to be a photoplaywright.

"We are being frank with you; have no fear. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation exists first of all to sell photoplay rights. In the second place, we may have more photoplays to sell. It is not in human nature to fail out false promise to those who can never succeed.

Send for the Van Loan questionnaire

The test is in the form of a questionnaire prepared for the Palmer Photoplay Corporation by H. H. Van Loan, the celebrated photoplaywright and Prof. Malcolm MacLean, former teacher of short story writing at Columbia University. If you have any story-telling instinct, read for this question and we will send you a particular test to show how much talent you have. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation exists first of all to sell photoplay rights. In addition, we may have more photoplays to sell. It is not in human nature to fail out false promise to those who can never succeed.

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With the active aid and encouragement of the leading producers, the Corporation is literally reaching the country over twenty writers. Its Department of Education was organized solely to develop the inherent writing talent of the people in this country, and is by every means to educate the writer so that he may become a good photoplay writer.

Welcome to the photoplaywriter's training camp. It is in the hope that every writer and other person interested in the photoplaywriting business may be brought in contact with the Corporation that the questionnaire is being sent out. The Corporation will supply any writer with a complete book of information on photoplays and photoplaywriting.

Inviting you to apply this free test

Clips the coupon below, and we will send you the Van Loan questionnaire. You assume no obligation, but you will be asked to pay postage in returning the completed test for consideration. If you pass the test, we shall send you interesting material descriptive of the Palmer Course and Service, and admit you to enrollment, should you choose to develop your talent. If you cannot pass this test, we shall frankly advise you to give up the idea of writing for the screen. It will be a waste of time and money, and amount to a loss of time and money for a person.

This questionnaire will take only a little of your time. It may mean fame and fortune to you in your next. We shall send you a free sample copy of the photoplayers' magazine. You may learn more about the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, Dept. of Education, M-1, 124 West 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal., in the questionnaire. It contains valuable information about the Corporation and its services, and is sent free to everyone who applies for the questionnaire. Please fill in the coupon below and mail it with the proper postage to the Corporation. It will cost you nothing and may mean a lot to you.
The Sister of Jane—and the Sister of Katherine

(Continued from page 72)

scene, and while we are reduced to a state of helpless laughter by his efforts to make Katherine die and Jane eat the chops they suddenly do it. Our laughter is stilled and with a catch at the throat we see Jane change from a mischievous child to a real emotional creature—her tears stream down her cheeks she grieves for her dying sister.

Wonderful little actresses, with strong personalities and a technique that is amazing.

Two or three minutes later they were down among the audience, smiling, confiding, of dollars from the audience for a benefit performance of N. V. a. the coming week. And we will see our way back-stage to the children's dressing-room, where awaited Mrs. Irene Lee, one-time classical dancer, but who now finds her time fully occupied in loving to knit her two children.

"If you are going over to New York," she said, "we will take you with us, and it will save time, as we can talk on the way. A new play that has been a rival, which means a rehearsal at six, and the children must have their hour of rest before the even- ing play.

The children came in, and, after greeting us, mounted stools in front of the dressing-table and proceeded to remove make-up with the same skill as any professional but characteristically. Jane, with never a word, applied cream, scrubbed vigorously at her rosy face, which was rosier when she finished than when she began, gave her bobbed hair a dab with the brush, shook herself into a grey wool frock, long coat, hat and diminutive gloves—and disappeared.

Katherine sketched astonishingly, meanwhile vouchsafing polite conversation, shook out her long auburn curls, which are exactly the right shade to go with green eyes, and slipped into frock, the counterpart of her sister's.

"Where's Jane?" she asked. "We always have both of us ready to go, but I don't feel the difference, nuptures, coiffure, after all, is a matter of taste.

And, as they were not easy to wear.

And we did sit—sitting on an upturned box, delightedly conversing with an adoring stage-hand.

As we crossed the traffic, across Brooklyn Bridge, Katherine conversed in her quaint, friendly way about her work, her studies—of the governess who travels with her, and of the stories they keep up with the regular course, the same as tho they were in school; of her French lessons, which she particularly likes, and about the benefit for the Stage Children's School, around Christmas time, in which she to appear as "Little Red Riding Hood.

"Isn't the New York sky-line beautiful? There is nothing like it any place we have been," she said, like the cosmopolite she is.

"Katherine is a much traveled young lady," smiled Mrs. Lee. "She has crossed the Atlantic twice, and has been twice to the Coast. Of course, she was born in Glasgow, Scotland, but she talked with me while I was dancing in different cities of Europe. Jane was born in Germany. She's a little Hamblin's sister.

Jane, who had been sitting quietly with the chauffeur, whisked quickly about. On her knees, she faced us, holding on to the seat with two hands and said: "Daisy, let me have fun;" she said. "But when there was war, I dressed up in army uniform and helped Katherine sell $20,000 worth of Liberty Bonds, didn't I? And I brought my entertainments for the soldiers, didn't I? Even if I am a Hamburger." And she saluted Miss Liberty, who stood guard in the distance.

"Sit down, Jane," said Katherine, and turn 'round so you can see the sky-line. You know, we're leaving tomorrow.

"Well, going to New York and back?" replied practical Jane. "We always have come back."

She is right," smiled Mrs. Lee. "Since the children began they have hired us years ago, we have been from the Eastern to the Western coasts, but we have kept the same apartment we had while they were doing pictures. In fact, they can scarcely remember any other home. Even tho we're not there very much, it's a home, a place to come back to, and a place to leave things that we can't carry around with us.

"We may go to Europe for a picture or two soon," she continued. "It would make a nice change for the children, and the children will probably continue on the stage for a time—doing now and then a picture.

"Do you like the stage best, or pictures?" we wanted to know.

"I like the stage, but I like pictures, too—very much," said Katherine, cotter-

tively. "And I liked 'Eat' Daughter of the Gods!'"

And Jane, in front, nodded emphatically: "Pictures, and, with the glint of mischievous eyes, "Two Little Imps."

The car stopped in front of our apartment, and in our mind's eye there's a picture that remains: Mrs. Irene Lee, chic, attractive, efficient; Katherine, her beautiful auburn curls framing her piquant face, and Jane, as she brought one chubby fist alongside one chubby cheek, saluted and said, "Slong!"

D'yknow Mr. Dix?

(Continued from page 51)

tually get into pictures. And then he and his father, Frederick Butler, who used to be stage director when he was playing in town here with the Margaret Webster and who is now directing Dave for the screen, put me thru a camera test. Dave made me up. His father put me thru a few scenes. Of course, that was comparatively easy going. With two old friends helping, there was no danger of nervousness. But there was still a lot of ragged spots. Some of them looked prettier on the负ot than they were when we ran them of in the projection room. But Dave systematically cut them out until all we had left were the good parts, and a practically hundred per cent test! It was that test that convinced Sydney Franklin he wanted me for 'Not Guilty!'

Richard lives with his mother in Los Angeles. Much of his talent has probably come from her, tho in a different form. She is a skilled china painter and water-color artist. For a long time it looked as tho she were going to remain a "professional" for many years. And then May Collins stepped into the limelight as the rumored fiancée of Charlie Chaplin. It wasn't long after that Richard stepped in as the rumored rival for her hand.

It was common knowledge that Richard had proclaimed his desire to get married. He went to Charlie Chaplin one day and he was whispering that May was she. He had been Richard's leading lady in "All's Fair in Love," and she was astonishingly pretty. But he did not insist upon laying lunch with her every day. So one cant exactly blame the gossips. But May, the mins, only continued to smile and say nothing, as she smiled and said nothing...
to those who flaunted Chaplin's name at her. She is still smiling and Richard is still single, so—you, gentle reader, must do your own Sherlock Holmesing. Hollywood is baffled, and disappointed. They would make such a delightful couple! That is, if there was nothing to this talk of Charlie. Mrs. Rupert Hughes said to me one day at lunch that it was rarely she had met a girl so sweet and fresh a mind as May's, or of such intelligence. And as for Richard—well, look at his picture!

The Poor Little Fame Girl

(Continued from page 41)

before. I have a greater sense of responsibility that I must make good, and every story isn't a 'Sentimental Tommy.'

"I started as an extra girl, you know. I believe there is or was a sort of feeling that it belittles one to own up to having been an extra when one reaches stardom, but I feel that the experience thus acquired is the only training that will fit one to make good when an opportunity does come along.

"But why did you go into pictures in the first place?" I interrupted.

"I wanted to be somebody. I was utterly miserable at high school. I had absolutely nothing in common with the other girls. All they thought about were good times, pretty clothes and the boys. I was there to work. I left high school in my third year and decided I was going to succeed in pictures. I went to every studio in New York, left my photograph, address and telephone number. When any studio needed me for a few hours' work they would telephone me. You have no idea what heart-breaking work it was sometimes. My first part was in a little advertisement for Domino sugar. Then I had a part with Madge Kennedy, and have been working pretty steadily ever since.

"I loved 'Sentimental Tommy,' and I was so happy playing it, but I felt like a thief taking the part. You see a well-known player had been chosen for the part in the first place, had her clothes and all, but she fell down on it. I guess she couldn't quite understand the part. She wasn't serious enough. But I never entirely lost the feeling that I was taking the other girl's place. I feel so sorry for a girl like that."

And the other little girl, while she's dancing thru life with her newly acquired husband, probably feels sorry for the poor little fame girl engrossed in her deep studies and missing the glory of God's sunshine while she toils ceaselessly for success under the Cooper-Hewitts.

And the two of them make up life.

The Keeper of Her Gift

(Continued from page 53)

We asked her if she wished mention made of her married state. Some do and some do not—

"Why, I guess everyone who knows me knows it," she agreed. "I've always talked about it. Sometimes I guess people wish wouldn't, but I am so very happy that I often wonder what I ever did to deserve it. And tomorrow I'm going to take an early train from New York, so that Mr. Bolster and I may have luncheon together. I haven't seen him since Sunday. He'll meet me at the train and we'll have two or three hours, . . . You see, being on the road has its compensations. You have the fun of a reunion once or twice every week—"

And beyond the window in the night sky we saw the North Star wink at the moon.

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Beauty and the Interviewer

(Continued from page 37)

dignity,” said Corinne. “Who cares what I think about pictures.”

“Well, anyway, they all do,” said Miss Blythe, attacking another potato, after passing to see if Miss Griffith noticed. “I didn’t think you were the type myself—I’d tell about that pink—”

“Oh, my goodness,” said Corinne. “Child, haven’t you any discretion.”

The Fourth Party coughed.

“Discretion?” sniffed Betty. “That’s what you get for trying to help. Will someone please explain this to us?”

“Tell us something,” we pleaded desperately. “Something—what sort of parts you like—anything.”

“String dramatic roles,” answered Corinne. “I—”

“You should see her in her next picture,” announced Betty. “She wears a ballet costume with a little frilly skirt.”

“We’re strong for that sort of strong dramatic role,” we admitted with editorial judiciousness.

“She’s just too dear in it,” Betty rumbled on. “It makes me think of that time I ran in to see Corinne and she wore that—”

Betty finished Corinne.

The Fourth Party coughed.

We groaned over our demi-tasse. Moments were fleeting and we had not the vestige of an interview idea.

“You don’t mean to intimate you haven’t a lot of material?” exclaimed Miss Blythe, plaintively. “Why we’ve talked and talked.”

Who can look at two famous beauties of the screen and make a hard remark? It is beyond us. So we smiled courteously.

“You’re not putting me in it? asked Betty apprehensively.

“You will be in it,” we declared firmly.

“Yes, indeed, you’ll be in it.”

The Fourth Party coughed.

Right here we ought to prevent misunderstanding by explaining that the Fourth Party was Corinne’s pet dog, “Billy.”

“For you’re going to write about?” asked Miss Griffith.

We maintained a delicate silence. “Oh, he’s got a lot of material,” Betty chimed in cheerfully. “They never write what you say, anyway. They go off and smoke a cigarette or something and the first thing you know you’ve said a lot of interesting things. Too you might tell him that funny story you told me about the girl who—”

“Betty!” admonished Corinne.

Outside a few minutes later, we sought the elevator of the Griffith apartment hotel.

“Well, I helped some, didn’t I?” inquired Miss Blythe.

