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Is woman's love greater than man's?
Read what Norma Talmadge and Frank Mayo say on this subject
My wife asked me to do this

Now I offer you a new delight
—an olive oil shampoo

By V. K. CASSADY, B. S., M. S., Chief Chemist

My wife told me she wished someone would invent a shampoo that would not leave hair dry and brittle. She said all women wanted it. And asked me to try my hand—I am chief chemist at Palmolive.

Now I have one—Olive Oil as advised by world authorities on hair beauty.

I should esteem it a favor for you to test it. And then to give me your opinion.

A more gentle way

I found that most shampoos were too harsh; that while they cleaned they took the life and lustre from the hair. Scores of women told me this. And, too, famous specialists of the scalp.

So I set out to perfect a thorough cleanser, yet one mild and gentle, which would leave that dainty sheen which adds so to one's charm.

A scientific creation

Thousands of women, many famous beauties, have written me already. They say results are a revelation.

Your hair clean.
The scalp tingling—dandruff-free and healthy.
Yet—gleamingly, gloriously alive, immediately after a shampoo!

I think you will thank me for offering this scientific way to you.
For Next Month

The Story of Human Hearts...

In her friendship for many of the stars of the motion picture screen, Adele Whitely Fletcher has heard of many kind, generous things they have done. Human things... stopping along their busy ways to give a day to making some little, obscure soul happy. Things which newspaper and magazine reporters never know. To give money when you have money in abundance is no great gift. But to give of yourself when your days are crowded affairs is the greatest charity of all.

Be sure to read Human Hearts. It promises to be one of the most sympathetic stories ever published.

* * *

Confessions—

To give advice is simple and is done by all. But to accept advice graciously and then ignore it still graciously is the test. Read what Harry Carr humorously confesses about the graciousness of the stars when he has had advice to give. The Carr ego has not been so wounded that he has failed to see the lovely humor of the situation. "Confessions of a Yes Man" will delight you.

* * *

Mary Has Pinned Up Her Curls...

And her skirts have come down. "The Street Singer" is the occasion. It finds Miss Pickford as a Spanish dancer under the workmanlike direction of Ernst Lubitsche. The scenes which we will publish from this future production are rich in a rare beauty and an unusual interest.

The September Motion Picture Magazine Is Worth Reserving At Your Newsdealers
COMING!
3 months of great
Paramount

FOR many months Paramount's famous stars, directors, players, dramatists, photographers and screen technicians have been working to give you a giant program of thrilling photoplays for the season of 1923-24.

Any expenditure, any effort, is of little importance to Paramount compared with America's "Well Done!"

Fourteen pictures of that program are listed here—14 pictures full for you of the most vivid life, healthy excitement and glorious adventure, all agleam on the screen by the consummate art of Paramount.

Plan ahead with Paramount again this season and you'll be sure of seeing the best.

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town"
Save the list & ask for the dates

The cream of America's screen entertainment is presented in 14 special Paramount Pictures for the patrons of the finest theatres everywhere

A James Cruze Production
"THE COVERED WAGON"
Adapted by Jack Cunningham. Novel by Emerson Rugh.

Kemma Corporation Presents
"THE PURPLE HIGHWAY"
With Madge Kennedy
Monte Blue, Pedro de Cordoba, Vincent Coleman, Dore Davidson. Adapted by Rufus Steele from the play "Dear Me." By Luther Reed and Hale Hamilton. Directed by Henry Kolker.

The Cosmopolitan Corporation Presents
"THE LOVE PIKER"
with ANITA STEWART

A William deMille Production
"THE MARRIAGE MAKER"
with Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt supported by Charles deRoche, Bobby Agnew, and Mary Astor. Screen play by Clara Beranger, from the play "The Paun" by Edward Knoblock.

A James Cruze Production
"HOLLYWOOD"
By Frank Condon. Adapted by Tom Geraghty. Twenty real stars, forty screen celebrities.

A Zane Grey Production
"TO THE LAST MAN"

An Allan Dwan Production
"LAWFUL LARCENY"
With Hope Hampton, Nita Naldi, Conrad Nagel and Lew Cody. From the play by Samuel Shipman. Adapted by John Lynch.

A Charles Maige Production
"THE SILENT PARTNER"
with Leatrice Joy
Owen Moore and Robert Edeson. From the story by Maximilian Foster. Screen play by Sada Cowan.

A George Fitzmaurice Production
POLA NEGRI in "The Cheat"
With Jack Holt. Supported by Charles deRoche. Adapted by Ouida Berge—er—from the story by Hector Turnbull.

GLORIA SWANSON in
A Sam Wood Production
"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"
Screen version by Sada Cowan. From Charlton Andrews' adaptation of Alfred Savoir's play.

A George Melford Production
"SALOMY JANE"

A James Cruze Production of Harry Leon Wilson's novel
"RUGGLES OF RED GAP"
With a special cast. Adapted by Tom Geraghty.

An Allan Dwan Production
GLORIA SWANSON in "Zaza"
Play by Pierre Berton. Screen play by A. S. LeVino.

THOMAS MEIGHAN in
"All Must Marry"
by George Ade. Directed by Alfred E. Green. Adapted by Tom Geraghty.
"We are advertised by our loving friends"

Mary G. Kennedy, Creston, Iowa.

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Mellin's Food Babies

The use of the Mellin's Food Method of Milk Modification 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 Co., 177 State St., Boston, Mass.
What's In a Name? ---- Enough!

A month or so ago we protested against people's coming to the motion picture when they were invested with nothing in the world which might recommend them but a name . . . a name golden in commercial value.

This month we focus our editorial spotlight upon other instances of a similar nature . . . the purchase of the motion picture rights of musical comedies, for example. Musical comedies are notably devoid of plot or of anything else with silent drama possibilities. They depend upon the pleasant refrain of their songs and the sprightliness of their chorus. But when one or two airs of a musical comedy are hummed, whistled and danced to by an entire nation, that musical comedy possesses a name to be reckoned with. "Irene" is the latest example of this, and what has happened. It has been purchased for filming. And before the story of "Irene" even resembles motion picture material, it will have to be elaborately garnished and 'embellished. The producers knew this. They are not stupid men. Quite the contrary. But the great glittering promise of names with commercial value blinds producers to those other things which promise great gifts to the motion picture drama.

All of which impresses us with the potentialities of the motion picture as an art and a profession and the reality of it as a business and a trade. Oil and water . . . art and commercialism!

Motion Picture Magazine
(Trade-Mark Registered)
Founded by J. Stuart Blackton
AUGUST, 1923
Blackheads are a Confession

Blackheads are a confession that your skin is not getting the care it needs.

Some skins are especially susceptible to blackheads. If your skin has a tendency to be large-pored or oily, or if it is very much exposed to dust and soft coal smoke — then you will find that blackheads have a tendency to form. You will have to use a special method of cleansing in order to overcome this trouble.

This treatment has benefited thousands

Thousands of girls and women, by using this special treatment, have found that they can keep their skin absolutely free from blackheads — fresh and smooth and clear as a child’s in this respect —

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

Use this treatment persistently, and within even a week or ten days you will see a decided improvement. In time this disfiguring trouble will vanish altogether.

Different types of skin need different care

This is only one of the famous treatments given in the booklet, “A Skin You Love to Touch,” which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap. You will find a special treatment for each different type of skin in this booklet.

Get a cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap today, and begin, tonight, the right treatment for your skin. You will be surprised to see how easily you can overcome defects in your complexion — how your skin will gain, day by day, in clearness, softness, brilliance.

Three Woodbury skin preparations — guest-size — for 10 cents

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.
1088 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
For the enclosed 10 cents — Please send me a 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 box of Woodbury’s Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, “A Skin You Love to Touch.”


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Cut out this coupon and send it to us today.
Once again, in memory of the passé family album, we present the family album of the cinema—this in answer to the many requests we have received asking for another gallery of family portraits—

Yes! Doesn't he look like his mother. But we always say little Billy Windsor is almost too good looking for a boy. Claire was a little beauty at his age too, with broad eyes and spun gold hair...
Mabel and Hugo Ballin just would be photographed together. They'd have to be, because they are always together. And after being married over ten years, too. We know. It really isn't modern. Yes, that's right—the costume she wore as Becky Sharp in "Vanity Fair"
No, you'd never doubt the relationship of Glenn and Mrs. Hunter. He gets his eager, questioning look from her. A fine boy, Glenn! No wonder his mother is so proud of him. Oh yes . . . yes indeed, he's devoted to her. Always has been.
This picture was taken when Joseph Talmadge Keaton was about a year old. The whole family worships him. See how unconcerned Natalie is trying to look over her motherhood. But Constance adores him and doesn't care who knows it. They do say that he isn't spoiled even if he is the only baby in the family.
No, it isn’t a studio picture of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leonard. It was taken in their New York apartment—a charming place. Isn’t Mae tiny beside him, tho! And the wifely devotion with which she looks up at him.
It isn't often these days you see a mother and daughter so devoted and companionable as Alice and Mrs. Calhoun. That's quite true. But Mrs. Calhoun has never left Alice's side. When Alice sought the studios, her mother sought them too...buh, buh, they do look alike. Very much!
You'd never have any doubt of the love which awaited Thomasina Mix when you looked at that picture, would you? Just see the way they look at her. We know you'd think no one else ever had a baby. Tom's devotion is enough to make old Tony feel slighted.
Yes, Ruth is growing to look more like her mother as she gets older. But you can see a look of Conrad Nagel in her cute little face, too. Her mother's nose and mouth. And her father's eyes and hair. A darling child.
A youthful Darby and Joan, the Charlie Rays. Don't they look serious there. As tho the entire world rested upon their young shoulders. Yes, it was taken before the fireplace in their charming Beverly Hills home. An attractive picture. Oh, very!
We were interested the other day when a librarian wrote us that a screen version of any classic or novel immediately created a great demand for that particular work. She continued to say that since the motion picture producers had taken to filming the fine things which have come to us down thru the years, more discriminate reading had been done than ever before. And now Richard Walton Tully is bringing "Trilby" to the screen. It should be an interesting and artistic film-drama. And we here give due warning to booksellers and librarians to feature Du Maurier's "Trilby" on their book-shelves.

In Anticipation of "Trilby"

André Lafayette was imported from France to play Trilby. Mr. Tully anticipated difficulty in securing anyone for this rôle but as soon as he saw Miss Lafayette he knew his problem was solved.

Creighton Hale plays Little Billy
Arthur Edmund Carew plays Svengali
Wilfrid Lucas is The Laird
Phil McCullough is Taffy
and Gecko is impersonated by Francis McDonald.
We kissed them good-bye too soon, it seems. The truth is that the topping sensation of this season, on the screen, has been the work of a trio of girls who had been abandoned with a sigh by the talent as "thru."

They were Blanche Sweet, Dorothy Gish and Bessie Love.

With Blanche Sweet it was a case of an extraordinary personality that had to struggle to find itself.

With Dorothy Gish, it was a case of not being able to find stories to express her unique type of genius.

With Bessie Love it was a case of smothering a great emotional actress in sweet Pollyanna rôles. Imagine anyone who would have committed the artistic crime of putting the late Clara Norris out as a Pollyanna or of trying to make an emotional actor out of DeWolf Hopper.

What they did with Bessie Love was worse than that.

Good average talent has a pretty good chance of being fitted into the right niche in a studio. Genius is likely to wander far and in bitter loneliness. Rarely does genius find a director with enough sympathetic imagination to guide it.

That's why Charlie Chaplin has to work alone.

That's why Blanche Sweet wrecked her health and floundered down to the edge of oblivion as an actress.

She is the most remarkable personality I have ever met in any studio.

If I believed in reincarnation, I would feel sure that in Blanche Sweet, old Eric the Red—the Viking—lived again the same fierce unconquerable loyalties—the same burning spirit—the same unconquerable eagle heart and the same suggestion of mysticism.

And if you can imagine old Eric the Red bound in fetters and compelled to play tame rôles to suit the tastes of ladies' aid societies, you can get a hint of what was the matter with Blanche Sweet.

She was fitted into the wrong place in life from the very beginning. She should have been the daughter of an Arctic explorer, born on an ice flow in the middle of a hurricane. Possibly owing to the baleful influence of the ice, she was born instead in a theatrical atmosphere.

Her mother was a dancer.

Blanche told me that the first thing she remembered in her life was being taken to a theater to see her mother dancing. While she was still a baby, she went on in a child's part. I believe it was in "Blue Jeans."

One of her early experiences was playing Little Eva in one of the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" shows that used to tour the hick circuits in a tent.

While a very young girl, she was dancing with Gertrude Hoffman. Griffith wanted a girl to dance in one of his early Biograph pictures; Blanche Sweet answered the call—and straightway became a movie actress. That was the day of the Gish girls, Mary Pickford and Mabel Normand.

Early in her career, Blanche (and Griffith) gave to the world a picture that still stands as a high-water mark for motion pictures; this was "Judith of Bethulia" which in many respects has remained thru the years without
a rival. Blanche Sweet walked thru it like a magnificent blonde goddess. 

Again in the "Escape" she scored one of the unforgettable triumphs of the screen. 

Some time thereafter, she left the management of Griffith and fell into the hands of other directors. 

Oddly enough this was the common experience of all three of these girls. They triumphed under Griffith and stepped down and out when they went to other directors. 

All this talk that Griffith hypnotizes them is "bunk," of course. The truth is that he is an intensely sympathetic artist—a handler of thoroughbreds. He knows how to get the best out of sensitive high-strung people. 

A race horse makes a poor milk wagon nag. 

Blanche Sweet went to other studios and her soul struggle began. She fretted in the harness. 

She had one of these strange complexes that come into the souls of people in whom burn the fires of genius. I doubt if she knew herself what the matter was. But it was pretty awful for the poor boneheads who were trying to make pictures with her. She insulted everybody on the lot that she didn't like, including the newspaper critics who came to interview her. She had the producers wringing their hands most of the time. 

There was a period in her life when she seemed to hate herself and everybody else. Her sensitive regal face wore an expression of tragic desperation. She used to ride around town in a high-powered car driven by the wildest chauffeur who ever burst into Hollywood. When her friends told her she would be killed, she said she didn't care; she had no desire to live. It was a very sensitive soul struggling to find itself and beating at the bars. 

She grew sick and looked old and drawn. There was a time when it really seemed as tho this girl, whom Griffith pronounced the one great genius of the screen, was thru. 

I saw Blanche the other (Continued on page 102)

Photograph by De Gaston

As the street musician in "Hearts of the World," Dorothy Gish played the most brilliant piece of business that has been seen on the screen. After that for three years she was lost in mediocre comedies. But she has come into her own, again as the English barmaid with Dick Barthelmess in "Fury"
In The Tall Forests

Posed by Pat O'Malley at Banff, Canada, during the filming of "The Master of Woman"
A private car may be the acme of luxury on tour, but it is far from ideal... especially when it takes you from the dense crowds of one one-night stand to the greater crowds of another one-night stand. However, brief interludes are permitted in New York in order that countless business details may be given the necessary attention. It is then that Mr. and Mrs. Valentino may enjoy their own home... for the first time, you might say, remembering the court's decree which made two apartments a necessity after only a few months of a honeymoon.

Work to do... friendships... and love... What greater gifts may be found within the rainbow's span? These are the things which color the Valentinos' days... the only black cloud looming on the horizon is the injunction which threatens to keep Valentino off the screen for over a year.
Mr. and Mrs.

(With Apologies to Briggs)

Exclusive Photographs by
Russel E. Ball

At Home, Between Tours. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Valentino. . . .
Nor is home a palatial dwelling wherein a corps of servants
stand in the pomp of livery, a place of marble halls—rather, a
large, comfortable apartment in the convenient, central 60's
. . . brightened by those things which make of four walls a
home . . . soft lights, books, a wide hearth and great chairs
and chintzes. . . .
The Question of Attraction
Try to understand men, says Seena Owen to Janet Reid

SEENA OWEN has developed. Now, this is not always the case. Beauty frequently retards development in other paths than those of pulchritude. But Seena has not been so retarded. Her recent work shows progress. It shows the truth. It may be that she has grown two years older, and wiser. It may be because she has had personal trouble. It may be because her little girl is growing up, and a little growing-up girl is a responsibility, as every woman knows. Whatever the reason, the interesting fact remains.

And speaking of her little girl, Seena says that she is a reproduction of herself. Feature for feature, characteristic for characteristic, and coloring for coloring.

I asked her if she would want her little girl to be on the screen when she grows up.

"I shan't put any obstacle in her way," Seena said, "if she really and truly wants to be an actress—when she grows up. But neither shall I influence her, not even by the power of suggestion and association while she is little. It must come from her, from her inner, authentic self, when she is mature enough to make serious decisions.

"She has never been inside of a studio. She never will be if I can prevent it, while she is small. I want to keep her a baby for as long as I can. I want her to keep her illusions, her world of Make-Believe, her belief in fairies, her faith in Santa Claus. Children who frequent studios and theaters are not children very long. They acquire sophistication and lose naïveté. The dearest thing about a child is trustfulness and joy in little things."

From children we retrogressed to the moot subjects of men and matrimony, and I asked Seena if she would ever marry again. She gave me a swift and definite negative. She (Continued on page 91)
Dear Dick

“The Fighting Blade” is the next Barthelmess production. It finds Dick as a lad of England in the days of Oliver Cromwell.
Women’s Work in Motion Pictures

By

FREDERICK VAN VRANKEN

IT would be edifying for everyone to ponder long and thoughtfully on the disappearance of that vast army of humble, swooning, pining, legless ladies of yesteryear, whose chief joy lay in their darning-eggs and their gold-handled buttonhole scissors, and whose chief intellectual activities were concentrated on the intricate problems of tatting and filet crochet.

For there is no longer any doubt that these fragile females have vanished—like Villon’s vieges d’autan—irrevocably and forever. Only a haunting memory of them remains. And from their pallid ashes has risen, phoenix-like, a new woman—a new genus almost—who bears only a vague physiological resemblance to her sedentary sister of yore.

This modern female of the species, following the laws of biological differentiation and conformity, has perfectly adapted herself to present-day conditions; and in the process she has evolved a sturdy resistance to both physical and psychic shock. She neither trembles with joy when you give her a smile, nor does she weep when you give her a frown. As for blushing—well, try and make her! Furthermore, she has grown a pair of legs, and quite boldly displays other anatomical arcs, parabolas and hyperboles which the elegant and refined damsel of yesterday so assiduously hid from the roving masculine eye.

But—above all—she has developed an active, competent brain with a marked capacity for generating ideas. She has cultivated commercial talents; she has acquired creative ability; she has mastered various learned professions; and she has become self-supporting. In short, she has met man on an equal footing, and has taken her place among the foremost constructive workers of the world.

In a recent symposium of the twelve greatest living American women, selected by the National League of Women Voters, the occupations which were represented included politics, astrology, painting, literature, economics, anatomy, natural history, education, music and acting. And yet this list, tho full and varied, is very far from being complete. Many of the most important achievements of the modern woman are not even included.
The New Motion Picture

A Series of Searching Articles Showing the Constant Efforts of the Moving Picture to Re-Creaté Nature and Life as We Actually Experience It

I. THE TELEVIEW

By

HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

Of the many thrills that enlivened my boyhood days, one stands out with vivid distinctness. As I recall it now, not a little of the original "kick" comes back with the recollection. I cannot help recalling with a certain amount of wistfulness the ravishing odor of candle grease and drying Christmas tree greens. For it was very early Christmas morning. And I had come down to see what Santa had brought me and stood there shivering from the cold and mingled emotions, when my eye fell on a pasteboard box about a foot long. It looked mysterious. I removed the red ribbon with trembling fingers and a rapidly beating heart. Within was excelsior—only wonderful things were wrapped in excelsior! I was further ecstatically tantalized to find the object inclosed in tissue paper. Each of these barriers heightened my imagination to a quite alarming state, and enhanced the value of the gift out of its true proportions.

The wonderful present proved to be a stereopticon. It consisted of a wooden canopy shaped to fit the brow and shade the eyes. You held it to your face and looked thru two windows of slightly magnifying glass at pictures which were set in a sliding cross-piece and regulated according to your astigmatism, or lack of it. The peculiar part of it was, that there were two pictures side by side on the picture card; one differing identical with the other.

One gets a real thrill when moving objects are set in motion, coming directly toward the spectator, as they are shown in the drawing above. They actually leap from the screen. The result is uncanny. One shrinks back for an instant to avoid what must prove a disastrous impact. The illusion is perfect.

Some mistake must have been made in the pictures they had sent me, likewise a sense of dreadful waste! If they had only put two different pictures on each card, I would have had twice as many! The pictures were photographs of noteworthy scenes the world over. There was the Brooklyn Bridge, I remember, with the low skyline of buildings in the background of New York of the eighties; there was a chamois standing on a mountain crag, with a breath-taking abyss beside him and other mountains in the background; and some hunters standing with their dogs in an open field, with a wood in the background. In other words, I remember, that there was always a foreground and a background in every picture, with distinct "air spaces" intervening between the two.

If for one moment, I had had any doubts of a possible commonplaceness in my stereopticon and its "views," they immediately vanished when I looked thru the little windows and saw every object standing out both as big and as thick as life! I could actually see behind each object! By this, I mean objects did not appear as objects usually do when drawn on a flat surface, like so many facsimile shadows, but they actually had body, length, breadth and thickness and were actually separate from other objects around them. Why, you could actually feel the nearness of the near objects and calculate the distance of those far away.

It was as tho each object in the picture had been cut out and
stood up separately and accurately in relative distance one from the other.

This magical toy has never yet ceased to thrill and delight me. It brought ordinary scenes to life, or at least it lacked one essential which seemed too audacious for me to conjecture even—motion! Add motion to our three-dimension picture and the magic would be complete—for, bear in mind that objects were magnified to the normal dimensions in which they would be perceived by the naked eye, known as "life-size."

Well, this magic picture—which seemed too blasphemous for my boyish mind to consider possible—has come into being, like so many other undreamed-of wonders, in this Age of Invention in which we are living open-mouthed. The Moving Picture Stereopticon is here! They call it—possibly for the same reason that a living apartment in a more or less high building is called a "Flat"—the Teleview. That name has numbed thousands of potential patrons into a state of innocuous disinterestedness.

However, altho a name may give a thing a black eye, it can't hurt it if its character is good and sound. Call it even Teleview and the virtue of the device will survive.

It is human nature and cupidity in the crowd that makes it shrink from novelties of progress—especially if they have to dip their hands into their pockets and contribute a few cents to support the idea at a critical moment; while this same crowd, propelled by the same human nature, will flock en masse to witness some act of decadence—such as fire, murder or suicide—admission free! At the recent showing of the Teleview in one of New York's big theaters, the public showed considerable interest over it—only when they had read the publicity stuff about it they yawned and went to bed, instead of going to see it and catering to their better faculties. Several of the passholders in the seat behind me showed that rare good taste so often exhibited by pass-holders—and all other people who get good things for nothing—by sneering audibly during the performance and, on leaving, announcing in scornful tones that the whole show was rotten.

There is probably something to be said on both sides. Restricting ourselves to the Teleview process of projection, I must acknowledge having witnessed a really marvelous exhibition. When we step aside from the invention proper and touch upon the judgment and skill of those responsible for the selection and production of "the first moving picture to be produced in three dimensions," then I too must join those who remarked that there was surely something rotten in Teleview's Denmark.

The picture-play was called "M-A-R-S." From scenario to directing, and directing to acting, it was among the worst ten pictures I ever saw, and that is saying a great deal. To mention names in this instance is to call names. They have suffered enough.

But the point remains, that Teleview suffered a great deal unjustly. The critics went and their odioriferous opinion of the picture made them dub the whole performance as being one and the same piece of cheese. Honest, interested spectators came and had their sincere enthusiasm numbed by an hour and a half's boredom. Outside, were thousands upon thousands of credulous people who would have been willing to go to see Teleview, and kill two movie birds with one stone as it were, by seeing this wonderful new process and a good picture at the same time—if the picture had been only as bad as the average. So their scientific end was excellent, but their artistic end was not. Because of this error—oh, so common!—in artistic judgment and execution, thousands of people may not see this wonderful new process so soon as they might otherwise have done so.

The reason for all this is simple. Teleview picture making is costly from beginning to end. A special camera is necessary, a special method in the processes between exposure and projection, and, finally, in seeing the pictures on the screen it is necessary for each individual spectator to look thru what corresponds to our former stereopticon, which consists of two little windows within which passes a revolving shutter operated by a tiny motor. Here's the rub—both in the matter of enormous expense to the producer, and also in that of training the spectator to use his comfort and savoir.

(Continued on)
John Barrymore, the toast of every débutante and every sub-deb in New York City, is coming again to the screen. Let there be rejoicing. For John Barrymore is greater than a matinée idol ... he is one of the greatest of our living artists. Already he has given fine things to the screen. There was Sherlock Holmes as he is pictured on the left. And there was the unforgettable Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in which his dual rôle is held as one of the finest performances the screen has ever known. It is as the evil, sinister Hyde that he is seen above. At present he is vacationing in the Old World. But the late summer or early autumn will find him under the Kleig lights of the Warner Brothers studio, characterizing Beau Brummell. Camera! Mr. Barrymore. . .
Before We Knew Them

Even at an early age, Dick Bartholomew went in for character studies. No insipid, pretty pose for Dick. Rather a sailor-boy, and with a stout rope in his hands... A prophecy perhaps of the later characterizations which were to bring him stardom...

Richard Dix above—and in swaddling clothes. But, tiny atom of humanity that he seems, we have no doubt his mother dreamed of Richard Dix the man, of broad physique and his name one to be reckoned with...

The years have not robbed Alec Francis of a resemblance to the boy he used to be... he looked essentially the same after eight summers as he looks now in the winter of life...

Was there ever a sweeter child than Betty Compson? We stop to call attention to the big baby eyes and the chubby ringed hands...
Presenting some interesting pictures resurrected from old trunks and plush albums

Hobart Bosworth, at five, also found life a serious affair. But then no matter what problems come in later years, nothing in the world can ever hope to be so serious as having your photograph taken as a boy of five. After all . . .

Judging by the above picture of Harold Lloyd, he might have grown up into a tragedian or a professor or something frightfully serious . . . certainly not one of the leading fun-makers of the civilized world . . .

In the little town of Chadwick, New York, Louise Chadwick and her daughter, Helene, were of the town’s elect. And now, grown to young womanhood, Helene has added further laurels to the family name.

Natalie, Constance and Norma . . . of the House of Tal-madge. And even in infancy, Constance’s eyes gave promise of the Highway of Hearts she would walk. Little did anyone dream in those old days that this would be one of the first of thousands and thousands of photographs taken of these three little girls . . .
We ask you to look at the little girl on the left... prim in her starched white frock, with her doll on her arm and spring flowers in her hand. Who would have dreamed that she would grow up to be one of the screen's exotic, silken creatures... Gloria Swanson. You never can tell!

Then, at the right, is Frank Mayo at the very mature age of eight years. Even then, Frank wore a Thespian air. Families do make a difference and the Mayo family was always of the theater.

We thought perhaps there had been a mistake and that the little girl at the left was Dorothy Gish at two years old. But the caption sent with the picture was correct. It is Lillian. Lillian... with an impish twinkle in her eye and a mischievous tilt to the curly head resting on her plump hand...
Songs of the Shadows

JUST AROUND THE CORNER
BY FAITH BALDWIN

JUST around the corner stands the picture house of dreams,
On rainy nights a golden light from out the wide door streams,
And makes a little pool of gilt upon the wet, black street,
And shines like laughter on our path to lure our tired feet.
Oh, enter in the house and mark how, when the lights are low,
Your little dreams, your darling dreams, across the screen will go,
They march across the screen for you, and for the Girl-Next-Door,
And bring you back to gallant youth and tried, true love once more.
The silver screen's a magic thing, a thing of subtle wiles,
It leads you to the Child-You-Were by roads of tears and smiles,
And for a little, lovely space you sit there and forget
That in the world are rainy nights—and sorrow—and regret...

JACKIE COOGAN
BY W. J. HOLLIDAY

O Jackie, there are countless ways
In which the world may hear of you;
Each generation yields its praise
To those who pattern something new.
I know not what the years may hold
For you, on whom Dame Fortune smiled:
Director, writer, hero bold,
I'll say I knew you as a child.

TO DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS
IN ROBIN HOOD
BY GEORGE F. DELL

Of old we found this treasured heritage
Inscribed alone upon the printed page;
But now, O Robin, you have brought your men
To swarm the glades of Sherwood once again.
Thru all the quilted countryside they throng
Avenging innocence, and righting wrong;
Would you much mind it, Robin, if you knew
That with your motley band we journey too?

For we, decreed by drabdest destiny
To know the tedium of toil alone,
Envision in your matchless pageantry
A lovely beauty we have never known.
Life's truth for beauty we would gladly trade
If beauty could fulfill this promise made.

THE STATIC SCREEN
BY GRETCHEIN DICK

You conjure up in image fair
Without the spoken word to hear
You flash us joy or darkening care
Sing silent songs in accents clear.
Sans word of mouth in vital scene
You paint life's color and romance
And show upon the static screen
The whirling world in charmed dance.
Resplendent youth you show us too—
From cradle days to sweet old age
From quaint old fashion to the new
You reproduce life's vivid page!

You show us faithful days in June
As backdrop when young lovers meet
Above still water shines the moon
Across the radiant silver sheet.
And then again the peaceful life
With happiness beyond compare
Sometimes there's battle's thundering strife,
With warriors brave who do or dare.
Real hero men both tried and true,
Dream women of a beauty rare
Again our old time faith renew
As you build castles in the air!

CLIMAXES
BY CLARENCE E. FLYNN

We live thru drab, prosaic days
That slowly come and go;
(Continued on page 86)
When you see "Under the Red Robe" on the screen, the scenes will have the color and atmosphere of France in the year 1630. But this is how one of the huge Urban settings looked to the Motion Picture Magazine artist from behind the cameras. Incidentally, the scenes were so large that they were filmed in one of the large armories instead of in the studios. The men on the scaffolding are handling the huge "spots," while far below may be seen the director and cameraman watching two of the actors rehearse the next scene.
Directors must know many things... all the things their actors know and, particularly, all the things their actors don't know. So the director of "Under the Red Robe" stops the cameras while he gives a few moments' instruction in fencing.

Between the scenes, Richelieu of France in the year 1630 may not have had a Japanese valet but the Richelieu of the Klieg lights in the year 1923 finds one a great comfort. Then at the right you see the camera batteries in action. While a fifteenth century guard looks wearily on, waiting to hear the director call: "You there. Get in there and fill in that space up stage left." And the cameras grind on and on and on...

Something has happened to the lights. And the guards of the King and the guards of the Cardinal cease warring furiously to join in friendship and song around an old prop piano. But the director's "Lights! Camera! Action!" will bring them to swords' points again. Oh! it's great to be in the movies.
Susie Takes A Chance

By

LUCIAN CARY

Illustrated by Douglas Ryan

What Has Gone Before

Susie Treadwell, an unusually beautiful girl earning fifteen dollars a week in a small town bookstore, decides to go to New York to seek success as she hopes to realize her ambition to act. She leaves behind her Clay Newton, artistic photographer, who has not the courage to break away from the bookstore. Susie arrives in New York with twenty-eight dollars, and after finding a place to live succeeds in securing a position as secretary to a delightful young playwright. For three weeks things run smoothly, then one day she goes to work and discovers Philip Garner has vanished without paying her. Susie tries to find a new position but fails to do so. Forced to give up her room she goes to sit on a bench in Bryant Park wondering what she will do next. Suddenly she realizes that she has been followed by a young man in a Rolls-Royce car. He approaches, presents his card and tells her that he might be able to give her an unusually good job. Susie is interested. It is because she resembles a certain movie actress who wishes to disappear for three months that Susie is asked to impersonate her during that time and receive one hundred dollars a week for doing it. Susie meets Magda Basarov, the actress, and, liking her, promises to do as they wish.

THE THIRD INSTALMENT

Susie went, the night after Magda Basarov sailed for Paris, to a dinner-party at Muriel Harcourt's. Magda had insisted.

"Muriel Harcourt knows everybody worth knowing in New York. I'm flattered that she should ask me. I only met her once. You must go for me— as me—and do me proud so that she will ask me again when I come back?"

Susie had chosen a dress of black silk, a dress with a tight bodice and a full skirt, without the slightest addition of color. She wore no ornament, except a rope of curiously carved silver beads, very old. She was bound to be distinguished, to impress Muriel Harcourt.

The dinner was a small one, and Susie was by now so sure in her part that playing it among people who had not known Magda well gave her only a faint, zestful fear. But afterward other guests began to arrive. Susie found herself watching the doorway a little anxiously. What if some one who knew Magda Basarov intimately should come in? Susie told herself that she was silly to think of such a chance, or to fear it if it should occur. Magda had warned her that she knew very few people in New York and none of these were likely to be at Muriel Harcourt's. But Susie had a list of people whom she feared, a list she had learned by heart along with a memory picture of each member of the list, studied from photographs, and she could not help examining each new arrival to see if he or she corresponded with her mental image of any of the persons on the list. None of them did. Susie began consciously to relax.

Then with a little involuntary intake of breath, she found herself staring at a tall young man who stood in the doorway. Muriel Harcourt was talking to him as if he were an old friend of hers and one she was glad to see. Susie watched out of the corner of her eye for the moment when Muriel Harcourt should cease gossiping with him and bring him round to introduce him. With an effort Susie sank back in her chair and achieved the calm pose of Magda Basarov. At last the moment came. She felt, rather than saw, Muriel Harcourt and the young man approach. She looked up at them. The young man was Philip Garner.

"How nice," he was saying, "to meet you, Miss Basarov."

Susie offered her hand. He hadn't the least notion that he was shaking hands with his former secretary. He was completely without suspicion. The knowledge steadied Susie. Besides, Muriel Harcourt was, Susie could see, already considering which of her guests did not know Philip Garner.

"May I come back?" he asked.

Susie smiled at him.

"Do," she said cordially.

She watched him as Muriel Harcourt took him round to introduce him to Christabel Parker, the comedienne. He wasn't the sort of man who would sail for England without notifying his secretary, or paying her salary. There had been some mistake—somebody had blundered. Failed to carry out his orders, misunderstood. She would not hold him responsible until, or unless, she discovered he was responsible. That was the simple principle of the law: a man was innocent until proved guilty. But wasn't it incredible that he hadn't recognized her? Then Susie remembered her red hair. Of course she remembered her with red hair, too. And now her hair was black; it was the hair of Magda Basarov. And her clothes! Of course Mr. Garner had never seen her in evening dress—and Susie had a little thrill of gratitude to Magda Basarov for going away, and leaving her. Susie Treadwell, to wear her magnificent clothes.

And now Susie saw him working his way back to her. He smiled as he came nearer. Susie liked his smile.
With an effort, Susie sank back in her chair and achieved the calm pose of Magda Basarova. At last the moment came. She looked up as Muriel Harcourt and the young man approached. The man was Philip Garner.
Susie had chosen a dress of black silk, a dress with a tight bodice and a full skirt without the slightest addition of color. She wore no ornament except a rope of curiously carved silver beads, very old. She was bound to be distinguished, to impress Muriel Harcourt exactly like the one with which Magda Basarow would have received such a remark.

"Yes," he said. "You reminded me in some subtle way of a girl——" he hesitated, stammered, and then smiled at himself in the way he had, the way that Susie remembered so well. "I lost," he finished.

"Oh," said Susie. And then, to hide her confusion, she selected a cigarette from the silver box on the small stand beside her chair, and with a movement as deliberate as Magda Basarow's own, she lighted it and took a slow, deep puff. "There is," she thought to herself, "some use in smoking, after all."

"She was," Philip Garner continued, "an extraordinarily good-looking person. She——well, to be quite frank, she looked extraordinarily like you."

His smile was almost shy.

"You know," he said, when he had found a chair and moved it over beside her, "you gave me a shock tonight."

Susie looked at him inquiringly.

"I?" she said, with a little gesture, a gesture garden is pleasant and quiet. He rose to his feet.

"Wont you?" he asked.

Susie nodded, and together they slipped out of one of the French windows that gave on the small formal garden at the back of the house. Mr. Garner found a seat where they could sit facing the drawing-room windows, themselves in the shadow. He lit a cigarette and settled himself comfortably.

"You see," he began, "I dictate most of my stuff direct on the typewriter. I'd just lost my secretary—the good ones are always leaving you to take a better job or to get married or something—and I decided to advertise for one. I wrote what I thought was a rather clever ad—one that would eliminate the sort of girl that is too stupid to do literary stuff and the sort of girl that you just don't want around—girls with literary ambitions and that sort. Well, I got the usual run all the same. All except this girl. I knew the moment she came into the room that I wanted her. I didn't care whether she made a good secretary or not—I wanted to know her. I'd have hired her if she'd never seen a typewriter and couldn't spell 'cat.' I fell for her at sight. And the funny part of it is—she was the best secretary I ever had in my life. Her name, by the way, was Susie Treadwell."
"Oh," said Susie, with a little gasp. "What," Mr. Garner cried, "you dont know her?" "Oh, no," Susie cried. "I was just exclaiming over the coincidence—you know, that a girl you chose because you happened to like her looks should prove a good secretary.

"It was more than her looks," said Mr. Garner. "She was a thoryl nice girl—and just as keen and eager as they make 'em."

"A rough diamond," Susie suggested. "Rough nothing," said Mr. Garner. "She wasn't sophisticated in the Broadway-Hollywood sense perhaps. But she knew how to wear her clothes and—well, she was just as nice as she could be."

Mr. Garner paused and puffed at his cigarette. "Of course," he continued, "the truth is I fell in love with her—head over heels."

"Oh," said Susie. "Of course," he went on, "she didn't suspect it or—well—anyway—you understand—I hadn't told her I loved her—I hadn't made love to her—not in the least. I suppose she knew I was happy to be with her. But she couldn't possibly have suspected how much I cared about her."

"But what happened?" Susie asked. "An accident," he said. "A whole combination of accidents. Barlow was sending his man Caswell over to London to take a look at a piece by some new writer they were putting on over there. And at the last minute Caswell got ptomaine poisoning and couldn't go. Barlow begged me to take his place—he had a stateroom on the Berengaria for that afternoon—passports—everything. It couldn't wait, you see—somebody had to be there for the first night to nail the piece if it was a success. So I said I'd go. I had just an hour and a half to pack my luggage and get to the pier. My secretary had gone for the day—I'd let her off when Barlow called me over. And come to find out, I hadn't her address or telephone number—I didn't know where she lived or anything about her except that she's just come on from a little town out West—in Indiana, I think. So I wrote her a note and a check for three weeks' salary and put them in an envelope and put the envelope on the mantel where she'd be sure to see it in the morning."

He paused moodily. "Yes," said Susie. "I got back this afternoon and my envelope was still sitting on the mantel—just where I'd left it."

"So she never got it?"

"No," said Mr. Garner explosively, "and what's more there wasn't a line from her—not a word. The janitor said she'd been there the morning after I left asking for me. But he didn't know who she was and so he didn't pay much attention to her, I suppose."

"But how did you expect her to get into your apartment?" Susie cried. She remembered again the vivid disappointment of that morning—how suddenly everything that she had banked on had gone out of her life. "I thought of course the maid would be there as usual. But she—knowing I had sailed—just didn't show up. She says she did—she's a colored girl who comes in to get breakfast in the morning and do me up—you know—but of course she's lying."

Mr. Garner paused while he lit a fresh cigarette. "I don't know why I'm telling you all this—except that I can't think about anything else. You see I've got to find that girl and I haven't the least notion how to go about it. It isn't as if I could call in the police!"

Susie considered. For one fleeting moment she was under the temptation to tell Mr. Garner how very little farther he need look for the girl he had lost. Only she wasn't free to tell him that she wasn't Magda Basarov but Susie Treadwell. And besides she liked the situation quite too well as it was.
“Couldn’t you put an advertisement in the personal columns?” she asked.

“I’ve thought of that,” he said. “But I can’t do that. You know how the newspapers watch their own personal ads for stories. Some reporter would notice this and first thing you know he’d have it all traced back to me. That would be most embarrassing for her. And perhaps for me.”

“Of course it would make a perfectly good newspaper story,” Susie said.

“I can just see the headlines,” Mr. Garner said bitterly. “Young playwright loses perfect girl. Advertises to find red haired—”

“Siren,” Susie interjected.

“Yes,” said Mr. Garner bitterly.

“Oh, of course,” Susie cried, “she’s likely to call on you sometime—she knew you had sailed for England, or at least she knows it by now.”

“But she undoubtedly thinks I skipped without paying her on purpose,” Mr. Garner cried. “Dont you see: on Thursday we did several hours’ work together. On Friday—or was it Saturday?—it doesn’t matter about the day—anyway the next day she comes to work as usual and I’ve gone—vamooseed—and haven’t left her any word—I’ve run off without mentioning the little detail of the salary I owe her. If she were going to do anything about it she’d have turned it over to a lawyer before now.”

Susie shook her head.

“I don’t see anything to do but wait—unless you believe in telepathy.”

“Of course you’re right,” he admitted. “There’s nothing to do but wait and see what happens. Only I want to see her now.”

Susie laughed.

“Of course you do,” she said softly.

“And you know,” said Mr. Garner with a sudden burst of candor, “I’ve always laughed at love at first sight—all that sort of thing. And I don’t really know that I’m in love with this girl—permanently. One reason I want to see her so much is just to find out if I am as much in love with her as I think I am.”

Susie laughed out loud.

“What’s funny about that?” Mr. Garner asked.

Susie reflected soberly.

“After all,” she said, “I don’t believe there’s anything funny about your attitude except that you admit it so frankly. It’s—it’s a bit of anti-climax, tho, don’t you think?”

“How so?”

“Why,” Susie cried, “you’ve led me out here to tell me of the awful trick fate has played you—how you fell in love with the perfect girl and lost her. And then, when you’ve got my sympathies, you turn round and say: ‘Of course I don’t really know whether I cared anything about her or not.’”

“Of course I care about her,” Mr. Garner cried. “I care more about her than any other girl I’ve ever known.”

“Only—,” she suggested wickedly.

“Only I don’t know whether—whether it’s the thing that every man waits for—or not.”

“Of course,” Susie said. “I understand perfectly—I was only trying to tease you a little.”

“How could I know whether it was the real thing or not—I’d never even held her hand.”

Susie shook her head with mock solemnity.

“Of course you couldn’t—possibly,” she said.

“Well,” said Mr. Garner belligerently, “I couldn’t.”

“I agree with you perfectly,” Susie said. “And now don’t you think we’d better go back to the house?”

“No,” said Mr. Garner, “I’d rather stay here.”

Susie looked up. She could see the stars thru the

(Continued on page 96)
That’s Out

Pertinent Paragraphs

By Tamar Lane

Now We Have Stars A La Carte

The brokers have their stock exchange, the business men their commercial ratings, the farmers their crop reports. Now the screen has a starring exchange of its own. It’s in a popular restaurant in Hollywood—a unique place for such an institution. Here’s how it works: The café has fancy sandwiches on its menu and each is named after some famous film star. For instance, Gloria Swanson sandwich sells for 40 cents, a little below par in price, her last pictures have not been so good; Pola Negri sandwich is menu card and its fluctuations in prices along with the orders given by its patrons you have the best little barometer of star popularity I know of. In one item the management has been a shortsighted, however. They neglected to tie up the names of a certain few stars with a selection of cheese sandwiches.

Why Not?

While the producers are so busy giving us historical films based on the lives of some individuals whom we never heard of and others whom we have heard of but don’t give a button about, why doesn’t someone make a picture of the life of one of the most dramatic and interesting characters that ever lived—Napoleon.

Is The Public Attitude Changing?

Is the old style, handsome and flawless movie hero beginning to lose out in the favor of the theatergoers? If straws show which way the wind blows, then it looks that way. Public sentiment has expressed itself strangely in two big Los Angeles events during the past two weeks. At the opening of the new million-dollar Metropolitan theater in L. A. last month a score of screen stars were presented on the stage to the audience of 3,000 persons gathered. Among the stars introduced were Bryant Washburn, Herbert Rawlinson, Harold Lloyd, Jackie offered at 65 cents, a high rating and a little inflated in value, no doubt, few bids are noted at this price and the stock is expected to drop shortly. Mae Murray sandwich is selling heavily at 50 cents, par value. A lot of buyers are going short on the Valentino sandwich, quoted at 60 cents, probably because of his long absence from the screen. There is a big demand for Nita Naldi salad at 45 cents and a sharp rise is expected in this stock, while Mary Pickford salad just seems to hold its own at par. And so it goes. This hostelry is quite a rendezvous in Hollywood for both film fans and the players themselves and by simply

Another moss-covered axiom of the silent drama has gone to smithereens. They insisted that once a player had left the screen for any definite period of time it would be impossible for him to regain his old-time popularity
Coogan, Hobart Bosworth, Lew Cody, Douglas Mac-lean, Bull Montana, Antonio Moreno and many others.

Now which of these would you expect to be greeted with the greatest applause? The first guess would probably be Jackie Coogan. Wrong. The next guess would no doubt be Harold Lloyd. Wrong again. After Lloyd it would be merely a matter of guess work but the last one to be guessed would undoubtedly be Hobart Bosworth. Nevertheless the introduction of Bosworth brought forth an expression of approval from the Metropolitan audience which completely out-noised that given to any other star. Strange public symptom number one.

At the Wampas Frolic given in Hollywood this month another batch of stars was introduced to the public. Did Anita Stewart, Viola Dana, Guy Bates Post, Leatrice Joy, Lois Wilson, or any of the established favorites get the biggest reception from the gathering? They did not. The man who brought the house down even to the extent of cheers was Ernest Torrence. The demonstration given him was spontaneous and overwhelming.

In the name of public sentiment, what does this mean?

It's Too Much

One of the saddest and most heart-rending scenes in the films is the one where the poor heroine stands looking into the bakeshop window, starved for want of a crust of bread, while the sun beautifully lights up her fifty dollar head-dress as she presses her well-manicured fingers against the pane of glass. Production was delayed at one of the Hollywood studios last month when a beautiful cinema queen positively refused to travel into the desert to make some deserted island scenes unless the company took along a maid, a hair-dresser, a bathtub and a private chef.

There are certain well-defined standards in connection with the making of films concerning the "underworld" which must be borne in mind at all times and never departed from in lieu of the fact that to do so would mean the displaying of a certain amount of originality, a thing greatly to be avoided if you wish to take out a directors union card. Remember, for instance, that in an under-world picture every gang of crooks must have a cellar for their plots. There is no way out of it. There must be a cellar or there can be no picture. In the cellar there must be a candle stuck in a bottle in the center of the room. For seating purposes the only articles allowed by code book are boxes strewn carelessly but artistically about the cellar. It is also a good idea to have a few empty bottles lying about to get over vicious atmosphere. As each new arrival knocks at the door, all members of the gang grab at their hip pockets and assume a menacing attitude, looking, however, toward the camera in-

Another fine play is bound to be mutilated in the filming namely, "Anna Christie." In the play Anna Christie is a hardened woman of the streets and the play is based upon this fact. On the screen she will have to be a pure and innocent girl. The censors will insist upon the whitewashing of the direction of the door, lest the facial expression fail to register fully with the unintelligent spectator who has only been watching the picture three reels and doesn't know what the scene is all about.

P. S. Don't forget that the only head-gear worn by crooks is a cap which is always pulled down over the right eye.

Best Bet of the Month

Peggy O'Day:—Beautiful and blonde, a good actress, What more do you want? Even in the serial "The Fighting Skipper" her ability stands out and threatens to make Ruth Roland and Pearl White look to their laurels. Here's a chance for some producer. (Cont'd on page 87)
W. GRIFFITH has certain ingredients with which he compounds his human productions. Girlhood tears...young men with shining ideals...a heroine finding her Gethsemane in her nameless baby...broad comedy...and a last minute race to the rescue of somebody or something.

"The White Rose" offers Mr. Griffith all of these things, excepting the last named. There is no harrowing race, rescue or escape. But all of the other things are there in abundance.

To consider it generally, it seems to us that Griffith had many pieces which put together should have made a beautiful and charming love story. Only somehow they got together wrong. Some pieces got in which should never have been there. And the love story is consequently less beautiful and charming that it would otherwise have been, and too long both in unfolding and concluding.

There are episodes here and episodes there in the poignancy and beauty of which you can sense Griffith sympathetically behind his cameras. Other times you feel he might be there but you are not sure. And Mae Marsh, returning to Griffith's guiding hand, gives a portrayal finer than anything she has done since trying her own wings.

"The Isle of Lost Ships" is improbable and fantastic. It doesn't fret you with any problem but it entertains you. And it has the tang of deep salt waters and the vitality of adventure.
Comment on Other Productions

BY THE STAFF

PRODIGAL Daughters—PARAMOUNT

YOU, who have an analytical turn of mind, will understand from the title that this picture smashes the conventions. Greenwich Village has been exposed so much on the screen that there is very little left to go after. It carries no originality of theme or characterization, but there is an assortment of brand-new incidents—which take in radio concerts, talks, and what-not.

The moral is over-emphasized here and the tale is the ordinary movie conception of wild, jazz life—with Gloria Swanson's bizarre wardrobe coming in for a share of the attention. The picture presents such jazzy detail as parlor parties, petting parties, stolen kisses, colored bands, rolled stockings, abbreviated Poirets—showing that six o'clock has struck in America in general and Greenwich Village in particular. Theodore Roberts is as colorful as usual, while Vera Reynolds's personality is suitable for a flapper.

WESTBOUND Limited—FILM Booking Offices

Here is an eye-catching title which suggests a train thundering along thru the night and coming to an open bridge and either tumbling to its doom or being saved thru the timely intervention of the train dispatcher's daughter. Whatever it may suggest to the passerby, he will catch the idea that it furnishes some suspense.

Looking at it, however, we discover that it concerns an engineer who believes his wife is unfaithful to him because of the attentions of the president's adviser. A simple, obvious story, running true to form but not on schedule. Must you be told that the engineer's son marries the president's daughter? A trifle exciting here and there, but which for the most part of its journey fails to make good time. It doesn't get you to your destination so quickly as you think you should arrive. The thrill? The impending crash of the express and the dashing horseback ride by the engineer's son to prevent the head-on collision. Johnny Harron steals the acting away from Ralph Lewis.

FOOLS and Riches—Universal

A weak effort this—one which may be cataloged as just another motion picture. It is woven around the spendthrift son of a self-made father and it furnishes no new surprises on an old theme. Herbert Rawlinson is the son and he acts with that painful awkwardness which characterizes his work whenever he attempts to appear at ease. The pater dies and the youth eventually learns the value of a dollar. It is very much topsy-turvy and burdened with
Discriminating Critiques Which Serve As A Guide To The Better Motion Pictures

episodic incident. The customary fight between men in evening clothes is given some play. Directors cannot get away from showing such scenes. Men don't usually fight when they are attired in stiff bosom shirts, et al. Kathryn Perry is ornamental as the girl.

The Girl I Loved—United Artists

The rustic setting and Charles Ray in his familiar homespun character. An episodic number this—founded upon Whitcomb Riley's poem. Howard Chandler Christy illustrated the original, Joseph De Grasse illustrated the adaptation. His settings are in harmony with the slight plot and the wardrobe of the characters. Ray hasn't done so well of late, principally because he wanted to be the chef, maître d'hôtel, and bus boy of his screen menu. He has turned over the reins to De Grasse who has done a capable work—with the result that the originator of rural rôles, relieved of nervous tension, appears more at ease. It's our opinion, however, that Ray has frolicked around the old barn and the haystacks too often. He's a pretty tall "feller" to go bare-footed.

"The Girl I Loved" releases a fragrant charm—an essence of clover and apple blossoms and new-mown hay. The barn-dance is its dominant scene. There is pathos in the young rustic's broken romance. But Charles waxes emotional far beyond the demands of the rôle. He resorts to spasmodic shakes of his head and a tendency to bite his finger-nails. He would be a Warfield in rural guise. The titles are printed in old English, and should be commended for their brevity and pointedness. Patsy Ruth Miller makes an appealing country lass.

Trifling with Honor—Universal

A pretty good magazine story has been made into a pretty good picture here. Certainly the author strikes a novel note in a crook's redemption and his protagonist is recognizably real. Emerging from prison on parole he is re-arrested for assaulting a skinfaint landlord, but escapes when sentenced. Then he bobs up some years later, a national figure in sportdom. He is idealized by the youth of the land for his prowess with a baseball bat—and the thought of this idealization is enough to keep him to the straight and narrow. A likely idea, don't you think? There is a play for suspense when the climax features him in the clutches of crooked gamblers who would frighten him into throwing a game because they have something on him. The picture is neatly woven together, is capably directed and acted by all members of the cast with a good show of feeling by Rockcliffe Fellows as the baseball

"The Girl I Loved" would have been a better picture if Charles Ray hadn't wanted to be the chef, maître d'hôtel, and bus boy. . .

"Trifling With Honor" is a pretty good magazine story made into a pretty good picture. In it Rockcliffe Fellows plays the baseball hero with a good show of feeling. . . "The Ne'er Do Well" leaves Thomas Meighan up against it—it is often dull and its scenes are episodic. . .
The Ne'er-Do-Well—Paramount

Old-fashioned in every respect is our indictment of this Paramount. The Rex Beach yarn was made several years ago and has served as a model for South American plots ever since. Perhaps the director deserves some credit for steering clear of the comic opera revolution, but leaving it out has placed Tom Meighan strictly up against it. He is shanghaied thru orders from his father and carried to Panama. But once on the isthmus, Tom is as idle as a Latin shopkeeper taking a siesta. He makes good of course and wins a sloe-eyed señorita as a bride. The picture is often dull and its scenes are episodic and there is nothing to sustain the interest except the backgrounds. Lila Lee is well cast as the pearl of Panama City.

Cordelia the Magnificent—Metro

Leroy Scott's novel is running serially in a fiction magazine, and it makes better reading via the printed page than in its screen adaptation. The story is long drawn out and extremely wordy. There is no sharply defined characterization and the plot doesn't seem to get anywhere. Merely a flash of society with a scheming woman or two introduced to hinder the open road to romance. Clara Kimball Young is Cordelia. Her gowns are more important than her acting. The trouble with this picture is its length and the director's flair for introducing burdensome detail. There are no interesting sustaining moments.

Trailing African Wild Animals—Metro

The wild animal pictures—the adventures in the jungle which have come along so rapidly of late, are surely distancing the photoplay in winning the patronage of the public. There's a reason for it, since no expose is made of hackneyed triangles, antiquated romances, moth-eaten sacrifices and the other formulas which provide the backgrounds of our features. Life in the raw—life—ah, the preservation of it, the instinct to guard that life in the face of overwhelming danger has much more meaning—much more substance and depth than the recording of romance on Hollywood lots.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson never fail. Here they plunge into the recesses of the jungle, taking the spectator with them thru scenes which are as fascinating and inspiring as they are thrilling. Watch (Continued on page 106)
DOROTHY GISH loves to tell how the sailors coming to New York go immediately to the Central Park lake where they hire a boat and row the whole day long. Nightfall comes to find them warm and tired but sublimely confident that they have enjoyed their holiday to the very utmost.

We kept remembering Dorothy's story this last month when we numbered in a party which went to Sing Sing Prison to give a preview of the Norma Talmadge picture "Within the Law" for the prisoners. Talk about carrying coals to Newcastle! It seemed a curious selection—this story of crooks, prison bars and the brand they leave—as entertainment for the men in grey, serving time for mistakes great and mistakes small.

But, on the whole, the men weren't so sensitive as we had feared they might be. The very titles and story episodes which we had anticipated nervously seemed to be the very titles and episodes that occasioned the most mirth. . . It was odd, the things they laughed at. They laughed when a demented woman trampled upon a flower growing within prison walls. . . at "retirement" describing a prison term. . . at Mary Turner who, having married young Gilder, taunted his father with: "You took away my name and gave me a number when you sent me up. Now I've got your name."

The prison laughter! It impressed and depressed us most. Somewhere we remember having read a poem about its hollow sound. It is that . . and barren of any ripple of mirth; rather a sudden empty boom, then silence.

One of the prisoners confided to us that they didn't like Mary Pickford very much up there in that barred city of shuffling men. They prefer Gloria Swanson and Bebe Daniels. "They are jazzy," he said. "Mary Pickford, she has small town ways."

Lew Cody who plays Joe Garson in the story was a member of the party. He told some stories and talked in a light, humorous vein, winning the entire approbation of the twelve hundred and ninety men who attended the evening's entertainment.

We might also mention the fact that Lew Cody won our entire approval also. Not to mention that of Gladys Hall and Suzanne Brady. It was almost eleven o'clock when we left the prison and it had blown up cold. Also we had neglected to dine. The bus lumbered slowly along the roads skirtsing the moonlit Hudson. But we were too completely uncomfortable to appreciate the beauty of the evening. At Yonkers, Mr. Cody bundled the three of us out of the bus and into a beneficently passing taxi. It was then we thought a halo might well shine around his sleek head. And finally we reached Manhattan and Columbus Circle.

By this time it was somewhere in the neighborhood of two-thirty. Mr. Cody now led us into Child's famous restaurant. It is here both the society and professional people go after the other restaurants have closed. We gratefully consumed golden wheat cakes and steaming cups of coffee.

As yet we have not faced the twenty or thirty other members of the party who remained with the 'bus. But we feel sure that Lew Cody saved our three worthless lives. Come to think of it, he is our favorite movie actor.

The other day we had tea with Glenn Hunter. He has really made us his debtor in a way. For once again we believe in dreams. And our belief had become frayed and dull. Certainly tho, the most dyed-in-the-wool skeptic would have to admit that Glenn Hunter dreamed true.

This afternoon we reached his apartment before he had returned. So we snooped a little. There was a baby grand. . . two or three really rare pieces of furniture . . . soft rugs . . . interesting books . . . and a valet discreetly in the background.

Then Glenn came in, whistling. On a leash he held a dog he had rescued from the stage alley of the theater the night before. He called him Merton.

After talking for a little while, we went to a charming place on Park Avenue for tea. Glenn told us of his new contract where he begins at two thousand a week or some other fabulous figure which increases as five years go by. He told us, too, of the house he has taken at Bayside, Long Island, for the summer. It is Norma Talmadge's house, by the way. . . this summer finding her in California. All of this he vouchedsafe in reply to our probing questions. And there was something of awe shading his tone. It has all come to him so suddenly.

We couldn't help remembering him as a friend of ours knew him not so many years ago in Highland Falls . . . a slim boy, writing poetry from his throne in the haystack while he dreamed dreams of fame in the Big City. In the city he knew the chill of the park benches night after night in just the same way other successful artists have known it before him. And see him now.

Glenn says simply that it is actually hard not to be spoiled by success. With gold pieces jingling in your pocket it is a temptation to be the good fellow. And with people eager to spoil you, it takes a rare amount of character to refuse to be spoiled. But Glenn hopes as devoutly as do his friends that wealth and fame won't carry away his perspective in their tidal wave.

The Valentinos have been in New York for a few days this month. We lunched with Mrs. Valentino and

(Continued on page 94)
A story with a background as rich in adventure and drama as any to be found in the Arabian Nights is to be the next Douglas Fairbanks' production . . . namely, "The Thief of Bagdad." The members of the cast will be chosen because they seem the counterparts of the characters pictured and described in such tales as "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," and "Sinbad the Sailor." So far Evelyn Brent, who is pictured above in the leading feminine rôle, is the only player whose name has been announced. And R. A. Walsh will be stationed behind the master megaphone.
Doug Focuses His Cameras On Old Bagdad

Doug promises enthusiastically that "The Thief of Bagdad" will be a more stupendous production than his "Robin Hood." Already ten acres of property have been purchased for the erection of the sets. One set in particular has a concrete base of one acre and a half about which will be erected the bazaars of Bagdad... the bazaars with their priceless silks and jewels and their rich spices. Great things are to be expected with Doug focusing his cameras on old Bagdad.

As the Thief of Bagdad, Doug finds a rôle which brings joy to his heart. Judging by the accompanying pictures, he will invest it with an alive, vital action, not to mention a certain ferocity. After a long rest, he seems to be in unusual form, even for him. With what ease and grace he will scale the old walls and hurdle the bazaars...

Photographs by C. S. Warrington
Is Woman’s Love

"The love of man for woman is a biologically different thing from the love of woman for man. And it has always been the gallant pose to assume that woman is capable of greatest love. But what evidence is there to support the assumption?"

Says

Frank Mayo

love mechanically were only possible in a society composed of automatons.
Who in this wide world could exist if romance were thus stultified?
No, it is carrying science and efficiency too far to set measurements for love.

Degrees of love there are, but they are not susceptible to any standardizations used by the Government Bureau of Weights and Measures.
It has always been the gallant pose to assume that woman is capable of greatest love.
But what evidence is there to support the assumption?
Just as many women are divorced as men.
Just as many men sacrifice careers to indulge the desires of their loved ones as women.
And as an example of loving devotion, how many men go to church to please their wives?
And how many wives, to please husbands?
If the wife and mother devotes her life to the nourishment and education of her children, do not the husband and father slave at his commercial task to enable his mate to do so?

Comparisons are dangerous things.
I would not dare to say that men love more devotedly and completely than women. Because I do not believe it is so.
But just as firmly do I deny that women love more devotedly and completely than men. I do not believe that is any more so than the other.

Standards of morality for men and for women are very similar in this day and age. Couples who are honest with each other believe in and practise a 50-50 code.
What is moral for one is moral for the other.
What is unsocial for one is unsocial for the other.
The mother undergoes the torture of childbirth. The father undergoes equal torture in seeing one he loves suffer.
The wife labors to make and keep a home.
The husband labors to make the home possible.
This question of who loves the most is one to avoid, rather than encourage.
Discussing it between lovers is the surest menace to continued love.
Moreover, the mere fact that it should be discussed is evidence that love has fled.

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Greater Than Man's

"It may be true that women more often love but once—with all their hearts; and that men are apt to want to sip from more than one flower in the garden. But analyzed, does that prove anything? Man's love embraces forests, rivers and mountains; woman's love is a personal thing."

Says

Norma Talmadge

Lord Byron once wrote:

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis Woman's whole existence."

Truly a poet's concept, unsubstantiated by the drama of every-day life. For, at the risk of being called a traitress to my sex, I dare affirm that men love as completely and deeply as women; and that Man has been maligne long enough.

Supporters of the Byron notion will say "Man's activities in the business world preclude his devoting sufficient attention to matters of affection."

But it is not true that women, off on a necessary tangent of house-cleaning, child-rearing, grocery-ordering, and the many minute exactions of the domestic life, are equally diverted from sustained attention to the divine passion?

One of the deplorable phases of the many fiction stories and scenarios that I read is the orthodox adherence to the misty literary tradition entitling "the abused but faithful wife."

Modern life does not support this literary formula. Before me, as I write, are three newspaper clippings. One tells of a happy golden wedding anniversary; another of the lurid adventures of a pretty woman being sued for divorce by her husband on several grounds; another is the pathetic story of a woman who saved and scrimped during the early years of marriage to bring her husband, now a wealthy manufacturer, financial success—only to be cast off in middle age for a young and pretty girl.

It may be true that women more often love but once—with all their hearts; and that men are apt to want to sip from more than one flower in the garden.

But, carefully analyzed, does that prove anything? We merely find ourselves confronted with eternally disturbing questions that are unanswerable, such as, "Does one love most who lavishes all on one other person or is the great lover the man who has known the hearts of many women?"

Havelock Ellis, the English psychologist and essayist, proffers the following formulae: One man becomes deeper psychically and broader mentally thru love affairs with numerous women. Another man, marrying a woman highly developed aesthetically and intellectually, develops his love nature and mind even further, because of the woman in this case being a thousand women in one—with as many sides to her personality as there are facets to a diamond. In this case, love is a matter of quality, the nuances of the superior woman imparting a subtler spiritual essence than a man might experience in the aggregate from a hundred banal love affairs.

Now, in another sense, women may love more deeply than men, but this love will not be lavished on a husband per se, but on the father or prospective father of her child or children. In these cases, a woman marries to fulfil the inner need of motherhood primarily, and to obtain a pal or sweetheart secondarily. As her sphere of life brings her closer to the problems and needs of her children, I think a woman comes to love them—in most cases—a bit more intensely and even more profoundly than does her husband.

I think, in most cases, that while women may love more intensely, men will love more completely; due, I think, to woman's enforced insularity, her limited world. Therefore, she will concentrate affection on her husband or child, while his affections gallop to distant horizons and in their flight gather up many objects. He is more apt to love and respect many qualities in other persons, to perceive that divinity is not monopolized by any one person: whereas the woman in love often finds, for many years, the rest of the world obliterated, her heart caught in one net.

Men, too, are more apt to love forests, rivers, mountains—to grow gradually more abstract and impersonal in their love natures. Woman's love is almost always a personal thing.

Altho I believe most human love to be unending, and am inclined to presage a certain ache for those who hope for too much. I am rather intrigued by George Ade's notion, "You never can tell," in the matter of measuring anyone's capacity for love. There are probably as many wifes faithless at heart as there are untruthful husbands—due to the pathetic fact that so many are mis-mated, so

(Continued on page 99)
Alice Terry and Ramon Navarro. Again they head Rex Ingram’s cast—this time in “Scaramouche.” And here we see them as they will appear in this romantic story. . . .

Alice Terry, under her husband’s direction, has forged her way into the leading ranks of feminine stars. It was after refusing several other offers that she decided to remain in the Ingram productions, for the time being at any rate.

Then Ramon Navarro. In his last few pictures he has carved a name for himself on the screen’s roll. Both the critics and the public have praise for him. We anticipate interesting portrayals from Mr. Navarro in the months to come.
"May I," said Dr. Walters to his smiling young bride "present my adopted son to his new mother? Leonard, this is Frances."

"Charmed—ah—mother," Leonard Foster replied. "What jolly rot! Why, you are younger than I am—"

"But wiser," laughed Dr. Walters. "I hope you two will be good friends, because I must get to work again and I'm afraid time will hang heavy on Frances' hands."

"But I want to help you in your work, dear," his wife answered, unintentionally rude.

Leonard Foster laughed. "The Pater won't let anyone help him—ever. Has to do everything himself. That's why he got into this bally mess and had to go away and rest for six months. Just shot himself to pieces catering to the notion that nobody could operate on the Jones' chauffeur or the Smith's maid or the town drunk but himself. Just made a slave of himself for the rabble. Why, a doctor in his position only needs to accept a few cases a year. That rich old buzzard Krishner alone, would pay him twenty thousand a year retainer's fee. He could make a fortune out of half a dozen rich people. But no, it was clinics here, charity there, the washwoman's brat in the middle of the night, the plumber's wife the next minute—anyone the other doctors gave up, they sent for Dad. Nearly killed himself. I'll tell you, it doesn't pay. What did he ever get out of it? A breakdown—"

"And a bride," spoke up Frances, interrupting this long speech. "If Frank hadn't given out and gone up to Mount Simmons, and I hadn't done the same thing—but not for any such heroic excuse as Frank had—why we never would have found each other."

Her husband smiled fondly at her. He did not bother to reply to Leonard's selfish inhumanity. He had heard it all before anyway and, besides, if you didn't understand a thing like Christian charity and love for fellow human beings in the first place, no amount of explaining would ever explain it. Leonard had disappointed him in many ways. He had adopted him in an impulsive moment of sympathy when he was a child, left alone by the tragic result of an accident which had deprived him of both father and mother. He had been a likable little chap and was even now a charming young man, gay, entertaining, debonair, but frivolous. Dr. Walters heartily wished he would settle down. He was still very young of course . . . much too fond of pretty faces . . . unfortunately fascinating to women . . . spent too much time thinking of ways to please them . . . Still he was young. He'd be patient a little longer . . . and Leonard was soon dismissed from his mind and his thoughts turned again to his six weeks' bride.

It was pleasant to be home once more. He would take care of himself now—for Frances. Leonard, ever punctilious in small courtesies, had made his excuses and left them alone together. Anyway, he had a date, which he had omitted to mention. This was Frances' first night at home. It was true that these two had met and married in a sanatorium and then had idled away six blissful weeks of honeymoon and were planning to continue it in—
definitely. All newlyweds do this, mercifully unconscious of realities. Frances was enormously proud of her husband, literally thrilled with his fame and reputation. She was much younger than he, and her admiration and affection were unrestrained. Her heart was full. She took his two arms and drew them close around her.

"Dearest," she whispered from that dear haven, "I do so admire you."

"Only love me," he replied. "I'm a lonely old man. Only love me."

"I do, I do," she protested. "And you're not an old man."

So he kissed her again with convincingly youthful ardor.

In a little apartment, two rooms, bath with kitchenette, and not much else, Hilda Gray waited with her friend and roommate Miriam, for Leonard Foster.

"Oh, I wish you wouldn't see him, Hilda," Miriam was saying. "You know Dr. Walters wouldn't like it. You'd rather be his secretary than any other job there is. You've often said so. If he ever finds out he'll fire you—sure. And besides, Tommy's sore about it too."

"Oh, Tommy," laughed Hilda a little bitterly. "He's always sore about something. Do him good to get jealous. Anyway, I've got an awful crush on Leonard and I'm going to see him as often as I choose and take anything he wants to give me. That's flat."

"It certainly is," replied Miriam ruefully. "But don't say I never warned you. You know what your own brother Bob said about him too—that he was no good—all he wanted of a woman was—well you know what."

"I don't believe it," said Hilda airily, "and anyway. I can take care of myself. . . . Here he is!" she added running to answer the thin tinkle of the door bell.

Four hours later she was in Leonard's arms in a dingy taxi swaying down unfamiliar streets. She had no idea where it was going and didn't care much. Both she and Leonard had had too much to drink. She was ashamed about that, but Len was a darling anyway. She snuggled closer and there was instant response from the man.

"Lord, I'm mad for you, Hilda," he murmured a trifle thickly. "I want you. . . . I want you more than I ever wanted any woman before in my life. . . ."

"Oh, Len, you must take me home," was all Hilda could say, but he knew she didn't mean it.

At dawn Hilda Gray crept into her little flat, her eyes luminous with new experience, her body heavy for want of sleep, her mind in a daze, her heart—empty. She had lost Tommy now for good. But she had . . . Leonard. Only . . . had she?

"Oh, stay with me, tonight," Frances Walters said to her foster son. "Frank telephoned that he wouldn't be back till after midnight. I get so lonely."

Leonard Foster would rather have stayed than not, only he had a date with Hilda. But hang it all, she was getting too exacting these days, and queer, and tearful, and she loved him too much. He was beginning to be a bit bored. Besides the girl didn't know her place—actually wanted to tell the doctor she was engaged to his adopted son! Unthinkable, that! She must be made to understand the situation. He couldn't be engaged to all the women he made love to. Why couldn't women be different about—oh, about—loving. He looked at Frances and was lost. For Frances to be different anyway at all would be blasphemous. He'd stay—please himself and teach Hilda a lesson all at the same.

"I'll mix you a cocktail, Lenny," cried Frances overjoyed that he was staying. Leonard was great fun and Frank was away so much of the time. She really did get very lonely. She was glad for Leonard.

Leonard was likewise glad for Frances. He had never really gone in for Frances' sort of women. He rather ran to sophisticated Pollies' girls and acquisitive stenographers and hotel hello girls and that sort. They had a savor and a salt that was usually lacking in well-bred girls and they didn't care much what a fellow did. You didn't have to be forever on your guard with them. If you wanted to get drunk they got drunk with you and that was that. But living in the same house with his foster father's wife had made Leonard not only realize

Living in the same house with his foster father's wife had made Leonard not only realize the charm of breeding but the fascination of modesty and reserve. Dangerous propinquity!
Leonard was still very young... much too fond of pretty faces... unfortunately fascinating to women... spent too much time thinking of ways to please them.

The charm of breeding but the fascination of modesty and reserve. Dangerous propinquity!

After his long enforced absence from his life work Dr. Walters had gone at it more keenly than ever. Daily he became more engrossed in the marvels of surgery that were eternally being performed before him. When he wasn't operating, he was studying. There were times when Frances almost annoyed him. She seemed useless. Altho he loved her truly, his only passion was for his work and he too was glad for Leonard. At least he served to take the entertainment of Frances off of his hands. It eased the doctor's conscience and gave him peace of mind. Spurious peace!

When he got home that night at nearly one o'clock, tired but triumphant, Leonard and Frances were still up. "Waiting for me," he thought tenderly and stepped into the room.

But they were not waiting for him. Quite the contrary. His wife lay in Leonard's arms, her head tilted back in an unmistakable loving attitude. "I'm mad for you!" Leonard was saying.

"Frances!" cried Walters struck cold with surprise.

They sprang apart and Leonard flushed to the roots of his hair. Frances grew white and her eyes dilated in fear. But nothing more happened. Walters' hands dropped limply to his sides. "Oh, my dear," was all he said and turned away; but the misery and heart break of that unreprouching cry, hurt and humiliated his wife more than a torrent of abuse.

"It's perhaps just as well," said Leonard, sheepishly, after he had gone, "to have him discover it himself, as to learn it from an outsider. Because it had to be, my woman, my mate, my own! This thing had to come. You were made for me—never for him. I'm going to have you too—just as soon as I can scrape together enough money for us to leave the country. You dearest dearest, will you go?"

"Yes," answered the woman dully as tho bewitched, but she shivered under his caress.

Ah, youth was ever heedless of consequences and cruel to age. There seems to be nothing that anyone can do about this; but happily, youth is a temporary state, sometimes cured by the slow process of years and sometimes snatched away by a bitter experience, but inevitably gotten over in time. As for Dr. Walters, having reached a responsible and reasoning age, he was disposed to be charitable toward his young wife. There was no denying that he had left her too much alone.

THE ETERNAL THREE

Leonard's skull was fractured. Everyone agreed that only the marvelous skill of his foster father had saved him. Another leaf to his crown of laurel.

There was no denying Leonard's youthful charm. It was only natural that youth should turn to youth. Had he been only a blind old fool? What must he do now? Give his wife up—for her happiness, or keep her for his own? One solution presented itself—at least he would try it. Hilda Gray, his secretary, had resigned, suddenly unexpectedly and without any reason. She had simply disappeared. Well, he would let Frances be his secretary. She had often begged to, but he had only smiled indulgently and told her to run away and play with Leonard.

It had evidently been the wrong thing to do. How incredibly stupid a man can be at times. What had he to offer to a woman one half so acceptable as Leonard's charms? But Frances had seemed more serious minded . . . perhaps it wasn't too late. He would have a frank understanding with her and ask her if she still wanted to work for him—perhaps it wasn't too late. He'd make Leonard get a job somewhere. He really should have been put to work long ago. He had been too indulgent with Leonard too. And then with Frances busy and Leonard away . . . perhaps it wasn't too late . . .

At the end of another busy week, he went to his wife. That is he went to her room, but she was not there. Neither was she in his room, nor anywhere in the house. This was scarcely strange for she was often away, but some uneasy foreboding seized Dr. Walters and shook his usual calm. He was not given to this sort of thing . . . but still he could not rid himself of an uncomfortable oppression. It was one of his rare evenings at home which he usually enjoyed to the utmost, but not tonight.

Where was Frances? She had not said she was going anywhere . . . but she had seemed more than usually distraught this morning. She had not been herself since—since he had found her in Leonard's arms. He had not even seen Leonard . . . Could they—could they—? No. It wasn't possible. Leonard hadn't a cent in the world except what the doctor gave him. Money might be the root of all evil thought Walters with rather grim humor, but the lack of it certainly saved a lot of immorality.

The telephone rang suddenly and altho telephones ring often in doctors' houses, he jumped to his feet as if electrified.

"Bad accident, Walters," said the voice of his friend, Dr. Browning. "Down at St. Luke's hospital. Guess you're the only man that can take care of it. Can you get down here right away?"

Dr. Walters hesitated the fraction of a second. Then, "No, Steven, I—I—can't come. There is something more important right here.

"You'll have to come, old man," the voice replied gently. "It is Leonard—"

"Good God! Where—when—how? Was Frances with him?"

"Yes, but she is not hurt."

But there was no reply. Dr. Walters was on the way. Leonard's skull was fractured. Everyone agreed that only the marvelous skill of his foster father had saved him. Another leaf was added to his crown of laurel. His patients literally worshipped him. His confîrères accorded him the respect and admiration seldom to be had in a man's life time. Editors were written about him. Huge sums were offered to him. Women tried to lionize him. Every conceivable excuse was used to consult with him. In view of the fact that Leonard had smashed up his car and himself in the act of eloping with the doctor's wife, and a goodly share of the doctor's money, the adulation and admiration were that much more comprehensible. There were those who knew the fight that Walter had put up—all the more terrific that it was fought in silence and alone. Pretty stiff problem, for a man to have to decide between his professional conscience and his heart's desire. But physicians' ethics had won and Leonard was now convalecing in the doctor's house. Frances went around, a subdued little ghost of her former self, completely unnerved by the harrowing situation.

Then something happened. Something always happens—if people who find themselves in trying situations will only have patience. It seems that Bob, Hilda's brother, and Tommy who loved her, had at last found her. Miriam had known all the time where she was but was pleading to secrecy by the agonized pleading of her friend. She was in a maternity hospital.

"But it's all right now, Hilda," Tommy was saying. "Everybody makes mistakes, and I guess you've paid
enough for yours. I love you anyway. I want to marry you. Will you?

"The girl raised her head from the pillow and smiled wanly. "Oh Tommy dear, you're too good for me, but I do want . . . to be . . . your wife."

Miriam smiled and Bob turned his back. Everything was all right now. Later, he and Tommy would settle with that rotter, Leonard.

In their new-found contentment with the world they did not forget the settlement either, as most of us do, being too lazy or too comfortable to pursue revenge, rather than too kind. They arrived at Dr. Walter's house, as it happened, on the day he had definitely decided to give Frances her freedom so that she might marry Leonard.

When confronted by the two angry young men, Leonard was inclined to be facetious. But Leonard had never been serious about anything in his life. Even forging the doctor's checks and stealing the doctor's wife had seemed a glorious and more commendable than otherwise. As for his affair with Hilda, it had scarcely registered on his consciousness, altho he had known the tragic result to Hilda. However, since it hadn't been tragic for him, he was disposed to dismiss it lightly.

But Dr. Walters had jarred him out of that impertinent insouciance.

"You miserable cad," he cried shaking with righteous wrath. "You shall tell this story to my wife. She will never forgive this offense—"

Leonard had cringed and denied but to no avail. Walters had taken a whip—actually a whip and forced the confession from him.

Frances stood silent through the recital. Not only Leonard's fate but her husband's hung on her attitude. She had been thinking very hard of late. In retrospect her own conduct had been despicable but Leonard's was beneath contempt. She tried to analyze her feelings. Was she glad of the opportunity to renounce Leonard? Yes, oh yes! Was not her husband alone worth while? Yes, a thousand times yes! Would he—could he ever forgive her? No quick yes was the reaction this time, only a pained suspense. Well she would ask him—and before all these people too so that he could see that she meant it.

"I have been a wicked foolish woman," she said with trembling lips, "But I want to come back to you, Frank, my dear. It is not too late to win your love again. Will you—wont you forgive me—and let me try?"

"Sure, you gotta forgive her, Doc," answered Tommy (Continued on page 101)
A Camera Study . . .

... of Agnes Ayres by Karl Strauss
A Moreno rooter writes interestingly.

DEAR EDITOR: May I see this letter of mine in your department “Letters to the Editor” print, I mean? I hope so, for I am so much in earnest about what I intend to write.

Tonight I saw Antonio Moreno in “My American Wife” and being the first time I have ever seen him, I believe I can judge him the better. Why, oh why, are the “powers that be” importing, as it were, men whom they intend to take Valentino’s place? Why so much unnecessary work when they have within their midst not one to take Valentino’s place, but one who is the equal of Valentino in every way! Please use your magazine to inform the men higher up, that they can never find a successor for Valentino, but in Moreno they have his equal, and if given half a chance Moreno will prove every bit as popular as Valentino. Only don’t label him Valentino’s successor, for then he will have obstacles to overcome which otherwise would not be there. We movie fans don’t intend to have Valentino’s place usurped but we have room in our hearts to admire one his equal. Do we not applaud both Thomas Meighan and Bert Lytell? Yet, neither can take the place of the other. Give Mr. Moreno a chance to show the public his best. He is tried and true, and deserves it. But do not “label” him! Just give him the very same opportunities you would give to Valentino and the public will do the rest, and yet be loyal to Valentino and ready to take him where he left off, when he is able to appear again on the screen.

I must add, that I am not one of the many who “love” Valentino. I admire his portrayals as I do each of our stars, and believe we fans should not “harp” so continually on his name to portray “the perfect lover.” He can and has portrayed many other things, and we do him a great injustice when we forget his ability to do anything but play the lover.

In conclusion I again ask that the men in charge give Mr. Moreno a chance; give him the best of pictures, as you would Valentino now, and he will prove his merit of your offers of opportunity!

Yours for success,
MRS. A. E. THOMPSON, 410 Rightor St.,
Helena, Ark.

Praise for Theodore Kosloff and Douglas Fairbanks and Dissay over Nazimova.

DEAR EDITOR: Like all other movie fans, I have a lot of “whys” to bring before the public. It seems that we only can be satisfied with things as they are, but must always clamor for a change.

First, as I think many have asked before, why all the tumult about the sleek Rodolph? I have seen him in “The Sheik,” “The Four Horsemen,” and “Moran of the Lady Letty,” and I hope I never see anything like them on the screen again. The characters he portrayed in the first two were not exactly admirable, and while that of the latter might have been called so, it was quite evident that he had fallen down in the portrayal. If they want to put him in a worth-while role, why don’t they choose something exotic and at the same time commendable. “Ben Hur” wouldn’t be half as necessary if he could inject life into it he would be worthy of his adulation.

Second, what is wrong with Theodore Kosloff? It seemed to me, and I have noticed it that seemed to others, that he simply walked off with “To Have and To Hold.” Betty and Bert didn’t stand a show, even if he was the villain. Isn’t he going to be starred, or better still, featured? And for goodness’ sake, I hope they don’t give him roles such as they gave to Valentino, for it will ruin him.

It seems to me that with the passing of Wallace Reid, the screen has lost its most perfect type. In the process of wondering who could play roles in the various looking elif, I had my mind almost invariably reverted to Wally. It seems that he could have done anything well, and could have looked almost any part. It will always remain the supreme regret to me that he did not play “The Scarlet Pimpernel.” And to think that he wasted the last years of his life in playing inconsequential comedies. “Forever” showed what he could do.

Then, why must Alla Nazimova play the roles she has been playing of late? Her “Revelation,” and “An Eye for an Eye,” even “Out of the Fog,” and “The Brat,” were splendid, and while she was producing these they worship of her was almost abject. Then came “Stronger Than Death,” “The Heart of a Child,” “The End of the Trail,” “Fifteen Million.” I sat thru all of these because an admiration such as producers could not be killed easily. “Camille” appeared, and conscience drew the line. Now I hear she has done “Salome.” I have nothing more to say.

But now we approach one for whom my feeling is a combination of admiration and reverence. We must consider his pictures alone, for personally I know nothing about him. However, it seems to me that the producer of “The Mark of Zorro” and “Robin Hood” must have some little good in him. Douglas Fairbanks’ pictures are like a fresh breeze blowing in the close room. They are the landmarks which tell the world that the movie profession may be one of the highest ventures of the race. With a few more producers like him, the need of censorship would be eliminated. There are not a few pictures whose pictures are above reproach, but his are not only good but great. His “Robin Hood” ranks with Griffith’s “Birth of a Nation” and “Broken Blossoms.” The “Three Musketeers” upheld his standard but could not quite equal the “Mark of Zorro” and “Robin Hood.” May he live long to give the world more and more of his immortal productions, may his standard never be lowered, and when he himself is past the age when he can lead the cast, (and I hope that will never be), may he choose a worthy subject to carry on the work, while he himself produces and directs.

I wish I could see Ramon Navarro play Messala. Sincerely yours,

J. H., Bakersfield, California.

A letter which stops to remember Edith Storey.

DEAR EDITOR: I have always been a devoted reader of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and read nearly every article, one page I am always interested in is the letter to the editor page, where the public gives its views about screen folk and photoplays.

(Continued on page 109)
On the Camera Coast

By
HARRY CARR

The business of making pictures is becoming frightfully exclusive.

About all that the welcome stranger ever gets a chance to see in a studio these days, is the outside portion of a fence made of scenery "flats" and the cordial sign "Keep off this set."

The directors say they have to do it to preserve the artistic poise, pose or equilibrium or something of the young lady stars who find difficulty in emoting in the presence of strangers.

Marshall Neilan is making a big Russian picture at Goldwyn's. On the outside of his sets he has a big notice which says, "Positively no one allowed on this set except by Mr. Godsol—and he is in Europe."

Mr. Brabin, another of the Goldwyn directors, is still more unreasonable.

He has been taking some scenes of Elinor Glyn's story, "Six Days," from which even the assistant director, the property man and the clerk who keeps track of the scenario were ruthlessly ejected. An excited conference of eye witnesses discovered what was going on behind the fence.

Corinne Griffith was doing a scene in her nightie. Altho apparently designed for general eye consumption, Corinne felt a little upish in the matter. Well, anyhow, it was all fenced off.

Corinne Griffith has been in some very candid pictures not notable for quantity of clothing worn, but in these pictures she has usually been directed by her husband.

Just at present she is the object of a fierce struggle between several companies who are trying to get her contract. It is the general opinion of producers that she is likely to be the next great star.

Emmet Flynn has also insisted that all the scenes of "In the Palace of the King" be fenced off with an outer imperial guard and an inner royal guard. In this case it must have been just art, for everybody wore plenty of clothes. In fact, Blanche Sweet was fairly swathed in them; also Pauline Starke.

Nobody ever saw Blanche Sweet look so beautiful before as she does in this medieval romance.

She confided to me that all the tight things she has to wear are slowly killing her. She says she looks forward all day long to tearing off all the stays and hurry-
Closed Sets Are the Rule in California Studios, While Seven Big Productions Are Under Way

ing home to flop around in something loose. But when she gets home she finds herself sitting up stiffly on the edge of chairs and walking with regal tread around her home. From which I assume that this royal raiment that they told us about in the old melo-

dramas was mostly a state of mind.

The press agent says that the people and props and animals that are being used in Cecil de Mille’s “Ten Commandments” would make a procession eight miles long. Whether it is just exactly eight or not, probably it would be considerable miles. Anyhow, it will be De Mille’s biggest picture.

He has one set representing the late residence of Rameses II which is one hundred feet high and nearly half a mile long. It will be the largest piece of movie scenery ever built and has cost a fortune.

In the picture, De Mille will use 2,500 people and 4,000 animals.

The first part will practically be the Book of Exodus put on the screen just as it is in the Bible. There will be the Rod of Moses as it turns into the serpent. You will see the sea part and allow the Israelites to pass and then it closes over the wicked troops of Pharaoh who perish.

Theodore Roberts plays Moses—Charles de Roche, Rameses II; James Neil, Aaron—Julia Faye, the wife of Pharaoh; Estelle Taylor, Miriam; Geno Corrado, Joshua.

This is followed by the modern part of the story which will be played by Rod La Roche, Nita Naldi, Edythe Chapman. It will from all De Mille’s other that he will absolutely Bible episodes after once there will be no “cut ban.

The other day I went to see Erich von Stroh
grewsome Frank Norri Teague,” which has 1 “Greed.”

Von Stroheim has the neighborhood out in where the scenes of the He raked San Francisco tooth comb to get the exterior furniture that the author.

In one instance, he be in a San Francisco resi
day, his greatest difficulty mission from the Prohibi

Tom and Tony Mix indulge in a conference while the camera is being “loaded.” And if you don’t believe Tony understands what you say to him, ask Tom

Baby Peggy and her mother pose to illustrate one of the daily tasks in a star’s life. Consider the mail! At the right Mr. and Mrs. Bellamy greet Madge upon her return to California after her tour thru a number of the states

Fill out this coupon and mail it with 12c in coin or stamps for the Introductory Set containing samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, Cuticle Cream (Cuticle Comfort), Cutex emery board and orange stick. Address, Northam Warren, Dept. M-8, 114 West 17th St., New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. M-8, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

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[Image of a woman and a man posing with a horse]

[Image of a woman and a man posing with a horse]

[Image of a woman and a man posing with a horse]
When I got there, von Stroheim was low in spirit. He was trying, without success, to get Mr. Gibson Gowland, the actor who takes the part of McTeague, to allow a professional knife-thrower to send a bowie whizzing by his nose to stick quivering in the board wall.

"You know I sent all the way to London for you to play this part. Is this the way to treat me?" pleaded von Stroheim.

"Yeh," said the actor. "But you didn't say anything about throwing knives at me."

"But I can't get the right feel of the scene if we've got to fake it," implored von Stroheim.

"Yeh, but I don't want to get the feel of those knives going thru me," said Gowland firmly.

Von Stroheim, to encourage him, stood up and let the knife-thrower fill the air with bowies. "All right for anybody who wants to do it but not for me," said Gowland with finality.

Von Stroheim's other troubles consist of the fact that Zasu Pitts, who plays the part of Trina, insists upon dashing down to Hollywood ever and anon to see Zazu Anne, aged twelve months. It's a hard life, mates.

Gloria Swanson, who has just finished "Blue Beard's Eighth Wife," is to play "Zazu" next. It will be the biggest part of her career.

The Swedes are upon us.

Sigrid Holmquist has come to Lasky's to appear in "The Gentlemen of Leisure."

She is the Swedish Mary Pickford.

Gösta Ekman (pronounced Yosta Akman), matinee hero of Stockholm, is coming over for the first American picture to be made by Victor Seastrom, the famous Swedish director.

Ekman has been the most famous actor in Sweden for some years; albeit he is still a very young man. He plays in stock during the winter months—in pictures every summer. Seastrom's wife, Edith Erastoff, who usually plays opposite Ekman is coming to Hollywood to be with her husband. He has not stated whether she will go in the movies.

And while we are on the subject of Swedes, let us add that Anna Q. (Cont'd on page 103)
Only a moment's notice
—yet she was proud to show her nails

The one thing you can depend on to remove that stubborn dry cuticle quickly

A n unexpected party—barely time to hurry into another dress before it was time to start. Did you have to hide your hands with their ugly, ragged cuticle, in painful embarrassment while you marveled at some other woman's bewitching nails? Or did you, too, know the secret of the wonderful Cutex manicure? With Cutex in only five minutes you can transform the most neglected nails into gleaming things of loveliness that add so much charm to the whole appearance.

No matter how you file, clean and polish your nails they will not look attractive if you have hard ridges of cuticle drawn tight on the nails or splitting off in shreds.

With Cutex you will have in the briefest possible time a soft even nail rim and no surplus cuticle, without any dangerous cutting at all. Just dip the end of a Cutex orange stick wrapped in cotton into the Cutex Remover and then press back the cuticle around each nail. Work the orange stick, still wet with Cutex, underneath the nail tips to clean and bleach them. Rinse the fingers and like magic all the surplus cuticle will wipe away, leaving a soft and unbroken rim framing the nail evenly. Your nail tips too, are infinitely improved, white and stainless.

Then to have a lasting brilliance instantly
Of course, a jewel-like polish is the necessary finishing touch for lovely nails. With Cutex you can have even this at a moment's notice. For they have recently developed two marvelous new polishes.

The new Cutex Liquid Polish spreads smooth and thin on the nails. It dries instantly, leaving a lovely even brilliance that lasts a whole week. When you are ready for a fresh polish, no separate remover is necessary. Just spread a drop of the polish itself on the nail, and wipe it off. And if you prefer a Cake, Powder or Paste Polish you will find it, too, in Cutex.

Cutex manicure sets containing everything for the neatest manicure come in four sizes for 60c, $1.00, $1.50 and $3.00. Or each article separately is 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and chemist shops in England.

Introductory offer—now only 12c
Fill out this coupon and mail it with 12c in coin or stamps for the Introductory Set containing samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, Cuticle Cream (Cuticle Comfort), Cutex emery board and orange stick. Address, Northam Warren, Dept. M-8, 114 West 17th St., New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. M-8, 300 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

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My Favorite Funny Story

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

Editor's Note:—Everyone has a favorite funny story. We have a number on hand which have come to us as the favorite stories of motion picture stars. And before they are published in book form we will print them, month by month.

So Stupid of Her

By

CORINNE-GRIFFITH

A Negro ous-tabout, passing an old Southern mansion about noon one day, asked the lady of the house if he might secure something to eat in return for mowing a part of the lawn.

The gracious Southern woman forthwith directed him to the servants' quarters and gave orders that a bountiful meal be prepared for him.

"You may mow just this little parkway at the wing of the building. By the way, what is your name?"

"Ma name is Poe," said the stranger.

"Indeed?" replied the mistress. And then, with twinkling eyes: "The same name, I see, as Edgar Allan Poe."

"Why, lady!" exclaimed the other, "I am Edgar Allan Poe!"

Just a Suggestion

By

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

The foreman reported that the jury were unable to agree upon a verdict. The judge rebuked them, saying that the case was a very clear one, and remanded them back to the jury room for further deliberation.

"And if you do not reach an agreement before evening," the judge added, "I will have twelve suppers sent into you."

"May it please your honor," spoke up the foreman in an irritated tone, "you had better make it eleven suppers and a bundle of hay."
How to keep your hair soft and silky, full of life and lustre, bright and fresh-looking

Why proper shampooing makes your hair beautiful

ANYONE can have beautiful hair, if it is cared for properly.
Proper shampooing is the most important thing.
Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.
Proper shampooing, however, means more than just washing your hair— it means thorough cleansing.
The hair and scalp are constantly secreting oily, gummy substances. These substances catch the dust and dirt, and the hair becomes coated with this.
This coating, when it becomes excessive, naturally dulls the hair and destroys its gloss and lustre. It covers up and prevents the natural color and beauty of the hair from showing. It also causes scales and dandruff.
How to prevent this coating
To have beautiful hair, you must prevent this coating from accumulating.
This cannot be done with ordinary soaps not adapted for the purpose. Besides, the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps.
The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.
Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo is not only especially adapted to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly, but it cannot possible injure. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.
The quick, easy way
Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is all that is required.
Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil.
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 really is. It keeps the scalp soft and healthy, the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.
You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

Splendid for Children — Fine for Men
A belief in the verity of the astrological creed is steadily being revived. It is curious and interesting to note that many centuries ago, when the popularity of this faith was apparently at its height, a Hindu Priest of India is alleged to have written in Sanskrit, the assertion that "appreciation of Astrology will travel in a Cycle."; and today, we are evidently seeing his prediction verified, as this doctrine has become universal.

Self-knowledge is man's greatest necessity, and seers and philosophers have found Astrology to be the true method by which we can penetrate the purpose of existence, so, by following these articles, we may perhaps learn to "know ourselves," and gain, as well, a psychological insight into the characters of film-favorites.

Leo (the Lion) July 22nd to August 22nd (Cusp July 22nd to July 28th)
The sun, ruling, bestows an abnormally passionate nature, which possesses generosity and great compassion for the sufferings of others.

Under Leo we again find several different types, although they all share in the same planetary influence, but without exception and regardless of other differences, the actions of these people are entirely governed by emotion instead of logical forethought, or, in other words, their heart rules their head and impulse frequently leads them into unfortunate situations, and thru this same impulsiveness, some of these men become veritable "rolling stones."

Leo, July 22nd to August 22nd
The noted director, Mr. Cecil deMille, whose birthday occurs August 12th, occupies a unique place in the world of motion pictures; a position superinduced by his very originality and intuitive knowledge of what productions are most pleasing to the majority; in fact, intuition is this man's most distinguishing trait, and his best ideas would come to him without logical reasoning.

Physically strong, with a rather recently developed sense of perseverance, he demands extreme concentration

(Continued on page 111)
The girl who was always the same

SHE sat among the flowers, with the golden sunlight of a summer noon falling caressingly about her, while his eyes gazed at her in wondering tenderness.

For they had tramped many miles that morning and still she looked as fresh and sweet as when they started.

"Bess," he said, "you are the best little pal a man ever had. I never knew a pretty girl before who was always the same.

"You are always smiling and happy, and by Jove, you always look the same—and even after as long a walk as this! It makes me think of the long road of life ahead of us. How about it, Bess?"

"The long road of life ahead of us"

"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"

The habitual use of the Pompeian Beauty Trio will enable you to make the very best of yourself.

Pompeian Day Cream is a vanishing cream to be used first. This cream is absorbed by the skin, leaving only the faintest film on the surface. On this foundation the powder and rouge blend evenly. Furthermore, Day Cream softens the skin and protects against sun and wind.

Pompeian Beauty Powder is fine and smooth and has, to an unusual degree, the property of adhering to the skin. You will find frequent repowdering unnecessary with this powder.

The Bloom is a rouge that may be used constantly—it is absolutely harmless to the skin. Each shade—light, medium, dark and orange—matches nature's own coloring with great exactness. Pompeian Bloom will neither break nor crumble.

All Pompeian Preparations blend perfectly. It is advantageous to use them in combination.

Remember Day Cream first, next the Beauty Powder, then a touch of Bloom and over all another light coating of the Powder.

A touch of Pompeian Lip Stick, too, is effective. Its rose-petal shade tones in perfectly with the other Pompeian Preparations.

POMPEIAN DAY CREAM (vanishing) 60c per jar
POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER 60c per box
POMPEIAN BLOOM (the rouge) 60c per box
POMPEIAN LIP STICK 25c each
POMPEIAN FRAGRANCE (a tale) 30c a can
POMPEIAN NIGHT CREAM 60c per jar

The MARY PICKFORD Panel and four Pompeian samples sent to you for 10 cents

Mary Pickford, the world's most adored woman, has again honored Pompeian Beauty Preparations by granting the exclusive use of her portrait for the 1923 Pompeian Beauty Panel. The beauty and charm of Miss Pickford are faithfully portrayed in the dainty colors of this panel. Size 28 x 7 3/4 inches.

For 10 cents we will send you all of these:
1. The 1923 Mary Pickford Pompeian Beauty Panel as described above. (Would cost from 30c to 75c in an art store.)
2. Sample of Pompeian Day Cream (vanishing).
4. Sample of Pompeian Bloom (non-breaking rouge).
5. Sample of Pompeian Night Cream.

Are You Looking Forward to Social Activities This Fall?

By Mme. Jeannette

If your summer, out-of-doors, has made your skin too hard, or too dry, or too rough, then your skin is in an unnatural condition and must be treated. The science of dermatology has never produced a more satisfying product for these conditions than Pompeian Night Cream. It is absolutely pure, and supplies an oily substance to the skin that is adequate till your care brings back the activity of the natural oil secretion. I say "your" care advisedly, for even a professional dermatologist can only treat you when you visit his office, and to bring the skin back to normal requires constant attention at your own dressing table.

A Dry Skin Soon Wrinkles

Just as healthy hair must have a certain amount of oil in it, so healthy and youthful-looking skins must have their quota of oil. And if your skin hasn't sufficient oil, then you must supply it, for like flower petals, a dry skin wrinkles quickly. The skin requires extra cream at the end of summer. The wind and the sun and the very outdoor air itself absorb a certain supply of oil from the skin. This must be replenished before the skin functions naturally again, and the complexion is restored to the appearance of health and beauty.

If your skin is exceptionally dry, you will like the efficiency of this cream at other times than before retiring, always being careful to remove the superfuous cream before applying any other creams or powder. But its truest value comes when it is applied at night with a gentle rotary massage to stimulate circulation, and when enough is left on the skin for all the hours of night to nourish the drying under-skin.

Powder and Rouge for Tanned Skins

Remember to use a darker shade of Powder and of Rouge when your skin is darkened by exposure of any kind. These darker shades tone in with your tan or burn and enable you to make a charming appearance even if you are two or three shades darker than normal.

Jeannette

Specialiste en Beauté

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Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1923 Art Panel of Mary Pickford, and the four samples named in offer.

Name
Address
City State

Flush shade powder sent unless you write another below

© 1923, The Pompeian Co.
There are laws of the forest, jungle and plains. Animal laws which are almost never broken. The penalty is frequently death. The giraffe, known only in the cages of the circus or zoo, is surprisingly individual and interesting in his native haunts. And the tiger at the right is so beautifully marked that one regrets the certainty that his fate is either a winter wrap or a decorative rug.

Zebras have posed gracefully for the Johnson cameras. They may feel that these photographs will prove their existence to posterity in some future age when their race is extinct.

The African elephant is not the forlorn, dilapidated and moth-eaten ton of protoplasm which he appears in circus parades and side-shows. Quite the contrary. He is frisky ... the perhaps heavily frisky. The very swing of the trunks below gives evidence of elephantine delight at great open spaces.
If You’re Tired of Human Beings

Then Be Sure to See “Trailing African Wild Animals”

"Trailing African Wild Animals" is the result of a two years’ expedition which Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson made into British East Africa. There is a majesty to the lion’s head pictured above. Truly, King of the Beasts. And you can almost feel the startled, nervous tension of the antelope shown below.
Greenroom Jottings

Brief Notes of the Plays and Players

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who has signed a contract with Famous-Players at a reputed salary of one thousand dollars a week. Even in his 'teens he shows a decided tendency to follow in his father's footsteps. Doug, Sr., says he would prefer the boy to have continued with his education. However . . .

GUSTAV SEYFFERTITZ, whose characterizations linger in one's memory as distinctively as does his name, has returned to New York from eight weeks of production in the vicinity of Banff, Canada. Mr. Seyffertitz, who so frequently displays the inferiority complex of the true artist and leaves his praise in the hands of the critics, says that it's a good thing he wasn't on piece work, for in the entire eight weeks he was filmed in but one scene. Let purists who ponder for an hour over one sentence consider this!

It took Seyffertitz four days and five nights to

"How does it register?" inquires Allan Dwan of his camera-man while Nita Naldi and Lew Cody hold their embrace. Place: Long Island studio of the Famous Players-Lasky where romance is manufactured by the foot.
Little Did This Young Lady

Dream That She Would Be Adjudged

The Most Beautiful Girl in America

"Way down in Virginia" lives Florine Findley de Hart, winner of the American Beauty Contest recently closed. Far from confident of her leadership, Miss de Hart nevertheless, sent her photograph to the contest Judges and lo and behold she now finds herself heralded as the most beautiful girl in America.

Every day new beauties are being discovered. Women who never before appreciated the wealth of personal attractiveness they possessed are coming to the front with rightful claims for attention. A little touch here—a little twist there, and you wouldn't know it was the same girl. Today, she may be as plain and unattractive as can be. And tomorrow—the most admired of her entire set.

There is no girl or woman alive who cannot be attractive if she only will. With such a true and helpful counselor as BEAUTY MAGAZINE to guide you in bringing out your natural charm, you can grow more attractive in every way, every additional day of your life.

Not a thing has been left undone by the Editors, in making BEAUTY the most authoritative, interesting and helpful magazine published on the subject of individual beauty culture. First comes the care of the face, hair and figure. And last but not the least by any means, comes attention to the clothes you wear. On the title page of BEAUTY here is what you will read as the motto of this magazine. "I want to help you to grow as beautiful as God meant you to be when he made you first." That BEAUTY is faithfully living up to and fulfilling the obligations entailed by this motto is proven by the thousands of appreciative letters received each day, a few of which are given below.

"I could not do without BEAUTY."—Mrs. A. T., Colorado.

"I am a constant reader of BEAUTY and find your advice very helpful. I consider myself fortunate in having such a magazine to guide me."—Miss M. B., Minn.

"BEAUTY is a wonderful magazine. I am especially grateful for the personal attention given to my letter seeking advice."—Mrs. F. K. D., Calif.

"Your article on ankle reducing in this month's issue, interested me very much. BEAUTY becomes better and better with each new issue."—Miss E. McC., Maine.

"Please renew my subscription to BEAUTY. I find your magazine so helpful that I do not want to miss a single issue."—Miss E. E., Calif.

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Beauty Suggestions from Readers
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BEAUTY is unquestionably the leading magazine in its particular field of periodical publishing. Being a BREWSTER Publication, it is sure of having the best that money and brains can produce. BEAUTY is every woman's magazine and every woman should have it.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

FIVE MONTHS FOR $1.00

BEAUTY is never more welcome than in the summer. Suit your own taste about acquiring a coat of tan but whatever you do, let BEAUTY help you in preserving the fine texture of your skin.

BEAUTY is to be had no matter where you may live nor what the state of your purse may be. We offer you a trial subscription at a special price, a yearly subscription, a two years' subscription, or you may obtain a single issue from any news-stand. Which will it be? Place your order at once for the August number.

ON ALL NEWS-STANDS 25c per COPY

Yearly subscription price $2.50. Two years $4.50

(50c a year extra in Canada—Foreign $1.00 extra.)

Pin a Dollar Bill to this coupon and receive the next five big numbers of "Beauty" Magazine. Mail at once to BEAUTY, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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City.........................................
travel from New York to Banff for this one scene, and the same
length of time to return. Once landed in Banff, he had to ride
along tortuous mountain passages for miles to get to the scene
of the cliff struggle in which he was filmed. Part of this trip
was on horseback, and a couple of the dizziest miles on more sure-
footed mules. The scene was photographed perhaps a dozen times
during his stay there, and at one time three cameras were shooting
from different angles. The cliff struggle will be shown as a small
but important scene in the Cosmopolitan production of Stanley
J. Weyman’s famed story, “Under the Red Robe.” Seyffertitz
has the colorful role of Clon, the weird and tongueless body-
servant.

Seyffertitz has the gift of completely hiding his own personality
on the screen. When he appeared as Professor Moriarty in the
Goldwyn production of “Sherlock Holmes,” some of his closest
friends failed to recognize Seyffertitz. They thought he was John
Barrymore doubling in the part.

Because the last two years have seen the motion picture in-
dustry put on a firm and stable financial basis as the result of
perfection attained from the technical side of picture craftsmen-
ship, Mr. Adolph Zukor, president of the Famous Players-Lasky
Corporation, feels that the next thing needed to further the progress
and development of the screen is work directed along sound
artistic principles. This is why the International Congress on
Motion Picture Arts was formed at his suggestion to the
Authors’ League of America. The Congress will endeavor to
have American and European novelists, dramatists, and artists
formulate a set of principles for the artistic development of
motion pictures.

This body of men and women feel that they can perform
a distinct service to the American public in the work they
are undertaking. It is their ambition to have the Congress
bear the same relation to the motion picture industry that the
French Academy does to French letters, the Royal
Academy to British art, and the Pulitzer Foundation to
American journalism.

The first meeting of the Congress was held in New York
City the early part of June under the auspices of the Authors’
League. Rex Beach who is chairman of the Committee said
he would gladly endorse any plan which would help to foster

(Continued on page 82)
Five New Writers Sell Photoplays
or win studio staff positions — Send for Free Test
which tells if you have like ability

Here are five men and women, trained by this Corporation, who have, through this training, recently sold stories or accepted studio staff positions with prominent producing companies.

Picked at random from many, they prove that the ability to write belongs to no one class. One is a housewife, one a school teacher, another a graduate engineer, a portrait painter and the other has written fiction.

All have been amply repaid for the time, effort and money they invested in this work.

Not one of these men and women realized a short time ago what latent screen writing ability he or she possessed.

But each took advantage of the opportunity that you have at this moment. They tested and proved themselves by the novel method we have developed.

We offer you the same test free — no obligation. Merely send the coupon.

New Writers Needed

We make this offer because we are the largest single clearing house for the sale of screen stories to the producing companies. And we must have stories to sell.

Through daily contact with the studios, we know that a serious dearth of suitable screen material exists.

Novels, short stories and stage plays, adaptable for the screen, have been practically exhausted.

Scenario staffs are greatly over-worked. They cannot keep pace with the present day demands.

New screen writers must be developed if we are to supply the producing companies with the necessary photoplays, for which they gladly pay $500 to $2000.

It is not novelists, short story writers and playwrights that are needed. Many of them have tried this work; few succeeded.

The need is for men and women in every walk of life who possess Creative Imagination — story telling ability. Unusual aptitude for writing is not a requisite, for little else than titles appear on the screen in words.

We Pay Royalties

We are also producers, making the better type of pictures — Palmer Photoplays. It is therefore of vital importance to us that we find the stories that make better pictures possible.

So we offer to new writers, Palmer trained, royalties for five years with an advance payment of $1000 or the profits of the pictures selected for Palmer Photoplays.

You must admit the opportunities. On this page are five of the many men and women who have succeeded.

Can You Do It?

Now the question of importance is, can you succeed in this work? We will test you free, because we want to train those who have the necessary ability.

Simply send for the Palmer Creative Test. Spend an interesting evening with it. Mail to us for our personal examination and detailed report on what your test shows. (Tests returned by persons under legal age will not be considered.)

If you have Creative Imagination, you will receive additional information relative to the Palmer Course and Service. If you do not have it, you will be told so courteously and frankly.

Mail the coupon now. You will also receive Carrel B. Dotson's interesting booklet, "How a $10,000 Imagination Was Discovered."
Greenroom Jottings
(Continued from page 80)

the artistic development of one of the greatest mediums ever offered for the dissemination of knowledge, cultural as well as informative.

Matt Moore, who plays the part of the irresistible Captain Applejack in the picture by the same name, and Enid Bennett, the leading lady, are having an easy time of it compared with what Fred Niblo has to endure in the way of hardships. As director of the picture, he is at present deeply involved with the governments of the United States and Mexico as to whether or not his motives are purely artistic in flying the pirate flag on his ship, Jolly Roger, while on the high seas. In the meantime, while the naval authorities of both countries are having heated disputes over the question, Fred Niblo has decided to sail without official permission. “So much a long communion tends to make us what we are,” for continual association with Captain Applejack has filled the director with more than his share of piratical determination.

Every dog has his day, and Pat, the canine comedian who is owned by Harry Lucenay, is to head the cast of Noel Smith’s first Century comedy. The picture is called “His Master’s Curse,” and will be filled with incidents that give ample opportunity for this clever young dog to show what he can do.

There is a limit to everything and when popular expressions grow threadbare from continual usage the only thing left to do is to follow the example of Buster Keaton. While working on his newest comedy, “The Three Ages,” Buster was driven to desperation by the constant repetition of favorite phrases. At last, unable to stand it any longer, he posted a notice on his Hollywood studio which read: “Five dollar fine for any employee of this studio who springs a joke on King Tut, former Egyptian ruler who was recently disinterred; or who pretaces or concludes a statement by remarking that ‘Every day in every way’ (or in every scene), ’he or she is getting better.’ We want genuine laughs around this studio and not Tut fitterings or Couë cooings.”

An eye for an eye, of course, but in this case it turned out to be an eyebrow for an explosion. Raymond Hatton in “A Man of Action,” the Thomas H. Ince new
(Continued on page 113)
Thomas J. G.—All right, start off with your fireworks. I'm waiting for you. Pola Negri in "The Spanish Dancer," directed by Herbert Brenon, and taken from the play "Don Cesar de Bazan." Colleen Landis with Vitagraph. Address Marion Davies at the Cosmopolitan Studios, 2478 Second Avenue, New York City.

Are Kay.—There are plenty of taxis in New York, all colors too. But then a taxicab is a public conveyance, with gas-meter attachment that registers miles for passengers. I don't guess you need machinery.

Australia Series.—Suppose you are having snow down there now. Well, right now, my thermometer is registering eighty-four degrees. Whew! I should say our women do know machinery. Nearly eight thousand women in the United States are employed as elevator operators. I won't say anything about their ups and downs! Then there are women taxi drivers with their tips, hips, and lipsticks. Marjorie Daw and Gaston Glass in "Daughters of the Rich." Let me hear from you again.

June N. H.—Guess you know that by now. Anything else?

Violet J.—So you think I am always smiling. Yes, you're right, ever since I was a baby. My mother said I smiled in my sleep. Yes, Ella Hall and Emory Johnson are the proud parents of a baby girl. This makes number three. My blessings. Buster Keaton in "The Three Ages." David Powell is not married. Yes, I'm the same old me only these goody summer days almost tempt me to shave my beard. They do say tho that we are in for an early fall, so I guess I'll hold on to my muffler till they cut the tariff on wool.

Margaret S.—Don't be disappointed if your employer has not raised your salary. And you say women should get men's salaries. Bless your heart, don't they get them already—plus? Bebe Daniels in "Bluff." No bluff about Bebe tho. Your letter was a peach.

Illinois.—Shake—à deux mains. Yes, Mollie Malone is coming back in "Little Johnny Jones" with Johnny Hines. Ernest Torrence with Famous Players. Dorothy Dalton is from Chicago. No, he isn't married. I should say I do like the summertime and one-piece suits on the seashore.

Dolores R.—Yes, Handel lived to be seventy-five years old. He superintended music in the orchestra only a week before he died. Mae Murray is about twenty-seven. Yes, Glenn Hunter is playing in F. Scott Fitzgerald's "This Side of Paradise." Yes, he is one of my favorites too.

Rose M.—Hold on—you say you are in New Zealand and you want me to help you get into pictures. Impossible! I have people calling on me every day who want to get into pictures, and there is nothing I can do. Sorry. Herbert Rawlinson is with Universal. Gaston Glass with Preferred Pictures. May Allison and Rockliffe Fellowes in "The Sign." We can be friends, anyway.

The Night Owl.—Yes, I have a new Buick. Which reminds me in 1921 there were 10,168 deaths due to automobile accidents. That's why I bought a car. Evelyn Brent and Walter McEwen had the leads in "The Woman Who Came Back." I agree with you about the Griffith pictures, but you must admit they are exciting. Yes, I saw the stage production of "I Winter Comes" and it didn't compare favorably with the book. Drop in the next moonlight night.

Dixie Girl.—Well the more interesting a secret is, the harder it is to keep. Don't you find it so? Oh, but you should try to memorize. You know Dr. Johnson it is said, never forgot anything that he had seen, heard or read. Yes, Universal are producing Tarkington's "The Turmoil." That was Albert Roscoe in "The Last of the Mohicans." Just remember, don't go too near the water.

Mollie B.—Now I ask you, Mollie, on $10.50 how could you take a trip to Europe. Yes, I do all my own cooking, what there is of it. Being a heavy meat eater, and these days I consume mostly buttermilk. Yes, I saw "A Bill of Divorcement" on the stage, but not on the screen. Anita Stewart's next will be Marie Corelli's "Vendetta." You're welcome.

Curious One.—Well, you know what the old proverb was—"The man who has taken one wife deserves a crown of patience; the man who has taken two deserves two crowns of pity." Let me know how you make out. Viola Dana is not married. Yes, Ernest Torrence in "Singing Wings." Yours was mighty interesting.

Dass.—Sorry for you, but the words "I dont remember" have committed perjury oftener than any three or four others known. It is reported that Lila Lee and James Kirkwood are engaged. Will tell you more later. Yes, Wallace Beery was splendid in "Robin Hood." Address Mary Pickford at the United Studios, 34 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. Mary's putting pep into personality these days—keep one eye cocked for "The Street Singer." It's the paprika all right.

Cicero.—Well, however much you know, and however much you think you know, there are plenty of things taking place all around you, of which you have no idea whatever. Wait until you come to New York. You're sure to feel it tickling your hootnails—and swishing around your earauls. Forrest Stanley in "When Knighthood was in Flower." Niles Welch in "What Wives Want." Yes, Leatrice Joy is married to Jack Gilbert. I cant arrange that love affair for you—just a bit out of my line. To love is to admire with the heart; to desire is to love with the mind. Sarah Bernhardt had her leg amputated in 1915.
GILLIAN T.—Don't ask here, life is a progress and not a station, move on! Monte Blue is with Warner Brothers. Yes, the Tearle boys—three brothers. Yes, Nazimova will be seen in "The White Moth."

Miss FARMERETTE.—All the way from the country. Yes, I know the kind of a town you live in—one high school, one park, one city building. I know. I was born in one. "How you goin' keep them down on the farm, now that the screen's come to Main Street?" Buck Jones is twenty-eight and with Fox. Yes, married. Reginald Denny is married and has a daughter. Thanks for the invitation. I may accept, if you'll furnish the chariot.

Bree M.—So you have started many letters to me, but never had the nerve to send them. I don't know what you are afraid of, spare my blushes. If you ever see me you would think I was as gentle as lamb. Conrad Nagel is with Goldwyn. Yes, Gloria Swanson is going to do "Zaza."

Ler.—The colors in the U. S. flag mean: red, courage, zeal and faith; white, purity, cleanliness of life and rectitude of conduct. Blue for loyalty, devotion, friendship, justice and truth. Thanks for the pictures. Bert Lytell has had only one wife, Evelyn Vaughn, and I guess he is satisfied. D. W. Griffith has been married to Linda Griffith. House Peters in "The Virginian."

TARHAD.—Yes, indeed, Olga is still with us. You know how to write a letter all right. Yes, indeed, Brazil is larger than the United States. Mary Pickford is going to do "The Street Singer," and will make "The Seven of Bagdad"—some magic carpet to sail on with your dream girl.

SEY JAY.—So you think I am running close second to Methuselah. Well, I'll be Capricorn, so we wouldn't agree. George Inness, the landscape painter, was born in New York, N. Y., May 1, 1825, and died in 1894. Mae Murray's next will be "Conquest" and "Mlle. Midnight." Call again.

Do you mean I never saw the inside of a half bedroom? There isn't much to see, I'll admit, and you'll never mistake it for a parlor, bedroom and bath. Shirley Mason in "Balance Due" with Albert Roscoe opposite. Doris May opposite William Humm. You write a mighty interesting letter. Send me another.

NYUN.—Don't be cross with me. To a gentleman, every woman is a lady in right of her sex. You say you would like to see Agnes Ayres and Rodolph Valentino playing in "The Rocks of Valparaiso." Yes, Robert Agnew will play in "Seventeen."

HELEN B.—No, there are no more baker's dozens. Remember when you could get thirteen buns for ten cents. Now you get eight for ten and not so good either. Yes, Helen, Harrison Ford has been married to Beatrice Prentice. He is playing in "Vanity Fair" also "Little Old New York." You bet I'm always glad to hear about your favorites, Viola Dana for you.

CORSICAN FRIEND.—So you don't believe I am eighty, and you would like to see me on roller skates. Help! Help! Make it a pogo-stick. I like the rise, and fall will be easier—not so swift either on an old man's legs, you know. At 19 Hudson Place, Weehawken, N. J., yes, there is a woman at the beginning of all great things. How about Eve? She started something didn't she?

CATHERINE.—The thrumming instinct is born in all men; life is but a gamble. Oh, I have played the races, a bit of poker, but not the roulette. Remember to do the thing saves atmosphere—for Monte Carlo—when my dime bank gets full. Margaret Loomis is playing in "What Wives Want." Yes, Bebe Daniels is in "The Exiles." Metro is doing "East of Suez."

Pauline Garon in "The Critical Age." Jack Hoxie with Universal in "Don Quickshot."

Write to me next month.

Buddy.—Well one knows the value of pleasure only after he has suffered pain. So your mother doesn't care for Gloria Swanson. How about you? Elsie Bartlett is Mrs. Joseph Schildkrout. Why I think I lived "Orphans of the Storm." Better than "When Knighthood was in Flower," but they are so different. Ramon Navarro is twenty-four. Give me not flattery, but appreciation. I liked you for. Regards to mother.

MUTTS.—Phil Ford is playing in "The Lone Wolf" for Cosmopolitian.

M. S.—Joseph Swickard was the father. Guess I am too late for the other questions. Hope you won the thousand.

CHINOUAT.—Oh, the years I have lost. You write a very clever letter, and enjoyed your P. R. Age.
Madam: You've always wished for the beauty, convenience and extra sleeping capacity of a bed-davenport. Here is your opportunity to own the famous Kroehler bed-davenport (known and acknowledged the best of all bed-davenports) on a perfectly amazing, price-smashing offer. The illustration gives only a small idea of what a handsome, massive and comfortable piece of furniture it is. But you don't have to imagine how it would look in your home; on this special offer we'll send it right to your house on approval upon receipt of the coupon with only $1.00 deposit! Think what this bed-davenport will mean to your home. A luxurious divan by day which will enrich the appearance of your room. And at night, a full size bed extra sleeping capacity for some one who is crowded now or when company drops in for a stay.

30 Days Trial
Just send the coupon below and we'll ship this Kroehler bed-davenport to your home for you to use freely for 30 days trial. See what a roomy, comfortable divan it makes by day. Open it up and use it as a bed for thirty nights. What a comfortable, restful bed! What a convenience-just like adding another room to your home! Compare the price with what you would have to pay spot cash locally. If, after 30 days, you feel that you can possibly get along without this bed-davenport, if you don't agree that it is a perfectly sensational bargain offered on most liberal terms, send it back at our expense and we'll refund your money plus any freight charges you paid.

$4.50 a Month
And we give almost a year to pay at the rate of only 12¢ a day. What could you spend $1.20 a day for that would give you more real, lasting, worth-while satisfaction than for this famous Kroehler bed-davenport? Decide now to save those nickels and dimes for something worth while. Send for this bed-davenport now. We trust honest people anywhere in the U.S. No discount for cash; nothing extra for credit. No C.O.D.

Price Slashed!—Send NOW

Free Bargain Catalog
Shows thousands of bargains in home furnishings, furniture, window, carpet, rugs, cutlery, silverware, photographs, glassware, dishware, aluminum ware, rugs and lawn furniture, etc. All sold on easy terms. Catalog sent free, with or without order. See the coupon.

Famous Kroehler BED Davenport

A Luxurious Divan by Day with the Bed-Davenport is a real Bargain! Kroehler bed-davenports have been awarded at all large illustrations. Heavily padded, luxuriously upholstered, massive construction, elegant Colonial design.

Madame: You have an opportunity to own, at the most amazing price, a real Bargain, for this fine Kroehler bed-davenport, as in its large illustration. Heavily padded, luxuriously upholstered, massive construction. It will add beauty and comfort to your room and be a real Bargain.

A Full Size Bed at Night is in the small illustration. Kroehler bed-davenports are offered by us at a good price in our catalog. All bed-dabenports are made of the best materials. We offer you a real Bargain, for this Kroehler bed-davenport, as in its large illustration. Heavily padded, luxuriously upholstered, massive construction, elegant Colonial design.

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Rigaud's Beauty Treatment

The New Motion Picture

(Continued from page 36)

adjust his individual apparatus and maintain the rigid postures necessary to keep his eyes on a level with the small apertures.

The Teleview method of motion picture photography, production and projection is the invention of Lawrence Hammond, assisted by William F. Cassidy, both of the class of 1919 at Cornell.

Looking with the naked eye upon Teleview pictures projected on the screen, we find a blurred double image with a fuzzy suggestion of chromatic colors permeating it. And it is true that there really are two images on the screen; one superimposed—slightly off-center—over the other. In the projection-room you will find two projection machines operating in co-ordination and each throwing its contributive image on the screen simultaneously. Going further back, we learn that the subject—of course, ingeniously photographed with a stereoscopic, or double-lensed, camera: these lenses have been adjusted to a distance apart corresponding to the space—optically speaking—between the two human eyes.

An observation by the writer at this point might be helpful to the reader in understanding and visualizing the Teleview method at this stage of its development. Several years ago I had a serious infection of the eyes. An operation and heroic treatment effected a cure, but I suffered a collapse of the optical muscles. They refused to binoculate. I saw two images. Each eye saw separately. You can do the same thing, by deliberately forcing the eyelids to draw themselves so as to leave in two straight parallel lines. You will then see two slightly blurred images.

The ingenious feature of the method is introduced at this point. Just before the projection on the screen begins, spectators become aware that the stereoscope device, thru which they must look at the screen, has suddenly come to life! We can hear a slight whirring and feel a tiny smooth vibration within. It is the motor within each instrument. Perhaps we had noted on first examining the instrument that it contained a small, two-vaned "shutter," which persisted in spinning in one of the windows and thus threatening to spoil our clear view of the screen. But now we are relieved to find that the shutter has mysteriously disappeared! The fact is that it is revolving so fast that we cannot see it.

Now, this shutter co-ordinates perfectly with the projection machine and cuts off the vision of each eye alternately so that one eye sees one "frame"—as each separate picture that forms the strip of pictures is called—and the other eye sees only the following or alternate one. Because of the infinitesimal elapsed space—1/156th of a second—of the duration of each impresson, seem to be simultaneous but separate images. When they are blended in the brain they give the sensation of depth, observable in the old-fashioned stereoscope. The ordinary rate of 16 pictures to the foot is used.

The cost of equipping a theater with mechanical shutters is given by the inventors as five dollars a seat, separate shutters being necessary for each observer. The cost of obtaining a picture by this method is said to be about double.

The result of a motion-picture Teleview moving picture is startling. In stereo "still" pictures we were impressed with the realism induced by the appearance of solid images with perceptible "fourth" spaces between them. With these "real" images set in motion, the effect is astonishing. But once a real frame is moved to within six feet of the camera, it seems to have emerged from the background and approached to within the same distance of each spectator. I sat at a distance of ten feet and we say one hundred feet from the screen and yet the illusion in one or two instances was so perfect that I felt convinced that if I shut my eyes I could almost have touched the foremost objects in the picture!

And Teleview is only one of the many indications showing the marvelously rapid advance of the motion picture to spheres of perfection and efficiency at which we can only hazard a guess from day to day!

Songs of the Shadows

(Continued from page 41)

We tread a thousand weary ways,
And heavy burdens know:
We toil in patience thru the years,
Alike in sun and shower.

Paying the cost ofoved and tears
For one climactic hour.

We tread the boards thru action long,
Face conflict grinned hard:
To gain one triumph over wrong,
One moment of reward.

We move upon the mighty screen
From dawn to dusky day:
To make one little perfect scene
Before our part is done.
Pauline Frederick, and was two years with "Brewster's Millions" and four with Julian Eltinge in "The Fascinating Widow." The center piece in Toledo that she suddenly deci-
ded to become a scenario writer; and she at once returned to New York to prepare herself for her newly chosen pro-
fession.

Edwin Carewe, the Metro director, to whom she is the devoted, capitaminated, and admired her work and gave her her first opportunity as a staff member of the Metro organization. In less than a year she was in charge of her department; and for seven years thereafter she applied herself diligently to the task of selecting, adapting, supervising and editing pictures. During this period she turned out "To Hell With the Kaiser," "Dracl 258," "The Millionaire's Double," and "The Successful Adventure."

Then came the turning-point in her work—the great opportunity to reveal her full capacity and to establish herself for all the world to see. It requires a knowledge of every phase of the industry; and it involves the spending of millions, the running of tremendous risks, and the super-
site of excellence in the commercial departments. When one adds to all this the artistic responsibility of selecting and preparing a picture and of playing the leading role therein, some idea may be gained of the mental capacity and com-
cerprise of one person.

Not only was the script and continuity her own divided creation from start to finish, but it was thru her influence that the directorship was assigned to Rex Ingram and he was watched and supervised every detail of the picture's progress; made suggestions; edited and cut; wrote the titles decided upon—solved its problems; and, in short, gave life and personality into every foot of film.

But she did more; and nowhere is her shrewd, far-seeing vision better exemplified than in this further detail: She sensed the possibilities of Rodolph Valentino as a leading man. She helped him to the screen; she supervised every detail of the picture's progress; made suggestions; edited and cut; wrote the titles decided upon; solved its problems; and, in short, gave life and personality into every foot of film.

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Wesley Barry does not dare to use it

Naturally he then freshmen no better than group class. But he is afraid to use stillman's Freckle Cream for fear the public won't know him without them.

Stillman's Freckle Cream

This famous cream causes freckles to fade gently away while you sleep, giving you a clear white complexion. Used the world over for 63 years. Cannot grow hair. Containing 5 and 10 sizes at drug stores. Look for the purple and white label.

Write for free booklet

If you take your complexion and hair, write for a copy of "Beauty Factor Secrets." Directions the information that will enable you to enjoy at home all cost the extreme treatment. Stillman Company, 33 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, III.

Beautifully Curly, Wavy Hair Like "Nature's Own"

Try the new way—the Silmerine way—and you'll never again use the ruinous heated iron. The curliness will appear automatically, I. Liquid Silmerine

is easily applied with brush. Is neither sticky or greasy. Perfectly harmless. Serves also as a special dressing for the hair. Directions the information that will enable you to enjoy at home all cost the extreme treatment. Stillman Company, 33 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, III.

BEAUTYPEEL. "Makes your hidden nature visible."

BEAUTYPEEL COSMETIC CO. 1456 N. El Paso Ave., El Paso, Texas

Page 90

Beauty is, and I title a dramatic depends, Anita creator Here I drive. Mrs. "MAKES Powdered really need information you the applied Belmont book:

Write for free booklet

Perfectly veiling gold sizes he effects against his afraid. Yet he lends some real notables, he worked toward the popularization of Douglas Fairbanks for it; for she was who wrote those early titles to his pictures, which won immediate attention and set a new standard in titular humor.

Then there is Frances Marion, whose name is applied to many of the greatest of our dramas, for instance, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Captain Kidd, jr.," "Anne of Green Gables," "Pollyanna," and "Humoreague." And there is Lillian Leighton, publisher of "Lewis Carr, Julia Burnham, Ann McSwallow, Mary Mulliro, Katherine Reed, Marion Fairfax, Adele Buffington, Lois Zellner, and many others have also contributed to the field of continuity, and the writers and continuity writers, have made notable contributions to motion-picture history.

And there is still another branch of creative activity in which the feminine mind has left its indelible impress. Motion pictures do more toward forming the sartorial taste of the country than all the fashion magazines combined; and the task of designing women's clothes for the foremost "society" films is one which demands the most delicate taste; for a picture's appeal may be either greatly diminished or greatly enhanced by the way its characters are dressed.

Here again is another important department, we find the leading position in the entire cinema field filled by a woman. The dramas of Cecil de Mille have long been remarkable for their impact; and it is Clare West who for years has created and designed every gown, suit, cloak, and hat in these dramas. So successful has Miss West been, and so attractive have her models proved, that even Paris has begun to copy her creations.

There has, indeed, been almost no branch of the cinema industry in which women have not distinguished themselves. One of the greatest of the silent pictures was a woman—Mme. Alice Blanche. At the end of the last century she was in entire charge of the Gaumont Studios in Paris, and she alone was responsible for those early masterpieces, "The Pit and the Pendulum" and "The Rogues of Paris." Later she formed United States Amusement Company, and produced (among other noteworthy films), "The Dream Woman," "The Sea Sailing," "The House of Daidalos," and "The Grand Adventure." Clara May Park (Mrs. Joseph DeGrasse) is another woman director and producer, with such films as "The Butterfly Man" (Lew Cody) and "The Mid-laners" to her credit.

Nor can the name of Mrs. Sidney Drew be omitted from any list of women whose executive and organizational work has contributed to the greatness of the motion-picture industry. Because she played in the pictures which bore her and her husband's name, the public is apt to overlook the constructive labor she did in helping to create a new type of screen comedienne. In those days she played a part co-equal with that of her husband.

Katharine Hulker has won renown as a film writer and publicist, woman. Miriam Meredith has for years been chief reader for Thomas H. Ince, and is the founder and general manager of The Charles Urban Theater. Blanche Scott Stuart (the first woman, parenthetically, to drive an automobile from coast to coast) is the studio manager of the "His Excellency" studio.

But there is no need to continue. Women have done their full share in bringing the motion picture art up to the level of intellectual influence it holds in the world today, and in so doing have carved their names imperishably on the tablets of contemporary history.
The Question of Attraction

(Continued from page 26)

never would, she said! "Not while I am working, at any rate," she qualified. "The Screen is a Career. Marriage is a career, too. The two cannot be united successfully in one person. I see that now. Besides, to me, marriage means children. Without children, the institution is just that—an institution. Barren. Well, I have my little girl, now. I have my screen career. They are sufficient. Why should I marry again?"

I omitted to speak of the unknown quantity called "falling in love." I was human enough to refrain from observing that not so very long ago Pola came forth with the pronouncement that she would not fall in love for five years—and now look at her! I couldn't do it. She seemed so poised and serene that I was beholding a woman and a philanthropist of the passions to leave her be!

But I did query her on men. I asked her, in the name of all Flapperdom, what was the surest way to attract a man. I reminded her that the magazines and papers are constantly full of such adjurations as "Girls, be Clinging Vines," or "Wives, wear orchid lingerie if you would Hold Your Husband," and suchlike. I told her, with some pleading, that no question on earth was so vital to Womankind as the question of Attraction. Her advice, her theory, her what-she-would, I held forth, would be devoured syllable for syllable by every Wife, Widow, Stenographer, Serving Wench, Follies Girl, Bachelor Maid and Mother of Six, the length and breadth of the land.

Miss Owen looked properly overcome, but she realized, I feel sure, the full responsibility thus lightly laid upon her.

"She didn't say, superficially, "You must be wise to win," or "Sin to succeed," or any such time-honored maxims. No. She said, sincerely:

"The way to win a man is by understanding him. If you take an interest in a man's affairs, he is yours. The trouble with most girls is they want to talk too much about themselves. They are too full of their own importance, their own interests, their own plans and dreams. It isn't, either, a mere matter of being a good listener. A girl has got to be an intelligent listener and a responsive listener. She has got to ask and she has got to answer. It can't be feigned.

"If you understand a man, it doesn't matter whether you have blonde curls or black braids, whether you are short or tall, fat or thin, wealthy or poor.

"If you understand him, if you can pal with him, you have vamped him, not out of ten dollars' worth of orchids, and one or two dinners but out of his bachelorhood.

"Understand him and the ring is yours!"

It wasn't easy to tell him

BARTON faced an unpleasant job that morning. As sales manager it became his duty to speak to one of his men—an ambitious man, yet unsuccessful—on a subject almost universally avoided by everyone.

There was something about this man that was holding him back—some invisible thing that became a silent indictment against him and seemed to offset every other admirable quality he had in his favor.

Repeatedly it stood between him and an excellent order. And the pity of it all was that the man himself was utterly unaware of what his handicap was.

Of course, it wasn't an easy thing for Barton to tell him. But the sales manager had studied and observed his man, had found the cause and then, fortunately, had the courage to tell him.

Almost immediately the results showed. Within sixty days this salesman's orders doubled—then tripled!

It had been a hard jolt at the time but it did him a lot of good.

* * * * * * * * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle.

It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these peculiar properties as a breath deodorant. It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side. You know your breath is right. Fastidious people everywhere are making it a regular part of their daily routine.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for a half a century. Read the interesting little booklet that comes with every bottle.—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.
The “crowd” had it that he was “mad about Valerie.”

Louis went to Querida’s “fortnightly party.” It was a mad scene, and mad pivot of it all was Valerie. In the swirling midst of confetti, mounted on a table, flushed and riotous, the girl was singing to the strumming of an amorous guitar.

Querida was trying to put his arm about her.

Louis called to her, “Valerie! I want to speak to you!”

Valerie jumped from the table. Her eyes were red and there was a touch of hysteria in her manner.

She followed Louis into the hall. He took her in his arms. “Valerie” he murmured, not in anger, but rather as one would soothe with gentle reproachfulness a refractory child, “how can you, dear? What does it mean?”

“It means that I love you,” the girl said, “I . . . Louis, I cant go on with this. And I cant marry you. Lily was right about the marriage part, but she doesn’t know about the way I . . . I love you. I haven’t any pride left any more. I haven’t anything left. Only you . . . only you . . .

“I know. I told you that. You see, you must marry me.”

Valerie detached herself from his arms. “No,” she said, with surprising clarity, “I’m not going to marry you, Louis. There is another way. A way that will give us our love but that will leave you free. A common-law marriage.

Louis stared at her. “What are you thinking of?”

“You. Me. Your family. The things that will matter to you in the long run. That is the solution. The only one. I cannot marry you and I cant live without you. This is the end of May. . . . Louis, on the first of June I am coming to your studio as your common-law wife. Oh, I know what you are thinking. You are thinking that I don’t know, just as I am knowing; that it sounds ugly; that you couldn’t do ‘that sort of thing.’ But after all, if the suggestion comes from me? It is the only thing that can make me happy. Louis . . .”

Louis shook his head. “That is out of the question, Valerie,” he said; “I am going to give it another one more chance to come across. Not so much for their sakes as for yours. Then, if they still act mulish, we will be married anyway and the whole crew can go to hells.

Valerie simply smiled. She knew what the family would say and she had determined not to marry Louis unless they gave their blessing. Tita Tevis and others in the quarter had told her of what happened to young men of “family” who married their models and lived together. Louis should have no regrets theru.

Of course the family maintained their stand. Their dignity demanded that of them. Neville Senior took refuge in a mighty wrath to cover up his misgivings.

Mrs. Neville sobbed and was sentimental. They begged him not to bring “disgrace” upon them and their old age.

“Your sister has just announced her engagement to Mr. Cardemona,” her mother reminded him, tearfully, “it would be a terrible blow to her and me, and I ought not to let it out and marry some model . . . just now . . .”

Louis left the house. They couldn’t see. They wouldn’t see, and that was an end to it, but he would be damned if he would sacrifice Valerie to a moulderling pile of petty prejudices. Lily and her Cardemona . . . a fine thing upon which to sacrifice his love for Valerie.

Black days.

Louis laid aside his palette and brush, his painter’s smock hung limply from its book and gathered dust upon its troubled coil.

Spring, which had come in so joyously, trailed wan feet in the dust.

Black nights.

Valerie was gone. So was Rita Tevis. Querida swore he knew nothing of her. Letters were unavailing. No forwarding address had been left.

Where Valerie had gone became the pivotal point of Neville’s life. Did she plan to return June first and become his common-law wife as she had promised? If she did, would he have the strength to force her into a legitimate marriage? And if he didn’t have the strength to do that, then would he have the strength to resist her own suggestion?

He loved her, that was all. But even that wasn’t enough. Love has been the instrument of destruction. It mustn’t destroy Valerie.

Why didn’t she come back? Where was she? He wrote her letters releasing her from her promise. Perhaps she was afraid to come back, fearing that he would hold her to that promise. But she ought to know him better than that, who had seemed to know him so well . . .

On the night he had heard of her marriage. . .

Valerie came in.

“It is June first,” she said. Valerie was like that. Unexpected because she was so definite and firm. Doing so utterly what she had said she would do.

Just for the moment the relief of seeing her, the being warm again after having been so lonely and so cold, shook Neville from the horrified state. She was with him! At whatever terms, that seemed momentarily to be enough. Now . . . now he knew the full measure of his ruin. Now he gauged his desolation.

Valerie was talking to him; “Your sister,” she was saying, “Mrs. Cardemona. . . . Louis forced himself to stop drinking her in with his eyes, so that he could hear her voice. “Things aren’t fair, she was saying, “sincere things aren’t the things that matter . . . in this day and age. But one must know that that is so. One must accept that. because ‘that is strange to us and strange to them, where Rita and I were, I got caught in a storm one day. I went into a Lodge and a man was there. He tried to make love to me and I had a frightful time. The man was the man your sister is engaged to.

That made me see things . . . in a sense. But it made me see that cause people are so blind and so deluded and so dependent upon things and people that dont matter . . . they cant see . . .

What does it matter whether such people see or no. What does it matter to you, or to me?”

It matters to me because of you. You are my father and you are my mother. Your what your stands for, you stand for because you cant help it. When we go against the particular
herd of which we are a part, the herd tramples us underfoot one way or another. Louis, I couldn’t stand by and see you trampled because of me. I couldn’t do that. But I am willing to love you for as long as you love me. That is my absolute decision.

"Then we must part" (Ah, he was gaining strength. It was because he loved her, too, in the precise same way in which she loved him, with the sacrificial inability to hurt her, to harm a hair of her bright head.)

"You can say that? You can consider parting?"

"I can say it. I don’t consider anything after that. I... it is all over for me, without you. I shall disappear into the herd, Valerie, trampled anyway."

"But your work... your Art...?"

"That has become you, too. Useless without you. "Sterile."

It was then they became aware of the presence of the elder Neville in the room. It was because he gave a peculiar cough.

"I’ve been here for some time," he said apologetically, "I wish that I hadn’t been because... er... what I have come to say will sound like the result of what I’ve heard. It isn’t, children. You see, your mother and I have been talking it over. After all, Louis, your happiness is what matters and now I can see how safe your happiness will be. I... I apologize."

The elder Neville went over to where Valerie stood, uncertain, but very still, and kissed her on her white brow, where the bright hair parted and waved back. "You’ve said some terribly true things, my child," he said, "but after all, you see, there is something even stronger than the herd. It’s love. Louis..."

The elder Neville waved his hand toward his son. The gesture meant, pitifully, perfectly and completely, “Take her and God bless you both!”

Then he kissed Valerie tenderly on her brow in a paternal blessing.

---

Does the burning sun of summer redden and coarsen your skin?

SWIMMING—motoring—golf or tennis, under a scorching sun. What happens to your complexion? Is it marred by redness and roughness? Do sunburn, tan or freckles rob your complexion of charm? There is no need of it.

You can protect your skin from the burning rays of the summer sun. You can guard it against sunburn, tan or freckles if you adopt the regular use of Ingram’s Milkweed Cream.

Ingram’s Milkweed Cream, you will find, is more than a face cream. Not only does it protect the skin—it keeps the complexion fresh and clear, for Ingram’s Milkweed Cream has an exclusive therapeutic property that actually “tones-up,” revitalizes the sluggish tissues of the skin.

If you have not yet tried Ingram’s Milkweed Cream, begin its use at once. It will soon soothe away old traces of redness and roughness, banish slight imperfections. In continued use will preserve your fair complexion through a long summer of outdoor activities.

Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram’s Milkweed Cream in the 5c, package or the standard $1.00 size. (The dollar jar contains three times the quantity.) Use it faithfully, according to directions in the Health Hint booklet enclosed in the carton—keep the charm of a fresh, fair complexion through the hot vacation days.

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Send ten cents for Ingram’s Beauty Purse—An attractive souvenir packet of the exquisite Ingram Toilet Aids. Mail the coupon below with stamps or coin and receive this dainty Beauty Purse for your hard bag.

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Gentlemen: Enclosed please find ten cents. Kindly send me Ingram’s Beauty Purse containing an attractive paper case, samples of Ingram’s Face Powder, Ingram’s Toilet Aids, a sample of Cream and, for the gentleman of the house, a sample of Ingram’s Therapeutic Shaving Cream.

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City __________________ State ____________
For weeks, before about toss-up, pale various t
Pink amazed...i...-

Also Marriage? A?ZZ.

(Motif) Gilgal

The Editor Gossips

heard interesting things about their danc-
ing tour. The crowds have been tremendous—so tremendous, in fact, that she has been forced to go thru into the theaters ahead of Rudy. Attempting to enter the theater with him, she has had her clothes torn. He later goes thru the crowd with an erstwhile football player on either side of him. A veritable center-rush.

Because they played small towns in many one-night stands, they enjoyed the luxuries of a private car. And Mrs. Val-

...en...r. the...t...amazing. She says it amazed her how people in the little towns and hamlets they passed thru knew when their train was due. The stations would be crowded and the cheers always brought the Signor Val-

...entino out on the observation platform.

One night her aunt, who traveled with them, returned to the track where their car was sided to find several young girls balanced on top of soap boxes, peeping thru the window chimks.

Such popularity must often be difficult to bear. The shades of their car had to be pulled down all the time unless they desired an audience. Even breakfast had to be eaten by electric light. There are many times when fish-gold have more privacy than motion picture stars.

Mrs. Valentino, interestingly, is one of the most beautiful women we have ever seen. Her face is pale and her lips are scarlet. Her hair is braided and coiled-
silkily over her ears. This day she wore a severely tailored gown of a rough grey and black material and a smart black tur-

bun. Unusual and striking in appearance...

Motion-picture stars have written biog-

...raphies since the beginning. And while Rodolph Valentino is not about to publish his biography, he is about to publish a book of verse, called "Reflections." It is to be very attractively bound in Chinese red and lettered in gold and black. We have seen the dummies. The contents? Poetry from his own pen; some of it written to various people and some of it written of various people and various things.

And we venture a prophecy that the love lyrics of Rodolph Valentino will not burden the shelves of any book-shop very long. Their sale will be tremendous. And after all, what could be more fitting and proper than love verses from the pen of Valentino?

It must be a toss-up with the stork whether to drop a baby into the nursery of a castle or the nursery of a motion-picture star's abode. The reason for our wander-

ings is little Mary Hay Barthelmess. Her paternal grandmother took us to call upon her at the Barthelmess suite at the Algon-

...oln, New York.

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Support nature and look your best. If your nose is ill-shaped, you can make it perfect with ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER. In a few weeks, in the privacy of your own room and without interfering with your daily occup-

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THE ANITA Company, Dept. 832, ANITA Bldg., Newark, N. J.
hands and gazing with sleepy blue eyes at her adoring grandmother, seemed quite unconcerned over the name it has been given to bear. After all, Mary Hay makes a tender, loving little mother and Dick Barthelmess makes a devoted young father. And if newspaper people and photographers must come, it is specified that they come at a time designed not to interfere with her feeding or her nap. So let the world go on.

The next day we saw Dick Barthelmess at lunch. He was at a nearby table and stopped to talk to us for a few minutes. He wears a poetic look these summer days. His hair is long while he plays in "The Fighting Blade," a story of England in the days of Oliver Cromwell. Needless to say, the long black hair looks curious when worn with modern sport suits.

He was hurrying, in order to catch a two-something train to Rye, Rye is the summer home of the Barthelmess family. Because Mary was ill, Dick explained he was going up to unpack some books and china. So things wouldn't look so mothballed when his family arrived, he considered aloud, consulting his watch. Trains wait for no man.

It gave us a warm glow to see him hurrying off on his domestic mission. All of us, when it comes right down to it, find homes pleasant places. We work for them, plan for them and dream of them. Whether we be movie star, mechanic or banker.

One of our pleasantest times this month was tea with Mrs. Tony Moreno. Meeting such a woman, we realize how often the word charming is inadvisably used. If it wasn't often used carelessly and lightly, it might describe her better. While Tony gave his days to the Long Island studios where they were filming "The Exciters," Mrs. Tony sought treasures for the home they are building on the West Coast. We use the word treasures literally. One lamp, planned for the hallway, is of carved jade... green and white.

But of Mrs. Moreno herself. Her years of living have been full years. Her philosophies tell you that, for it is a philosophy born of experience, seasoned with trouble and pain. It does you good to talk to her. She believes. In a World to Come. In Beauty. In Charity. She insists that the devastating, doubting philosophy so prevalent with the youth of today is but a phase of the growth out of it to serenity and acceptance, she says. And she has time for whatever comes to her, whether it be pleasant or unpleasant. "Trouble," she says, "tries your spirit. But it helps form you into what you must ultimately be."

Now, in talking from the luxury and ease of her present days, as she is now, independently wealthy, a leader of California's "four hundred," and beloved by the handsome, gallant Tony. She has known the monotonous grind of bringing up children and doing housework. And she tells you of those other days without affectation. It was those days which led her out of the dark places of doubt.

We find ourselves hoping that the years will bring us something of the vision and serenity possessed by Mrs. Moreno. And how grateful Tony should be that Love gave him this woman to walk with him. And in hand, thru the years. More than a friend... a wife. More than a wife... a friend.

The Mysterious Door

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LIKE alchemists of old, perfumers have spent their lives seeking in vain the secret which Vivaudou has at last found. Perhaps you have heard of the famous Door of Mystery, that has stirred the amazing interest of the perfume world. But you can never know what marvelous secret it jealously guards. Only Vivaudou and the four walls know. But to give to you the bewildering appeal of this secret, Vivaudou has created

MAI D'OR

--more than merely a fragrance

It is within the secret door that Mai d'Or is given a new quality that no other perfume has ever had.

How this mysterious power is imparted only Vivaudou and the four walls know. Mai d'Or alone of all perfumes can possess it.

With it you wield a new and delightful power—it stimulates you to greater heights of charm. It has subtlety and refinement—but safely hidden in the folds of its refinement there lurks an unsuspected power—truly the power to charm. For Mai d'Or is more than merely a fragrance; it is at once the flashing eyes of the gay coquette—the warm soft color of the débutante—the sinuous grace of the silken gowned Parisienne. It appeals—it attracts—it excites the interest of those about you; the envy of women—the homage of men.

Will you let another hour exist without knowing the compelling charm of it?

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If you have been paying high prices for shoes, examine the W. L. Douglas $5.00 and $8.00 shoes. They are exceptionally good value and will give you satisfactory service.

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The Picture Book De Luxe of the Movie World

Please Page Mister Freud!

A little Freudian technique has been injected by Charlie Chaplin in his latest comedy, "Public Opinion." It seems that a villain is not a villain after all—he merely has a complex. By his complex shall we know him! Charlie is most illuminating in telling Ted Le Berthon all about it for CLASSIC.

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For once this irrepressible person must stop, look and listen. Someone who knows the game offers him the most pregnant advice. The article is exceedingly humorous. You will not want to miss it.

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Andrée Lafayette who possesses the most beautiful feet in France, takes the part of the famous little French model in the picture, “Trilby.” An interview with Miss Lafayette and a picture of her famous feet are given in CLASSIC.

AUGUST CLASSIC AUGUST

That “Different” Screen Magazine

ON ALL NEWS STANDS
more of a light-weight than she had ever suspected while she was his secretary; a college boy who happened to have a talent for good stage stuff. What would Dr. Enoch Bennett think of such a man? At least Dr. Enoch could hardly say that Philip Garner had been afraid to take a chance. Obviously he was the sort who would take almost any chance. And suddenly Susie felt tears in her eyes. And for the last five miles of the drive to Magda Basarow's house the tears rolled down her cheeks. Susie was homesick. In these last weeks she had become very fond of Magda Basarow. Susie had hardly had a woman friend. And now Magda was gone. And for weeks and weeks she must play that she was Magda Basarow. It would be quite horribly lonely—this job. She would never meet anybody she knew—except Philip Garner. And Mr. Armistead. But Mr. Armistead was a business associate and not a friend.

Susie awoke the next morning with a start. She had been dreaming some happy dream. But as she opened her eyes and realized where she was, she remembered the task she had undertaken. Again the sense of the loneliness of the life she must live flooded over her. She forced herself to think about something else. But it was a most unhappy Susie who went down to breakfast that morning. Mr. Armistead was waiting for her, a newspaper in his hand. He grinned cheerfully and laid the paper out on the table.

"Look at that!" he said.

Susie saw two pictures of herself on the front page. And underneath was the story of her disappearance. Susie read rapidly down the column. Clay Newton had come on to New York, had failed to find her at her Twenty-first Street address, had tried to find Philip Garner, had discovered that Philip Garner had sailed for England.

"It's understood," the story continued, "that Mr. Garner sailed for this country last Saturday on the Mauretania. Detectives boarded the Mauretania at quarantine yesterday but Mr. Garner was not among the first-cabin passengers at a late hour last night he had not been found."

Susie looked up at Mr. Armistead.

"Do you suppose they'll question Mr. Garner?"

"That's most certainly will." "I talked to him for an hour last night at Muriel Harcourt's," she said. "Did he recognize you?"

Mr. Armistead cried.

"Of course he's innocent of kidnapping you so they can't have anything on him—he'll not be arrested."

"I don't see how they could arrest him," Susie said.

"Of course there is this," Armistead explained. "This is the kind of story the newspapers eat up—especially this time of year when news is a bit dull. 'Beautiful girl disappears' is always good for a story and the longer the search lasts the better the story and if they've got photographs that are really good, heaven knows when they stop. And the police will lay right into their hands. They'll have to—otherwise the great public will think they aren't doing their job. They'll find a new clue every day because the papers will have to have a new lead every day."

"The thing I can't get over is that Clay did actually make the break," Susie said.

She told Armistead a little more of Clay's story, and how both she and Dr. Bennett had failed to stir him to the point of

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**HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM** is so refreshingly fragrant, so refined, so soothing and cooling, that you'll enjoy it thoroughly. It will quickly relieve all irritation and soreness, prevent blistering or peeling, and usually heal the skin over night. If used daily as directed it will keep the complexion in perfect condition all summer.

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**HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM** is not only valuable for protecting the skin from climatic conditions, but also is giving most gratifying results when used as a base for face powder. The process is extremely simple. Just moisten the skin with the cream and allow it to nearly dry, then dust on the powder. It will adhere wonderfully and remain in perfect condition longer than with any other base we know of. The cream and powder will prevent the skin from becoming rough or chapped.

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This same **HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM** for years has been recommended as an aid in manicuring because it so agreeably softens the cuticle for removal.

**HINDS Creme-mix FACE POWDER**

Surpassing in quality and refinement. Is impalpably fine and soft. Its delicate tints blend to produce the coveted effect and, with its subtle and distinctive fragrance, enhance the charm of every woman who uses it. White, flesh, pink, and prevents soreness; also because it adds to the lustre of the nails. Altogether, it is a gratifying success for the entire manicuring process.

**HINDS Disappearing Cream**

Gaining steadily in popular favor because it is perfect for massage, for cleaning the skin and improving the complexion. Valuable for baby's skin troubles because of its potent healing qualities. Contains the essential ingredients of the liquid cream, is semi-greaseless.
In an enchanting package for your dressing table
Swimset
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In this wave-colored box, cool-gleaming as only the freshest of greens and blues could make it, you will find the regular full-size packages of PERT and WINX, together with an eyebrow brush. Think of the added pleasure of using them from such a box!

PERT is a cream rouge, orange-colored in the jar, but a natural pink when applied. It lasts until you yourself remove it with cold cream or soap and water.

WINX is a waterproof liquid for darkening the lashes and making them appear heavier. Apply it with the glass rod attached to the stopper. Unaffected by swimming or tears.

SWIMSET, at drug or department stores, or by mail, $1.50.

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105 Duke Street, Toronto, Ont., Canada

Georgette Le Blanc Maeterlinck Says——

"I consider it the supreme duty of women to be beautiful... they should search and study mind, body and soul... for beauty includes these things." Read Madam Maeterlinck's interesting interview in September Beauty.