Our answer will doubtless be checked up in heaven against our drawing account. But, if the recording angel saw Miss Blythe, he would understand this, we just sighed—and threw our notes down the elevator shaft.

Greenroom Jottings

(Continued from page 74)

for Sessue Hayakawa. “The Swamp” one of his forthcoming pictures is also from him. And what is more remarkable, Hayakawa does not seem to lose his perspective. Other players have had an equal amount of responsibility in connection with the productions in which they have appeared but it has usually proved fatal.

“Pickfair,” the Fairbanks’ Beverly Hills home is up for sale. The estate consists of twelve and a half acres, a sixteen-room house, while a tennis court, swimming-pool and gardens adorn the ground. The disposal of this property is the direct result of the decision of Mary and Doug to spend six months of every year in Europe.

Idle Hands,” a short story which recently appeared in one of the magazines is the next screen vehicle of George Arliss. It is a comedy-drama, something new for Mr. Arliss. Doris Kenyon will have the leading feminine rôle.

Virginia Faire, winner of the 1919 Fame and Fortune contest has undoubtedly fulfilled the expectations of the judges who decided her a winner. She played the leading feminine roles in “Without Benefit of Clergy,” and “The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam” and has now been selected by Fox to play opposite Jack Gilbert in “The Count of Monte Cristo.”

BOYHOOD AMBITION

(With apologies to Eugene Field)

By LAURA SIMMONS

I’d like to be a movie star and ride a fiery hoss,
Way out into the big and boundless West;
I’d leap from off the rushing train, my lairie to toss,
And track the desperadoes to their nest.
With my pistol in my hand, I would smash their outlaw band—
And from dizzy heights, o’er raging floods, by acrobate I’d land—
If I burst—but I duresn’t!

I’d love to win the beauteous vamp, and
toil that pirate guy!
I’d tick the toughest crooks you ever knew!
I’d clasp the fainting maiden close, and
gallop madly by—
And shoot up all the gang till I got thru;
Such a life—so wild and free!
And how famous I should be!
And draw my thousand every week—and take my case. Oh, yes! If I burst—BUT I duresn’t!

THE MAGIC OF THE SCREEN

By THOMAS J. MURRAY

In the semi-lighted hall, I have seen,
Vistas from the world’s far wall,
On the screen.
Epic of the Nothern snows,
Midnight sun that lifts and glows,
Where the arctic rivers flows,
Cold and clean.
I have seen the gay bazaars,
Lands away;
Bagdad, and the desert stars,
And the grey Caravans that scout the sky,
Camels swinging mile on mile;
And where Eastern temples pile,
Pagan pray.
Erstwhile distance locked the doors,
Now we see,
Life and love on lotus floors,
Eager.
Romance flares on tedious street,
Eyes are brightened as they greet
Life across the silverbeet,
Brave and free.
Nix on the Matinee Idol

(Continued from page 69)

branch of the moving picture business which is faulty, and which proved that Herb thinks as well as smiles. Perhaps he is even greater as a detective than as a crook, because of this innate streak of honesty which runs up and down his backbone instead of a streak of yellow.

He created the part of Craig Kennedy for the movies and made the man even more honest than he was in the stories. He epitomized the alert young scientific detective of today—even if he did idealize him, for I have yet to meet a handsome detective. They don't do that way.

By this time other bellows-lunged youths, dressed up in page uniforms, had joined the first searcher, Marshall Neilan. Now there was a chorus of them, all yelling different names, as the lunch hour approached. In all the babel, I, doing a bit of ear detecting myself, heard:

"Mister Bean—oh—Mist' Bean!"

"Call for Mist' Moreno!"

"Mister Chaplin wanted on the phone—oh—Mister Chaplin!"

It was like a roster of the names of who's who in filmland. Then, among the rest, came a call for Mister Rawlinson. He poked himself and left me. When he came back, he was grinning.

"I'm glad I don't have to work this afternoon," he exclaimed, sitting down and crossing one white-flannel clad knee over the other. "That was an old pal wanting me to go down to the beach for a swim!"

"Don't let me keep you," I responded, "because I'm going down later myself!"

"But come up to the room with me and see the pictures I snapped up in Canada," he urged, and so we were elevated up to the twelfth floor. On the writing table I discovered the large portrait of a beautiful woman.

"Wife?" I cried, scented a new romance.

"My wife," he replied, with a lovingly married look in his eyes, which dropped their possessiveness in a husbandly manner—for a moment. Yes, he is married to Roberta Arnold, who has been such a success in "The First Year," on the New York stage.

"And she's there—and you're here—" I chanted.

"Yup," he came back. "It makes it hard to be married—in the movies!"

And then the telephone rang, announcing the pal who was to take Herb to the beach. As in the cartoons, I could see little visualized thoughts of bath suits and big, gay umbrellas flambouyant about Herb's ears, and so I decided to cut the interview and get out.

"Don't forget to give us some good, live crooks," I admonished, in parting.

"Right-o!" he assured me, Britishly speaking.

That's Out

(Continued from page 54)

REAL SCREEN HEROES

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Flower of the North

(Continued from page 35)

white parchment, scented with scar-like wrinkles, then the world seemed to recede behind something black and monstros, to dwindle to the circumference of a pistol-mouth that dripped with blood.

As the horse was a disinterested spectator, the events of the next few instants passed before his eyes, as smoothly co-ordinated as the waves break. As Pio sprang forward, tumbling at his belt, the pistol swerved, the gaping idiot mouth of it spitting out--twice. Swaying, Pierre began to fall, like a great tree, with its own death stroke, majestically, and deliberately, and as he fell he sent all its remaining life force within him into the casting of the knife--his last and most vigorous weapon.

It struck the man with the white face full in the chest, struck there ludicrously at right angles; his arms flailed out, thrashing the air, and he sprawled forward. Sickened, Pierre glanced down at the sinister point that protruded between the shoulder blade of the howl at his feet; sickened, he lifted Pierre in his left hand and staggered back along the trail they had come, to lay the dying man upon his own bed.

With a mighty effort, Pierre reared up on the yellow half-moon of the sky-blue "De Madame"—his spirit was pouting to be gone, but it delayed long enough to drag something on a tiny golden chain from inside his coat. "Pierre!—I--" he said, as he let it go—"I--" and Pierre "weave in"—but he threw it on this floor and say to me, "You are in self-defence.

Philip took the locket from the stiffening fingers. "You want me!"—he urged gently. "What is it you want me to do with this, Pierre?"

The answer was the merest whisper of sound. "Geeve--et to--M'selle!"

As Philip turned from laying the gnarled old hands at peace upon the breast of the still figure on the bed, tumultuous footsteps sounded on the stairs. "There's a crowd of Indians hammering at the door of the office, sir!" Live with the Fernie, and we'll have a swayed against the door linted. "I--I--don't like their looks! They sound--murderous!"

Philip Whitmore snapped out his watch. In half an hour Jeanne would be here with the Chippewas; until then he must hold the place with his handful of chattering streptomycers and clerks. His jaw stood out under the boyish chin, but his tone was derisive: "Merely a masquerade of our friends, the Forest Fisheries, Grinnel! We'll fire a shot or two over their heads just for luck. Great sport, eh? Like living in a story by Jack London!"

The soft glamour of sunset lay over the world when a man and a girl, both disheveled and weary, came down the bank from the Settlement Stores to the spot where several men were landed on the tranquil surface of the river.

"If it hadn't been for you," breathed the man. His eyes were on her face, lovely, lovely face beneath the warm, brown tangle of her hair, with the look which no woman ever mistakes, the mating look.

She was at the heart of the forests, untainted in the school of coquetry. She made no pretense of not understanding. "Let us sit down a moment," she said, rather breathlessly, "I want you to know the man. Whom Pierre killed!"—she drew a slow breath before she could finish. "He was my father, Jim Thorpe!"

Jeanne."

She shook her head, smiling more sadly than any tears, "He met me that day when my canoe overturned in the rapids. He told me everything, about my mother's running away with him—I was thinking of that when I took the wrong fork of the river." Philip caught the bare, soft arm that was next to him and finished his lips the length of it. "Girl—as if that made any difference! As if I cared so long as you are you, my flower—my Flower of the North!"

The only things that mattered were the two that were beside the lass, and she sprang to her feet like a frightened wood-thing—

"No, no," she wailed, "never! Suppose I am like her! There is—there is—"

He did not try to stop her, but a moment later he remembered the locket Pierre had entrusted to him—at least, he had an excuse to take her again, and found it in his pocket, and for the first time saw that it was bent and twisted where Thorpe's first bullet had glanced from it. Even as he turned it over it held his hand.

Three minutes later he was leaning down the bank, poling his canoe out into the stream. If he took the Big Thunder Rapids he would get to Fort O'Gara before her. As he sent the light shell skimming over the sunset surface he laughed aloud, a young bright laugh of pure joy. When D'Arcambel read the message on the twisted paper which had waited long years to be delivered, when Jeanne read it, when she knew that the rest of her child, he had been the instrument of forces greater than he. It was as though in delivering the dying message of her child, she had been the instrument of forces greater than he. It was as though, almost, he had acted as ambassador for God.

He went out to the shore, with dazed eyes that had looked upon a light unmarred, and down to his canoe. Moments passed as he sat staring into the future, lying fair in a dazzle of sun. Moments passed and he heard a little laugh and turned to find Jeanne waist-deep in the river bending down over him, all about them, but on their two faces shone the sun.

"My father"—oh, the pride of those words! The joy of them, any father told me. And I came to find you—"

Wast-deep in the sunset water, she was a strange, half-human creature, until he touched her hand; then she was all human.

"Shall we go back to him?" said Philip uncoldly. "Shall we share our happiness? We have so many things nothing.

"Ah, you don't understand," Jeanne smiled sadly, with the eternal wisdom of woman-kind. "You don't understand! He has her—yes, you have given her back to him—"

A FAN'S ODE

To Little Gish
By Lillian G. Genn

Most wondrous woman.

Didst thou dip thy soul into the fairest flowers?

Didst thou steal the witchery of the sea.

Didst thou learn from the birds in woodland bowers.

That thou canst so charm me?
Strained thru the husk of a coconut. Bowling gracefully, the chief's daughter shakes the drink in an empty coconut shell.

Our interpreter had informed us beforehand that we would not like the drink, but that we should appear very pleased and make a bow to the high chief after drinking it.

With all eyes glazing at me, I drank the contents of the shell and, bowing as gracefully as I possibly could, I handed back the shell to the chief's daughter. The taste in my mouth reminded me of days when mother used to force me to take medicine. Thru it all, however, I managed to keep a straight face and convey a satisfied expression.

At this stage of the game I decided to try a little of the "bon" on the chief's daughter, a plug of tobacco from my pocket and presented it to him. He registered great satisfaction and made a great, long speech in Samoan, which I translated to the interpreter, "he serve you another drink of kava in appreciation." In an instant the drink was before me, and knowing that to refuse would be impolite, I was forced to go thru the agony a second time.

Next came the "feast of welcome." Large banana leaves served as the tablecloth, the floor as the table, and leaves as the dishes. Samoans do not use chairs—they sit on the floor of their huts with their legs crossed.

Indian fashion—so we were forced to sit upon the ground. "When in Rome," you know.

Upon the floor, we edged up to the food laid before us, but were handicapped by the lack of knives and forks. The interpreter informed us that in Samoa knives and forks were not in style.

This seemed too much for us, so we hesitated, and the high chief, who had been watching our every move, laughed a little, and ordering a meal laid before him, informed us thru the interpreter that we should watch him and eat as he did; so after a few minutes we groaned "When in Rome—do as the Romans do."

A white man in Samoa is looked upon by the natives as being a god. "Palanghee" is the Samoan word for white people, and means "Visitor from the sky," and as such, one can well imagine the attitude of the natives toward us.

Their aim is to keep their guests well fed and entertained. So, following the supper, which was "fit for a king," we were asked if we would care to witness a real living "geva-seva," which is the dance of Samoa. We accepted with pleasure, and immediately the chief sent out orders to have the village "belles" "dress up" for the occasion.

In a short time we found ourselves viewing dances that would make any Broadway chorus look very pale. Four pretty maidens, the pick of the village, were all "decked up" in "hua-hula" skirts and were proudly demonstrating their latest steps.

If only light could have overflowed the hut but was from an old lantern and a native torch of special prepared coconut branches. The effect was truly a weird one and fascinated us as brand new fire.

In one corner were seated the "orchestra," which consisted of two ukuleles and several drumming children, keeping time to the trummutram of the feet, with the clapping of their hands. All we can say for their "music" is that it was distinctly foreign to anything we had heard before.

The various villages have their regular dancing teams and compete annually in a

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big get-together field day, which is held at Pago Pago, the naval station. Prizes are awarded the best teams by the Government. The little troupe entertaining us were the winners of the last meet, and we certainly agreed that they deserve it. All our hands were placed on the beer which was kept in a beautiful coconut grove near the seashore. Some thirty or more chickens, fourteen young pigs, besides the dishes prepared from the vegetation of the tropics, went to make up the "eats"—and it certainly was a grand send-off.

By rowboat, we managed to get to another island, some twenty miles from Tu- tula. Here we were introduced to the high chief, and were accorded the same hospitality as was shown us on the other island.

The high chief of the seashore village is in charge of all shark hunts. He selects his boatmen and assembles the various crews. As all Samoans are proud to be photographed, we had little difficulty in persuading him to permit us to accompany a crew going on a hunt and to "film" the brave ones in the act of catching their next meal.

The shark is particularly fond of salt beef, so he goes after it. All the while the native is pulling the bait nearer and nearer to the boat, but the shark knows no fear and keeps coming after it. When the bait is very near the boat, the sharks drop a noise into the water between the bait and the shark. When the shark is half-way through the noise, the native draws it tight and the shark is caught. He puts up a good fight. His big tail flops around, throwing a spray of water all over the boatmen, who are endeavoring to get the shark's nose up to the edge of the boat. When this is accomplished, the shark receives about six or eight good, hard blows on the tip of his nose, which kills him instantly. The nose is removed from around him and he is thrown to the bottom of the boat.

All during the excitement, the movie camera was purring away, registering every bit of action in detail.

During the night five more sharks were subjected to the treatment, and at daybreak three more followed in the same fate.

On arriving back at the village, a meeting was called and the boatmen sat in the high chief's hut and drank "kava" and related their experiences on the hunt. This we photographed also, but when it came to eating the sharks, that was entirely too much for us, so we departed, more than satisfied with what pictures we had secured.

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"Art that Conceals Art" is Miss Palmer's motto—hence she strives to imitate nature, and believes that a lady should not appear painted or made up, but natural.

RICHARD WALLACE, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE QUEEN

By Gwendolyn Cameron

Oh, you prick a thorn in my heart every time you go by.

Loveliest star of the screen! For I fear that your calling eyes will lure my lover away.

Dread queen!

And I know his fingers must long for your silky curls.

(Oh, I can understand!) Ah, you wave a white wand of fear over a thousand innocent girls—

Your hand!

I can feel my lover shudder when danger threatens.

You, or those wiles of sin,

And his thrill at your triumph! A thrill no woman ever forgets—

You win!

And the little shiver he gives when you kiss Lips of your loved leading men.

And he sighs at the fade-out. I vow, I'll never see films like this Again.

And then, after he kisses me as he heard a cue.

We have a wonderful scene For a moment—but then I remember, and think of the thought of you,

Dread queen?

HELPs FOR yOUNG WRITERS

By Lew Tennant

(Mr. Steele Platz, an expert scenarist, for years connected with the Hoku Studio, will be glad to criticise your story for free of charge. You need not have to be a subscriber, you do not even have to be a writer. Many stories are received from people who aren't.)

RUDYARD KIPLING. There are two reasons why your story, "The Light That Failed" won't sell. One is the unhappy ending and the other the clumsy title. Change it to "The Superb Dinner" and send it to Miss Louise Gloom. Don't become discouraged.

SINCLAIR LEWIS. Your "Main Street" also lacks a snappy title. Plot needs more pep, too. Try something different.

BERNARD SHEW. Your comedy not original. However, I sent it to Billy West as you requested. My suggestion is that you think of some human interest—a scene with a monkey and a baby, for example—into your work. Keep trying.

ANATOLE FRANCE. Charming name de plume you have, Mr. France. I suppose you got it from Lasky's picture, "The Affairs of Anatol"? The scenario school about which you ask is most excellent. It will help you. I'm sure. Let me know what success you have.

THEODORE DREISER. No producer would buy either of your stories. They are too unpleasant. My advice to you is to read "Pollyanna." Even a well-known author like Rupert Hughes doesn't bring in too much unmorseful realism. Cheer re-

member what the poet Byron said, "Life is real, life is earnest, and the grave is not its goal?" Try again.

SOME MOVIE MYSTERIES

By M. Powell Fohn

Pola Negri
the wild desert dancer
in a tale of the Harem

“One Arabian Night”

This is really one of the most remarkable pictures produced, a picture of exceptionally high artistic merit as well as wonderful entertainment value. It carries the real spirit of an Arabian Nights’ tale and gives a surprising picture of life in the Harem. Pola Negri, the continental actress, is well known for her work in “Passion” and “Gypsy Blood,” but in this picture gives her most remarkable performance.

It is such pictures as these, made by independent artists, that stand out for high quality, artistic value and fascinating entertainment. First National pictures are all made by independent stars and directors, who are free to carry out their own ideals and are responsible only to the public.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc., is a nation wide organization of independent theatre owners who foster the production of finer photoplays and who are devoted to the constant betterment of screen entertainment. It accepts pictures for exhibition purposes strictly on their merit as the best entertainment.

Justice
(Continued from page 21)

are typical of the best of the movie colony. I can only answer for what I actually saw. It must not be forgotten that when the moving picture industry started, it was looked down upon and scorned as a profession—so that it was natural that the lowest elements gravitated toward it, and there is probably a section of them left, and now, overflowing with money, they think their wild display is “smart.” But why be unjust? It would be as sensible to insult everyone in the medical profession or the law because there are unscrupulous doctors and abiding attorneys! What the public ought to do is to show gratitude to the movie world, for the hours and hours of pleasure they have given it, and stand by them in this time of their trouble, and show that they appreciate those who do lead straight lives, just as highly as they disapprove of the degenerates who are proved to be licentious lives. If I had seen any of the alleged behavior in Los Angeles or the Hollywood Hotel, I would have put my trunk and left immediately. I saw none in ten months, which proves that the number cannot be very great! But I did hear stories of parties in some of the homes which I thought deplorable—and I did see some faces on the sets, which common sense told me indulged too often in intoxicants. And I used frequently to feel sorry at observing too much familiarity of manners among the young people in general. But I am told that this is merely the modern fashion, and that I would have seen the same in any society in America. If this is true, then the sooner society learns more refinement and discipline the better. But the point I want to make is this, that the temptations of the movie people are a hundred per cent greater than any in other avocations, except the written stage, and so people should keep a lenient point of view upon the subject—and then, while upholding the movie world in general, the public can show its disapproval of those stars whose conduct there is real proved reason to believe is scandalous. This would be the certain method of ridding the profession of the offenders—and would encourage those who do live clean lives to continue doing so. Let loose any company of young, beautiful and healthy people, with no school to live up to—no rules of conduct to obey—no penalty to be exacted for excess, and no praise to be given for good conduct—give them hard work—with constant strain on the emotions, by the mingling of the two sexes—alternating with hours of waiting in enforced idleness; give them the excitement of the forbidden fruit of stimulants, and then imagine what they would do! Poor, young, undisciplined, beautiful creatures! Most of them under twenty-five years old. They have all my pity and sympathy, but my blame—and the wonder is that so many are as good as they are. It is so easy for ugly old men to try and withered, elderly spinsters, who seem to think they are the sole guardians of public morals, to thunder and denounce! They have never had a temptation in their lives! If they really wanted to help the situation, and not express their own egotism, they would encourage and explain, not just scold and blame. But why be unwilling to turn their energies to the principal cause of evil, which I said before is the horrible excessive drinking, which has become the fashion since prohibition came in.

In the next article I hope to tell you the bright side of the movie world, and give an idea of the charity to the poor and sick—and to each other—which this much-abused community shows.
Who Will the New Stars Be?
(Continued from page 39)

The national question used to be, Why Girls Leave Home. The answer was, The Lure of the City. The city stood for romance, adventure, and personalizing. Trusting Delia sighted a traveling man in all the glory of a silk shirt and, bedazzled by the spectacle, fled into the night. We don't know if Delia was silkily deceived any more. The matinée idol has come like a protecting angel to lift up Delia lest she stumble. A gentleman in celluloid is much safer than real gold and usually more attractive. Delia can weave the romance so vital to her life, hold correspondence, kiss the dear photograph and never once come stumbling home in the snowy night with a Mellins' food product.

The movie promotes fidelity in the home. When Rubby wants a change, he flies to the show and admires a film flapper instead of making eyes at a cigar counter floozie. When wiley longs for the company of a gallow who doesn't smoke a brand new cigarette, he stridently snore in his sleep, she snitches a quarter and keeps tryst with her silent lover of the screen. Kids, too, must have their choice of the Buffalo Bill and Ty Cobb; now they are Doug Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin and Bill Hart.

We must change the name of the game from the same faded expression, year after year. But how shall the new stars be chosen? Before starting on a quest for the Fresh Face, I inquired the methods used by producers in picking stars. This is the modus operandi of one:

The magnates enthroned in the projects room, while his recent films are run off, and eagerly scan the faces of the players.

"Now, there's a pretty girl!" he exclaims, "How much is her salary?"

"Two hundred a week," says the casting director.

"Not quite the type," says the producer.

Another flapper flaps on.

"How much does she get?" asks the director.

"You'd be a mighty good actress," said the casting director, "but I'll tell you what is the trouble with you: you ain't the typical leading lady type!"

That's another point. You must be new to the screen, with plenty of screen experience, have a "different" personality, and be the type as all the rest.

Now, I ask you, ain't it hard on a nice girl? Elmer Glyn said a forkful when she first arrived at the studio.

"I can't tell your leading women apart," said she. They look exactly alike on screen. One of them are all moon-faced and saucer-eyed.

The producers say that we don't like the girls unless they are short—not over five feet three, at least. Round, flaxen, stubby, not, in short, a type the public wants. And the public does want something. Trusting Delia sighted a traveling man in all the glory of a silk shirt and bedazzled by the spectacle, fled into the night.

I sometimes wonder how gals not of these specifications ever get along in life. If the males of the nation get the same feeling about the "right type of girl" as the producers, there's going to be race suicide, because there are not enough old men's dainties to go around.

While the film fathers claim to know what the public wants, they have pulled so many sad bloomers that they now seem afraid to make discoveries. Hence you might think that they would let the public do it and abide by the decision. Not so. Consider the case of Rudolph Valentino—

Producers were blind to the personality of Valentino until Rex Ingram shown them. Then they said that Valentino just happened to fit the part. The critics and the public pronounced him a "find," but of course the critics and the public know nothing about pictures. They only patronize them; they think the picture a hit did not place Valentio under contract, nor did other films bid for him. Mr. Ingram used him again in "The Conquering Power," and against the black and white-colored portrait. Still no one signed him up. They say that only certain parts suit him. He couldn't play cheaply "finds." "Yes, of course, be is limited. If he weren't, he wouldn't be distinctive. Anyone who can double for any type of human being isn't any individual. All the characters in life and literature aren't clean young Americans, thank God. I suppose they ought to be. Nature doesn't know what the public wants.

Rudolph Valentino is in the best box-office set revealed since Richard Barthelmess. Mr. Barthelmess, too, went unrecognized until D. W. Griffith brought him forth. You will note that it is only the best directors who dare to discover—Mr. Griffith, Mr. Ingram, Mr. John S. Robertson. Mr. Barthelmess was allowed to drift around at two hundred a week, playing leads and creating comment until Mr. Griffith put him under contract. After Griffith's approval, the young "find" was awarded twenty-five hundred dollars a week by the same company which could have had him for a few hundred. They argue, of course, that Griffith made the youngster really only as far as he gave him decent parts and direction. Given the same by any other company, he would have shone effectively.

Next to Mr. Griffith is Mr. Gable is the most interesting star brought forward this year. While his excellence as an actor was known before John S. Robertson cast him for "Sentimental Tommy," he has never given a fair opportunity to demonstrate. He, also, is limited, I'm told. He is only a young, John Barrymore, with more screen talent than Barrymore.