Psycho-Physical Culture Lessons

Penelope Knapp, an authority on this subject, will conduct a series of lessons teaching the Harmony of Being—elasticity of muscle, control of nerves, and preserved vitality.

The Importance of the Right Coiffure

No matter how much care and attention a woman may give to her toilet, if she fails to dress her hair becomingly she puts a jarring note in the otherwise harmonious tout ensemble. Learn what styles are best suited to your type.

Interesting fiction, verse, interviews with celebrities, and many beautiful illustrations are also contained in Beauty

September Beauty

Beauty Secrets for Every Woman

leaving the little shop in Belleville and giving himself the chance that his skill in photography offered him.

"He couldn't have found a better way of introducing himself to New York," Armistead barked.

Susie looked up at him.

"I wonder if that's why he's doing it?"

"There's only one other possibility," Armistead said, "and that's that he's in love with you."

Susie shook her head.

"I was always a little in love with him," she admitted. "But he never cared about me—except as a model."

"Well," Armistead said, "he certainly has spilled the beans."

"I wish you'd go and call up Mr. Garner," Susie said, "you can tell him I'd like to talk to him."

"Very well," said Armistead, "I don't see any harm in that, either." He went off to the telephone and Susie sat down to her coffee and her thoughts. The thought of Clay made her smile. She pictured him persisting to the police to take up his search. She pictured him studying the meager details in his possession. She pictured him barded by the fact that Philip Garner had sailed for England and couldn't be reached.

It was absurd that she couldn't set his tears at rest.

Armistead came back.

"Garner isn't at home," he said. "The maid says he wasn't in last night—his baggage has arrived but she doesn't know where he is."

"Do you suppose they have arrested him?" Susie asked.

"Looks like it."

"We've got to protect him," Susie cried. "We've got to protect Magda Basarov, too."

Susie got up, her breakfast forgotten, and walked back and forth.

"You're walking like you instead of like Magda," Armistead said.

Instantly Susie modified her carriage, adopted the pose of Magda Basarov.

"I forgot," she said.

"But you mustn't forget," Armistead warned her. "You must never forget."

"I won't," Susie promised.

Armistead tapped his foot nervously.

"It seems to me we ought to be able to do something but I'm hanged if I know what it is," he said irritably.

"Why couldn't I write a note to Clay telling him I'm all right and asking him to stop trying to find me."

"They might trace the note."

"How could they? I'll write it in my own hand and you can mail it in New York—drop it in at the Grand Central. There'd be no way to trace it."

Armistead nodded.

"You're right," he said, "do it—right away and I'll take it to New York at once."

Susie went to her desk. But the only note-paper was that of Magda Basarov, with her monogram embossed on it.

"Mr. Armistead," Susie said, "you'll have to go down to the village and get some stamped envelopes and some plain note-paper for me."

Armistead looked at her. For the first time since he had shown her the story in the morning Examiner he smiled.

"You know," he said, "I'm just beginning to realize that you have a head for intrigue. You aren't a bit stupid."

"Thank you," said Susie.

While he was gone, Susie arranged the phrases of a note to Clay. By the time Armistead returned Susie knew exactly what she wanted to say. She wrote:

"DEAR CLAY: I'm alive and well and

(Continued on page 101)"
Is Woman’s Love Greater Than Man’s?

By FRANK MAYO

(Continued from page 58)

The purest love includes complete belief in the loved one. When jealousy enters, that love cannot be the purest.

And are not as many women jealous as men?

Of two flames mingling in one, which is the highest? They cannot be measured for comparison. They are one.

So it is with the flames of a man’s and a woman’s love. If they mingle at all—and they must, for love—they are one, and there can be no comparison between them.

“Love” precludes measurement of degree. “Love” means but one thing.

If one person truly loves, it is error to say another loves more.

And if another is said to love less, it is not love at all.

By NORMA TALMADGE

(Continued from page 59)

many who might have responded in a nobler way to another partner, had fate tossed the disc differently.

Again, life is so flimsy. It may be that the woman’s intense love is the finer wrought emotion—tho it be less permanent or complete. To paraphrase Edna St. Vincent Millay, a shining palace on insecure sand may be preferable to an ugly house built upon a rock.

It seems to me that women usually grow older quicker than men, owing to bearing children and taking less physical exercise than their mates. This fact undoubtedly contributes to their greater faithfulness over a long period of years—the endurance of their love. For love is a chemic fire which can simmer down in the wake of poor health and a general lack of response to the sting and color of life.

For my part, after weighing all things in the balance, I prefer the idea of one love “for better or worse, till death us do part.” Because perhaps the highest love conceivable is born of understanding, is cradled in human compassion and in sound thinking. I mean this conclusively.

The man or woman who makes allowances, who realizes that a wife or husband possesses virtues which others do not possess—as well as faults; who realizes that the “new” charmer may wear no better—on sustained acquaintance—than the first love, is the one who looks life in the eye.

Women know men and women have faults—and one husband’s faults will be no worse than another’s.

For while man’s nature roams everywhere and gleams a wide sympathy with countless phases of life which woman, in her restricted sphere, may never contact, the very intensity of her love perhaps gives her a deeper understanding of him than he has of her.

For while his gaze roams the seas and skies and hovers over vast undertakings he is apt to miss many little things about her personality, her soul; whereas her very focusing of attention on him is more than apt to acquaint her with some of his deeper thoughts and emotions.

But as to capacity for love, who knows? Some persons seem to be incapable of arousing affection in others—due to lack of beauty, personality, or wit. They may hold within them immense reservoirs of love—which other heedless, rushing humans will never know of, nor perhaps care if. But this holds good for both sexes. This is part of the irony of life.

Living!—for those who live!

It is life itself, Mademoiselle, this tantalizing fragrance of living flowers that is sweeping the world like a happy bon mot, overwhelming the artificiality of perfumery.

VIVANTE

A single drop, an ephemeral fragrance, and Voila!—one’s thoughts are of Paris in the Springtime, with every blossom-scented breeze a temptation, the very cobblestones whispering messages of love.

As chaste as sixteen!
As discreet as thirty!
As sophisticated as forty!

Journay

58 PAGL

You may obtain a small vial of Journay Vivante by sending 15 cents to our American address.
Across the Silversheet
(Continued from page 51)

of one story: Carol Dempster and Neil Hamilton the hero and heroine of the other, with their stories intertwining. Carol Dempster had for us an added appeal and we liked both, Neil Hamilton and Ivor Novello. We think, too, that Mr. Novello has every greater poten-
tialities.

Of Mac Marsh? She has come back to Griffith after several years away from his guiding hand. And her translation of Tracie, the mighty little cigarette girl who covers her own tenderness, timidity and reserve with the modern jazz accompa-
niments because these gaudy things help her sales, is simply Miss Marsh has done since she tried her own wings. Perhaps here and there she tried a little too, hardly sacrificing, repression. But on the whole, her Tracie is a portrayal worthy of the combined efforts of Griffith and Marsh. We are glad for her that she has returned to Griffith and we are glad for him as well.

No, if Griffith hand it seems to have lost some of its cunning in the final comp-
ilation, it has lost none of its mastery in dealing with human emotions. Even while we don't believe would do the things the people of “The White Rose” did in just the way they did them, we do be-
lieve firmly that they were people. Not wooden, painted, rather warm human beings with beating hearts.

And here, after the manner of critics considering Griffith productions, we stop to marvel again at the sages' humor. It is beyond our ken how a man of Griffith's sensitiveness can interpolate the rough comedy which is ever present.

For if there is anything Maurice Tourneur's “The Isle of Lost Ships.” This is merely a Maurice Tourneur: “The Isle of Lost Ships.” This

And Griffith's sensibilities will launch a starship of the idea of an Avon product. But besides being a novelty, “The Isle of Lost Ships” is genuine entertainment.

You are not mentally tortured as to whether or not you stand a greater chance for happiness by marrying a man of your father's image or combining a career with marriage. You are taken far from your stiff orchestra that are moralizing and those things the people of “The White Rose” did in just the way they did them, we do believe firmly that they were people. Not wooden, painted, rather warm human beings with beating hearts.

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The Eternal Three
(Continued from page 65)

hastily, before Walters could say any-
things. ‘Women are weak. You gotta
done this to them. It doesn’t pay to
give them too much rope. Hilda and I
are mighty happy now,’ he added not so
irrelevantly as it sounds.

Oh, my dear,” said Dr. Walters again
and Frances remembered the last time
he had said it. But what a difference!

Leonard Foster walked down the steps
of the hotel where he had educated
him and cherished him, without a pang
of regret. He was going to his club and
his clothes were on the way. He shrugged
his shoulders with a gesture of cool dis-
missal. A girl crossed the street in front
of him. She was a pretty, cheap, little
creature with transparent hose and a
short-skirted skirt and long green ear-
ings that bobbed alluringly as she tossed
her head and smiled in Leonard’s direc-
tion.

“Where you going, sweetie?” asked
Leonard in his old-time form.

“Wherever you like,” she replied
sanely.

“You’re on!” cried Leonard ecstatically
squeezing her arm and walked away
with her.

Susie Takes a Chance
(Continued from page 98)

no one has done me any harm, or is likely
to. But I don’t want to be interviewed by
the newspapers. And I don’t want Mr.
Garner to be annoyed. He is quite inno-
cent. So won’t you stop this hunt for me
before it becomes embarrassing? I’d like
awfully to see you and to explain every-
thing. But I can’t just now. Not for two
or three months.—Susie.”

“How does that strike you?”
Mr. Armistead smiled appreciatively.

“How does that strike you?”
Mr. Armistead smiled appreciatively.

“Now,” he said, “let’s see that paper
again and get his address.”

“You might put a special delivery stamp
on the envelope,” Susie suggested when she
had addressed her letter.

“Right-0,” said Mr. Armistead.

(To be continued next month)
Three Little Girls Who Came Back

(Continued from page 22)

day at the Goldwyn studio. She had just come in from the country where she had been living on a milk diet. She was very thin, but she looked to be seventeen. Her eyes were vibrant with life and animation. Even her bobbed blonde hair had the vital quality of a child's.

Blanche is a charming girl. She has a wide range of reading—a level common sense is due partly to upbringing. We talked of many things from pathology to King Tut. We had just been watching her husband, Marshall Neilan, direct a scene.

I am a great admirer of "Michie" Neilan. I think he is the one great genius of all the young directors. He is the Mark Twain of the screen. He has the quaint humor, the sympathy, and the almost appalling clarity of vision that placed Mark Twain in a niche above all other writers America has produced. I said as much to his wife; and she replied with the usual wifely modest deprecation.

Later she came to me on the set and said in her abrupt, sudden way, "I want to tell you that what I said about 'Michie' was incorrect and pure pose. I think he is the greatest director on the screen—the greatest director who ever had anything to do with the screen." And with that, she walked away.

Out of the mocking of his Irish heart, Michie assured me that the change in Blanche was a very fine cow from which they take milk. "But," he said, "wait until you see her in Tess of the D'Urbervilles. Nobody knows it but we have already taken a large part of that picture. You are going to see something from her that hasn't happened before on the screen."

Bessie Love's "come-back" has also been due to Marshall Neilan.

Bessie's real name is Juanita Horton, and that explains a great deal. She is not really a Bessie.

They tried to put her out as "another Mary Pickford"—just as they did with Mary Miles Minter and Lila Lee.

After wasting many tears and much money they discovered that the only young lady who could successfully be Mary Pickford was Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks.

Bessie was a winsome little girl with hungry brown eyes but she was Bessie Love and not Mary Pickford.

She began sliding gracefully and gently downward. She was doing cheap melodramas and working with punk directors when Michie Neilan happened to see an art photograph of her in a fashionable studio.

He caught in her expression a hint of a Bessie Love of whom no one had ever dreamed before. He cast her for a heavy emotional role in his picture "The Eternal Three" and the result was sensational. In tragedy, little Bessie Love had found herself.

Afterward, I saw her in a scene of Mrs. Wylie Reid's dope picture directed by John Griffith Wray. She was a young mother and "the baby," whose baby had been taken from her. It was marvelous.

After it was over, Mr. Wray came back by the camera—his eyes big with excitement.

"I have worked with the greatest actresses in our generation," he said. "But I have never seen any one with what that child has.

And that's for Bessie. Dorothy Gish never could find but one person who understood her.

As the street musician in "Hearts of the World," she played the most brilliant piece of business that has been seen on the screen.

For sheer artistry—for lights and shading—for tender quaint humor, it was the finest performance I have ever seen.

She isn't the sweethearty type. She isn't convincing in slapstick. She is smothered in the ordinary comedy and stifled by the ordinary director.

She is like Chaplin. She has to have her own stuff.

After "Hearts of the World," she was three years getting her stride again. She came into her own again as the English barmaid with Dick Barthelmess in "Fury."

In this she was a sensation. There is a Barrie-like quality behind her comedy—

the smile that hides a tear.

When she is at her best, like Chaplin, her comedy is at once infinitely pitiful and outrageously funny.

The tragedy of Dorothy Gish is that she is like a Greek slave who has been brought home as a war captive by some old Roman centurion. The capter feels infinite pride in seeing her in fetters but is bewildered as to what to do with her.

Every producer knows she is a genius but what do you do with genius anyhow?

Common corner grocery store bread and butter talent is so much easier to understand.
WHEN you talk to most people about writing stories and photoplays, they laugh at the idea. They think it impossible. They doubt that one can be successful without being a "genius" or having "pull." And these mistaken ideas rob them of fame and fortune.

A short time ago a poor lad was following the plow in Minnesota. From early dawn until late sunset he toiled in the withering sun—for a few dollars. But he had dreams. He longed to write for the movies. His friends laughed at the idea. "That's foolish," they told him. "You've got to be a Genius to write." But the farm lad was not discouraged. He knew there was nothing to lose if he failed, but a great deal to gain if he succeeded. So he resolved to try. Late one night—after a hard day in the fields—he wrote his first photoplay. And he succeeded! To-day he is said to receive a salary of $2,000.00 a week—$104,000.00 a year—more than the President of the United States!

A busy housewife, who didn't dream she could write, followed our suggestions and sold her first photoplay for $500.00. Janett Burrows, a Cleveland, Ohio, stenographer, earned over $4,500.00 in six months. Peggy R. O'Keeffe, a clerk in Chicago, sold her first story for $250.00. One young man quickly sold three stories to Canadian magazines. The wife of an Ohio farmer sold an article to Woman's Home Companion and a story to The Farmer's Wife. A Massachusetts housewife sold forty manuscripts in two years. Just imagine how much she earned!

YOUR story or photoplay has as much chance as that of any other person. Why not? It has happened before—time and time again. Often the unknown author springs to fame overnight. Out of the crowd—out of the unknown—come our famous authors and playwrights.

Editors will welcome a good story or photoplay from you just as quickly as from any well-known writer. They will pay you well for your ideas, too—a good deal bigger money than is paid in salaries.

Don't think you can't write because you have an ordinary education—that may be a HELP instead of a hindrance. Many brilliant people have really done less than the plainer, persistent ones who had common sense and determination. Thousands of people of ordinary education, who didn't think they could write, now produce stories and photoplays in their spare time! Why not YOU?

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**Literature and Drama**
Interesting articles by William McFee, C. L. Edholm, Frédéric Boutet, Allan Ross Macdougall, Kenneth Macgowan, Francis E. Faragoh and Louis Bromfield.

**Caricature**
Pages by Gropper, Wynn and Dwight Taylor.

**Motion Pictures**
Two-page pictorial feature from the new color picture, "The Falcon," filmed from one of the Decameron stories with Henry Hull in the lead. Camera studies of Mary Pickford, Carol Dempster, Rodolf Valentino.

**Dancing**
Camera studies of famous stars both here and abroad. Other features are Arts and Crafts, Travel, Music, Photography. You will enjoy all of them and your only regret will be there are not more.

**Shadowland**
August Issue On The News-stands
July Twentieth
YOU MAY HAVE 
THIS REMARKABLE 
BOOK FREE!

"What's What in America" is a book that every red blooded American should possess and read. Written by Mr. Eugene V. Breuster, Editor in Chief of the Motion Picture and other well known magazines, Lurier, Artist and Publisher, this book holds a natural interest for our host of valued readers.

Not an important subject has escaped Mr. Breuster's painstaking investigations. Christian Science, Osteopathy, Phrenology, Physiognomny, Stage Tricks and Occultism, Strikes, Protesting the High Cost of Living, the Martyrdom of Genii; these subjects and more are treated in an interesting and authoritative manner in this book which has so aptly been called "What's What in America."

In the Preface of this book, Mr. Breuster says in part—"One of the most marvelous things in America is the fact that we are so unorganized that at any moment the whole nation may be tied up and bound hand and foot by strikes. Under our present laws we cannot prevent strikes and walk-outs, even if we wish. There is nothing so tremendous as a few men from cornering the market on all commodities and paralyzing the nation's industries. And yet there is a remedy and a simple one. "What's What in America," tells the remedy.

A few extracts taken from this remarkable book:

"The brain acquires its full size and weight at the age of twelve. "Knowledge is the cure of both ignorance and superstition, but of the love to wonder there appears to be none."

"Mrs. Edy said that Science and Health was 'God's Book and He gave it at once to the people!' Yet the book was sold by Mrs. Edy for only $1 a copy, while a copy of the Bible may be bought for a few cents."

Bound in cloth, this 230 page book will prove a valuable addition to your library. It is the most interesting and educational book of its kind on the market to-day. Read below how you can get "What's What in America" FREE.

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Please Note! The book and subscription cannot be given in the same name.

Comment on Other Productions

(Continued from page 54)

there's a big lion—watch the elephant stampede—watch the killing of a savage rhino and try and keep a quiet pulse! It can't be done. Photographically the picture is a rare treat. The jungle country, the close-ups of immeasurable numbats in their native haunts, the natives, their habits and habitats—all suffice in lending an eerie atmosphere. The suspense is terrific. You are brought face to face with realities. The camera is forgotten and you are deep in the jungle. You wouldn't like it but you can practically feel alive. When a picture makes you forget your environment, it carries real entertainment values. The Johnsons are performing a real service.

THE SOUL OF THE BEAST—METRO

Mark this up as something worth seeing when it comes along. It may be beyond the realm of probability, but because of its novelty it surely brings a welcome relief to those who have become saturated with the stereotyped story. We have seen a varied display of animals. The pinto pony, the kangaroo, the crocodile, these have all served in giving novelty to a picture or two. But this Thomas H. Ince effort introduces us to an elephant, yclept Oscar—who does about everything but talk. Yet when he trumpets you can almost hear him. There is so much sincerity about the whole deal that many of our best lil' screen actors might take lessons from them. At least they are natural.

The picture features a circus story formula with Madge Bellamy appearing as one of the side-show attractions. A cyclone sweeps down on the lot, carrying away everything but the big pachyderm. He is substantial enough to keep his ground. Oscar is used to thwart the villain. The picture is skillfully directed and its acting is evenly balanced. One will enjoy the thrills, the humor, the suspense and the enchanting woodland scenes. We highly recommend it.

BACKBONE—DISTINCTIVE—GOLDFYNN

A long-drawn-out story which does not offer any high moments until its conclusion, is "Backbone," which features the fair descendant of a well-born grandmother in conflict with the old man's scheming secretary and a stranger who is determined to protect her at all costs. Hence the title. The story is preceded by an interesting prolog which carries the characters and the spectator back to the courtly days of Louis XIV. It becomes illogical when the modern tale brings the girl to her grandfather's house—where his secretary is plotting to steal his estate. A murder is suspected, but when the denouement is reached the suspense is valueless. The old gentleman is supposedly spirited away and secreted in his bedroom, the door of which is guarded by a studio Indian. The story is often confusing and what is disclosed does not warrant the cost of giving it such a good production. Alfred Lunt makes his debut here. We'll come out on record and state that his forte is comedy, not heavy heroics as displayed here.

MADNESS OF YOUTH—FOX

A made-to-order story for John Gilbert, but considerably better than any opus in which he has heretofore appeared. This young thespian has been following a hard luck star for a long time, and "Madness
of Youths” won’t take him far from the trenches of mediocrity. A picture is no stronger than its story and the new numbers must lack the true to follow. It tells the last adventure of a youthful crook, who, like a wolf in sheep’s clothing, covers himself as a suspect of these by assuming the role of an evangelist. He preaches salvation so convincingly that he is finally convinced himself that he is speaking the truth. Yes, yes, he meets the woman whom he awakened the best there is in him. Fairly bright. Billie Dove generates the romantic spark.

The Critical Age—Hopkinson

No one would ever guess that this picture is the adaptation of “Glengary School Days” from its title. Ralph Con- nelley’s ballyhoo editions but his original yarn was pretty widely read some years ago. And the title which is substi- tuted is as colorless as the other is spectacular. Yet it is tackled on fear that the opus might only appeal to the adolescents. Otherwise there is nothing to censure in the treatment of the story which is fairly bright, smooth, an orthodox romance and a familiar political fight in the upper reaches of Quebec. The director, like too many others of his pro- fession, must needs exaggerate the country boy. His idea of a farmer’s sartorial at- tire is to dress him up in loose collar and huge capes, features which the short length of the picture and Pauline Garon’s flapper moments.

You Can’t Fool Your Wife—Paramount

This is merely a substantiation of the theory that a wife’s is forever and it is tacked on for fear that the opus might only appeal to the adolescents. Otherwise there is nothing to censure in the treatment of the story which is fairly bright, smooth, an orthodox romance and a familiar political fight in the upper reaches of Quebec. The director, like too many others of his profession, must needs exaggerate the country boy. His idea of a farmer’s sartorial attire is to dress him up in loose collar and huge capes, features which the short length of the picture and Pauline Garon’s flapper moments.

Playing It Wild—Vitagraph

There is just enough humorous balance to this little western to make it thoroly engrossing. It shapes up with brewery in- cidents which if exaggerated is not bur- densed with false heroes and stereotyped villainy. William Duncan does not at- tempt to resemble an EARLE LEDERMAN ad

Two Minutes to Make Your Eyes Enchanting!

A little touch gives instant loneliness to the body as well as to the face. A discovery that makes the eyes appear larger and more brilliant, impart to the whole face a new charm and fascination. French women have used this wonderful secret.

The poet was right when he said that “the eyes are the windows of the soul.” The eyes are indeed the most expressive of our features. To be beauti- ful one must have beautiful eyes.

You know the French woman’s fascina- tion. Most of this charm is due to the at- tention she pays to her eyes. She never neglects them—all eyes are an expression of her moods, reveal her thoughts. With the aid of long, sweeping lashes and expressive brows she makes her eyes sometimes merry; sometimes Grave; sometimes subtle with the smoldering mystery of love. As a result, the French woman is one of the most fas- cinating in the world.

But her fascination is no longer a secret. You, too, can now give to your brows and lashes certain deft touches that in only two minutes make your eyes entrancing, expres- sive, irresistible. You can instantly give to your brows a finely pencilled, well-groomed appearance—to your lashes an exquisite new beauty. Fashionable women—leaders of society everywhere—famous stage and screen beauties—all unite in saying the transformation is amazing!

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Oh yes, our members will need clothes—lots of them. And they are going to buy them too, with money which they themselves have earned.

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Letters to the Editor
(Continued from page 67)

Now I have always been a great movie fan and thought I had always liked, and have held her high above all up-to-date stars. She is Edith Storey.
Every time I buy a magazine I just love to see an interview or some article about Miss Storey, but in vain. Now when it comes to acting, Edith Storey has all modern actresses beat a mile. At least she was one actress that thought more about her acting than of her looks. There are two pictures I shall always remember her in, one was "When the Sun Went Down" and the other one Hall Caine's "The Christian." Just let your thoughts go back to that wonderful picture when she co-starred with Earl Williams, and surely you must admit it was a prize winner, Miss Storey's acting was marvelous. I went to see the up-to-date picture with Richard Dix. Of course I must admit it was more elaborate than the first picture, but the acting was nothing like that of Earl Williams and Miss Storey. They at that time were like Eugene O'Brien and Norma Talmadge are today. A genuine team. If any film actress could compete with a team like this it is Edith Storey. Give me ten Edith Storey's to one animated wax doll or human clothes radio star. Gloria Swanson may be famous for her beautiful gowns but when it comes to acting she is N. G.
And I might say this in the line of comedy. Good comedies stopped when Florence Hitchcock left the comedy field. So you can plainly see I am for actresses of yester-years, I would like to mention a few stars that will never lose their shine.
Clara Kimball Young, Pauline Frederick, why not see more of Miss Frederick, Norma Talmadge, Lilian Gish and Margaret Clark.
I could just write about dozens or more favorites, but I know you have other letters to read. But I do hope some day I will open a Motion Picture and see several pictures of Edith Storey and a generous write-up. I will live in hope to say the least. I am so grateful for this picture in the Hall of Fame, it is Lon Chaney. He is a born actor, may he devote his entire life to the movies as they sure need him.

Hoping I did not bore you with this long letter, I remain as ever an ardent booster for your magazine.

J. E. McNeil, 1110 4th St., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Neysa McMein's choice of the screen's six most beautiful women is questioned and other beauties are suggested.

Dear Editor: I wonder if you will have any objection if I make a few remarks and criticisms. I have been a reader of your magazine for ages already, and have had one of my letters printed on your pages quite some time ago, but what prompted me to write this time was Miss McMein's choice of the six beautiful women on the screen. I must confess I disagree with her.

Undoubtedly, she, being an artist, is a competent one of that girl's face, but it is generally said (even Gloria Swanson had to admit it in your magazine some months ago), that women wish to be beautiful to attract men. There is none who has more right than someone of the opposite sex to critic in this respect, and I do so frequently.

Perhaps you wonder what authority I
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Vacation-time brings needed rest and relaxation—except to your EYES. Not only does travel expose them to cinders, smoke and coal gas, but days spent in the open results in irritation by rain, wind and dust.

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The Stars and Their Planets

(Continued from page 74)

and co-operation from co-workers and cannot understand laziness in any form, both while he is lost and more sincerely than the average Leo, he regards his surroundings in a proprietary fashion that brooks no argument; also, this horoscope shows an egoistic drive in pride in home and a delight in ancestry.

Master Wesley Barry, born August 1st, is initmating with an innate sense of humor that will eventually predominate over present egotism, for he is naturally warmhearted; also willing to flight for those whose wings appear to be broken, however should the combativeness of his nature be aroused, he would become unapproachably and determined to have his own way, and above everything else, he requires from others, respect for his dignity.

This boy will, later, be less self-willed and develop greater loyalty to those of his own sex, either being a typical Leo, he will always remain feckless to women, but even at present, while apparently rather shallow, he, peculiarly, is one of the characters born, under Aries and commands esteem from the majority of his associates.

Mr. Johnnie Hines, whose birthday, in the Cusp, is July 25th, being decidedly magnetic, unconsciously excerts a great influence over others, and that reason would do well to respect any favors in person, but he should refrain from verbally criticizing the faults of others, and on the other hand, he, too, training to strangers without first investigating their integrity. This man is extremely secretive and undoubtedly proud of concealing his thoughts, having a complete control of facial expression, also being fundamentally temperamental, he would be depressed by rainy weather and violently morose and despondent, besides, while not sly or indolent, he must feel the inclination before he can execute anything to his own satisfaction.

Leo men are inherent entertainers, graceful dancers and most of them are possessed of musical talent, nevertheless, like the other Sun signs, the advantages they present are not especially brilliant and their charm lies in personality rather than musically, so for the reason, they eventually appear shallow and bore those who seek more staple qualities.

One type of man, generally of stocky stature and medium blonde complexion, born in or near the Cusp, is inclined to be jealous, sarcastic and prone to speak disparagingly and untruthfully of his friends of both sexes, and in this he resembles the men born the end of January and during November, who erroneously think the worst of every one.

The noted beauty, Miss Corliss Palmer, birthday date July 25th, would be affectionately emotional and inclined to follow her emotions, a claim of seeming worth was presented, also she possesses a greater degree of loyalty than would be apparent and she would deeply feel the loss of a friendship.

She is very persevering, with great capacity for work and while she might at times demand that everyone appealing to her sympathy would receive a ready and sincere response.

The very famous Miss Ethel Barrymore, born August 16th, without question, the finest type produced under Leo, as being compassionate and broad-minded, with a quiet sense of humor and an unselfish sympathy for those for whom she cares, is absolutely nothing shallow or small about her nature.

Generous herself, she would demand
FROM THE TOMB OF TUT-ANKH-AMEN

I came on the train for this delightful new lamp. Egyptian in style and executed in a beautiful combination of gold, gray, and Lucite Blue. Just the thing for your vanity lamp, buffet or dining table. Will add distinction to your home. Takes bulb half as shown, or candle, so order whether you have electricity or not. Perfectly safe. Six inches across and six inches high. Safe. Safe.

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Liberty from others and would ungrudgingly esteem the qualities of her friends but, while partly capable of concealing her feelings, an innately-sensitive woman could prevent her from caring for many, and for true appreciation she should seek those between February 12th and February 16th.

All those many of the extremely-bruisette women of Leo are possibly the most hypocritical people of the Zodiac, for while posing to be friends, they exercise a malicious curiosity, also they find happiness in making others unhappy and being past masters in the art of falsehood, twist and evade issues with remarkable facility, for, although not particularly bright mentally, their talents seem concentrated in this direction. Besides, incidentally, they are chronic borrowers, but even with these faults, they merit pity as they seem to be absolutely unable to chide punishment.

Unlike Cancerians, Leo people are not naturally fortunate as many of them are mentally melancholy and despondent, so, resembling moody Aquarius and Libra, they suffer deeply that their worrisome minds, in fact it is sad to note that more insane people and suicides are born under this planet than under any other.

In sending fan-letters to those of Leo, I would advise the writers to avoid gushing, as persons born during this time are inclined to ridicule anything that is obviously affected. In love affairs, the men are as fickle as the women are constant, but both lack foresight and do not consider the welfare of the others for whom they care.

Leo women fascinated but do not hold the opposite sex and a peculiar trait is that, in direct contrast to Gemini and Aquarius, the more a Leo woman is abused, the more faithful and loving she becomes. This is especially true of the bruised woman trying to pursue men who are in love with each other.

These people attract and are attracted by those born in February, December, April, June and October, in order named and their faults are self-deception, cruelty, untruthfulness, gossiping, hypocrisy, temper and lack of self-control.

Others born under this planet are Kenneth Harlan, born July 26th; William deMille (director), born July 25th; Colin Landis, born July 24th; Donald Hall, born August 14th; Paul Parrott, born August 2nd; Niles Welsh, born July 26th; Booth Tarkington (writer), born July 29th; Allen Holubar (director), born Allen August 3rd; William Gillette, born July 24th; George Bernard Shaw (writer), born July 26th; Fred Stone, born August 19th; Lila Lee, born July 25th; Elsie Ferguson, born August 19th; Viola Daniels, born August 10th; Coleen Moore, born August 19th; Julia Marlowe, born August 17th; Julia Sanderson, born August 26th; Wanda Hawley, born July 30th; Helen Ferguson, born July 23rd and Pauline Frederick, born August 12th.

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The following is the suggestion for the double strength Othine: it is this that is sold on the money-back guarantee.

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By Cole or Ear. With or without music. Short Course, 15 lessons taught by mail. No teacher required. Self-instruction Course for advanced students. Learn at home and become an expert in a few months. Send 10c for new edition of bulletin. Easily learned. Designed for adults in all parts of the country. Special for Oriental, Cafe, Movie and Cafe Jazz, Rock Rhythm, Over Freight, Square Minstrel, Satin Shaw, Rhythm, Novelty, Breaks, Swing, Dixieland, Whiskham, Blue Oyster, and 31 other Subjects, including Easy Playing. 150 pages of BEAT, 50,000 words. A Postal brings our FREE Special Offer. Waterman Piano School, 203 Santa Fe Theatre Bldg. Los Angeles, Calif.
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and

costume

Victor

vice,

back

stripes

to

beauty

Cloth

Greenroom Jottings

(Continued from page 82)

mystery comedy, plays the part of a shell-

shocked young who has a mania for dis-

covering a noiseless explosive.

He is rewarded at last, but, in the film-

ing of the last scene, as Hatton was getting

Hatton accidentally dropped a box of matches into the sulfure mixture which was being used as a prop, that which followed had not been planned or expected either by the director, the actor or the camera men. Hatton emerged minus his eyebrows and was forced to retire to his home for three weeks taking with him vaseline and hair restorer.

No doubt he considered it of minor

importance that the combustion of be-

came a little more noisy and that a new one had to be made before any more scenes were taken.

The Palace of Progress which was held in Chicago during the week of May nineteenth to the twenty-sixth, was the maiden attempt on the part of the man-

agers to show the intimate details of America's fourth industry—motion pictures. A large number of scenes were worked out to help the celebration, which it is hoped will become an annual event.

There is an odd coincidence in Fannie

Ward's return to the screen to play the

leading rôle in "Black Oxen." It is said that Miss Ward underwent the Steinach

operation which was just what Gertrude

Atherton's heroine did to bring back

youth and beauty. Miss Ward's rejoiva-

tion is one of the classics of motion pic-

tures.

She has retained the spirit of youth to a remarkable degree and her appearance in "Black Oxen" will, no doubt, be one of the sensations of the year.

After a campaign of six weeks, waged

with a battery of cameras charged with

super-speed film, Regional Barker and his company returned to Los Angeles carry-

ing the precious reels for the picture, "The Master of Woman," as trophies of a courageous journey through the frozen

winds of Canada. An ice jam in Bow

River, photographed by the camera men

suspended over Bow River Falls in a steel cage; a real, roaring blizzard near Banff; a dog-team race in the shadow of Mt. Robson; a fierce attack by wolves upon a Norwegian fisherman and his prisoner; and a wild canoe ride thru the dangerous rapids of Seymour Creek.

These are only a few of the high-light

that will appear in "The Master of Woman."

No doubt Anita Stewart considered it

all in the day's work when she made an

attempt to recapitulate a Pomeranian pop on a girder eight stories above the ground as she started to chase a bird that had

perched for a moment on the same girder.

Naturally one wonders what in the world

Anita was doing on a girder eight stories

in the air. Anita Stewart, according to

photographed for some scenes in her latest picture, "The

Love Piker." The dog in question was

one borrowed from a very dear friend who

was there with her at the San Francisco hospital.

Fearing the shock would be too much for the friend if anything happened to her pet Miss Stewart started an pursuit of the pop and bird as they fitted along the girder.

With the agility of a steel-jack, she recaptured the dog and walked back to resume her work. No one knows how the birds are so used to such little interruptions that they are so commonplace to annoy.

The Glory of a Man is His Strength

(Continued from page 82)

...If you are a real man you must be strong, stolid, tough and shrewd; you must have a grasp of power, of vitality and of endurance. To overthrow the schemes of the dem-

1. In the street and 10 to your work to win the world and pass on to your children the priceless heritage of the full play of normal physical and mental.

When The Marriage

Call Comes To You

...Every man worthy of the name frequents of the bluest of the bachelor corps. Such a man, with his girl of his choice and a cozy home with healthy children and all that makes life like a joke, can make your dreams come true. How many men there are who have not planned to fight the battles of life for home and love and children and youth. And many more who do not know that the power and personality to win and vanquish are an essential success! Are you physically or mentally fit to fight the battles of life for home and love and children and youth? And many more. Answer these questions frankly and then resolve to prove yourself in the sight of your parents—your wife and children.

Make Yourself Fit

Before You Marry

No Woman Loves a Weak-

<br>
Woman's Charm

NATURALLY A Beautiful Bust

The secret of woman's charm is that natural physical perfection which lends enchantment wherever she goes.

Bust Pads Will Not Do
No man loves a dummy. There is no appeal in false physical make-up. Man cannot be deceived. You must be a REAL woman, and precisely as you are, you want to be perfectly developed.

Physical Culture Developer
Science comes to your rescue with a wonderful new invention which will enhance the bust of any woman. No cream, no medicine, no electrical contrivances, no hand massage, no fake or real treatments to deceive you. A simple, effective, harmless home developer you use a few minutes night and morning until fully developed. That is, simply use it, nature brings the rounded contour of perfect beauty which every woman secretly craves.

Are You Lonely?
Do you know that the women who are most admired and admired are those possessing a beautiful form? You can acquire this secret charm and have a fascinating figure, too, if you will only write at once and tell us how you thousands have developed one or two inches with this wonderful bust developer. We shall also send you photographic proofs showing results before and after, for we have received hundreds of letters of approval from grateful women.

 seulement, you can now be happy and sought after and admired, and if you still wish to explain how you can obtain this remarkable developer and use it all day outside of our risk—the only real method known for enlarging a woman's bust to its natural size and beauty. Write us today, do not send one penny—just your name and address plain writing, will bring all information in plain, sealed envelope by return mail.

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Our course is specially arranged to accommodate your schedule. You can take it at home, at school, at work, or wherever you please. You learn at your own speed and under your own direction. Your progress is reported to your instructor, and he is ever ready to help you as your needs may require.

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Special Arrangements for Lessons if You Have Your Own Instrument
We provide lessons under famous teachers. You need only to supply the Hawaiian Guitar of your own and we will provide music and instruction.

On the Camera Coast
(Continued from page 104)
Veil Falls—which Connie didn’t like the looks of.

And incidentally, is getting fat on a milk diet. She takes a full glass of milk every hour.

Virginia Browne Fair, the Brooklyn girl who won one of the fame and fortune contests held by the Brewster Publishing Company, has been signed by First National on a long term contract. She achieved a great triumph in "Omar the Tentmaker," "Without Benefit of Clergy," and other well-known pictures.

Florence Vidor and King Vidor who have always been pointed out as the prize married pair of Hollywood, have entered into a separation. Mrs. Vidor says that no divorce is contemplated but that they have come to the place where their "individual growth and development is the overshadowing problem." They will go about Hollywood together and remain warm friends after the manner of Fannie Hurst and her husband.

Rene Adoroe knows now how it feels to be a prize-fighter. In a recent scene from the Reginald Barker’s "The Law Bringers," she had to stand on the edge of a movie fight stage. One of the gladiators was Fred Kohler. In the fracas, his fist slipped and the lovely Renee went to the hospital with a wonderful black eye.

A movement in the movies similar to the Little Theater movement, looking to the showing of films not suited to the tastes of the hot pols, has been started by Curtis Melnitz, a writer. He has enlisted the co-operation of Rex Ingram, Ernst Lubitsch, Hugo Ballin, Paul Bern, Rob Wagner, Ralph Block and other intellectuals.
The Answer Man
(Continued from page 84)

MAREE. —Yes, it is true that Harriet Beecher Stowe's name is inscribed in the house where Shakespeare was born, you think Richard Dix was wonderful in "The Christian." Yes, Elaine Hammerstein is playing opposite Elliott Dexter in "Broadway Gold." No, no, I'm not married. Just an old bachelor. Take my advice, and marry when you are twenty-five, otherwise you'll find yourself running in circles like a dog chasing his tail and you'll miss the right one.

PEGGY. —Yes, Shelleigh, called the "City of Steel," is one hundred and sixty-four miles from London. No, I have never been to England. Maybe some day.

Richard Barthelmess, Lowell Sherman, Lillian Gish, Creighton Hale, Mary Hay, Julia Hoyt and Vivian O'Den in "Way Down East." Yes, Florence DeHart won the beauty contest. No, I was not one of the judges.

GUNGA DIN. —You know what Tolstoi said: "A woman is happy and attains all things the desire when she captivates a man; hence the great object of her life is to master the art of captivating man." So much for Henry Hull was Fairfax in "One Exciting Night." William Russell is with Universal, and he is six feet two inches and has brown eyes. Glenn Hattis with Famous Players. You're welcome I'm sure.

ARTIE. —Just the age. Yes. At twenty man is less a lover of woman than of women. He is more in love with the sex than with the individual, however charming she may be. Pauline Garon is twenty-one years old and she has brown hair and blue eyes.

RICHARD P. W. —My what a fine whole-some looking lad you are. Thanks for sending me that dandy picture. Enjoyed your essay, "Life, as it is" with Raymond and Mary. Sorry I couldn't print it here, but no room. Keep it up, you will be a writer some day with that imagination. Remember that life is an aeroplane and not a hangar, so keep moving.

YOHI. —Yes, W. M., the woman who lets the grass grow under his feet, is gradually going to grass. And you say you are sorry that Richard Barthelmess is married. W. M., you are under the impression that Mary Hay and their younger. Lillian is older than Dorothy Gish.

LEMON HEADS. —But not so sour. Well with all the foreign languages you can speak and with the education you have, I dont know how I can advise you to get into pictures. Sorry.

ANTHONY. —Welcome back. Of course, I remember you ten years ago. So you want Paramount to reissue some of the old Wallace Reid and Geraldine Farrar pictures. I will see what I can do for you. Hurrah! So you are engaged. Congratulation. And best wishes. Run in again some time.

ANNEXING BILL. —Another lost sheep. Glad to see you, Bill. What's that about chickens coming home to roost? Creigh ton Hale is going to play little Billie in "Trilby." Wait until you see him. So you want more about Eileen Percy. Miss Fletcher, perhaps.

WANNA NO. —Fire away. I've got my foot on the gas. No, we are not neglecting Mary Siliva. We are now staying with Virginia Valli in "A Lady of Quality" and are married to Gladys Wym. Colleen Moore is going to be the flapper in "Black Ozen."

JOE G. —You want Hilda Bayley's address, she is in England you know. Sorry Joseph.

LOVELY MINNIE. —Is it really that bad. There's no reason for it. Altho, no doubt,

---

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BEFORE USING
Even though the teeth be perfectly formed and regular they cannot be attractive and charming without a whitening, and disclosing, and dull with lack-lustre

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A three-minute application of Renamel, after the morning teeth-brushing, leaves the teeth poarly white and googleing, every tooth a tooth of gleaming ivory

The Woman Who Dared Not Smile

EVEY man fell head-over-heels in love with Henrietta Blaine—until she smiled. Then the charm was broken.

Everybody agreed she would be absolutely irresistible if she only were not for her unsightly, discolored teeth.

Then, one day a miracle happened! Henrietta appeared at May Osborne's dinner party and was seated at the table opposite George Gould. In the midst of a humorous anecdote George stopped suddenly and stared in disbelief at Henrietta whose lips were parted in a smile. There followed an awkward pause at the table.

All eyes were turned in the direction of George's stare and at once everybody knew: a wonderful thing had happened. To Henrietta. Vanished was the ugly, yellowish stain that had for so long marred her teeth. Now they were white and radiant as oriental pearls—beautiful in their gleaming lustre and evenness.

And this is the story as Henrietta later told it to May in the privacy of her boudoir:

"Since childhood, I have been a chum of Martha Ryerson's, whose father is head of the famous Century Chemists. One night at the Ryerson home I told Mr. Ryerson frankly the tragedy of my teeth and begged him to find a way to help me out. After months of experimenting this is the result."

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Ryerson's Renamel for the teeth is the most important beauty discovery in ages. There have been tonics, lotions, dyes and creams galore for the skin, the hair, the figure, but until now the woman with dull, discolored, yellow teeth has had no assistance beyond the ordinary "tooth washes" which merely remove dirt without relieving dullness or stain.

The application of this wonderful new dental discovery is simplicity itself. Any woman can apply it in her own home with lovely and immediate results. Merely apply a thin coat of Renamel (with soft camel's hair brush provided)—just after the morning tooth-brushing. Allow to remain on the teeth for two or three

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Please send me, in plain wrapper, one full-size bottle ($3.50 size) of Mr. Ryerson's Renamel for five days' free trial. I will pay postman the actual cost price of $1.87—plus a few cents postage—with the understanding that if I am not fully satisfied, I may return unused portion of Renamel at the end of five days, and you will refund my money in full.

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Long, Eyebrows and Brows!

EVERY WOMAN should be the rightful owner of beautiful eyes, the
essence of which are: First: Long, rich eyelashes; and Second: Well-cared for eyebrows. No matter what color your eyes may be—green, blue, brown or blue—they are shaded by thick, silky lashes, and well-shaped brows, their charm is greatly accentuated.

There is no need to be the disinterested possessor of short, thin, uneven brows and lashes; you can greatly assist Nature by simply applying a little of M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier at night. This

M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier, which has been successfully used by thousands, is guaranteed absolutely harmless; it is not a greasy, sticky salve, but a clean, nicely-perfumed liquid, in a cut glass bottle with glass stopper and applicator. The cut represents actual size of bottle. The active principle of this valuable article is a rare and expensive organic concentration which is unequalled for the purpose of stimulating and strengthening the particular follicles which produce rich, dark eyelashes.

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her first of love affairs. Is that to which her heart is wholly granted! Yet there are some, they say, who have had none, but those who have more end with only one. Betty Compton is now in Europe and Patsy Ruth Miller is with Universal.

I would add, I mean to get in touch with some of the producing companies. Send for a list of addresses.

AMY H.—Yes, it is pretty hard to reduce these days. I was down 10 pounds. I'm only one. Betty Compton is now in Europe and Patsy Ruth Miller is with Universal. I would add, I mean to get in touch with some of the producing companies. Send for a list of addresses.


Bower's Girl.—So you want a picture of Eugene O'Brien. No, he has never been married, so far as I know. Baby Peggy's full name is Peggy Jean Montgomery. Mac Murray is Miss Robert Leonard. Thomas Meighan married Frances Ringer.

Billy.—No, I don't know who composed "When I look into your eyes, I see a Beautiful Face." It seems to me it's original with all of you when you got on longs. Constance Talmadge at United Studios, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. and she is playing in "Dulcile," "A Tale of Two Cities" for Vitagraph some fourteen years ago. Her last picture was "Aries of Vengeance" but she is going to do "The Garden of Allah" sometime soon. Don't mention it.

Elizabeth.—Hm, ha. That's like the character who said "Heavenly faces were never when we were young; and she said, yes. and how we were when we were married." Of course, I don't mind answering the question in any way. There are very fond of Elaine Hammerman. So am I.

Beauty Lips.—Well we are unusually inclined to hate another for points on which we differ, than to love another for points on which we agree. A hedge bevered, good for the Blues, but that Conover Doyle is the only one familiar with the invisible. I grant you that absolutely.

BETTY S.—So you think, I like to talk about myself and my beard. Don't you know that some men swear by their beards and most women talk about themselves. Can you blame me for swiping the prerogatives of each Try it yourself. I'll give you a lien on my beard. Johnny Walker is with Robertson-Cole, 780 Gower Street, Los Angeles, Cal. Pauline Garon with Ince.

FLAPPER.—I should say you are a flapper who can say a thing or two. I will meet in the great beyond. Malcolm McGregor is twenty-four and with Metro. As Rochefoucauld says, "To love is the least of the faults of a loving woman." Lloyd Hughes is married to Gloria Hope, Gareth Hughes is not married, and Norma Talmadge has no children.

POLLY PRUE.—A mother's tenderness and caresses are the milk of the heart. I doubt whether Lou Chaney is married. He can be reached at Universal, Universal City, Cal.

EILEEN L.—So you don't believe that I am old, and that I drink buttermilk. When you're encrusted in three-score years and ten you'll take to buttermilk too. It loosens the joints. Come in and see your friend. J. Holmes E. Herbert is direct- ing now.

WALLY, DOT AND BILL.—Well, well, well. Glad to see you all looking so fine in your mid-summer sports. Just write Mrs. Reid at Beverly Hills, Los Angeles, Cal. She was born in Boston, Mass. Give him time, Dot, when a man is in love he doubts very often what he most firmly believes.

EAT SCALLOPS.—If you do that, you will keep the doctors away and everybody else. You want my secret of longevity. Ah, there's the rub. And you don't believe I get $10.50 per week—that I have the decal point in the wrong place. I'd be arrested if I changed it! No I am neither Herbert Howe or Harry Carr. Barbara La Marr is with Metro, also Alice Terry. The latter is twenty-seven. Why I usually pin my beard up in hairpins—invisible to be sure—in summer, Mahlon Hamilton in "Daddy Long Legs." And you think I have a sense of humor. I hope I have. Next time, write me about yourself. Conrad Nagel married to Ruth Helfms.

MILTON B.—If judged by his exterior, no man is man's superior. Bobby Vernon is married, and has one child.

THOMA L.—Most women can better express their thoughts in silence. Antonio Moreno is married to Mrs. Daisy Canfield Danziger. Gloria Swanson is not married now. Phyllis Haver was Polly Love in "The Christian." Charles Ray hasn't changed his name. I didn't hear that he was going to. Why should he? This isn't leap year—five months more.

BETTY. I don't mean to be cruel, Betty, but an old man like me is liable to get ruffled once in a while. Forgive me, please. Dorothy Dalton is twenty-nine, and divorced from Lew Cody. Kenneth Harlan in "Mamma's Affair." Jack Gilbert is married to Leatrice Joy.

JEAN, PITTSBURGH.—Women are ex- tremists; they are either better or worse than men. What more can I say of William Farnum? He is a brother to Dustin, but not to Franklyn. With Fox. Hope Hampton in "Lawful Larceny" and "The Gold Diggers." But to great without being useful. It is a crime that the world never forgives.

(Continued on page 119)

"Yay, Sam! Ain't it just too sweet?"

DID you read those delightful tales of Booth Tarkington about Pen- rod and Sam. If you did no need to go on. But if you didn't you have missed something of life. We'd get the book and read it. And we sure wouldn't miss the picture.

We don't believe there is a picture you will see this year that you will enjoy so much. It is so chock full of fun it will keep you roaring with laughter almost all the time—and when you are not laughing you'll be wiping away the tears.

This is just such another picture as "To'able David," not in theme, but quality. It is real; it is human; it is true. Scenario by Hope Loring and Lewis Lighton. The First National trademark on the screen is the sign of the ultimate in artistry and entertainment.

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To continue the pose after a man with whom you were once associated appeared in your new life?

To refrain from revealing your true identity when you found yourself falling in love with this man who failed to recognise you?

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Problem after problem has to be solved by Susie, an obscure young girl who comes to New York in search of adventure. Some are tangible but the majority are elusive and Susie finds that adventure with a vengeance has been thrust upon her.

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An Absorbing Story by Lucian Cary

From beginning to end it is full of thrills, mystery and suspense. Compromising situations, perplexing problems and whirl-wind escapades are at your command.

How Susie copes with every daring incident will hold your interest until the last page is read.

You Cannot Afford to Miss It

in the

September Motion Picture Magazine

On the news-stand August First
The Answer Man
(Continued from page 117)

HAZEL.—Yes, I do believe in dancing lessons for children. It gives one grace, and beauty without grace is a hook without a bait. That is beautiful stationery you have, and especially for me. How can I ever thank you, Hazel? We'll use it up. Bert Lytell is five feet ten and a half, weighs one hundred and fifty-five, and has brown hair and brown eyes, married to Evelyn Vaughn. Yes, you must write often now.

ALICE.—Just you wait. I am going to have a new picture up on top soon.

IRENE.—Glad to hear from you again. Keep it up.

HATTIE M.—Yes, I saw the opening of Griffith's "The White Rose" and it has rather a thread-worn plot. In the audience was Mae Marsh herself, with Dorothy Gish and husband, across the way in another box was Carol Dempster, Dick Barthelmess and Mary Hay; Alice Joyce, Ruth Roland and Lenore Ulric, all in their decade.

M. S.—That's it; it is all in the bringing up. Many great parents are unwittingly training their children to be impudent to them by and by. Kenneth Harlan at Preferred Pictures, 1650 Broad way, New York City. Thomas Meighan is six feet and he weighs one hundred and seventy pounds. Harry Carey is with Robertson-Cole and Pete Morrison with Universal. Gaston Glass is also with Principal Pictures.

MARGARET.—That's it, we should keep up with our reading. When one quite learns he ceases being learned. Corinne Griffith is starting her own company with her husband, Webster Campbell as director. I wish them luck. Merv Novello is with Griffith. Rudolph Valentino is twenty-eight, Agnes Ayres in "The Love Chase" with Mahlon Hamilton.

MARGORIE.—What do you mean when you say "Some people are like lanterns—good for nothing except at night." Light out, Marjorie. That is it, if you make a bright house of your mind, you will soon run out of fuel—and mind. Harrison Ford was married to Beatrice Prentice, and Norma Talmadge is not Jewish. Walt Disney married only once, to Dorothy Davenport. Conway Tearle is an American. Go on, keep on going. Marjorie Davis was Marion Dough. Mabel Normand in "The Extra Girl" with Ralph Graves. That's about all for tonight, Marjorie. Write me next month.

M. S., NEW BRITAIN.—Thanks for that very interesting letter. It breaks up the day to get letters like yours.

THE QUEEN OF QUEENS.—Being a queen, you should know. A man doesn't understand art until he has reached middle age. Jean Hunter is twenty-two and not married. Mae Murray is twenty-seven. Bert Lytell is married. Lon Chaney and Patsy Ruth Miller in that picture.

FRANK.—Wyndham Standish writes me that his present address is at Laurel Inn, 1455 Laurel Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. Thanks, glad to hear from you. Yes, Betty Corson has played in vaudeville and she was born in Salt Lake City. Forrest Stanley in "The Daughter of Mother McGinn." Allen Brady was once Mrs. James Crane, and she has a small son. Harrison Ford in "Little Old New York," Ramon Navarro was christened Ramon Sanyagagios.

DREAM LASSIE.—Your letters are always very interesting, and I like to hear from you. Robert Bridges is the present poet.
I'm a movin'-picture villain,
On the primrose path, o' sin,
An' I always make a 'willin' in
The pictures I am in;
I am kind—but it is futile,
For in ev'ry role I play,
I must pose as he's 'brave'—
An' impress the "fans" that way.

My hair's black as a raven,
An' my features hard an' cold;
I'm a coward an' a craven—
Tho in truth I'm brave an' bold!
I must win a maiden, trustin',
An' then leave her in the lurch,
Which to me is quite disgustin'—
I'm a member of the church!

I must rob an' steal an' plunder,
An' pursue my course of hate,
An' in general, raise thunder!—
Like a rascal an' ingrate;
I must scheme an' plot an' ponder,
How the hero to outwit,
An' in evil maze wander,
"Til my run of luck doth fit!

I'm a movin'-picture villain;
All the world is hating me,
An' I am nowhere more than willin'—
A heroic gent to be;
But alas, it seems it's meted Out—the devil I must play,
Tho in church you'll find me seated—
Upon every Sabbath day.
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$5 to $15 Daily Easy—Introducing New Style Guaranteed Stationery. Must wear or replace free. No capital or experience required. Just new samples, write for name, deliver and collect. Your pay in advance. Elegant outfit furnished all colors and grades including silks. Made 4-Chev Mills Co., Dept 2889, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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All Men, Women, Boys, Girls, 17 to 60, willing to accept Government positions, $117-$190, traveling or office. Write, Mr Ozment, 294 N. Louis, Mo., immediately.

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$50 A WEEK EVENINGS HOME. I made it with small mail order business started with $1. Booklet for stamp tells how. Sample and plan 25. One dozen Articles free. I trust for you. Atospe Scott, Cohoes, N. Y.

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A $500 Cash Prize is offered to the writer of the best second verse for our future song release "Where Is Your Smile"? Those wishing to com- pete may receive a free copy of song and rules of contest by address. Harry Brus, Music Co., 2578 Eighth Ave., New York.

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Earn $35 Weekly, spare time, writing for newspaper, magazine, Experience unnecessary, details free. Press Syndicate, 560 St. Louis, Mo.

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Photoplays Wanted for California Producers—Also want Magazine Stories, etc., for publication. To Beginners. Plot Chart and Details FREE. Harris Company, 215, San Francisco, California.

Successful Photoplays Bring Big Money. Send for our free book, "Successful Photoplays," which gives instructions in writing, acting, and marketing. Successful Photoplays, Box 43 Des Moines, Iowa.


$5 for Photoplay Ideas. Photos accepted any form; revised, criticized, copyrighted, marketed. Advance Free. Universal scenario Cor- poration, 262 Western Mutual Life Bldg., Los Angeles.


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BIG MONEY IN WRITING photoplays, stories, poems, skits, essays. 40c for your own, retailed M. A. American's leading magazine, full of helpful advice on writing and selling. Writer's Digest, 722 Butter Bldg., Cincinnati.

Stories, Poems, Plays, etc., are wanted for pub- lication in Good and Better. Send copy on M. S. S. or write Literary Bureau, 121 Hannah Hall, N. Y.

Earn $25 Weekly, spare time, writing for newspaper, magazine, Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 560 St. Louis, Mo.

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Get On the Stage. I tell you how! Personality, comic; still developed. Experience unneces- sary. Send 6 postcards for instructive illustrated Stage Book and particulars. M. LaBelle, Box 557, Los Angeles, Cal.

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Under which Zodiac Sign were you born? What are your opportunities in life, your future prospects, happiness in marriage, success in business, success in all undertakings and many other vital questions as indicated by ASTROLOGY, the most ancient and interesting science of history? Simply send me the exact date of your birth in your own handwriting. To cover the cost of this notice and postage, ENCLOSE TEN CENTS IN COIN, Brake SPACES. "NAME AND DATE" in full, and your letter will be fully interpreted. The interpretation will be written in plain language and sent to you secured and postpaid. A great secret awaits you!

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Under which Zodiac Sign were you born? What are your opportunities in life, your future prospects, happiness in marriage, success in all undertakings and many other vital questions as indicated by ASTROLOGY, the most ancient and interesting science of history? Simply send me the exact date of your birth in your own handwriting. To cover the cost of this notice and postage, ENCLOSE TEN CENTS IN COIN, Brake SPACES. "NAME AND DATE" in full, and your letter will be fully interpreted. The interpretation will be written in plain language and sent to you secured and postpaid. A great secret awaits you!

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Even if you don’t earn $1000 a week—
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HER DRESSES cost her hundreds; yours will cost you just a few dollars if you follow the Deltor.

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with the Deltor
Style Leaders of the World

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4602—You will need a simple coat dress like this for street wear. And the Deltor shows you how to make it—how to save material so that only 2½ yards of 34-inch material are needed for size 36; how to adjust and press the plait; how to attach the collar and cuffs as a professional tailor would do it.

4604—The popular Egyptian front drape must be plaited “just so” in order to be correct. The Deltor shows you with pictures exactly how to do this. And then it tells you how to make the girdle and the ornament of braid, ribbon, embroidery or beads.

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Can You . . . . ?

Can you stand the scrutinizing glance of your admirers at the beach?
Can you wear sheer summer frocks which expose your arms, underarms, back and limbs?

You can enjoy the summer and the freedom of the beach if you are not tormented by a few unsightly unwanted hairs. Don't permit the use of ordinary depilatories to strengthen any hairs you have. Now you can destroy them, by quickly and gently lifting out the roots with ZIP.

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strains odors harmlessly. CLEANSING & TONING. Jars, 75c

Try Madame Berthe's Massage and Cleansing Cream. Delicately fragrant; the true lemon verticreem, by  

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Leading beauty shops give ZIP treatments. Do not be deceived.

See that the word ZIP is stamped right on the preparation used  

for your treatment and the signature of Madame Berthe on each  

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Write for FREE BOOK explaining the three types of superfluous  

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O matter where you are, with what you are occupied, every now and then comes your powder compact.

And so you want a real ornament—a smart accessory. You will like the slender onyx-like case of the new Colgate Compact, which slips conveniently into your purse. It looks particularly effective with your initials engraved on its polished black top.

The powder inside is fragrant, adherent, waterproof. Perspiration does not affect it. You can buy white, flesh or Rachel refills at small additional cost.

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NEW YORK
Beauty That Lures

Often you meet a woman with vivid beauty that exerts an irresistible charm. It doesn’t depend upon regularity of features, or the color of eyes and hair.

A smooth, fresh, flawless skin—a complexion glowing with the radiance of health and free from imperfections—this is the secret of alluring attraction.

Cleopatra had it, and her name will always be the symbol of all-conquering beauty. She perfected this beauty, and kept it in this perfection in a simple, natural way which history has handed down for modern women.

How She Did It

By thorough, gentle, daily cleansing which kept the texture of her skin firm, fine-grained and smooth. Dirt, oil and perspiration were never allowed to collect, to enlarge and irritate the tiny skin pores. The lavish use of cosmetics practiced by all ancient women did her no harm, because every day she carefully washed them away.

Her secret—palm and olive oils, valued as both cleansers and cosmetics in the days of ancient Egypt. The crude combination which served the great queen so well was the inspiration for our modern Palmolive.

Bedtime Is Best

Your daily cleansing is best done at night, so your complexion may be revived and refreshed during sleep. The remains of rouge and powder, the accumulations of dirt and natural skin oil, the traces of cold cream should always be removed.

So, just before retiring, wash your face in the smooth, mild Palmolive lather. Massage it gently into the skin. Rinse thoroughly and dry with a soft towel.

In the morning refresh yourself with a dash of cold water and then let your mirror tell the story. Charming freshness and natural roses will smile back at you.

Once Costly Luxuries

When Cleopatra kept her loveliness fresh and radiant by using Palm and Olive oils, they were expensive. Today these rare and costly oils are offered in a perfected blend at modest cost. Palmolive factories work day and night.

The result is soap for which users would willingly pay 25c, but which costs only 10c, the price of ordinary soap. The firm, fragrant, green cake, the natural color of the oils, is for sale the world over.
"Why Mrs. Blakely How Do You Do!"

He had met her only once before. Some one had presented him at a reception both had attended. He had conversed with her a little, danced with her once. And now, two weeks later, he sees her approaching with a young lady who he surmises is her daughter.

"Why, Mrs. Blakely, how do you do!" he exclaims, running forward impulsively. But Mrs. Blakely, accustomed to the highest degree of courtesy at all times, returns his greeting coldly.

And nodding briefly, she passes on—leaving the young man angry with her, but angrier himself for blundering at the very moment he wanted most to create a favorable impression.

D

O you know what to say to a woman when meeting her for the first time after an introduction? Do you know what to say to a woman when leaving her after an introduction? Would you say "Goodbye, I am very glad to have met you." Or, if she said that to you, how would you answer?

It is just such little unexpected situations like these that take us off our guard and expose us to sudden embarrassments. None of us like to do the wrong thing, the incorrect thing. It condemns us as ill-bred. It makes us ill at ease when we should be well poised. It makes us self-conscious and uncomfortable when we should be calm, self-possessed, confident of ourselves.

The knowledge of what to do and say on all occasions is the greatest personal asset any man or woman can have. It protects against the humiliation of conspicuous blunders. It acts as an armor against the rudeness of others. It gives an ease of manner, a certain calm dignity and self-possession that people recognize and respect.

Do You Ever Feel That You Don’t "Belong"?

Perhaps you have been to a party lately, or a dinner, or a reception of some kind. Were you entirely at ease, sure of yourself, confident that you would not do or say anything that others would recognize as ill-bred?

Or, were you self-conscious, afraid of doing or saying the wrong thing, constantly on the alert—never wholly comfortable for a minute? Many people feel "alone" in a crowd, out of place. They do not know how to make strangers like them—how to create a good first impression. When they are introduced they do not know how to start conversation flowing smoothly and naturally. At the dinner table they feel constricted, embarrassed. Somehow they always feel that they don't "belong."
About a girl
who couldn’t stop loving

“ONE OF THE ‘BIGGEST’ PICTURES MADE IN YEARS is ‘The White Rose’ because it is so very, very humane... comes as near being a REAL PICTURE AS WE HAVE SEEN IN YEARS... It is an unqualified success... and Mae Marsh reaches out and twangs away at a mighty sad little symphony on one’s heart strings, and never strikes a discord.”—Don. Allen in Eve. World.

“AIMED STRAIGHT AT YOUR HEART, IT HITS THE MARK—boldly tearing away the old dual standard of morals, and showing MAN accepting BLAME FOR THE SIN along with the woman—inspiring and moving—ONE OF THE FINEST THINGS D. W. GRIFFITH HAS EVER MADE. AND IF YOU WANT TO SEE ART in the cinema, see Mae Marsh as ‘Teasie’.”—Quinn Martin in The World.

“It easily RANKS WITH THE MOST IMPORTANT PICTURES MADE IN AMERICA. The ACTING is MAGNIFICENT; AS FINE AS THE SCREEN CAN BOAST.”—The Sun.

“‘The White Rose’ is indeed a triumph for its splendid cast.”—P. W. Gallico in The News.

“IT IS THE BEST PICTURE MR. GRIFFITH HAS MADE SINCE ‘THE BIRTH OF A NATION’—Try as you may to resist its appeal, it will MAKE YOU SMILE, LAUGH AND WEEP—THE DAWNING OF LOVE between the preacher and this flower-like girl MAGNIFICENT, ONE OF THE MOST GENTLE, BEAUTIFUL PASSAGES IN ALL MR. GRIFFITH’S PICTURES—Once you are in the heart of the story, it is inescapable.”—Eve. Journal.

“A singularly fine picture—and the TREATMENT OF THE BIG DRAMATIC MOMENTS IS SUPERB—It is BEAUTIFIED AND EXALTED by “HE PRESENCE OF THAT EXQUISITE CREATURE, MAE MARSH, THE DIVINELY INSPIRED. The scenes are marvellously beautiful.”—Robert Sherwood in the Herald.

“FOR GRIFFITH IS A GREAT POET.”—MAX REINHARDT, famous German Producer.

“Another pictorial and sentimental gem—DOUBTFUL IF THE MAGICIAN GRIFFITH HAS EVER DONE ANYTHING FINER—An unusually superior picture, and one that REACHES THE HEART with its presentation of a new angle of the moral code, and establishes the dual responsibility in the moral code in which the woman pays perhaps, but not alone.”—Journal of Commerce.

“Again ‘The White Rose’ proves Griffith the master of the screen technique—sways the audience—a very human bit of life with a very strong heart appeal.”—Morning Telegraph.

“The White Rose’ is sermon, POEM AND GREAT LOVE DRAMA, ALL IN ONE, with LAUGHTER full of TEARS—presenting the big moments in little lives; beauty in simple and even sorrowful things; the basic principle in which the world—yours and mine—actually moves. It sends one home with something unforgettable, with a heart hunger for a better humanity.”—SOPHIE IRENÉ LOEB, famous publicist and president of the Child Welfare Board.

D. W. GRIFFITH’S

“The White Rose”

For Release by the United Artists Corporation
For Next Month

Why Elinor Glyn Wrote “Three Weeks”

“Three Weeks” is now being filmed in the Hollywood studios. And Elinor Glyn stands behind the cameras with the director. Before she left New York, Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher spent an afternoon with her. It was then that she divulged why she wrote “Three Weeks.” It is one of the most interesting articles that it has ever been our privilege to publish. And it is presented in the form of one of the amusing dual interviews which these writers have done with so much success.

* * *

Their Second Honeymoon

Harry Carr visited with Jack Pickford and Marilyn Miller in their little Spanish cottage on the edge of Hollywood. And Jack and Marilyn found Harry Carr friendly and a wise counselor so they grew confidential . . . and the result is a charming story which gives a very real picture of Mr. and Mrs. Pickford on their second honeymoon.

* * *

These are just two of the features which are planned for the October Motion Picture Magazine. There are scores of other good things, equally interesting, which no motion-picture goer will care to miss. So . . .

Dont Forget the October Motion Picture Magazine

On Newsstands September First
The lesson of "Lawful Larceny" is a lesson for every married couple.

Hope Hampton is the charming young wife who returns from Europe to find her husband, Conrad Nagel, snared by another.

To fly into a temper will avail nothing. To get him back by love-inspired guile and diplomacy! that is the way and that is the excitement of the photoplay.

By an unlawful larceny had he been taken from her by Nita Naldi, dangerous siren and modern Cleopatra—and by "lawful larceny" she attempts recovery.

Does she succeed?

Don't miss seeing this great production, made by the director of "Robin Hood," the last word in marvelous settings, gowns, consummate acting and thrilling plot.
(continued)

JACK HOLT in "Making a Man," A Peter B. Kyne Special.


POLA NEGRi in A George Fitzmaurice Production, "BELLA DONNA." Supported by Conway Tearle, Conrad Nagel and Lois Wilson.


GLORIA SWANSON in "Prodigal Daughters," A Sam Wood Production.


THOMAS MEIGHAN in "The Ne'er-De-Well."


BEBE DANIELS and Antonio Moreno in "THE EXCITERS."

AGNES AYRES in "The Heart Raider."

A William deMille Production, "ONLY 38," with Lois Wilson, May McAvoy, George Fawcett.

A Herbert Brenon Production, "THE WOMAN WITH FOUR FACES," with Betty Compson and Richard Dix.

CHILDREN OF JAZZ," with Theodore Koloff, Ricardo Cortez, Robert Cain and Eileen Percy.

JACK HOLT in "A Gentleman of Leisure."

DOROTHY DALTON in "The Law of the Lawless."

THOMAS MEIGHAN in "Homeward Bound."

A few of the great Paramount Pictures of the New Season

A James Cruze Production, "HOLLYWOOD," with 22 real stars and 56 screen celebrities.

POLA NEGRi in A George Fitzmaurice Production, "THE CHEAT," with Jack Holt, supported by Charles deRoche.

GLORIA SWANSON in A Sam Wood Production, "BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE."

"THE PURPLE HIGHWAY," with Madge Kennedy.

A William deMille Production, "SPRING MAGIC," with Agnes Ayres, Jack Holt, Charles deRoche, Mary Astor and Robert Agnew.


GLORIA SWANSON in an Allan Dwan Production, "LIZA."

THOMAS MEIGHAN in George Ade's "All Must Marry."

What should the wife of a Wall Street gambler do who seeks to save him from ruin?

Paramount answers this question with "The Silent Partner," a new and terrifically powerful handling of the theme of love versus the fever for gain.

In the days of prosperity and golden winnings, the beautiful young wife, Leatrice Joy, determines to start 'gold-digging' from her husband, Owen Moore, and build a reserve unknown to him.

But how to look as though she is spending the thousands he gives up, that is the question!

How to make a $20 gown or a $5 hat or a paste necklace look like ten times the value? She does this!

And see what happens when the crash comes!
The Most Daring Book Ever Written!

Elinor Glyn, famous author of "Three Weeks," has written an amazing book that should be read by every man and woman—married or single. "The Philosophy of Love" is not a novel—it is a penetrating searchlight fearlessly turned on the most intimate relations of men and women. Read below how you can get this thrilling book at our risk—without advancing a penny.

Will you marry the man you love, or will you take the one you can get?

If a husband stops loving his wife, or becomes infatuated with another woman, who is to blame—the husband, the wife, or the "other woman?"

Will you win the girl you want, or will Fate select your Mate?

Should a bride tell her husband what happened at seventeen?

Will you be able to hold the love of the one you cherish—or will your marriage end in divorce?

Do you know how to make people like you?

If you can answer the above questions—if you know all there is to know about winning a woman's heart or holding a man's affections—you don't need "The Philosophy of Love." But if you are in doubt—if you don't know just how to handle your husband, or satisfy your wife, or win the devotion of the one you care for—then you must get this wonderful book. You can't afford to take chances with your happiness.

What Every Man and Woman Should Know

- how to win the man you love
- how to win the woman you love
- how to make people like you
- why men "step out" and leave their wives alone
- why many marriages end in despair
- how to build a woman's affection for you
- how to keep a husband and be his helpmate
- why most women don't want to love you
- how to make marriage a perpetual honey-moon
- the "danger year" of married life
- how to ignite love
- how to keep it burning
- how to rectify it if burnt out
- how to cope with the "hunting instinct" in men
- how to attract people you like
- how some men and women are always loveable, regardless of age
- how to make love keep you young
- what will he either "dull" or devilish?
- how to increase your desirability in a man's eye
- how to tell if someone really loves you
- things that make a woman cherish you
- how to make people do the things you want them to

What Do YOU Know About Love?

Do you know how to win the man you love? Do you know why husbands, with devoted, virtuous wives, often become secret slaves to creatures of another world—and how to prevent it? Why do some men antagonize women, finding themselves beating against a stone wall in the affairs of love?

When is it dangerous to disregard convention? Do you know how to curb a headstrong man, or are you the victim of man'sactices? Do you know how to retain a man's affection always? How to attract men? Do you know the things that make a man irritable? Or disgusted woman? Can you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you MUST NOT DO unless you want to be a "wall flower" or an "old maid"? Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do "wonderful lovers" often become thoughtless husbands soon after marriage—and how can the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

In "The Philosophy of Love," Elinor Glyn answers these precious questions—and countless others. She places a magnifying glass unflinchingly on the most intimate relations of men and women. No detail, no matter how delicate or avoided by others, is spared. She warns you gravely, she suggests wisely, she explains fully.

A book of this type, to be of great value, could not mince words. But while Madame Glyn calls a spade a spade—while she deals with strong emotions and passions in her frank, fearless manner—she nevertheless handles her subject so tenderly and scrupulously that the book can safely be read by any grown-up man or woman. In fact, anyone over eighteen should be compelled to read "The Philosophy of Love": for, while ignorance may sometimes be bliss, it is folly of the rankest sort to be ignorant of the problems of love and marriage. As one mother wrote us: "I wish I had read this book when I was a young girl; it would have saved me a lot of misery and suffering."

SEND NO MONEY

YOU need not advance a single penny for "The Philosophy of Love." Simply fill out the coupon below—or write a letter—and the book will be sent to you on approval. When the postman delivers the book to your door—when it is actually in your hands—pay him only $1.00, plus a few pennies postage, and the book is yours. Go over it to your heart's content—read it from cover to cover—and if you are not more than pleased, simply send the book back in good condition within five days and your money will be refunded instantly.

Over 75,000,000 people have read Elinor Glyn's stories or have seen them in the movies. Her books sell like magic. "The Philosophy of Love" is the supreme culmination of her brilliant career. It is destined to sell in huge quantities. Everybody will talk about it everywhere. So it will be exceedingly difficult to keep the book in print. It is possible that the present edition may be exhausted, and you may be compelled to wait for your copy, unless you mail the coupon below AT ONCE. We do not say this to hurry you—it is the truth.

Get your pencil—fill out the coupon NOW! Mail it to The Authors' Press, Auburn, N. Y., before it is too late. Then be prepared for the greatest thrill of your life!
Fannie Hurst Makes a Suggestion

RECENTLY in New York, Adolph Zukor, of the Famous Players-Lasky, inaugurated a Motion Picture Congress where the authors were given an opportunity of getting together with the motion picture people. It was hoped and believed that some practical benefit would result from this Congress thru which motion pictures would improve artistically.

At one of the sessions, Fannie Hurst, the popular novelist, several of whose stories have come to the screen, asked permission to compare the motion picture producer to the publisher. She went on to say that every year the publishers sponsored some few books in which they believed artistically... efforts which they thought might eventually enlarge the Classics. She added that the publishers knew these things would not be commercial successes but published them, nevertheless, out of their love for the art of which they counted themselves a part. For their profit they publish those books which we know as "best-sellers."

We agree with Miss Hurst that the motion picture producer may, with artistic benefit, emulate the publisher. By so doing he will give the art of the screen an impetus, substantiate it with the other and older arts, and know the immeasurable joy and satisfaction of having done his share in advancing his profession. And for the necessary balance on the credit side of his books at the end of his fiscal year, he will depend upon cinematic "best-sellers."

We endorse with sincerity and with enthusiasm the suggestion of Fannie Hurst.
You too, can have

*A skin you love to touch*

Are you dissatisfied—

with your complexion? Do you long for a skin so fresh and radiant that no one can see it and not admire it?

Then begin now to make your skin what you want it to be. Each day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place.

By giving this *new* skin the care it needs, you can free your complexion from faults that have troubled you for months, and even for years.

You will find the right treatment—

for your special type of skin in the booklet of famous skin treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Thousands of girls and women, by following these famous skin treatments, have built up a fresh clear, beautiful complexion. You, too, can have the flawless skin you have always longed for, by giving it this special care.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter — see what an improvement even a week or ten days of the right treatment will make in your complexion.

A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks. Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

Three Woodbury skin preparations—
guest size—for 10 cents

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.,
1309 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

For the enclosed 10 cents — Please send me a 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 box of Woodbury’s Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, “A Skin You Love to Touch.”

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1309 Sherbrooke St., Montreal, Que.


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PRISCILLA DEAN

... Whose popularity extending over a span of years without any wane should disprove the theory that the American public is fickle. Priscilla is now playing in "The White Tiger." An apt title for a story in which the Dean plays the leading rôle.
RALPH GRAVES

When leading men are the subject of conversation Ralph Graves is certain to be mentioned. In the studios at present he is making love to the dark Mabel Normand for the altogether worthy sake of the love interest in "The Extra Girl"
A colorful shadow is Leatrice. And incidentally she might well be called The Director’s Star... for every director with whom we have talked has had praise to offer in her name. She has returned to Cecil B. DeMille’s direction in “The Ten Commandments”
Who is one legitimate actor who has come to the screen with an equal success. The camera photographs that distinction which heralds his work behind the footlights. "The Green Goddess," in which he appeared upon the stage last season, is his present screen undertaking.
... Whose star dawns upon the film horizon. Meanwhile she is the subject of much speculative talk in motion-picture circles. But she goes on insuring her place in the rising order of stars thru her worth-while portrayals. "Three Wise Fools," and "The Day of Faith" both find her with a prominent place in their casts.
... Of Broadway. Whose very name in electric lights means a generous purchase of tickets by the speculators. Miss Ulric is now in California, where she is being photographed in the title rôle of "Tiger Rose," her success of a year or two ago. And David Belasco will be behind the cameras, side by side, with the director.
MARIE PREVOST

... Who did well when she waged a dramatic farewell to the sea waves, setting her eyes towards more serious things. Nor does it appear that Marie will find it necessary to shake her bathing-attire free of its moth-balls. For Marie has made good. It is in "Red Lights" that you'll next see her.
ALICE JOYCE

Opposite George Arliss in "The Green Goddess," we will find Alice Joyce. For years now she has hid her loveliness within the four walls of the nursery up at her house. Whether this is a professional interlude or whether it means that she will resume her screen career no one knows.
Photograph by W. F. Seely

CONRAD NAGEL

... Who is the exception which proves the rule in this day when stars everywhere are being reduced in rank to featured players. The Goldwyn officials have caused a star to be painted upon his dressing-room door and Marshall Neilan is directing him in "The Rendezvous"
We can't be sure... but we wouldn't be in the least surprised if a star's contract de luxe specified the seasons of the year during which certain locations would be used. After all, it is pleasant to journey to the palm trees and balmy waters of the South during January and February. And there's no denying that the frozen woods of the North are a treat when the mercury registers ninety in the shade.

"North of Hudson Bay" is the new Tom Mix story. Even the title has an intriguing sound these still summer days. You can almost feel the clear cold in the panel at the top of the page. Too, there is a beauty to the white scene with the ice-fringed waters and the woods of the silver birches. And not only is it undoubtedly the picture to film in the summer months. It is also the picture to see in the summer months... a respite from reality.
Screen fans have become too wise. They laugh now when they see the handsome hero knock over a burly fighter, who they know could blow over the said h. h. with his breath. They had to have an attractive, wholesome, handsome young actor who looked athletic for the H. C. Witwer stories of "Fighting Blood." Wherefore . . . George O'Hara. At the top and bottom of the page we find George in two ring scenes from this virile series. And at the right is a new portrait of George.

There be those who say that young George O'Hara has the handsomest face on the screen. That's a matter for flapper fans to decide.

That he has the most durable face on the screen is a matter of scientific demonstration. And it's been demonstrated.

If you ask O'Hara what screen acting is like, he would probably tell you it is mostly a matter of dodging right swings and hoping you live thru until the next reel.

When they decided to put a series of H. C. Witwer prize-fight stories on the screen and call them "Fighting Blood," they picked out young O'Hara to provide the fighting blood. You see it was this way. Y' understand they couldn't have a regular pug with a broken nose and an ear that looked as tho it had been chewed by a calf doing love scenes with a girl as lovely as Clara Horton; yet they had to have some one that didn't look like a lounge lizard. Screen fans have become too wise. They laugh now when they see the handsome hero knock over a burly fighter who they know could blow over the said h. h. with his breath. They had to have an attractive, wholesome, handsome young actor who looked athletic.

Wherefore . . . George. George responded nobly to the call.

As the Witwer stories are being put forth in a serial, George has to fight all the time. He fights two or three times
His studio is one of the Meccas of the sporting world. All the “fight fans” trek out every week to sit in the crowd and watch the fracas. When it is over, they shake their heads and sigh: “What do y' tink o' a guy wit' a straight left like that wasting time play acting?” For if George were not a nice, refined, well-educated charming little gentleman and a good actor, he could probably be the champion lightweight of the world.

Leach Cross was very indignant, on getting into a motion-picture prize-fight ring, to discover that he was supposed to let George O'Hara knock him out. George ended the argument by putting on the gloves. Then Leach found out it wasn't so improbable. At the right George O'Hara has posed with Leach Cross and another nameless guest at his studios. It is Leach at the left.

Every week. During the making of the serial, he has exchanged fisticuffs with half the famous pugs of this generation. There isn't a spot on the entire north side of his anatomy which has not a tender place left as a souvenir by some illustrious bruiser.

As a matter of protection against murder and sudden death, Mr. O'Hara has had to learn how to fight. He has learned so well how to fight that one of the Meccas of the sporting world is his studio. All the “fight fans” trek out every week to sit in the crowd and watch the fracas.

“Who's George O'Hara going on wit' this afternoon?” they ask.

And after it is over they sigh and shake their heads overwhelmed with sorrow. “What do y' tink o' a guy wit' a straight left like that wasting his time play acting?” they ask in shocked accents.

The truth is that George, if he were not a nice, refined, well-educated charming little gentleman and a good actor in the bargain, could probably be the champion lightweight of the world.

But his fight ambitions, fortunately, are limited to emerging thru this serial with a whole face and as much of his anatomy as possible fairly intact.

Among the famous fighters who have pounded George's countenance in the interests of art is Leach Cross, once the idol of New York, and one of the greatest lightweights that ever lived.

Leach's real name is Louis Wallach. He was a young dentist in New York City and discovered that he could swing a mighty fist. Under an assumed name he made a fortune in the prize-ring and has been living in retirement in Hollywood.

He was very indignant, on getting into a motion-picture prize-fight ring, to discover that he was (Continued on page 88)
Human Hearts

A story of the stars who have come thru the test of fame, wealth and adulation still unselfish enough to stop along their crowded way for manifestations of brotherly love and consideration; giving more than gold pieces . . . giving of themselves . . . for that is, in truth, charity.

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Of human hearts, beating warmly and benevolently within the glamorous beings of motion-picture stars . . . it is of them that we write. We read frequently in the newspapers and magazines of the generous checks which the stars sign in the name of countless worthy charities. And this we commend, even while we realize that, possessed of wealth, gold is the cheapest gift of all.

But of the little charities which people give impulsively in the busy quiet of their days. These are the things indicative of a person’s worth . . . on them we build our faith in friends and with them we kneel to light the fires of our loves.

For when finite beings come thru the test of fame, wealth and adulation still unselfish enough to stop along their crowded way for manifestations of brotherly love and consideration; giving more than gold pieces . . . giving of themselves . . . that is, in truth, charity.

We remember a human story of Tommy Meighan.

A young girl came to New York to seek a career as a writer. Among her young ambitions was the hope of interviewing Thomas Meighan. She secured a reporter position and for months went along her way, always believing, after the sanguine manner of youth, that an assignment to interview Mr. Meighan would come her way. He represented to her an ideal. He stood as a symbol. And she knew with a wisdom that if she could only do a story with him she stood in a fair way of adding some slight laurels to her obscure name.

One evening the Fairbanks were late to a dinner which was the social event of the season. And there may have been some among the guests who attributed it to swank. Really, it was because they had stopped to give a tea-party to a ragged, little newsboy . . .

For when we write of those things nearest our hearts we write with inspired pens.

One day, after months of wearing, weary waiting, the assignment came. She had an appointment with Tommy Meighan for three o’clock the following afternoon. And that night, heedless of traffic, she met with an accident which sent her to the hospital with a broken leg.

Her colleague at the newspaper office telephoned Mr. Meighan that the appointment was, perforce, cancelled and added something about it being a pity inasmuch as to interview him had long been her dream.

Then Tommy’s big Irish heart welled within him. And the appointment was not broken. The following afternoon at three o’clock sharp he arrived at the hospital where the reporter lay with her leg in a plaster cast and tears in her disappointed eyes. Announced, he took his interviewee’s place at the bedside and what threatened to be a broken dream became a shining reality.

Thomas Meighan may go on to do great things but in the final summing up nothing he will ever do will be written in more flaming splendor than his fulfillment of that lonely little dream.

Then there is that story about Doug. Mary and he were in New York on their wedding tour. They were entertained by many of the Four Hundred and their days were so crowded that they were forced to live very closely to a very close schedule.

A ragged, bare-footed little boy stationed himself at the motor entrance of the Ritz where they were stopping.
But the doorman chased him away. Then he slipped inside to the cool, marble corridor. Once more he was banished. He told the attendant that he had walked all the way in from the country in the hope of seeing his valiant idol, Douglas Fairbanks, in the flesh. But it didn't seem to make any difference. His feet were bruised and stained with his journey. And his thin, undernourished legs trembled with excitement and fatigue. A depressing sight for the fine ladies on their perfunctory way in to luncheon and later, tea. Once again he was requested to leave. But this time Doug and Mary chanced to be coming in from their car just as the liveried flunky scolded "Gwan there, Mister Fairbanks, he's no time for you. He's a busy man." So Doug learned the boy's story.

There was barely time to dress for a dinner engagement of social import but...

Once more the little fellow entered the portals of the Ritz. This time the doorman held the door for him to pass. His idol's strong arm was about him and the gold of Mary's hair shone just a little way above his unbelieving eyes. Together they went up in the French enameled lift to the Fairbanks' suite where a tea party was ordered.

But the boy was so excited that food didn't matter. Even tho he had tasted no morsel since before daybreak and his journey had been long and trying. He couldn't even seem to decide whether he would have a chocolate or peach ice cream—lady fingers or pastry. And the King and Queen of Moviedom were happy and excited too. Besides such adoration what is the acclaim of wealth or the praise of princes?

"What can I do for you, Kid?" asked Doug with a voice that they tell was husky.

"Let me... let me... Oh, say, can I just feel your muscle... once..." piped an awed boistreous treble. Whereupon Doug's muscle was duly examined while Doug prayed silently that it might come up to the highest expectations.

That evening the Fairbanks were a little late to their dinner. And there may have been some among the guests who attributed it to swank. But somewhere a little boy slept... and on his face was the unmistakable glory known to those who have walked upon Olympus... arm in arm with one of the Most High and Celestial Gods...

There is a charity of Lillian Gish's which is memorable because it denies, in one instance at any rate, the presence of professional jealousy.

The scene was the Griffith studios where Lillian was absorbed in her work. A girl named Lucille Langhanke came for a personal test under

Photograph by Victor Georg

Photograph by Allon
Mr. Griffith's guidance. He had seen her and her photographs and had become interested in her. She was slight and of a delicate loveliness. In her beauty was the same quality possessed by Lillian Gish, even if her appearance was not similar. She was noticeably the same type.

To be properly made-up is half the struggle in a photographic test. And Lillian Gish, despite the fact that this girl might well have turned out to be a rival at the studios, took her into her own dressing-room where she gave her not only her greasepaint but the benefit of her years of experience. And while she prepared her for the relentless camera, she gave her valuable pointers on what to do and what to avoid doing.

It so happened that this girl did not join the Griffith forces, despite the fact that Mr. Griffith was enthusiastic over the tests, thanks to Lillian Gish's generous interception. It is a big thing for her to have done... a human thing... worthy of her artistry... symbolic of her Christianity...

Photograph by A. peso

When a newspaper reporter who had long hoped to interview Thomas Meighan fell and broke her leg, Tommy went to the hospital and took his interviewee's place at her bedside... bringing fulfillment to her lonely, little dream... And Lew Cody made daily pilgrimages to a hospital to see a little fan who was injured in an explosion because she came into the city to buy a ribbon for her hair, anticipating his personal appearance in her town. Human hearts...

Today, however, Lucille Langhanke is one of the loveliest shadows reflected upon the screen. We know her as Mary Astor.

A story of Lew Cody bears telling. A small town he appeared in while on tour recently had suffered a terrific explosion the day before his arrival. And it came to his ears that one little girl of about fifteen had been... (Continued on page 89)
They paused on the edge of a group that were watching a comedy juggler well known to vaudeville. At the first glance it was impossible to tell whether he was drunk, or pretending to be drunk, or at that stage approaching drunkenness when the victim imagines himself cold sober but bitten by the comic idea of pretending to be drunk. He was performing marvelous feats with four oranges.
Susie Takes A Chance
A Serial Story In Six Parts
By
LUCIAN CARY
Illustrated by Douglas Ryan
THE FOURTH INSTALMENT

Susie found herself a bit let down when Armistead had gone. She realized that when she had written Clay that she would like awfully to see him she had understated the case. And for some reason her desire to see Clay was all mixed up with her memories of Philip Garner. She found herself engaged in a fruitless attempt to compare the two men. Superficially, of course. Mr. Garner was the more attractive of the two. And he had got much farther on in the business of making a success of his life. Susie told herself that she would rather flirt with Mr. Garner than with any other man she had ever known. But she couldn’t imagine caring seriously about him. And the reason was that she couldn’t imagine his caring seriously about her—for more than a week. Clay was of more stubborn stuff. But he wasn’t afraid to take a chance. No, when Clay once made up his mind he went ahead—as he had in starting this search for her.

Again and again Susie caught herself up. But her mind kept going round and round in a circle, comparing Philip Garner and Clay Newton. It was as if she were under the necessity of deciding immediately which man she cared most about.

"After all," she said to herself, "I’ve got nothing to do but sit around and wait to see what happens next. I’ve got to think about something so why shouldn’t I think about that?"

Nevertheless it annoyed her that she should continue to think about "that" all morning and thru the early afternoon. It was only when Philip Garner called up that she stopped.

"I’ve got another chapter of that story I was telling you last night," he said eagerly. "May I come to tea?"

"Do," Susie cried. "You’ve seen the morning papers?"

"Of course."

"I’ll be there in forty minutes."

Susie spent that forty minutes in choosing the dress she would wear. There were half a dozen, any one of which would do. And it certainly wasn’t important what dress she wore. The occasion wasn’t the sort when a dress matters. Nevertheless she changed her dress three times and ended by wearing the severely plain one of white linen she had chosen in the first place.

She received Philip Garner on the terrace.

"I just had to see you before you saw the evening papers," he said, as he took the hand she offered him. "When you’ve read them you won’t believe that I didn’t kidnap Susan Treadwell."

"Nonsense," said Susie.

"It’s true, Miss Basarov," he said with a grin. "I’ve just been reading them myself. And if ever any man was guilty I am."

"Why," said Susie. "you told me all about it last night—before the papers printed the story."

"I didn’t tell you the half of it," said Philip Garner ruefully. "I didn’t tell you that I was such an utter idiot as to use Caswell’s passports did I?"

"No," Susie said. "I don’t know that you did."

"Nor that Caswell was married and had reserved space for himself and wife on the steamer."

Susie began to see the predicament he was in.

"It’s just as I told you," he continued. "When you read what the papers say you’ll believe that I took that girl to London with me on the Berengaria."

"But I should think the Berengaria’s people—the purser or the steward or somebody could set that right?"

"The Berengaria is in England now and Scotland Yard has been calling our police."

"Good heavens!" Susie cried. The fear that she might have to reveal her own identity in order to rescue Philip Garner from the law struck thru her. He saw the change in her expression. He saw it as a doubt of himself. He jumped to his feet and took her hand in his.

"Dear lady," he cried. "please believe in me."

Susie found herself looking into his eyes. She had a panicky sense that if she said she did believe in him he would kiss her.
"I do believe in you," she said earnestly.
The next instant he had kissed her. And Susie's panicky fear had changed from the fear that he was going to kiss her to the fear that she had kissed him back.
"Magda!" he cried.
Susie laughed. She had found herself again.
"What are you laughing at?" asked the astounded Philip.
"You," said Susie, "you're so funny!"
"I'm in earnest," he said hotly.
"I'm sure you are," Susie said demurely. "You are so very earnest. And only last night you were quite as earnest—rather more so—about Susie Treadwell."
Susie was astonished at how crestfallen he looked. Perhaps he had himself thought of the discrepancy.
"I—I," he began, "I—I was," he concluded lamely.
"You certainly were," Susie said wickedly.
"I—I," he sat down suddenly and laughed. "I honestly don't know which of you it is I love most," she said.
"You're both quite lovely."
He looked at Susie ruefully.
"I need—I need—" he began helplessly.
"You need tea," Susie said and rang the bell. "And when you've had tea you need to go home and get some sleep."
"You're awfully good," said Philip gravely.
"Perhaps, Philip," she said, "it's merely that I like you." Philip looked at her and smiled his self-deprecatory smile.

Cissie's parties you ought to go to just to see what it's like.

"Do you think a young man in your position ought to go to that kind of party?" Susie asked.

"Not ordinarily, perhaps," Philip answered. "But in this case I've almost got to go—otherwise it will look as if I took the newspaper charges seriously and were ashamed to show my face."

Susie reflected. She had an enormous curiosity to see what a big theatrical party was like.

"Very well," she said, "I shall take your advice. I shall go to Cissie Brohan's party."

"With me," Philip insisted.

"With you," Susie said.

"I call that handsome of you, Magda," he cried. "I begin to believe that you believe in me."

"I believe you need a guardian," Susie said succinctly. "Does that mean you're going to ask me to dinner?"

"Not at all," Susie said. "It means that I will go to Cissie Brohan's party with you provided you go home at once."

Philip rose and bowed with a gesture of exaggerated humility.

"Very well," he said gravely, and held out his hand. Susie took his hand in hers. She liked the firm grasp of his hand. But she released herself quickly. She didn't intend to be kissed again.

The next morning every paper in New York printed the note she had sent to Clay. The Chronicle contained a two-column interview with Clay Newton explaining in
detail his reasons for believing that Susie Treadwell had not composed the note he had received.

"I believe the handwriting is hers," Clay affirmed. "But the words were dictated to her by somebody else. The style is not hers."

He proceeded to quote in full the several letters Susie had written him during her first two weeks in New York. Susie blushed to find her enthusiasm over New York spread over the pages of a newspaper. She had to remind herself that an enthusiasm for New York was nothing to be ashamed of. She had to admit, too, that Clay made out an excellent case. The note she had written him and that Armistead had mailed didn't sound a bit like the letters she had previously written Clay. The note was rather sophisticated. The letters she had written before she had met Magda Basarov were almost schoolgirlish.

Armistead came into the breakfast-room as Susie finished the article.

"Clay Newton has proved that I didn't write that note I gave you to mail to him," she observed.

"We underestimated that young man," Armistead said.

"He's most ingenious. But what gets me is this."

He laid a copy of the morning Examiner on the table. The front page had an eight-column streamer offering one thousand dollars reward to the person who should find Susie Treadwell. Below was a group of four pictures of Susie by Clay Newton—four views from four different angles. In a box below the pictures was a succinct description of Susie:

Height: five feet four inches.
Weight: one hundred and twenty pounds.
Hair: a deep, dark red.
Eyes: blue.

Then followed the announcement that the New York Examiner would spend any amount of money necessary to find Susie Treadwell and to punish those responsible for her abduction. The paper urged, not to say objurgated, its readers, to help. "Study these photographs. Get the description by heart. Then look. Look for a red-haired girl."

"It looks to me," Armistead said to Susie, "as if Magda Basarov had better stay at home until this blows over."

"I'm all right as long as they emphasize the red hair," Susie assured him.

Armistead shook his head.
"It's better not to take any chance."
"I'm planning to go to Cissie Brohan's party tonight."
Armistead frowned.
"I promised Mr. Garner I would."
"Suppose somebody Magda knows awfully well should get suspicious."
"I'll go later, after everything's well started," Susie said.
"And I'm letter perfect in the part."
"I just feel that the more we play with this thing the deeper it will go. Your note to Mr. Clay Newton didn't help much." "No," Susie admitted, "it didn't. I wish I hadn't written it. But I wish more than anything else that I could see him alone for ten minutes."

"Good Lord," Armistead cried. "you aren't going to try anything like that are you?"

"No," Susie assured him. "I just said I wished I could."

VIII

Susie leaned lightly on Phil's arm as they walked across the lantern-lit lawn at Cissie Brohan's. "There must be a thousand people here," Susie said.

"Easily," Phil assured her.

They paused on the edge of a group that were watching a comedy juggler well known to vaudeville. At first glance it was impossible to tell whether he was drunk, or pretending to be drunk, or at that stage approaching near to drunkeness when the victim imagines himself cold sober but bitten by the comic idea of pretending to be drunk. He was performing marvelous feats with four oranges.

"That's O'Hare," Phil whispered. "Let's watch."
But Susie’s attention was distracted almost immediately by a voice a yard away. The voice was saying things about Magda Basarov. Phil noted it. Together they listened.

“I know,” the voice was protesting. “She married Val Collins and the Quadrangle people put a clause in her contract providing that it was null and void if her marriage became public.”

Susie felt Phil’s arm tighten a little convulsively. Who was Val Collins? Susie didn’t know. But she couldn’t ask Phil. He would think she was preparing the crudest kind of alibi.

“Come on,” he said. “Let’s get out of here.”

They walked silently across a deserted portion of the lawn. The longer the silence lasted the more uncomfortable they were. Susie’s mind was busy turning over and over the piece of gossip. Who was Val Collins? And was he Magda Basarov’s husband? And had he anything to do with Magda’s scheme of hiring some one to impersonate her while she went to Paris. Susie remembered now that Magda had frankly admitted she would not tell the truth about why she wanted to go to Paris. But she had said that her contract with Quadrangle gave her a three months’ leave of absence. Wasn’t that an unusual provision in a contract?

She wished Phil would break the silence. She could not break it. She had a vague sense of being pursued. She looked quickly over her shoulder. A young man in white flannels was running at topspeed toward them.

“O Magda,” he called. His voice had the note of a tremendous insistence.

Susie and Phil paused.

“Magda,” the young man said breathlessly, “can’t I see you alone for a moment?”

Susie was conscious that Phil looked at her for a sign as to her wish. She hadn’t the least notion who the young man was. But evidently Magda Basarov knew him. And then it flashed across her mind that Phil knew him too and that Phil did not like him.

“Please go,” she whispered to Phil. Without a word, or a look back Phil walked on.

Susie had a queer, frightened feeling that he was passing out of her life forever. Then she turned to face the unknown young man. He was a plump, blond young man.

For the moment Susie thought he was drunk.

“Magda!” he cried, and threw both arms around Susie, and laid his cheek against hers.

And then Susie realized that he was not so much drunk as stricken with grief. His cheek was wet with tears. He kissed her hungrily, kissed her throat hungrily, with little inarticulate sounds of affection, like some unhappy animal.

“Don’t,” Susie protested, “please don’t.”

And as she half-suffered and half-fended the young man’s caresses, she searched her memory. Magda Basarov must have put this young man on the list. But who was he? What attitude could she take toward him without giving away the fact that she was not Magda?

The young man suddenly straightened up, and holding Susie by both shoulders, stared into her eyes. Susie stared hotly back. The young man kissed her mouth passionately. She jerked away. But he was too strong. He had one of her shoulders in each of his hands. For a moment Susie rested, panting for breath, gritting her teeth for another effort at escape.

“You don’t love me,” he cried.

“No,” Susie said passionately, “I don’t.”

For a moment they stood at each other like two wild animals. Susie crouched, gathering her strength to break free. But the effort died in her at the sound of a woman’s shrill scream. The young man’s arms dropped.

He half turned to face in the direction of the scream. Susie never could remember the order of the next few seconds. But always afterward she could picture the flash of the revolver in the half-dark, and the roar of the explosion, and see the man slowly crumple and sink down at her feet.

“Now you get it,” the woman’s voice shrilled.

Susie faced the revolver. Oddly, she was not afraid. She had not time to be afraid. And then she saw Phil strike the arm that held the weapon. The revolver exploded just as he sent it spinning out of her hand. For a moment Susie stood there. And then she swayed and would have fallen had not Phil caught her. People were running. That quiet place was instantly in the wildest confusion. Susie slowly fainted.

(Continued on page 106)
The pictures on this page cover a span of years and tell a story... a story of two sisters, Lil-lian and Dorothy Gish, who have traveled far in the years bringing them to womanhood... from obscurity in the little hamlet of Massillon to the high place they enjoy in the screen world today. At the bottom of the page is an old picture showing them in the foreground as children in their native, starry daisy fields... a far hail from their background today.

The portrait at the top of the page came to the magazine several years ago and was captioned: "Dorothy and Lillian Gish with their mother. These two sisters will be seen in Griffith productions." And just above we find them as they last appeared together in Griffith's "Orphans of the Storm" their work in this picture having merited them praise thruout the civilized world.
What the greater part of the world knows of von Stroheim is just what it has seen on the screen—a rather bullet-headed, swaggering, self-sufficient young devil who looks as tho he were about to make love to all the women in the cast. What his friends see in their beloved "Von" is an idealist who sticks to his ideals, let the chips fall where they may...
The Real Eric von Stroheim

By

Gordon Gassaway

A GENIE may rise out of an ink bottle—see Arabian Nights—but did you ever try to get one back in? It is something like trying to put Eric von Stroheim into an interview.

The only thing to do is to roll up your sleeves, grab the battered typewriter by the throat and refuse to answer the doorbell for days and days.

His personality reaches out and almost swamps what shreds of mentality you may happen to boast. His own mind, if it could be visualized, would look something like an octopus, with tentacles twisting and probing into every phase of human emotion. He starts your mind working the same way when you talk to him. And long after you leave his presence the inside of your head tingles from the mental contact. That is why this very big little man is hard to trap in an ink bottle.

Eric von Stroheim is a force. He makes people talk. And when his name is mentioned, people almost always ask:

"Why does he make such sordid pictures? Can he give us just as interesting pictures, only make them light and happy?"

I asked him about this the other day, when he was starting work on "Greed," which is to be the film version of Frank Norris's "McTeague."

From the look on his dark, mobile face, with its thin lines of plucked (or shaved) eyebrows, he was about to say: "Slush!" and then thought better of it. I know, from some previous confabs with Eric, that he hates the garden variety of prudishness. Most Europeans do. Prunes and prisms are words not in his vocabulary. He sees life without a veil.

"Why do I not make 'Old Homesteadish' pictures?" he took up my query. "Well, I must leave the making of such pictures to those who think such thoughts, I guess. I want to talk with motion pictures about the things I know."

The life of this man von Stroheim, Austrian by birth, training and twist of mind, has been just one blamed crisis after another. It is a twice told tale of how he came to America and found himself penniless and how he played dirty villains in the movies during the war and got himself well hated for the job.

But somehow, I feel that the greatest crisis came when he was "divorced" from Universal City in the midst of the filming of his own picture "Merry-go-round." I talked to him shortly after that break and I saw him, I think, as it has been given few others outside of his immediate family, to see him. I saw the broken heart of a very little boy. Underneath all the swagger and veneer of his Austrian training—not "German," mark you—there was the bewildered, painful hurt of being torn from his brain-child—his "Merry-go-round," which was given to another director to finish.

You would expect him to be vindictive. He wasn't. You might expect him to launch tirade after tirade at the heads of Universal. He did not. He just wanted to know "why?"

And then came other offers from other big film companies to this Little Napoleon of the screen. He accepted that of Goldwyn.

Thru grapevine channels the word passed thru Hollywood that Universal believed von Stroheim to be a too expensive luxury. No one knew the real reason of the "divorce." It was "said" that "Von" wasted too much time over details. That he kept large companies of expensive players waiting while he placed all the caps of all the soldiers (Continued on next page)
With a Prayer for Her Love

Finding an appealing Blanche Sweet in a scene from "In the Palace of the King"
The New Motion Picture

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Today when people say that the motion picture is still in its infancy, the remark is termed a bromide. But, bromide or no bromide, they speak truly if they use the word infancy as an expression of development. For the motion picture which we see on the screen today is only a nucleus of what the new motion picture will be. So the "Motion Picture Magazine" plans to use a series of articles, of which this is the second, giving some idea of what may be expected from the cinema in the early years to come.

II. THE PHONOFILM

By

HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

Did you ever hear a film?
If someone asked you that question, you would be likely to reply, "I beg your pardon, but you mean to ask me if I have ever seen a film, not heard one."

A person asking such a question—from this time on—however, will be asking a perfectly proper question. A cinematographic process has been invented that photographs sound simultaneously as it photographs the specific actions that are related to the sound. Both the photographed sound waves and the physical images appear together on the same film when developed. When the images are projected on the screen, the simultaneous sound is released synchronically. If the persons originally photographed were speaking at the time, you would now hear them speaking again exactly as the cameraman heard them then. If a singer were photographed in the act of singing, you would hear the voice coming from the singer's mouth in precisely the same manner that it did in the original instance. And just as the well-trained dancer can keep only perfect time, so would you see her dance in perfect rhythm with the music you would hear coming from the film.

In the Phonofilm, merciless truth is revealed. Just as the lens of the camera reproduces the outside man—and woman—as he really appears to the most searching eye; so does the Phonofilm photograph disclose sounds with exaggerated exactitude as they have affected the most sensitive ear. In other words, exactly what was seen by the most penetrating eye and heard by the most delicate hearing, in the precise relationship one to the other in point of time elapse, that and nothing more or less, must appear on the film!

When I climbed the iron ladder up into the spacious projection room of the New York Rivoli Theater, I must confess that my mind was a clean slate, so far as the Phonofilm was concerned. In the back of my mind I retained a faint recollection of previous attempts to accomplish the same ends as Dr. Lee DeForest has sought in his Phonofilm. I think it was in Keith's Vaudeville.
Dr. DeForest had several problems to overcome. Nothing but a standard cinemategraph film could be used. The speed had to be that of the standard motion-picture film. The recording and reproducing devices had to be inertialess, except the diaphragms for receiving and the diaphragm for reproducing the sound. There were other handicaps too, all of which he has overcome.

What appears to be an ordinary reel of film is threaded on a standard projector. There is no phonograph in sight even tho you might fancy that the sound would probably come from somewhere in the vicinity of the source of the picture—the projection machine.

Theaters that the Edison device was tried out, ten or more years ago. In that instance, a phonograph was attached to the Edison model projection machine of that day. Taking of the picture and taking of the voice were two separate processes, or at any rate, the exhibition resulted in two separate and indistinct expressions. One got the impression that one person was doing the acting and another person was doing the talking for him—not to the audience, but in a phonograph. The breakdown of any approach towards realism and realization of art was chiefly due to the fact that sound and action failed to synchronize! It was a ghostly rather than a ghostly failure, since any subsequent successes in the same direction must inevitably be built upon such valiant and noteworthy attempts as this and their heroic failures.

Polã Negri in "Bella Donna" was being run off when I entered the projection room and the Phonofilm operator informed me that his film would be run in just a few minutes. I expected to witness the setting up of some elaborate device. To the contrary, what appeared to be an ordinary reel of film was threaded up on a standard projector. There was no phonograph in sight, tho I had fancied that the sound would probably come from somewhere in the vicinity of the source of the picture—-the projection machine. But absolutely nothing extraordinary happened in the projection room, so I hurried down the iron ladder into the gorgeous auditorium again to witness and listen to

(Continued on page 93)
But I don't mean that kind of a Yes man.
If you have much to do with film people, they are always asking you what you think about this, that and the other thing.
Sometimes you feel that you have to tell them truths that are unpleasant and this is how they take it.
For instance if you suggest to D. W. Griffith that he has made a mistake and that something he has done is punk, he is moved to emotional depths.
He grabs you by both hands and tells you how much it means to him to have one real friend who is not afraid to tell him the truth. You go away in a blaze of scintillant—uplifted by noble emotions. The only fly in the ointment is that the next time you see the picture, the stuff you objected to is still there. Apparently D. W. has recognized in you a true friend—and a punk critic.
When you point out to Douglas Fairbanks that he is all wrong, he leaps up on something and sitting like a crow on a fence rail, furiously twists his little moustache and listens with a sort of furious abstraction. He tells you that you are dead right and he knew it all the time. Then he rushes out to find Mary and tell her of your scintillant brilliance. Mary tells him you are talking thru your hat—and that's that.

Betty Compson always looks at you like a startled fawn. She thanks you for your criticism in a shocked voice—and avoids you the next time you meet

Norma Talmadge is polite but non-attentive. And Charles Chaplin looks around at the scenery with an air of saying "Oh well, I don't suppose he will be talking long—and anyhow, we all have our crosses to bear"

When you tell Mary she is wrong, she tells you that she got your note and it was so awfully frightfully clever that she didn't dare write one back to you and show herself up. In the exuberance of swimming in Mary's praise, it does not occur to you until afterward that Mary hasn't said whether or not she intends following your suggestion.
If you say it to Mary's face, she listens very very carefully and when you are done, she asks you very respectfully, "If I send you a copy of my next scenario, will you criticise it for me?"
Naturally you put on a deprecating air of genius disguised as modesty and say, "Well of course, if you think my ideas would be of any value to you—etc., etc."
Whereupon Mary thanks you almost tearfully—and that's the end of that. You never see the scenario.
If you tell Cecil de Mille that he is on the wrong track, he stands looking at you with his little twinkling eyes—they (Continued on page 92)
That Rudy the Great has made a mistake in remaining off the screen can no longer be questioned. The progress that Ramon Navarro has made in the past few months is remarkable. Come what may, Rudy must in the future divide a popularity which formerly he had all to himself.

WATCH OUT, RUDY!

ONLY a short time ago the suggestion of such a thing as a Valentino successor was laughed at. Now, what at first appeared to be a joke is taking the form of a reality. The progress made by Ramon Navarro in the past few months has been so remarkable that it is questionable if he is not already threatening the throne of his Latin rival. In “The Prisoner of Zenda” Navarro did not show any particular promise, in “Trifling Women” he began to get in deadly work upon the hearts of the fair theater-goers throughout the country; in “Where the Pavement Ends” he has literally knocked them off their seats and sent them all home to write for autographed photos. That Rudy the great has made a mistake in remaining off the screen can no longer be questioned. One more favorable picture like “Where the Pavement Ends” and there is no telling how far Ramon may go. Come what may, Rudy must in future divide a popularity which formerly he had all to himself.

SOMETHING TO WORRY ABOUT

Speaking of successors reminds us that while there are two or three possible successors to Valentino, there is no one in sight on the screen horizon who can even in a small degree fill the place that was left vacant in the shadow-world by the loss of Wallace Reid. Wallie was a unique personality in the films, the importance of which is only noticed since we have him no longer with us. Let others worry about Valentino successors, what I am worrying about is where are we going to get another Rudy Reid. So far as I am concerned, Reid was a greater figure in the canned drama than any of these Latin Romeos could ever be, and it’s ten dollars to a Russian ruble that had he continued in a normal screen career he would have outlived them all.

NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS LABEL

Wrigley, the chewing gum millionaire, is going into the business of making movies, according to report. His slogan, no doubt, will be “Insist upon Spearmint Pictures after a heavy meal. They aid the digestion.”

Judging America by its Movies: Wealthy young bucks are always in love with poor damsels and vice versa.

EXPIRING FOR THE CAMERA ONE OF THE FINE ARTS

One of the first requirements of a successful screen actor is to know how to die effectively, and up to the best silversheet standards. If an actor were actually going to die he would probably be able to do it in a thoroly convincing manner and without the aid of study or rehearsal, but in the flicker world persons are somewhat extraordinary and do not expire in the usual manner. In fact, to pass away effectively in a film drama has grown to be somewhat of an art in itself: When a character in a movie dies in bed after an illness, the trick is in staging a series of impressive convulsions after which the patient
The Movie Sheik
Described by
HELEN CARLISLE
Illustrations by Edon Kelley

I don't know where in Hollywood these Heart Smashers learn their tricks. ... They usually look peaceful enough when in their clothes. ... But let them get one yard of striped awning flapping about their ears and they turn wild. ...
(Of course there must be
An Oasis...
But that is Easily
Arranged...
The Location Men
Snap up all the Homeless
Palm Trees they can find
En route...
Hang grocery store Dates
Upon 'em... and There
You Are!
To finish things comes
The Art Director with a
Batik handkerchief about
His Neck... He brings
Satin cushions...
Oriental Rugs
Incense Burners e.t.c.
And arranges them in the
Most Sheiky Manner
Possible...

Then they Turn the Sheik
Loose...
Securely wrapped in his
Burnoose he
Calls the Camels by their
First Names...
And rides with his
Synthetic Arabs from the
Casting Bureau...
He Chases Sand Storms

And Catches Up with them...
He always has a
Jewelled dagger Handy...
And when he stages Personal
Appearances at unexpected
Moments to torment the
Heroine... he
Does Tricks with it...
You feel that if he
Had His Way... he'd carve
The author of the plot and
Finish Things to Suit
Himself...

When he comes back to
Hollywood... he shakes the
Sand out of his Hair...
And invites us to Dinner...
He puts away the Awning
And the jewelled dagger and
He looks Mild and Tame
I say that he Looks Mild and
Tame...
But is he...
Can any man who once has
Sheik'd it across the desert
On a wall-eyed camel
Ever
Be Himself

I hate Movie Sheiks
They worry me...

The Movie Sheiks... They worry me. They drag their leading ladies about for seven
reels, tho the subtitle says that they mean her no harm...
Across the Silversheet

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

W

E have come to the conclusion that we must believe inherently in the movies. Otherwise we would have long ago forebore going to see screen versions of those things which we have enjoyed in their original literary form. Or it may be that every now and then, frequently enough to nurture our hopes, some favorite story comes to the silversheet recognizable, with all the color and charm it possessed on the printed page.

One day not long ago Elinor Glynn complained of the way in which one of her stories appeared upon the screen. She insisted that it had ceased to be her story, entirely lacking the spirit and purpose of her story. Practically all it retained was her title and her name affixed as author. “Better by far,” she says along with other authors who have endured the distortion of their brain-children, “that they should word it ‘So and So,’ suggested by ‘So and So’ by Elinor Glynn.”

And all of this preambles brings us to our latest disillusion, “Main Street.” And having long since finished weeping over screenic violations of those books we have enjoyed, “Main Street” causes us to bemoan the fact that a portrayal as sincere and sympathetic as Florence Vidor’s should be so great an extent lost in a mediocre production. Miss Vidor has our praise and our condolences. For to be greater than that of which you are a part means that you cannot be so great as you might otherwise be. Therefore, her Carol Kennicott might have been remembered as one of the screen’s better portrayals if her frame and background had been worthier.

Of “Main Street” itself! It seems to us that it is those episodes which most graphically mirror

To be greater than that of which you are a part means that you cannot be so great as you might otherwise be. Therefore, Florence Vidor’s Carol Kennicott might have been remembered as one of the screen’s better portrayals if her frame and background had been worthier.
Comment on Other Productions

The Girl of the Golden West
—First National

We are familiar with this play, the idea of which has been exploited since the cowboy melodrama came into expression five and seven years ago. And being familiar with Belasco’s document the interest lies in seeing how close the picture approaches the original. Surely it misses fire in its most important scene—that of the card game between the girl and the gambling sheriff. Crisp, sharp words are needed to give it real emphasis. And why did they show the heroine playing square instead of cheating as she did in the play? The director has not forgotten a single incident. But it lacks the vitality of the original. True, it carries breadth of outline—the only quality which gives it color. Yet most of us are familiar with California mountains. Warren Kerrigan lacks picturesqueness as the road agent. He plays the part with too much gentility. Sylvia Breamer gives a mechanical performance as the girl. The best portrayal is that of Russell Simpson’s sheriff. At least he suggests the character as Frank Keenan played it.

The Heart Raider—Paramount

Agnes Ayres is not the personality to portray a volatile, spoiled daughter of an indulgent parent. Hers is a subdued personality, best suited for the expression of ladies of poise who never lose their dignity. So it surprises us to find her attempting to steal some of Bebe Daniels’ thunder. The result is her work appears labored with no suggestion of spontaneity in it. “The Heart Raider” is a slight, but fairly bright little number—good for a hot day and calculated not to tax the imagination of a moron. Daughter vexes father to such an extent that he takes out an accident insurance policy on her life. And her caprices nearly ruin the insurance company. So one of the employees is sent to marry her. He doesn’t succeed in leading her to the altar, but he does succeed in being best man at her wedding. Oh yes, she marries an admirer against his will—after she has chased him thru the water and embarrassed him with her free chatter and manners. Charles Ruggles as the insurance man insures a laugh or three with his clowning. Mahlon Hamilton, as the pursued hero, cannot appear at ease to save his life.

The Shock—Universal

Lon Chaney will never be able to live down his portrayal of the crooked cripple in “The Miracle Man.” Every so often they give him a chance to duplicate the character which established him. “The Shock” is modeled after the afore-mentioned classic—but its resemblance ends in Chaney’s characterization. However, it is a fairly effective melodrama depict-
Paragraphs Which Serve As a Guide to Pictures

ing a crook sent to a village to expose a bank president, falling in love with his daughter and finding redemption thru her and the simplicity of the open spaces. He saves the banker and steps out of his romance when he catches her with a man whose legs are sound. Then comes the San Francisco earthquake, pictured by means of the conventional miniature—the shock of which restores the use of his legs to the cripple and scatters the crooks to oblivion and death. And to restore the romance the other man is painted as a rotter. That's all there is to it. Chaney exaggerates too much, thus destroying much of the sympathy which he extracts from the spectator.

The Quickshot of the Rio Grande—Universal

Whether this was intended as a burlesque of a western or whether having shot several scenes and sensing its ridiculous character inspired Jack Hoxie to poke fun at the old stock stuff, is hard to determine. Certainly it provides a volume of hearty laughs—what with the cowboy actor attempting to emulate the gallant Quixote of Cervantes. He plunges right into action—with two fists, two guns—a horse, and a strong and heavy stick which he uses like a golfer. Hiding behind a huge rock he knocks the galloping villains for several counts with this club. At other times he puts a cow-town gin-mill out of order—and indulges in acrobatics during a barn-dance. There is no head nor tail to it. But it does move. And it should tickle an audience with its absurdities.

The Ragged Edge—Goldwyn

A picture only fit for infantile minds is "The Ragged Edge," adapted from a story by Harold MacGrath. The characters insult the intelligence with their heroic gestures and the incident which exposes them is far-fetched and often commonplace. Can you imagine a man fleeing from the law because he stole money which belonged to him and refusing to respond to his wife's advances because he does not think himself honorable enough? This is the kind of stuff which damns the movies. Yet here we find such a character, overdrawn, and overplayed by Alfred Lunt, who is not only badly made up, but watches his director as a "coon" dog watches his master. He is down and out in Canton, but is nursed back to health by a girl who defies the conventions. So they go to live in a South Sea isle where they are followed by a vicious beachcomber—who rows there from Canton. The ultimate fight occurs and the youth emerges with the girl in his arms when a visiting aunt restores the halo over his head. The important character of the stepfather who bounded him for stealing his own money is killed off in a subtitle. The presence of the detective is un-
important. If his mission was to locate the youth for his aunt, the fact that he saw him in Canton did not need his presence longer in the picture. But mystery must be entertained. A trite, obvious story—with only one flash of humor—a scene showing the youthful couple scrubbing a dog at their island retreat, Mimi Palmeri as the heroine makes her screen debut. We must see her more often before passing judgment. As yet her work is awkward and self-conscious.

**Fog Bound—Paramount**

An apt title for this picture which presents a time-worn plot concerning revenuers and violators of the Volstead Act. The only new note sounded is that of drawing one of the enforcement agents as a crook. Otherwise the opus follows familiar lines with the chief’s daughter determined to protect an honest young bounder from the law. The pursuit takes him thru the Florida everglades with the bloodhounds unleashed after the manner of “Uncle Tom’s Cabin.” David Powell ruins a perfectly good tuxedo in his wild flight and the crooked revenuer is caught and exposed as the real murderer. Yes, indeed, an eye-witness saw him. Several scenes defy logic—particularly the murder. Dorothy Dalton gives a very ordinary performance—there being nothing vital in her portrayal.

The atmosphere is considerably murky, but the fog lifts over the plot, which is as simple as a phrase in a First Primer.

**The Exciters—Paramount**

Stories of irrepressible flappers are certainly having their innings these days. Take “The Exciters,” for instance. Here is Bebe Daniels cutting up capers in a tale which is a cousin to the oft-repeated formula—that of the youth who must be married within a specified time or lose his inheritance—only in this case the protagonist happens to be a wilful girl. Now that you know the plot, there is nothing more to tell. It gives—Bebe her most lively screen holiday since she uses land, water and sky to propel herself over the landscape. It is in an airplane that she meets with an injury. She is rescued by a burglar who turns out to be a Secret Service man—and after a bit of fistic “give and take” she is led to the altar—barely in the nick of time. A mad dash—this picture, Bebe ears in gesticulating without reason—so much so, that we find ourselves wondering if she has taken up conversation via the deaf and dumb method.

**Youthful Cheaters—Hobkinson**

This recipe is comparable to a piece of sponge cake with marshmallow frosting. It is so light and delicate and frothy that it scarcely holds together and there is no excuse for its picturization—other than it might prove suitable for the boys and girls who are still riding their velocipedes. Yet it takes six reels to tell its story—that of a
week-end among smart society on Long Island—with a couple of adolescent romancers running about over the lawn and indulging in petting parties. Finally comes the night of the masquerade when a youthful rotter would steal the girl from her seafaring admirer. A slap—an angry word—a bit of "high horse" displayed by the wealthy sailorman—and the flapper is his for life. The plot can be punctured with the opening subtitle. It is all much ado about nothing. Glenn Hunter is to be pitied (many will chastise him) for giving his services to such hopeless drivel.

**The Mark of the Beast—Hodkinson**

Thomas Dixon, tired of seeing the favorite "brain children" of authors maltreated, has become his own cook and bottle-washer. He not only wrote "The Mark of the Beast," but adapted, directed and edited it—and praise must be given him for fashioning a picture which carries no 'oose ends, but which is compact with dramatic elements. His theme is unimportant compared to his success in showing that at least one author is capable of picturizing his story just as he had written it. Tales of psycho-analysis cannot be expected to be lucid on the screen—a medium for sharp, decisive action. But Dixon makes the spectator think a little and certainly holds him in a tight embrace—with his psychological study—a morbid account of a girl—subject to subconscious influence—who defies her fiancé, runs off with a burglar and finds herself involved in a tragedy when her husband dies at the hands of his own mother. The author-director flies in the face of logic by showing the mother incapable of recognizing her son—tho he has only been separated from her ten or twelve years. Not much thought to the subconscious there. Much explanation of the subject matter is given in the subtitles. You forget the psycho-analysis in the compact arrangement of scenes. Not a pleasant picture to witness, but you don't think of that until it is over. The acting is good.

**The Snow Bride—Paramount**

The white open spaces—up where trappers are trapper—are here serving as a background for a trite and conventional story modeled after the much-used and much-abused Northwest Mounted formula—a story of feud and frosts with Alice Brady trying mightily to appear convincing. The story moves slowly and features a religious element which is often out of order. The simple facts of the case are—the French girl is sought in marriage by the Dissolute One who promises to keep silent about witnessing her father kill an Indian trapper. It conveniently develops that on her wedding day the Bad Man drinks poison by mistake and the girl is accused of his murder. On the way to the scaffold an

(Continued on page 103)
At seven years of age, Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, looks like a little boy you would find it pleasant to have living in your house—and not especially like a potential movie star... 

For the last few years, Doug has been abroad with his mother where he has enjoyed the finest schooling there is to be had. And now he will continue his lessons under a private tutor, dividing his time between his books and the Kleig lights. At first, we understand, Doug will be cast as a boy of about his own years... but in stories which will give him ample opportunities to display his prowess at feats, similar to those done by his famed father... 

...Yet here only six years later we find him a movie star, in truth. Famous Players-Lasky have Doug, Junior, under a contract which calls for his appearance in their films at the salary of one thousand dollars a week... 

At the left is an old picture taken during the Liberty Loan drives when Doug toured the States with his father, selling we forget how many hundred thousand dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds. Then he shone in a reflected glory. Perhaps the near future will find him enjoying the popularity of his personal achievement...
The Editor Gossips

W. GRIFFITH premières are always interesting . . . sometimes inspiring. And the audience, comprised of celebrities from all the professions, is as enthusiastic as a child at his first big party. Sophistication falls away. You glimpse stars daubing their eyes furiously with the lace edge of their handkerchiefs while the men clear their throats frequently. For Griffith gages human emotions with a skill beyond understanding.

The première of “The White Rose” found any number of screen people at the Lyric Theater. Mae Marsh with her mother and her sister, Marguerite, had a party of friends in a box on the right. On the left Carol Dempster had a box-party and behind her was Ivor Novello with his mother and several friends. Griffith did not appear in the audience. In fact, he is never to be seen until his picture’s conclusion brings an applause so deafening that he is forced to come out on the stage for a curtain speech.

Dorothy Gish with her husband, James Rennie, shared a box with Anita Stewart and her brother, George. Anita wore a gown of pale, pale lavender and silver and carried a deep cluster of orchids. Dorothy Gish in a quaint frock of soft pink was swathed in a gorgeous Spanish shawl which she used as a wrap.

Then there was Lenore Ulric with white gardenias in her coal-black hair. Dick Barthelmess and Mary Hay Barthelmess were there, and we saw Alice Joyce and her husband, James Regan, in the crowded lobby.

We have always had generous admiration for the pale, cool beauty of Alice Joyce but we have never seen her look more beautiful than she appeared the other evening. Her smooth dark hair and her dark eyes are even darker when contrasted with her clear ivory skin. And with a crowd milling admiringly around her, she never appears ruffled.

There was visiting back and forth in the boxes during the intermission, everyone had generous praise for Mae Marsh in her return to Griffith’s management.

Later, on the sidewalk waiting for the different motors, there was another informal reception. The other theaters around Times Square were coming out, and when the crowds recognized the different celebrities leaving the Lyric they flocked there in hundreds and formed a seething, milling cordon about the little group waiting for their cars to come thru the traffic.

One girl cried “Oh, there’s Mae Marsh!” nearly knocking us over in her haste to get closer. “And Dick Barthelmess!” emphasized her friend, tearing after her.

As a matter of fact, even the Navy was swarmed from its true course. Several officers leaving the theater were carried past the official car waiting for them because of the swift movement of the crowd.

Most premières are interesting. But a Griffith première. Ah, that is an event.

A few months ago we would have said sagely to the Star-Gazer, “Lunch at the Algonquin.” and we would have been convinced that we were recommending the place where the greatest numbers of stars might be glimpsed at one time. But things change . . . swiftly.

During the last few weeks we have chanced upon more motion-picture people lunching at the Ritz-Carlton than ever before at one place.

Perhaps this is because these trying summer days find the cool Japanese Gardens with the singing waters, miniature garden islands, and flitting pigeons an inducement. At any rate, waiting the other day in the wide marble corridor, we saw Anita Stewart go into the Gardens with a party of friends, numbering her mother and Carol Dempster. Then Naomi Childers came thru, aloof and charming in some fragile blue with Tiga Petrova in grey chiffon and jade graced a side table with her surgeon-husband and a friend. And before we left many other cinemese passed to and fro.

And now let there be no doubt that Lenore Ulric is a cinema star. For an altogether costly and delightful luncheon has been given in her honor . . . at the Ritz. Sturdivant knows no greater or more definite proof than this.

After a successful season on Broadway as Kiki with the speculators outbidding one another for practically every seat in the house, she is leaving for the California studios where she will create “Tiger Rose,” another Broadway success, while the cameras grind. And David Belasco will exercise a guiding hand in the production, having also departed for Hollywood’s glass roofs and orange trees.

Knowing Miss Ulric only thru her very excellent work on the stage, we felt she would be a difficult person to meet. We were radically wrong. For seldom do you meet anyone for the first time with whom you are less tempted to resort to weather reports. She is genuinely friendly and was, this day at any event, without pose.

However, you might well find the battery of her black eyes a distraction. Our memory of her is two ridiculously large black eyes and a scarlet mouth surrounded by a slight creature in vague blue and grey. And the cameras, kind to those with large eyes, may feel enriched by the Ulric presence in the studios. Furthermore, she is an artist. Thespis is fast coming into his own where the motion picture is concerned. That is well.

The Southern California Chamber of Commerce may spend their dollars advertising their ideal summer climate but the motion-picture stars, we observe, come East for the warm months if they can possibly manage it.

Hugo and Mabel Ballin are the latest arrivals, having deserted the Culver City studios and their suite at Hollywood Hotel for their New York apartment and their summer place up in Connecticut.

(Continued on page 101)
"... Life must go on
Tho good men die

... Life must go on
I forget just why."

These photographs of Dorothy Davenport Reid and the two children call to mind the graphic lines of Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Lament.

Life must go on! So Mrs. Reid, finding herself left with William Wallace and little Betty, has set about to carry on with her responsibility.

We find her here with the two children in the hallway of the charming Reid home, which even yet may have to be sacrificed to the frightful expenses Wally's long illness incurred.
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, it is requested that this be specified.

Resentment over the distortion of novels adapted to the screen and over Charles de Roche's attempting to supplant Valentina.

DEAR EDITOR: I am going to add my pile of brickbats to those thrown at the stars. Miss G. C. Stephens says in the April number of this magazine: "Of course beauty is largely a matter of taste, but take Gloria Swanson without all her beautiful gowns and exotie head-dresses and you would not look at her twice. She is positively homely." I agree only partially with this statement. I think Miss Swanson would be much more attractive in simpler clothes and hair-dress. In my opinion she will never be as beautiful in her freakish gowns and elaborate and unbecoming head-dress. When I saw her in "Beyond the Rocks" in the first part of the picture, dressed in a mildy suit, with her hair hanging loose in curls, she appealed to me much more than when she wore those outlandish clothes later in the picture. How can one notice and appreciate good acting when one's attention is taken by clothes?

Why do the producers murder a perfectly good story? Look what happened to "Alice Adams." Didn't Tarkington write it right? Can't the producers realize that such a change simply ruins a story for us? We trot off happily to see our favorite pictures and go home feeling so discouraged and disappointed because it is hardly recognizable. Can they blame us for wanting stories left as we enjoyed them? "Miss Lulu Bet" ends up nearly on its feet. Altho it wandered a little toward the end. Lois Wilson more than made up for this. Her acting of the part was perfect.

It really makes me laugh to see Famous Players' attempts to make the fans forget Rodolph Valentino. Do they really believe that we will accept Charles de Roche in his place? Indeed we wont. De Roche can't even approach in looks and style, and I'm sure his acting doesn't overshadow Valentino's. I think I can safely prophesy that De Roche will not climb in sight of the full Valentino holds on the ladder of Popularity. Good luck to Valentino and may he be soon be able to return to the screen.

Much can be said in favor of the Talmdages, the Gishs, Barrymore's, Jackie Coogan, Thomas Meighan, Harold Lloyd, Wallace Reid (whose death made a decided loss to the screen), Anna Q. Nilsson and May MacAvoy and many, many others, but I could not even start here to sing my praises for them.

Sincerely, I. L. B., Kirkwood, Ill.

Why a hue and cry for "Bigger and Better Pictures" when we are constantly having them? writes this reader.

DEAR EDITOR: In the opening of this letter I should say that I am not among the many, circumstances, what might be termed a regular movie fan, altho during the past few weeks since my visit to that small section where many of our best motion pictures are made, known in palisades, theaters, and homes throughout the United States and even in the world as Hollywood, I have taken much interest in recent pictures; but more so in the words which have been coming titles for many articles on the subject of picture developing the films. Those words are "Bigger and Better Pictures." I would consider it absurd if I did not express my opinion on the matter as did other readers of your magazine. Well then here goes what I have been trying to get at instead of offering a preface.

There have been many arguments, lately, regarding what should be done to produce what Skilton describes as exotie head-dresses and pictures. In my estimation we have right now at the present time wonderful pictures that were never dreamed of when motion pictures were first invented. We have accomplished in our films. "Robin Hood" and "When Knighthood Was in Flower" are excellent examples. No expense was spared in giving the public what it demanded in these two films. They demonstrated the art which lies in making pictures. The actresses were talented. The scenes were entertaining, educational, and in fact a work of art. The pictures did not require that a sign be posted that only one sex was admitted at a single performance.

Of course I do not deny that we should want every film to be better than the last one. But I do say that we should try to get them in a different way from that of arguing and telling actors and actresses what kind of pictures to make and not. The stars are just as anxious about it as we are, for their salary check depends on their acting and if they do not make photoplays of the nature we expect, then a goodly number will stay away, and if no one pays any special attention to them it affects the checks of the stars and never again will they make pictures of that nature.

Now for a few other things I have been wanting to get off my mind. First of all I wish to speak of talent. As a matter of fact the screen has many untalented stars, but fortunately it has some more than talented. They are the geniuses. If I were asked to select the three stars with the most talent for acting on the silversheet, I would name Bebe Daniels, Harold Lloyd and Jackie Coogan. I believe that Jackie Coogan has an unconscious talent. As for the untalented stars, well they are certainly the ones to be praised the most, for they have won their career by hard work and study.

Another thing I wanted to say was about the method the screen has of taking and adapting mostly our old standby-plays and books, such as "Five Headlines," "Kitty Fair." I think this a good idea and it seems to take the same position in the brain of the producers, for they take notice that the box office doesn't show a slack when these pictures are shown. They fill better the taste of everyone.

Then there are the strictly educational films. Do they not have in their schools teaching? Why then does not the school disperse of the machines of which the majority possess? They might actually offer a real problem topic for side attractions between the feature of the program, and therefore develop the use of the motion picture. It appears to me that more of our fans should take more interest in these classes of photoplays.

Now for the last paragraph. Why aren't some of the people who view the pictures from the audience broad-minded enough to answer their own question of why should the stars receive so much pay for their acting? The answer is very simple. They should go and demand that the prices of admission be fixed to suit them and not gossip about better pictures. If you pay money to see a film, and that money rightfully comes to the star then he should say that it is too tremendous for getting out there and walking before the camera? If the public becomes willing to pay to see the (Continued on page 98)
POLA NEGRI has started work on her second American picture.

She took everybody’s breath away by the sudden candor with which she agreed with all her critics about the first one, “Bella Donna.”

“They were right,” she said coolly. “It nearly bored me to death. It was terrible.” Pola added that the reason the picture failed was because there was a convention of film salesmen in Hollywood while it was being made: they nearly fainted when they saw the “rushes” and insisted that the picture be held up long enough for the scenario department to make Bella Donna over into a sweet little Pollyanna.

Pola is very sarcastic, however. over the criticism that she isn’t nice to her Studio stage crews.

“Being new to the country,” she said the other day, “I didn’t know the customs of the studios. I know better now. When I begin work on my next picture, I intend to go on the set every morning and kiss the head electrician and say, ‘Oh Dearie, you make such nice lights.’”

As to the Negri-Chaplin affair I have thrown up my hands. It is on again and off again with such alarming frequency that even the immortal Finnegan of the poem would have to give up the riddle.

Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch told me a thrilling side-light on the romance the other day. Mrs. Lubitsch is a bride of about ten months’ standing; also she is a pretty pink and white German girl; also she speaks about seventeen words of English: also she used to be an actress but gave up the job for fear her husband would be jealous of her.

Well, Mrs. Lubitsch told me that Pola told her one day that in one week from then...
The Latest News of the Activities in Hollywood

she would be Mrs. Sharley Chaplins. But Charley who happened to be a guest at her house laughed and said, "Never fear, there will be many, many more before anybody becomes Mrs. Charley Chaplin." And that's that, Isn't it aggravating?

Tony Moreno is to be Pola's leading man in her Spanish dancer picture which will be a twin sister to Mary Pickford's "The Street Singer," both being adaptations of "Don Cesar de Bazan." In preparation for which momentous event Tony has grown a tough-looking goatee and young moustache. Also Tony and his new bride, formerly Mrs. Danziger, are building one of the finest homes in California at the top of a hill overlooking Silver Lake in the hills that skirt Los Angeles.

Wallace Beery, Kathryn Williams, Adolph Menjou, Edward Glyn, May Danziger, and Clarence Badger will all be in the next Pola picture. Herbert Brennon will direct. Inasmuch as Mr. Brennon is regarded as one of the most temperamental of directors, the future sessions are awaited with interest.

Corinne Griffith is having a strenuous time starring in Mrs. Elinor Glyn's "Six Days," which is being filmed at Goldwyns. It is a story about two young lovers who got caught in an old trench by reason of a cave-in and had to live there for six days. The stage crew proved to be too enthusiastic with the cave. Corinne was buried under tons of earth until only one frantically waving arm stuck out. After that, one of the electricians missed fire with a piece of iron he was throwing and knocked her cold for half-an-hour. After which she bumped into a hot stove and fried a little. Incidentally, the reconstructed trench is one of the most marvelous pieces of scenery I have ever looked upon. It was built under the supervision of three majors.

Harry Langdon, the well-
known vaudeville comedian had made a leap into motion pictures and will be starred in a series of two-reel features under the management of Sol Lesser. Langdon has a curious, half-wistful personality that is very funny on the stage.

June Mathis is recognized as the star picker of movie talent. Among others, she “found” Rodolph Valentino. Some days ago, June announced that she had made another discovery. No less a person than George Walsh. At which everyone rubbed their eyes. George has been kicking around the film colony, as it were, for years. It must be ten years ago when he was put out in a series of comedies that were obviously based upon the Douglas Fairbanks idea. Since then he has never been taken very seriously, that’s the blunt truth about it. But just as June made this sage observation, he came out in “Vanity Fair” and made a hit as Rawdon Crawley; then Mary Pickford grabbed him for the lead in “The Street Singer.” After which June persuaded Goldwyns to give him a long-term contract. It would be astonishing if he turned out to be the he-sensation for which the film world has been waiting. Miss Mathis is an almost infallible judge of comets that are on the way, so she is probably right. Just now Walsh is playing the lead in “The Magic Skin,” the Balzac story being filmed by the Achievement Films.

There are two other actors in that same company for whom the Goldwyn company is said to have great plans: Carmel Myers and Bessie Love. Carmel retired from the screen sometime ago to be married. Now she has come back with a brand-new divorce and is more beautiful than ever.

There might be differences of opinion on some matters but there can be no debate as to the big hit of this film year in Hollywood. That palm must be yielded to little Mary Philbin in “Merry Go Round,” the picture that Eric von Stroheim began and Rupert Julian finished. Her work in that picture is frankly recognized in the screen colony as the one big crashing triumph of this season. That is, if you can imagine little (Continued on page 115).
As wonderful for a quick brilliant polish as Cutex is for smooth cuticle

For years you have known Cutex. You have blessed it a thousand times when you have been in such a hurry and you have just had to get those neglected nails shapely and gleaming. You have adored the little manicure sets. You have marveled at the magic of their cake and powder polishes.

Now, after years of fastidious experiment, Cutex has perfected a wonderful new Liquid Polish, as splendid for a brilliant, lasting polish as Cutex is for giving soft, even cuticle.

In every particular, this Cutex Liquid Polish is ideal. It spreads smooth and thin. It dries almost instantly into such a lovely gleaming smoothness. It never leaves ridges or brush marks and it would never think of cracking or peeling off.

You will be simply delighted with its dainty rose lustre that lasts for a whole week. No matter how incessantly you use your hands, your nails will keep their smooth unbroken brilliance. Even water does not dim the lustre.

No bother of a separate polish remover

And finally here is just another new convenience. You need never have the bother of a separate remover to take off the old polish. Just a touch of the polish itself wiped off while it is still wet will leave the nail absolutely free of the old polish and ready for the new application.

Cutex Liquid Polish, just like all the other Cutex preparations, is 35c separately. Or ask for the sets in which it comes. Sets are from 60c to $3.00.

Special Introductory Set that includes the new polish—only 12c

Send 12c in stamps or coin with the coupon below for a special Introductory Set that contains trial sizes of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Liquid and Powder Polish, Cuticle Cream (Cuticle Comfort), emery board and orange stick. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. M-9, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Can.

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THE VIRGO PEOPLE

PREFACE

Of all the truths that have been restored and brought to light in this age
of investigation and progress, none are of more importance than a revival of
faith in the Astrological Creed. The world, which has always sought guid-
ance in the words of Christ, Buddha, Confucius or Mahomet, now finds it
impossible to deny the verity, wisdom and help derived from this science, which
flourished among the wise men for thousands of years before these divine
leaders were born.

All past ages have contributed to its wisdom, and today people are reac-
ting the benefit of what has been written upon this great subject, for it has been
proved beyond doubt, that its theories are based upon the most clearly defined
truths, and by following these articles, one may be able, in a small way, to
gain a realization of the influence of the Planets upon the human character.

Virgo (The Virgin), August 22nd to September 22nd. Mercury ruling,
gives much wit and ingenious minds.

THE majority of Virgo people are possibly the most mediocre
type born under any zodiacal sign, as they would impress
the casual observer as being what is termed "good sensible
people," yet, they are not "sensible" with the strength that
this word implies, for we find the Virgo character weak and unre-
liable but, withal, harmless.

Again, as with Cancerians, the men and women differ to a decided
degree, and in this case, the latter excel in good qualities and mental
strength, but one must beware of their officious interest in the affairs
of others, which superinduces an inclination to gossip; for these are
the ladies who spread any information that they may glean from their
associates.

Mr. Eric von Stroheim, the well-known Teutonic director, born
September 22, is original and altho he might be lacking in spontaneity,
the quickness of his naturally analytical mind would prevent him
from being phlegmatic.

Critical about the faults of others, he is, nevertheless, unsparing in
self-judgment, and with an unusual clarity of vision, he can analyze
human failings; however, this quality attains little, for his conclu-
sions are frequently inaccurate.

Great pride in ancestry is another characteristic, as also a liking for
the association of distinguished friends, making him, at times, rather
dulcet in manner; yet, his cool, self-confident bearing is unfeigned
and his discrimination sincere, and this very sincerity would make
him difficult to defeat in an argument.

The distinguished actor, Mr. Guy Bates Post, whose birthday
(Continued on page 96)
EVERY YOUNG WIFE MUST MAKE THIS DECISION

What will her face be in one—in five—in ten years’ time?

NEW surroundings—new responsibilities—new adjustments to life. And with all these a new loveliness in her face. Yet in a few years it has gone! What has become of it?

Should she have trusted this loveliness to keep on renewing itself through the strain of her new responsibilities? Did she allow the soft brilliance of her clear skin to grow dull—its smoothness to be marred by little roughnesses? So many girls lose this young freshness in the first few years of marriage.

But today they know that this loveliness must be guarded, that it will be lost unless the right care be given.

Many a wife has learned that she can keep her skin supple and lovely by giving it regularly the two fundamental things it needs to keep it young—a perfect cleansing at night and a delicate freshening and protection for the day. And she has learned that the Pond’s Method of two creams based on these two essentials of her skin, brings more wonderful results than any other.

Two Creams—each different—each marvelous in its effect on her skin

Two Creams she would not give up for any others in the world! First the exquisite cleansing of Pond’s Cold Cream that leaves her skin so delightfully fresh, so luxuriously soft. Then the instant freshening she adores with Pond’s Vanishing Cream and its careful protection that she has learned prevents coarsening. These two creams keep for her the smoothness of texture and that particular fresh transparency that she wants to be her charm ten years from now as it is today.

DECIDE TO USE THIS FAMOUS METHOD

Keep your skin charmingly young—for years

Do this tonight. With the finger tips apply Pond’s Cold Cream freely. The very fine oil in it softens your skin and penetrates every pore. Let it stay on a minute—now wipe it off with a soft cloth. The black that comes off shows you how carefully this cream cleanses. Do this twice. Your skin looks fresh and is beautifully supple.

Then in the morning, smooth on Pond’s Vanishing Cream lightly over your whole face. Now if you wish, rouge—powder. How smooth and velvety your face feels to your hand. The appearance of your skin and the compliments of your friends for as long as you use these Two Creams will prove to you how wonderful they keep your skin. Begin tonight to use Pond’s Two Creams regularly—buy both creams in any drug or department store. The Pond’s Extract Company.
My Favorite Funny Story

EDITOR’S NOTE:—Everyone has a favorite funny story. We have a number on hand which have come to us as the favorite stories of motion picture stars. And before they are published in book form we will print them month by month.

One Way or Another

By

MAE MURRAY

A UNITED STATES Marine was taken captive by the Germans at Château-Thierry. He was able to speak German and he made life miserable for his guards.

His favorite greeting which he worked overtime was: “Well, I guess we Yanks certainly made it hot for you Heinies at Château-Thierry.”

His arrogance got beyond all bearing and a sergeant complained to his commanding officer who ordered the prisoner brought before him.

“You will have either to take the oath of allegiance to the German flag or face the firing squad,” he said. The American took the oath but a few moments later was heard chuckling softly. The commanding officer told him to state the cause of his mirth.

“I was just thinking, general,” he replied, “those Yanks certainly gave us Heinies hell at Château-Thierry.”

It Was All Right

By

BLANCHE SWEET

A VERY little boy had a very bad habit of telling very big falsehoods. His mother sought to correct this.

One day he rushed in with wide eyes. “O mother, I just saw a lion on the front porch.” His mother looked and saw the neighbor’s dog sheared like a lion. But the little boy stuck to his story. Finally he admitted his fabrication. He was sent upstairs to stay thirty minutes and ask God’s forgiveness. Finally he came tripping down, and his mother questioned, “Did you admit your guilt to God?”

“Oh yes,” was the flippant answer, “God said it would be all right—he thought it was a lion himself when he first saw it.
The Today, as the possibilities of intelligent care of the skin are becoming more generally realized, it is literally true that thousands upon thousands of women are growing younger in looks, and likewise in spirits.

The secret of restoring and retaining a youthful complexion lies chiefly in the faithful and well-directed use of the proper sorts of face creams. The constant employment of creams by actresses in removing make-up is largely responsible for the clearness and smoothness of their skins.

First, the beautiful skin must be clean, with a cleanliness more thorough than is attainable by mere soap-and-water washing. The pores must be cleaned to the same depth that they absorb. This is one of the functions of Pompeian Night Cream. It penetrates sufficiently to reach the embedded dust. Its consistency causes it to mingle with the natural oil of the pores, and so to bring out all foreign matter easily and without irritation to the tissues.

The beautiful skin must be soft, with plastic muscles and good blood-circulation beneath. A dry, tight skin cannot have the coveted peachblow appearance; set muscles make furrows; poor circulation causes paleness and sallowness.

Pompeian Night Cream provides the necessary skin-softenning medium to skins that lack the normal degree of "il saturation. Gentle massaging with it flexes the facial muscles, stimulates the blood circulation and tones up all the facial tissues.

Upon retiring, first use Pompeian Night Cream as a cleanser; apply with the fingers and then wipe off with a soft cloth, freeing the pores of all the day's accumulated dust and dirt. Afterward apply the cream to nourish the skin, leaving it on over night.

The faithful following of this simple treatment works wonders in the skin—removing roughness, redness, and blackheads, and warding off wrinkles, flabbiness, and sallowness. It is the most approved treatment for restoring and retaining a youthful complexion.

Pompeian Night Cream (New style jar) 60c per jar
Pompeian Day Cream (sunshine) 60c per jar
Pompeian Beauty Powder 60c per box
Pompeian Blood (the rouge) 60c per box
Pompeian Fragrance (a talk) 25c a can
Pompeian Lip Stick 25c each

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Your Skin Needs
Special Care in the Autumn
By Mme. Jeannette

As a rule a woman is in her best health with the beginning of the autumn. But how about her skin?

Frequently she is aware that she has been negligent in her care of it during the lazy months of summer. I have said it before, and I will continue to say, "Consistency is the virtue in caring for your skin." You are nourishing its tissues; and it is very like your body—you can't eat a surfeit of good food for a week and then forget to eat for the week that follows? Yet you do this when you use complexion creams only part of the time.

At Night—

Soap and water is the habitual way of most women in cleaning the skin; but Pompeian Night Cream is, in many cases, more thoroughly cleansing. Pompeian Night Cream may be used as lavishly as the individual user desires; there is no such thing as using too much, but enough should be used to cover every part and feature of the face, as well as the neck and the arms, if they too would be kept in beautiful condition.

I do not advise too much rubbing and massaging—just enough to thoroughly distribute the cream. When you remove it with a soft cloth, all dirt and dinginess is also removed, leaving your skin soft and smooth and lovely to the touch.

In the Morning—

In the morning you will find that the night treatment has prepared your skin to gratefully accept an application of Pompeian Day Cream. This is a foundation cream for the day's powder and rouge, and it is a protection to the skin as well.

Then the Powder—

If the autumn finds the skin still somewhat darker than usual, you should use a darker tint of powder than you customarily do. Pompeian Beauty Powder in the Rachel tint may be used on naturally fair complexions; until care has restored their own delicate pinks and white tones, when one may again use the White or Flesh shades. Cover the face and neck well with the powder, and then dust it off lightly and evenly, moistening the eyebrows, eyelashes, and lips to remove any traces of powder from them.
That was Eve’s idea, exactly. Indeed, so enthusiastically did the first lady of Eden demonstrate it, that she gave to posterity intermittent spiritual indigestion and to the apple a perpetual halo of glamour.

Which with one nimble seven-league leap, brings us to Hollywood and the festive hour of noon, when stars do leave their make-believe characters on the studio set and wend their way to the restaurant. For not even a star can be dramatic on an empty stomach.

But hark ye, and hark ye well, the difference between our festive ancestors and our noon-day festive stars. Which brings us, now, to an enthusiastic introduction to Miss Sally Blaylock who knows more about the stars and their culinary likes than any one individual in Hollywood. Sally is a waitress par excellence who, having a bit of the nomad in her, has served in most of the studio restaurants. A close-up of Sally shows her blonde of hair, blue of eyes, trim of figure, possessor of a deep dimple, and a set of white teeth.

Now with some serious men do flatterize,
And some eschew the hot rolls and the meat.
But they who know what way their pleasure lies,
Have naught of theory, but gladly eat.

Wilbur B. Nesbit.

We are sitting at ease at the table by the window in the sunny, spacious restaurant at the Fox Studio, where the damsel of the dishes is working. Sally takes to a interview exactly like a star, only her eager interest in what’s going to happen is more spontaneous than that which radiates from her more blase sister.

“I don’t know that picture folks order differently from others,” she enlightens, “only, of course, all have temperament table ideas.”

And then she plunges into the heart of this momentous matter.

“Take Tom Mix, now. (Sally calls the stars by their full or else their first name.) He comes into the restaurant in a big ‘Merry Widow’ sombrero, chaps, boots, and spurs—just clanks in. You might think he’d order lots of red, rare roast beef. But he doesn’t. She shook her head and smiled as tho this were incongruous.

“He gets over in a secluded corner and orders a salad of some sort and a glass of milk. He never drinks tea or coffee. Sometimes, a bowl of milk and crackers is all he has. Tom is the neatest man I ever saw. I’ve seen him eat spaghetti with tomato sauce and never leave a spot on the tablecloth or

Miss Sally Blaylock knows more about the stars and their culinary likes than any one individual in Hollywood. Sally is a waitress who has served in most of the studio restaurants. Of Tom Mix, Sally says: “You might think he’d order lots of beef. But he doesn’t. He orders a salad of some sort and a glass of milk.”

So, until next time, “Take it easy” and have a “Merry Widow” for lunch.
Lunching With The Stars

By BILLIE BLENTON

napkin.” There was a note of awe in her voice, which must have been reflected on our face.

"Some one once said," we interpolated here, "that 'in eatin' spaghetti the head should hang well over th' table.'"

Sally nodded. "That's the way. Now Charlie Chaplin," continuing with a smile, "is a funny eater. He orders nearly everything on the menu and eats a little of each."

'The perpetual optimist," we murmured.

Sally ignored this irrelevancy. "Another funny thing he does is to move about. He starts eating at one table and then moves. When friends come in, he'll move again, usually carrying part of the dishes with him. I have moved him as many as six times at one meal. But he doesn't eat much."

Imagine it. We'd think he'd work up a scandalous appetite.

"Charlie delights especially in arguments at meal time upon any topic that doesn't have to do with pictures. Socialism is his favorite. And all the time, he just nibbles at each plate of different food before him. But," with an appreciative sigh, "he is very generous. I would like nothing better than to wait upon him three times a day!"

"Did you ever wait on Pola Negri?" bethinking ourselves of Charlie's temperamental fiancée.

Sally's slim shoulders jerked erect proudly. "I was the very first person to wait on Pola Negri in a studio restaurant in America." We registered incredulity. "Yes, I was working at the Lasky Cafeteria then. Pola had just been inspecting the Lasky lot with Mr. Fred Kley, studio manager, who is now occupying that same position with Fox. La Negri, as everybody calls her, came into the restaurant. I am partly French, myself, and spent most of my girlhood in Quebec, so I was able to converse with her in French. I explained carefully what all the dishes were, and then what do you suppose she ordered?"

We hung breathlessly on her answer.

"Corn beef and cabbage! An entirely new dish to her, but she liked it, and a friend of mine who works at Lasky's tells me Pola invariably orders corn beef and cabbage when 'Irish Turkey' is on the bill of fare."

"Who is your favorite star eater?" we asked, having a "lunch" she had one. Sally responded with a smile—positively dazzling.

"Irene Rich. She is the nicest woman to wait upon in Hollywood. Half the time she waits on herself. I love her smile. And she's so easily pleased. She's generous, too."

"Billie Dove is one girl I can't understand, how she lives on the luncheon she eats. Since Tom Mix has begun interiors for his new picture, Billie, who

Another studio lunchroom photograph finds Dagmar Gadowsky Mayo, Bessie Love, Elaine Hammerstein and Johnny Walker enjoying a sociable lunch together.

The above picture was taken in a studio lunchroom just the other day.

Reading from left to right you have Kathryn Williams, June Mathis, Elliott Dexter, Barbara Bedford, John Sainpolis, Ford Sterling and Sylvia Ashton.
Greenroom Jottings

Joseph Schildkraut, the young Viennese actor who has won so much success on the American stage, will play the leading male role in the next Norma Talmadge production. Schildkraut took the part of a young French nobleman in "Orphans of the Storm" and proved conclusively that his acting registers on the screen as vividly as on the stage.