Director Robertson also provided the sesame to the talents of Mae Maycoy, who had been married in Blackstone productions. The least you can say for Miss Mae is that it has intelligence, and that's more than you can say for most of them. She's not an actress, nor is she a Mae Maycoy successor, as some enthusiasts exclaim. She has enough individuality of her own to get along nicely—even enough, I believe, to weather the competition of pictures.

The reason for the starring of Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt is not so clear. The screen are apparently badly needed, and Miss Ayres and Mr. Holt seem to be the best unstarrred parties on the lot. Conrad Nagel was also under considera-

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good actor of a type that is rare in the movies. His starring time will probably come.

We’re told that the public elects stars. It elects them about as it elects Presidents. We take what is offered—for a while. Sometimes a comedy bud is starred for no particular reason, and blooms forth quite riotously. Bebe Daniels has proved such a peony. While I think Sarah Bernhardt can still keep the championship in Europe, Bebe is doing everyday it as an exponent of personality. Indeed, she is a fine exemplar of what personality alone will do toward touching the public purse.

Of all the stars I’ve beheld this year, Priscilla Dean impressed me most. A great many players can register in fine pictures, but few could do the same thing when Miss Dean did. When an actress can tie your interest to a toiling old melodrama solely by her appearance in it, such a one is a genuine star. Miss Dean not only has individuality: she has positive magnetism.

Thrilled by Priscilla, I turned my bounding barge toward Universal City to see if there were any new pictures that they might offer in them. "I came to see some new personalities," said I to the guide who was appointed to show me the city.

"You should have been here this morning," said he. "Two of them got loose and ran all over the lot.

"Pardon?"

"Two of them got out of their cages and ran loose," he repeated.

"Was Priscilla Dean, by any chance, one of them?"

"Oh, no," said my pilot. "They were Harold and Edith. There they go now!"

Down the street rumbled a cage containing a couple of lions and a man who was to star in Universal comedies. They appeared to be well-bred, and, be it said for their good taste, that during their outing they never ate a single ham sandwich.

As we were passing down a street that divides a New England village from a Turkish tenderloin, we passed Mary Philip and Gertrude Olmstead, recent stellar arrivals.

"Just how can you get to be a star out here?"

"I imagine," said Miss Philip.

"By saving coupons," said he. "The ladies we just passed won popularity contests. That one over there is an Elks’ favorite."

Later, I saw one that I was sure was a Moose, but my guide said no.

Then I met Miss Dupont. She is a beautiful cloak model. The star of Eric von Stroheim selected to play the leading feminine rôle in “Foolish Wives.” Her name was Marguerite Armstrong, and before that was something else, but now it is just Miss Dupont. Thus you may know she is no relative of the powder people, altbe the studio wits call her the Powder Girl. She resembles Katherine MacDonald.

Only a ticker could keep one posted on the stellar stock at Universal. The fluctuations at the Warner-Scott and they are even greater. It is a poor pay-day that doesn’t see a new star hired and an old star fired. Mr. Fox’s only logical candidate for the constellation this year is Betty Blythe, whose talents were indraped in “The Queen of Sheba.” One would suppose that her success would cause the constellations to boil over her, but apparently she has been able to escape, while the high powers busily tinkers with bargain luminaries. I suppose Miss Blythe is likewise. They probably think she can only play queens and ladies of regal refinement. No place for her on the screen.

Pola Negri is the rarest jewel seen in the film setting of the year. This has brought her the distinction of “Revelation.” Europe has long known Madame Negri, and we are to know her better, as her pictures will be imported regularly. The local film seers have tried to tell me that Pola is a lemon.

Why, she doesn’t know the first thing about timing and camerawork, etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc. She does things that we wouldn’t permit an actress to do in our studios over here. She’s probably why we like her so well.

So long as she doesn’t enter the studios over here, she’ll keep her spontaneity. The admirable “timing” and “restraint” and the other之一eries of American acting will suffer from manifesting what little personality she has. With the exception of Constance Talmadge, there is scarcely a player on our screen who even comes close to her. She never shows or shows any spontaneity. Most of them drag around like tin manikins, turning their heads and raising their hands when Miss Negri is just the size of one, two, three. Acting is like soldiering: there’s a count for every move. There’s nothing like discipline. By carefully pursuing the military policy, producers have been able to present a formation of stars of the same height, chest expansion, weight and manner. The only mistake is in refusing to put them on the screen, and the producers are now doing their best to remedy that oversight.

Reviewing the movies by companies, it is amazing to see how successfully all individuality has been suppressed. The only flash I’ve observed in the Goldwyn ranks is Cullen Landis, in “The Girl from发声side,” he set fair hearts hopscotchting. He didn’t get the guardhouse for his trouble; neither did he get anything else. Here is the typical American youth, who could play anything from Horatio the Newsboy, who inherits a fortune for helping a chicken to cross the road, to a college youth who raises Cain—yet he may have just taken the trouble to bring out all this boy’s attraction.

The paragraph is famous for letting its best bets escape. The only promotion that it has made in acorns is Alice Calhoun, who is pleasantly real.

The offices of Rex Ingram, Metro has introduced Valentino and Alice Terry with success. Continuing under the tutelage of Mr. Ingram, Miss Terry will gain popularity by the gift of her personality, mayhap, some dramatic power. Mr. Hughes, who was playing the foil for Viola Dana and Alice Lake before “Sentimental Tommy” rescued him, is now being fitted out in parts that suit him.

Lasky has defied Gloria Swanson, Betty Compson, Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt during the past year. They have seen how their halos become them. Miss Compson, however, has proved that she can shine away from the direction of the late George Loane Tucker.

Richard Bartheilms, whom First National is racing over the star trail, and Miss Compson are the leaders of the new generation. They have the intelligence, breeding and refinement of manner which have been so oddly lacking among the cinema’s stars. "What American brain and talent are you lacking," the audiences ask, "in the affection of the parvenu who trails so grandly through screen swelldom?"

Producers have realized that a new order of youth is necessary. No matter how virtuous and deserving may be the waitresses, chauffeurs and manikins, other types of stars are needed. Even American talent and personal charm are not always the portion of the cultured, still it wouldn’t do any harm to try a few college-bred minds.

The year has brought an end to the movies. The camera gets character, and more and more are we learning to see thru the make-up. A perfect profile no longer satisfies. The year has brought the cinema and a revolution that has caused many stellar heads to fall. I do not care to read the roll of the dear departed. Let some one
Ask your best friend if you dare!

You may even get intimate enough with some friends of yours to swap the real truth about your income tax and about many other very personal things.

But how many people do you know well enough to enable you to get on the subject of Halitosis with them? Not very many, probably. Halitosis is the medical term meaning unpleasant breath.

As you know yourself, Halitosis is one of the least talked about human afflictions and at once one of the most commonly prevalent ailments.

Nine out of ten people suffer from Halitosis either now and then or chronically. Usually they are unconscious of it themselves.

Halitosis may come from smoking, drinking, eating. It may be due to a disordered stomach, bad teeth, lung trouble or some other organic disorder. If it’s a chronic ailment, of course, then it is a symptom of a condition in your doctor or dentist ought to look after.

But very often it is only temporary and then you may overcome it by taking a very simple precaution that will mean ease of mind for you and comfort for your friends.

Listerine, for forty years the safe household antiseptic, is a wonderful combattant of Halitosis. Just use it regularly as a mouth wash and gargle. It will do the trick.

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CLASSIC For JANUARY

W. E. wish a Happy New Year to the people who don’t read Classic! Those who do, will have it anyway.

For Classic brings things to you that make joy—beauty to the eye—joy to the senses—wit to the mind—entertainment to the jaded. The proof is in its pages.

We have started the New Year with the best issue we could command.

There are twelve picture pages beside the gorgeous gallery portraits; Bebe Daniels in a cold, cold world; Gareth Hughes in a sunny one; an exquisite still from Theodore; Shannon Day in a luscious pose; a strikingly beautiful photograph of the ever Glorious Gloria; and many others.

An interview with the best beloved, and second best beloved in the screen world, Mary and Doug.

Other interviews with last arriving stars which each star sees herself before you in the pages of Classic.

The latest and most diverting real news from the Toast, as well as from the eastern studios.

Fiction of the highest order in three short stories, all reprinted from three promising magazines: "R. S. V. P.", with Charles Ray; "The Hardwood Quota," with Mary MacAvery; and "Don’t Tell Everything," with Wallace Reid.

Start the year right with

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For JANUARY

THE JANUARY SHADOWLAND

M ORE beautiful than ever, it is a trite phrase, yet it seems to apply to each succeeding number of SHADOWLAND. The January SHADOWLAND, holiday issue of all holiday issues, will, indeed, be a thing of rare beauty.

The enlarged four-color section will be a notable novelty, compiled from three promising movies: "R. S. V. P.", with Charles Ray; "The Hardwood Quota," with Mary MacAvery; and "Don’t Tell Everything," with Wallace Reid.

STRIKING CHRISTMAS FEATURES

The newest playlets, "Lies," from the pen of the brilliant Continental playwright, Franz Molnar, will appear.

Oliver M. Saylor will write upon the forty foremost writers of America and the forty leaders of England, making some interesting comparisons.

Frank Reicher’s latest contemporary portrait will be a discerning study of Arthur Symons.

Harry Carr contributes a strikingly humorous article, "The Confessions of a Scenario Editor."

Theodore Dreiser’s third article on "Holly wood," 10 cents, is even more sensational than its two predecessors.

There will be a number of other striking features, as well as hundreds of gorgeous pictures in colors, tint, halftone and rotogravure. All together a remarkable issue.

SHADOWLAND

177 Duffield St. - Brooklyn, N. Y.

Curving the Angular Figure

(Continued from page 58)

is reputed to be a fattening, nourishing fruit because of the proportion of sugar and oil it contains in combination. Eat any other sweet fruits that are high in acid and that do not cause any unpleasant after effects. It frequently happens that thin people can not eat fruits, melons or tomatoes. The new fruits I have mentioned, however, can be taken in medium sized quantities daily-without any fear of an ache or a pain afterwards. Eat plenty of broad and hardy grains. Hot bread, especially, is fattening. Substitute hot chocolate or hot egg drinks for your tea and coffee. Add a half cup of chopped nuts to your daily diet.

If you are very thin and below normal in health there is no better diet than milk and eggs—whole milk and raw eggs, taken in large quantities daily. These contain the necessary properties to bring the health up to normal. And a normal condition of
health is the most essential thing for any- 
one to consider. Until this condition is reached, it will be impossible to put on flesh. First, you must get the body and the digestive organs in proper condition to absorb the food that is put into them. When this stage is reached, it is but a matter of time and a careful observation of the diet until you will attain the degree of plumpness desired. 

Be sure, to start with, that you actually wish to gain weight. I know some slender women who are very eager to fill out and get plump—even fat — and I think they are very wrong in this desire, for they are women of medium height with very small bones and are not likely to appear to be. If they should add many pounds they would soon look round and “rolly-polly.” 

Hold in mind the ideal of a beautiful figure—proportion and symmetry. One cannot actually effect one’s height in any way yet discovered by science, except by wearing French heels and high ornaments on the hats, but one can get one’s body into proportion to one’s height and keep it there by means of measure and exercises. 

“Exercise,” once said a very lean, angular woman to me, “is not meant for thin people. It is good only for stout people who wish to be fat.” She had pulled her shoulders and bent over her knitting while her needles clicked, her lips drew down at the corners, and her eyes kept count of every stitch she put in. I wished to tell her a few of the simple fundamental facts I had gathered from observation and from reading. She did not realize she was engaged in an exercise requiring a constant expenditure of nervous energy. However, I refrained from speaking at this time, but later induced her to give up knitting and play golf instead. She is now very enthusiastic over the game and is gaining in weight, height, and general appearance.

There are certain exercises that will help thin people to put on weight, in spite of the general supposition that all exercises tend to reduce.

Learn what exercises you need and take them regularly. The right exercises improve the general health. They get the body into a normal condition and will not be assimilated. Now, with the health at normal, and not before, the full benefit of the nourishment will be had, and the body will be realized. When this condition is reached, it is easy to gain weight.

A description of these exercises would make my talk too long, so I shall wait and tell you all about them another time.