For college women only! If the words of Eric von Stroheim are taken to heart there will be a general exodus to Hollywood on the part of college graduates. Eric von Stroheim has declared that college women should make successful screen actresses. He bases his opinion on the fact that their education teaches repression and restraint. Both of these attributes would help to eliminate the screen from the tendency to overact or exaggerate. Mr. von Stroheim says: "If a university education teaches the student to think and to repress, it has taught the first great lesson of the screen-acting profession of the future."

"Dulcy" is the name of Constance Talmadge's new picture which is based on the New York stage success of the same name by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly. "F. P. A." who conducts "The Conning Tower" in the New York World, created the character of Dulcy in his column. She was originally a silly girl who uttered the most obvious platitudes at the wrong moment. In the comedy and picture poor Dulcy continually "spills the beans and gums the works" by spouting ancient adages at inappropriate times. This feather-brained young woman in an earnest effort to help her husband in business, manages to bring about a great many disturbing situations which nearly ruin him. We understand that

Tom Ince, Director; Thomas Meighan, Star; and Lila Lee, Leading Lady, listen attentively to Ed Wynn—The Perfect Fool, you know—telling them how the scenes of their picture should be made.

You've seen the young man photographed above in numerous Arrow Collar, Chesterfield Cigarette and Velvet tobacco advertisements now for the last five years. But he has forsaken the still cameras in favor of motion pictures. So far he has appeared in "The Exciters," and "Glimpses of the Moon," His name is Allan Simpson

Louis Wolheim recently played with Marion Davies in "Little Old New York." Mr. Wolheim did extras in pictures until his success in the title role of Eugene O'Neill's stage play, "The Hairy Ape," brought him attention. And the other day at the Marriage License Bureau when Louis took unto himself a wife, a clerk said: "Here comes Beauty and the Beast." For he had grown whiskers for his picture work.
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ventures of a small boy who runs away to join the circus and in the end achieves fame as a bareback rider. There is an element of pathos, but the picture for the most part is filled with humorous incidents. The winter quarters of the largest circuses in Southern California served as locale for many of the exterior scenes. Eddie Cline, who was responsible for Buster Keaton's series of two-reel laughmakers, directed the picture.

Robert Kane, production manager of Paramount and the power behind the throne in the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, is about the greatest shock absorber in the movie world. It is his work to meet any irate actor or author. It may be an easy matter to listen to other people's troubles but to adjust them satisfactorily is quite another thing. Bob Kane is a diplomat. The stars never know he is putting them in a good humor

Constance has done a great deal with this rôle and that many attractive costumes, imported especially for her, add to the smartness of the production. Jack Mulhall plays the part of the young husband.

It seems that even the busiest directors find time to indulge in writing. Marshall Neilan is the author of "The Eternal Three"; Eric von Stroheim made his own screen version of Frank Norris' great novel, "McTeague"; King Vidor wrote the continuity of "Three Wise Fools"; Rupert Hughes not only wrote, but adapted, directed, and edited his picture, "Souls for Sale"; and Hugo Ballin wrote the continuity for, directed and edited his production of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair."

Jackie Coogan's next picture is called "Circus Days." Can you imagine anything more delightful than this irresistible youngster in the rôle of a lemonade and peanut vendor with a background of clowns, roaring wild animals, bareback riders, fat ladies and pink lemonade? The picture is founded on the story, "Toby Tyler" by James Otis, and is the ad-

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson—of Philadelphia—on their honeymoon. The scene is the exclusive residential section of Atlantic City where the couple resided with the groom's mother. At the right is Lillian Gish who just returned to America after eight or nine months in Italy. Her return is in the nature of an interim, however, for she will return to Italy in a few weeks with Dorothy where they are both to be photographed in "Romola." In the Holy City, Miss Gish enjoyed the privilege of an audience with His Holiness, Pope Pius.
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or changing their minds for them. And as for the authors, he knows so well how to handle them that they ask for him repeatedly to help them out of difficulties. We have it from a reliable source that Mr. Kane might be a star himself if he so wished, for he is unusually good to look upon and possesses a charming personality. However, he has no desire to change his profession, a state of mind, due, maybe, to the fact that he has dealt with actors so long. He likes his own job. Perhaps Mr. Kane's ancestors were not only diplomats but missionaries as well and he just can't help being what he is.

Strongheart, the canine star, has been insured for $250,000. No, there has been no typographical error—two hundred and fifty thousand dollars! J. H. Hutty, business manager for Trimble-Murfin Productions, attended to all business details, inasmuch as Strongheart's career takes up most of his time.

Mae Murray, who is noted for the elaborate and beautiful gowns which she wears in her screen productions, often designs her own costumes. Her next picture, "Conquest," will eclipse in number and lavishness any of her previous screen attire. Several of the gowns have been ordered direct from Paris and Vienna and are distinctly original in design.

Baby Peggy is to be starred in "Editha's Burglar," one of Frances Hodgson Burnett's early stories. Baby Peggy has just finished a picture called "Carmen Junior."

"Penrod and Sam," Booth Tarkington's sequel to "Penrod," promises to be as great a success as its predecessor. Benny Alexander as Penrod and Joe Butterworth as Sam cannot be surpassed in their characterization of these two famous boys. Buddy and Gertrude Messinger and Newton Hall are also in the picture and the "Herman and Verman" of the story are played by those funny black boys—Joe McCray and Gene Jackson. The adult members of the cast include Rockcliffe Fellows, Mary Philbin, Gareth Hughes, William V. Mong and Gladys Brockwell. The picture is a call to youth—yesterday's youth and today's, for it appeals to youngsters as well as to grown-ups. It is filled with adventures common to the springtime of life—"secret" societies, fights, youthful love affairs, parental authority, and the loss of some dearly loved pet. Tarkington's stories of American boys are classics, and William Beaudine, who directs the picture for the First National, injects the same spirit into the screen version that is found in the written stories.

Charles Jones literally "went thru fire" to make his latest picture, "Skid Proof," a success. The story, written by

(Continued on page 112)
The Answer Man

PEO O' MY HEART.—You say that the only thing you know of that works for twenty-four hours at a stretch is a rubber band. Whow! Yes, Mahlon Hamilton is married to Alta Farmum. Lady Diana Manners and Carlyle Blackwell in "The Virgin Queen." Pauline Garon in "The Critical Age." 

POPEY.—Yes, I agree with you absolutely. It is true that "Blood will tell," but there is no use of making it shout. Bert Lytell, Elaine Hammerstein, Marjorie Daw, Lew Cody, Claire Windsor, Bryant Washburn in "Rupert of Hentzau." Viola Dana in "To Whom it may Concern." Sounds like a reference.

JACK AND THOMAS.—Well we are not accountable for the "way we are built" but for the way we continue building. You can reach Charles Hutchinson at Sett Studios, 190 Park Avenue, New York.

GEORGE F.—Hello there. Before promising a woman to love only her, one should have seen them all, or should see only her. Alice Calhoun was Jennie, Ralph McCullough was Schuyler, Scott McKeel was Silent McKay and Martha Mattox was Mrs. Sanford in "The Angel in Crooked Street." Write me again.

H. R. H.—You certainly gave me a teaser. You want to know if I look handsome when I sleep. I feel quite certain that I did and so last night I sat before a mirror with my eyes closed in order to confirm my suspicion, and I found that I was entirely right in my assumption. You certainly write a mighty interesting letter. I wish you luck. Anna Q. Nilsson is married to John Gummerson. Joseph Schildkraut in Goldwyn's "Master of Man." My best wishes.

GRACE A.—Yes, I go to church once in a while. Yes, I have been in St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth Avenue. It cost $2,060,000 and the seating capacity of the pews is 2,500. You might write to his wife for that picture. George Beban is not playing in a new picture.

LILA.—You certainly ought to be a good writer—your imagination. Well keep it pure, you must have its company most of the time. You want more of Malcolm McGregor, who is with Metro, and Richard Dix with Famous Players. Clara K. Young in "A Wife's Romance," which was formerly titled "In Old Madrid." Thomas Meighan in "All Must Marry" with Lila Lee. George Ade wrote it especially for Mr. Meighan.

BUSTER.—Your letter was clever, but don't you remember what George Sand said—"Woman cannot guarantee her heart, even tho her husband be the greatest and most perfect of men." Your illustration of the duck and the clown was funny. I laughed right out loud. So you like the whole Bartholomew family. Eugene O'Brien is in "Steve" and he intends to return to pictures, as soon as he gets a proper vehicle.

WARNER BAXTER FAN.—Yes, and the little ills of life are the hardest to bear. Warner Baxter is playing in "Blow Your Own Horn." You're all wrong! You want to see Mildred Harris and Valentino play in some of Ethel Delli's books. I don't.
think I can arrange that for you. Did you know that Ethel Dell refuses to have her pictures printed and shuns publicity. At this writing she is engaged to be married soon.

**Kitty Pat.**—A thing of beauty is a joy forever, is from the opening line of Keats’s “Endymion.” Norma Talmadge is married to Joseph Schenck, and Thomas Meighan to Frances Ring. Niles Welch in “Sawdust” and “Why Do We Live.” I guess I live to eat.

**Dream Lassie.**—Well, well, well. A water-lily never grows fairy! It gets a glimpse of the sky. Gloria Joy is dancing in a series of two rectors. Francis Carpenter in “Rip Van Winkle.” That was just a photo of Norma taken abroad. Good-bye!

**Barrette, Naughy.**—So you think I am a pretty lonely old man. What would you suggest. Joseph Swickard was the father. Yes, Jimmy Aubrey. Norma Talmadge is doing “Dust of Desire,” and Joe Warren is not going to do “Vendetta” as previously announced, but she will do “Cain and Mabel” instead. Cant you be good?

**Mildred S. M.**—No, George Sand was not a man. Her name was Madame Armandine Lucille Aurore Dupin Duvendrait, one of the greatest of French novelists; born in Paris. She published about eighty novels, a large number of plays and numerous articles in literary journals. Sorry I cannot write personal letters, but you should see the letters I receive every day to answer. Thanks for yours.

**Hopeful.**—Well, it’s a great thing to do a little thing well. Ethel Gaylor in CHAPEL, III. Norma Talmadge has brown eyes, and she is five feet two inches tall. Yes, it was reported that Al Jolson will be starred under the Griffith banner but D. W. took some tests of him and Al wasn’t pleased and decided to return to Europe, for England, no. M.—The World War began July 28, 1914; armistice was signed November 11, 1918. Claire Windsor was born in Cawker City, Kan., and she has a son, Billy. Shakespeare says, “It keeps you busy, doesn’t it? So you want me to do all I can to bring Pearl White back to the screen. Someone said she was in love, and is trying to recover. Give her time, because it takes a long time. Warner Baxter in “Without Alimony.” Yes, May McAvoy has bobbed her hair.

**E. W.**—But women go further in love than most men, but men go further in friendship with women. So you want more of T. C. New, Sr., and Norman St. John, Hampton in “The Gold Diggers.” Barbara La Marr in “St. Elmo.” You write a clever letter.

**Beatrice.**—Well I dont mean to be sarcastic. Sometimes one of my readers get me peevish, and then before I count ten, I say something I shouldn’t. So your crest is the black orchid. I like the perfume. Robert Ellis and May Allison are married. You’re wrong—that was Emory Johnson that played with Ella Hall and finally married her. Yes, I like Ramon Novarro. Come again.

**Wanda S.**—Ah, but a fan is indispensable to a woman who can’t have a man. No, I never did hear why the Valentinos separated—the first Mrs. Valentino. She is married again. Sylvia Bremer in “The Lord of Thundergates.”

**Sweetheart.**—Well in general, mankind, since the improvement of cookery, eats about twice as much as nature requires. Yes, that was Lovell Sherman in “Way Down East.” Joseph Schildkraut with Goldwyn, and Lillian Gish at Inquisition Pictures, 355 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Viole tout.

**Carol.**—Thanks very much for the hand-painted books. I certainly will make good use of them. And what very pretty work you do. Forrest Stanley is married to Marion Hutchins. He is playing in “The Daughter of Mother McCall” with Colleen Moore, Edmund Lowe and Alma Tell in “The Silent Command.”

**Suzanne, France.**—Welcome! There was a picture of Fritz Leiber in March 1921 and March 1922 SHADOWLAND which you might obtain from our Circulation Department. Come again.

**Winnie H. H., Chicago.**—Desire success, and you shall command it. That’s what I did. George Hackathorn is playing in “Human Wreckage.” He is the Lafayette, Cal. No, I have never been in Detroit, but I get a lot of mail from there.

**Kuriosity Kate.**—Well, adjust your mood to that of your mate, but don’t ever expect him to reciprocate. Yes, James Rennie is the husband of Dorothy Gish, and Mahlon Hamilton is engaged to the charming Miss Katherine MacDonald is playing in “The Scarlet Lily” and “Chastity,” her last two pictures released by First National.

**Billy Be Good.**—The art of making wine was brought from India by Bacchus—one produced in France in the time of the Romans; it was sold as cordial in 1300. Licenses for vending it was established 1681. Yes indeed, Marie Prevost is a leading woman. That was Malcolm McGregor as Fritz in “The Prisoner of Zenda.”

**Loexen.**—Pleasuremeter! Richard Barthelmess is five feet seven. Mary Hay is twenty-eight. Lloyd Hughes is twenty-four and married to Gloria Swanson. Yes, Bert Lytell and P. B. McGowan are playing in “Stormy Seas.” Miriam Cooper and Martha Mansfield in “Is Money Everything.” Not quite! Gloria. Yes, our minds are as different as our faces; we are all traveling to one destination, happiness, but different roads. Yes, you dont believe I have a bald head. Seeing is believing. Yes, Bert Lytell is married to Evelyn Vaughn. Betty Compton is not married. William Collier, Jr., and Virginia Pearson in “Dust of the Doorway.”

**Jean M.**—Pauline Garon is five feet and weighs one hundred and five pounds. Dorothy Gish is five feet, weighs one hundred and ten pounds, Edith Roberts a sixteen year old and weighs five pounds, and Viola Dana four feet eleven, one hundred pounds.

**Hylda S.**—Yes, Laurette Taylor is an American, and she is thirty-six. Married to Hartley Manners, and she gave us a wonder beauty in “End of the Road.”

**EmetteEee.**—Honestly, you would think the saloons were conflagrations the way you all dread them. How did I get to be an Answer Man? Some thirty years ago Mr. Breister said I was the answer man and I have been, isn’t it? Yes indeed, I have met Norma Talmadge many times, but not recently. So you think Richard Dix is the most natural of the men players. You certainly write a most interesting letter. Let me hear from you soon.

**Patrick.**—You must have learned to deliver your words not by number, but by weight, because your letter was to the point. I should pronounce it “pee-gee.” John Bowers and Marguerite de la Motte in “When a Man’s a Man.” No, I dont mind the heat.

**Canada-Italy.**—Thanks for the picture of yourself and baby. I shall keep it among my treasures. Why Larry Semon has signed with Truitt and will play in series of comedies, his first will be from the stage play “The Girl in the Limousine.” Some say he is to receive $3,000,000 during the three years of his contract. Here’s hoping he gets it. Pauline Frederick is on the stage tonight.

**Au Revoir.**—My child, you write a very morbid letter for a sixteen-year miss. “I’m sure the world can’t be so gloomy as you picture it. Our happiness in this world depends chiefly on the affection we are able to inspire. Come cheer up. Mrs. Bryant Washburn, in other words, Mabel Forrest, is to play opposite her husband in “Mine for Keeps,” a fitting and appropriate title.”

**Gerald.**—You’ve got the idea. The white dog is always with every pup he meets, but an old dog has few associates. And now you tell me that Ramon Novarro is not Spanish but Mexican. I will have to investigate. G. E. W.—All right, just send a stamped addressed envelope for a list of manufacturers, or a list of the correspondence clubs.

**D. S. Cat.—Fear not the law, but the judge.** Why Jackie Coogan is playing in “Long Live the King,” Viola Dana, twenty-five; Ruth Roland, thirty-one; Alice Joyce, thirty-four; May McAvoy, twenty-two; Malcolm McGregor, twenty-four and Beatrice Joy, twenty-five. Yes, but I forget who said “Woman has sense, must never be dated.”

**Eyste C.**—It is a very pretty world if you do not refuse to be amused. Some people are too critical to see any amusement in anything. Ivan Novello is not married. No indeed, I am not too old to enjoy myself, even the pleasure is the flower that passes; remembrance, the lasting perfume.

**Jane B.**—Why James Abbott McNeill Whistler was an American painter born in Lowell, Mass. The finest of his productions are “The Artist’s Mother,” an arrangement in black and grey; the “Portrait of Thomas Carlyle” and the Portrait of Miss Victorica Holman in “The Winning of Beatrice.” Eva Novak and William Russell in “Boston Blackie” for Fox. Your letter was a gem.

**Joseph S.**—Well, the most interesting book you can ever put (Continued on page 120)
How the One Natural Color for Cheeks Was Found

Day and Night Tests That Told Why Rouge's Familiar Shade Was Wrong—and Eventually Duplicated Nature's Own Color

Most women now know and use the new natural tint which is fast replacing the unscientific and unsatisfactory purplish-red rouges. But how many are aware of the peculiarly interesting story of its discovery?

We are apt to take the most marvelous discoveries of this age as a matter of fact—e'en one of such importance to the realm of beauty as a tint that is a perfect match for Nature's own artistry! Suddenly science gives the world of women a tint which tinges the cheeks in such a true tone as the very strongest sun's rays, or the weirdest effects of night lighting, cannot separate from the underlying flesh tone, and we accept it without thought of how it came to be. Yet behind the simple, single tint which gives any and all complexities a divine and perfectly natural mantle of color is the story of man's indomitable perseverance—two years' ceaseless experiment—over two hundred failures, and eventual success.

The search for the perfect tint led a dignified scientist to a cellar's depths—and to the roof of a city's tall skyscraper. Tint after tint—tone upon tone—were tried in every conceivable light. In noon's glare, atop a high roof. In the streets below, where the sun's rays filtered through fog and smoke. And in the artificial lights of night—trying lights in which old-fashioned rouges all became the same ghastly, or unlovely purplish red.

On a patient assistant's cheeks shade after shade was tried. Some of the shades required ingredients from far countries—many were days in the blending. Then, suddenly it happened.

The Tint That Was Tried In Desperation

One morning the scientist used in his mortar one of the rarest ingredients in the laboratory. It was of peculiar orange hue. Scarcely a color to try on the cheeks! But he idly applied it on his assistant's cheeks—and a startling change took place. The peculiar orange tint altered instantly to the true tone of the skin beneath! Still doubtful that he had found the one key tint for any complexion—under all conditions—in every light—they hurried to the roof and put the new tint to the severe test of direct sunlight. The same beautifully diffused, natural color! Down to a darkened room, where neither glaring incandescent lamps nor variously shaded rays of electric light revealed anything but a colorizing that appeared Nature's own! The same day, preparations were started to supply the demand that such a discovery was certain to create. Now, this new Princess Pat Tint is an article of standard use.

It enhances the color of countless women who had steadfastly declined to use any of the old-fashioned rouges which are so obvious in even the kindest light.

Princess Pat Tint is Waterproof!

Where the new natural tint is made, further improvements have transpired; a less costly use of the chief ingredient has brought its price within reach of all; an entirely new process has rendered it absolutely waterproof! Even a morning in the surf will not streak it! Princess Pat Tint is not affected by perspiration, so it is worn without concern the day long, or evening through! Yet it vanishes instantly with a touch of cream, or use of soap.

On any complexion, remember there is need for only one shade. There is no uncertainty of matching; for the one tint is instantaneously transformed to blend with any type—blonde, medium or brunette; and this tint may be applied as lightly or as full and deep as you choose—with the same perfection of result.

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Princess Pat Pat Tint : Always Ask for It by Name

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., CHICAGO, U. S. A.
The Spoilers

(Continued from page 45)

now she watched the struggle between the mine owners and the Law—Wheaton, she heard, had been sent to San Francisco, had returned bringing an injunction to restrain McNamara from further pillaging until an investigation could be made. The very air was electric with a sense of impending trouble. The crowds pushing the swinging doors of the dance halls and drinking places had become a mob, and their voice to one who could read it ariight, was the voice of Death.

But McNamara, brave in the nearness of his troops, heard nothing but the click of the gold pieces yet to be mined. He laughed in the face of Bill Wheaton when he brought the injunction. "I don't give a damn for your dirty little paper," he grumbled, "get out and stay out! And tell your clients if they start looking for trouble I'll see them find it!"

Wheaton moved toward the door, turned. "When the boys hear your message, all you'll need is a floral arch and a pair of silver handles to make a nice funeral."

McNamara, bowled at, held him as she came from behind her screen. "I didn't know you were there, but it's just as well you were a witness to his threats. Now I've got a good grip on the leaders of that gang of cutthroats and outlaws behind bars—" he snatched down the receiver of the telephone, calling a number he knew as the sheriff's office.

The front entrance of the Northern Palace of Gaety was locked and Helen's timid hound was locked in the tunnel within. She leaned against it breathless from running—did saloons have back doors? She who had always stood aside from the ugliness of life felt herself being swept along by strange currents. Even as she tried the latch of the rear door, she found time for amazement at being in such a place, speaking to such a woman as this one who stood in the doorway staring at her suspiciously under mascarad's lashes.

"Is—Roy Glenister in there?" Helen stammered. "I have a message—I must see him—"

Cherry Malotte bit her rouged lips. She longed with this simple passionate yearning of a child of nature to do several things, to scratch the pretty pale cheeks before her, to pull the soft brown hair, but she wanted more. "Sorry I can't invite you in" she lisped, "but the fact is I don't believe I've been introduced, and my mama always told me not to speak to strangers!" She began to pull the door to.

"You don't understand!" Helen cried desperately, "Please—the pose may be here any moment!"

The other's manner changed but still she held the door. "Whose side are you on?" Cherry remonstrated harshly, "why should I trust you? You're old Stillman's niece, and we're only the poor fools who've swept and suffered and starved and froze for and died to line the purses of your kind! Whose side are you on?"

The glances of the dance-hall girl and the girl who had been painfully reproved by Madame Grindly met, held. "On Roy's side—till hell freezes over!" Helen Chester said with a laugh that was almost a sob.

Cherry Malotte opened the door for her to enter.

"After us, are they?" the miners shouted clashing their glasses down. "Well let them come! They'll have to arrest all of Nome."

"With the law of the land cant protect us," Joe Dextry said tightening his car-tridge belt, "reckon we'll have to make our own laws, not with lead pencils but using lead another way!"

"The Mids!" the shout rose setting the bottlings dancing on the bar. "We'll begin with the Mids! Come on boys—hooray!"

Roy Glenister faced them from the doorway, raising his gangster's yell, "Justice, but no murder, fellows! We've got no quarrel with the soldiers—don't shoot unless you have to, and then—don't shoot! Use your fists like men!"

The fight at the Mids Mine has become part of the annals of the North Country to be told again and again before camp fires, and over dance-hall bars until its became epic, heroic, and the two who were the central figures in it attained the stature of superman. In the flare of lanterns for the short day went while Roy Glenister fought the cause of the miners with McNamara and the soldiers and vigilantes stood by; the two men faced one another; enduring punishment men were never meant to endure, with the sobbing gush of their breathing and the dull impact of flesh against flesh was to be heard.

It was a fight without ring or timekeeper, bloody, desperate, trying the souls of the fighters. The confidence that enabled him to land terrifying blows that brought a groan from the lips of the onlookers, but Glenister hardly seemed to notice that. Slowly, resolutely, he wore out the strength of his opponent "Like as if," they said afterward, he was the hand of God smiting hip and thigh. At the end of an hour they were still fighting and Joe Dextry blocked the doorway to the office with his great arm when Bill Wheaton's sheriff's officers would have entered.

"But we've got warrants for the arrest of Stillman and McNamara," the lawyer predicted, "Call Roy—he'll have no need for him to take any more punishment!"

"Leave them be," the gaunt Westerner commanded grimly, "no sheriff is a-going to spoil Roy's fun! He's been praying for this chance on his knees for months. If McNamara kills him we'll give him the funeral in Nome and if he kills McNamara we'll present him with a vote of thanks and a set of solid gold dinner plates for a wedding present!"

Two women saw the end of the fight. And when Roy Glenister, one arm hanging limp and useless at his side, eyes swollen to slits, broke McNamara's hold with a hammer sock, and brought him to his knees screaming with the pain of his splintered wrist, it was Cherry Malotte who pulled Helen toward the battered wreck that was the victor with the words, "Go to your man! And he thankful that he is a regular he man!"

Before them all the daughter of the cities who had thought herself "different" from other women went proudly to her man, while all the miners cheered. Cherry Malotte, some one to cry on, laid her head on an outing flannel shoulder near by and sobbed in sentimental sympathy until she remem-bered they had forgotten she had forgotten her powder puff. The arm about her tightened.

"Dont hurry," said the voice of the Bronco Red above her, "take your time. It's kind of—kind of homelike having a woman cry on you." The voice was not at all fearsful, and with a sudden thrill Cherry Malotte thought of her dream, a house to sweep, a man's socks to mend. Happily she snuggled her head against her dreams do come true sometimes after all.
The Real Eric von Stroheim
(Continued from page 37)

at a certain angle. Oh, a lot of things were "said" which make no difference now. The question is, will von Stroheim turn to other forms of production. Will Niagara change its course? Will water run up hill? As a matter of fact, it is very doubtful whether the public would want to see the redoubtable Eric direct "Little Lord Fauntleroy" or one of the Elsie books. The percentage of people in the world who do not want a little caveman with their daily diet is small.

Take the story of "McTeague." It is a tale of primitive human passions—with quite a bit of the animal mixed in. As it was written by Frank Norris, with its San Francisco locale, it was strong meat for weak digestions. But Norris did not write for weaklings. If you have ever read "Vandover and the Brute," you know that, Eric von Stroheim does not direct nor act for milk-and-water institutions. The combination should be wonderful, and I don't think that the ghost of Mr. Norris, if it hovers over the screen when Von gets thru with the story, will turn any mental summersaults. I think it will be pleasant.

This being von Stroheim's first attempt at a picture with a truly American atmosphere, it will be doubly interesting. "I cannot beat around the bush when I make a picture," he told me, when I faced him with the remark that certainly were brutally frank. "Human nature is instinctively direct. False conventions only have made it go in circles to get to a given point." His tone is fascinatingly gullar, and he speaks quickly, with precision.

Nor does he beat around the bush when he talks. H. L. Batters the interviewer by unleashing his mind and then leaving it to the writer to say what seems best. Between the Scylla of the censors and the Charybdis of cash, this valiant director-actor has had what is known as a heck of a time. Every time he has made a picture the censors have sharpened their shears and laid for him, while the studio cashier has begun to count the money. But he has learned. I believe, to get by the censors and it looks as tho Mr. Goldwyn et al. are going to open wide the coffers. Taken by and large and all in all, it looks as tho a new era is dawning in the von Stroheim horoscope.

"I have never been so happy as I am in my new relations," he told me, on the eve of leaving for San Francisco to shoot a majority of the action for "Greed." Just what effect this extreme complex of happiness will do for the sinister-appearing Von is problematical. There be some who hope he won't get so happy that he decides to revive a picturization of "Pollyanna." The two dont fit.

What the greater part of the world knows of von Stroheim is just what it has seen on the screen—a rather ballet-headed, swaggering, self-sufficient young devil who looks as tho he were about to make love to all the women in the cast. What his friends see in their beloved "Von" is an idealist who sticks to his ideals, let the chips fall where they may. An eternal youth who sees the romance of life and yesterday. He loves and yet knows that under the fairest streets runs a sewer. He can visualize the royal road of Rome in the dress circle of the Coliseum—but he knows the gutter of the arena. He is the most mild-mannered of hosts. I think that he will give us more of what he has and less of the sewer, as time goes on. But isn't it a good thing to bring stagnant depths to the surface, for air, once in a while?

Prettier Teeth
If you fight the film

While you leave teeth coated with a dingy film, their luster cannot show. Look about you. Note how many teeth now glister. And mark what they add to good looks. Teeth bear the brunt of a largely in a new method of teeth cleaning. Millions now use it daily. Accept this ten-day test we offer, and learn what it does for you.

Why teeth lose beauty
A viscous film clings to the teeth, enters crevices and stays. The tooth brush alone does not end it. No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it. So much film remains. Food stains, etc., discolor it, then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film. Those cloudy coats hide the teeth's luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. That's why so few escaped tooth troubles.

Germs breed by millions in film. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. And that became alarmingly common.

Better methods now
Dental science studied long to correct this situation. It found two films combatants. Of one of these acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods by many careful tests. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. In that were embodied these two film combatants for daily applications.

That tooth paste is called Pepsodent. Leading dentists the world over now advise it. Careful people of some 50 nations are employing it today.

Multiplies two agents
Pepsodent does two other things which research proved essential. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is, there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acid.

Thus every use gives manifold power to these great natural tooth-protecting agents.

This test amazes
This 10-day test of Pepsodent amazes and delights. The results are quick and conspicuous. 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-coats disappear. Watch the other good effects.

In one week you will realize what this new method means. You will see results which old ways never bring. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent
The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combattant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.
supposed to let George O’Hara knock him out.

“Him knock me out,” he gasped. They told him it was just for art’s sake. “But it isn’t natural,” he said. “How could he knock me out?”

George ended the argument by putting on the gloves. The referee called “time.” Very shortly thereafter, Leach found that there wasn’t anything probable about being knocked out by George.

The most interesting incident of the series however was the coming together of two of the old battlers—Ad Wolgast and Joe Rivers.

For those whose prize-fight education has been neglected, let it be explained that one of the most famous prize-fights in the history of the ring was the meeting of Wolgast and Rivers.

Wolgast was a brave little Dutchman—so brave that he once fought thru a desperate fight with his arm broken, a sliver of broken bone sticking out thru the flesh, sticking out so that it jabbed into his leg. They tied the broken bone to his side and Ad fought on. At the end of every round he became unconscious from the pain. His seconds let him stay unconscious until the bell rang for the next round: a whiff of ammonia; then Ad charged back into the fight. He kept on until he knocked out the other man and won the fight.

Joe Rivers, on the other hand, is a Mexican; his real name is Lito Ybarra. He is graceful—like a panther. His long silky muscles rippled under a satin skin.

These two fought: it was like the meeting of a bulldog and a wildcat.

The battle had the most sensational ending of any fight in ring history. Rivers started a blow for the pit of Wolgast’s stomach—the solar plexus. At exactly the same instant, Wolgast started a blow for the solar plexus of Señor Rivers. Both landed. They both went to the floor—knocked out.

One, two, three, four, the referee counted. Neither stirred. Five, six, seven, eight, nine. . .

The blood of the old warriors of the German Black Forest flooded Wolgast’s fighting veins. The Valkyries called to him from Valhalla. Clutching the trouser’s leg of the referee, he crawled weakly to his feet. And was declared winner of the fight.

When O’Hara summoned Joe Rivers from his retirement to stage a replica of the fight, he told him he would himself represent Wolgast; but he didn’t mention that the real Wolgast was coming back to act as referee of the old battle fought again.

When they unexpectedly faced each other, it was like two wild animals glaring and ready to spring.

“Give me your hand,” said O’Hara to Rivers. The Mexican boy mechanically put out his mighty fist.

“And yours, Ad.” The hand of the former lightweight champion went out.

“And now shake.”

And that ended a picturesque feud of many years.

Rivers will be the star of many future motion-picture bouts. He can “pull his punches.”

And this too requires explanation. There are many animals and a few unusual men who have a perfect instinctive knowledge of time and distance. Of such are all famous athletes.

Years ago there used to be a monkey in Chutes Park, San Francisco, at whom the public threw baseballs. A large reward was offered for anyone who could hit the monkey. No one ever got the reward. Yet the monkey did not dodge as we dodge. Just before the baseball arrived, he slowly and deliberately turned his head just a little and the baseball whizzed by.

The Mexican boy Rivers—or Ybarra—has this same astonishing knowledge of time and distance. Consequently he can start a terrific blow and stop it just one sixteenth of an inch of the target. Therefore he looks as tho he were landing sledge-hammer blows upon Mr. O’Hara’s young face but as a matter of fact none of them land. It goes without saying that he has a new-found but permanent popularity in the O’Hara studio. He has found a life job in the movies.

For other reasons, these O’Hara pictures are unique and interesting. They are all so young and charming.

Years ago—allegro not so many years ago—Mr. O’Hara was an office boy in a Los Angeles newspaper, chasing copy and answering phone calls. At the time there was another office boy who drew funny cartoons of the staff.

This other boy was Malcolm St. Clair. He is the director of the O’Hara pictures.

The comedian of the company is Albert Cooke. He is the scion of a rich and distinguished old Spanish family—an aristocrat of the proud old days of the Dons. But Albert just hadd a act; that was all there was to it. And there he is acting.

When this fight series is thru, O’Hara is going to put on other pictures of another variety. His future looks rosy. He is young and intelligent and wholesome and clean.

The lounge-lizard type is fading from the screen. The O’Hara type is coming in. The man’s man seems to be due.
injured because of his expected appearance. She had been standing at the entrance of one of the big department stores waiting for her mother when the explosion occurred, and she was badly burned and injured.

Anticipating his arrival she had coaxed her mother into buying her a blue ribbon for her blonde hair and a little lace collar to freshen her dress. These were the things they had planned to buy . . . that she might look pretty when he held his reception on the stage after the performance. Lew was her hero, and she adored him.

She had been taken to the City Hospital and that day her condition had been reported as very serious. All of this proved too much for Lew. He rushed to a collector's and came out with a veritable trunk of sweets. . . . to a florist where he purchased dozens of roses . . . to his hotel where he autographed scores of photographs each with a different but personal inscription. Then he taxied, post-haste, to the hospital where his little friend lay swathed in bandages and strapped in mid-air.

That day and every day to come while Lew Cody remained in that town there were happy interludes when the pain was lessened because of the fragrant flowers, delicious candies and the lovely pictures her friend, Lew Cody, brought her. He would sit near her, stroking her eager hand, and tell her all sorts of fascinating stories about all the other movie stars he knew both in New York and in California.

And so we might go on indefinitely, telling other similar stories. . . . Of how Mabel Normand remembered to send a magazine writer who had interviewed her the books she learned he wanted, taking time to mark the passages she thought would interest him. Of how Mary Pickford took as her guest to the premiere of "Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood" a little old lady she spied in the seething crowd waiting their arrival at the theater's entrance. Of how Rudolph Valentino put two young Italians, who came to California hoping for a screen career, thru a night school where they learned the trades to which they were best adapted, thus saving them the humiliation of failure in a profession for which they were not remotely fitted. Of these and other stories like them if the space permitted.

. . . Of human hearts, sensing the overwhelming loneliness of the World, and stopping along their crowded and glittering ways with outstretched, friendly hands. . . . balm in their gifts and in the giving. . . . For the greatest of these is Charity.

---

**A new use for an old friend**

Many users of Listerine have never discovered the unusual properties as a perspiration deodorant, peculiar to this well-known antiseptic.

Many times you don't have access to—or time for—a tub or shower. Yet so often your fastidious inclinations will not permit you to be comfortable in going out without considering these things. Right there Listerine steps in as a friend in need. You simply apply this dependable antiseptic with a towel or wash cloth. Note how delightful and exhilarating the effect really is.

It is an interesting thing that this scientific preparation that has been used for so many years as a surgical dressing should possess these remarkable properties as a deodorant.

Moreover it is absolutely safe. It will not irritate the most sensitive skin nor injure the most fragile fabric. You will be delighted with this new use.—Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.
Reduced 53 lbs in Nine Weeks!

Mrs. Bayliss
Went From 191 Lbs. to 138 Without Hardship

"I never dreamed you could do it, Mr. Wallace," wrote this well known young matron of Philadelphia's social set. Her letter is dated in February, and refers to reducing records purchased early in November. A reduction of more than fifty pounds in a few weeks! But read her own story:

"Here I am, back to 138 after my wonderful diet had hovered around the impossible two hundred mark! You perfectly wonderful music movements—nothing else—did it. You have reduced my weight from 194 to 138, and lightened my heart as no one can know who has lost not health and activities and enjoyment cultivated for years—and suddenly restored."

"Thanks to Mr. Wallace, I can now wear the styles I want. Because I once laughed at the idea of 'getting thin' suddenly, I offer in humble apology, this letter, my photograph and permission to publish them should you desire. Very sincerely yours,

Jessie Demarest Jones,

Bayliss, Penna.

Why Don't You Reduce? It CAN Be Done!

It's so easy to make your figure what it should be, and keep it that way—if you let Wallace show you how. Scores have done what Mrs. Bayliss did, some took off 40, 70 even 90 lbs! If only twelve or fifteen pounds too heavy, there is still less excuse for not looking and feeling your best.

Wallace reducing records reduce normally. No fasting, starvation methods to leave you with that 'reduced look.' Look's enjoyable, and quick to show results. This is what you can accomplish:

Here Is What You Can Weigh

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FREE First Reducing Lesson Record and All!

Actual proof costs nothing. Believe only the tallies. But five days will show you how real are the results. You'll know from this test, feel better, look better, and lose weight. Unless you do, go no further, nor pay Wallace a penny. Can any woman suffering from overweight decline such an invitation? Use this coupon:

WALLACE, 689 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Please send me FREE and POSTPAID for 5 days' free trial the original Wallace Reducing Record for my height: (Please write in your own height in inches.) If I am not perfectly satisfied with the results, I will return your record and will not have you ever call or be obligated in any way.

Name: ______________________________
Address: ___________________________

That's Out (Continued from page 49)

Why Not?

Now that Mae Marsh has gone back with Griffith and found herself again, and Pola Negri is returning to Lubitsch's direction, with the same favorable results we hope, wouldn't it be great if some of the other stars would follow suit? For instance, if Mary Pickford should return to the nude banner, Mary Pickford to the supervision of the Neillan megaphone, and May McAvoy to Director Robertson?

JUGGING AMERICA BY ITS MOVIES

All Westerners are big-hearted and all New Yorkers cads.

The favorite pastime of society is giving midnight bathing parties. Trains are invariably on time.

To get a telephone number all you have to do is ask for it.

Wealthy young bucks are always in love with poor damsels and vice versa.

AUTHORS CAN NOW AVERAGE THEMSELVES

The latest wrinkle for authors who have unsatisfactory dealings with film companies is to write a series of fiction stories dealing with movie life, basing them upon their own experiences and using real characters with thinly disguised names. By this method the author has a chance to get back at those at whom he has real or fancied grievances. A series of these stories which is now running in one of the foremost national weeklies is being read with great interest by the film people in Hollywood, which is having a great laugh at the expense of those personages represented in the stories. The average reader will never know the full significance of these yarns.

They're Getting Rich in Hollywood

It doesn't take a good actor or director to get rich out in Hollywood any more. Real estate is booming so fast in the famous California studio center that nearly all the many almost insignificant players who had the foresight to invest in Hollywood realty a few years ago are now rolling around in Pierce Arrows and Locomobiles. A lot of actors and actresses who used to worry as to where they were going to work for next week are now in the position where they don't care whether they work or not. Many of the bigger stars are also going in for real estate, with Ruth Roland and Harold Lloyd leading. If Hollywood and Ruth keep up at the same pace they have been going, Ruth should soon be the Hetty Green of the silent drama.

What's the Matter with Lois?

There must be something wrong with the motion-picture business or else a director like Lois Weber would be turning out some celluloid drama worth seeing. If Lois is not capable of making worthwhile films, then I don't know who is. I would give her a position among the best six directors in the game and yet we find her wasting her directorial sweetness on the desert air. Is it that the producers will not let her hold a megaphone for them because she will not make the kind of picture that they want? If I were running the Goldwyn, Famous Players-Laskey or First National offices, I would throw out a few of the overrated directorials that fill the ranks and put a scenario supervisor like Lois Weber in their place.

Stars That Will Shine

Mary Philbin. Her playing in "Merry Go Round" showed her to be an actress of rare spirituality and great possibilities. Priscilla Bonner. Girl with a unique combination of brains, beauty and ability. First-named quality not so much in demand by film producers, may hurt her chances if she shows it too much.

If Only Directors Managed Cafes

Every time we have ever witnessed the filming of cafe scenes in a studio we have found the dialogue at the extras for "more life and action." Directors seem to be under the impression that every night at the Montmartre or Delmonico's is like a wild New Year's Eve celebration. We sometimes go to the cafes after a show in the evening hoping to find them like they are on the screen but a series of couples change only and conservatively over the teacups.

Vamp Styles Are Changing

Are vampire styles changing again? It begins to look as tho we were going to revert to the dark, heavy and voluptuous types of days gone by. For a time the little flapper siren reigned our silent drama but the new vogue of Nita Naldi and Barbara La Mart, to say nothing of Pola Negri and the return of Frieda Bara, looks like an ill omen.

Five Ways to Break In


Sea Offers Producers Boundless Opportunities

With all the great possibilities that the sea offers to producers and directors, it is strange that in all these years there has never been one great screen classic of the lilly-penny deep, with the exception of "Down to the Sea in Ships." The latter is a splendid contribution to the Silversheet but somewhat along educational lines. Its greatness lies in its truthful depiction of the men and the industry around which the industry is laid. It has been the lack of this realism that has marred our other sea films. There has been too much straining for over-melodramatic deep-sea yarns such as "Hurricane's Gal." Give us a combination of a story of the briny with romance and adventure done in authentic fashion, with captain and crew accurately portrayed, and a film such as is seen only once in a blue moon should result.
We Pay $1000

and Royalties

to men and women anywhere, of any age, who can learn to write photoplays. A novel, free test, made at home, will tell you if YOU can learn as Mrs. Thacher did.

Under the new Palmer Photoplay Production Plan we pay royalties for five years on the profits of pictures, with an advance payment of $1000 cash, for stories we select for Palmerplays.

This permits new, Palmer trained writers and photoplaywrights, for the first time, to share in the success of the screen stories of their own creation.

At the same time, we continue to be the largest single agency for the sale of scenarios to the great producing organizations of the country. They gladly pay $2000 and rarely offer less than $500 for acceptable screen stories.

Yet the demands are far from adequately filled. These fortunes are actually going begging because many men and women, endowed with story-telling ability, have not discovered it. So we are searching the land for this hidden talent which we train for success in this rich field of endeavor.

We Will Test YOU without cost or obligation

This search is being tremendously successful because of a novel Creative Test we have developed.

You may test yourself under this plan without cost or obligation. Send the coupon below. Your answers to the questions will indicate whether or not you possess the creative imagination which opens this rich field to you.

The Experience of Elizabeth Thacher

Not long ago, Elizabeth Thacher, a busy Montana housewife, little dreamed that she was different from thousands of other housewives.

Yet she took Palmer training and wrote a successful photoplay and Thomas H. Ince was glad to buy it at a handsome figure—the first she ever tried to write.

Never before had she even written for publication. And, in fact, had no desire to write, until one day she saw an advertisement like this one which told of the opportunities for new and unknown writers of ability and training to earn rich rewards.

When shortly after her enrollment she sold her first story to Thomas H. Ince, she wrote: "I feel that such success as I have had is directly due to the Palmer Course and your constructive help."

Know About Yourself

Many men and women, like Elizabeth Thacher, have the ability to win success in this field. We are preparing qualified men and women, not alone for scenario writing but also for positions of all kinds in the producing companies.

And many others, with no desire to become professional screen writers, are developing under our training their power of creative imagination, for they realize how much more success, in any field of endeavor, comes to those who possess this power, properly developed.

You may know whether or not you are endowed with creative imagination, if you will just ask for the Palmer Creative Test. There's no cost—no obligation. It may discover in you this gift that you will want to develop.

Perhaps your life holds stories which the world is seeking and for which the world will pay you well.

Mail the coupon. Test yourself. Know if you are wasting these hidden talents. (Tests returned by persons under legal age will not be considered.)

Palmer Photoplay Corporation,
Department of Education, Sec. 909
Palmer Building, Hollywood, Calif.

Please send me by return mail your Creative Test which I am to fill out and mail back to you for analysis. It is understood that this coupon entitles me to an intimate personal report on my ability by your Examiners Board, without the slightest obligation or cost on my part. Also send me, free, Carol B. Dotson's booklet, "How a $10,000 Imagination Was Discovered."

Name_________________________________

Street_________________________________

City______________________________State___

All correspondence strictly confidential.

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Page
Magic—Mirth—Mystery—Magnificence

Away—away from the work-a-day world, the madding throngs, the blazing heat, the cares, the cares, the hum-drum life. Away on the magic carpet to the enchanted days, the mystic nights of Araby, where the genial Genie, the slave of the ring, at your slightest beck weaves castles of splendor with marbled rooms, studded with gems and laden with silks; conjures sumptuous banquets, beautiful women, singly and in Harem’s full–clad in diaphanous robes, tripping the light fantastic to witching music; dipping in frosted baths, with smiles alluring—bewitching, enticing, beckoning for you, for a night, to come and play.

The story of a modern man who slipped back 6,000 years to Harem land. A new novelty by the man who made “The Isle of Lost Ships.”

Depend on First National for Entertaining Pictures!

M.C. Levee presents
A Maurice Tourneur production

“The Grass Bottle”

by F. Anstey
Personally Directed by MAURICE TOURNEUR

When Advice Goes Begging

(Continued from page 47)

twinkle inscrutably and enigmatically.

When you are the sort that you and says he would like to have you come and talk about it sometime, and when you come back to see him, you never can find him. And that’s that.

If you ever slip one of these candid messages to June Mathis, “the woman with the biggest job in the world,” she listens more or less—until you are more or less thru. Then she tells you that it reminds her of an incident that happened when she was an actress.

Mack Sennett just listens to you with a sort of suspicion—a patient suspicion. When you have it out of your system, he hits off the end of a cigar and never says Aye, Yes or No.

Thomas H. Ince jumps right up from his chair and says in a burst of enthusiasm, “By George, I believe you are right, I am absolutely sure you are right. Would you mind writing me a note about it and I will show it to the director?”

You sit down and write him a couple of tons of glowing thoughts about it. The next time you see him he tells you that you certainly had a wonderful idea—only they decided in the meantime to cut out that part of the picture. And that’s that.

Actors are also fond of asking advice. Dorothy Gish has a confidential way of clinging to your words that enlarges the size of your ego—until you find out that she forgot all about it before she got home.

Lillian Gish listens to you with an odd abashed—self-deprecation. Then she does as she thinks best about it. Which usually isn’t your way.

Betty Compson always looks at you like a startled fawn. Thanks you for your criticism in a shocked voice—and avoids you the next time you meet.

Norma Talmadge is polite but not-attentive.

Charles Chaplin looks around at the scenery with an air of saying “Oh well, I don’t suppose he will be talking long—and anyhow, we all have our crosses to bear.”

Barbara La Marr looks at you with an air of gentle forgiveness—a sort of “Father forgive them. They know not what they do.”

Dick Barthelmess is not resentful—but he is argumentative. Being a very determined as well as clever young man, he promptly shows you that you mean exactly opposite from what you are trying to say.

There is one actor who looks at you with gratitude; sees the point at once; adopts your suggestion with gratitude and goes forth to sin no more.

Oh, there is, is there?

Well just try to find him and send me his name and address. 
The New Motion Picture
(Continued from page 40)

the Phono Film in its moment of ultimate test.

A caption announced on the screen that an artist would sing and enact "The Jewel Song" from "Faust." With all the dramatic effusions of operatic rendering of a vocal aria, we saw the piece done, but we also heard the woman sing it, exactly as tho she were standing and singing it there on the stage in our presence.

There are superficial critics who will hear and see the Phono Film in its present state of development that may be unkind enough to point out some of its deficiencies and call them defects. For instance, there is the same "scratchiness" in the rendition that was audible in the early types of the phonograph. For a large auditorium, the voice of the singer was not sufficiently amplified. After once comprehending the flexibility of the Phono Film, one might be inclined to suggest that amplifiers be distributed throughout the theater. But if amplifiers were placed in parts of the house other than near the screen wherein the action appeared, it is my conviction that the verisimilitude, or realistic impression, would be lost or at least partially destroyed. However, the scratchiness in the reproduction is a mere detail that continued experiment will eradicate as it has been eliminated in the case of the more common phonograph.

But the wonderful part of the Phono Film lies in the fact that there is no phonograph as we understand it—an instrument containing a motor that turns a table on which is a "record" over which a needle passes and reproduces the original sounds that lie encrusted there—the Phono Film is in no sense such an instrument. The sound waves have been encrusted in this instance on the film itself—they have been photographed! The operator, or his motor, operates the Phono Film and controls the sound that issues from it. The film is the "record."

But let us look for a moment on the problems as Dr. DeForest himself saw them and felt that success lay only in overcoming them all.

"First, nothing but a standard cinematograph film could be employed."

"Second, the speed must be that of the standard motion picture film."

"Third, the recording and reproducing devices must be absolutely inertialless, except the diaphragm for receiving and the diaphragm for reducing the sound.

"Fourth, the receiving device must be sufficiently sensitive to permit its being successfully concealed at a reasonable distance from the 'speaker' or source of music to be photographed."

"Fifth, the reproduction must be as good, or better, than the existing phonograph and loud enough to fill any theater where the talking pictures should be exhibited.

"Sixth, the photographic sound record must be so narrow as not materially to cut down the size of the normal picture projected on the screen.

"Seventh, the photographic record therefore, must be one in which the 'width' or 'amplitude' on the film was constant throughout and the sound variations must therefore be photographed as variations in density in the photographic image. In other words, the light record should be in the form of exceedingly fine lines or parallel bands, all of the same length, and lying always transverse to the direction of the motion of the film."

Dr. DeForest says that his attention was first focussed on the field of talking-moving pictures in 1918. What he really
Nothing Is More Beautiful Than the Natural Tone of Tlustone Hair

You have often heard that the result of some society function: "What a beautiful woman Sarah Smith looks today!" As a rule, however, out of two she isn't beautiful, her attraction being almost wholly due to natural hair, health, texture and brilliancy.

Even if Nature fails you in an inheritance of wonderful hair, what you have can be almost miraculously freshened, brightened and improved in appearance by the use of Cantroth.

Cantroth Shampoo
develops the life, luster and natural wave. It makes hair clean, bright and luminous. It removes every particle of dirt, dust and dandruff, cleanses and imparts to the scalp and leaves the hair a mass of forty softness that will render it even ordinary hair attractive. After its use the hair dries quickly and evenly and is never streaked out in hard or scurfy—thus reconstitutes and corrects the damaged original.

Free Trial Offer
If your druggist can't, or you wish to try Cantroth, send us a ten-cent stamp to pay postage and we will forward you one perfect shampoo free to any address.

H. S. Peterson & Co.
214 W. Kinzie St., Dept. 273
Chicago, Ill.

PIMPLY SKIN
made WELL
When a few applications of this wonder-working lotion has cleared faces
of pimples, blackheads, acne eruptions on the face or body, anywhere, even the pores, you can realize why CLEAR-TONE has been tested and approved in over 100,000 Test Cases.

At All Drug Stores

The strange action of the treatment. The Story of How I cured Myself and Others are all explained in the Free Booklet. Write for your copy today, and learn the results gained by thousands of men and women.

E. S. GIVENS
222 Chemical Bldg. Kansas City, Mo.

Bring Out the Hidden Beauty
Beneath that sallow, discolored, faded or aged complexion is one fair to look upon.

Macroiled Wax
gently, painlessly aliments, eliminates, exfoli- ates, restores, softens, smooths, refines, colorizes, and refines, leaving the young, fresh, beautiful skin underneath. At All Drug Stores.

Mercerized Wax
gradually. gently absorbs the contaminated surface cells regaining the young, fresh, beautiful skin underneath. At All Drug Stores.

Powdered Baby Hair (for women) $1.00

Powdered Hair Remover $1.00

Pho-electric Lamp $1.00

DeForest Supply Co., 2315 Clybourn Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

sought at that time was a desire personally to develop a new and useful application of the motion apparatus. Another consideration that he had in mind, was his desire to invent a phonographic device which should be free of the inherent short-comings of the disc machine; notably, the short length of the record and the necessity for frequent changing of the needles. Dr. DeForest invented a device—by means of a pencil of light—instead of a steel needle—it might be possible completely to escape from the surface scratching which has always been inseparable from the existing types of phonograph.

Early in 1919 the inventor filed patent applications on the methods which he believed would accomplish his ends. At that time he calculated that the work involved would not require more than two years. But the work was frequently interrupted and was of a most exciting and discouraging nature, hundreds of experiments made and thousands of feet of film photographed and discarded. And so four years actually elapsed before the Phoofilm emerged and received its first public trial and exhibition.

The recording of the sound upon the film is an interesting process. An especially designed gas-filled lamp, called the Photon light, is inserted in the moving picture camera. The light from this Photon tube passes thru a narrow slit and falls directly on one margin of the film 3/32 of an inch in width. The intensity of the light depends on the intensity of the electric current passing thru it. Therefore, if a powerful telephonic current is passed thru the Photon, the light emitted varies exactly in accordance with the strength of the telephonic current at any instant. This light fluctuates therefore in brightness hundreds of thousands of times a second in perfect rhythm with the telephonic current pulses.

Thus we see that one of the basic principles of the Phoofilm is a telephonic transmitter, but unlike the ordinary telephonic microphone, Dr. DeForest's transmitter picks up the sound waves at distances of five to fifteen feet from the source of the sound. Connected with the sound amplifier, the entire apparatus would become impractical because of the weakness of the sound currents.

The recording process then consists of three transformations: First, sound waves are transformed into electric telephonic currents; secondly, these currents are amplified into light waves; thirdly, these light waves are registered thru a narrow slit upon the photographic film.

But at this stage, the inventor has scarcely passed more than half way around his bewildering and weary course. He must now set forth to reproduce the original sounds which he has so successfully caught.

The film is developed in the usual manner, save that a special developer is used to bring out the details of the sound record, and positive prints are made thru a special printer to give the essential light values for both visual and phonogram record.

In the projection of the resultant film thru the ordinary standard projection machine, a small attachment is added which in no wise interferes with its ordinary use. This device is the invention of Mr. T. W. Case. It consists of a small inconspicuous lamp and a highly sensitive photo-electric cell. The film as it passes thru the projector travels between the lamp and the photo-electric cell. The light from the fragments is concentrated upon a tiny slit like that described in the phonomotion picture camera, it passes thru the sound record which has been photographed on the film and into the chamber containing the photo-electric cell. Connected to this photo-electric cell is a small battery for supplying current, which is made exactly to reproduce the original telephonic current from the transmitter when the sound picture was originally recorded.
FORCED TO SELL
25,000 imported pearl necklaces
finest quality
at unheard of price

Don’t miss this chance to get one of these exquisite indestructible 24-in. Pearl Necklaces; guaranteed 14k white gold clasp with small genuine diamond, $5.87 the amazing price for quick clearance!

The misfortune of a well-known New York jewel importer is your gain. The end of a dull season in the jewelry business found his vaults crowded with gems and so this merchant has asked us to sell 25,000 exquisite, 24-inch necklaces at a price to guarantee immediate clearance.

The pearls are indestructible Spanish gems—they will last a lifetime. Each gleaming strand is 24 inches long, fitted with a beautiful clasp of white gold, studded with a real diamond.

Yours at less than the price of diamond clasp alone!

The diamond clasp alone (set in genuine 14k white gold) could not be duplicated through the average retail channels for the price at which we are sacrificing the necklace complete. This will give you some idea of the urgency of this sale and the remarkable value offered you.

Wear necklace ten days at our risk

Every necklace sold under this remarkable offer is sold on an unconditional money-back guarantee. Accept your necklace for ten days’ trial at our expense and risk. Wear it for street and evening wear for ten days; go to your jeweler’s and compare the necklace with those in his showcase. If you can duplicate your strand for less than $15 send it back and get your money.

Send no money
Just mail the coupon

Don’t delay another moment making up your mind. At the absurdly low price, $5.87, these beautiful necklaces are going to be snapped up instantly by men and women with an eye for real bargain.

Send no money; simply sign and mail the coupon.

When the postman brings your necklace, deposit the amount of the insurance, $5.87, plus the few cents postage, as your guarantee of good faith. (This small deposit is required to protect us from mere curiosity seekers and requests from children acting without parents’ consent. Your payment to the postman is simply a deposit which will be refunded, every penny, if, after 10 days, you decide to return the necklace.)

Sale for limited time only
Act Now!

There are only 25,000 of these necklaces available at this remarkably low price and this advertisement is appearing simultaneously in publications reaching nearly 5 million women.

Orders will be filled strictly in sequence as received. We want this sale to add thousands of names to our mailing list, therefore no more than three necklaces will be sold to any one buyer. We reserve the right to return your order if supply is exhausted when same is received.

If you do not want to miss this wonderful opportunity, sign and mail the coupon now.

Note—If you expect to be out when the postman calls you may send $6 with the coupon and your necklace will be sent by insured mail, postpaid.

NOTE
Do not doubt the remarkable value of these pearls because of the low price. Every statement has been carefully weighed and we repeat here our unconditional guarantee—money refunded if you are not satisfied. The pearls are genuine imported, indescribable, and equal to any you have ever examined. The price is only $5.87 because we want to get rid of our large stock. The fiendish clasp is of 14k white gold with small genuine diamond.

The velvet box illustrated is not included, pearls being shipped to you in our original packaging.

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The Frederick Anderson Jewelers, Dept. 446
718-716 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago

Please send me on 10 DAYS’ APPROVAL, one of your 24-inch Pearl Necklaces with genuine white gold diamond clasp. I will pay postman $5.87 (plus few cents postage) on receipt of parcel. I understand that I may return necklace in 10 days, if I desire to do so, and you agree to refund $5.87 in full.

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If not to be out when postman calls, you may enclose $6 with coupon, and necklace will be sent postpaid.
Why Don't You Buy

CLASSIC

The Picture Book De Luxe of the Movie World

The Cinema In Peru

For centuries the style of costumes worn by the Cholitas—Hill women of Lima, Peru—remained unchanged. Came the movies and now these primitive people are imitating our modern clothes. Helen Appleton Read who lived a number of years in Peru writes of the transition.

The Genius Of Gesture

An interview with Joseph Schildkraut, the Viennese actor whose success on the American stage has been phenomenal.

Stills From "Greed"

Eric von Stroheim's latest production is the picture, "Greed," based on Frank Norris' novel "McTeague."

Leisure Hours Of Movie Stars

There is a bewildering pictorial display of stars in bathing suits, on yachts and motor-boats.

SEPTEMBER CLASSIC SEPTEMBER

That "Different" Screen Magazine

Across the Silversheet (Continued from page 53)

the character of Gopher Prairic that the scenarist and director have omitted. And they are not the mental episodes comparatively negative on the screen, but dramatic ones which definitely belong to the photographed story.

Also we quarrel with the general conception of the inhabitants of Gopher Prairic. There is a marked tendency to make them the types you find cast in stories of small towns for comedy relief. It doesn't seem to us that they should be just that.

And there is an episode in "Main Street," speaking of comedy relief, which is in our estimation infinitely more objectionable than the majority of the scenes which have been tabooed by the censors. If anything in the world is immoral, vulgarity is and we must confess that we have little or no time for the censor who miserly measures the feet of film photographing a kiss and yet stupidly permits this sort of thing to go by.

The cast of "Main Street" is interesting. Monte Blue as the hero made Doc Ken- nicott, trying to understand and keep pace with his wife and her newfangled ideas, a real human being. He emphasizes all of those things which we find in men under a variety of circumstances.

Louise Fazenda is Bea, the servant-girl, but she is permitted none of the opportuni ties Sinclair Lewis would have had her have. However, broad comedy falls to her and as usual, she makes it serve her well.

We give our attention to "Main Street" exclusively this month because it is the one outstanding release and because we believe something definite should be done about the distortion of stories before they reach the screen.

If you have read "Main Street," you'll leave the theater with an overwhelming sense of disappointment and defeat, and if you are one of those seven or eight in the country who haven't read the Lewis novel you'll undoubtedly be puzzled as to what it is all about. For the screen's "Main Street," poor thing, lacks entirely the motivating thought and essence of the novel.

The Stars and Their Planets (Continued from page 72)

also occurs on September 22nd, is largely governed by his rising sign, and naturally differs from Mr. von Stroheim to a great degree.

Being temperamental in a different sense, he would experience difficulty in adapting himself to new surroundings unless harmony prevailed, and while possessing a certain tolerance for the views of others, a desire for personal freedom and a sense of self-preservation are, with him, prominent traits.

Without being intellectual, this man has concentration, is an omnivorous reader and would find little difficulty in mastering languages, also he is able to reproduce in original form, any wisdom gleaned from outside sources.

September 3rd is the natal day of Mr. Pat O'Malley and the Planets have bestowed upon this son of Virgo a pleasing personality and an elastic nature which enables him to recover quickly from reverses, either in fortune or ill-health, for, while inclined to worry about trivial matters, he would be incapable of ever really grieving over anything.

Perhaps, his finest qualities are a belief
in the goodness of others and a natural cleanliness of mind, and also there is a propensity here for listening to gossip, he would always reserve judgment and believe the best.

All of these men possess great self-endurance, are difficult to defeat in argument and remain undaunted by failure, but when they are displeased, they would either lapse into moody silence or resort to sarcastic remarks.

Many Virgo men are characterized by lack of decision, also they procrastinate about reaching a conclusion, to such a degree that they usually fail to attain the things for which they strive, in fact, they lack real ambition and have only lukewarm enthusiasm, but being absolutely self-satisfied, they seldom worry over the success that they have missed.

Miss Dorothy Dalton, born September 23rd, would be tolerant of others and demand respect above all else. Altho practical, she admires social prominence and would strive to have the value of her own position realized, besides, she manifests a real interest in her friends, but if unappreciated or accused of inquisitiveness, she might demonstrate coldness and sarcasm, altho never becoming lastingly vindictive.

The birthday of Miss May McAvoy occurs upon September 9th and her horoscope indicates a peculiar sensitiveness, coupled with a conservativeness which might retard her progress, also it shows precision and a methodical nature but this does not necessarily imply neatness in regard to personal belongings.

Accurate in speech, she could instantly detect mistakes in the vocabulary of others and would perhaps attach too much importance to social errors, nevertheless, while undemonstrative, she is extremely kind-hearted, and due to the unfortunate position of certain Planets, she is bound to go thru life misunderstood, especially by the opposite sex.

These ladies, being fundamentally precise, could become expert accountants or proofreaders and are talented in many ways, but unfortunately, the Virgo women are intensely inquisitive and meddlesome, for, without realizing the harm accomplished, they interfere with everyone’s affairs and delight in spreading confidential information, yet unlike women of Aries, Cancer, Leo and Pisces—Pisces—Pisces—(February 19th to February 25th) they fail, to grasp the fact that this is malicious. Another peculiar feature about them is that they are never content with a purchase at first, but must possess an article for sometime, to like it.

In writing fan-letters to Stars of this planet, I would advise a discreet mention of the writer’s social position, and any criticism of their personality or work should be a practical one, as they admire good sense above everything else.

To love affairs, they find difficulty in placing their affections, as they do not rely on their own intuition, and for no definable reason; they are rarely happy, being possibly, less popular with the opposite sex than those of any other House.

These people attract others of March, November, July, and May, and their faults are nagging, criticism of others, gossipping, untruthfulness, sarcasm and laziness.

Under Virgo, besides those especially mentioned, are James K. Hackett, born September 6th, Ben Turpin, born September 7th, Wm. Parker (Wally), born September 17th, Vernon Steel, born September 18th, Geo. Fawcett, born August 25th, Geo. Roland, born August 26th, Doris Kenyon, born September 5th, Phyllis Rankin, born August 31st and Pauline Carson, born September 9th.

There is Beauty in Every Jar

You, too, can improve your complexion, just as thousands of women have done to gain and retain the beauty of a clear, wholesome complexion—just as it has helped thousands of attractive women, for more than 35 years.

Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram’s Milkweed Cream in either the 30 cent or the $1.00 size—the dollar jar contains three times the quantity.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO.
Established 1880
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INGRAM’S MIlKWEEd CREAM

Send ten cents today for Ingram’s Beauty Purse

Frederick F. Ingram Co., 21 Tenth Street, Detroit, Mich.

Contestants Enchewed milkweed leaf for three hours. Kindly send me Ingram’s Beauty Purse containing an enchainment powder pad, samples of Ingram’s Milkweed Cream, and, for the gentleman of the house, a sample of Ingram’s Therapeutic Shaving Cream.

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Construction Day by Day

So great and so constant is the growth of demand for telephone service that the Bell System invests throughout the country an average of three-quarters of a million dollars every working day for new telephone plant.

New aerial lines are always under construction or extension, new subways are being dug and cables laid, larger building accommodations are under way, more switchboards are in process of building or installation, and added facilities of every description being mustered into service to care for the half million or more new subscribers linked to the System every year.

This nation-wide construction, this large expenditure of funds, could not be carried out efficiently or economically by unrelated, independent telephone organizations acting without cooperation in different sections of the country. Neither could it be carried out efficiently or economically by any one organization dictating from one place the activities of all. In the Bell System all the associated companies share common manufacturing and purchasing facilities which save millions of dollars annually. They share scientific discoveries and inventions, engineering achievements, and operating benefits which save further millions. But the management of service in each given territory is in the hands of the company which serves that territory and which knows its needs and conditions.

By thus combining the advantages of union and cooperation with the advantages of local initiative and responsibility, the Bell System has provided the nation with the only type of organization which could spend with efficiency and economy, the millions of dollars being invested in telephone service.

"Bell System"

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service

Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 67)

production how can they expect the salaries of the stars to be cut? That is the only conclusion.

In closing I apologize for using the pronoun "I," but there was no way out. I am

Very truly yours,
L. C. CUTCLIFFE,
1607 Bull Street, Savannah, Ga.

Praise for several players and a brief for Dorothy Gish as La Clavel.

DEAR EDITOR: I've been storing up things that I want to say to you and readers of the Motion Picture Magazine until I have enough for a real letter.

First of all, I read the title of one of your recent interviews by Adele Whitley Fletcher and I think she has used these words —"Friendly and Comfortable"—are just the ones to use in speaking of your magazine—it is so friendly and comfortable.

There has been too much argument about Gloria Swanson that you must be tired of handling it. I believe that if she were robbed of one half of her homely making the true expression of her face would be allowed to show thru. Those expressions are the instruments of good acting. And we movie goers do not think that she vanishes behind gorgeous clothes—some of them are just the opposite. She would be a sterling actress if made natural, as in "Something to Think About."

It seems queer to me that Raymond Hatton is not spoken of more. I guess he is just taken for granted. Every one of his roles is a masterpiece in itself.

Another player who deserves more praise is Lois Wilson. She just radiates sincerity and sweetness. There is no end to her versatility as she showed us in two different pictures "Miss Lulu Bell" and "Our Leading Citizen."

How improved the screen would be if we had more pictures like those of William de Mille's. They are simply set but beautifully acted. They are natural and genuine. I was disappointed in "The World's Applause," but "Clarence" and "Grumpy" were as fine as I could hope to see on such a simple scale.

I was surprised at the naturalness of Jacqueline Logan's acting in "Java Head." She expressed pathos as a New Engander does—not with undue emotion, but calmly and yet with a great deal of expression. Lastly, someone spoke in the latest issue of your magazine of the miscasting of Dorothy Gish as La Clavel in "The Bright Shawl." How are we to know whether our stars are versatile or not if they are not given all sorts of different roles? I hadn't imagined Miss Gish in the part but I am quite sure that if she is the artist I think her to be, she will faithfully portray that part. That of course remains to be seen.

I also have met Mr. Valentino in real life, and he is a perfect gentleman whom one may well admire. He is utterly unassuming and sincere, and has a very good sense of humor.

Just a word of praise for Malcolm MacGregor. I believe and hope that he will go far ahead in the motion-picture world.

Very sincerely,

HARRIET KNOWLTON,
574 Warren Street, Boston, Mass.
Milady! If you have a single ounce of unwelcome flesh on your figure—here's good news for you. Getting thin is now pleasantrly simple and easy for anyone. For I, M. J. McGowan, after 5 years of tireless research, have made the discovery you have been waiting for. I can tell you positively how to reduce quickly, comfortably—without tiresome exercises, without stupid diet, without enervating salt baths, without rubber suits or belts. I can actually show you how to make a wonderful change in your figure in 10 days' time or my advice isn't going to cost one penny.

If it is a threatened double chin that is making you give up white bread and potatoes—
If your waistline is keeping you away from the tempting bon-bon dish—

If your arms are too plump, your neck padded, your ankles bulging, don't worry—I guarantee to reduce any or every part of your body, swiftly and surely—without any program of painful self-denial.

My discovery I call Reducine—McGowan's Reducine. It is not a medicine, a bath salt or a course of useless gymnastics. It is a pleasant cream that you can apply in your own room, patting it gently onto the parts you want to slenderize. Almost overnight you will notice a change. A harmless chemical reaction takes place, during which excess fat is literally dissolved away, leaving the figure slim and properly rounded, giving the little grace to the body every man and woman desires.

Results Guaranteed or Money Back
My reducing cream is sold under absolute guarantee it will accomplish all you expect. Indeed, if results do not start in two weeks' time you may return unused portion of jar, at any time within two weeks after you receive Reducine and we will refund every penny of your money. This unparalleled guarantee makes you sole judge of results. You have nothing to lose and everything to gain by clipping the coupon now. Because the reducing ingredient is perishable it is not practical to offer Reducine through drug or department stores. I insist that you get only the freshly compounded laboratory product put out under my personal supervision.

When you realize that many imitations of Reducine are now being sold at from $3.50 to $10 at retail, you will realize how astounding low is the price we ask. If you have tried old-time methods in vain and really want to reduce any part of your body, give me the chance to help you. You risk nothing. Money back if not satisfied.

Send No Money—Just Sign the Coupon
I am not going to ask you to send one penny with your order. Just sign coupon and mail today. By return mail I will send you a 1-lb. jar of genuine Reducine and you can deposit the small sum of $2.47 (plus a few cents postage) when the postman brings the Reducine Cream.
If you expect to be away when the postman comes, enclose $2.60 with order and Reducine will be mailed postpaid.

The McGowan Laboratories
Jackson Blvd., at Desplaines St., Chicago, Illinois

Dear Mr. McGowan: I am willing to let you prove to me, at your own expense, that your Reducine Cream will remove all surplus flesh from my figure. You may send me a full size, 1-pound jar, regular price $5.00, and I will deposit $2.47 (plus the few cents postage). If the postman, with the understanding that the full amount will be refunded to me at any time within two weeks after receipt of Reducine, if I am not satisfied with results.

Name
Address

P.S. If you expect to be away from the house when the postman comes, enclose $2.60 with your order and Reducine will be mailed to you postpaid.
What Are You Doing To Keep Young?

It is the conceded duty of every woman to make herself as charmingly young as possible; to keep the spirit of youth shining in her eyes and to eliminate any semblance of age either in thought or action.

Many women are young at heart but they have neglected to keep their bodies on the same plane. Little tell-tale lines have crept into their faces, their figures have lost the contour of youth. They have been content to rest on the laurels that came to them in the heyday of life, forgetting that laurels eventually fade.

Why Not Take An Inventory?

Make a catalog of your good and bad points. This will give you a clean start and put you on the right path toward attaining success in your campaign for youth and beauty. The next thing to do is to heed the advice of "Beauty," a magazine that teaches you how to be strong, beautiful, well dressed, and well groomed. Watch the result of your efforts and you will be satisfied. Aside from practical and technical matter, "Beauty" contains many things for your diversion; short stories, interviews with prominent people, exquisite pictures and verse.

You Will Not Want to Miss Anything

In the October

Beauty

Beauty Secrets for Everywoman
The Editor Gossips
(Continued from page 59)

We met Hugo the other day on Forty-fourth Street. Mabel had gone to Philadel-phia to find out about him and her face seemed a little forlorn. The sun was warm so we took shelter under a friendly awning while Hugo berated the critics for some of the things they said of his "Vanity Fair." In some ways we agree with him. It seems hardly fair for a critic to expect a man's effort to some clever line which he desires an opportunity to print. And we are aware of all too many instances where prominent critics have sacrificed their principles in order to ridicule others who were criticizing in favor of their own brilliance of expression. But after all, a generation is rich which boasts one man like James B. Humecker. And every critic might emulate him to find himself a better critic. Humecker's criticism, unbiased and fair and eternally constructive, led many artists to ever greater achievements. He was truly, a friend to the arts.

But, getting back to the subject at hand, apropos of "Vanity Fair," Hugo Ballin told us many interesting things about the novel and about Thackeray. It seems that Thackeray wrote it as a serial story. That account of its bad technique, its anti-climax and its sad conclusion. Time after time he thought he had completed his work when he would find it necessary to add words to the chapters and a thousand words to that chapter. So it went. Also, we find it not discouraging to know that even Thackeray found "pot-boiler" In the guise of serial stories a necessity. Out of one "pot-boiler" a classic has come.

Also Thackeray was deliberately anachronistic in his composing. The styles of this day of which he wrote delighted him and he purposely dressed his characters in a vogue more for his taste. In his screen version of the novel, Mr. Ballin has corrected this anachronism. Personally, we are on the side of Mr. Thackeray.

At about this juncture in our conversation, Bert Lytell joined us under the awning. He looked ever so fit and attractive in his rough tweeds. But he had to hurry on his way . . . to shop. For a few days ago, he writes for Rome, to the Samuel Goldwyn Company. Here the exteriors of Hall Caine's "The Eternal City" are to be filmed.

Dorothy Gish is always a treat . . . whether you interview her; might her un-expectedly; or lunch with her by invitation as we did last week. Her viewpoint is fresh and intelligent. And she has the courage of her convictions. She may look like a boarding-school flapper (at luncheon she wore a little fawn suit with fluted georgette collar and cuffs and a crushed felt hat of the blue you find in her eyes), but she talks like an intelligent woman. And her conversation is further enhanced by a natural naïveté, compatible with slim years.

For modern marriages she has only scorn. She signs Mrs. James Reunice to the luncheon list and scorns the Lucy Stoners who shout "My name is the sym- bol of my identity and must not be lost." She thinks people who tell you that the modern girl does not respect the independ- ent of her husband are crazy. She ex- plains, with what seems to us good logic, that you are independent of no relation- ship . . . your marriage, her or your husband. She insists along with our grandmothers that marriage cannot exist without sacrifice, and she admits frankly that she likes her husband to re-
Woman's Charm

NATURALLY A Beautiful Bust

The secret of woman's charm is that natural physical perfection which lends enchantment wherever she goes.

Bust Pads Will Not Do
No man loves a dummy. There is no appeal in fake, physical make-up. Man cannot be deceived. You must be a real woman, and because you are, you want to be perfectly developed.

Physical Culture Developer
Science comes to your rescue with a wonderful new invention which will enlarge the bust of any woman. No creams, no powders, no electric contrivances, no hand massage, no fake free treatments to deceive you. A simple, effective, harmless home developer you use a few minutes night and morning until fully developed. That is all. Simply use it, nature brings the rounded contour of perfect beauty which every woman secretly craves.

Are You Lonely?
Do you know that the women who are most sought after and admired are those possessing a beautiful form? You can acquire this secret charm and have a fascinating figure, too, if you will only write at once and let us tell you how thousands have developed one to five inches with this wonderful home developer. We will also send you photographic proofs, showing results before and after, for we have received thousands of letters from gratified women.

Only Real Developer
You can now be happy and sought after and admired and loved, if you will let us explain how with our improved new formula. This formula, perfected in 30 days entirely at our risk—the only real method known for enlarging a woman's bust to its natural size and beauty. Write us today, do not send one cent—not your name and address plainly written, will bring all information in plain, sealed envelope by return mail.

THE OLIVE COMPANY
Dept. 205
Clarinda, Iowa

Print Your Own cards, circulars, labels, tags, menus, book, boxes, signs, etc., in every size up to 12 x 18 in. Cuts Expense Half. Small Outlay. Pays for itself in short time. Will last for years. Easy to use, patented mode sent free. Print for others. Big Profit. Write today for price catalog. 10¢ to 50¢. McQuade PRINTS EXCELLENT LABELS.

SAVE YOUR BODY

Conserves Health and Efficiency First

"If I Would Not Part With It for $10,000"

So writes an enthusiastic, grateful customer. "Worth more than a farm," says another. In like manner testify over 100,000 people who have worn it.

THE NATURAL BODY BRACE

Overcomes WEAKNESS and ORGANIC AILMENTS of WOMEN and MEN. Develops erect, graceful figure. Brings restful relief, comfort, ability to do things, health and strength.

Wear It 30 Days Free At Our Expense

Does away with the strain and pain of standing and walking; relieves and supports neglected internal organs; renews enlarged abdomen. Greatly strengthens the spine and shoulders; develops lungs, chest and heart; aches in back, sciatica, rheumatism, rup- tures, constipation, after-worked Flu. Comfortable and easy to wear.

Keep Yourself Fit

Write today for illustrated booklet, men- tioning booklets, etc., and read our very logical proposition.

Howard C. Rash
Pres. Natural Body Brace Co.
117 Rash Bldg., Salina, Kansas

quest her not to do this and not to do this.

And when you are a young celebrity and move in a sophisticated circle, it takes courage to voice such old-fashioned opinions. But Dorothy Gish does more than emphatically voice them. She serenely lives them... and successfully.

She is overjoyed at the thought of playing with Lilian in "Romola." But she explains that when you appear with Lilian you succeed in doing little else but proving that she is an infinitely better actress than you can ever hope to be.

This brings us to the devotion of the Gish sisters. It is something beautiful and something rare. It is blended of the understanding, friendship and loving sympathy you feel when you watch them together on the screen.

We are not fortunate in knowing Lilian as well as we know Dorothy. It may be that no one ever knew Lilian as well as they know Dorothy. But for Dorothy we have time in abundance. We wish the motion picture had more daughters... more sisters... more wives... more actresses like her.

At the instigation of Adolph Zukor, President of the Famous Players-Lasky, and under the auspices of the Authors' League of America, the Motion Picture Congress was held at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York City. Its purpose was Better Motion Pictures.

Here the authors were to tell their work to the screen and those who do not, listened to directors and film people tell them what was wrong with their stories so far as the screen is concerned. Hey for the directors and film people listened while the authors told them what was wrong with the screen story as its literature was concerned.

There were morning sessions, afternoon sessions, luncheon sessions and a dinner session. There were prearranged speeches and open forums.

Both sides talked frankly. Those who feared that the substance of the Congress would be the passing back and forth of verbal bombast were happily mistaken. Cold, hard truths were exposed.

However, for a time it looked as tho the Congress's adjournment would find the two factions as far apart as they ever were, with Better Motion Pictures hanging perilously in the balance. But it worked out better than that. There were several speakers with artistic integrity enough to forget their personal advancement and self-glorification long enough to say what they believed was to be said for the betterment of the motion picture.

There were some who declared that it was nothing but a glorified advertisement for Mr. Zukor. But there are always carping souls to impugn the motives of public spirited citizens. They need not be reckoned. Is it not far easier to believe that actually was for the benefit of the too often maligned movies?

At any rate the Congress itself slept Franquility. For all the producing companies were represented. That spirit alone cannot help but react to the good of the screen, even if nothing more definite or concrete accomplishment.

We congratulate Mr. Zukor upon the result of his Congress. And we have admiration and respect for him in his belief in this new profession in which he stands as one of the leaders.

The shackles of commercialism fall away. The motion picture advances...
Comment on Other Productions
(Continued from page 57)

avalanche sweeps down the mountain tak-
ing the dread implement of death and her
father along with it. And thus to the
happy ending. A morbid study which
concerns the characters to wear long faces
at all times.

Sixty Cents An Hour—Paramount

The huge bulk of Walter Hiers is con-
siderably in the foreground of this slight
colorful little—of which scenes arise
around the efforts of a soda jerker to
reach the heights regardless of his small
size. The plot brings him into conflict
with a gang of crooks who have stolen
money from the bank. The rotund
comedian rents the flivver in which the loot
is hidden—rents it at (see title). He gets
his reward for recovering the swag, tho
what is lost on the road is deducted by the
tight-fisted banker. There is some by-
play concerning a suspense—over the property
rights. The soda jerker has leased an
alley and the banker is compelled to pay
for covering his bank over the line.
There isn't much sparkle to the piece—and
very little laughter as a result. It looks
like a man-size job finding real stories for
its exponent while twelve is hard to
fit—whereas a slim torso can be
measured for any kind of plot.

Railroaded—Universal

So many gaps are visible in this pic-
ture—and the strings of the story are so
loose that one is completely puzzled in
following it. Its title is bad and destroys
any vivid effect of suspense. And if you
want more faults look toward a youth
escaping from prison, being disowned by
his father—and subsequently being placed
on probation in the home of a friend—with
a stern taskmaster hounding the life out of
him. Then look toward the climax
when the hero—to keep his promise to his
cell-mate's wife—is determined to "get"
his man. A mad, bad picture which started
off with a suggestion that it would pack
top value of suspense is ac-
quired with the picturesque journey.
Once the land of paradise is reached—
Tahiti—if you must know, we catch the
glomer of romance. We are thoroughly
absorbed with the atmosphere. Natives at
love—natives at work and play make us
forget our environment. And a shiver of
excitement stimulates us when we are trans-
ported into the port of entry of the Fiji and
Solomon Islands, where Salisbury puts on
a bright and clean show. He employs the
local hunters and cannibals who are forced
to live to their
terious customs. All thru "Black
Shadows" we discover natives au naturel
who are as primitive as the Englishmen are
in the most marvelous open vistas which
ever adorned a canvas. A truly fascinat-
ing adventure. You gain something of

Gray Hair
is Restored — Keep Young

"O, she is a gray-haired woman"—how often have
you expressed this of a woman young in years
but made seemingly old by gray hair. Don't let them
tell you, when gray hair can be restored so safely,
quickly and easily. How! Send for my special patented, Free
Trial outfit and learn. It contains a free trial bottle
of my wonderful hair color restorer I perfected to re-
store my own gray hair, and you can test it on one
strand of your hair.

Perfectly Colorless

My hair color restorer is clear and clean as water—
free from greenish sediment or disagreeable color.
It is safe to apply it by combing through the hair—no outside aid
or expert skill required. No one need know your secret.
The use of my restorer doesn't interfere with shamp-
ioning—there is nothing to wash off or rub off.

Something New

While the formula of my hair color restorer was per-
fected and proved long ago, my laboratories
have recently made another discovery. This consists of
a wonderful preparatory powder which puts your hair
in an ideal condition for restoration. This powder acts
as a preventative, and tonic, which greatly benefits
hair and scalp. It makes your hair soft, silky and
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NOSE ADJUSTER is made out of ORIGINALLY PATENTED NASAL SUPPORT, which is shaped to your nose
and self-adjusting; by wearing this support, your nose is given a permanent, self-adjusting support. No screws.
No metal parts. GENTLE, FIRM AND PERFEKTLY COMFORTABLE. Brought of imitation. Write today for FREE book; "Happy Days Ahead;" and order
blush to live in flush. Return bling to us and your nose adjuster can be sold for what it reacli n. !

SEND NO MONEY — The ANITA Company, Dept. 532, ANITA Bldg., Newark, N. J.


Sisters ofpauline employed at Snowdrift, were chided by their chief. Blackie serves his term, and seeing vengeance on the whole town, she is sent to prison. Surely it is no easy task to give the crook any color. Blackie uses the prison “water cure” punishment as her chief ingredient. Blackie9s term expires, and she is released.

Children of Dust—First National

A rare exposition of the summertime quarrel between a father and a son. Frank Borzage has kept away from plunging us into the aerial activities beyond a brief flash which plants the suspense when the orphans do not come back with the rest of the town contingent—that is he doesn’t come back until it is time to inject the happy surprise. Scenery of tending the shrine—of Pauline Garon drifting over the ivy keys of her grand piano whilst waiting for the boys to return furnishes samples of its naïve plot. It’s much too long.

Snowdrift—Fox

An uninspired tale of the frozen North fashioned around a girl reared as a half-breed, with her Snowdrift, and whose soft and tender appeal weakens the hand of a reckless alcoholism, given to gambling and running wild. Since the days of Anderson (Broncho Billy) this story has shown itself in monotonous regularity upon the silversheet. None of the incident is refreshing. It is entirely concerned with the hooch hound regaining his equilibrium and protecting little Snowdrift, charmingly attired in big, warm furs, from the advances of a bonny-tack proprietor who would make her his favorite dancing girl. A regular stock movie climax uthers in a fire which destroys the den in question. Charles joy is just that, and puts over some hoo-man stuff, but try as he might he cannot appear real. Dorothy Manners is the cute Snowdrift.

Mary of the Movies—Film Booking Offices

They’re cashing in already on Merton. They’re also cashing in on Hollywood, which once produced the background for a girl who would win undying fame and a snug fortune in the movies. The author has seen that ancient pattern of a girl who leaves the small town or farm to make good in the city—only he thrusts her into Piccadilly here. It is easy to introduce her to various screen celebrities. They are right there on tour, or for public relations purposes. It is just as easy to fashion a virtuous hero with whom she may fall in love. And, to continue, a masher is introduced for the villain.

Encouraged, she finds work as a waitress. Then, lo and behold, she is brought right upon the pedestal of fame thru her close resemblance to a star of the stage. Being ill, fair Mary doubles in brass. Of such stuff is this picture—stuff in magazine shape that would be read below stairs.

Penrod and Sam—First National

Here is as true a slice of Youth as has ever wound itself around a camera spool. Tarkington’s quaint study of childhood is brought forth and made easy—with all the spark and color and spirit of adventure which were written into the book. There are no false heroes—no attempt at painting Youth with a halo, but instead the director has remembered his own youth, besides paying attention to the fact that Tarkington is in a class by himself as a painter of the boy. We follow the exploits of Penrod, Sam, sister, the fat boy, who doesn’t get along well with the other boys, and older Schofields, with the deepest interest.

Pathos follows humor, and humor follows pathos. Witness the burial of the dog, then laugh over the Antics. Penrod’s sorrow and laugh when he is brought forth “on the carpet” to face his dad. There is that other delightful scene, showing sister’s beating a hasty retreat when father Schofield asks him the time. The incident may be sketchy, but there is a genuine ring about it. It is real life played with real feeling by Ben Alexander who is fast growing up. He is hardly recognizable as the little younger of Hearts of the West. Take the boys and girls to see this one—and be sure to go yourself.

A Man of Action—First National

A made-to-order story for Douglas MacLean which stretches the imagination but due to its rush of action is liable to please those who are not too exacting. It depicts the life of a Wild West hero which is chided by his girl into becoming “a man of action.” The mystery comedy—that’s what it is—places MacLean in conflict with an enterprising and entertaining a pretty scheme to steal his own diamonds. And the sparklers fly higher and higher as the “gang” arrives at hero’s home to lift them. The merriment keeps it moving.

The Man Next Door—Vitagraph

The oft-repeated formula of “bringing up father” is employed in this picture which presents a guileless boy moving East to give the daughter the necessary studies in culture and deportment. As you may guess is the father’s efforts to cope with the ways of society. And because he is independent and snubbed, the girl is forced to meet, clandestinely, the man next door. He, let it be said, is the son of the snobbish neighbor.

The director has given the westerners a Park Avenue home the interiors of which are as spacious as the Cavendish Station. A slight little story with but few occasional moments of brightness. At that it is the best children’s vehicle to come down the trail in a year, with the exception of “Masters of Men.” It gives Alice Calhoon an opportunity to appear as a girl, and Frank Sheridan and David Torrence an opportunity to put over some peculiarly western conversation such as “How’s the missus?”
A new discovery—entirely different from other methods. Klorane is a combination treatment—a powder that instantly dissolves and removes the external part of the hair—plus a lotion that goes below the surface and gradually devitalizes the hair glands (endoctrine glands) thus preventing new growth. It does this by stopping the secretions which supply nourishment to the hair—literally starves the hair root to death. Wherever this lotion is applied, no action on these glands brings about precisely the same condition (starvation of the root) that is the cause of so much baldness among men.

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Address

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Susie Takes a Chance
(Continued from page 34)

When she came to, she was lying on the grass with her head in some girl's lap. They were picking up the young man and carrying him away. "He isn't dead," Susie said. "No," the girl assured Susie. Phil came out of the crowd. "Are you all right?" he asked. "Yes," Susie said. Susie sat up. "Is there anything I can do?" she asked. "You stay up here a minute," Phil said. A girl gently drew Susie back, dropped Susie's head in her lap. "Better lie still a bit," she said.

Phil went in among the men together. As she listened, Susie understood that Phil was urging them to organize a hunt for the woman. She had shot her husband thru the shoulder. He would recover. But the only chance of keeping the story out of the newspapers was to find her before anybody else did.

Susie looked up at the friendly girl who held her head. "Who was she?" Susie asked. "Don't you know?" the girl asked incredulously. "No," Susie said. "His wife, of course." "Yes," Susie said. "I understand that. But who is he?"

"That's just a bit too thick," the girl said angrily. "You can't kid me—not that much."

Susie subsided. There was no use arguing the point. Evidently the young man was one of the acquaintances to Magda Basarov that had attracted the notice of other people besides his wife. In the bitterness of that moment Susie smiled at the irony of it all. She was glad to have the chance to laugh.

She hadn't the least notion who the young man was. She had never seen him before in her life. But no one would believe that she hadn't given rise to some cause for jealousy. Not even Phil. She had no way of convincing any one—unless she betrayed Magda Basarov's secret. And then she could not do—especially not now. The police would not believe her— if it came to the police. The newspapers would publish what she had made a habit of telling mountains of everything. She had ruined everything.

Two hot tears stole down Susie's cheeks. The girl in whose lap her head rested felt the tears. She stroked Susie's forehead and checked gently.

"There," she said. "It's just awful hard luck, any way you take it."

Susie frankly sobbed. Susie sobbed as if her heart was broken.

After half an hour Phil came back. "Well," he said, "we were too slow. She ran all the way to Roxton—a mile and a half—and gave herself up to the police. She doesn't know yet that Al isn't dead." "Al," Susie said to herself. "Al." But she could not remember that Magda had ever mentioned any Al.

"I'm going to take you home," Phil said, "before the police get here. You'll have to tell them the whole story tomorrow but there's no use in your doing it tonight."

Phil took her to his car and they drove off into the night. Susie shrank into her corner of the coupé. Now she remembered the sentence they had overheard in the bar, about a newspaper account of Val Collins. What must Phil think of her? And she could never explain. Never. She was innocent and she couldn't defend herself. The whole story was forever closed.

They rode in silence and at speed. Phil was pushing the car as hard as he dared. Susie could see the grim set of his face in the light of the dash lamp. What was he thinking?

He hadn't said a word, hadn't uttered a reproach. But she knew what he was thinking. He was thinking she was an impossible and disruptive woman. She probably would never see him again—unless at the police station. He believed she was the wife of the notorious Val Collins—whatever he was notorious for. He believed she had permitted Al's attentions—that Al's wife was justifiably jealous of her. Susie bit her lip till the physical pain came in her head.

The car drew up at Magda Basarov's house. Armistead was waiting in the doorway. In another moment Phil was helping her down.

"Keep a stiff upper lip," he said to Susie. Susie nodded. His tone was impersonally kind—the tone he would have used for anybody who had been knocked down in a street accident and whom he had picked up. Someone he didn't know. Someone he would never know. And yet—four hours earlier he had been in love with her. Two hours earlier he had saved her life by his quickness in knocking the pistol out of that woman's hand.

Phil's car swung away down the drive. Susie looked at Armistead's white face. Was he angry, too?

"You poor little kid?" Armistead said, and put his arm around her and helped her into the house.

His kind tone, his sympathy, his understanding of her predicament broke Susie down. She sobbed. Armistead put her in a long chair and waited. Susie got control of herself. Susie looked up at him, with her pain flickered a faint gleam of humor.

"W-well, Armistead," she said, "W-w-we've c-c-certainly spilled the beans now."

Armistead laughed. Susie burst into tears again. Armistead patted her head. "Never you mind. My dear, "you did the best you could. It's just luck—the roughest kind of luck."

"But you told me to tell you," Susie asked. "Al Beck," Armistead answered. "He's a young millionaire and he's been crazy about Magda ever since the night he met her. Supposed that she still loved him and a little and since then she's had to run away from him—he followed her here from the Coast."

Susie looked up at Armistead, stared into his eyes.

"Armistead," she said gravely, "who is Val Collins?"

Armistead flushed under her gaze. "I'm not supposed to tell you anything about that," he answered.

"But you will tell me, won't you?"

"I've got to know," Susie said. "If you won't tell me—somebody else will.

"Nobody else knows," said Armistead quickly. "At least hardly anybody else."

"Yes," Susie said. "Other people do know. Tonight—Phil Dartner and I both overheard a man say that Magda Basarov was Val Collins' wife and that her con-
tract with Quadrangle Films provided that if the fact ever became public the contract was null.”

Armistead stopped short and looked at Susie, his hands clasped behind his back. “Well?” she asked.

“It’s quite true.”


“He’s a confidence man—rather a famous one—police of three continents looking for him—all that sort of thing.”

“But why doesn’t she divorce him?” Susie protested. “Why does she let a man like that ruin her life?”

The corners of Armistead’s mouth twitched as if he were about to smile. But he thought better of it. “Magda loves him,” he said gravely. “A common criminal!” Susie cried.


“But I don’t understand,” Susie said. “She seemed so thrul—nice—”

“She is,” Armistead said.

“But—”

“I don’t know that I understand it any better than you do,” Armistead admitted. “But it is the fact. And so I’ve decided to accept it as a fact.”

Something in his voice or the manner made Susie wonder if Armistead was in love with Magda Basarov. That would explain the quality of his loyalty to her, and his interest in protecting her and in carrying out her wishes.

“You see,” Armistead continued, “I’m not sure it isn’t just because he’s a bad one that she can’t give him up. She thinks she’s going to save him. It’s as if he were her child.” He smiled bitterly. “She expects her love to reform him.”

“And you don’t,” Susie said quickly.

“No,” Armistead admitted, “I don’t.”

“You don’t believe love can reform a man, do you?”

“Of course I believe it can—and I just noticed that mostly it doesn’t.”

He laughed at his own joke.

“I was prejudiced in this case,” he continued. “I’m very fond of Magda and I have no use for Val Collins—no use whatever. I think Magda is throwing herself away. Only—she’s a bad one. My business is to protect her as best I can.”

He looked searchingly at Susie. “And that’s your business, too.”

“I know,” Susie said.

“What are you going to tell the police tomorrow?”

“I promised I’d bring you over to the station tomorrow morning. If I hadn’t, they’d have been here tonight.”

“But what can I tell them?” Susie cried.

“You can tell them just what happened. You might tell me the story right now.”

“Susie told him briefly of the shooting—how the young man she had never seen before had come running up and asked to speak to her alone; how Phil had gone on a few pages; of the woman’s scream; of the shot.

Armistead paced back and forth with knotted brows. He was one of those men who think better when they are on their feet.

“I’d tell the captain the story exactly as you’ve told it to me, I said. He was in a hurry not to waste any time. But of course you can’t say you never saw the man before—even if it happens to be the truth. They want you believe. And there are too many people who know that he pursued Magda in Hollywood.”

Armistead paced back and forth at a faster gait.

“Better tell it straight,” he said suddenly. “What happened was that Magda met this man Beck at a costume ball. He was amusing and Magda was bored. She

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flirted with him and he took it seriously. He made a nuisance of himself and his wife sent Magda threatening letters. It's the kind of thing that happens to a popular actress."

He stopped short and looked at Susie.

"Always has happened," he said. Susie smiled to herself. It was an excellent story. It was probably true. But she saw that it annoyed Armistead. Perhaps Magda had flirted a little more than he cared to admit—or to remember.

"But I'm forgetting," Armistead continued. "You're all in. And you'll have a hard day tomorrow. You'd better get to sleep."

Susie shook her head wearily. "I can't sleep," she said. "I'll try," Armistead said quickly. "After all—you don't get shot. And nobody can possibly accuse you of being responsible for anything. Whatever happens, you're all right."

"But I can't explain!" Susie cried. "Can't explain what?"

"I can't explain that I'm not Magda Basarow."

Armistead looked at her with a face in which astonishment struggled with bewilderment.

"Why on earth should you?"

"Mr. Garner thinks I'm Val Collins' wife," Susie said. "He thinks—"

"What possible difference does it make what he thinks?"

Susie felt the tears coming. "It makes a great deal of difference to me," she wailed.

"What?" Armistead cried. Susie burst into tears. She couldn't help it. She had held the tears back too long.

"Good lord," said Armistead, "are you in love, too?"

"N-n-no," Susie sobbed. "B-b-but I I-I like him."

Armistead rang for Susie's maid. "I'll be all r-r-right in a m-m-minute," Susie insisted.

"I know," Armistead said soothingly. "But you've had a rotten bad shock. I'm going to send you up to bed."

(To be continued next month)
Six Days
(Continued from page 66)
Dion had been in the war, and, wonderful, he had been Laline's brother's buddy. Laline's brother had died, smiling, Dion told her, and Dion himself had been badly wounded. "It seemed to me so hard to have to tell Laline, "because I had never known you."

They had that fashion of talking, the one to the other. As tho they had been awaiting each other, all other lives, and had known it. When their eyes met, they clung and could not separate. When their hands touched, it was as tho they would never have been parted in the sense of uttermost diffusion, the one into the other. Dion called her separate, lovely words, that meant whole volumes of understanding. Their part was covered over with a fine white veil of blurring unbelief.

Their last day together they were to go to Laline's brother's grave. There, by her brother and his buddy, they would say their corporal farewell.

"It vont matter so much," Laline said, dreamily.

"Not so much, my Sweet," Dion said.

In that, they did not differ, that is what it would happen. That it could happen. Some beneficent thing would descend upon them to save them from the obliteration of this living death. As though they were, they could not face extinction of their love-life and believe in it. They were too young.

It happened just as they were about to say good-bye. They had wept together over Teddy's grave, the grave of old Père Jérôme, who sometimes accompanied visions to the knowers that they could never part, and had answered them. Some beneficent thing would descend upon them to save them from the obliteration of this living death. As though they were, they could not face extinction of their love-life and believe in it. They were too young.

When they left Ted's grave they wandered about, exploring the battlefields, Dion pointing out where he, whose hand lay in his, curled tight and firm. And then it happened... Laline learned to respect an abandoned German helmet. She raised it, and there was a sudden, thunderous reverberation, tons of earth and rock and air seemed to whirl about them... and they were imprisoned in the dug-out upon whose threshold they stood. They were separated, three rooms of a dug-out, shut away completely from light and air.

Within the hour, of baffled exploration and effort, Père Jérôme, Dion and Laline knew that they were to die. No one had seen them come to the place, no one would think to seek them under the earth, no one could reach them in time... even if they did start at once.

"In time," Laline said. She moistened her lips. Did she shrink, she was on her face. She could feel them kissing her own eyes in the darkness.

"Six days," said Père Jérôme, as tho he were repeating the benediction for the dead. "Six days," he thought. "Six days."

"You mean..."

Dion was kneeling by his, his head against her breast, seeking and giving comfort in this: that sudden and entire...
expulsion from the world of light and life.

"We have six days to live, beloved," he said, then fell to his knees. Laline shuddered and Dion drew her closer. "It won't be so terrible as you think, dear Love," he said, "for we will die... through to mouth... hushing pain with passion... losing life with love... you will see... you will see..."

That night Père Jérôme married them, by the guttering candlelight they had found in the dug-out. And they drank so vanityingly of the flask of wine Laline had put away for their picnic lunchhook and ate a little biscuit and then Père Jérôme shuffled off into the tiniest room of the dug-out muttering that the ways of God are strange and inexplicable, but the victory not the grave's.

With Death as their attendant Laline and Dion spent the first night of their marriage. But so complete was their love that Life and Death at last came there alone, nothing, until behold, there was only Love. A world recreated where life and death were not...

Two days.

Three days.

Four days. On the fourth day Père Jérôme died. He thought he had found a crevice of the frost, but in exploring was struck by a falling rock and killed. With their own hands Laline and Dion dug his grave and buried him. And then, while Dion sought to prove whether or no the old priest had seen anything, Laline sat by the newly made grave, while all about her the air pressed closer and hotter and more lifeless. Soon... soon. Soon all the glory that had been Dion and Laline, all the ecstasy they had snatched triumphantly from the very teeth of death, soon she and Dion would be nothing but the dust to which they consigned the good Père Jérôme. Ah, but what of it? Is but of it? Deep at the forever imperishable spot of her being Laline knew the glory that never dies. They had captured eternity in a dug-out; it would not end with the grave...

If she could only go first... but that would be hard on Dion... but oh, to see those beloved eyes, eyes that had never faltered thru these dark hours, close and see her no light and to raise that dear, lean hand and feel it fall away from her soft mouth! Dion... Dion... And then, actually, "Dion! Dion! She had to hear him answer, "Yes, my Love!" for the fear that was upon her that soon he would not answer her again. Dion, stilled and impervious to her. Dion, no longer thrilling to her touch there alone, was the victory of death, that his dear body should be separate from hers.

But Dion did not answer. Laline rose and called him, a most a veritable pin of light, the one that had shared Père Jérôme to his death, directed her to the way Dion had gone. Far ahead of her she could hear a faint voice crying... crying... Laline stumbled over to the point of light... she began to sink down... down... then to stumble forward... on and on... in the darkness she could hear Dion laughing... laughing... But Dion would never be laughing like that, stridently, senselessly. Did he indeed weep on... on and... and ah, God, out!

Then she didn't know any more. She didn't know anything more for a very long while. Not, really, until she awoke and found herself in her old room at Chetwlyn.
Manor, with her mother and Sir Charles bending over her.

"Where is Dion?" were her first words, then, more piteously, "Oh, where is Dion?"

They told her, then. He had never come out of the living tomb. They had never been able to find him. His mother had done everything in the way of organized search, hoping now, only for the body, but no trace had been found... it was all very sad. They just came off going with young men on dangerous expeditions... Sir Charles was being very kind... and Laline must now be a good little girl and sleep and eat and rest so that she would look bright and beautiful on her wedding day.

Her wedding day! Laline turned her face to the wall and let the scorching tears drop over her exhausted face. Her wedding day had taken final and consummating place under the roofs of the earth, down at the root of things... what did they mean? Couldn't they see her inseparability from Dion on her face? Didn't they know? It seemed to Laline as if they must feel her mystic union with Dion. But they didn't. They didn't. Ah, spiritual blindness of human beings! Charles was a little. He was tender. He was considerate and kind. He seemed to be willing to await Laline's own time. It was almost as though, somehow, he understood. Only of course he couldn't.

In an apathy, Laline permitted her mother and Sir Charles to arrange for the wedding. Dion was dead. It was over, that part of it. She had always thought she might retreat, as a nun into a cloister, into the walls... so she would... But the day of their marriage Laline awoke. She had married Sir Charles Chetwyn. She had been kist and congratulated by her mother and the few close friends of the family. Sir Charles had kissed her. And then she knew that it was impossible.

In his room she sought Sir Charles and told him. She told him everything. She made him see. She made him see because, with her hand on his old wound, she was able to reawaken it, and he saw that death awaiting spot and the transfiguration of love. He had known it once and life had come between them. Laline had known it and death had come between them. "Let me help you," he said to her softly, "Child, I do understand.

And into this scene came Dion. Dion, white and shadowy, stood there by his mother. Dion, who had crawled out of the dug-out shortly after Laline, and had been discovered by an old peasant woman. She had taken him to her hut and nursed him until, with returning strength, his memory had also returned. His memory which was Laline.

And there, in Sir Charles' room, with Clara Leslie and her son, Laline and Sir Charles, wounds were healed and confessions made and love restored. An old wound throbbed no longer when Charles, suddenly his age, suddenly pitifully held out his arms to Clara Leslie and over her folded head told Dion and Leslie a story that made even their own seem less to them because it was so new. Twilight fell on them and Dion drew Laline to him with a little chanting invoked no tears from us, Beloved," he said, "why, now, should life?"

In her suite, Mrs. Kingston was packing for his departure. The astounding news had been brought to her. Sir Charles was about to wed Clara Leslie, the mother of the son Laline had won the son. The four were well content... ah, well, no doubt they would send her remittances from time to time...
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PLAY PIANO BY EAR

Ronald G. Wright, Director, Niagara School of Music, Dept. 571, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Greenroom Jottings

(Continued from page 82)

Byron Morgan, calls for the hero—played by Charles Jones—to cross a burning trestle bridge in an attempt to win the cup given to the winner of the Transcontinental Auto Race. Competitors were stationed around the bridge, oil was poured and the action started, but in the first two attempts the flames got beyond control, obscured the action, and ruined the film. The third time was successful so far as the picture was concerned but the persistent star had accumulated so many burns that he was forced to go to hospital to have them dressed. A few days later when he was able to resume work, he was shown the episodes on the screen and he enthusiastically declared it was well worth the "pains" involved in making it.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is wasting no time in becoming a full-fledged movie star. No longer is the star is soon to be seen in a picture in which he is featured, than he is called upon to make a speech in a Chicago motion-picture theater. He slipped in between the scenes and made his first little talk. He was so delighted with the experience that he remained several days, appearing four times a day. Doubtless the ovation he received had much to do with making the ordeal of speaking seem pleasant.

While Gustav Seyffertitz was being fagged for an important exterior scene in "Under the Red Robe," at Stamford, Connecticut, a passing motorist saw the scene, stopped the car and pushed his way thru the crowd to where Seyffertitz hung helplessly, large lamp warts showing on his body. It took some time for the director, Allen Crosland, Alma Rubens and Seyffertitz to impress upon the would-be Samaritan that this was all for the movies.

George Hackathorne is at present on location in the vicinity of Phoenix, Arizona, shooting exteriors scenes in the screen adaptation of Harold Bell Wright's famous novel, "When a Man's a Man." Mr. Hackathorne portrays the character of Yapapai Joe. Since going on location, Mr. Hackathorne has made a number of trips to Tucson, Arizona, where he used the archives of the library of Arizona to look up data for future characterization. Hackathorne is regarded as one of the most versatile of the younger screen actors. He was recently remembered for his portrayal of the Little Minister in the Famous Players adaptation of the Barrre play.

"Rougled Lips," Rita Weiman's story, is being put on the screen with Viola Dana as the leading lady. It is the story of the stage and screen people and said to be one of the best comedies ever written about that phase of life. The Metro studio in Hollywood have built a complete replica of the interior of a theater in order to have the proper background. There are any number of surprises in the way of lighting effects and costumes that give a novel note to the picture.

Jack Pickford is now preparing to launch a new screen feature, work on which will take up most of the summer. No title has been selected for the new story but it is understood that it will be a Kentucky mountain picture of the type in which he has won great popularity. His wife, Marilyn Miller, had intended to co-star with Jack but the terms of her new Ziegfeld contract prohibit her appearing on the screen.

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113 PAGE
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Advocate of Self-Expression
What Čižek, famous painter and revolutionary pedagogue, is doing in his school is told by Dorothy Donnell Calhoun.

When Harris Met Gorky
An account by Herman George Scheffauer of the time when Frank Harris attempted to interview the great Maxim Gorky.

Play-Going Pests in Paris
George Middleton writes humorously of the difficulties encountered by Americans in Paris on their first trip to the theater.

Why Do We Misbehave?
Is there more lawlessness than there used to be because there are more laws and easier ways to break them? John H. Anderson discusses this.

These, Too, Will Delight You
A reproduction in full color of a painting by Leon Gaspard and a discussion of his work by Edgar Cahill; two pages of humorous sketches by August Henkel; paragraphs gleaned from the writings of the French columnist, Sebastien Dudon; extracts from "The Diary of a Small Boy," by Lydia Steptoe; a one-act play, "Red Hair," by Helen Woljeska.

SHADOWLAND
For September
On the Camera Coast
(Continued from page 70)
Mary as doing anything that crushes. She is a tiny, sad-eyed, scared little girl who came here from Chicago and happened to get her beauty discovered by von Stroheim. She says that Lillian Gish has been the passion of her life and that her room was always filled with all the Gish pictures she could lay hold of. And it happens that she is very like Lillian both in appearance and technique.

Donald Crisp has returned to Hollywood for the first time since he acted the part of the brutal father in "Broken Blossoms." In which connection a story with a moral: Mr. Crisp had just been married when he was acting in the Griffith classic. I remember that one of his friends warned him never to let his young wife see him in that terrible make-up. "She will surely think of you as she saw you in that brutal part and trouble will follow." Trouble did: also a divorce. Moral: leave your make-up at the studio. Crisp is to direct "Ponjola."

The New York producers who offered Ruth Roland a stage in New York didn't know much about the other side of Ruth Roland. Film acting is just a little side issue with her. She is a very rich woman who has a large real-estate operations and is regarded as one of the shrewdest and keenest business women in those parts. She didn't try Ruth out of Hollywood if you gave her a New York theater.

Another woman is going rapidly to the front of the movie world. This is Jane Muriel who wrote several Broadway successes with Jane Cowl. She made a fortune out of three or four dog pictures. When it became known she was making a picture in which a dog was to be the hero with a love affair of his own, Hollywood, home of the wise guys, almost exploded with laughter. When they saw her picture, they all rushed out and bought dogs. Now, having finished the canine phase of her career, she is filming some of her stage successes down at the Ince studio. She is regarded as one of the finest directors to come into pictures for many a year. From Broadway reading is May Allison who has come back to the screen recently after a long retirement.

Another woman who has come back after disappearance of many, many years is Clara Bow. I saw her in a new James Oliver Curwood Canadian picture the other day with Guy Bates Post; and she was really wonderful. She was the reigning favorite way back in 1912.

Life is certainly not monotonous up in Guadaloupe where Cecil De Mille is filming "The Ten Commandments." About every other day the newspapers carry accounts of some wild accidents that happen. It's a mild day when a bunch of chariots don't go over a cliff or something. The Eleventh Cavalry has come down from the North to help with the horsemanship and even some of the soldiers have been put out of business. From all accounts it will be one of the greatest pictures ever made and by far the biggest thing Mr. De Mille ever attempted.

In which connection, just before they started for the location, Theodore Roberts, who takes the part of Moses and James Neil, who plays Aaron, were waiting to see Mr. De Mille to have their make-ups looked over—a ceremony that De Mille always insists upon. But De Mille was very busy and they waited and waited. At last Mr. Roberts waylaid the secretary and said with some tartness, "Young woman will you please inform..."
God that Moses and Aaron are waiting.”

Evelyn Brent, the English girl who quit the Douglas Fairbanks because Doug didn't make pictures enough to suit her, is to play the leading role, "Harbor Bay," of which Monte Blue is to be the leading man.

Mary and Douglas, between pictures, recently took a 10-day camping tour. It was supposed to be a deadly secret; but their camping place was on a lonely beach near San Juan Capistrano.

Leslie Ulric has arrived to play "Tiger Rose" for the Warner Brothers. She said the biggest thrill she got on the trip across was feeding all the stray dogs at the stations. Hope Hampton also has arrived and she serves the place. She took a house in Hollywood and moved out because she didn't like one of the rag rugs. Now she has taken another bungalow. She has a little grey touring car and races all over Southern California. I saw her the other day at a road-side barbecue stand eating pork sandwiches with her manager.

King Vidor has departed with a company of Ensenada and the Mexican coast to film Hergesheimer's "Wild Oranges."

Charles Ray is building a new $3,000,000 studio in the heart of Hollywood. Some kind of a row has resulted in his parting company with the United Artists and another organization will release his "Courtship of Miles Standish."

The lovely Marilyn Miller Pickford is in California spending a honeymoon with her husband Jack Pickford. They have a little Spanish bungalow in Hollywood. She will not try films again.

A brother of Ramon Navarro, whose real name is Santamaria, has come from Mexico and will appear in Constance Talmadge's next picture. He is said to be quite a good looking-as the first of the crop, all is very charming and well-educated boy.

Lunching With The Stars

(Continued from page 77)

is playing opposite him, comes in here every day. She'll eat crackers and milk or just take a glass of milk. Yet she just babbles over with life.

The instantaneous Norma is another one for eating crackers and milk. Connie never eats meat, but now and then she'll vary her luncheon to a vegetable dish.

"Now the great American sport, gum merchants, are the stars. The studio, Norma enjoys concocting dishes, and her favorite "indoor sport" at that time was making Irish stew. But with Hollywood came the special chef, so the good old days are gone—at least temporarily—on the wings of science.

"Norma," Sally continued, all unaware of our "stew reminiscent," "sometimes has roasts, or broiled steak with a salad of sorts. I have known her to munch only crackers and milk, too."

A Gibson Girl, like Charlie Chaplin, is an adventurous eater. He thinks nothing of ordering two or three entrees at one time. Then he'll taste each and finally eat one that he likes best, leaving the others untouched."

"Did you ever wait on Will Rogers?" suddenly recalling that that champion exponent of the great American sport, gum

(Continued on page 118)
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Lunching With the Stars
(Continued from page 116)

chewing, is expected in Hollywood soon to resume his picture activities.

Sally fairly shouted, "I should say so! He's about the most popular man in a
studio restaurant. He comes slouching in and always removes his coat before he
eats—an old habit, he says. That's the signal for a grand commotion. Every-
body makes a dash to sit at his table. If I could only remember all the funny things
Mr. Rogers says to me when he orders lunch," she moaned helplessly. "He usu-
ally asks about every dish on the menu and then winds up with:

"Sally, did you eat for lunch?"

"Then I tell him.

"And he says: 'Well, gimmie the same. If you can.'

We joined in her laugh, then: "How about some of these pretty leads?"

"Wanda Haviley likes salads. Fritz Brum SAY," she said rather great by
now), "always has soup and coffee. Kathlene Clifford loves macaroni, and
Patsy Ruth Miller invariably orders hot tamale. John Cowles has been
reared near the Great Lakes, for she always orders fish. Eva Novak and her sister,
Jane, are hearty eaters and whether break-
dfast, lunch or dinner order very heavy
meals. Eva is easily satisfied, but Jane is
more particular.

"How about Mary and Doug," we shot
in a word edgewise as Sally of necessity
paused to enjoy the novelty of a good
bread.

"They don't eat anything," she shook her
head, "Not a thing. They have a chef and
a good restaurant where the other
players can order anything they want, but
they usually go to their dressing-room
dungeon and finish up some work or other
while eating crackers and milk or
just tea or coffee. When they go on
location, they take their portable kitchen
along with the chef who, cooks for
the other players but not for Mary or Doug.
I don't see how much of the stars get along
on what they eat," Sally deplored.

Here we pause. Here we request you
to travel back to the hark ye, and hark ye
well the line that we emphasized at the
beginning of this narrative. Motion-pics-
ture stars are "food shy" at noon time.
They are "food shy" from necessity. For
luck you, are a good sized meal, so much blood has to be enlisted for
digestive purposes that to meet this sud-
den demand considerable blood is drained
from the central core—orthobrachial—and
the natural result is drowsiness. Auto-
matically, a star loses a great deal of
mental driving force, of spontaneity, of
interest in his work.

One hundred per cent. is required of a
star in emoting before the camera. If
he can't go along with one of the other
of these requirements is missing due to
the consumption of a large luncheon, the
picture is not up to par and everybody—from
the director, to the producer, to the movie
fan—indulges in a spell of irritation.

Which is why the stars, while they may
not be conforming to a diet, conform to
the unwritten law of the studio—"easy
on the noon day meal."

Cunning

"How do you manage to pack your
house at a time performance? I asked the
friend of the Los Angeles motion picture
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Madge Bellamy Trudy Shattuck Harrison Ford
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In developing its program for the coming year, Preferred Pictures has searched literature, the stage and all other sources available to maintain its high standards and to present photoplays of unquestioned merit.

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Here they are Sir! the world’s most distinguished cigarettes — in a special new size — 20 for 30¢

For the connoisseur’s taste — and the thrifty man’s purse — here’s the best cigarette news in many a day.

Famous Pall Mall — the most distinguished of all cigarettes — is now available in a special new size — 20 for 30c.

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20 for 30¢

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Regular Size, 12 for 65c
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(Additional thickness)
Kotex cabinets are now being distributed in women's rest rooms everywhere—hotels, office buildings, restaurants, theatres, and other places—from which may be obtained one Kotex with two safety pins, in plain wrapper, for 10 cents.
Those dainty underthings you prize

Launder them the safe way—that makes them last

You choose them with such delight in their soft, lovely texture and color! The costume slip for your favorite dinner gown—those ravishing peach knickers that fit so perfectly—the gossamer-thin beige stockings.

Once it might have seemed extravagant to buy them but now you know that even your frailest nightgown or step-in will give good service if you launder it with Lux. Follow the simple directions on this page.

Silk or fine batiste—just like new

Lux keeps the texture of all your underthings soft and lustrous as the day you took them from their box.

There is no harmful ingredient in it to coarsen and stiffen silk, to fuzz up cottons and linens. Nothing to take the color out of delicately hued garments.

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How to wash them

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a washbowl of very hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Dip the garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—do not wring. Roll in a towel; when dry press with a warm iron—never a hot one.

Silk stockings, brassieres and other small silk things which are washed after almost every wearing require only a light suds. One or two teaspoonfuls of Lux to a washbowl of water should be enough.

Makers of fine fabrics say “Wash them in Lux”

McCallum Hosiery
“Onyx” Hosiery
Vanity Fair Silk Underwear
Dove Undergarments
Modell Brassieres
Belding Bros. & Co., Silks
Mallinson Silks
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Skinner Satins
Porsythe Blouses
McCutchion’s Linens
D. & J. Anderson Gingham
Betty Wales Dresses
Mildred Louise Dresses
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Peck & Peck, Sweaters

North Star Blankets
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Carter’s Knit Underwear
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The new way to wash dishes

Won’t roughen hands

Lux for washing dishes! At last you can wash them without coarsening and reddening your hands. Even though your hands are in the dishpan an hour and a half every day, Lux won’t make them rough and scratchy. These pure, gentle flakes are as easy on your hands as fine toilet soap.

Just one teaspoonful to a pan is all you need! A single package does at least 54 dishwashings. Try it!
Why Elinor Glyn wrote Three Weeks
A definition

"CELLUCOTTON—a very soft absorbent made of Cellulose fibre; similar to ordinary cotton in its whiteness, but absorbs much more rapidly and holds sixteen times its weight, in moisture."

The Cellucotton pad in Kotex is nine inches long and the fine gauze which enfolds it has generous tabs for turning over and pinning. Cellucotton is soft, light, cool. It is not cotton, although it combines the qualities of cotton with exclusive virtues of its own. For example, Kotex (the only sanitary pads made of Cellucotton), are easy to dispose of and cheap enough to throw away.

Sold in good stores everywhere that serve women.

Ask for them by name

Copyright 1923, Cellucotton Products Company, 166 W. Jackson Boulevard, Chicago; 51 Chambers Street, New York; Factories, Neenah, Wis. Canadian office, No. 45 St. Alexandre Street, Montreal

Inexpensive, Comfortable, Hygienic and Safe — Kotex
Protect Yourself Against These Sudden Embarrassments!

A chance meeting on the street, an unexpected invitation, a cup of coffee suddenly overturned, an introduction to some person of note—these are the occasions that demand complete self-possession, that demand calmness and ease. Those who become flustered and embarrassed under circumstances like these, instantly betray the fact that they are not accustomed to good society. But those who retain a calm dignity, who know exactly what to do and say, impress others with their fine breeding—and protect themselves from humiliation.

Do you know the comfort of being always at ease—of being always sure of yourself, calm, dignified, self-possessed?

It is the most wonderful feeling in the world. You don’t have to worry about making blunders. You don’t have to wonder what people are thinking of you. You don’t have to wish that you hadn’t done a certain thing, or said a certain thing.

The next time you are at a dinner or a party, notice the people around you. See if you can pick out at once the people who are well-bred, who are confident of themselves, who do and say the right thing and know it. You will always find that these people are the best “mixers,” that people like to be with them, that they are popular, well-liked.

And then notice the people who are not sure of themselves. Notice that they stammer and hesitate when strangers speak to them; that they are hesitant and uncomfortable at the table, that they seem embarrassed and ill at ease. These people actually make you feel ill at ease. They are never popular; they always seem to be out of place; they rarely have a good time.

Some of the Blunders People Make

At a certain theatre, recently, I made myself conspicuous, through a blunder that could easily have been avoided. I entered a lower box with two women—probably his mother and sister. Without thinking, he seated himself on the chair that one of the women should have occupied.

The whole secret of being always at ease is to be able to do and say what is absolutely correct without stopping to think about it. One should be able to do the right thing as easily as one says “good morning.”

Would you have known what seat to take in the box? Do you know who precedes when entering a theatre—the man or the woman? Do you know when leaving the theatre, when entering and leaving a street car, an automobile?

People are often confronted by sudden embarrassments at the dinner table. Often corn on the cob is refused because one does not know how to serve it; and if served, it is not eaten. Some people do not know that bread must under no circumstances be bitten into. Others make the mistake of taking asparagus up in their fingers. Still others use the finger-bowl incorrectly. How would you eat corn on the cob in public? Would you dip both hands into the finger-bowl at once, or just one at a time? Would you say to your hostess when leaving? What would you say to the young man, or woman, you had met for the first time?

A New Knowledge That Will Give You Life-Long Satisfaction

What many people consider a “talent” for doing and saying what is correct, is really a very important social knowledge that you can acquire easily. Would you like to know how to create conversation, how to overcome self-consciousness and timidity, how to make introductions that result in friendships, how to be an ideal host or hostess, an ideal guest?

Would you like to know all the customs of weddings, of funerals, of social calls, of dinners, of dances?

The famous Book of Etiquette will give you a new knowledge that you will find extremely useful. It will tell you everything you want to know. It will dispel all doubts, banish all uncertainty. It will give you ease, poise, confidence. It will make you a better “mixer,” a more pleasing conversationalist. It will protect you from all the little sudden embarrassments that confront the person who does not know, who is not sure.

Free Examination Offer

Have you ever wondered why rice is thrown after the bride, why a teacup is given to the engaged girl, why black is the color of mourning?

Have you ever wondered what to serve at a tea, how to give it “shower,” how to decorate the home for a wedding, a party?

Perhaps there is some particular problem that is puzzling you. Perhaps there are several. If so, why not let us send you the two volumes of the Book of Etiquette today—without any cost or trouble? When they arrive, pay the postman only $1.98 instead of the regular price of $3.50. Read them and let them serve your little personal problems. Study them carefully for 10 days and then if you do not find that they are a splendid investment, return them and we will refund your money.

But act NOW if you want to take advantage of this special limited bargain offer. For the regular price of the Book of Etiquette is $3.50 and we cannot maintain a reduction like this for anything but a limited period. So clip and mail the bargain coupon today, and the original, authentic, complete Book of Etiquette will be sent to you by express mail.


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For a short time only we are making this amazing offer to send you the complete, authentic, original BOOK OF ETIQUETTE at almost half the usual publisher’s price!

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THE WORLD OVER

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You who travel all over the United States have seen for yourselves that Paramount is always mysteriously there ahead of you!

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They know that Paramount's fame is blazoned through every continent. It is no surprise to them to see the familiar trademark on theatres in London, Paris, Algiers, Japan, or Australia.

In some far eastern communities the name Paramount (perhaps the only English term they know), is a magic word because it means to them just what it means to you— "to-night's the night for a great show!"

Paramount Pictures
If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!
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Bill Hart Takes Up the Trail Again . . .

A new and interesting story with Bill Hart which is to be illustrated with new and exclusive photographs. Helen Carlisle tells of Bill Hart as she saw him in his California home . . . sad over many things but with courage born of the faith his friends have given him in his hour of trouble and need . . .

* * *

Is a Star Good for Only Three Years?

John Robertson, the noted motion-picture director, declares that this is the life the average movie star should enjoy. His reasons for this statement will interest every member of the vast motion-picture audiences.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schenck

. . . are interesting people. You have heard much about her as Norma Talmadge, but to know her as the wife of her producer and one of the wealthiest men in the entire industry is another matter.

There are extraordinarily beautiful photographs, too, in this number and a variety of human interest stories, interviews and articles which make the pages rich indeed.

The November
Motion Picture Magazine

On the news-stands
October First
Can Married Life Be Made a Perpetual Honeymoon?

Should the blushing bride and the tender bridegroom expect their married life to be a perpetual honeymoon? Can these more or less indifferent husbands and disillusioned wives bring back those happy days of perfect understanding, of mutual give and take? Or, if they are so indifferent that they don't care to bring them back, isn't there a perpetual honeymoon for them somewhere?

YES, there is a way—a certain, positive way—that will enable you, husbands and wives, to have again the thrills of courtship—to do away with hurtful misunderstandings—and even destroy forever that soul-grinding wrecker of happy married life—INDIFFERENCE! There is a way to make the one you have the one you want—or the one you want yours!

No longer will there be any excuse for the bride who plunges into marriage with pitiful understanding—and even herself! No longer need happy brides become disillusioned wives!

You can't afford to take chances with your happiness. You women who now enjoy the complete affection of your husbands, keep it! Don't share it with any other woman! But you must share it unless you know how to hold it. If you don't fully understand the Philosophy of Love, your chances of happiness are mighty slim.

How many wives know how to keep aflame the love of their husbands? Why does a husband take his wife for granted? Have you become indifferent to your husband? If so, what is likely to happen? Are you disgusted with men? Should you accept the attentions of other men? Should children keep a woman married? Should you divorce your husband and try again, or should you make the best of it? Is a married woman entitled to "thrills"?

We do see many grow increasingly indifferent as their wives grow untold by what to please them? Can husbands be made always attentive and considerate? Can a dead love be revived? What is the danger year of married life? Why do the marriage relations often degenerate from a pleasure to a duty? Must all men be either "dubs or dumb"? Must a woman always consider her husband first? Do you want your husband to serve you from a sense of duty or because he wants to? Do you know what things most irritate and disgust a man? What things you may do to increase immensely your own charm and desirability in a man's eye? Can you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? When does a woman become "cheap" or "common"? Why will many men do almost anything to win a woman's regard, then when they have it, do little or nothing to retain it? Isn't there some way a wife may always be desirable to her husband?

If you have solved all the many problems of both the married and the single relation, you are one in ten thousand! But if you are in doubt—if you want to know why marriage is such a failure and how it brings husbands and wives to unhappiness, get quickly "The Philosophy of Love!"

What is it? A book! Yes, a book, but not a story or a novel. It is a heart-to-heart, confidential talk on those problems and complications of sex, love, and marriage, about which all of us are so pitifully ignorant and concerning which we should be so well informed. There is only one person qualified to write such a book—Elinor Glyn, author of "Three Weeks," and internationally acknowledged as the one woman who knows more about love than any living individual.

In "The Philosophy of Love," Elinor Glyn places a magnifying glass unflinchingly on the most intimate relations of married life. No detail, no matter how delicate or avoided by others, is spared by her. She has determined to get at the very root of the marriage relation. The men are not spared. Nor are the women. This book will be a bombshell to millions—a book it will raise up a hubbub of violent discussion. Certain "holier than thou" criticisms may deify such an attempt to rule love and not be ruled by it.

Perhaps you may think Elinor Glyn goes beyond the bounds of propriety in exposing various evils and in pointing out swift, sure remedies for them. She is daring, most assuredly. But a book of this type, to be of great value, must not mince words.
"I Can Teach You to Dance Like This"

Sergei Marinoff

"And you can study under my personal direction right in your own home."

FREE

Dancing Costume, Phonograph Records, Complete Studio Outfit

A dainty costume designed so as to permit free use of the limbs, ballet slippers, everything you need to help you with your lessons comes FREE with the course. Simple charts and beautiful photographs illustrate every lesson, while phonograph records and simply worded text reach the essential points of technique. You can learn to dance, as you have always longed to dance, and your lessons will be pleasant and easy.

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The natural beauty of the body is developed, an exquisite grace and flexibility cultivated by correct training in classic dancing. For better health—for greater beauty—for poise—for suppleness—dance! Dancing is the pleasantest form of exercise. As a means of developing grace in children, dancing is unsurpassed. And with my method, mother and daughter can grow graceful together.

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Please send me FREE portfolio of art plates and full information about your home study course in Classic Dancing. I understand that this is absolutely FREE.

Name
Address
Age

[Photograph by Lewis Smith, Chicago]
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Thousands of mothers have found that the Mellin’s Food Method of Milk Modification satisfactorily solved their infant feeding problems. Give your baby the good health that is obtained from the proper use of Mellin’s Food and milk.

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An Answer To Anonymous Letters

It is agreed that the writing of anonymous letters is sometimes a symptom of insanity. However, it is not nearly so definite a symptom of an unbalanced mind as the heeding of such letters would be. For, when all is said and done, it is a person standing behind his words which gives them import and weight.

We regret being forced to turn over this page to a protest of this nature but it is our only medium of answering the intermittent destructive and anonymous letters which come in the mail-bags. Reading them would be sheer folly, for some fragment of their maniacal atmosphere might remain in the unconscious mind and bear evil fruit. Therefore, every anonymous letter which comes to the Motion Picture Magazine is relegated to the waste-paper basket, unread.

Other letters, which we receive in large quantities, are welcome. They are read carefully and considered well, however radical or critical they may be. Letters from readers are a bright spot in every editor's work. But for anonymous letters we have no time and we hope for the day when our waste-paper basket will be free of them.
Is your skin oily—your nose shiny?

You can overcome this condition by the right treatment

A certain invisible amount of oil in your skin is necessary to keep it soft and supple. But too much oil not only spoils the appearance of your skin; it very much increases the danger of infection from dust and dirt.

Don't let your skin get the habit of always being shiny with too much oil. Use this treatment once or twice a day, and see how helpful it will prove in keeping your skin in just the right condition.—

CLEANSE your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and lukewarm 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 thoroughly into the pores with your finger tips—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

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A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
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Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

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Valentino created an intensive vogue for the Latin. Then he left the screen, perforce. And Ramon Navarro, who will next be seen in Rex Ingram's "Scaramouch," seems to have gone a long way in filling the demand. His popularity continues and he is the subject of the majority of the Letters to the Editor.
For a long time Corinne Griffith was submerged in mediocre productions. But now things have changed. And the beauteous Corinne has been given the leading rôle in the screen version of the Gertrude Atherton novel, "Black Oxen." It was a rôle coveted by any number of fair ladies of the cinema.
Greater love for her art has no woman than this... that she continually sacrifice her pulchritude and charm to the characterizations she offers in the name of Comedy. For many years Louise Fazenda did this. But now, at intervals, the camera catches her in her natural loveliness.
Another personality to be reckoned with . . .
Dorothy Mackaill. She has just finished playing opposite Richard Barthelmess in "The Fighting Blade," and her portrayal has interested all those who have seen it. For it promises even greater things when her screen technique is perfected.
He came first from the Broadway stage to the screen as the Chevalier in "Orphans of the Storm." And recently he changed his mind about appearing in "Masters of Men" and has gone to the Talmadge studios where he will be seen with Norma in "Rose of All the World."
The name of Mae Marsh is almost synonymous with motion pictures, for she was one of the first personalities that the camera discovered. Griffith's "The White Rose" brings her back to us after an absence of an all too long duration. Now she is in California where "Daddies" is being filmed. But she will likely return to the Griffith studios before the end of the year.
DALE FULLER

It was Eric von Stroheim who took Dale Fuller out of comedies and gave her an outstanding place in the dramatic ranks thru her work in his "Foolish Wives." And ever since he has sponsored her. "The Merry Go Round," actually von Stroheim's effort, afforded her other opportunities, and she will next be seen in his screen version of Frank Norris' "McTeague," to be called "Greed"
We Interview Elinor Glyn
And Discover Why She Wrote "Three Weeks"

The Cast

Elinor Glyn

We

Author of "Three Weeks," Etc.

Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher

Members of the Press, Motion Picture Executives, Debutantes, Secretaries, Flunkies, Etcetera

Scene I—Italian gardens of the Ambassador Hotel, New York City. It is tea-time. Manhattan's younger set is drinking and sipping iced drinks, nibbling tiny sandwiches, flirting, smoking cigarettes and exchanging girlish confidences between the for- trats of the strung orchestra, ambushed in palms and ferns. At one end of the gardens, at the foot of the winding marble stairway, a formal tea is in progress. Elinor Glyn who has come to America to supervise the serene production of her famed "Three Weeks," is the desired guest of honor. Other guests are comprised of members of the press, magazine representatives and motion picture executives. Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher enjoy two vintage points, facing Madame Glyn. They study her fashionable black and white costume, her pale face framed with close, red hair. her half-closed, enigmatic green eyes. her voice so softly modulated as to be but half caught above the strains of the music. her white and jeweled hands. her scarlet lips.

Gladys Hall (kicking Adele Whitely Fletcher's newly whitened kids under the table): Say, why don't we do a double interview with her... er... Madame Glyn? She'd have something worth while to say. That woman knows life. 'Look at her. You're going to miss this opportunity, I suppose... ?

Adele Whitely Fletcher (dreadfully): You've walked all over my shoes. It's plain to see that culture has no effect upon your antics. No, I'm not going to miss this opportunity, lest your education in the science of tiger skins be neglected. I'll make the arrangements before we leave today. Sit still, if you please, Miss Hall. Avoid the rush. I'll make them before we leave.

Gladys Hall (smartly): I should trust to your efficiency.

Adele W. F.: I suppose I'll pay for my efficiency by watching you recline on some kind of an animal pelt every time I week-end with you. Ah, well...

G. H. (magnanimously): I'm willing to do this interview without eating. If she doesn't invite us to tea or luncheon, it'll be all right with me.

A. W. F. (with rising inflection): Oh, be yourself. Are you hypnotized?

(Silence, as the tea progresses.)

Scene II.—Madame Glyn's suite at the Ambassador. It is cool and spacious and hang with gay chintzes. Over the mantel and on little side tables may be glimpsed leather frames containing—family portraits. Human nature is always unexpected and seldom understood. There is a portrait of Madame Glyn standing by her mother looking into an open fireplace. A portrait of her younger daughter, with husband and baby. Another portrait of her elder daughter. A charming, enigmatic picture of Mary Pickford, showing yet again Our Mary's universality. There are other portraits... of young English boys... of men of dignity... and everywhere vases of garden flowers. No where are there the-house growths exhaling erotic breaths. Nowhere is there evidence of the famous tiger skin. But the new Elinor Glyn doll, a tiny replica of herself, and the handiwork of her sister, Lady Duff-Gordon, otherwise known as Lucille, rests in a deep chair, in the same aristocratic repose as her living prototype. Elinor Glyn, charmingly attired in a shade of soft orchid, rests in another deep chair. Her costume like the costume of the imitative doll, is also the product of Lady Duff-Gordon—and looks it.

It would be noticed by an observer that both G. H. and A. W. F. have omitted their habitually applied high and healthy color. They have plaintively endeavored to emulate Madame Glyn in the way of pimple cheeks and tip-s bore. They haven't enough grandfathers to look Continental, but they are trying, they are trying...
Elinor Glyn: "The Lady in my story was a despotic Slav. And Paul was an Englishman, a gay youth with insouciance, of old family. And theirs was a great love... they had an intellectual bond, a physical bond and a spiritual bond. Each bond supplemented the other, giving them a love that was transcendent!"

Elinor Glyn (in her low and mellow voice): Yes, yes, I know. But it is not fair to Miss Bara or to me for such a report to be printed. I have not yet decided who is to play the Lady in my story. And the selection of the entire cast, director et al., rests with me. I shall remain beside the camera at all times.

G. H. (with lively interest): Who do you think will play your Lady? What particular quality must the actress have?

Elinor Glyn: Distinction, Distinction. I sometimes think I shall have to go outside of the precincts of the screen. My lady was a despotic Slav. That is why she could do what she did without injury to herself. With a high, accustomed hand she took things she most desired from Life. Her summoning of Paul, just in the beginning, was no more to her than the summoning of some lackey to amuse her. Later, she came to love him very greatly, as only a woman of her blood and type can love.

Once, in England, at a house-party. I played the Queen in an episode in "Three Weeks." But that was long ago.

G. H. (rising to the occasion): Why don't you play the lady now? Why seek distinction in or out of Hollywood, when...

Elinor Glyn: I am young enough here (indicates her heart) but I am too old here (touching her throat and brow). But then, I may give the actress who plays the Lady my spirit, perhaps. I hope to.

A. W. F.: You are going to supervise the entire production, they tell us.

Elinor Glyn (with quiet determination): Every scene, "Three Weeks" is my masterpiece. They must not be permitted to do with it what they did to my other stories given to the screen. That must not be. Already I have written the scenario, and it contains every least bit of business. But none the less, I shall select my director carefully—and my cast. I have studied screen technique so that I have the right to complain if they refuse me my way with my story. And if "Three Weeks" doesn't come to the screen a beautiful and an inspiring drama of a love composed of a perfect trilogy, it will be because they have not let me do the thing as I planned to do it.

G. H. and A. W. F. (in unavowed unison): Tell us your belief in "Three Weeks" as a novel... as a drama...?

Elinor Glyn: I know it to be a great story that will live long after I am gone. People branded my story. They read into my beautiful, spiritual love-scenes the lesser thing in their own minds. More, they read the isolated love passages and skipped the other parts. And when the Lady died, most of them put the book down and went no farther. They said to themselves that the love scenes were over and so, for them, was the purport of the book. But it was after the death of the Lady that the great meaning of the book was revealed. It was after the death of the Lady, after the Gethsemane of hope and earthly longing, that Paul knew the great spiritual victory the Lady had prayed and hoped for him.

A. W. F. (subdued): Then it was a great love between Paul and the Queen?

Elinor Glyn: A very, very great love, my dear young ladies. Paul and the Lady had that blessed trinity of love of which I have spoken. They had an intellectual bond, a physical bond and a spiritual bond. Each bond supplemented the other and gave them a love that was transcendent. Without any one of these no love can reach its highest state of being.

G. H. (engrased): How did you come to write "Three Weeks"?

Elinor Glyn (smiling back, touched again with the wistful wand of the hour that gave her her inspiration): I wrote "Three Weeks" after I had married and gone back to England to live after years spent in Paris and on the Continent. My spirit, somehow, was oppressed in England in the beginning. I missed the high and solitary garden in which I had grown up. The wilderness of...
ent. And so I made my Lady a Slavic woman. They know love. They serve love. I made her a queen, a despot, with some of the attributes of the tiger. And when you are describing a tiger you cannot give it the attributes of a spaniel. (She hesitates a perceptible second... then continues.) Of course, there are many who have said to me, "Why write of tigers?" (a smile of scorn edges her scarlet mouth) And to such people I say, "Go on drinking your narcotic. And die without having lived."

(There is a silence in the room as she finishes. Neither G. H. nor A. W. F. stir. And Madame Glyn sits very quietly, too. It is one of the Madam's "Great Moments.")

ELINOR GLYN (continuing presently as tho there had been no pause): I wrote "Three Weeks," then, because of what I have told you. I put my soul into the writing. And I believe that the Anglo-Saxon women, too, can know and enjoy the beauty of love if they will but accept it and break thru the prison bars of their spirit... their inhibitions.

A. W. F. (arousing herself with an all-too-obvious effort): But the censors? How will they feel about "Three Weeks"? Will they discern the spiritual value of the Lady's love for Paul as you have told it to us?

ELINOR GLYN: If they will permit me to put "Three Weeks" on the screen as I have it written in my scenario now, I am sure it will be understandable and acceptable. If they put what you call your American "pep" in... ah, then, I cannot say... But yesterday at luncheon one of the censors was my guest and afterward I brought her to my suite and talked with her as I have talked with you and she told me that the censors would permit "Three Weeks" as I have adapted it for the screen.

G. H.: How about Paul? Who will play Paul?

ELINOR GLYN (softly and sadly): The war has

(Continued on page 107)

books among which I found my own culture, my own education. I felt restricted and one day I wandered into my garden, into the summer-house where I was wont to write, and began...

I always write in longhand, very rapidly, with few if any corrections, and I believe that I wrote forty odd chapters of "Three Weeks" before I paused to read them over. And when I read them I had the unequalled moment of beauty of knowing that I had written that which I had hoped to write.

"Three Weeks" shows the beauty of a woman not afraid of her emotions. The English women, the American women, are terrified of passion. They are brought up to regard the natural instincts as sinful. They know little or nothing of the beauty of love and passion and, as a result, they sidestep it wherever they meet it. Below is an informal picture of Mrs. Glyn taken during her previous visit to California when she served as an extra for the sport of the thing...
Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks

Of Beverly Hills, California

Photograph © by Strauss Peyton
dreaded going back, I worked in the garden and read a great many books. And then, until recently, I had my mother. She left me while I was on location on "The Covered Wagon."

In this way he speaks of his mother's death.

"I'm glad that I gave those three years so entirely to her. I think that she knew she was going to leave me soon, for she was quite insistent this last year, that I go back to work. It's a good thing for me now that I did. I haven't so much time in which to remember...."

He continued presently: "I know it has been said of me—'Kerrigan is passé.' He can't get a job. This wasn't true. When I completed my last contract, I made up my mind that I would never sign another long-term contract. I would accept only roles that appealed to me, and at the salary I felt myself worth.

"Well, for three years nothing was offered me that I felt like accepting, so I sat back and waited."

Simple, isn't it? No use sentimentalizing over "poor old Warren Kerrigan." One is inclined to visualize the movie idols of yesterday as drooping dejectedly over yellowed press notices, dreaming of past conquests, perhaps tottering feebly from one studio to another in a last pathetic effort to reinstate themselves in public favor.

It is no use trying to conjure up any such picture of J. Warren. He may have soulful eyes and wavy locks, but he's a good business man, and he hasn't squandered the money earned during his years of stardom.

During the Great Depression Period, which dethroned so many of our movie stars, he was not numbered among the frenzied ones who stormed the casting offices ready to accept any rôle at any salary. He didn't have to auction off the old homestead, or sell the family bun. He just sat back on the porch and watched the conflict from afar.

---

**An older Kerrigan**

Today, slightly heavier. Lines around the eyes and in the forehead, that were not there a few years ago. But the same light, soft voice. The same easy, untroubled manner.

O

n the vine-shaded porch of his rambling white house up Calabasas Pass way, Warren Kerrigan sat waiting for me.

Laugh that off, if you can.

I called to him, "Turn off that hose and I'll come in."

You know how you feel about those hose arrangements that spray water all over the sidewalk.

Warren turned this one off. "Shall we go inside?" he asked. "It's a rather chilly evening, isn't it?"

Even he talks about the weather, you see. We went into the long living-room. It was softly lighted. An immense Oriental rug on the floor. A hand-embroidered Spanish scarf draped across the grand piano. A life-size portrait of Kerrigan done in oils, at one end of the room.

This is his background and it suits him very, very well.

He sat on a soft lounge under the light, one foot curled up under him, his left arm up about his head which was thrown back.

The pose suits him too, to perfection.

An old Kerrigan. Slightly heavier. Lines around the eyes and in the forehead, that were not there a few years ago. But the same light, soft voice. The same easy untroubled manner.

"I had about made up my mind never to return to the screen," he told me. "I had been away from it for about three years, and I enjoyed my vacation so much that I really..."
During the Great Depression Period, which dethroned so many of our movie stars, he was not numbered among the frenzied ones who stormed the casting offices ready to accept any rôle, at any salary. He didn’t have to auction off the old homestead, nor sell the family bus. He just sat back on the porch and watched the conflict from afar. And when it was all over, and a new era of prosperity dawned on Hollywood, along came James Cruze one day, piloting “The Covered Wagon” to everlasting fame.

“Hey, Warren, get aboard, and name your own figure,” invited this energetic director. And finally Warren put away his books, left the garden work to other hands, pushed back the wavy locks, and said, “All right. Let’s go.”

Will he stay? Does the return to the screen of this actor who was the idol of the flappers of a decade ago, signify a return to popularity of the romantic, somewhat theatrical movie hero? Or will he drop out again, after a few pictures, to be seen no more upon the screen?

“I have been offered enough work to keep me busy for the next five years, if I wish to accept it,” is his answer. And he believes that “The Covered Wagon” presages an influx of Western pictures.

“People like the out-of-door stories,” he says, “and I (Continued on page 93)
In a little Spanish cottage on the edge of Hollywood, Marilyn Miller and Jack Pickford are spending a postponed honeymoon. Marilyn has taken this summer for a holiday after three years in "Sally" so she and Jack have long days together in the California sunshine.

When Marilyn laughed and Jack gave her a little pinch under her famous yellow curls, it was the way a fond older brother might have done. It was the pinch of a pal.

Jack, with his golf knickerbockers and his ingenuous grin, looks like a little boy. And he has a charming sense of humor and talks easily and well.

Marilyn is tall and slender and white and gracious. There is something sweet and almost medieval about her. She is the kind of lady in whate that you think of as waving goodbye to the Crusaders.
The New House of Pickford

By HARRY CARR

In a little Spanish cottage on the edge of Hollywood, Marilyn Miller and Jack Pickford are spending a postponed honeymoon. I was one of their first luncheon guests.

The place looks as tho it were made for a bride: Marilyn and Jack probably do not know it; but the hill upon which their little house stands has figured much in the romantic history of California.

Nearby there used to be another little cottage in which lived a pretty Greek girl who has probably died a grandmother long since. In the days of old she was the sweetheart of Tiburcio Vasquez, the early-day Robin Hood of California. It was thru her treachery that this famous old bandit was betrayed to his death.

Possibly on the very spot where Marilyn and Jack have their love nest, one of the old Spanish conquistadors stood in the long ago and looked out upon this beautiful valley with the shimmer of the Pacific in the distance and the blue line of the hills between: as he looked down, he saw two small lakes lying side by side like tears and he exclaimed devoutly "The tears of Santa Monica."

And the valley and the hills and the city beyond have been called Santa Monica ever since.

Something of the flavor of it all seems to cling to Marilyn and Jack’s cottage. The little house has long cool floors of brown tiling. Overhead are heavy beams like the ceiling of an old mission. The sun comes in warmly thru the long-barred windows and sprinkles light and love thru the room.

You half expect to hear the patter of sandals on the tiling and to see a fat Franciscan brother come shuffling into the room; when instead comes Marilyn. And Marilyn does not in the least resemble a fat Franciscan brother. Marilyn is tall and slender and white and gracious. There is something sweet and almost medieval about her: she is the kind of Ladye in whyte that you think of as waving good-bye to the Crusaders.

(Continued on page 85)
Susie Takes A Chance

A Serial Story in Six Parts

By

LUCIAN CARY

Illustrated by Douglas Ryan

THE FIFTH INSTALMENT

THE half-hour's drive to the police-station steadied Susie. She had managed to go to sleep the night before. And now she counted on seeing Phil again. And perhaps he wasn't so completely alienated as she had thought. She was so deep in this dream that she did not note the excitement of two shop-girls on the curb as the car slowed down in obedience to a traffic officer's whistle. The first Susie knew, the two girls were standing beside the car and shouting in unison:

"You're Susan Treadwell."

Susie stared at them uncomprehendingly. Armistead leaned forward and whispered in the chauffeur's ear. Susie saw his shoulder move forward as he reached for the gear-shift. Armistead turned quickly to the two girls.

"Don't be silly," he said crisply. "This is Magda Basarov."

One girl looked abashed, the other jerked open her purse and pulled out a clipping—a newspaper photograph of Susan Treadwell. She looked up at Susie and down at the photograph.

Armistead shook his head, smilingly.

"You're forgetting the red hair," he said to the girl.

The next instant the big car shot forward.

Armistead sank back against the cushions.

"It never rains but it pours," he said to Susie.

Susie looked back over her shoulder at the two girls.

"I feel as if we'd robbed them of a thousand dollar reward," she said.

"Just so we haven't robbed Magda Basarov of a forty thousand dollar job," Armistead reminded her.

The street in front of the police station was jammed with a curious crowd. Susie found herself facing a battery of cameras. Cameras on tripods, reflecting cameras held waist high as their users gazed into their mirrors, cameras held over the heads of the crowd. There was even a moving picture man across the street.

"Smile," Armistead whispered in her ear. "Smile!"

Susie smiled obediently. And instantly found herself smiling spontaneously. There was something bracing in this ordeal. But as Armistead helped her down and she faced a reflecting camera at a distance of three feet, the operator backing a little as he racked his pinion to get her in focus, his eyes buried in the black pyramid on top, Susie had a sudden impulse of anger, a quick, hot desire to knock the black box out of his hand. Susie heard the shutter click.

"Smile," Armistead whispered.

Susie controlled herself. A man in plain clothes was leading the way to the captain's office.

Phil was there already. He nodded to Susie, with a faint grin. He hadn't softened a bit, Susie saw. He was going to be polite and helpful and distant. The Captain rose gallantly and gave Susie his own chair.

"This is too bad, Miss Basarov," he said to Susie.

Susie gave him a grateful glance.

"Mr. Garner has just finished telling me what he saw and heard," the Captain continued. "Would you mind telling me what you saw?"

Susie repeated in a low voice the story she had told Armistead the night before.

The Captain nodded.

"And now," he asked, "will you tell me all you know about this Al Beck?"

Susie hesitated. She knew nothing of Al Beck. But Magda did. And she was Magda.

"When did you meet him and where?" the Captain prompted.

"I met him at a costume ball at Hollywood last year," Susie said. "I—" again she hesitated, glanced at the Captain, felt herself blushing. "I flirted with him— a little."

The Captain smiled encouragingly.

"He took me seriously, I suppose," Susie said. "At least he became a great nuisance after that—calling me
up on the telephone, sending me presents, writing me letters.

"I see," said the Captain. "And what about his wife?"

"His wife was furiously jealous. She wrote me threatening letters."

"Hmmm," said the Captain. "And did you by any chance save those letters?"

Susie glanced at Armistead. His head moved ever so slightly from side to side.

"No, Captain," Susie said gravely. "That's too bad—they'd make the best sort of evidence."

"But I wasn't interested in evidence," Susie protested. "I was only interested in being let alone. That was one reason I came East."

"And you hadn't seen the man since you left Hollywood?"

"Not till last night," Susie said. "I had no idea he was in this part of the country."

The Captain rose.

"I'm sorry to have troubled you, Miss Basarow," he said. "And you, too, Mr. Garner. It begins to look now as if there wouldn't be very much to this case—except what the newspapers make of it. I hope I shan't have to trouble you again."

They thanked the Captain and he responded by showing them how to slip out the back way and avoid the crowd and the newspaper men.

Susie turned to Phil while Armistead ran for a taxi.

"Wont you go back with us?" she asked ingratiatingly.

Phil did not look at her.

"I think perhaps I'd better not," he said gravely.

Susie looked up at him. It was incredible that the interest he had had in her, an interest that had been so vivid twenty-four hours before, should have died. But he gave no sign.

"Very well," Susie said.

Phil raised his hat.

"Good-bye," he said.

"Good-bye," Susie said.

It was as if they had said good-bye forever. Susie ran-sacked her mind as she rode home with Armistead for things she might have said. She was so busy thinking what she ought to have said that she did not hear what Armistead was saying. Finally, he laid his hand on her arm.

"Look," he said.

Susie found herself facing a battery of cameras. Cameras on tripods, reflecting cameras held waist high as their users gazed into their mirrors. Cameras held over the heads of the crowd and aimed by sights. There was even a motion-picture man grinding away across the street. "Smile!" Armistead whispered in her ear.

"Smile!"

"Where?" Susie asked.

"Over your shoulder." Susie looked.

A big touring car containing eight or ten men was following not fifty yards behind.

"Reporters," Armistead said briefly.

"Oh," Susie cried, "do I have to talk to reporters?"

"You certainly will—you're a moving picture actress, you know—you ought to be glad of the chance."

"But I'm not," Susie cried.

"There's no danger—not if you manage them as well as you did the Captain this morning. He may be a hard-boiled policeman but you left him thinking you were the nicest kind of girl. The reporters will fall just as hard if you give them a chance. They think they wont but they will."

Susie took a deep breath.

"So be it," she said.

"There's just one man to look out for," Armistead continued. "That's Maynard of the Planet. He knows that Magda is married to Val Collins. She told him herself."

"I know," Susie said. "She told me that she told him in confidence so he could not print it."

"Yes," Armistead explained. "But that wont prevent him from using it as a lever to get something else. If he's there—don't let him bluff you."

"I won't," Susie promised.

Susie received the reporters in the drawing-room. One of them—a smiling young man from the Examiner—asked most of the questions, as if by common consent of the others. Susie watched their faces in turn. She
had the sense that underneath their professional curiosity about what had happened at Cissie Brohan’s party they had a personal curiosity about her—that they were gathering their own private impression of her, like any other young men who were meeting her for the first time, and she felt that they would decide just how much of what she was telling them was true on the basis of these private impressions, of this brief contact, in which her tone, her manner, her gesture would count more than the things she actually said. Susie instinctively softened the Basarov manner, instinctively became more like her real self.

"Now tell us, Miss Basarov," the young man from the *Examiner* was saying, "was the crowd at Miss Brohan’s party drunk or just pleasantly jingled?"

"Why?" Susie said, "there were hundreds and hundreds of people there."

The trace of a smile ran round the circle of reporters. Susie could see them getting the idea behind her sentence. Cissie Brohan couldn’t possibly have provided liquor enough to get hundreds of people drunk.

"Of course," the young man from the *Examiner* said, "a good many of them must have brought their own."

"Perhaps they did," Susie admitted. "But you know I hadn’t been there half an hour when this thing happened. I didn’t actually see a single, solitary person take a drink."

"Wasn’t Mr. Beck drunk?"

"I thought he must be when he came up to me," Susie said. "But then I decided he was crazy."

"What about Mrs. Beck?"

"I don’t know," Susie answered. "But I should guess that she was crazy, too."

A quiet sardonic chap who had said nothing so far smiled at this remark.

"How did you feel, Miss Basarov," he asked, "when Susie received the reporters in the drawing-room. One of them—a smiling young man from the *Examiner*—asked most of the questions. Susie watched their faces in turn. She instinctively softened the Basarov manner, instinctively became more like her real self.

she pointed the gun at you?"