The greatest agent for promoting fat, regardless of the condition of health of the subject, is sleep. Just as a fat man or woman should sleep only as much as they absolutely need, so thin people should sleep as much as possible. They should indulge in the sleep habit from immediately after luncheon. If they cannot go to sleep at once, they should form the habit of lying down for an hour after luncheon anyhow. If this is kept up regularly, sleep will eventually come, and the afternoon nap will become a habit. While school- girls and business men and women have not time for this indulgence, they can spend their noon-hour quietly, and should form the habit of retiring soon after dinner five nights out of seven, rather than too much. Sleep is the only absolute rest there is.

My last bit of advice concerns itself with regularity of habit. Have regular hours for work and play. The only irregularity I would recommend is in the waking time from sleep. If you’re still sleepy when the usual time for rising comes, then sleep on. This advice, of course, is only for the very thin person who is anxiously trying to gain a normal health, and a person of normal height and weight should have a regular time for rising.

Now, if you are actually thin and wish to gain plumpness, follow these directions carefully. If you find no difference after a month, or two months, there must be some one or more things wrong, or a doctor should be consulted. In nine cases out of ten, this will not be necessary; that is, if you are faithful and sincere in your attempts.

Remember, the diet, sleep and exercise are your best friends. Cultivate them.

We Interview Camille

(Continued from page 25)

not sound as tho I were tragic, does it?

A. W. F.: Don’t they ever call you “Alia”?

NAZIMOVA: Alia—ah, that is something reserved for my husband, my mother and my sister, perhaps. And Madame—that is for the theater, for the studio.

A. W. F. (insistently): Does Madame (gives up?): Have you ever had any great sorrow?

NAZIMOVA (abruptly): How old do you think I am?

A. W. F. (very politely—feeling this a moment for diplomatic): Twenty-nine—thirty.

NAZIMOVA: I am forty.

G. H. (still endeavoring to untangle the mental pictures of Nazimova from the picture of Nazimova as she really is—a most interesting "Peter"): Aren’t you afraid of old age?

NAZIMOVA: Not a bit. I wouldn’t be young again if I could. Youth! (She shrugs her shoulders.) Youth is the one squanders precious things so. To me the greatest of all pities is the inability to reach youth and give it experience. Most of my friends are young girls. If for one of them I could do that—make them realize. Age is feeling. While I feel young, I shall be forty.

A. W. F.: Do you believe children restore woman’s youth? Do you believe in having children?

NAZIMOVA: Not for creative women. A woman living a creative life is bound, nec-

essarily, to do things sometimes defiant to convention. In order to fulfil herself, she should live freely, and in that way arrest personal development.

A. W. F. and G. H. feel at a loss. This is not the Nazimova they had prematurely visualized. No income wraiths in sentences about her definite, boyish head. She wears no chiffons, no morbidities. She thinks, succinctly, as a man thinks. She speaks without evasions.)

A. W. F.: How did you feel about playing "Camille"?

NAZIMOVA: Always, I said that I would never play "Camille" until I had forgotten how I had seen “Camille” played. I saw Bernhardt as Camille—and Duse. I kept forth with my dear Bernhardt. I had forgotten how they portrayed the Lady with the Camellia when I began my own portrayal.

A. W. F.: Do you think a woman like that would have loved the boy Armand, in the way she did?

NAZIMOVA: It would take a woman like that to love a boy—just as she did it. It was Youth she loved.

G. H.: What do you plan to do next?

NAZIMOVA: Repertoire. By that, I mean there will sometimes be more than one story in my film. In my next picture there will be two stories, for instance—Oscar Wilde’s, "Salome" and Ibsen’s "The Doll House."

A. W. F.: Have you what you wished
ELECTRICITY
The Big-Pay Field

ELECTRICITY is the most fascinating profession of the Age—the most bedazzling possibilities—the most wonderful as regards future, that the world has ever known. Its marvelous proofs and developments—the ever-widening use in factories and homes, have created an almost unheard of demand for men who have specialized in this branch of industry—"Electrical Experts."

"Electrical Experts" Earn $12 to $30 a Day
$12 to $20 a Day—$30 to $60 a Week—$1,200 to $10,000 a Year.

Thus the job of the trained man—the "Electrical Expert"—and the pay he can demand. Every electrical engineering firm, every manufacturing plant, every power company, every municipality, every school board, every city, every large hotel, every Business House, every house of every size in the electrical industry, is great. The demand for Electrical Workers has increased; every day continuous improvements are being made that will surprise you. But it's the trained man, the "Electrical Expert"—the man who "knows how," who directs instead of actually does the work—who is drawing down the big-pay checks and landing the big electrical jobs—the job that pays $2,500 to $10,000 a year.

Get In Line for a "Big-Pay" Job
If you are a square peg in a round hole—if you are doing work that you don't like—if you are an amateur, write away now, only making $3 to $5 a day—this message is for you.

"Wake up! Prepare now for a real job at real pay in the fascinating field of Electricity. Let a salary of $12 to $30 a day be your goal; let Electricity be your route; let me be your guide."

I Will Train You at Home
As Chief Engineer of the Chicago Engineering Works, I know exactly the kind of training you need to succeed as an "Electrical Expert," and I will give you that training. Thousands of successful, money-making graduates prove that my system is right—that my method of training will and does put men in the "big-pay" class.

No Useless Theory—Just Practical Instruction
My Course is practical, practical, practical, and every student is considered the practical type. Instead of useless theorizing, the student is given a course in practical, common-sense facts, written for good plain English. No fancy English, no Latin words. "Plain English is the English of the People, the English of the People's Work."

FREE Electrical Working Outfit
With me you do Practical work at home. You start right in after the few lessons. Every student receives a complete outfit, including a book which you can use any time to strengthen your knowledge. FREE.

Earn as You Learn
With me, again, you earn as you learn. Right at the start I give you a start with your hands. You will be making Practical work as you go along. In fact, every practical thing you do will earn you money. No holding back. No "eat your way through school." I have been doing it for ten years as Chicago's famous Electrical Engineer. I know what I am talking about.

A Money-Back Guarantee
You take me on trial. I will demonstrate. I will absolutely guarantee to put every penny and cent of my money on the line and back your money. It is a simple matter to get well paid for your time and effort. You will have two sure ways of making money out of Electricity. No one will have to say that you tried and failed. I will prove this to you. I have done it for years.

Write for the "Vital Facts"
Let me send you copies of my book, "Electrical Work at Home." With nothing to lose, you can jump in just the same as any other business. Get your copy as soon as possible. Date is the thing. A saving of time is the thing that costs money. When you get your book, ask for the special "Beginner's Certificate," which entitles you to work at my School, with me as your personal instructor, for $50.00.00. This certificate is a saving of money.

The Man Who Makes "Big-Pay" Men
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CHICAGO ENGINEERING WORKS, INC.
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Chicago

The Cooke Trained Man is the "Big Pay" Man

Public Buildings Are Big Users of Electricity

Electrical Construction Needs Trained Experts

Hydra-Electric Plants Being Built Everywhere

Hope Power Plants Need Experts to Operate Them

The New Star
(Continued from page 55)

Miss Virginia Eastman, 104 West Seventieth Street, New York City.

Miss Lala M. Hubbard, 233 Fourth Street, San Antonio, Texas.

Other awards in the contest were three very beautiful pieces of lace, which Ensign Tyshere, of the United States Navy, brought from abroad for the express purpose of giving them to the Fame and Fortune Contest. The lace was made by the nuns on the islands of Malta, and is one of the most beautiful lace in the world over for their exquisite laces.

Miss Bow was given a little bolero jacket.

Miss Eastman was presented with a fling scarf. Miss Ursula Mengoni, a little girl just five years old, had a pair of unusual lace socks for her baby feet, given to her, as her share of the contest glory.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is glad to present Miss Bow's sincere and grateful letter in full:

"Gentlemen: I want to thank all those in the Brewster Publications, Inc. who have been responsible for the kind treatment and many efforts in my behalf, from the day of my entrance into the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1921 up until the present time, and also for the beautiful outfit, which they so kindly presented me with. Everyone thinks the outfit beautiful, and is so very becoming, thanks to the taste of Mrs. Gleason and Miss Palmer.

"Now, about my future. I hope that everything you credit me with will prove true, and that all your hopes and expectations will also do the same. I hope that with the proper training I will grow into a good actress, worthy of the Brewster Publications' help, and hope that some day Mr. Brewster and the rest will be proud of me and my work. I intend to work very hard and try and perform the smallest role that is given me to the best of my ability.

"I thought that writing to you would be better than trying to get an interview. In any business matters, I hope to rely upon your judgment, as I am inexperienced in that direction.

"Feeling that I have said all I wish to say, I will close, with much appreciation and thanks to the Brewster Publications, Inc. I am, Yours sincerely,

"CLARA G. BOW."


An itching skin quickly relieved by RESINOL

Soothing and Healing

You don't have to wait: One application of this gentle ointment brings heartfall relief and healing.

Tol'able David

(Continued from page 49)

Tol'able David any longer, No. He was David the man.

Then the chance came. Patience and the quiet attributes of heroism work slowly, but they work surely. David, a young, lithe young spirit, tortured into manhood, could not escape its justification. It came when, on a day, the driver of the mail coach that came into the store for some whiskey, already staggering with drink, David idly set a flash in his brain, illuminating, clear. He said to the other mail coach, "You all have other things, I can't drive that stage coach outer Crab Tree. You're drunk!"

The driver picked up a chair and made a lunge for David. "Yuh young whippersnapper!" he shouted; "yuh pore pindlin' Kinemon, yuh caint do a man's share no how—caint—and then his words died away, stopped. David was facing him with a revolver, was saying quietly, "But this here is what I kin do. I kin shoot, and shoot to kill—Len—Len—Len—"

Senator Gault came in on the scene. David turned to him, lowering the revolver. In the darkness of the store, in the mark of the atmosphere where his voice and face were needy, dragging, quiescent. He said, "Senator, you— all better let me drive the stage coach. This man ain't no account." He added, grimly, "My life'll be the first thing to go, come trouble."

Somehow, David had always known that the test of himself would be made when he took Allen's place and drove the mail coach of the United States mail over the perilous roads. For this reason, and no other, Allen had dwelt on how he would guard the mail with his life, the last scrap there was in him, with his life, give his death for it if, in giving, he could send the mail on safely.

Senator Gault bared the moments of insight. One of them came when he knew the truth of David's "My life'll be the first thing to go, come trouble."

David knew, as he mounted the stage coach to take the mail bag to its destination, that triumph is seldom apart from bitterness. He was fulfilling himself at last, over Allen's brother. Over his father's grave—over his mother's dearly purchased faith—over Esther's wounded eyes.

Still, it was the death of the horses, the heavy rolling of the wheels, the heavy whip, so often held by Allen, going crackly—crack—the good-eyes from the men about them—vector. He saw the sense of his victory over the roads—the mail bag, secure at his feet. It took a man to do this thing. And then—the sudden lurching of the coach on a bend of the road—the mail bag sliding from beneath his feet, dropping to the road—the pulling in of the horses—the sight of Luke Hathurn, waiting— he knew he had been waiting; the hateful snarl of amusement as Hathurn grabbed for the bag—the mail that was to be guarded with one's life. At Hathurn's touch—author— Lord God, but his chance had come! A Hathurn—the mail bag—life and death—Allen—his father—Esther—Allen again.

David saw in a flash the man with Luke Hathurn, burly, brawny, an animal—was grasping, then, he saw it thru a mist of darkest red, with the three Hathurn—the third one. What did it matter? The hate of more than three Hathurns was within him, was releasing powers in him that he never had before. Luke Hathurn held the mail bag—and David, a blind force, a simple, primitive, wholly uncontrollable force, was hitting against him his father and his brother. Now, now it had come! Now he would prove, now he must prove the mettle of the Kinemons. Now he must atone to Esther, because God had made her a Hat- burn, as sweet as she was—as sweet and good. He knew that she was, as he tore at the Hathurn flesh—as he dog and swore and strove and struggled and ran. The blood of Kinomens dead and gone came to his aid—the blood that ran clear and unadulterated sprang to vivid, pulsing gush— he came clear at last. Luke Hathurn lay crumpled, inert, even as Allen had been—the mail bag was in David's arms—there remained now the unfathomable high- ness, of his endurance, of his will-power— the fifteen remaining miles to the railroad town—the ride back. Could he make it? Ah, but he must—he must. The long son- ings of his boyhood, the long hero-worship of Allen and all that he stood for, the shining array of heroic figures he had kept gallant company with in the pages of his books—all of these were flanked alongside, watching him now. They would bear him plant-plant—David!—

Miles of wracking, blinding pain—while the coach jostled and mastered and agonized his broken bones, his bruised flesh—im- possible miles fifteen miles—what was this man's work? Was this the definition of the word "man," spelled out in the dictionary under Allen's guiding finger? Ah, to be able to dream, to be able to be unaware. Where were his heroes now? Gone. Pain had erased them with a smile. Pain. David was a man—Was Allen? David heard a mirthless sound. It was himself, laughing. Allen, Allen, his hero, silly and futile, tracing his path on the road—where was Allen? nothing left but pain and the mail bag—the mail bag and pain. Fifteen miles—fifteen thousand miles he had gone. One, and one again—two, three— Where was Allen? David heard a mirthless sound. It was himself, laughing. Allen, Allen, his hero, silly and futile, tracing his path on the road—where was Allen? nothing left but pain and the mail bag—the mail bag and pain. Fifteen miles—fifteen thousand miles he had gone. One, and one again—two, three—

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by 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 discourage 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 using it 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 fourounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

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The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.
A Question of Honor
(Continued from page 65)

every step, panting and exhausted, but buoyed up by the love he bore Shannon and knowing full well that his burden was precious to his young friend. There, he ministered to her as tenderly as father, and soon brought her back to conscious

ness.

"You are all right now, honey," he said. 

"I must go and find Bill. Jest lay here till we get back."

The second person to get to the tunnel was Shannon himself, delayed slightly by an encounter with Burkthaler, during which he gave that burly ranchman the first good thrashing he had ever had in his life. Burkthaler was suddenly convinced of the worth of Shannon's scheme by the prowess of his fists. This sort of argument is the only kind some minds are capable of grasping. He extended his hand, and in his gruff way expressed his admiration and respect for a man that could fight like that. When Shannon magnanimously explained to him that he had merely been the tool of Morse and his breed, his con-

trition was fairly laughable, and his anger at the clever capitalist who had misled him, burst into sudden flame.

"I'll settle with that city dude," he roared in his great voice, "No man can fool with Charles Burkthaler!"

When Shannon got to the tunnel, old Sheb was waiting for him.

"Who saved the dam?" Shannon asked, as soon as he was within speaking distance.

"Miss Wilmot, Bill," Sheb replied. "She's up at your place now, hurt pretty bad, but game! By cracy! I never see anything like it. Why, she—but go see her your- self. Bill. She's waiting for you."

"She doesn't want to see me, I guess," said Shannon, the picture of Morse hold-

ing her yielding young body in his arms suddenly coming back to him. "She's in love with Morse, you know."

Sheb spat disgustingly, "In love with Morse—hell!" he exclaimed roughly.

"Why would she risk her life saving your dam if she wasn't in love with you? Why would she be lypin' up there on your cot, crawlin' up Bill? Why didn't Bill? Why doesn't she? Why didn't Bill? Why doesn't she in love with that Wall Street crook?"

"Is it really asking for me, Sheb?" asked Shannon, expectantly.

"Well, if I was you, I wouldn't waste no more time askin' questions and wonderin' about it, when—"

But Shannon was gone.

He knelt on the floor beside Anne, both arms around her, while she explained, be-

fore anything else, the scene with Morse. And when she told him modestly about sav-

ing the dam, and showed him her lacerated hands, his eyes filled with unexpected tears, and he kissed them reverently and tenderly.

"My brave girl," he murmured, brokenly.

"My brave girl."

And, after a while: "You won't mind stayin' up here in this lonely place until I've finished my work, will you?"

"Oh, no," replied Anne happily. "I want to stay here always. I couldn't be lonely at the edge of the world with your arms around me."

CALL THE POLICE!

Sure!—That little ingénue has stolen the picture clear away from me!

Press Agent (just in time to hear the last)—I'll notify the police at once. How much reward do you want to offer?
Rex and His Queen

(Continued from page 23)

for one of his pictures. Then he intrusted me with the rôle of Marguerite Laurier in 'The Four Horsemen.' Everyone told him he was crazy, that I couldn't possibly do it. He remained confident. I'm a real name is Taaffe—and he made me wear a blonde wig, which catches the light more than my own hair, which is reddish brown.

"From that point on, you'll find it changed. I am glad I made good in 'The Four Horsemen,' but more for Rex's sake than my own. I have little enthusiasm left for pictures. After we are married, I may play a part once in a while for Rex, when he has one that suits me, but never for anyone else. There are too many heartbreaks in it. I couldn't help being a little angry when I was called to the Lasky studio a short time ago. Everybody was so sweet to me, they couldn't praise me highly enough; but all the time I kept remembering the time when I was an extra in that very studio, and those selfish people had never paid any attention to me. I prophesied I would never get anywhere. But now, that I have succeeded, they are ready to fawn on me. I'm suspicious of that type of friend. Mr. Ingram believes in me, and I have proved that I could make good. I am satisfied."

The studio musicians on the funny old-fashioned scene for "Turn to the Right" tinkled out an old-time Virginia reel. Somehow, it blended well with the melody of Miss Terry's words. She has bravery, that girl—and a clear vision of the worthwhile things in life. I accosted Mr. Ingram:

"And where are you going to find another leading lady?" I asked him.

"It will be frightfully hard after working with Alice. She interprets what I want so quickly and easily. I want her to play Flavia in 'The Prisoner of Zenda,' my next picture. She is ideal for the part, and has agreed to play it on the condition that our marriage is posthumous. I can't take the picture finished. Isn't that right, Miss Terry?" he laughed.

"It is," she teased. "If I were married to you, you really would be bossing me out. I don't call me down while we were making the picture. Now you're just a little bit afraid of me."

"She has a wonderful sense of humor," observed Mr. Ingram, following Miss Terry with his eyes as she ran across the set to say hello to her sister. "A woman with a sense of humor is a rare thing."

"Certainly. I do think that after we are married, her place is at home. The studio isn't any too good for a girl. The heat is terrific in summer, the work is physically wearing, the lights try her eyes and temper. Personally, I am fond of pictures, because they have brought me a quick success, such as I might not have got in any art could have brought me. But I don't want to stop with motion pictures. My lifelong ambition is to be a sculptor, but that is a rich man's job. When I hustled out of Yale, I took up sculpture under a famous artist at the Art Students' League, until my funds grew rather thin. Then, one day when I visited the studio, Mr. Ingram's friend, I heard the man who writes the letters that appear on the screen being discharged. Without hesitation, I pitched in my expert penmanship, asked for the job, and was put to work at once. From that time on everything went well. I wrote a scenario that was accepted, and was given opportunities to assist the directors, and finally became a director myself. After the war, during which I served in the Royal Flying Corps, I came home broke. I sold a good many of my clothes in order to come out here. Among them were my dress-suit and dinner coat. Since then I have never bought anything new. I am really a wonderful and ugly excuse for refusing invitations. I can tell you how many parties I have successfully escaped with T'm sorry, but I haven't any clothes left."

"Are you economical, or do you spend all you make?" I inquired bravely.

"I save every cent I can. I never spend any money on myself. I haven't had a new suit in three years. Ordinarily I wear out old uniforms and putties about the studio. I have only one extravagance, and that is my love for sculpture. My ambition is to make enough money to buy a fine old home in Europe, where I can stow a raft of truly marvelous sixteenth century furniture I now have in storage, and sculpt to my heart's content."

"Was your romance with Miss Terry a sudden one?" I asked.

"No. I have known Alice ever since she was a little bit of a girl. I often thought of her charm and sympathy, but only recently did I realize that I loved her, and I have proved that I could make good. I am satisfied."

"Are you a member of the Screen Actors?"

"No, but I would like to be."

"Have you applied for a screen test?"

"Yes, but I have not heard."}

A Reversal of Roles

(Continued from page 59)

is Swiss, my mother was a Fitzgerald, and I was born in the backwoods of Missouri, next to the famous Jesse James farm. There the Beerys have been born and reared for several generations. There is always a Noah—the name runs back indefinitely—or the down there they call it Noah, and our son continues the line. Both parents turned affectionate eyes toward the sturdy seven-year-old lad riding his Shetland pony through the meadows.

We were sitting on the wide terrace of the Beerys' charming new home, situated high among the foothills, and for a moment we were silent, drinking in the beauty of the scene. A marvelous panorama lay before us—Hollywood, with Los Angeles beyond, and a glimpse of the gleaming Pacific in the western distance.

The house is an imposing white Italian villa, against the effective back-curtain of green hills. The grounds, comprising an acre, have blue-bells, a Japanese garden, with its rippling cascade fountains, a prim Italian garden, picturesque with its Venetian blue vases and marble seats, while along the steep terraces are geraniums and avocado, orange and lemon trees. There are vines, flowers and shrubs of every variety, even tobacco plants, now in full bloom. It belonged to an old-time tobacco farmer, so I grow my own tobacco," and Mr. Beery looked with pride at the blue blossoms, red and white, that sprinkled his garden.

Strolling thru the garden, we peeped into a wild candy nest, hidden in the dense foliage of an orange tree, to see four tiny orange flowers.

"Our son guards them with his life," laughed Mr. Beery. "One reason I built our home so far out was because I wished him
Ancheta Getwell, Cinemat stars, Adores NestoLashes

The New Way to Make Eyes Beautiful—Famous Stars Recommend NestoLashes

No matter how large your eyes, unless long upward curling lashes fringe them, they lack a truly alluring and magnetic charm. Really long velvety lashes make even small eyes fascinating and attractive, but the tragedy is that no amount of make-up can make the lashes appear one bit longer than they really are.

This is why Doris Kenyon, Ancheta Getwell, Hazel Dwan, Eleanor Painter and hundreds of other stage and screen favorites have entirely given up make-up in favor of NestoLashes. They will tell you NestoLashes make the eyes so much more entrancing, large and brilliant that they would never go back to the old way. NestoLashes are real, permanent, full, and are naturally beautiful. Each one pair is threaded on a narrow transparent foundation which blends with your own skin when applied on the eyelid. The beautiful stinging lashes sweep your cheek and charm your friends. The flash, the fascination and brilliance their long velvety seem gives your eyes will delude you. No one ever guesses you are not your own.

NestoLashes are applied with a patent adhesive and, though easy to put on and take off, they do not come off until removed. Dainty as they look, they are the strongest foundation there is. They hold the lashes in place over and over again. One pair will convince you of the appeal that stocks them bring to your eyes.

Send $1.00 for one set $1.50 for superlative. Mention names, and whether for private or stage wear. Both postpaid in plain wrapper.

NESTLE'S
Makers of Fine Hair Goods
Largest Exporters in the World
Dept G 112 and 49th Street New York

PAY-DAY
By J. R. McCarthy

The star gets twenty thousand For being very gay;
Directors get five thousand For showing her the way;
The author gets one thousand For doing the play.
(I ought to get a dollar, For writing down this lay.)
On the Camera Coa.
(Continued from page 71)

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Reid, Edward Martindale, Al Willard, Heinzkhaz Cahill Tate and other classy notables from the Lasky atelier.

But the real thriller was staged by Frank and Dagmar

So accustomed are Frank Mayo and Dagmar Godowsky to the ways of Universal that they are married and it provides a Baedeker for ‘puck’ to a picture.

As Frank obtained his divorce from the previous Mrs. Mayo, whose conjugal partnership was to throw soup, we were surprised to find the pair dashed to Tia Juana, Mexico, to be tied immediately upon the tides of the court's decree.

A divorce of a deuce, a tank of gasoline, and then beside me saying "out"—oh, Tia Juana were paradise ever.

(Being a bachelor, I allus get poetic over weddings.)

"Oh, it was so romantic" says Dagmar.

"When you get married in Mexico you don't stand up as a woman.

(How much more polite and restful Mexico is!)

"You just sit down and talk it over quietly. We sat on a boat. We were married in the post office—and the post office was the grocery store—"

(Prunes for wedding guests—how perfectly conventional!)