Susie smiled faintly. "I don’t know. I’m not sure. I felt anything. It only lasted an instant. And then Mr. Garner knocked the gun out of her hand."

The sardonic young man frowned. "And then how did you feel?"

"I was frightened when it was all over," Susie said. "I was so frightened I fainted. I—well, it was horrible."

The young man from the *Examiner* arose. The rest followed his example.

"We’re awfully obliged to you, Miss Basarov," he said. Impulsively, Susie extended her hand.

"I’m awfully obliged to you," she said, as they shook hands. Her smile included them all.

"That’s over," Armistead said, when they had gone. He sat down and looked at Susie reflectively.

"I must say you handled them beautifully—as if you’ve been doing it all your life—and yet sitting there in that big chair with one foot curled under you like a charming old-fashioned débutante who knows nothing of the world."

Susie glanced down at herself. She hadn’t realized she had been sitting on one foot, like a little girl.

"I wanted them to like me," she said simply. "Everybody does," said Armistead with irony. "But you got away with it."

Susie felt a small thrill of pride at Armistead’s praise. But she was strangely let down. There was a certain heady excitement, stimulating to all her powers, in confronting eight or nine New York reporters and sending them away without the slightest suspicion that she was not the person she pretended to be. But now they were gone the zest of the contest was gone also. She could only feel weak and helpless and sad.

She had completely alienated Phil Garner. His goodbye had been a final one. She would never see him again, unless by accident. Or until Magda Basarov returned and she could regain her own personality. By then it might be too late. And at that moment Susie would have cheerfully exchanged any chance of future happiness to be back in her own person, to put on again the simple little dress, the hat, the shoes and stockings, the gloves that she had bought with the hundred dollars Dr. Enoch had sent her, and to call on Phil Garner as herself—as the country girl with whom he had fallen in love.

Her shoulders ached as if the strain of maintaining her pose had become an actual physical weight on her body. Her heart ached, too. And she could not ease her heart-ache by sharing it with anybody. That was one of the
things you gave up when you undertook the job of pretending to be another person—the relief of confiding in somebody. There was no one in the world to whom she could unburden herself, with whom she could talk freely and intimately about the things that troubled her. There would be no one until Magda Basarov came back and she was free to be Susie Treadwell again. Could she go on for weeks and weeks, carrying this burden? It was the most unforeseen penalty of her job—the loss of her own personality, of her own relationships. You couldn't pose as another human being privately. You could only do it publicly. And however skilfully she might play the role of Magda Basarov she could never be Magda Basarov. She could only be Susie Treadwell. To try to be some one else was the most utterly lonesome job in the world.

Magda Basarov had said that the greatest luxury in the world was to be understood. But what chance had she, Susie, to be understood as long she couldn't be herself? She had lost Belleville and Clay Newton; now she had lost Phil Garner. Only Armistead remained. And the Armistead was thoughtful, even kind, his consuming interest was elsewhere. Susie couldn't possibly confide in him.

Susie watched him pacing up and down the room with that deep frown between his eyes. He was going over every possible contingency of the next few hours, preparing himself to meet it in advance. Now he walked over to the window.

"Humph!" he said. "Just what I thought."

"What had you thought?" Susie asked.

"I thought that man, Maynard, would slip the others and come back here by himself. There he comes now."

"I didn't even know he was there," Susie said. She got up and joined Armistead at the window. The young man coming up the drive was the sardonic chap who had asked her how she felt when she looked into the muzzle of Mrs. Beck's revolver.

"Do I have to see him?" Susie asked.

"You'd better," Armistead answered. "But don't let him bluff you."

"What will he want?" Susie asked.

"He'll want something exclusive for his paper—some detail you haven't told the others."

"But I haven't any," Susie said.

"No," Armistead said. "And if you convince him of that, he'll be all right."

Armistead went to the door himself and let the young man in.

"Good morning, Miss Basarov," he said to Susie.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Maynard?" Susie asked politely.

"Tell me the real story," he suggested sardonically.

"But I have told you the real story," Susie protested. Armistead stood quietly by, saying nothing.

The sardonic young man shook his head as if to say this was too much to believe.

"What has Val Collins to do with all this?" he asked sharply.

"Less than nothing," Susie shot back.

"Where is Val Collins?"

"I haven't the least idea," Susie said.

"But he's your husband."

Susie smiled at him—a friendly smile.

The young man grinned back.

"Of course I want to spring that story and yet I'd feel meaner than Shylock if I did."

"I should think you would," Susie said sweetly.

"Look here, Miss Basarov," he asked. "Isn't there some detail—some angle of this story—that you can let me print?"

"Not a thing that you haven't got," Susie said. "You see I told every bit of the story I know."

The young man rose.

"Tell you what," he said. "I'll call it square if you'll
let me send a man over to take some real pictures of you—some that will be different from those the other papers are running. The boss wants to send over Abbe or Ted Robinson—somebody that’s good. Would you do that?”

Susie stole a glance at Armistead.

“I think Mr. Maynard deserves that much reward,” Armistead said.

“So do I,” said Susie heartily.

“Thanks you,” said Mr. Maynard. “I’ll have a man here in an hour.”

Again Armistead sighed with relief, and sank into a chair.

“Let them send all the photographers they like,” he said.

“Hasn’t it occurred to you that if the newspapers begin to spread my pictures as Magda Basarov alongside my pictures as Susie Treadwell, they may notice a certain similarity?” Susie asked.

Armistead got up and paced back and forth, considering this possibility.

“No,” he said finally. “In the first place there are the clothes. They make a great difference. In the second place there’s no suspicion.”

“What about those girls this morning at the street-crossing?”

Armistead smiled.

“That was a bit close for a moment,” he admitted. “But you see, those girls didn’t know you as Magda Basarov—they didn’t have to get over the idea of you as Magda Basarov in order to see your resemblance to the photograph of Susie Treadwell. That’s the real point.”

Susie laughed.

Armistead turned sharply.

“I believe you’d like to be exposed,” he said.

“Of course I would,” Susie cried. “I’m sick of being Magda Basarov. I can’t wait to be Susie Treadwell again.”

“Broke—out of a job—starving?” Armistead suggested.

“I haven’t forgotten that part of it,” Susie said. “But I’d rather be broke, out of a job, and starving.”

Armistead came close in front of her chair and stood staring down at Susie.

“But you’ll stick—won’t you?” he said earnestly.

Susie looked up at him.

“Of course I’ll stick,” she said.

Solemnly, Armistead held out his hand. They shook hands on it.

“Now,” Armistead said, “do go and take a nap. I’ll call you when the photographer comes.”

“I can’t sleep,” Susie protested.

“Rest then,” Armistead ordered. “Take it as easy as you can.”

XII

Susie did sleep and was awakened from a jumbled dream in which Magda Basarov and Clay Newton and Phl Garner were inextricably tangled. She had barely got her head clear of the dream when she walked down stairs to meet the photographer. She vaguely recognized the black boxes—two cameras and a supply of plates—that a boy of sixteen was carrying in. She heard voices in Armistead’s office, just off the hall. One voice was Armistead’s. The other was Clay Newton’s.

Susie stopped short. Her impulse was to run. But that was immediately followed by the impulse to stay. Consciously, by an effort, she relaxed her fear and walked on toward Armistead’s office.

“Aha,” said Armistead, “here she is now, Magda, this is the photographer Ted Robinson has sent over.”

Susie stood face to face with Clay.

She smiled warmly. He was saying, “How do you do, Miss Basarov,” without the slightest sign of recognition. He actually did not know her!

“I’d like half a dozen poses,” Clay said. “But I’ll work fast.”

“Very well,” said Susie, reproducing exactly the faint, foreign burr of Magda Basarov’s speech.

(Continued on page 90)
In the Year 1630

There was a lure to the silks and jewels of 1630, if we may judge from Alma Rubens in "Under the Red Robe"
There was a reunion in the Gish family circle this summer. Mrs. Gish came to New York from the mountains where she has been recuperating from her illness. Lillian returned from Rome, and Mr. and Mrs. James Rennie, née Dorothy Gish, closed their apartment so they might be at the hotel with Lillian and Mrs. Gish. It was the first time in many moons that the entire family was together.
Reunion

Exclusive Photographs
by
Russell Ball

Now, after a few weeks in the bosom of her family, Lilian is returning to Europe where "Romola" is to be filmed. However, this time Dorothy goes too... for she also is cast in this story which promises to be excellent screen material.

James Rennie will wave his wife and sister-in-law bon voyage from the pier when they sail. He is remaining in New York where he will again be seen on the stage during the winter season... alternating between the stage and pictures. Dorothy admits she will be homesick but then she is reconciled to that. If any of her family are left behind she misses them. And this time Mrs. Gish too will remain behind and winter in California.
They Still Twinkle

By HARRY CARR

Now that the dust of the disaster has settled down, these stars are found to be the sole survivors.

Gloria Swanson
Pola Negri
Thomas Meighan
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

The Paramount firmament has been ruthlessly swept of all the other twinklers. Hereafter, Bebe Daniels, Jack Holt, Agnes Ayres, Mary Miles Minter and all the other stars of larger or lesser magnitude in the movie planetary system will cease to function: from now on, they are just actors.

The newspapers writers have given first one account and then another of the ruling from the conning towers of the great Paramount headquarters. Jesse L. Lasky says he didn't say what they said he said; so I went out to ask him what he really did say regarding this sad massacre of the stars. And this is what he said:

"We can't make stars or unmake them; we can put an actor's name in big type on a screen. We can say 'Miss Jennie Two Shoes in Hearts Asunder'; but that, alas doesn't make her a star. It is only the public that can make stars. And the public has spoken with an accent that cannot be questioned. Thru the box office returns they have elected the stars you have named."

"What do you mean by a star?" I asked.

Mr. Lasky said that, for him, the term "star" meant an actress of such direct appeal that the public came to see her rather than the play.

"Why did these stars survive as stars rather than girls like Bebe Daniels?"

"Frankly I don't know," said Mr. Lasky. "All I know is..."
Many stars in the movie planetary system will cease to function as stars from now on; appearing only as members of casts. Read why these stars are found to be the sole survivors.

that these actors are the ones chosen by the public for stardom: that's the final answer.

In the case of Gloria Swanson, the answer is not difficult to seek—and find.

The movie public is sick to the point of nausea of Pollyannas. There have been too many namby-pamby stories and too many sweetly sweetly heroines. The movie stories have partaken too much of the flavor of the Rollo stories. There have been too many sickish young ladies who just suffered and suffered and suffered. There has been an overdose of sweet young things who walked out of the house with quivering lip, bearing disgrace in silence in order to save the cruel and wicked wife who always became stricken in conscience in the last reel and exclaimed: "No-o-o-o, I cannot let this child bear my secret shame—boo, hoo."

Gloria has never been a Pollyanna. When you go to see Gloria Swanson, you can be reasonably certain you are not going to be washed in maudlin tears. On the contrary you are going to see a rather scornful young lady who gets thru the inevitable sentimental slobber of the scenario writers with a sort of practical, downright, matter-of-fact air that saves you from seasickness.

Gloria has other attractions. She has a strange beauty that is of style rather than symmetry of face. If you pick Gloria's face to pieces, there isn't a great deal of beauty there; but the ensemble is pleasing. There is nothing of the pinky whity beauty about Gloria. She has a beautiful figure and style.

I don't know what style consists of—or in. I don't believe anybody knows. Gloria makes me think of a new racing car trimmed in maroon with dazzling wire wheels. Every touch of her clothes is a touch of distinction. Every movement of her body is individual.

Gloria is a good actress but not a great artiste; and I don't suppose she makes any claim to be. What makes her a star, in fact, because she isn't a great artiste. In other words, the public comes to see Gloria sort of glorying around rather than to see her take the part of some mimie character in a story.

And of course I have saved the real reason to the last: Gloria is a star because she has the air of saying, "Well, public-if-you dont-like-the-way-I-do, you-know-what-you-can-do." To the end, and at all times, she is defiantly and unmistakably and unchangeably Gloria. Fans say they go to see her clothes; but you can be sure they wouldn't go to see anybody else in those same clothes.

Somewhat the same thing is true of Pola Negri. Only there is more to Pola—and less, if you look at her from another angle. There is this about Pola as contrasted with our Pollyanna girls of the screen. No woman can be thoroly fascinating unless she carries the suggestion of being disagreeable. When you see such a one on the screen, you always think unconsciously to yourself: "She was very sweet and lovely to us tonight, but I'll bet she will be as mean as Satan to the audience that comes to see the picture tomorrow night." It flatters you.

Pola has just such a potentiality of temperament.

But this is only the superficial attraction of Pola Negri. Above all other considerations, she is a great actress. In a certain type

(Continued on page 88)
Make-Believe Land

California! In sooth, a land of make-believe. Where almost overnight the turrets and bazaars of Bagdad appear silhouetted against the purple mountains. Where princes in velvets and faces intermingle chummily with beggars in rags... sans caste. Where medieval castles and rough mining camps may be glimpsed with one vision. Where cameras capture romance that they may dispel the cares of a weary world.

At the top of the page is seen the "carpenter's cobweb" covering the big sets which have been erected for "The Thief of Bagdad." To the left and right are two characters of this tale of the Arabian Nights. And below, from left to right, Mitchell Leisen, costumer, Edward Knoblock, Douglas Fairbanks and Raoul Walsh, director, holding an impromptu conference.
Shall We Make Them Human?

By GLADYS HALL

Illustrated by Eldon Kelley

"No woman since Helen of Troy is so beautiful; no woman since St. Catherine of Sienna so good as practically all of the movie actresses are in the magazines. No marriages are so happy . . . " and so forth and so forth.

The above is an excerpt from an article written about the movies and star-propaganda et al. a few months ago in one of the leading literary magazines.

It rather intrigued us.

It appealed to us as sad but true. . . Perhaps it appealed to us peculiarly and poignantly because our mission in life has been to write about these gilded gods and goddesses of gelatin.

If one of the fair gals has had freckles, f'rinstance, we have poetically etched them as "showers of amber pearls," providing, always, we have admitted to them at all.

If one of the athletic Apollos has had, well, unfortunate ears, we have gone into rhapsodic allusions to fauns and the pointed pendants of the Great God, Pan.

Obscure origins, fat, blowzy mothers, undiscovered fathers, all of these have given our sentimental Spencerians sentimental opportunities. We have transposed East Side births to the environs of the Nile or the steppes of Darkest Russia. We have massaged, manicured, be-decked and be-diamonded honest Irish mothers into the elegant dowagers.

We have given these filmy beings homes to live in beyond the conception of the hostilies of crowns. Beds of such antiquity as to strain the researchactive imagination. Cars upholstered with the breasts of the elderdown; gowns spun of spinrift and spume.

We have endowed them with dispositions exactly and always generously compounded of the well-known milk and honey. They have ever been sweet and gracious, hospitable and charitable, noble in their idealism, lofty in their tastes, poignant in their sorrow over the evils imputed to them and the malignant profession in which they work, alms-giving and forgiving, celestial the cinematic.

We can pick up any magazine or newspaper and quote at random. Here is an average bit concerning a prominent movie pair. It is fair and quotable because were the screen scrivener writing about any other wedded pair in Filmland he would employ the same meaning, if not the same words. It is a mere matter of consulting one's book of synonyms and adding a dash or two of hyperbole. It goes: "The previous day the . . . 's had celebrated their . . . anniversary. There is never the least doubt that their matrimonial bark bears the label 'Made in Heaven.' They are still on their honeymoon."

Of course, when the habitual honeymoon ends one day disastrously in the divorce courts, it means some typographical gymnastics, but one who writes of the movies writes, perforce, with a facile pen, and what could be more piteously pathetic, more undeserved, more naive and unsought-for than a Hollywood divorce?

Again, of a certain blonde Hollywoodian: "Her sensitive, regal face wore an expression of tragic desperation."

This did not refer to a bit of acting. Now, to have a regal, sensitive face is going some. We can imagine the late Czarina registering something like that when she looked her last upon Rasputin and life, but after all, ingenuities and their movie elders cant all have faces bordering upon regal desperation or the like.

"Hair like dark wings clasping a Grecian head, Italian eyes with lids like the Giaconda's, a tripe weary, jewels an ivory, oval face."

I ask you, does that sound 'uman? Can you imagine putting two lumps of common cane sugar into a cup of coffee over which must needs be scornfully bent a head with hair like dark wings clasping a Grecian head? Could you show your commuter's face, soot-stained and perspirational, to eyes weary like the Giaconda's?

Of another blonde: "Her rooms are fragrant with sandalwood, now . . . she learned a lot from India and the simplicity of Art . . . "

Well, maybe . . . maybe. . .

Again: "There is about her slight person an air of pensive calm, a magnificent—a tremendous serenity."

We may be wrong, misinformed and skeptical, and we are willing and ready to be shown, but it has always been told to us that magnificent and tremendous serenity comes from long lines of lineal blue blood, from seclusion and study in remote and withdrawn places, from suffering borne in renunciation and resignation, from anything and anywhere at all save the tremendous lack of serenity found under the Kliegs in the studio world. Again we say, we may be wrong, and we have done and will do, the same ourselves, but upon analysis, how can so many mere mortals be magnificent, serene, superlative, scented with sandalwood, and generally and nobly and immeasurably superior to the poor sweating masses of Humanity toiling along to the epiphatic sod?

"Rich beyond the dreams of avarice . . . the most adored and most famous woman who ever lived. . . ."
Requiescat in pace, Jeanne d'Arc, and Florence Nightingale, George Sand and Sarah Bernhardt... what were your poor achievements when they did not take place in gelatin?

... and somehow contrives to give the impression of old bald priests in far-off Buddha temples out beyond the edge of the morning... of passion-flowers growing in the walls of forgotten ruins... old jade... She knows more about Maeterlinck than Confucius, more about lip-sticks than Tao..."

Now who would take the Banker's stodgy daughter to wife when everywhere one reads of maidens like old jade with all the wisdom of the Ancients and the Primitives within their charming heads?

"Why not make them human? Or don't you want them to be human? That's been it, we think.

Back in all of our heads and deep in all of our hearts we harbor a regret, many regrets, for the supernally lovely princesses of the good old fairy tales. Celestial maidens with eyes as purple as Maxfield Parrish lakes, with golden tresses vacuuming the floors, with feet like little doves and arms like the arched necks of swans. Vaporous virgins, who did no evil, thought no evil, felt no evil, who dwelt in ivory halls and slept, or slumbered lightly in shells of mother-of-pearl. Creatures of another world than the one we work and weep in, feeding with exquisitiae upon the eggs of rocs and the hors d'oeuvres of Olympus; slender, remote, eternally satisfying.

These legendary maidens never had any quarrelsome husbands, if they did have the husband was sure to be an Ogre or a Troll when the Happy Ending and the Knightly Prince-to-the-Rescue arrived to cleave him into bloody bits with a magic sword. They never came down to breakfast in curl papers or had to move because they couldn't pay their rent, or got into the daily papers or were sassed by their progeny. They never had plain ordinary hair with a need for permanent waving, nor finger-nails that were anything but pigeon blood rubies. They never had critical mothers-in-law nor lawsuits nor poor complexion nor raucous voices. Or if they did have they had press agents clever enough to sugar-coat the truth. And they lived on, generation after generation, as real today as they were a hundred years ago, they and the shining knights of the tables round and square who bore them gallant company with never a thought of wrong.

Fair lads who would have died e'er they would have offered them a sip of Scotch or stained their lily fingers with a shameful cigarette. Valorous, virtuous, beautiful and fanciful... think how they have lived!

It is we who have outgrown them and who must, albeit regretfully, admit that we no longer believe in them even as we pass them on to the younger generation knocking at our doors.

But still we have the movies... Still are we told of ladies like the remoteness of the moon, of men with Galahad souls and Viking bodies, of tears like April rain and hands like lotus flowers, of casement windows on a dusky eve and marriages made, modelly, in heaven.

Perhaps we want them so. Perhaps we'd just as soon not know the addresses where they were born, or the truth about their mothers' maiden name or the food they eat without-benefit-of-interviewers. The things they think about their respective husband or wife when publicity is closed for the day.

We miss the Brothers Grimm and the legends of the gods of Olympus. We have come from Parnassus to Pictures.

"Why make them human, after all?"
Sweet Friend: Ruritania, June

When or how or by what means this letter will reach you I do not know. We are so troubled here. The kingdom sometimes seems to me to be a molten caldron in which we all seethe and boil about like sediment most cruelly stirred up.

Letters are weapons in unscrupulous hands, distorted out of their fair intent and purpose. I have not dared to write even my cousins since Rupert of Hentzau and Black Michael started their conspiracy against the King. But my heart has been so overburdened and my spirit so weighed down that it seemed to me I must have a woman friend in whom to confide, and I know none, dear love, in whom I might so readily feel free and at ease. The month of your visit here was like a respite to me, the first true holiday I have ever known. For the nonce, the pressure of court matters mattered less, and the world where men and women live and love without restraint, nearer to my hand. The needle sting of intrigue was robbed of half its poignancy and I felt at peace.

Strange letter for a girl to be writing on her wedding eve. For this is my wedding eve, my friend. Tomorrow I marry Rudolf Elphberg, King of Ruritania, and by so doing gain the approbation of the people. It seems so clearly the thing that I must do with my head if not with my heart. And therein lies my tragedy: for my heart, poor buffeted toy, poor ball of chance, is elsewhere. This is the secret I would confide in you, altho, as I have said, when your fair bosom will be the repository of this secret I know not. Perhaps long after the time for telling it is past. I may find it wise and expedient to take these letters to you and lock...

So I wrote a letter to Rassendyll and into it put all my love and longing. I placed this letter in a box, along with one perfect rose, and entrusted it to Fritz von Tarlenheim, whom I could trust with my soul on its way to God.

Rupert of Hentzau
By Janet Reid
them in my jewel casket until we meet again face to face, and I may myself deliver them to you as records of what I have endured and been thru and as authentic proofs of the fact that I felt you closely my friend and would have wished you to be my confidante.

But to get on with the facts: Rupert of Hentza, as you know, has always conspired in one way or another against Rudolf Elphberg. The crown has been his objective. And Black Michael, half-brother to the King, has aided and abetted Rupert in as many foul ways as his dishonorable nature has made him capable of, and they have been many.

Rudolf, as you also know, is not so bad as he is dissipated and negligent. I sometimes half believe that had Rudolf's mother lived to watch over and guard her son he might have grown into a different man. He has the overgrown traces of sweetness, the uprooted seeds of kindness. But such have been his surroundings and so weak is his nature that he is now thoroly corrupted and depraved.

This last conspiracy had to do with his life, and had it not been for an Englishman and a distant cousin of the King's, it is my belief that this time Hentza and Michael would succeeded. It is to this Englishman, one Rudolf Rassendyll, that I have given my hitherto uncaptured heart.

My dear, if you could see him! It is he, in truth, who gave me my notion that the King might have been other than he is had he been differently reared. For Rassendyll is Rudolf, the King, perfected. He is Rudolf, the King, as Rudolf would be had the angel in him conquered the beast. He is tall and strong and fearless where Rudolf is stooped and weak and cowardly. He is honorable and without baseness where Rudolf is dishonorable and base. He is chivalrous and capable of renunciation where Rudolf, alas, is contemptible and self-indulgent. He is the man I love, where Rudolf is the distortion of this fair and flattering image.

And he loves me, the Princess Flavia. He loves me as a man should love a woman, knightly and well. He loves me well enough to leave me to my duty. My duty to my country and my King. He came to Ruritania to fight for the King thereof and he realizes that the King's well-being rests in marriage to me. As he knows that the kingdom looks forward to the consummation of this marriage, he has buried his own heart and borne his sword thru to the triumphant end.

Tomorrow at high noon we are to be married. I shall write you more when I can bring my willing hand to serve my suffering heart.

Your friend,

Flavia-to-be-Queen of Ruritania.

Ruritania, August

My Own Friend:

Your letter came to me swiftly upon the heels of mine to you. You relieved me greatly by your haste and expediency. I did so fear something might befall my emissary and was joyed to know that all was well and my missive in your gracious hands.

Enow, I am the Queen of Ruritania. I have gratified my people—and that is something. Despite my pain, I feel the spilled blood of my ancestors stirring as tho pleased. Blood they spilled for Ruritania and would so gladly spill again. It is what they would have had me do, and thus am I somewhat eased of my longing for Him. Under the court pomp and rank, as you so well know, I am only a very lonely, lovesick girl, whose lover has been torn away from her and whose heart is almost broken. If it were not for Hope. Strange, strange what Hope will do. Even as I walked down the long, ranked aisles to meet the King on my wedding day, even as the Cardinal placed the

Von Tarlenheim has told me, with tears in his voice and upon his face, of the scene between the two of them . . . he holding Rassendyll's hands, frantically apologizing and deploring the mishap he could not help
My Dearest:

A year has gone by, with little said between us. It is because my heart is too heavy and hangs like a weight, dragging down the hand that would hold the pen. But agreeable. He is only constrainedly civil to me and to the other ladies. Unless, he is decidedly more than civil. You know what I mean by that and can conjecture as to my humiliation. For von Tarlenheim and Colonel Sapt, he has the scantiest and surliest of appreciation, despite the fact that if word is had again, or action had again, from Rupert or Michael they are his sole dependable defenders.

You are wondering, after all this time, how I feel about Rassendyll. Not a whit differently, my friend. It is as tho I had this hour torn myself away from his protective arms. My heart is freshly torn with pain each day. His kiss hurts my mouth with new and increasing longing for its repetition. I do not know how long I shall go on. After all, I am human before I am a Queen. I can write no more.

Your, 

Flavia.

Ruritania, a Year Later,

My Dearest Friend:

And so you are worried about me. That is intuitive of you, for well you may be. Altho it may be many, many months before you

RUPERT OF HENTZAU

Told in short story form, by permission, from the Selznick production of the scenario by Edward J. Montague adapted from the novel by Sir Anthony Hope. Directed by Victor Heerman. The cast:

Queen Flavia..................Elaine Hammerstein
Rassendyll and King Rudolf V..................Bert Lytell
Rupert..................Lew Cody
Princess Helga von Tarlenheim..................Clare Windsor
Fritz von Tarlenheim..................Bryant Washburn
Rosa Holt..................Marjorie Daw
Colonel Sapt..................Hobart Bosworth
Rislenheim..................Adolph Menjou
Berentstein..................Irving Cummings
Herbert..................Aigel De Brullier
Mother Holt..................Josephine Crowell
Bauer..................Mitchell Lewis
Simon..................Elmo Lincoln
Paula..................Gertrude Astor
A month ago there came night of stars. In the garden of side my window the poplar trees were swooning with the gentle night-wind. A nightingale began to sing. It seemed to me to be singing, even as the nightingale in Oscar Wilde's story, with its heart against a thorn, bleeding as it sang its sad, last song. And I felt kin to the nightingale. I felt as tho my breast, too, were pressed against a thorn and as if I must sing, sing, or bleed to an ignominious death. I wrote a letter to Rassendyll. That was my death-song. I wrote a letter to him and I put the death-song of the nightingale into it. All the love and longing, all the pain and passion, all the richness and regret I had felt and known. The words came from me like the notes of the nightingale. The blood of my heart dripped thru the ink and reached him on the fair, white page. My heart was there. I pinned my love to foolscap and sealed it with wax and stamped it, not with the royal signet, but with my name, Flavia. My name of Flavia, that he so loves.

Ah, foolish, foolish Flavia to suppose that royal hearts and kingly blood may be sent thru the mail, undetected.

I placed this letter in a box, along with one perfect rose, and entrusted it to Fritz von Tarlenheim, whom I could trust with my soul on its way to God.

I should have known . . . I was schooled enough, God knows, in the ways of Rupert and Hentzau. But somehow my longing, my passion, my what- so-ever discretion, and I speeded von Tarlenheim on the way.

Fritz was to meet Rassendyll in Wintenberg, at the Golden Lion Inn. There deliver the precious packet and speedily return.

He arrived at the Golden Lion Inn—without the letter. Rupert of Hentzau, all of this while, has had a kinsman of his, one Count Luzau Rischenheim, who not only kept him supplied with funds in the exile he has been "enjoying," but also with information concerning my person and that of Rassendyll and the Court of Ruritania. As a consequence, the instant von Tarlenheim set forth on his mission, Hentzau was notified and on the road leading into Wintenberg Hentzau and his cutthroats waylaid the cab, dragged von Tarlenheim forth into the road, and forcibly wrenched his packet from him. When von Tarlenheim offered to fight, Hentzau said that he would accept the challenge another time, for the nonce he had "other work to do."

When the transaction, so tragic for Rassendyll, von Tarlenheim and me, was completed, von Tarlenheim was permitted to go on, which he did, bleeding and mutilated, broken-heartedly, to greet my poor Rassendyll awaiting him at the Inn.

The fact of that last duel between Hentzau and the poor King will perhaps never be known to history. It must have been a bitter, bloody fight. I close my eyes against it. Hentzau has not schemed in vain.

You-will, outwitted my fears. For I, I myself, have played into the hands of Rupert and Black Michael. My own broken patience will prove, methinks, my own undoing.

It is like this: My longing for Rassendyll mounted in me, has mounted in me, for the past two years and more, like the swelling of the tides. It would not be pressed down however valiantly I clamped my hand over my swelled heart, or crushed my mouth against the cushions at night to keep my tortured lips from soothing themselves by crying on his name. Now and again I heard of him, lonely, in England, and I knew from what I heard that he was even as I, and that it was less right for him than it was for me. I am a woman and born to suffer. He is a man, and such a man, oh, God!

Rudolf, the King, grew, grows, in sooth, daily more unbearable. He flings a word to me as tho it were a bone to some unfavored dog. My humiliations increase and abound. The weakness in the King grows apace. It is as tho rank weeds were choking out all kindly growth.
Von Tarlenheim has told me, with tears in his voice and upon his face, of the scene between the two of them; he holding Rassendyll's hands, frantically apologizing and deploiring the mishap he could not help. Not tho I lose my life for this, will I hold faintest blame against von Tarlenheim, who nobly did what he could.

After the first few agonized seconds, both men thought one thought only, and so prepared to act: "The honor of the Queen!"

My heart is too heavy to write more now. Von Tarlenheim has returned and I will write you of subsequent events anon, tho the letters reach you many months after, mayhap, this head is laid in dust.

Your wretched, Flavia.

Ruritania. The Following December.

My Sweet Friend:


You ask me what followed the finding of the letter? Ah, it is long, a long story. But if you will hear with me . . . it will ease me to place it down in black and white. for you, if I live, and for posterity, if I die. Helga von Tarlenheim and I have dared scarcely speak these past black months for fear of spies and misinterpretations. Heavy, heavy, in very truth, is the unwilling head that wears a crown. My own is bent with the sad weight of it.

Back in September when all that I have previously recorded occurred, Rassendyll immediately sent off a telegram to Colonel Sapt, the only one at the court upon whom they could depend, for Rassendyll had made loyal friends of von Tarlenheim and Sapt when he had been at court fighting for the King three years before. He wired, then, to Sapt, saying: "Document Lost. Let no one see the King until you hear from me."

He then left at once for Zenda, where we were holding Court, telling von Tarlenheim to follow him the next morning. He was, you see, risking his life for the honor of the Queen!

Poor Sapt. He was sore afraid when he had the wire, for Rischenheim was scheduled for an audience with the King the morning following and there seemed to be no way of intervening without inviting the King's suspicions. Sapt endeavored to persuade the King to go to Strelsau for some hunting, but his Majesty would have none of it. He added to our anxiety by adding that he was curious to know what Rischenheim could have to see him about.

We were in despair. Once that letter fell into the King's hands . . . I need say no more. What foolish things are women, when they love . . . poor me, poor me . . .

It was Rassendyll who saved the day. Sapt, standing on the Bridge the morning following, was startled by a splashing in the moat, and he came, swimming in with the dawn, as it were.

Sapt brought him at once to me that I might be first apprized of his presence in Zenda and so not lose my head at sight of him. I nearly lost my senses at sight of him, as it was. Torn and tattered as he was, weary and anxious and worn, he was a shining god to me. I filled my eyes with him and let my hands touch him and would have fallen upon him and eaten him with tiny kisses if it had not been for my anxiety lest the King discover his presence and danger befall him. I, who would have died for his nearness to me, begged of him to go away . . .

Now as you recall, dearest, the resemblance I have mentioned between the King and Rassendyll. They are distant kinsmen, as you know. And in the distance their features seem the same. It was Rassendyll's thought to receive the stupid, befuddled Rischenheim as the King, receive from him the condemning packet, dismiss him, destroy the damning missive and himself depart. A daring plan. But he counted upon Rischenheim's vacuity, and likewise upon the fact that Rischenheim had only held the King in the audience chamber and then not very near at hand. It was plausible.

It was so plausible that the deed was nearly accomplished, the audience almost over, the letter about to be delivered into the dear hands for which it was intended, when Sapt and Bernstein, watching warned Rassendyll of the inopportune arrival of the King. The signal was cautiously given, but Rischenheim's crafty brain, well trained as it was by Rupert, got an inkling of the truth. He crumpled up the paper and as Rassendyll left the room prepared to meet the true King. As the King approached, Sapt stepped over to Rischenheim and showed his revolver. "A word, a sign, a gesture from you when the King arrives," he said, "and I'll put a bullet thru your head."

Ah, well, dear heart, I will not bore you further with the dodgings and the disappointments, the dangers and the evasions of that most troubled day save to tell you of the consummating disappointment at the end. For when they wrested, at last, the letter from Rischenheim, they

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LIZZIE
THE STUPENDOUS, COLLOSSLAL, MAGNIFICENT, SUPERB, MILLION DOLLAR SPECTACLE

In preface...

Little Lizzie Liverpill leaves the orphanage

She arrives at the home of Rufus Rattlesnake, and is hired

Lizz defies Rattlesnake and refuses to marry Arms Akimbo, the depraved millionaire of the village

Then...

Arms Akimbo tries to make love to Lizzie in his nasty way

LIZZIE RUNS AWAY

After that...

Alone in the storm

Then...

The villains die

End

Reginald Lovy-Dove, the millionaire hero, comes in the nick of time with an umbrella
“No Sadness—No Job”
Such Has Been the Experience of Pauline Starke

By GORDON GASSAWAY

It isn’t fair for the victim of any interview these days to dim the lights. Pauline Starke did it and I spent half an hour wriggling around in a large, comfortable chair trying to find out what color her eyes are.

To be quite truthful about things, this is not really an interview at all. Interviewers are out of style. In the old days—about four or five years ago—we pencil pushers used to go out gunning for picture stars with a well-defined little list of questions:

Did they like to cook?
Did they run an automobile?
Did they hoe in the garden?
Did they like prunes for breakfast—and if not, then for pity sake why not?

And then we’d collect photographs of Dotty Dimpletoes sheathed in a kitchen apron, when lawsy-to-goodness she couldn’t tell which side to fry an egg on, let alone getting up a real meal!

Almost any press agent could turn out a yarn as full of dynamite as that, only there weren’t so dad blamed many press agents hanging around in the old days.

Pauline Starke went into pictures a long time ago because she and her mother needed the money. And she helped rub the splinters off some of the new Extras’ benches at the old Fine Arts studio on Sunset Boulevard when D. W. G. was reigning there. Above Miss Starke is photographed as she appears in “In the Palace of the King,” when she plays a blind girl. And below is the Pauline Starke we interviewed... the Pauline Starke who is shortly to become Mrs. Jack White.

So this isn’t an interview. It’s an honest-to-goodness attempt to find out why Pauline always looks so sad in pictures. My idea of Miss Starke, ever since I saw her first in “Intolerance,” has been that she was not long for this world. From most of her screenings, I had arrived at the conclusion that she found it a world of woe and would be very willing to leave it if the villain said “boo” just once too often.

That is, in all of her pictures that I can remember, with the single exception of “A Yankee In King Arthur’s Court.” In that I went with the expectation of finding her verra, verra sad—and lo, she had a cheerful look and some of the pep widely advertised by Dorothy Gish. Ever since then I’ve wanted to find out what kind of a jolly powder they gave her when that picture was made.
So now I've met her. Right in her own house in Los Angeles where she lives with her mother, who looks quite young enough to be a sister. It's an attractive little home, and it is just full of these more or less new-fangled shaded lamps. You know the kind. The fringe hangs 'way down below their knees like these shaggy dogs that you can't tell which way they are going.

Pauline herself came to the door. That was a relief, because I had just about decided that if I had to meet another Hollywood Japanese maid that all the movies are taking up I would retire from beating a typewriter and take to beating something else. It has gotten so now in Los Angeles and Hollywood that you can't edge into a decent movie home without speaking Japanese in a fluent and colloquial manner. All I can say is "Banzai" and I do not know what that means.

The radio complex had just struck Miss Starke, so she said, almost before my new summer overcoat was off. She was all excited about hearing some funny little squeaks over her new crystal set, whatever that is.

"I'm tired of being sad," Pauline said. "Almost every director in Hollywood has the idea that I have to be 'sad' on the screen!" And really... there's a little quirk to the corner of her mouth which is anything but sad. And her eyes are blue with dancing lights.

"I'm tired of being sad," she said suddenly from the depths of a large chair with wing arms on it, which plunged her face into a shadow almost Stygian. I hadn't mentioned her being sad—yet—so it must have been worrying her considerably.

"Almost every director in Hollywood has the idea that I have to be 'sad' on the screen! No sadness—no job!"

Her voice, issuing forth from her over-stuffed refuge began to haunt me. It is full, and rich and vibrant. It is a voice that ought to be on the stage. But I couldn't see her eyes and the dim outline of her slim white figure might have been...
We lunched with the Valentinos before they sailed for a few months abroad. And talking of the screen version of “Ben-Hur,” Valentino insists that Antonio Moreno is the man for the rôle if it was only possible for Goldwyn to secure his services. For Moreno, anyway, he had generous and intelligent praise.

The Editor Gossips

EVERYONE these days is either sailing for Europe or has just returned. Pall Mall and the rue de la Paix must offer as many familiar faces as Times Square or Hollywood Boulevard. All of which brings us, pleasantly enough, to the Valentinos. We lunched with them the other day, prior to their sailing for a few months on the other side. First they’re going to England. Then they go to France where her people, the Hudnuts, have a chateau, the guest suite of which awaits their arrival. After a few weeks there, according to the present itinerary, they motor to Nice and from there to his native town where they will undoubtedly amaze the good people who bear his name.

We cannot help contrasting the suave, sophisticated Valentino returning to the obscure young man who left the Italian sunshine ten or twelve years ago, dreaming vaguely perhaps of an achievement which couldn’t compare with that which he has attained.

It was amusing to hear both of them muse on the home-going. Naturally, his people are anxious to know what she is like. Rudy says they asked anxiously in their last letter “whether she is ‘expansive’ like Italian women or cold and distant and built like English women?”

He is a little nervous about his return, we think. And not without cause. He has been on exhibition almost constantly now for over a year, but all of this is just nothing to the exhibition he will be on with his own family. He will have much to live up to.

They have seen an advance proof of his book of verse. And he is convinced that they’ll expect him to sit down and dash off a sonnet to any guest who happens in. And because he wrote them that he made some phonograph records, he feels sure they think of him as the premier tenor of the Metropolitan.

When we talked of the production of “Ben-Hur,”

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Now We Believe In Titles

And now we believe in titles. ... Constance Talmadge looks demure enough in these photographs, but we know better ... we know Constance better. And her new film is labeled "A Dangerous Maid." Selah!
That's Out

By TAMAR LANE

IT'S ALL WRONG, WATSON!

The peculiarities of the public taste are as easy to understand as an explanation of the Einstein theory of relativity or why theater managers continue to spoil a perfectly good evening's entertainment with inexcusable prologs. For instance, what can account for the tremendous popularity of Milton Sills? Here we have a player who, while undoubtedly an all-round good performer, has no apparent outstanding qualities to explain the large following he has gained. Yet other screen celebrities with almost every qualification for unlimited success in the galloping tin-types have failed to approach anywhere near the popularity of Sills. Certainly Milt could not be classed a good-looker. Just ordinary at best. Of histrionic abilities he has a fair amount, an old-reliable the same as Sloan's limiment or Sweet Caps, but film

The movies will remain in their infancy . . . as long as virtue must inevitably triumph over villainy

history fails to show his having remarkable portrayals or sparks of genius. Sills, nevertheless, is one of the best liked leading men in the films today. The damsel is yet to be met who has not an enthusiastic word to say for him. Monte Blue, Jack Holt, and Richard Dix might also be put in somewhat the same class. From whence comes their vogue?

Then take Herbert Rawlinson, Conrad Nagle, Norman Kerry, Antonio Moreno and Jack Mulhall. So as far personal attractiveness is concerned they have Milt backed off the road and most of them are better actors. But are they more popular? They are not. To the one who can explain this weird state of affairs will be awarded the patent leather ear-muffs. I give it up.

WHAT NEXT?

One of the most trying problems in the making of the average film, apparently, is the creating of a new and unique place in which the heroine's telephone may be hidden from view. On the screen, evidently, telephones are objects to be heard and not seen.

GOOD SUGGESTION FOR CECIL B.

Fame is a funny thing and many noted celebrities would be surprised if they knew for just what reason their fame was proclaimed by some individuals.

Two gentlemen of color were talking at a Hollywood bootblack stand.

"What you all doin' for a livin' these days, Jasper," asked the first one.

"I'se in the movies. Works for Mr. Cecil B. DeMille," says Jasper.

"Ain't never heerd tell of him."

"Ain't you all heerd of Cecil B. De Mille, the man what makes these 'changer' pictures?"

"Explain yourself, boy, what you all mean by 'changer' pictures."

"I means 'Dont Changer Husband' and 'Why Changer Wife'? One of the last pictures he done made was a wash picture, 'Saturday Night.' Next one I 'pects he'll make will be 'Why Changer Laundry?'"

NOW IT'S HOLLYWOOD VS. GREENWICH VILLAGE

If short haired women and long haired men are any criterion, then Hollywood is rapidly becoming considerable of an art colony. The girls started it all by bobbing their hair. Not to be outdone,

Hollywood is becoming artistic all right. There seems to be no end to which the actors and actresses will not go in order to give the proper touch of realism to their characterization. Next we expect to hear that Lon Chaney has sacrificed a leg for the artistic advancement of the silent drama.
The peculiarities of the public taste are as easy to understand as an explanation of the Einstein theory of relativity. . . . For instance who can explain why Milton Sills is more popular than Conrad Nagle, Antonio Moreno, Jack Mulhall, Norman Kerry or Herbert Rawlinson?

the male favorites are now coaxing their locks down over their ears and the back of their necks. Douglas Fairbanks, Elliott Dexter, George Walsh, Jack Pickford, Johnnie Walker, and Ramon Navarro are only a few who have allowed their hair to grow so far as to give them the appearance of poets and musicians. Meanwhile Hollywood tonsorial artists are gnashing their teeth over this unreasonable state of affairs and the stars are forced to cross to the other side of the street when passing barber shops in order to avert hostilities.

Great Sacrifices Being Made for Screen Art

Hollywood is becoming artistic all right. There seems to be no extreme to which the actors and actresses will not go in order to give the proper touch of realism to a characterization. Bert Lytell started it by bleaching his hair to become a blond for "Rupert of Hentzau." Doug Fairbanks has grown a weird facial adornment for "The Thief of Bagdad," and now the latest is Anna Q. Nilsson cropping her hair off short to play the role of a boy in "Ponjola." Next we expect to hear that Lon Chaney has sacrificed a leg for after all, no doubt merely a matter of economy. Why waste money on such ephemeral things as pies when comedians can be bumped about at several dollars a reel less by an indestructible gas buggy.

Two Real Stars for Somebody

At least one explanation of why we have so many poor pictures can be found in the fact that such superior stars as Ethel Clayton and May McAvoy are now without company connections while a legion of second-rate pretty babies are under contract at fat salaries. Both of these high-calibre stars were released by the Famous Players-Lasky organization, while said company at the same time maintains on its payroll a bevy of one-tenth-of-one-per-cent stars fit to play maids in a Clayton or McAvoy vehicle. Ethel Clayton, one of the most beautiful and capable actresses that ever graced the screen, was one of the best bets Famous-Lasky ever had. In spite of this, she was never given a chance with suitable stories and productions. The same goes for May McAvoy. The answer lies in the fact that no power in the studio took the artistic advancement of the silent drama or that Bull Montana has permitted one of his cauliflower ears to be straightened out.

Lo! the Poor Engine

Regardless of what a person may think of the flivver as a means of transportation, it must be admitted that it is the greatest comedy implement since the days of the custard pie. If 'were not for the existence of these tin perambulators, it is disconcerting to imagine what might become of the present crop of comedians. All that is needed to start a comedy company these days is a camera and a flivver. A comedian, apparently, is not only an unnecessary evil but an unnecessary expense. Every time Henry Ford lowers the price of his busses a couple of hundred, new comic concerns are launched at the public. When he raises the F. O. B. rates, four thousand alleged rivals of Chaplin and Lloyd are forced to go back to their fruit stands and other allied vocations. The popularity of the flivver with the slapstick producers is,
Across the Silversheet

By

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

And those who came to scoff, remained to praise. That paraphrase actually sums up all we have to say in consideration of Mrs. Wallace Reid's "Human Wreckage." For it will be a long time before we will forget the conversion of the skeptical audience that filled the Lyric Theater in New York for the premiere. We numbered among the skeptics. And with them we filed out after the performance, impressed; with praise for the widow of Wally Reid in her crusade against that thing which robbed her of her husband and the world of one of its idols. And tho enough days have passed to have cooled our interest, we are still impressed by what Mrs. Reid showed us and hope fervently that something definite may be done to obliterate the prowling hyena that menaces humanity so grimly.

First of all, "Human Wreckage" cannot be considered simply as entertainment. It is infinitely more than that. It is a motion picture with a purpose. And while we believe it will succeed to a great extent in its purpose, we believe this will be the case because it succeeds in being entertainment in the bargain.

The story deals realistically with those in every stratum of life who are confronted with the drug habit. It shows the venders plying their illicit and sinister wares. It shows homes disrupted because of some member of the family falling prey to the drug traffickers. It shows some overcoming the beast which threatens them and some paying the ultimate price.

All of this is handled intelligently and sincerely. It is in no instance maudlin or overdone. And from the introduction to the fade-out we were impressed with the truth of the statement that every instance has a parallel in life.

The cast is perhaps one of the finest ever assembled for a single production . . . the finest, we mean, not because of the glitter of the names but because of the sincerity of the portrayals.

Mrs. Reid, who has little demand made upon her, succeeds in being sympathetic and convincing thruout. James Kirkwood and George Hackathorne, too, both win a large measure of praise. But it was Besie Love as the tragic little mother who surprised us the most. Her work in this production will cause us always to consider her seriously in the future.

"Human Wreckage," it seems to us, might easily have been theatrical and in inexecrable taste. It was as these things that we stamped it prematurely; before we saw it. Instead, the sincerity of purpose behind it and the splendid way in which it has been produced have raised it to a high place.

(Continued on page 100)
Comment on the New Picture

ALICE ADAMS

BOOTH TARKINGTON'S vital and vivid story of a misguided family in a common-place community has been deftly produced on the screen—with all its charming qualities intact. Touching as it does upon a subject which may be appreciated by everyone, it is certain to be warmly accepted as a real slice of life. There is no pyrotechnic dramatic display here. One sees no dashing rescues, nor bizarre sets. It is as quiet and even as the placid lives of its characters. And these characters—how lifelike they are! There is the wistful, high-strung, imaginative daughter who builds air-castles of sheer romance—whose indomitable pride is forced to submit to the embarrassments of a poverty-stricken home; there is the nagging mother and the kindly, meek, hard-working father who, not being a practical man, is unable to take the family to the high places. And last of all, there is the weak, vicious brother who constantly shames his sister.

Around this quartette and a few others this story revolves—telling a story rich in pathos and human interest. Yet it contains scenes of quaint humor. So we cannot call it a drab study. The high spot of the novel when the admirer of Alice, invited to dinner, is disillusioned to discover that her life is a sham is finely suggested.

How eloquent is Florence Vidor in the title rôle! The shading, the deep understanding—the manner in which she touches the very soul of the character stamps her as one of our most gifted actresses. She is truly Alice Adams to the life. Claude Gillingwater is ideal as the uncomplaining father who would understand his family. The captions are excellent. In all, a fine, human study—which touches the core of middle-class American life. Look about you. Alice's counterpart may be living just around the corner.

WANDERING DAUGHTERS

An inconsequential story—one which may be called a celluloid satire on the younger generation, is exposed to the relentless rays of the Kliegs and the result is so much drivel. The characters do nothing but pose and are manipulated like so many puppets. They execute their high jinks and wander off like the members of a vaudeville bill. A few attempts have been made to add a risqué touch but these are mostly tame. A subtitle gives it away—"It's not the 'wandering boy' any more—it's the wandering girl!" A competent cast struggles bravely to appear real. But what a task! Before they are thru we discover that it is the wandering boy who produces the wandering girl. Patrons should wander by the theater where this opus is being presented.

THE WOMAN WITH FOUR FACES

A trick title attached to a trick melo-
CRITICAL PARAGRAPHS WHICH SERVE AS GUIDES TO BETTER PICTURES

drama, written by an experienced author in such things—Bayard Veiller. He doesn't stop to incorporate any logic in his vivid tale. As a result, the opus often taxes credulity. He employs a prosecuting attorney determined to break up a gang of crooks and a girl is used as a sort of glorified "stool pigeon." She, it is of the four faces. Her various masquerades you see, to help detect the criminals. But the biggest gap arrives when the prosecutor employs an airplane to get a convict out of a prison yard so that he might crack the safe in which are hidden the fatal papers. Imagine that bold touch! And since when are prosecutors conniving with crooks to catch other crooks? It's all lively, however, and contains some tense moments despite its improbabilities. Betty Compson, at her best in this type of rôle, gives an admirable performance.

Peter the Great

The Germans again! This time they have plunged into Russian history, taking the most colorful character, Peter the Great, whose life was certainly picturesque and dramatic enough to create an effective historical and yet, adventurous romance. While the Teutons haven't caught the best methods of the Americans in shaping their stories so that their backgrounds and foregrounds do not clash, yet in "Peter the Great" they have indicated that they haven't far to go. Surely Peter is ever in front of us. One moment he is tender, again he is cruel. And we have him in scenes of amorous scenes of romance. The picture may falter in its mass effects—such as the war episode between Sweden and Russia, but its atmosphere is well-nigh perfect. The captioning, done on this side of the water, is excellent. And the acting contributed by the always dependable Emil Jannings is of a cameo fineness. His support is highly commendable.

"Peter the Great"? A picture presenting accurate slices of history—the Germans are sticklers for accuracy—and balanced with outstanding touches of romance, intrigue and adventure. Surely one of Germany's best. Which means that it is up there with "Passion" and "Deception."

Michael O'Halloran

Gene Stratton Porter's "Michael O'Halloran" may be a best seller in the fiction world, but transferred to the silversheet, it doesn't ring so true. Booth Tarkington's fictional kids are much more genuine because they do the things that kids are ever doing the world over. In other words they are healthy and as a result they live to play. Mrs. Porter's characters are ever shedding tears. In fact, she employs the ingredient known as pathos to agitate the lachrymose glands of the spectator, but the effort is fruitless. So we see an infant Pollyanna, a cripple, watched over very tenderly by a
little toughie who is a protégé of some esteemed worthy. The little Pollyanna comes out into the sunlight just like the big Pollyanna—and it is over. Too many attempts for tears—and not enough for smiles. A sugar-coated, sing-song tale of preadolescence, lacking any vitality.

**Divorce**

They are still determined to turn out such stuff of which "Divorce" is made. How often have you seen the happy couple in moderate circumstances strike a snag when the husband, unable to stand prosperity, abuses his wife? It's an oft-repeated story, time-worn and hackneyed now—and consequently fails to interest beyond its characterization. The couple become rich, the husband develops into a philanderer and the wife is miserable. But we cannot extend her any sympathy because she fails to show any spirit. She takes her insults very meekly and in such a saccharine manner that we feel like praising the husband for kicking over the traces. You know just how it will develop. He loses his position and once they are back in their modest menage the sweet spouse is made happy again. They make such wives in the movies. And it is only in the movies that one sees such sugar-coated pills as "Divorce."

**The Spoilers**

Many pictures have raced across the screen since Rex Beach's vital story was first produced—pictures based upon an identical theme and line of action. And now the vigorous and compelling yarn—some declare it Beach's best—has been revitalized and shapes up as one of the most interesting documents that have come along in a season or three. In the first place it is a story which contains all the necessary ingredients for screen success—seeing that it is, laid against rugged backgrounds and tells a tale of vivid conflict in the far-off reaches of Alaska. It features a plot of intrigue and adventure—the principal figures of which are an honest miner and a group of unscrupulous claim jumpers.

One instinctively watches each development of the story with the deepest interest, knowing that a climax will arrive carrying the utmost in melodramatic fireworks. And what a climax! The former picture earned its encomiums because of the fight between Tom Santschi and Bill Farnum. The new picture will earn bigger encomiums because of a much more picturesque and rugged fight between Milton Sills and Noah Beery. How those two boys do mix it! At least twenty minutes elapse before both are rendered **hors de combat**
—altho Sils, in the hero rôle, gains the decision
on points. Rich in adventure, saturated with color
and romance, balanced with treacherous plotting—
this is a picture made to order for he-men the
world over. In fact, it is made to order for every-
body. It carries not a single weakness. We offer
it to you with the greatest enthusiasm.

**Daughters of the Rich**

Where have I seen this before? This is the
question which the spectator will ask himself when
he sees "Daughters of the Rich," a trite, artificial,
weary exposition of hypocrisy in the familiar fast
set. Every detail about it is cut and dried. And
the theme—that of the girl bartered off to the
highest bidder, has long outlived its usefulness.
The properties which hold the thing together are
really its only redeeming features. These include
some hand-carved furniture, bizarre bedrooms,
immaculate evening clothes and gowns and con-
siderable table linen. Before the picture is over
we look upon a couple of loveless marriages, a
suicide and a much-em-
phasized moral. There is
an attempt to introduce a
psychological study—with
the characters immersed in
deep thought. Their
thoughts are in vain with
such a shallow pattern.

**The Fog**

Here we have a psycho-
logical study of youth—
presenting as it does the
struggles of a boy and
girl to find their way thru
the fog of tyranny and
misunderstanding which
envelops them. The boy
lives in continual fear of
his tyrannical parents and
he grows to manhood with
but one happy memory—
that of a sweet little girl
rescued from an orphan
asylum. She, in the course
of his growing to manhood, disappears,
but eventually she returns as a matter of
convenience. It is a fairly effective drama,
somewhat illogical in many of its scenes,
but withal, a picture calculated to enter-
tain. The opus is staged in an adequate
manner, the locale being a small town,
with a flash of Siberia offered in the cli-
max. David Butler makes the hero recog-
nizably real.

**The Law of the Lawless**

An afternoon or evening with the gyp-
sies—it all depends at which hour of the
day you see this picture. What is it?
Merely our old friend, the auction-block
formula—with daughter selling herself to
the highest bidder to save her father from
a debtor's prison. So the much-costumed
Gypsy bids the highest. And the concluding
scenes merely tell over the taming of

*(Continued on page 101)*
F. Marion Crawford's story of "The White Sister" has come to the screen with Lillian Gish in the title rôle of the Princess Angela Chiaromonti, later Sister Giovanna. Henry King took his company abroad that every scene might be rich in the color and charm of Old Italy. They even went so far as to secure a studio there where the interior scenes were filmed.

Ronald Colman is Giovanni Severi, the hero, and Gail Kane plays the rôle of Princess Veronica, sister of Angela. At the right Lillian Gish is shown about to become the bride of the Church.

And J. Barney Sherry plays Monsignor Saracinesca. So excellent was his characterization, they tell us, that children came up to him in the streets, asking his blessing. Of course this he could not give and they went away puzzled and disappointed.

Previews of "The White Sister"
LILLIAN GISH
By Faith Baldwin

She has white magic at her finger-tips,
And brings us visions, gentle, pastel things,
Songs, sung at twilight, seem to wreath her lips.
Her hands are as the pale dove's startled wings;
And she is primrose dawn before hot light
Dispels its charm; and she is dusk; the star,
The first star, is her slave, before the night
Grows dark. And shy, as flowers are,
Her soul looks out from her enchanting eyes,
In wistful wonder; and her body's grace
Is slim, like little trees; and very wise
With innocence and quiet is her face.

The photograph above with J. Barney Sherry, Lillian Gish and Ronald Colman has the beauty of an old painting. You can almost feel the warm quiet of the old Italian scene with its wayside shrine waiting the devout traveler. . . . And, at the left, is Lillian Gish, a White Sister . . . a ministering Angel.
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, it is requested that this be specified.

We applaud this reader who regrets great actors and actresses being forgotten in the rush for new personalities.

Dear Editor: I have long wanted to write to this "Fan Forum," as I call it, and I've always put it off, but, "The Editor Gossips," of the July Motion Picture Magazine, with its just praise of Henry Walthall, made me ashamed of dallying any longer.

I wonder if, in the rush for novelties and new personalities, we have not forgotten the really great actors of the screen. I don't think they have been forgotten, but only relegated to the background, as it were, to be pulled forward again when the bizarre falls. But, while we enjoy novel personalities, why do we forget to praise the actors whose portrayals are the very foundations of the cinema?

First—there is Bert Lytell. His characterization in "The Right of Way" was one of the masterpieces of the screen, and yet he has been recently featured in stories that not even his brilliance could redeem from mediocrity. He should not be merely "co-starred." He most certainly has sufficient ability and personality to be starred as he deserves.

Second—Henry Walthall. While it is true that "Susie Simpleton" is signed under a fabulous contract, to shake her curls against back lighting," and Mr. Walthall is frequently given an unimportant rôle—yet it is also true, that in every picture that I have seen him, his characterization has been the outstanding feature.

Third—Sessue Hayakawa. Like Mr. Walthall's, his is a distinct personality. Hampered as he has been for the lack of proper story material, he has, nevertheless, contributed numberless worthwhile characters to the screen. He has never been unconvincing—never improbable. I have missed him from the screen.

Richard Barthelmess seems at last to be gaining proper recognition for the numerous "bigger and better things" he has contributed to the screen.

There are many others whose portrayals have often detracted from the star—Gareth Hughes, Raymond Hatton, Lew Cody, Theodore Kosloff, Theodore Roberts—and quite a few others; but if all these were featured, where would be the sterling actors that keep so many ancient plots from creaking too audibly? They can't ALL be starred—but I think they would appreciate knowing that their work has been seen and noticed, instead of always seeing praise poured on others.

So, in the vogue for the Sheik and his many relations, I write this—"lest we forget."

Sincerely yours,
Rose M. Revere,
3836 Boulevard, W. Hoboken, N. J.

Suggesting Conway Tearle for Ben Hur.

Dear Editor: I have a suggestion to make, but knowing it is to carry much weight coming from a nonentity like myself, I thought perhaps if it met with your approval, you would lend it your support by giving it publicity thru your various Motion Picture Editorials.

As a matter of fact, it is a mystery to me why it is necessary for anyone to have to make this suggestion. One would have thought that the authorities would long ago have seen it to be the obvious solution to their apparent difficulty in finding an actor suitable to take the title rôle in the film version of "Ben Hur." Why all this speculation and discussion as to who is to have the part? Why don't they solve the problem once and for all by getting Conway Tearle to take the part? Not only is Mr. Tearle one of the best actors and most striking personalities the movies possess, but he also has the advantage of having appeared as Ben Hur on the legitimate stage, so surely he is the person to render the part on the screen. I hope you will agree with me.

Sincerely yours,
L. Streifer,
1029 Belmont Ave., Victoria, B. C.

Criticism and a cry for good actors and actresses not stars manufactured by profuse advertising.

Dear Editor: Why is the dumb-bell? This is what I've been wondering, every time one simmered thru five reels before my weared eyes. I, certainly, have no idea of the "WHY" of such a movie type, and doubt if anyone else has. How she has progressed so far in pictures, is a mystery. One thing is certain. She is with us, apparently, I'm afraid, to stay. She is one of

(Continued on page 104)
MYRA HASTINGS
kicked aside the ugly woolen skirt she had just let slip to the floor, where it lay untidily, each crumpled pleat a screaming reproach. She snatched off the cheap white blouse in angry haste. It was no longer fresh but it would not stand another washing. She regarded dismally the coarse cambric undergarment now exposed to view. Her pretty bare arms shone round and smooth in the gaslight. A pair of shoddy silk stockings much darned, could not hide the grace of her slim tapering legs.

"Oh, I should have them," she found herself muttering. "I'd become them. Soft silky things with Irish, or filet, fine linen things. Furs to touch and hold against your cheek, pearls and jewelled slippers and big feather fans and—Oh, I want them!" she almost sobbed. "I can't, can't bear these. I hate the feel of them. Why, oh why, must I be condemned to wear hideous cheap common clothes like these? Can't it ever be different?"

Of course, Myra knew that a girl as undeniably pretty as she was could have all the lovely things she wanted, if she—if she—But of course she didn't want them that way—Myra's heart was sweet and young. To have sold it, even for all the beautiful clothes in the world, was a bargain she instinctively shrank from. Besides, it cost too much, in the long run. She knew that.

She lay on the narrow cot that masqueraded in the day time as a sofa, and tossed about, wide-eyed and miserable. She would not—could not wake to another dawn in these drab surroundings. She read the want ads daily and the one she had cut out was for a ladies' maid up at the Worthingtons. Even in the great city where Myra worked and struggled and yearned, the Worthingtons were not unknown. An old family and an enormously rich one, they stood for everything that was to be desired in Myra's eyes. She weighed the lowly job of ladies' maid against her present position, typist. People would look down on her she felt sure if she made that change, but she had no friends and the few acquaintances she counted need not ever know she was a servant. Anyway, anything was better than this. If she herself couldn't have the pretty things she craved, she could at least be near them and take care of them. Well, she would apply the first thing in the morning at the house. That decision made, Myra closed her eyes and slept more peacefully than she had for many wretched nights.

It wasn't so easy tho, this being a ladies' maid. It seemed to mean: parlor maid, laundress, seamstress, nurse maid and what not. She didn't mind the nurse maid part of it, but the ladies' maid part was difficult. The lady was what made it so hard. Her name was Nina Van Pelt, and she was the married—unhappily married—daughter of Mrs. Worthington, come home with her husband to enjoy again the comforts of the maternal roof. The other members of the household were Marjorie, a dependent tho charming young cousin, and Bobby, her ardent suitor, who practically lived there, and Elliot Worthington the unmarried son, who practically never stayed there. Myra admired them all tremendously tho. They were all so cool, so well bred, so beautifully mannered, so well groomed and well dressed, so rich. Mrs. Van Pelt had a million dresses. She wore them only once and—

A bell rang sharply and Myra hurried upstairs. Mrs. Van Pelt didn't like to be kept waiting. The rest of the family were grouped in the library waiting for Nina to go to the opera. But Nina's new gown hadn't come from her modiste's, and she had wilfully refused to wear any of the others. In vain Myra had lifted one gorgeous gown after another out of the capacious wardrobe and held them up under her pretty chin. Mrs. Van Pelt would have none of them. Her husband finally snapped his watch shut with angry irritation.

"You'll have to wear one of these, Nina, or stay home," he said, with pardonable irritation, "we can't wait any longer."

Myra held up another dress, and Van Pelt gave her a long look, an appraising sort of look that any woman resents, and Myra remembered other times he had gone out of his way to attract her attention. His wife took the gown haughtily, not missing the look, and allowed Myra to put it on her.

"When Faishy's boy comes," she said on the way out, "be sure to open the box and hang the new frock with the others. And I want you to be up when I get back. We'll be late."

Myra discovered that it wasn't so easy, this being a ladies' maid. It seemed to mean: parlor maid, laundress, seamstress, nurse maid and what not. She didn't mind the nurse maid part of it, but the ladies' maid part was difficult.
There was a party below stairs and Myra of course went down, but she had no heart for its crude gaiety and noisy fun. The dazzling display of clothes and jewels and luxurious evening wraps she had just been handling had inflamed her like wine. She longed passionately to hold their silken fineness again, to feast her eyes once more on their glitter, to feel their everlasting allure. She left the other servants, followed by their none too friendly jeers, and went back upstairs. The new gown had arrived. As she opened it and removed the crushed tissue paper packed so carefully around it, something seemed to give way in her tired brain, and before she had time to think of what she had done, she was standing before the full-length mirror in Mrs. Van Pelt’s dressing-room door, dressed in Mrs. Van Pelt’s newest frock, bedecked in Mrs. Van Pelt’s jewels, and coquettishly waving one of Mrs. Van Pelt’s expensive fans.

Still bewitched by the charming apparition that confronted her, she trailed her new-found splendor downstairs to the library. Standing before the fireplace was Elliot Worthington, who had returned unexpectedly.

“Oh,” he exclaimed in surprise. “I thought there was no one at home.”

Every drop of blood in Myra’s body rushed to her head. She parted her lips but no sound came from them. She turned away and Elliot held out his hand. “Please dont go,” he cried. “I am Elliot Worthington. You must be the friend of Nina’s she was expecting. Please sit down for a moment.”

Myra sunk into a chair, her heart still throbbing madly. She was thrilled and exhilarated beyond all sense. She managed a faint smile.

“This is fine,” the young man responded. “Where’s all the family?”

“They’ve gone to the opera,” replied Myra, recovering herself magnificently. ‘Aida.’ I didn’t care to go. I’ve heard it so many times,” she added, hoping she had the name right. At least it sounded like the word she had heard Mrs. Van Pelt say.

“Beastly bore anyway, opera,” Elliot said, looking at her with an ever-increasing admiration.

“Oh no, I love it,” answered Myra, wondering if she would, if she ever got the chance to hear one.

“How long are you to be here?” Elliot asked.

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THE WANTERS
Novelized, by permission, from the First National Attraction of the John M. Stahl production based on the scenario by J. G. Hawks and Paul Bern, adapted from the story by Leila Burton Wells. Directed by John M. Stahl. The cast:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Role</th>
<th>Actor</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Myra Hastings</td>
<td>Marie Prevost</td>
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<tr>
<td>Elliot Worthington</td>
<td>Robert Ellis</td>
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<tr>
<td>Marjorie</td>
<td>Norma Shearer</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. Van Pelt</td>
<td>Gertrude Astor</td>
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<tr>
<td>Theodore Van Pelt</td>
<td>Huntley Gordon</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sonny</td>
<td>Richard Headrick</td>
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<td>Bobby</td>
<td>Lineol Stedman</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. Worthington</td>
<td>Lillian Langdon</td>
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<td>Mary</td>
<td>Louise Farenda</td>
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<td>The Star Boarder</td>
<td>Hank Mann</td>
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<td>The Landlady</td>
<td>Lydia Yeamans Titus</td>
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<td>Tom Armstrong</td>
<td>Vernon Steele</td>
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<td>Chauffeur</td>
<td>Harold Goodwin</td>
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<td>Butler</td>
<td>William Buckley</td>
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"Well, I really don't know," replied Myra, with perfect truth. "Not very long——"

"That’s a shame," Elliot retorted, and the obvious disappointment in his eyes encouraged the girl to further madness. She breathed in a deep sigh and settled down to the hazardous enjoyment of that stolen hour.

* * * * * * *

Myra Hastings, private secretary of Bloom and Bloom, Incorporated, lifted her hands from the keys of her typewriter and stared pensively into space. She was going back, as she had done so often in the last few weeks, to that one bright, exciting evening in her life, when she had seen fascination grow in the eyes of a man, a most desirable young man. It didn't matter so much, the sharp swift tragedy that followed after, because the man still betrayed his interest. How gallantly he had stood up for her before his sister in her wrathful vituperation. Of course, Nina Van Pelt had come home too soon, and Myra had hidden herself and her stolen glory outside on the balcony while Elliot greeted his sister. Could she have foreseen then, that the heavens would open and drench her to the skin, hopelessly ruin the dress, draggle the waving plumes and stir her timid heart? Elliot had dragged her inside and the dénouement occurred. He had been courteous and kind tho, even when he was told she was only his sister’s maid. He had tried vainly to stem the tide of scornful anger, to spare the humiliated girl. Naturally, he was helpless when she was dismissed, but he had offered his car to take her wherever she might wish to go. Yes, he had been all that a beautiful dream required. He was coming to see her tonight. He had wanted to before, only she had been too shamed and embarrassed to let him. But she couldn’t resist him any longer. He was coming tonight. She clicked the keys once more, rapidly, happily. After all, clothes didn’t seem to matter so much as she had thought.

He was coming tonight.

A few weeks later in the Worthington household, things were not running so smoothly as was their wont. Elliot had just made what was unmistakably an unwelcome announcement.

"Mother," he had said, "here is the girl who has promised to be my wife." He pulled Myra forward until she stood shyly before Mrs. Worthington.

An appalling silence descended upon the room. The family were utterly shocked to learn that the servant discharged from their services was returning to be one of them. Van Pelt received her with cynical amusement and a somewhat ironical courtesy. Mrs. Van Pelt was furious at what she considered an unpardonable affront and made no attempt to hide her indignation. Marjorie, to whom Mrs. Worthington had tried desperately to engage Elliot, was humiliated beyond expression. Mrs. Worthington herself was all but overcome at this incredible performance on the part of her son. Only Bobby was pleased—and he said so. Mrs. Worthington felt that the situation required delicacy and tact, which it did, indeed, but not exactly as she had interpreted it.

Summoning all the savoir faire she had at her command, she murmured sweetly, alto her eyes were as cold and forbidding as a magistrate’s, "I am very glad to welcome you, my dear. You shall come upstairs with me and we'll talk this thing over by ourselves."

After a very grave and decidedly acrimonious family council it was decided that Myra should stay with them, so that she might be adequately prepared to occupy the station in life that would be hers as Elliot’s wife. In

There was a party below stairs and Myra, of course, went down, but she had no heart for its crude gaiety and noisy fun. The dazzling display of clothes and jewels and luxurious evening wraps she had just been handling had inflamed her like wine.
and maybe she could show them, tonight, that she too had acquired the dignity and manner that they all seemed born with. Yes, she would, and after tonight—well, let circumstances do what they would.

But circumstances have a way of being untoward and they don't always favor a luckless, anxious little heart. When Myra descended the broad stairs of the Worthington home, facing the glacial battery of a hundred critical eyes, her legs shook under the filmy lace of her gown. Her lips trembled, her head swam. The room blurred suddenly. She took one tremulous step down and fell headlong all the way.

There was a frigid silence, then a faint well-bred titter of amusement hastily stifled. Elliot rushed to her side and picked her up tenderly and tried to console her. But the mortification was too intense. She begged him to excuse her and fled to her room, there to cry her heart out in agonized humiliation. The dinner progressed without her.

Elliot had brought an old friend, Tom Armstrong, back with him and Nina Van Pelt's heart beat raggedly when she saw him. He was the one man in her frivolous life she had really loved. But he was poor and her mother had forced the wealthy Van Pelt upon her and she had been too weak to resist. It seemed to her now that the years had made no difference. He still looked at her as tho he loved her and the response in her breast fairly terrified her. After dinner they went out on the balcony that skirted the library, to be alone together. It had been so long.

Up in her room, with a broken spirit, Myra poured out her story to Dobbins the butler, when he brought her dinner up to her. His stiff butler attitude relaxed for a moment. "You'll be better off Myra—er—Miss Hastings, you'll be better off in the black dress and apron. That's where your happiness lies."

"Oh, do you think so, Dobbins? You are good to tell me the truth anyway. I—"

Myra Hastings, private secretary of Bloom and Bloom, Incorporated, lifted her hands from the keys of her typewriter and stared pensively into space.

other words, they would try to make a "lady" of her. Naturally, Elliot objected, but his mother was an exceedingly clever woman and convinced him that that was the kindest form of procedure that anyone could possibly pursue.

Thereupon Myra was put thru the most rigorous course of what seemed to her, bitter humiliation. She was rebuffed and corrected until she felt she could endure nothing more. She was overtly sneered at and despised as an interloper. Her ignominy was none the less hard to bear, that it was disguised as a kindly intent. Under the screen of social training lay a hundred cutting remarks and thinly veiled snubs. Myra's courage almost gave out. Elliot's mother, being past master of this sort of maneuvering, managed to keep Myra and her son apart. Indeed, Elliot was even now away on a business trip, had been for six weeks, and the disheartened and disillusioned girl had almost made up her mind to tell him when he got home that it was all a terrible mistake. She could never be what they called a lady. He'd better marry Marjorie and let her drift out of sight. He'd probably forget her. Men always did... but he was so glad to see her and she to see him, that everything else was forgotten in the rapture of that moment of meeting again. Besides, there was to be a big formal dinner that night, and she had a new frock...
Van Pelt overheard his wife begging Tom Armstrong to take her away too. And, in a burst of hypocritical rage, he ordered Armstrong out of the house.

“Really, Myra,” interrupted the voice of Elliot Worthington. “I came up to see if you wouldn’t come down again, but I hardly expected to find you making a confidant of the servants. I’m afraid my mother was right. You—”

But Myra had sped past him—anywhere away from the sound of that voice repreaching her too. Down to the library she hurried for a moment alone to think. Van Pelt was there biting the end of his cigar impatiently. His eyes blazed a welcome.

“Hello, little one,” he said seizing her hand. “Have they been mean to you again?”

“Yes,” answered Myra, “all of them.” She was too miserable to notice that he was still holding her hand.

“Well, you needn’t put up with it any longer,” he said, drawing her closer. “You shall have all the pretty things you want—if you’ll go away with me for a week. What do you say?”

“Beast, beast, beast! That’s what I say,” cried the indignant girl. “How dare you make such a proposal to me?”

She had jumped to her feet, dragging Van Pelt up with her. He laughed warily, and put his arms around her and held her tight, in spite of her panting struggles.

Mrs. Worthington and her son found them that way. “Oh Myra, Myra,” groaned Elliot. “How could you?” Mrs. Worthington maintained an accusing silence.

Van Pelt released Myra and she reached out an appealing hand to Elliot. “You don’t believe that this is my fault,” she faltered.

Elliot turned aside, and Mrs. Van Pelt stepped into the room from the balcony.

“O Mrs. Van Pelt,” Myra cried. “You were there on the balcony. You must have heard what your husband said. Tell them, tell them what you heard.”

Nina Van Pelt hesitated. Then, “There was certainly an unspeakable proposition made—but not by my husband.”

Utterly beaten, Myra dragged herself upstairs, packed a bag in silent grief and came down again determined never to spend another night under this roof. On her way out she overheard Nina Van Pelt begging Tom Armstrong to take her away, because she was lonely and unhappy. Van Pelt overheard it too and in a burst of hypocritical rage ordered Armstrong out of the house. Then there followed a scene that revealed the unhappiness and discontent of the entire household. Their veneer was stripped away and Myra stood aghast, before the ignominious spectacle.

“You are poor,” she finally cried, “poorer than I am. Poor, miserable, things. You are wanters just like I am. You wanted the things you had and see what a horrible price you’ve had to pay for them—peace of mind, contented hearts. And what have you got now? Nothing. Because there is no love here. I wanted pretty things too—but I don’t want them now when I see that happiness is the price you pay for them. Good-bye. I never want to see any of you again.”

“M’ya, my dear, my dear,” pleaded Elliot, “don’t go like this. Forgive me. I want you for my wife. I love you.”

“You don’t know what love is,” the girl replied bitterly. “Don’t speak of it. Good-bye.”

She walked out of the house with head held high, but it drooped fast enough once she was alone in the dark.

(Continued on page 97)
On the Camera Coast

from every big producer in the business. She accepted one from Thomas H. Ince to whom she is under contract for three years. Those who have seen the pre-views of Marshal Neilan’s “Rendezvous,” say her work in a terrific emotional rôle is a revelation. She plays the part of a little Russian princess who, after the revolution, is forced into a marriage with a brutal Cossack. He beats her about the head until he breaks her ear-drums. She accidentally locks him in a tomb and his cries for help fall upon the ears he has silenced forever.

Little Miss Rickson is supposed to be seventeen years old; but I understand her real age is fourteen.

Two interesting photo plays have had the acid test in Hollywood. This test is a pre-view before the Writers’ Club, which is made up of motion picture authors, critics and directors.

One of the plays was Ernst Lubitsch’s “Montmartre” in which Pola Negri was starred. It was made in Paris shortly before the two came to America. In its original form, it must have been very fine; but the pious censorship of the Lasky studio did strange things to it. Herr Lubitsch almost wept when they made him switch the story around to transform the street walker into a respectable young married lady and then made him save her from a suicide’s grave.

The other play that went thru Hollywood’s Third Degree was “Merry Go Round,” which von Stroheim began and another director finished. The place where one director left off and the other began is like hitting a bump in the road while automobile riding. Von Stroheim’s part was

When Claire Windsor returned to Hollywood, Billy could hardly wait for the train to stop and permit his beautiful mother to alight. Below, Ernst Lubitsch who came to America to direct “Rosita,” consults with that splendid cameraman, Charles Rosher.