"The Mexican justice of the peace who married us could not speak a word of English and we could not speak a word of Spanish. So we had to get a Japanese boy from the bath house next door to act as interpreter."

(Truly, an international alliance!)

"The Japanese boy would say, 'The Judge, he say, I, Frank, take thee, Dagmar—the judge, he say—to be my lawful wife—and the Judge, he say, to have and to hold—the Judge, he say, for better or for worse."

The Japanese boy didn't leave a thing undone. After the ceremony, he rippled open a sack in the store and showered us with rice, then jumped on his motorcycle and wildly-revered among all the announcement places to tell them to play the wedding march when we came in—"

(There's nothing like a Jap for efficiency; I shall never marry until I can afford one.)

And so endeth—pardon me, Dagmar—commences the romance of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mayo.

Oh, yes, Leopold Godowsky, a pianist is the father of the famous Dagmar Mayo.

NOT ALL ORANGE BLOSSOMS

But all is not orange blossoms, even in California. Even in this effete climate, the warlike spirit still survives.

Clara Whipple Young has divorce James Young, the director. Mrs. Youn told the court that her husband would not talk to her, remained from home until night, called her names—and, well, acts just like directors are supposed to act.

Mr. Young was once the husband of Clara Kimball Young. What? No, he no relation to Brigham Young.

MARY AND DOUG LEAVE US FLAT

The hardest blow old Hollywood has hit is the desertion of Mary Pickford at Douglas Fairbanks. They've gone over the Germans. Yep, going to make foreign pictures. Just think! Right out of our baby's mouths—I mean our good mouths—here in Hollywood. We thought they had just gone to Spain, so the next face over there wouldn't think Chat.
Chaplin was the only star of the screen. Mais, non! It was a dirty trick. After they had heard the call of the wild in Paris, they stayed to listen, and Doug wires back that they are going to keep on listening for six months anyhow. He ordered the Fairbanks home put up for sale, and his studio leased.

To add to our unhappiness, came the news that Mary was ill. A Parisian doctor says she has "screenitis," something newer than teeth trouble and thyroid gland malfunction. They ought to know—that an heir to the throne is expected. Anyhow, Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks are now living the life of civilians, but the active Doug is liable to burst loose with a camera and start shooting up France. And Charlie Chaplin, our wandering boy, is now home once more.

CHARLIE ALSOAILING

Charlie evidently has an attack of screenitis also. He says he is sick of the sight of studios and cameras. By his hale and hearty state, the boy has gone wrong.

And this is the way he wrote home: "Had I been free to choose my own occupation, in the light of what I know now, it would have been different. Not death, but the measure of success I have achieved with its promise of being taken out of the squaild surroundings against which my whole being revolted, would have induced me to enter on the career into which fate forced me." He goes on to say that he loathes his profession of fortunetelling.

"I have long aspired to succeed in real historic art," he continues. "I do not for a moment imagine I can rank with the great dramatists, but I am sure that I can succeed moderately well in interpreting on the stage some of the works of the great master of playwrights.

"What I know is that I am sick of the very sight of a studio, and a film camera makes me want to run away. I have before me a number of suggestions for audible plays, and my hope is that some of my dreams in this direction will be realized quickly.

"That Mr. Chaplin is unhappy with his lot many people know. Perhaps it is simply the discontent of the artist who is always reaching for that something beyond. Perhaps it is the philosopher's sense of the futility of all things, for Charlie is a philosopher, a natural one. He once said: "No one cares a thing for me—only for the famous Charlie Chaplin, the clown." This is not pathos to one who knows the mockery of fame—and the artificiality and hypocrisy of the film world.

HOLLYWOOD BEATERS THAN FLANDERS

Not only we have been deserted by Kid Chaplin, Monsieur D'Artagnan Fairbanks and Madame Fauntleroy Fairbanks—nay, you don't know the half of it, Margie. All the Arabs have been silently folding their steamer trunks and stealing away. Elinor Glyn, the royal life of the party, has gone back to her House of Lords. Gone, too, is Ruby de Remer, "the most beautiful girl in America," according to Helene. She sailed away on the Agatha for several months in Europe, during which she will appear in three or four. On the same boat sailed Lottie Pickford, to join sister Mary in France. Jim Kirkwood, Elliott Dexter, Sir Gilbert Parker, also vamoosed for London. It looks like Bernard Shaw was right about the glory of Los Angeles passing out like that of Babylon.

WE STILL HAVE ANITA

But there's some return of joy to Holly-wood—Anita Stewart, to be specific. She and Ruddy are with us once more. Ruddy is, as you know, Mr. Rudolph Cameron,

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Douglas Fairbanks
Charlie Chaplin
William S. Hart
Wallace Reid
Pearl White
Anita Stewart

Theda Bara
Francis X. Bushman
Earle Williams
William Farnum
Charles Ray
Norma Talmadge
Constance Talmadge
Mary Miles Minter

Tom Moore

LIST OF SUBJECTS

Mary Pickford
Marguerite Clark
Douglas Fairbanks
Charlie Chaplin
William S. Hart
Wallace Reid
Pearl White
Anita Stewart
Theda Bara
Francis X. Bushman
Earle Williams
William Farnum
Charles Ray
Norma Talmadge
Constance Talmadge
Mary Miles Minter

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG
Alice Joyce
Vivian Martin
Pauline Frederick
Billie Burke
Madge Kennedy
Elsie Ferguson
Tom Moore

These portraits are not for sale. They can be secured only by subscribing to the Motion Picture Magazine, Motion Picture Classic or Shadowland for one year, and then they will be sent free.

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Page 107

general manager of the Anita Stewart Productions, the husband of Anita Stewart, the capitalist and the man who looks like Dick Barthelmess. The Princess Anita is being directed by Fred Niblo, so you may await her coming in "Rose of the Sea," with more than the usual interest.

JUST AN IRISH TRICK

John McCormick is ardently rushing Colleen Moore. I don't know why I note this, except that, being Irish, I like to note a Colleen and a Fred Niblo.

THEY CAN TALK

Proof that screen actors have voices and can speak English fit for Vassar is being submitted at the Community Theater, the Little Theater of Hollywood. Miss Nealy Dickson is the lady who says she is just responsible for the shell. But it is a very pretty shell. There on a stilt— and all nights are still in Hollywood—you can hear the delicious sounds of Nagel, Mary Alden, Alma Francis (Mrs. Robert Gordon) and others celebrated. Recently Mary Alden appeared in "Ropes," a one-act play by Paul Scardon is being put on at Universal, with Miss Dupont as star. Conrad Nagel and Mrs. Robert Gordon appeared in "The Camera" by William de Mille, called in "1999." Margaret Harris likewise grasped the stage as première danseuse of the brilliant Spanish Fandango.

MARY MILES MINTER ARRESTED

It's a dull day in the Los Angeles courts when some star doesn't appear moaning at the bar. Mary Miles Minter holds the record to date. She was arrested four times within twelve hours; thus was featured four times on the police blotter. The charge; violation of speed laws. She was awarded two tags for speeding and two tags for driving without an operator's license. Early in the morning—say, eleven o'clock—an officer arrested the screen star on Wiltshire boulevard for driving thirty-five miles an hour. He also gave her a tag for $2.50 for reckless driving. In the evening another officer got her for going thirty miles an hour over a fifteen-mile crossing. He also gave her two tags. The office which Paul Stareins to insure her appearance in police court.

N. B. This is the smallest sum for which Miss Minter has ever made an appearance, and she was arrested, that and she was not made a permanent slash in rates. In fact, she didn't appear for the forty dollars.

A FREE STORY FOR DE MILLE

Recently when a fireman attempted to rescue an L. A. lady from the bathroom of a burning house she fought him off, because she was not dressed to pass the censors. This shows the deadly effect of censorship. I offer this story without charge to Cecil B. de Mille for production with Gloria Swanson. She, too, has a history of a Haver or any other slighter subject as the star. As a title, I suggest "From the Bath- tub to the Grave" or "Her Fatal Modesty!"

THE CLASSIC MEDAL FOR RUTH

The Boulevardier herewith awards the Classic medal for bravery to Miss Ruth Reneck, playing the leading feminine role in "The Lagoon of Desire," a Far East production made in the South Seas. While en route to the Far East it was offered: Property of a movie star who was once a "Follies" star. They were beautiful legs. I sat up nights thinking and well, I wasn't much disturbed as those of Kay Laurel, Ruby de Remer, Mary Hay, Jacqueline Logan.

Thirsty: The contest closed.

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The Answer Man
(Continued from page 78)

James A. S.—Your letter was very interesting. Thanks, a lot.

Ted.—You say you haven't had your picture taken since Grant was a cadet. Well, I haven't had one taken since Columbus was a boy. Thanks for the verses; have passed them along. Let us hope that goodness will prevail when beauty fails. Niles Welch is with Ince, playing in "The Cup of Life."

Just Continue.—Well, you certainly know what you want. You think that Gloria Swanson is a cruel mistake. I wouldn't say that. Elliott Dexter has gone to play for Foreign Players in Europe. I think you think Rudolph Valentino is a wonderful lover, but then you think that Antonio Moreno could do just as well if he were given the parts. I'll say so.

Inquisitive Ann.—You are kind enough to say that you think I do not get enough rest. What do I want of rest? As Carlyle says, "Shall I not have all eternity to rest in?" I am eighty, and there are no signs of my wearing out or burning out. You think that Burns burnt out thirty-eight, but you forgot that Scott never wrote a novel until he was over forty. Yes, William Hart is back in pictures. You want an interview with Jackie Coogan. Dear me!

Marcella.—All rightie, you want more child pictures to appear. When the editor sees this, she will see it to. Adele, attention.

I'll Get 'Em Yet.—Don't expect that everything you read in this department is bright. I don't have the time to polish it up. Your letter was so bright that I suspect you used sapoil. Tell me about the puzzle. Nazimova is doing "A Doll's House."

Alert.—No, I am not a Socialist. So Proudhon says, does he. "Property is Theft." That being the case, I wish that all of my readers might become efficient thieves. Thomas Meighan's next picture is "If You Believe It, It's So." Pauline Starke, opposite him.

S. C. F.—Your motto was very good, but the editor says, "By his false teeth, ye shall know him." Zoro.—The greater part of the music of commerce comes from Tachienlu, a Chinese town that is known as the "Gateway to Tibet." The odors of the odiferous substance is exported annually. The bulk of it goes to France, where it is used in the manufacture of perfumery. Mary Miles Minter is on the Coast now. Constance Binney, in "Beautiful Eyes."

A New One.—Come along. Kenneth Harlan is with the Talmonds. Bobby Vernon was with Christie last. A number of the States derived their names from the Spanish, Florida, Texas, Nevada, Montana, California, Colorado, Nevada, Oregon, and many others. I cant tell you why we dont hear and see more of Enoch Arden. I should like to know why. He is still young and, I suspect, handsome, and he was once very popular. Can he come back? Will he?

Axton.—Hello, Drakesville, Iowa, Greetings to thee, oh, gifted brother of the pen. You should be an Answer Man yourself. No, Mary Philbin has not yet arrived in Tennessee. I understand she is staying in New York. She is from all reports, she's due. Mary, wake up, you're paged. No, I have not yet discovered a method of reconstituting a shiny cranium. If I had, I would apply it to my own silver dome, and then let you in on the secret. Please propose me for membership.

(Continued on page 110)

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Motion Picture Magazine
Across the Silversheet
(Continued from page 67)

desires with an immobile expression. It will be remembered that Mr. Wegener also played the name rôle in "The Golem."

The settings are the weird atmospheric things which we distinctly expect to see from the German producers. The photography is wretched, but, if we remember correctly, this was true of the German interpretations. However, they overshadowed this fact.

"One Arabian Night" is not so successful.

FOOTLIGHTS—PARAMOUNT

"Footlights," built about the splendid characterization given by Elsie Ferguson, is an interesting picture without making any pretense at being a great picture. It is a relief which is no persistent attempt at greatness.

The story, which is by Rita Weiman, is said to be based on the life of one of our own actresses, but whether or not this is true, we cannot tell. Suffice it to say that it gives a good idea of just what can be done when a clever theatrical manager wills to do it. The transformation of little Lizzie Parsons from New Jersey into Lisa Parisnova, the rage of New York, is replete with interest.

And where Lizzie Parsons dreamed daydreams over the portrait of a great star, Lisa Parisnova dreams over a picture of an awkward New Englander. The heart of Lisa Parisnova eventually proves to be the heart of the little Lizzie who has gone before.

We liked the psychology of the story. But more than this, we liked the varied characterization of Miss Ferguson; first the little New England girl, then the earnest vaudeville artiste; then as the Russian tragedienne, Lisa Parisnova. Of a certainty, she has a great gift.

The roles were played by Reginald Denny, Marc MacDermott and Octavia Handworth, was excellent.

And more splendid things are to be said of the direction of John Robertson.

THE CHILD THOU GAVEST ME—

To tell the story of "The Child Thou Gavest Me" might be helpful, but, on the other hand, it would make it futile to see the picture. As a matter of fact, it was some time before we could straighten things out satisfactorily in our mind. Others may fare better. It is not the "And a little child shall lead them" affair. Quite the opposite, as a matter of fact, and for this we are duly grateful, even tho the production was quite as banal in many ways.

The cast possesses many well-known players, among them Barbara Castleton, Winter Hall, Adele Harrington, Lewis Stone, William Desmond and Richard Headrick, who plays the child. Richard did well and was quite unconscious of the camera. Nevertheless, he often gets directly in the way of the plot. This, however, is probably not his fault. If he must do cute tricks, he must do cute tricks. Be it said to his credit, that he is cute doing them. That is an achievement.

THE SHEIK—PARAMOUNT

Almost everyone has read "The Sheik." And almost everyone tells you, "Of course, I know it isn't a great book, but it is exciting." And, having read "The Sheik" yourself, you admit that much, anyway.

Rudolph Valentino plays the title rôle in the screen production. Agnes Ayres plays the heroine, Diana. George Melford is responsible for the direction.

Needless to say, the motion picture is not so exciting. Remembering censorship, we wondered why they ever bought the motion picture rights in the first place. Then George Melford goes and says, "Of course, there was declar- ing that there would be no cause for cens- sorial complaint. There isn't. Nor is there any of the mystery or high adventure which you might expect. A sheik before he abducts her and makes her his prisoner in his desert village. As a matter of fact, she dresses up in the native costume and steals into the casino where he is stopping while at Biska. Except for this, and the fact that the sheik repents once he has her in his stride, there are no acts for all the world like a Continental gentleman, the screen story coincides fairly well with the novel.

Rudolph Valentino seemed an ideal choice for the name part, but he has not invested his characterization with the indomitable and sphinx-like man which might be expected. He smiles often. And you wonder why Diana is ever afraid of him.

If there is anybody anywhere who has not, as we said before, read "The Sheik," they'll probably enjoy the picture far more than they otherwise would.

I ACCUSE—UNITED ARTISTS

"I Accuse," too, is an importation. It is the work of Abel Gance, the French poet and author. Undoubtedly, there was, originally, a strong foundation to the story. It has disappeared, because it was probably questioned whether or not it would offend.

The story tells of two soldiers, follows them thru the trenches and right up to the firing-line. One, a poet, dearly loves the other's wife. Before their companionship in the trenches, they were enemies, but the horror of their experiences brings them together and cements unifying friendship.

There are high points in the story, but it is well to let a thing alone entirely unless you are ready to stand firm. To de- tract here and there is to hurt the creation irreparably. We do not know definitely that this was done to "I Accuse," but everything would indicate that it was.

It is the poet who, under the armistice which accuses, Demented, he gathers together the people of the town- ship. He tells them of the battlesfields strewn with their dead, the Town and accusing, asks whether their sacrifice has been made in vain.

However, despite its expurgation, "I Accuse" deals vitally with truths and leaves its audience heart-healed.
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I Challenge the World

If a man stood on the housetops and shouted to the people that he was the strongest man on earth, it would avail him nothing. Someone would make him come down and prove it. But records speak for themselves. I will gladly show anyone personal letters from the leading strong men in the world today that my course is absolutely the best and quickest to acquire physical perfection. Come on, then, and make me prove it—I like it. I have the means of making you a perfect physical specimen of manhood, of making you a successful leader of men. I have done this for thousands of others. What I have done for them I will do for you. I don’t care what your present condition is. The weaker you are the more noticeable the results. Come on, then, START THE NEW YEAR RIGHT.

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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 mine has 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 spots and blemishes, and a powder that does not cover them off is the first gust of wind, that is not too heavy nor too little that will not injure the complexion, and that will not change color when it becomes moist from perspiration or from the natural oil that causes 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 carbonato, powdered corn meal, rice powder, precipitated chalk, zinc oxide, and other powders, I consulted authorities as to the effects of each on the skin. I finally settled on a formula that has been tried out under all conditions and that suits me to a tee. And, most important of all, perhaps, this powder when 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 social life, and they all tell me 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 see, 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 as with the face. Any powder which will give you the most wonderful idea of the natural color of the skin is the best powder. Nothing is white, everything changes color as it reflects every color that is around it. White face powder is absurd. White is not a color. The general tint of our powder is something like that of a ripe peach, and I thought of calling it "Pearl Peach Bloom Powder."

The Answer Man
(Continued from page 110)

there. Rod La Rocque is playing in "Nice People," on the stage.

A REEL FAN.—I usually rise at seven. If I arose any later, my watch would be gone, because it is always going when I get up. I need no alarm clock, except my appetite and thirst for butter-milk. Yes, that was Kenneth Harlan in "Mama's Affair." Percy Maromont, in "What's Your Reputation Worth?" You ask to what I attribute my old age. Years. Also, butter-milk.

LOUISE B.—As Glen Buek says, "People who exalt art above nature, know nothing of either." But art can improve on nature.

So you approve of Norman Kerry. That settles it, then. Charles Meredith is playing opposite Ethel Clayton, in "The Cradle."

BOBBED HAIR.—Yes, I approve of it. Solitude is the religion of the soul. Pearl White is playing in "Open Your Eyes." Gloria Swanson, in "Beyond the Rocks," by Elinor Glyn.

MITCH.—Oh, yes, I have a wonderful disposition. Just as you say, I disposition. But I never scratch, bite or bark, and when little nice ladies like you write me complimentary things, I smile from ear to ear, until my beard gets all tangled up. You say you would like to see me. Dount; dont spoil the illusion. Anna Q. Nilsson is playing in "Why Girls Leave Home." Sounds familiar.

EN AMI.—William Hinckley, in "The Amazon;" Vernon Steele, in "Silks and Satin," and William Courtleigh, in "Pollyanna;" Richard Travers is not playing now. Yes, an exact likeness of me. Send me another. Well, how would you like to be in the southwestern coast of Persia, where for a month at a time the thermometer never registers below 100 degrees, night and day.

ANTH CILMAN.—Does this mean the end? Yes, it is true that Dempsey is part Indian. Fletcher, in "Prisoners of Love," was not on the cast. Oh yes, it is possible to get foreign current events in this country in less than two weeks. Write me again.

IMA FLIRT.—You say, "The hell for women who are only handsome to look at!" I dont agree with you. Malton Hamilton was Jarvis in "Daddy Long Legs." Edith Storey did play in "The Greatest Profit."

SEXY CITY.—Mary Pickford stands on her feet and so does Gladys Leslie. Thanks, I'll take the tip. Alice Brady is playing in "Little Italy." Gloria Swanson's "Shulamith", has been changed to "Under the Lash."

K. M., New Orleans.—Friendship between women is only a suspension of hostilities. Well, you will see Earl Williams in "The Flower of the North," with Betty Ross Clarke.

ANGELINA.—I cheerfully supply you with the unusual information you desire. The Erie Canal runs between Buffalo and Albany, N. Y., and it is 287 miles long and cost $32,540,800, most of which is said to have been granted. The Florida East Coast Canal is 350 miles long and cost $3,500,000. Edith Roberts, in "Luring Lips," directed by King Baggot. Do write me again.

Etc.—You're right; it is the silent partner who sometimes makes the most noise about running a business. So you saw "The Dancing Fool," for the fourth time. Did he dance as well each time? Of course, I can swim. Who cant? Shirley Mason, in "Queenie," Elsie Ferguson is working on "Varying Shores."

Verse

Corllis 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 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.

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BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Cut out and mail today

WILTON CHEMICAL CO.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

For the enclosed fifty cent coin please send me a box of CORLIS PALMER POWDER.

Name: ____________________________

Street: ____________________________

City and State: ____________________
You Can Win $1,000.00

Answer this Puzzle — Cash Prizes Given

How many objects in the picture above begin with the letter “B”? For instance, there is a boy, broom, basket, etc., and all the other objects are equally clear. See who can find the most. Fifteen cash prizes will be paid for the 15 best lists of words submitted in answer to this puzzle. The person sending in the largest and nearest correct list of words shown in this picture starting with the letter “B” will win first prize; second best, second prize, etc.

Right after dinner this evening, gather all the members of your family together, give each of them a pencil and sheet of paper, and see who can find the most “B-words.” We venture to say you will never have as much fun. You will be surprised to find how large a list of words you can get after a few minutes’ study. Sit down and try it — then send in your list and try for the big prizes.

OBSERVE THESE RULES

1. Any person residing outside of Minneapolis, who is not an employee of the W. M. Rubber Co., may submit an answer. It costs nothing to try.
2. All answers must be mailed by December 28th, 1921.
3. Answers should be written on one side of the paper only and words numbered 1, 2, 3, etc. Write your full name and address on each page in the upper right-hand corner. If you desire to write anything else, use a separate sheet.
4. Only words found in the English dictionary will be counted. Do not use hyphenated, compound or double words. Use either the singular or plural, but where the plural is used the singular cannot be counted, and vice versa.
5. Words of the same spelling can be used only once, even though used to designate different objects. The same object cannot be counted twice. However, any part of the object may also be named.
6. The person having the largest and nearest correct list of names of visible objects shown in the picture that begin with the letter “B” will be awarded first prize, etc. Neatness, style or handwriting have no bearing upon deciding the winners.

The candidates may cooperate in answering the puzzle, but only one prize will be awarded to any one household; nor will prizes be awarded to more than one of any given outside of the family where two or more have been working together.

Here’s the Plan

If your answer wins first prize and you have purchased ONE of our $300 “No-Seam” Combination Hot Water Bottle and Fountain Syringe, you will receive $200 as your prize, instead of $50; second prize, $150; third prize, $100, etc. Or, if your answer wins second prize and you have purchased TWO hot water bottles (in all $600), you will receive $1,000 as your prize, instead of $200; second prize, $400; third prize, $300, etc.

Although it is not necessary to send in an order with your answer, yet every home should have one or two of our “No-Seam” Combination Hot Water Bottles. In case of sickness they are indispensable, and the syringe attachment makes it doubly useful. Made of the highest grade red rubber, molded in one piece; it has no seams and will not leak.

Note the Low Price

Our “No-Seam” Combination Hot Water Bottle and Fountain Syringe is an excellent value for the money. Only $2.00 for the complete outfit, including all attachments.

THE PRIZES

Winning answers will receive prizes as follows:

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Our Guarantee

We guarantee our “No-Seam” Combination Hot Water Bags and Fountain Syringes to be leak proof. If the bag leaks, or if the fittings become imperfect, we will replace the bag free of charge any time within one year.

W. M. RUBBER CO.
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If it did, you would not see stout men and women who eat less than a child of ten. My method lets you eat. But it causes your system to use all your food for blood, bone and sinew. Your new powers of elimination dispose of all waste. Nothing is left from which fat can be made. Ten or fifteen pounds reduction is nothing. For 50, 60, or 75 lbs. I require a little longer. But the result is always the same. A normal figure, remaining flesh firm and smooth, symmetric body and limbs.

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[Mrs.] Grace Horchler,
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Chicago, Ill.

I have reduced 15 lbs. in two lessons and you are free to use my letter.

[Mrs.] Esta Arbaugh,
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FREE PROOF

I have no books to sell. No pamphlets that deal with starvation. But I will reduce you by Nature’s own laws, with pleasing, permanent results.

Fill in coupon below and I’ll send prepaid, free, plainly wrapped, full-size record for your first lesson. Try it five days. That’s all I ask! If you really wish to reduce, here is your chance; make the start today.

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