Sir Conan Doyle, world-famous author of detective stories and, more recently, one of the eminent protagonists of spiritualism, visited the Goldwyn studios with his family where June Mathis, editorial director, acted as hostess.

ACK PICKFORD has discovered a brand new complication in the motion picture business. In addition to all the other trials and tribulations, he now is up against the difficulty of having to find a location near a summer hotel that his wife, Marilyn Miller, likes.

Marilyn is having a hard time sticking to her resolution to spend her vacation honeymooning with Jack.

The other day, Sid Grauman, who manages three of the biggest movie theaters in Los Angeles, offered her $5,000 a week to appear for five minutes a night at one of them. She refused. She said she was going to have her vacation with Jack if some one offers her a million dollars a week.

Wherefore they are on their way to the Santa Cruz Mountains in Central California. In those mountains Jack will put on the Tennessee story that Mary Pickford has written for him.

It is more or less a revamping of one of Mary’s early triumphs. She has personally selected little Lucile Rickson to play her old part and spends hours every day on Lucile’s costume and make-up.

The little Rickson girl, by the way, has the distinction of having had more offers than any other actress in Hollywood this season.

In one week, she had the offer of a contract

Photograph by K. O. Rahmn
HARRY CARR WRITES OF THE
HOLLYWOOD ACTIVITIES

hard and brilliant with the glitter and sophistication of old Vienna; it tastes of gay cynicism. After von Stroheim's hand passes from the picture it becomes mush of the mushiest variety.

Lubitsch is now installed in the Warner Brothers studio. He was to have done "Deburau" but abandoned it because it is too lyric in quality and not dramatic enough. He is going to play an ironical comedy drama.

To the vast relief of the people at Warner Brothers, Lenore Ulric has at last gone on location in Northern California—the beginning of her work on "Tiger Rose." They brought her out to California several weeks in advance of the picture so she could enjoy life and "get in the atmosphere." The result was she was nearly bored to death and came around every morning to the studio demanding to be allowed to go to work, until she nearly drove the whole organization to suicide.

The other day a new office boy at Universal City saw a tall man and a young lady waiting at the gate. The man said he would like to go thru the plant.

"'Tain't allowed," said the boy. Then more doubtfully, "Wha's your name?"

"My name is W. R. Hearst."

"This didn't mean anything in that young man's life; he said, "What's yer business?"

Mr. Hearst hesitated. "I am connected with the news serial you issue," he said.

"News?" said the office boy, brightening up. "Are you a newspaper guy?"

"Yes," said Mr. Hearst meekly. "Well," sighed the boy, "I s'pose you kin come in then."

While he was in Holly-

Charles Brabin insisted that Frank Mayo go in for realism in "Six Days." But Corinne Griffith, stood ready on the sidelines with ciga-
rets...

wood, Mr. Hearst was the guest of honor at the Hen Party Club—the only man ever so honored. This club met at the home of Frances Marion, and the guests were the Talmadge girls, Theda Bara, Lenore Ulric and some of the most famous stars in Hollywood.

I heard a very charming story about Theda Bara and Lenore Ul-
ric. Both girls are very near sighted and always carry lorgnettes. They had never met, altho they have been great admirers of each other. On hearing the names spoken, each lady instinctively reached for her lorgnette handle; then tact-
fully dropped it. Finally, Theda said des-
perately, "My dear Miss Ulric, would you mind putting up your lorgnette and taking a good look at me so I can raise mine and take a good look at you."

The last shots are being made on "Abraham Lincoln," which promises to be one of the great pictures of the year. It is unique in that it was produced by two mere boys, Al and Ray Rockett, who are still in their twen-
ties. They started out almost without financial backing with only hope and courage, to make one of the most expensive pictures of the year. They have taken 300,000 feet of very remarkable film. The man who plays the part of Lincoln was a Los Angeles business man named George A. Billings.
He is so like Lincoln that it almost takes one's breath away and, by some miracle, he has turned out to be one of the most finished and capable actors I have ever seen on the screen.

While taking the big scene in "The Ten Commandments," where Moses breaks the sacred tablets when he finds the Children of Israel worshipping the Golden Calf, Cecil De Mille had an embarrassing experience. I guess the ladies didn't bother much about clothes in those days. Anyhow there were a million ladies on the set and about two yards of cloth. Came a guest who wanted to see the movies being taken. He was a nice looking young man. Mr. De Mille didn't catch his name but smiled him a welcome and went on with the scene. During an interval he made inquiry as to the identity of the young visitor, "He is a member of the board of censors of the State of Ohio," was the stern answer. Tableau!

Both Pola Negri and Norma Talmadge are going to "cut loose," so to speak. They both have been held down by the technique of directors who believe in repression. In "The Spanish Dancer," Pola says she is going to work in her own way. She says the American critics don't understand her anyhow, so why worry. Norma, in her next picture, is going to abandon her life as a court lady with lace ruffs as in "The Ashes of Vengeance" and be an Arab dancing girl. Her leading man will be Joseph Schildkraut.

The illustrious Joseph has somewhat startled Hollywood. In the first place he refused to take the part to which Goldwyn assigned him as leading man in "Masters of Men," directed by the Swede, Seastrom. He said he couldn't look like an Englishman and wouldn't try. In Norma's picture he is to be a sort of sheik of French and Arab blood. But that's not all of the shock he has administered to the motion picture capital. One night recently, at a Hollywood soiree, he looked around the assemblage and thus delivered himself, "Really there seem only three subjects in which you Hollywood people are interested: sex, bootleg liquor, and motion pictures." How crushing. To tell the truth about it, the motion picture exposition for which the government was persuaded to coin a special flock of half dollars was a comparative failure. It never should have been started in the beginning and went staggering into the ring. The attendance was pathetic.

Helene Chadwick who has been off the screen owing to her legal difficulties, will have a part in Major Rupert Hughes's new story. It is an interesting tale, being the trials of a divorced woman who moved about the country from one State to another and found herself in a different legal status in every State.

Kenneth Harlan is up in

(Continued on page 109)
Spreads smoother
dries quicker

-the new liquid polish

A polish that will not form lumps and gummy ridges on the nails. That spreads smoothly and evenly all over the nail. It is tinted just the shade that fashionable women are using this season.

Every requirement for a liquid polish was considered when Cutex was working out this formula. The new Cutex Liquid Polish dries almost instantly. Before you have finished the second nail the first is so dry and firm, touching will not mar it. It will not peel off, nor crack. Its brilliant even lustre lasts a whole week.

And finally, it needs no separate polish remover. When you are ready for a fresh manicure you just put on a fresh coat of Liquid Polish, one nail at a time, wiping it off instantly before it dries. This leaves your nails smooth and clean, ready for the fresh manicure.

You can get Cutex Liquid Polish for 35c or in the $1.00 and $3.00 sets. Sets with other polishes are 60c and $1.50.

Charming Introductory Set

including the new Liquid Polish—now only 12c

Fill out this coupon and mail it with 12c in coin or stamps for the Introductory Set containing trial sizes of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), emery board and orange stick. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. M10, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

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Lillian Gish by Abbe,
Theodore Roberts and Edna
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TERRAIZE H. MCDONNELL CONSIDERS
THE LIBRA PEOPLE

PREFACE

Of all the truths which have been restored and brought to light in this age of investigation and progress, none are of more importance than a revival of faith in the Astrological Creed.

The world, which has always sought guidance in the words of Christ, Buddha, Confucius or Mahomet, now finds it impossible to deny the verity, wisdom and help derived from this science, which flourished among the wise men for thousands of years before those divine leaders were born.

All past ages have contributed to its wisdom, and today people are reaping the benefit of what has been written upon this great subject, for it has been proved beyond doubt, that its theories are based upon the most clearly defined truths, and by following the article, one may be able, in a small way, to gain a realization of the influence of the Planets upon the human character.

Libra (The Balance), September 23rd to October 23rd (Cusp. September 23 to September 23) Venus ruling, bestows a fondness for luxury, musical and dramatic talent, and an aptitude for mathematics.

UNDER this Planet, both sexes possess pleasing personalities but, in character, the women are far superior to the men, for the undeveloped majority of the male sex of Libra are probably the most selfish and least conscientious people to be found, and frequently practise callousness to such a degree that others are stunned by their mercilessness.

These men spend money freely, but they demonstrate extravagance rather than generosity as, with their usual selfishness, they send where it will give most pleasure to themselves, and altio their own family may be in need, they frequently waste their earnings upon strangers; also, in the same manner, they adhere to the ceremonial practices of any creed to which they may belong, yet never consider inconveniencing themselves to do right by others; nor does anything make them change their wrong mode of living.

Mr. Joseph Schildkraut, born October ninth, is a developed Libra, combining the best qualities of that Planet, coupled with those contributed by a good rising sign, giving him a remarkably well-balanced disposition and natural kindness of manner and making him extremely approachable.

He is never too busy to offer excellent advice to anyone of less wonderful intuition, and with fine judgment, he would carefully weigh both sides of any question, but his decision might be influenced by leniency rather than justice, as he understands the shortcomings of others and is never vindictive.

Possibly his most fortunate gift is a retentive memory and an

(Continued on page 108)
How do they accomplish it?

The women who give their skin the hardest wear manage to keep their faces young long after other women have grown old and unattractive.

The actress gives her complexion harder wear and demands more of it in return than any other woman. She must keep her skin fine and clear though she covers it with cosmetics. It must be fresh in spite of late, weary hours.

How does she accomplish this? By careful study of her skin she has discovered the two indispensable things it needs to keep it in the fresh, beautifully supple condition she demands.

First the perfect kind of cleansing at night that leaves the face soft and clear—every bit of dirt, every trace of cosmetic, every shadow of weariness taken away. Then the exquisite morning freshening that keeps the skin flower-like through the day and guards it completely from every coarsening thing.

These are the two fundamentals of skin loveliness. For these two things many well-known actresses depend on the two entirely different creams that Pond's developed especially for this method of keeping a woman's skin young and fresh—Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream. And many other women write enthusiastically about the smoothness these creams give their skin.

See what this famous method will do for you

Do this every night. With the finger tips or a piece of moistened cotton, apply Pond's Cold Cream freely. The very fine oil in it penetrates every pore of your skin. Then wipe it off with a soft cloth. Dirt and excess oil, the rouge and powder you have used during the day are taken off your skin and out of the pores. Do this twice. Your skin looks fresh and is beautifully supple.

And every morning, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream evenly. If you wish, rouge—powder. How smooth and velvety your face feels to your hand! Nothing can roughen it. And it will stay that way all day.

To see how Pond's two creams actually improve your skin, use this method regularly. Buy both creams today in jars or tubes. The Pond's Extract Company.

The common troubles that make a woman's skin look older—Pond's two creams banish them

Accumulation of oil and dirt in the pores. For this condition cleanse every night with Pond's Cold Cream, which is so light it penetrates the glands and takes out excess oil and dirt together. Then every morning put on Pond's Vanishing Cream to keep your face fresh through the day.

Premature wrinkles, scaling, dry shine—are especially the troubles of a dry skin. To avoid them, keep your skin soft day and night. Cleanse with plenty of Pond's Cold Cream nightly and keep some on over night. Feel your skin relax. Then by day Pond's Vanishing Cream prevents your skin from drying out again.

Coarsening Sun and Windburn. The daily repetition of weather damage ages your skin. For everyday exposure, use faithfully the nightly Pond's Cold Cream cleansing and in the day the delicate yet sure protection that Pond's Vanishing Cream gives.

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON WITH 10c TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co., 149 Hudson St., New York

Ten cents [10¢] is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet use.

Name

Street

City State
At
Dean
Court

Beverly Hills, let it be known, has come to be recognized as the aristocratic colony of cinematic folks. Priscilla Dean is the latest star to build there. Her home is spacious, built on Colonial lines . . . with stretching lawn and gardens.

Beyond the grilling Priscilla is glimpsed at the marble swimming-pool guarded by Jumbo . . . And what does it matter that Beverly Hills is a good distance from the Universal studios. A racing car covers the miles in no time.
Are you making the most of your hair? Here are six pictures of the same girl showing her hair dressed in six different ways. Notice how the various arrangements change her appearance.

The way you dress your hair and the way you care for it, means the difference between looking attractive or just ordinary.

Why you must have beautiful well-kept hair—to be attractive

WEAR your hair becomingly, always have it beautifully clean and well-kept, and it will add more than anything else to your attractiveness and charm. Wherever you go your hair is noticed most critically.

People judge you by its appearance.
It tells the world what you are. 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.

In caring for the hair, proper shampooing is always the most important thing. It is the shampooing which brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

When oily, dry or dull

If your hair is too oily, or too dry; if it is dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy; if the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch; or if it is full of dandruff, it is all due to improper shampooing.

You will be delighted to see how easy it is to keep your hair looking beautiful, when you use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo.

The quick, easy way

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is sufficient to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly.

Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil—the chief causes of all hair troubles.

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 really is. It keeps the scalp soft and healthy, the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Mulsified
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

PAT. OFF. PICT. 73 PAGL
Biblical history concerns Cecil B. DeMille these autumn days, for he is filming the story of the Ten Commandments. The Biblical episodes are something of a preface to a modern story, but in themselves they promise to be of artistic interest.

James Neill is photographed above as Aaron and, at the left, is Estelle Taylor who, in the role of Miriam, addresses the Israelites at the beginning of the Exodus.
Out From the Land of Egypt

Theodore Roberts plays Moses (and more's the pity that cigars were unknown in that Biblical day. It must be hard on Theodore, whom we glimpse above, for the first time, without a Havana). At the left is Charles De Roche as Rameses II, in prayer to his gods after the death of his infant son...

And, at the right, we find Estelle Taylor again in the rôle of that colorful heroine, Miriam.
Making "The White Sister" in Italy must have proved pleasant work indeed . . . almost a year under southern skies. Here we find Lillian Gish and her director, Henry King watching other members of the company at work on location.

Greenroom Jottings

"DUST OF DESIRE" is a most alluring title for a picture, and it piques one's interest still more to learn that it is a story of Africa with inumerable scenes laid in that remote and exotic country. Norma Talmadge is the star and Joseph Schildkraut plays opposite her. What more could one ask?

After an absence of two years from the screen, William S. Hart has returned. It will no doubt gladden the heart of his fans to learn that he expects to appear in the same type of rôle which he made famous in the past. It has been announced that his future pictures will be made at the Paramount West Coast studio instead of at the old Hart studios where many of the star's past screen successes were done. According to Mr. Hart, the change in policy was made in the interest of greater artistry, efficiency and economy. He believes that the resources of the large studio are more complete and that the facilities, personnel, and equipment excel anything that a single star, producing independently, can hope to assemble.

Barbara La Marr has always been a successful vamp in her former pictures, but now her vamping is of no avail. She cannot charm Pat O'Malley as the dashing young hero of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police in Reginald Barker's production of "The Master of Woman." The scenes are laid at Big Bear Lake in Canada; the struggle between the girl and man for supremacy is the central theme. The picture is adapted by Monte M. Katterjohn from G. B. Lancaster's "The Law-Bringers." Earle Williams, Renee Adoree and Wallace Beery are also in the cast.

(Continued on page 82)
A Twin Complexion Treatment

It is hard to think of the sun and the wind as injurious influences; yet to the delicate skin of the refined woman neither is an unmixed blessing.

Both sunburn and windburn are drying, roughening, and coarsening to the complexion; while the dust that accompanies wind tends to clog the pores.

Pompeian Day Cream is a harmless preparation of exquisite fineness made to protect the skin during the activities of the day from exposure to the elements.

Not Entirely Oiless

Unlike some "disappearing" creams, Pompeian Day Cream is not entirely oiless; on the contrary, it contains just sufficient oil to make it desirable for naturally dry as well as for normal or oily skins, and to offset the drying effects of sun and wind.

Protection by Day, with Pompeian Day Cream

To all appearances Pompeian Day Cream vanishes upon application; it actually leaves an invisible film on the skin which serves as a protection against weather; furthermore, this soft, dull film eliminates and prevents shine and makes a powder foundation to which Pompeian Beauty Powder will adhere evenly and smoothly for a long time.

The sleeping hours may be made a period of benefit or of harm to the complexion, according to whether the skin is properly prepared for natural restoration or carelessly left to the heavy hand of time.

If a woman retires with her pores filled with the dust and grimy of the day, with her skin dried and roughened, wrinkled by mental concentration or worry, then the night hours will serve to perpetuate these faults.

How to Keep the Skin in Condition

But if she will follow the simple night treatment recommended she can clear the pores, soften and soothe the skin, relax the facial muscles, subdue the wrinkles, and nourish the underlying tissues.

First, a cleansing with Pompeian Night Cream, then a second application gently smoothed into the pores, and she is ready to let the great restorer, "balmy sleep," repair the ravages of the day.

The Twin Treatment

The twin complexion treatment of Pompeian Day Cream and Pompeian Night Cream provides the essentials of day-time protection and night-time restoration. If faithfully used, these two preparations alone will enable any woman to greatly prolong her hold on a youthful complexion.

Restoration by Night, with Pompeian Night Cream

Your Skin Needs Special Care in the Autumn

By Mme. Jeanette

As a rule a woman is in her best health with the beginning of the autumn.

But how about her skin?

Frequently she is aware that she has been negligent in her care of it during the lazy months of summer. I have said it before, and I will continue to say, "Consistency is the virtue in caring for your skin." You are nourishing its tissues; and it is very likely your body—you can't eat a surplus of good food for a week and then forget to eat for the week that follows! Yet you do this when you use complexion creams only part of the time.

At Night—

Soap and water is the habitual way of most women in cleansing the skin; but Pompeian Night Cream is, in many cases, more thoroughly cleansing.

Pompeian Night Cream may be used as lavishly as the individual user desires; there is no such thing as using too much, but enough should be used to cover every part and feature of the face, as well as the neck and arms, if they too would be kept in beautiful condition.

I do not advise too much rubbing and massaging—just enough to thoroughly distribute the cream. When you remove it with a soft cloth, all dirt and dizziness is also removed, leaving your skin soft and smooth and lovely to the touch.

In the Morning—

In the morning you will find that the night treatment has prepared your skin to gracefully accept an application of Pompeian Day Cream. This is a foundation cream for the day's powder and rouge, and it is a protection to the skin as well.

Then the Powder—

If the autumn finds the skin still somewhat darker than usual, you should use a darker tint of powder than you customarily do. Pompeian Beauty Powder in the Rachet tint may be used on naturally fair complexions until care has restored their own delicate pinks and white tones, when one may again use the White or Flesh shades.

Cover the face and neck well with the powder, and then dust it off lightly and evenly, moistening the eyebrows, eyelashes, and lips to remove any traces of powder from them.

Pompeian Art Panel and Samples

New 1924 Pompeian Art Panel and Samples

Send coupon with ten cents for beautiful new 1924 Pompeian Art Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," with this panel we send samples of Pompeian Night Cream, Day Cream, Beauty Powder, and Bloom.

Pompeian Laboratories, 2129 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

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TEAR OFF, SIGN, AND SEND

Pompeian Laboratories

2129 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10¢ (a dime preferred) for 1924 Pompeian Art Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and the four samples named in offer.

Name:__________________________

Address:_____________________

City:_________State:_________

Pompeian, 2129 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Please mark correctly and mail at once with remittance. Prices subject to change.
No Money Down

Not a penny now. Just mail the coupon and Hartman will send you this splendid, complete 32-piece Aluminum Cooking Set, and also the Free 10-piece Combination Kitchen Set. When the goods arrive make first payment of only $2.00 on the Aluminum Set. Pay nothing for the Kitchen Set—it is FREE. Use both sets 30 days on Free Trial, and if not more than satisfied, send them back and we will refund your money and pay transportation both ways. If you keep them, pay for the Aluminum Set, a little every month. Keep the Kitchen Set as a gift from Hartman.

FREE 10-Piece White Enamel Kitchen Set

Not a penny now. Just mail the coupon and Hartman will send you this splendid, complete 32-piece Aluminum Cooking Set, and also the Free 10-piece Combination Kitchen Set. When the goods arrive make first payment of only $2.00 on the Aluminum Set. Pay nothing for the Kitchen Set—it is FREE. Use both sets 30 days on Free Trial, and if not more than satisfied, send them back and we will refund your money and pay transportation both ways. If you keep them, pay for the Aluminum Set, a little every month. Keep the Kitchen Set as a gift from Hartman.

FREE 10-Piece Kitchen Set

Not a penny now. Just mail the coupon and Hartman will send you this splendid, complete 32-piece Aluminum Cooking Set, and also the Free 10-piece Combination Kitchen Set. When the goods arrive make first payment of only $2.00 on the Aluminum Set. Pay nothing for the Kitchen Set—it is FREE. Use both sets 30 days on Free Trial, and if not more than satisfied, send them back and we will refund your money and pay transportation both ways. If you keep them, pay for the Aluminum Set, a little every month. Keep the Kitchen Set as a gift from Hartman.

FREE Complete 32-Pc. Aluminum Set and FREE Kitchen Set

This is Hartman's famous special, selected set of heavy gauge Aluminum Ware—a complete cooking outfit, light to handle, easy to clean, always bright as silver. Will never chip, crack or rust. So durable that we guarantee it for life. 32 utensils—everything you need for baking, boiling, roasting, frying. Just read the list above. You want and need everything there. Your kitchen is not complete without them. You really can't appreciate this splendid set until you see and use it. Then you will realize what a wonderful bargain it is. And without a penny's cost—absolutely free—you get a Combination Kitchen Set which gives you 10 utensils with white handles—all hung in a row—where you can reach them easily.

Nearly a Year to Pay

Hartman gives the world's most liberal terms and the world's greatest values in dependable merchandise, and this offer proves it. You pay only $2.00 and postage on arrival (this on the Aluminum Set—not a penny to pay at any time on the Kitchen Set). Then, if after 30 days' trial you decide to keep it, pay a little every month. Take nearly a year to pay.

Order by No. 417EKM. Price for Aluminum Set, $18.95, No money down, $2.00 and postage on arrival. Balance $2.00 Monthly. 10-Piece Kitchen Set Is FREE. Don't hesitate. Send at once, while this offer holds good. Not a penny's trial. Order NOW, while you can get the Kitchen Set Free.
The Answer Man

MARY K.—Good for you. May you live all the days of your life. No, Ann Little is not married at this writing. Harold Lloyd in “Why Worry”.

FICANANCE—I am on to your curves. I may be over eighty, but I am this year’s model. No. Indeed, Maurice Costello is not dead. He is playing right along. Here you are, all in one breath. Peggy Day in “Wild and Woolly.” Monte Blue and Evelyn Brent in “Harbor Bar,” and Viola Dana in “The Social Code.” Don’t mention it.

ARTHUR B.—Yes, but the wise woman sometimes leaves her husband long enough to increase his appreciation, but not long enough for him to forget her. Yes, Mae Murray had been married twice before marrying Robert Leonard. Anna Nilsson has been married to Guy Coombs. That’s right, get the habit, it’s a second nature.

LEW C.—No, the people in New York State did not have the privilege of voting individually on the eighteenth amendment, but their representatives in the Legislature did. Yes, the Perdue girls are one and the same. Clara K. Young in “A Wife’s Romance.” See you later.

CHARLES D.—You know they say the old woman is a very bad bride, but a very good wife. Thomas Meighan is with Famous Players, Astoria, L. I. I would advise you to wait a while before you come to America. New York is a big city, but pretty well crowded.

LUCILLE L.—Well, Dr. Frank Vizette tells us that the average man uses eight thousand words. Woodrow Wilson employed sixty thousand in writings, Shakespeare credited with twenty-four thousand. I must count mine some day. Most of the players you mention are in California. I liked your snappy letter.

Jackie G.—No, I don’t mind your using blue paper, but write large enough so that my eyes in glass will not be strained. So you think I have a masculine touch. You ought to feel my muscles! Louise Dresser and Lois Wilson in “Ruggles of Red Gap.” Richard Talmadge and Charlotte Pierce in “Thru the Flames.” Yes, and it’s a luxury to read letters like yours.

MOUNTAIN ECHOES.—So you want to be an extra. Did you know that in the climax of Jackie Coogan’s “Long Live the King” twenty-five hundred extras parade thru the plaza and streets. Each one of these extras receive from $7.50 to $1000 a day. Jackie is the center and star of the picture. The Valentines are in Europe now. Reginald Denny is with Universal. Of course I drink buttermilk. No, nothing stronger.

WILL B.—Maybe! But “The Flying Dutchman” has not been released yet! John Brown Fair is playing with Owen Moore in “Thundergates.” Yes, and Clara Bow has just signed a five-year contract with Preferred Pictures to play in “The First Year.” “The Boomerang,” etc. So you see, you can never tell. Edmund Lowe in “What it is to be in love.” As George Eliot says, “We look at one little woman’s face we love, as we look at the face of our mother earth, and we see all sorts of answers in sun, clouds, and winds.” And the greatest pleasure of life is love. Malcolm McGregor is playing opposite Gladys Walton in “The Untamable” for Universal.

FANCHON R.—Thanks for the interesting information about Lillian Leighton and Raymond Cannon. I am glad to have it.

KATHERINE C.—The Bushmans are on tour, but if you care to write them at the Majestic Hotel, 70th Street and Central Park, New York City, they will receive your letter.

HATTIE B.—I do not know whether Harold Lloyd is an artist, but I know that he draws well. I can see where your love lies— the Talmadge girls. Ruth Stonehouse is playing opposite Walter McGrail in “Light’s Out.” And May Murray’s “Conjurer” has been charmed by someone.

FINDEL.—Here, here, come out of your shell. Utter exclusiveness becomes a stagnant pond in which reptiles grow and breed. Why, Richard Dix weighs 178 pounds. Helene Chadwick is five feet seven and weighs 130 pounds, has brown eyes and light hair. Yes, but people seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy after.

SHEEN.—Hello there, how are the pyramids? How poor are they who have no patience! What wound ever did heal, except by degrees. Now that you are in Hollywood, you say it is hard work trying to be a star. My best wishes to you.

EIGHTY-FOUR DIX ANTHEMS.—That’s nothing there is a subway ride here in Brooklyn of twenty-seven miles for five cents. You can beat that. Yes, William Cullen Bryant is referred to as the “Father of American Poetry.” Richard Dix is twenty-six and Dick Barthelmess is twenty-eight. Yes, my beard is naturally curly and naturally white. Why Edna Bennett and Walter McGrail in “The Bad Man” with Hollis Blum. Come in again.


SKEEZIX.—Why, South Carolina has 818,538 whites and 864,719 negroes. Mississippi has 853,662 whites and 854,184 negroes. Your other question is a bit involved. Yes, Lionel Barrymore and Irene Fenwick were married on July 14 at Rome, Italy. They spent their honeymoon in Venice.

MARY F.—Stop worrying and forget it. Ricardo Cortez is a dancer, twenty-three years old and playing in “Children of Jazz.” George O’Hara in “The Fighting Blood.” Most of the players you mention were born in Atlanta. Robert Agnew in Dayton, Ky. He is twenty-four; not married.

LA CHAPEL.—So you liked Lila Lee as Chiquita in “The N’er Do Well.” And you say Ralph Kellard is playing in stock in Columbus, O. Thanks. No, Norma Talmadge is not Jewish. I didn’t comprehend your last. Again please?

BILLIE.—Well, our general health is a speedometer that tells us how fast we are living. Mine is 100 in the shade! I can see you are all for Betty Compson. Dustin Farman in “The Man Who Won.”

G. P.—You sound like the “Grand Public.” Robert Agnew in “Paw’s Ticket No. 210.” He also played in “Blue Beard’s Eighth Wife,” with Gloria Swanson. He is twenty-four years old, five foot eight and a half, and has blue eyes. No, I have never been to Ohio. Why, Agnes Ayres and Mary Astor are to play in “Spring Magic” with Robert Agnew. Warner Baxter in “Alimony.”

JACKIE.—Shake! I’m with you. I should say it is hot in New York. So many people from smaller cities come to New York for their vacation, and most of them wonder how you get out of the city. I hope to go to Cuba next fall. Malcolm McGregor is with Metro. Barbara La Marr is twenty-eight, Viola Dana twenty-five; Valentine twenty-eight and the Valentines are really and honest to goodness married.

CHERIE.—Well if it gives you any relief, you can write me every day. You seem to be doing the right thing, keep it up.
DEE-FES.-So you think I ought to have a permanent wave. So do I. Tom Mix is a real cowboy—no bluffing about that. Ramon Navarro is twenty-four. Address him care of Metro.

MURIEL E.-Why do you say that? Aha! My name is twenty-eight. Address her at the United Studios, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. Bebe Daniels has never been married. As I understand it, Tom Moore and his wife, Renee Adoree, are separating. Mae Murray is twenty-three-odd; add a good time to get in.

BETTY JANE.-Why don’t you tell him to choose a wife rather by his ear than by his eye. Constance Talmadge was interviewed in February, 1922, and July, 1919, CLASSIC; and Norma in the December, 1922, CLASSIC; Constance in the May, 1922, MAGAZINE; and Norma in the March, 1921, MAGAZINE.

DORIS.-Aha! You must remember that the heart has eyes that the brain knows not of. Hard facts or the stressed pulses. Fashions mean thoughts of you. Tom Mix is with Fox. His name is Charles Jones, but they call him “Buck” for luck. His latest is “Hell’s Hole.” Yes, one and the same. Ruth Roland is playing in “Ruth of the Range.” Rod La Rocque has been signed up on a long-term contract with Famous Players.

JOSEPHINE Q.-Thanks, my child, call again.

CORA B. R.—Another correspondence club. Still they come. The Starlight Club, Rural No. 3, Box 237, Kansas City, Mo.

ALICE E.—Well, I don’t think anything will happen to me unless it be enlarged condition of the cranial due to excessive fish oil. Shallow fly, sir, as Carlotta Hope was in the Pickford picture. Lynn Harding is to have an important part in Marion Davies’ “Yolanda.”

M. H.—Oh boy! You want the addresses of about fifty players, Whew! I’m in a pickle.

RAY I. B.—I fear that you are a triffe sour. Come, sweeten up! A sour disposition is a greater enemy to beauty and happiness than the smallpox. Yes, June Elvidge is coming back in April. Eleven hit parades and I am an opposite of Rowland. He is playing opposite Constance Talmadge in “The Dangerous Maid.” Your letter was just right.

SWIFTIE.—Hold on, not so fast. Why sturgeon, tuna and swordfish are the largest fish caught, often weighing one thousand pounds. So you want to see Ethel Clayton in better pictures. Marie Prevost in “The Wanters.” Agnes Ayres in “Spring Magic” with Mary Astor and Bobbie/ng in the cast. In each one of these letters you make a trip with me. You have a fine batting average.

ANN M.—Well, I am glad to hear from you, even tho you have written me as wise as I am because I have not 700 wives to consult. That be. Write to Metro for Ramon Navarro. All I’ve got to say on the subject is that happiness is unrepeatable pleasure. Come in again some time.

FRANCES S.—It is seldom that we see a picture that contains a laugh and a tear, altho there should be lots of them. Laughter is the sister of tears, and he who smiles must also sigh. Your letter was right to the point. Marguerite Snow is at present attending to her young daughter. She is playing seldom, and you say you would like to see more of her. So would I. Tom Mix in “Soft Boiled” with Billee Dove opposite. So you should get more exercise. Also, you might subscribe to this magazine; that will improve the circulation. Yes, Mary Pickford filmed “Madame Butterfly” some years ago. Conway Tearle is forty-three, been married for number of times, and is present married wife to Rowland. He is playing opposite Constance Talmadge in “The Dangerous Maid.” Your letter was just right.

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How the One Natural Color for Cheeks Was Found

Day and Night Tests That Told Why Rouge's Familiar Shade Was Wrong—and Eventually Duplicated Nature's Own Color

Most women now know and use the new natural tint which is fast replacing the unscientific and unsatisfactory purplish-red rouges. But how many are aware of the peculiarly interesting story of its discovery?

We are apt to take the most marvelous discoveries of this age as a matter of fact—even one of such importance to the realm of beauty as a tint that is a perfect match for Nature's own artistry! Suddenly science gives the world of women a tint which tinges the cheeks in such a true tone as the very strongest sun's rays, or the weirdest effects of night lighting cannot separate from the underlying flesh tone, and we accept it without thought of how it came to be.

Yet behind the simple, single tint which gives any and all complexions a divine and perfectly natural mantle of color is the story of man's indomitable perseverance—two years' ceaseless experiment—over two hundred failures, and eventual success.

The search for the perfect tint led a dignified scientist to a cellar's depths—and to the roof of a city's tall skyscraper. Tint after tint—tone upon tone—were tried in every conceivable light. In noon's glare, atop a high roof. In the streets below, where the sun's rays filtered through fog and smoke. And in the artificial lights of night—trying lights in which old-fashioned rouges all became the same ghastly, or unlively purplish red.

On a patient assistant's cheeks shade after shade was tried. Some of the shades required ingredients from far countries—many were days in the blending. Then suddenly it happened.

The Tint That Was Tried In Desperation

One morning the scientist used in his mortar one of the rarest ingredients in the laboratory. It was of peculiar orange hue. Scarcely a color to try on the cheeks! But he idly applied it on his assistant's cheeks—and a startling change took place. The peculiar orange tint altered instantly to the true tone of the skin beneath! Still doubtful that he had found the one key tint for any complexion—under all conditions—in every light—they hurried to the roof and put the new tint to the severe test of direct sunlight. The same beautifully diffused, natural color! Down to a darkened room, where neither glaring incandescent lamps nor variously shaded rays of electric light revealed anything but a coloring that appeared Nature's own! The same day, preparations were started to supply the demand that such a discovery was certain to create.

Now, this new Princess Pat Tint is an article of standard use.

It enhances the color of countless women who had steadfastly declined to use any of the old-fashioned rouges which are so obvious in even the kindest light.

Princess Pat Tint is Waterproof!

Where the new natural tint is made, further improvements have transpired: a less costly use of the chief ingredient has brought its price within reach of all; an entirely new process has rendered it absolutely waterproof! Even a morning in the surf will not streak it! Princess Pat Tint is not affected by perspiration, so it is worn without concern the day long, or evening through! Yet it vanishes instantly with a touch of cream, or use of soap.

On any complexion, remember there is need for only one shade. There is no uncertainty of matching; for the one tint is instantly transformed to blend with any type—blonde, medium or brunette; and this tint may be applied as lightly or as full and deep as you choose—with the same perfection of result.

FREE

Until the shops have been sufficiently stocked with Princess Pat Tint to meet all calls for it, we shall take pleasure in sending to individuals a week's supply—without charge. At no cost to you and without any obligation, your prompt use of coupon below will bring to you Princess Pat new natural tint.

PRINCESS PAT, LTD.,
2701 S. Park Ave., Dept. 210, Chicago

ENTIRELY FREE, please forward me promptly, a complimentary supply of the new Princess Pat Tint.

Name (Print) ____________________________
Street ________________________________
City _________________________________
Greenroom Jottings

(Continued from page 76)

Clara Bow, winner of the 1922 American Beauty Contest, conducted by the Brewster Publications, has finished her work for the Film Guild with Glenn Hunter in “Grit” and left for the Pacific Coast where she will play an important part in “Maytime” and later, in the “Boomerang.” Miss Bow will be remembered not only for her good work in Elmer Clifton’s picture, “Down to the Sea in Ships,” but also for her remarkably beautiful eyes.

Not since the old Biograph days when he was the dramatic boy wonder of David Griffith’s first pictures, has Owen Moore appeared in a serious, straight dramatic rôle. But now, it is announced that he has shaken the dust of comedy from his feet in order to star in “The Silent Partner.” Leatrice Joy plays opposite him.

The Fox Film Company has engaged Mary Philbin for the leading rôle in “The Temple of Venus,” one of the most important pictures they will make this coming year. If Mary Philbin’s acting in “The Merry Go Round” can be used as a forecast for her future work, then it is evident that her success is assured so far as the screen is concerned.

“The Dangerous Maid,” a period comedy drama in which Constance Talmadge will star, is based on Elizabeth Ellis’s novel, “Barbara Winslow, Rebel.” It is a story that seems particularly suited to this popular star. It tells of the time following the defeat of the Duke of Monmouth in his attempt on the crown of James II of England in the seventeenth century. Constance plays Lady Barbara Winslow, the young madcap whose espousal of the rebel cause brings her into conflict with the king’s forces. Conway Tearle plays Captain Miles Frothero, one of the king’s officers who falls in love with Lady Barbara. Colonel Percy Kirk known as “Bloody Kirk,” the villain, falls to the lot of Willard Mack.

Tsuru Aoki, who in private life is Mrs. Sessue Hayakawa, is leaving her home in California to join her husband in New York. They expect to sail shortly for France where they will appear together in a picture. When they return to America, Mrs. Hayakawa intends to play with her husband on the stage in his new footlight play.

Glenn Hunter will make his début as a Paramount star in “West of the Water Tower.” Since his phenomenal success on the legitimate stage in “Merton of the Movies,” Mr. Hunter has been besieged with offers from motion picture producers. However, he continued the characterization of Merton which he had made famous. He found time, nevertheless, to make one picture while appearing regularly on the stage. It was “The Scarecrow” in which he was featured.

An elaborate exterior of a great castle modeled after the famous Palace of Neuschwanstein, in Bulgaria, is being erected for Jackie Coogan’s first Metro picture, “Long Live the King,” now in the (Continued on page 84)
This 32-page book may prove useful to you. Or it may not.

That is for you to decide after reading this announcement.

The book is free to anyone who will clip the coupon below. But it is not intended for mere curiosity seekers, nor for children.

A Glimpse Into Pictureland

It will bring you a glimpse beyond the gates which separate the realm of motion pictures from the rest of the world. Through it you may look around and decide whether you wish to become a part of this fascinating life.

And through a remarkable test which we shall gladly and freely send you with the book, you may determine whether or not you ought to try. This test was the starting point for many men and women who are now successful photoplaywrights, directors and studio executives.

Motion picture producers are suffering acutely from the need of new dramatic material. They ask, not for a celebrated name, not for literary skill, but for fresh ideas of plot construction simply prepared for visual expression.

If you do not feel the urge to help relieve, at large profit to yourself, the demand of the motion picture industry for new imagination, for original and vital human drama, then turn this page. For this book could not have been meant for you.

But if you are earnest; if a demand for exceeding supply with rewards accordingly higher (a fundamental economic situation) stirs ambition within you, clip the coupon on this page and send it on its way right now.

This book, then, is meant for you. Not as a Magic Carpet of Bagdad, upon which you may whiz yourself carried to success, but a friendly guide which shows you how and where to start.

$1,000 and Royalties to a Housewife and a Country Doctor

The free book illustrated above was issued by the producers of the Palmerplay "Judgment of the Storm." The author of this screenplay is a Pittsburgh housewife, who received $1,000 advance royalties before the picture had begun to earn its way, and who will receive royalties for the next five years—sharing the producers' profits. A New York State country doctor's screenplay will be the next picture to appear under the Palmer banner.

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation produces pictures, discovers and trains new talent, and maintains the largest screenplay clearing house in the world, serving as a fully accredited connecting link between writer and producer. On the corporation's Advisory Council, aiding in this work, are such prominent figures as Thos. H. Ince, Rex Ingram, Allen Holubar, Frederick Palmer, James R. Quirk, Rob Wagner and C. Gardner Sullivan.

Just Clip the Coupon

Feel free to ask for this book, using the coupon below, if you have ever felt the urge of self-expression and wish to determine whether or not the screen is the right medium for you. The book and the Creative Test which will be mailed with it will answer questions which may have puzzled you for years. It is too important for guess-work. No cost nor obligation, of course.

Lloyd Hughes, Lucille Ricksen, Claire McDowell and George Hackathorn

in a tense scene from the Palmerplay

"Judgment of the Storm"

Screenplay written by Mrs. Middleton, Pittsburgh housewife, whose creative talent was discovered by the Palmer Creative Test, and who was trained in the technique of the photoplay by the Palmer Photoplay Corporation.

Directed by Del Averaux

Ask your theatre when this picture will be shown.

This Book is Never Sold

FINDING YOUR PLACE IN PICTURES

Copyright 1923—Palmer Photoplay Corporation
making in the Metro studios at Hollywood under the direction of Victor Schertzinger. The castle will occupy two hundred and forty thousand square feet of ground and is being built up to a height of seventy feet with spires reaching twenty feet higher. It is an exact replica of Gothic architecture of the period in which the story is laid and will cost fifty thousand dollars to erect. The picture will epitomize every advancement in scenic engineering, set manufacture and other phases of film production that have been achieved in the making of truly great photoplays. "Long Live the King" is from the story by Mary Roberts Rinehart and was adapted to the screen by C. Gardner Sullivan and Eve Unsell.

Renee Adorée, the French emotional actress and wife of Tom Moore, has been given the leading feminine rôle in the Universal production, "The Six-Fifty," a screen version of Kate McLaurin's stage play of the same name. Orville Caldwell, who has played romantic leads opposite Mae Murray, Katherine McDonald and other stars, has the leading male rôle in this production. Bert Woodruff, Niles Welch and Gertrude Astor are also in the cast.

Mae Marsh, one of the most popular screen stars, has just signed a contract with Warner Brothers to play the part of Ruth Atkins in the picturization of David Belasco's play, "Daddies." Harry Beaumont has been assigned as the director and will begin work as soon as he finishes "The Gold Diggers," which is almost completed. While nothing is known regarding the cast chosen to support Miss Marsh, it is said that a group of well-known players will be engaged for the film.

George Arliss, having finished his work as the Rajah in "The Green Goddess," has begun work in the leading rôle of "The Adopted Father" for Distinctive Pictures. Edith Roberts and Taylor Holmes have been engaged to support Mr. Arliss. Mr. Holmes who has had a long and varied stage and screen experience, is now starring on Broadway in "Not So Fast." "The Adopted Father" is a comedy of New York life.

Faire Binney has been cast for the rôle of Helen Remick, the flapper in the picture, "The Secrecy Youth." Albert Lunt and Mimi Palmeri play the stellar parts. Albert Parker is directing the production, which will be distributed by Goldwyn-Cosmopolitan.

"The Love Hater," by Frank R. Adams, is being filmed by Elmer Harris for the Associated Authors. Madge

(Continued on page 98)
Find New Beauty

By combating film on teeth

See what ten days do

Millions of women have found a way to whiter, prettier teeth. You meet them everywhere. And those whiter teeth have given them new beauty and new charm.

The way is easy and delightful. A ten-day test is free. And any friend who has seen the results will advise you to accept. So will your dentist, if you ask.

What film-coats do

Film is that viscous coat you feel. With ordinary tooth pastes, much of it clings and stays.

Soon the film discolors, then forms dingy films. Then why teeth lose luster. Film also causes most tooth troubles. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Few escape these troubles if they fail to fight the film.

Dental science has now found two effective film combattants. One acts to disintegrate the film, one to remove it without harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these ways efficient. Then a new-type tooth paste was created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

Now leading dentists the world over advise it. Careful people of some 50 nations employ it. And the whiter teeth you see everywhere show how it combats film.

You'll be amazed

The user of Pepsodent sees new beauty, feels new cleanliness at once. But other effects are equally important.

Pepsodent multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva as well as its starch digesting. Those are Nature's agents for fighting acid and starch deposits on the teeth.

Every use of Pepsodent gives them manifold effect. You will realize these results. They will bring you new conceptions of what clean teeth mean. Neither you nor your family will ever return to old-time methods, we believe.

Make this test and watch the results. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as those cloudy coats disappear. One week will bring a revelation which you won't forget. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combattant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

- 10-Day Tube Free -

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 207, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.
The Greatest Message ever written into Motion Picture History

David Belasco's Artistic Influence in Motion Pictures

DAVID BELASCO—the man who for a generation has captivated patrons of the Spoken Drama—has yielded to the insistent appeal that his dramatic genius should be perpetuated in Motion Pictures for the entertainment and inspiration of all people for all time.

And BELASCO has chosen to express his matchless art exclusively through

"Warner Bros. Classics of The Screen"

Now you will see pictures so beyond-the-ordinary that you will forget the canvas before you and feel the heart-grip of the master producer.

DAVID BELASCO'S association with WARNER BROS. is the long-sought triumph of the Silent Drama—the final proof of Warner leadership.

Watch for the first three Belasco productions—"Tiger Rose"—"The Gold Diggers"—"Daddies".

We have a limited number of autographed photographs of DAVID BELASCO which we will send without cost on request of readers of this publication

1600 Broadway New York City

starting. He made up his stories as he went along. We all stood round the edges of the room and D. W.'s genius began to burn.

"Here", he would say to some girl who happened to be sticking around. "You are an orphan child lost in a great city." Mary or some other girl would step up and that would be five dollars in her pocket. Every time he called you into the rehearsal it was five bucks.

"Most of those hungry job seekers have since become famous. There was Mac Marsh and Florence Lawrence and Arthur Johnson and a dozen others since well known.

"There were two who were deadly rivals for the part of the inevitable comic policeman: they were Pathe Lehrman and Mack Sennett. I remember the scene with which Sennett used to walk around on the days that Lehrman got the cop part.

"What do you think, he would demand, perfectly outraged? Who do you think they gave the policeman's part to? Huh? Now I ask you could anybody have acted a policeman better than I did yesterday, with that comedy and fall and everything? And here he goes and gives the part to that Lehrman.

"In those days all of us except Griffith went to the locations on the street car. Griffith used to come usually in a big blue Packard. Sometimes, when he felt especially grand he hired a white Packard with a red stripe around the rim.

"One day I was impressed almost beyond human speech when Griffith sent all the way in to New York for me to come to the Fort Lee studio. I walked out with a top lofty 'Well-genius-will-be-discovered' sort of manner. All the other actors were fairly green with envy.

"When I got out there however I found that it wasn't so flattering after all. Mac Marsh had been thrown off a horse and they wanted me to double for her. They gave me her clothes to put on and I came out to the location. I could see it was a grand job I was going to have. Four men were trying to hold the animal down on all of his feet long enough for another actor and myself to get on. I had to sit on sideways behind like a Puritan lady. I guess I must have been a Puritan lady. I never found out. All I know is that I climbed up behind the saddle and tried to help or for my life. I grabbed the actor by the belt and he roared 'Hey leego my belt; I got trouble enough of my own sticking on.' With that the horse gave one huge leap, the groom ducked and let go and somebody said 'Look out' and the rest of the time I was trying to get my breath back.

"I dont know where that horse went or how he got there. All I remember is that we wound up in a graveyard, the horse trying to kick over the grave stones and me trying to dodge his heels.

"Late that afternoon, a couple of woe-begone figures wandered back to Griffith. I was one of all over Marsh's stockings had come down over my shoe and what remained of her dress was draped over me and I was sick and sore. "We naturally expected to get the greeting due to returned heroes; but Griffith only inquired with black accusation what we had been doing all the time. When I turned to Mac for sympathy, she gave one shrick and said, 'Look what you've done to my dress.'

"Jack told how they afterward came out to California to make pictures. Those were the days of the early Wild Westermens. Jack had a bicycle and he used to say in a top-loft superior way to Bobbie Harron, just as tho he were referring to a Rolls Royce, 'I'll stop for you in the morning and take you to the loca-
tion." So before daybreak next morning, he would ride up in the chilly dawn. Bobbie would come out and perch himself on the handle bars and they would ride away to San Fernando where most of the Indian pictures were made.

"In the morning," said Jack, "Bobbie and I would be Indians riding around with breeze-clouts and feathers in our hair. In the afternoon we put on soldier clothes and chased ourselves over the hills, so to speak. We didn't know how to ride horses and usually fell off. This had its compensations. You got a dollar extra for every fall. Usually certain good riders were assigned to the job of falling off, dead, at a dollar extra per death. We found that when we fell off, if we just lay still, the property man would count us in by mistake for the dollar bonus. So many the time I have taken a hard flop but lay still in the weeds, aching all over and let myself get counted in for a buck extra."

Jack laughed as he said, "I remember one night they were going to have an Indian camp in San Fernando. They sent Bob and me out with a lot of Navajo rugs and we had to stay there all night to guard them. They forgot to send us anything to eat, so we had to go hungry, which didn't improve our morale much."

"It got awfully dark and the shadows of the canyons looked creepy and queer. One of us thought we heard a rattlesnake and we were both afraid to go to bed. Finally we took turns standing guard against the terrors of the night. We were just two little New York boys in spite of the fact that we were to be bold Indian warriors the next day."

"Bobbie finally got so sleepy that he took a desperate chance and cautiously crawled in under some of the blankets while I sat up and watched for snakes. Then I waked him and he sat up while I went to sleep for a while."

"One of our regular jobs in those days used to be setting the settlers' cabins on fire. Very often, in the excitement of making the picture, they would ride on and forget all about us and we would go on lighting fires and fires, getting half smothered in the smoke, then come out to find out it was all over."

We had risen from the lunch table. Marilyn was laughing at Jack's stories when I told her how a boy I knew at Andover had informed me that she was the national flag of that famous prep school.

Marilyn's eyes began to dance. "Yes indeed I am," she said. "They may not like me everywhere but at Andover I shall have to admit my regal rule. I don't know why it is. The boys write me the cutest love letters you ever saw. They all tell me what they look like as tho this were a matter that had been of the most intense anxiety to me. They tell me how tall they are and the color of their eyes and the shade of their hair. I suppose they half expect me to telegraph to them: 'Can't resist your fascinating description. Will leave husband and home for you.'"

She laughed and Jack gave her a little pinch in the back of the neck under her famous yellow curls, the way a fond older brother might have done. It was the pinch of a pal.

---

The envy of women - the homage of men

Allure that few can resist—a charm that is compelling. This is the Mai d'Or fragrance—for Mai d'Or is more than fragrance—it possesses a new quality that no perfume has ever before had. It will give you a new charm—a new attractiveness. It is more delightfully refined, more delicate than other perfumes and yet it possesses a mysterious and bewildering power that other perfumes cannot have.

Through the years, perfumers have sought this secret of attractiveness and it is fitting that it should be Vivaudou—most famous of all perfumers—who should finally discover it. This secret is jealously guarded and this marvelous new quality is imparted to the perfume, behind a mysterious door that opens only to Vivaudou—no one else has ever crossed its threshold.

And that you too may possess this fragrant and compelling appeal Vivaudou has created

MAI D'OR

-more than merely a fragrance

Parfum, Poudre, Talc, Creme, Savon, Poudres Compactes, Rouges, Eau de Toilette

Send for sample and "The Story of the Secret Door"

Send only 20 cents to Vivaudou, (Dept. 7-D-10), 409 Fifth Avenue, New York, for a tiny bottle of Mai d'Or and a bit of the exquisite powder in a new paper-cake puff, together with the interesting book "The Story of the Secret Door" with hints on how to use perfume effectively.

The Mysterious Door

—it guards the most fascinating secret in the world

Perfumers have spent their lives seeking in vain the secret which Vivaudou has at last found and keeps beyond the famous door of mystery. You can never know what marvelous secret it jealously guards, but you can have the bewildering appeal of this new perfume quality in the Mai d'Or products.

At the better shops

Paris VIVAUDOU New York

Creator of exclusive toiletries—Mavis—La Boheme and the famous Ego Beauty Treatments.
Which one will help you win fame and fortune?

For half a century the world's great artists have used Conn instruments. The stars of today in concert bands, symphony, opera and popular orchestras, have risen to fame playing Conns. They accord a generous measure of their success to these superb instruments.

You will profit by following their example. Win success, profit, pleasure with a Conn, "the instrument of the artists." Remember, with a Conn you get these definite points of superiority:

**Easier Blowing:** each tone responds to the slightest lip pressure.

**Perfect Scale:** accurate intonation in all registers.

**Most Reliable Action:** lightest, easiest and surest, whether slide, valve or key.

**Beautiful Tone:** our exclusive hydraulic expansion process insures accurate proportions and perfect carriage for sound waves.

All exclusive Conn features at no greater cost. Highest honors at World Expositions.

**Free Trial:** Easy Payments

Send post card for details, mentioning instrument that interests you. Conn is the only maker of every instrument used in the band. We also make high grade violins and drums.

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**FACTORY BRANCHES**
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- Conn New Orleans Co.
- Conn Chicago Co.
- Conn Cleveland Co.
- Conn Seattle Co.
- Conn Atlanta Co.
- C. G. CONN, Ltd.

**WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH GRADE BAND AND ORCHESTRA INSTRUMENTS**

They Still Twinkle (Continued from page 37)

of parts she is the foremost dramatic artiste of this generation.

Her start in American pictures was unlucky. "Bella Donna," was a very bad picture and she did some wretched work in it. This was partly because the character itself was impossible; partly because she is not adapted to the part of a society woman with the artificial conventions with which we imagine society life to be surmounted; partly because the want of a cold foot forced her to turn Robert Hichens' heroine into a weak tea, Pollyannimized imitauon of the original character. She is thin and while they tell me that the picture, there was a convention of film salersmen in Hollywood. They saw part of the picture as made; yielded bloody murder at its frankness; the picture was stopped and de-natured for the Pollanna trade.

In spite of that fizzle, which she cheerfully admits herself, Pola is just "has it." She has temperament and personality. The minute she comes on the screen, you know something has happened. Nothing finer has ever been shown on the screen than some parts of "Passion" and "Gypsy Love." The latter was not an entire success; because it shocked the American pre-conceived notion that Carmen was a young lady in a red silk skirt who, in her most devilish moments, sometimes made goo goo eyes and won her temptations.

Pola portrayed her as she really was—evil, vicious, little gutter animal.

On the whole, I think it could be said that Pola is the star by right of conquest.

She burst upon the theatrical world like a fiery comet. No one can deny that she is the most sensational theatrical event to be expected since discovery of Nazimova in a Ghetto theater in New York some years ago.

Pola has vanished and come back alone and unheralded into any studio as Mamie Godinski and do it all over again. And do it again and again and again. Pola has "something in the ball" as the base ball pitchers say.

She is arrogant, selfish, inconsiderate, imperious, lazy, and utterly ruthless. But she is great.

Tommy Meighan's appeal is not so easily analyzed. He is a good actor and an attractive personality, but there are other actors who would seem to be nearly of equal attraction. The box office however has given the answer. The American public has picked Tommy as a star. They just like him and that's all there is to it.

Oddly enough, the reason they like him is just the opposite of the reason that they rave over Valentino.

Tommy is about as exotic as an income tax collector. Girls go to see Valentino because he is a vicarious and glamourized. They go to see Tommy because he is a big brother. Men like him because he is a companionable, genuine fellow. A good screen personality that is also noticeable in Valentino; both men have a daintier air of indifferance:

Well, hardly of indifference.

Rather it is an air of detachment, of not bothering about what people think of them. A sort of "you-can-follow-me-if-you- like—it-not-going-to-follow-you." And under it all, Tommy has the Irishman's sweet sentimental rough delicacy of feeling—this Irish instinct for true sentiment that made the old bells of St. Peter's, solemn, austere, gloomy old St. Peter's Cathedral in New York, usher in the New Year with the sweetest and tenderest of all love songs, "Believe Me Those Endearing Young Charms." Ah, a wonderful thing is the Irish heart. And Tommy Meighan has an Irish heart and that is why he is one of the stars who survived.

Douglas Fairbanks Jr. is quite another matter. He represents merely a trade trick; and not a very fair or ethical trick at that.

So much for stars that Paramount salvaged.

There are other studios of the same name. But the old studious which release program pictures have them. Goldwyn, with its big program of pictures has grabbed the contracts of all the well-known stars. Their weakness has been the wrong kind of story, but it makes stars of none of them.

Norma Talmadge, Mae Murray, Charly Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Harold Lloyd, Douglas Fairbanks, Lillian Gish, Dick Barthelmess are stars and always will be.

Most of those named make their own pictures and finance them on their own banking arrangements. They make special pictures for audiences that have learned to wait for them. They are hardly a case in point.

Of those named, Norma Talmadge probably has had the most devoted following. Norma has an interesting personality and of all American born actresses is the best with the possible exception of Lillian Gish. Her great weakness has been the wrong kind of stories.

Mae Murray is usually considered to be the surest and safest box office bet on the screen. Her appeal is based upon a curious foundation. All her pictures are posters. Every story, every set, every situation is frankly artificial. Mae shows life as "ain't a girl's life of the screen. In her personal life she is about as far from her pictures as it would be possible to be. The real Mae Murray in private life is a grave, dignified, self-contained, studious, aloof personality.

She is very charming and gracious but you always feel that you are talking to her autograph desk. She does not show the public the real Mae Murray. She does not show the public a real anything. She shows them a dress in dar- ing colors of a girl with a very white face and beautiful legs. Her stories are like the color designs of foreign art magazines.

Lillian Gish has attained and will retain star stardom to the end by her force of merit. Of all actresses on the screen, Lillian is the most thoro master of her profession. She is the careful, finished woman. She has the sure touch of the experienced expert.

Harold Lloyd is not naturally a great actor. He has won a place by force of a very pleasant and lovable personality; he is the kind of boy you like to have in the family. If Harold were fancy free and unattached to any one, his father would take more than one look at him without saying, "You bet you." His comedies represent not so much ex- uerence or genius as anti-fire jokes. He tries and throws out a hundred gags for every one that gets onto the screen. Harold knows when to stop, when, in a word, he is amused, and he is not. His jokes are anti-fire gags. He knows when to stop and never sees it. He has played fair with his clientele.

Mary and Doug and Chaplin are not stars; they are institutions. They belong in the category with the Statue of Liberty and the White House. They will always be because we gotta have 'em.
Twins Once, Now Only Sisters!

"LIKE as two peas," everyone used to say of the Crawford girls who lived in one of the progressive little cities of Michigan's upper peninsula. "I'm never quite positive whether it's Marie or Meta I'm speaking to," their father would often say. "There's no telling them apart," declared the neighbors when the twins were of pinafore age. And when Meta passed triumphantly in Algebra—a study in which her high school chums freely predicted her failure—there were some who wondered if it really had been Meta who had been present at that examination.

Both girls were liked by their associates. They were gracious girls, and each had friends aplenty. But credit for this must be given to their dispositions—for they were far from beautiful. Indeed, they were frankly homely. Then—in an incredibly short time—came the greatest changes. Meta remained the same likable, but severely plain girl; with the same familiar faults of face and figure. But Marie seemed suddenly to blossom forth. Her entire countenance and complexion took on new aspect.

Soon people identified Marie by referring to her as "the pretty Crawford twin." And so great was the transformation that she fully merited the designation "pretty" in any gathering of women.

Here is how this miraculous change was brought about. It is an interesting and significant story for the woman who would look her best. For almost every woman has beauty possibilities of which she never dreamed or dreamed. The reader may here jump to a wrong conclusion. What caused these sisters to grow so far apart in personal appearance was not neglect on the part of one, nor even strenuous cultivation of an attractive face and figure by the other twin. In fact, they started together to remedy faults of complexion, eyes, hair, and the many lovely features that had combined to make them so utterly plain. Their first efforts were identical; both did anything and everything which either heard or read about on the subject of beautifying. They accepted well-meant advice of friends. But their efforts had all been hit or miss. Both had become discouraged, vows never to try again.

Then, something happened; Marie Crawford learned of a remarkable woman who had made a twenty-year study of beauty. It is doubtful if anyone else ever went about development of beauty methods in so scientifia manner. This woman had gone to the very bottom of the skin structure; her way of clearing complexities and removing blemishes had already made her famous in this field. She had studied facial contour and the textures of face and neck; she was able to remove the ugly wrinkles, even of years' standing. One hair-health secret which she had uncovered, accomplished all that scalp specialists had been seeking to do for years. Her large offices (devoted exclusively to discovery and development of scientific aids to beauty) had taken the guesswork out of beauty culture.

"I wonder what this remarkable woman's methods could do for me?" thought Marie. She decided at any rate to ask. So she wrote her, and this simple act proved a turning point in her whole appearance, and her very outlook on life. She was told things and given things to do that seemed almost to work magic.

What surprised her at the very outset was the utter simplicity of it all. But most surprising was the suddenness with which results were brought about.

The rapid improvements soon proved the new, scientific treatments to be right, and showed her why the old-fashioned things which she and her sister had been doing could never accomplish their purpose. Before long her facial blemishes were gone—all of them. Her skin and color were amazingly benefited. Pores of ugly size were almost invisible now—and blackheads entirely banished. Two particularly ugly limes from nose to mouth had left. The flesh at the point of her chin had been virtually remodelled. An unsightly hollow of the neck was rounded out so perfectly that she no longer had dread of the affairs where gowns revealed neck and shoulders. In time she had brought eyebrows and eyelashes to the point where they were noticeably thick and shapely. There was no denying that Marie Crawford, whatever had been her appearance so short a time back, had stepped into the ranks of women who were deemed "pretty." About this time came the beauty club's annual dance of the season. That brought full realization of the remarkable change Marie had accomplished in her appearance. It was the first affair to find the twins separated the entire evening. Her card was soon full—and men were asking for "half a dance," and "extra!" Back of her laughing denials of being "shogether too popular" was a deep joy, clouded only when she caught sight of sister Meta—alone!

Marie had not willfully withheld from her sister the secret of her new beauty. But she remembered early experiences with beautifying methods, and feared ridicule should this latest effort fail. Thus had matters progressed until now there remained scarcely a facial resemblance between them. Meta and she could scarcely be taken for sisters—never for twins. Yet it seemed but yesterday that people were mistaking one for the other!

And now for the part that is of such vital importance to maid or matron who would make the most of her beauty possibilities. The expert aid mentioned will work the same wonders for you. The woman who has learned how to bring any type of human makeup practical perfection, rejuvenate the sagging tissues and so remarkably enhance one's looks in every way is Lucille Young, and her offices are in Chicago. She has prepared a book on beauty in which the problems of over 100,000 women have furnished the facts. It tells just how you may learn these principles and apply them with the same swift results. This book is most appropriately called "Making Beauty Yours." If you knew what a single one of these secrets it reveals could mean to your appearance you would send this very hour for your copy! There is no charge, no obligation; just fill out this coupon.

Name______________________________

Address____________________________

My glove size is____________________

My shoe size is_____________________

Mail to Miss Lucille Young, 975 Ingalls Bldg., Chicago. If I am not perfectly delighted with the change in my hands in 3 days, I may return please and get my money back in full. (If not to be sent out when payment is made the book will be mailed prepaid.)

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Learn to Play
You are always popular and sure of a good time if you can play some musical instrument. By yourself, with your friends around the piano, in orchestras or bands—there is no end to the pleasure music will give you. And there is no easier way to earn money in your spare time.

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You may now have any known musical instrument for a week's free trial in your own home. There is no obligation to buy—no expense for the trial. You may return the instrument at the end of a week if you decide not to keep it.

Wurlitzer instruments are known everywhere for their unusual one quality and excellence of workmanship. They are used by the greatest professional musicians, bands and orchestras. Harry L. Jacobs of Sousa's Band, Brooke's Marine Band, and Chicago Grand Opera says: "I am proud to be the owner of one of your new cornets. It is positively superior to anything I have had in all my years of cornet playing."

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Send me absolutely free your new illustrated catalog of musical instruments. Also tell me how I must try any instrument in my own home at your expense and how the Wurlitzer plan makes it easy for me to buy. No obligation.

Susie Takes a Chance
(Continued from page 32)

Clay did work rapidly. He took half a dozen snapshots of Susie outdoors with so much the well-remembered gestures of his days in Belleville that Susie almost giggled. He was so precisely the same Clay Newton—perfectly sure of himself when he was behind a camera, boyishly shy the moment he left his machine.

"Now," he said, "I'd like to get something indoors."

Susie led the way into the drawing-room. Armistead went on to his office, leaving them alone. He had failed to get Clay's name; or else Clay had failed to introduce himself. Armistead was oblivious to the drama of the scene. He had never seen Clay Newton before.

Clay posed Susie by the window, in profile. Susie remembered that he had done exactly the same thing back in Belleville, and remembering, she took the pose she had taken then, almost without suggestion. He made two plates of this pose and then stood looking at her thru half-shut eyes.

"Isn't that enough?" Susie asked.

"Yes," said Clay Newton. He smiled meaningly at Susie. Then he took a cigarette from his pocket, lit it, took a deep inhalation.

Susie stared at him. His manner was suddenly less constrained. Susie had an odd sense that something was about to happen. Clay sat down and leaned back in his chair and looked at her.

"Well, Susie," he drawled, "why don't you take off that black wig now and——"

"It isn't a wig," Susie cried.

"You mean you dyed that gorgeous hair."

Susie jumped up.

"Clay," she cried, "are you going to give me away?"

"Not for a moment," he said promptly. Susie sank back in her chair.

"Oh," she said. She was disappointed. She realized that she had hoped he would.

(To be concluded next month)
Rupert of Hentzau
(Continued from page 45)

found it to be only a copy. Their work had been in vain.

More ominous is the fact that I write of this, the mad bloodammers in my veins and agitates me too greatly for my task.

Your,
FLAVIA.

Darling,
Ruritania, a Month Later.

Your concern for me is very sweet, and so subtly do you couch your words that they are ancient Greek to all saving myself, who can read your heart between your words.

By now you have had the news of which, two weeks later, I write.

The King is dead!

Of my feelings I shall not write, just now. Poor Rudolf, who died so ignominiously before ever he had lived. Poor child, pent in always by his meannesses and dissensions. A spoiled and sulking baby playing at being a king and mocking the role of man. Requiescat in pace.

It was Hentzau, of course.

On the day of which I wrote you last they had imprisoned Rischenheim and written Hentzau under the name of the King to meet them at the Lodge in the town. Rischenheim escaped, warned Rupert of the ruse and told him, that the King was spending the night with one of the courtesans at the hunting lodge that he might make an early start into the forest in the morning.

The fact of that last duel between Flavia and the absent Prince will perhaps never be known to history. It must have been a bitter, bloody fight. I close my eyes against it, trying as best I may to close my mind, too, but even in my sleep I wake and scream, thinking I see their two bodies fighting that last, unequal fight. Hentzau has not schemed in vain. Long in his exile had he been brooding over this. Long had he been waiting his revenge, and when Sapt and von Tarlenheim arrived at the Lodge in the late night, the quiet brooding over it knew almost before they entered. Herbert, who had tried to defend his king, was lying dead in the snow. Next day, Rudolf, Rex. Hentzau had arrived before them!

More later.

Your tragic,

Flavia.

My Sweet Friend:

Now I may send you the last three letters I have written you with this, my last, in the role of Flavia, Queen of Ruritania. This, my first happy letter. For I am happy, I am free, so happy that the sad note of the nightingale has given glorious way to the pean of the morning lark beating her white, free wings against the sun.

After the death of the King was announced, came the news that Rupert, still in possession of my letter, was about to read it aloud from the house-top so that the name of Flavia, Queen of Ruritania, would go down in the annals of the Kingdom, as dishonored and disgraced.

Alas for the faithful, Sapt, von Tarlenheim and all who loved Rassendyll left to waylay Rupert and prevent the dastardly deed, and there Rupert and Rassendyll flounder on. I have had some official tidings, resulting in Rupert's death and the final destruction of that ill-fated mission.

Hentzau is dead. That, for the time,
Uncounted Millions had
Watched a Teakettle Boil

But one day a man with a new point of view watched—and steam went to work for man.

For years the public has been waiting for leaders with a new point of view in the production of motion pictures. Preferred Pictures is an organization made up of men who believed that finer, more entertaining pictures were possible. They took a new point of view. They held to the belief that no matter how great the stars, nor how able the directors, a great story was the necessary foundation for a great picture; that original plots, and fresh ideas, were needed.

You received their first eight pictures and proclaimed them a success.

And now comes "Mothers-in-Law," a typical Preferred Picture, a play sounding the very depths of human understanding.

Gaston Glass, Ruth Clifford and Joseph Swickard rise to heights in their interpretations. Edith York, not a mother-in-law after all, but "only a mother with another child to love," will leave you with a suspicious tightness in your throat. You'll have, too, a firm conviction that mother-in-law, as well as dad and mother, should have her day on the calendar.

Preferred Pictures are directed by Tom Forman, Gasnier and Victor L. Scherzinger.

Following "Mothers-in-Law" the newest Preferred release will be "The Virginian," and "April Showers." They'll be shown in your city. Call up your favorite theatre and ask "When?"

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AL LICHHTMAN, President
1650 Broadway, New York

was all that we could think of. It was as tho a black bird of ill-omen had been brought at long last to the ground. It is sad, too, to think a man could die so little mourned. He was strong in evil and valiant in deceit. What a pity that all that force went for such ill ends.

Then, dear friend, came the occasion when Sapt and von Tarlenheim besought Rassendyll to take the King's throne. But he would have none of it, claiming that he could not take a crown to which he was not by lineage entitled and which, in very sooth, he did not want.

It was then that the thought came to me that has made Rassendyll and myself so heavenly happy and will bring, I earnestly believe, eventual contentment and peace upon troubled Ruritania, who feared so illy under royalist rule.

Rassendyll refused the throne and would have gone again into his solitude. I could not stay in Ruritania wearing that heavy crown. And so I declared that I abdicated the throne in favor of a Republic and that, with the procedure over, I would join Rassendyll wherever he might be, as woman to man, free of the tyrannies of thrones.

And so I did. Rassendyll, holding me to his brave and valiant heart, bade me this time, a brief adieu. Soon, soon, now, when the business of the Court is settled, I am to join him, forevermore.

The nightingale sings no more in the forest of Ruritania and is equally stilled in my heart. The people are content. And I go within the month to meet my King. Mine alone.

Your happy, happy
FLAVIA.
No Longer the Idle Idol

(Continued from page 25)

enjoy doing Western roles. But I don't like to do them all the time. I'm not a cowboy. I'm an actor, and I feel that I'm versatile enough to accomplish a characterization without the aid of my horse, once in a while.

"However, I have become identified with Western roles to such an extent that it's almost impossible for me to get anything else to do. At the completion of "The Wagon," he abbreviates titles in the manner peculiar to Hollywood, "I was signed for "The Girl," referring to "The Girl of the Golden West."

"But the advantage of free-lancing is that I don't have to do that sort of thing all the time."

I suggested that he had seen a great many changes in motion-picture production.

He agreed. "In those days we'd start out early in the morning with a camera, and by the time we went home at night we had a one-reel picture. Now, we work all day on one scene."

He is pleased that the improved cameras and lighting facilities of the studios cause him to photograph younger than he did several years ago. He regrets mildly that an attack of influenza caused him to lose some of his hair. "I brush it back any old way now," he says.

On the subject of early days: "I met Francis X. Bushman for the first time, recently. I hear that he is going to return to the screen, too. We're very good friends, tho, in the old days we were considered bitter enemies."

There was a time when Kerrigan and Bushman were the two supreme idols of the screen, and all the movie fans belonged to one clan or the other. The devotion concentrated upon Valentino these days, was divided equally between these two actors, then. Well, that was yesterday... Kerrigan is no longer a great celebrity in the motion picture world. The square-jawed, hard-fisted boys usurped his throne and his power some years ago. They, in time, lost it to the sleek, suave heroes of the present hour. But the loss of his fame seems to mean little or nothing to Kerrigan. He does not worry about cycles, or history repeating itself, or anything like that. If the picture-going public wants him back, all right. If not— he lives in a pleasant world, where there are many books to read, and flowers to cultivate, and friends to visit with.

As I went down over the hill and home again—for I live just a stone's throw from J. Warren, I mused on this Fame thing as I dodged the neighbors' sprinklers and stumbled over the grey cat next door.

"I'm sure it's disappointing," I remarked to the cat, "to find an ex-idol who doesn't seem to mind being dethroned, and doesn't care a pink carnation whether he ever is placed back in the old niche, or not. I'm sure I don't know where the movie fans are going to get any fun putting slips under their heroes, if these handsome lads just slide to safety on 'em."

"Especially," agreed my caty friend, blinking down on the lights of Hollywood, "especially when they're such graceful sliders as J. Warren."

J. Warren

Posed by Doris Kenyon in "Sure Fire Flirt," a Mastodon Films, Inc., motion picture. Miss Kenyon is one of many charming women of the screen who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream for promoting beauty of complexion

Face to face with your mirror can you rejoice in your complexion?

C AN you be proud of your fair, wholesome skin? Can you conscientiously say "my complexion is fresh and clear"?

You can if you adopt the regular use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream—

Ingram's Milkweed Cream—

Just to show the proper glow use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately emphasizing the natural color. Offered in thin artistic metal vanity-box, with large mirror and pad—does not bulge the purse. Five perfect shades, subtly perfumed—Light, Rose, Medium, Dark or the newest popular tint, American Blush—50 cents.

Ingram's Rouge—"Just to show the proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately emphasizing the natural color. Offered in thin artistic metal vanity-box, with large mirror and pad—does not bulge the purse. Five perfect shades, subtly perfumed—Light, Rose, Medium, Dark or the newest popular tint, American Blush—50 cents.

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93 PAG
DO you use the word "Dumbell"? It's passé. If you want to be right up-to-the-minute, you will say "a Dulcy." That's the latest catchword that's spreading all over the country. And you will know why when you see the winsome comedienne, Miss Constance Talmadge in her latest play, unquestionably her biggest, her most delightful and her most screamingly funny comedy. The famous stage success took New York by storm, and now as a picture is convulsing a nation.

Look for the FIRST NATIONAL trademark on the screen. It is the sign of the ultimate in picture entertainment.

Joseph M. Schenck presents

CONSTANCE

TALMADGE

in

"DULCY"

by George S. Kaufman
and
Marc Connely

directed by
Sidney A. Franklin

That's Out
(Continued from page 52)
a personal interest in the welfare of these players. Without this equation a player's chances of getting the celluloid plums is reduced to the minimum.

MANY WILL AGREE WITH HIM

The picture has never been made that could please everyone. Varied are the appraisals of even a proclaimed masterpiece. Frisco, celebrated jazz dancer now a member of the Hollywood studio colony, recently viewed "The Covered Wagon." Asked what he thought of it, Frisco replied: "It's a good picture—if you like wagons."

FAMOUS DAYS IN SCREEN HISTORY

April 1st, 1898. On this auspicious day was first pulled the familiar comedy gag of having the grape juice spirit in the dignified gentleman's eye when the comedian attempts to eat it with a spoon. It's still doing good service.

ABE AND MAWRUS ON THE SCREEN

For several years we tried to get various producers and directors to make a film version of the Potash and Perlmutter stories. These masterful tales of American-Hebrew life if properly done, it seemed to us, should be a great success on the screen. The producers argued that the public would never take to them. Recently Samuel Goldwyn bought the photoplay rights to the Montague Glass yarns and will soon present them on the silver sheet. We'll see who was right.

SOCIETY AS IT EXISTS ON THE SCREEN

Breakfast is always eaten at a table no less than thirty feet in diameter. The meal consists of flowers placed out of reach in the center of the table. On account of the wide distance separating them communication is done by means of telephones.

No matter how many generations the "oldest families" can date back to, all household goods and effects are brand-new and up to the minute.

All matrons are white headed and observe everyone coldly thru lorgnettes of the type that went out of fashion in '95.

At every banquet a large cake is borne in by six stalwarts from which emerges at the proper time a beautiful nude dancer who performs up and down the table.

GIVE THE DEVIL HIS DUE

"Merry Go Round," originally started by von Stroheim, but later taken hold of and completed by Rupert Julian, has scored considerable success. Attempts are being made to give exclusive credit to Julian, with the argument that only five hundred feet of film in the picture was directed by von Stroheim. Maybe so, but how much of his brains, ideas and imagination still exist in the remainder of the piece. A great deal we wager. No credit should be taken from Rupert Julian for the admirable manner in which he executed his share of the production, but Eric the
mighty conceived the idea of the production and it is our opinion that a certain portion of even the part he did not direct has felt his influence.

Why Do They Do It?

How is it that when a person in a photoplay is caught in a room in which he has no right to be, and he hides in the closet, or behind the screen in the corner, or the portieres by the window, that at intervals of every ten feet of film he sticks his head out from the closet door, or the screen in the corner, or the portieres by the window in such a manner that the husband who says he surely could not fail to see him if it was not all taking place in just another movie.

The Movies Will Remain in Their Infancy

As long as virtue must inevitably triumph over villainy.

As long as heroes must retain their lily-white complexions after six months on a South Sea Island.

As long as the modern woman is exclusively presented as an inferior creature.

Why Authors Go Crazy

One of the biggest puzzles of the film industry is trying to comprehend why the producers will get so wrapped up in a certain play or novel that they will spend fabulous sums to secure the screen rights and then proceed forthwith to alter the story and plot into such a mutilated shape that it is beyond all recognition and effectiveness. An example of this is the proposed treatment of Kipling's noted work "The Light That Failed." A well-known scenario writer was engaged to adapt this to the screen. The tale is a man's story thru and thru, a wonderful vehicle for a male star. The scenario writer treated it as such and was amazed when half way thru the scenario to find that the director wanted the script altered and rewritten to fit a certain female star. The writer protested it would ruin the story. The director insisted and the producer backed him up. The writer refused to do it. He resigned and a scribbler of less ideals was assigned the job. How much of Kipling will be left when it reaches the screen?

Yes, We Have No Bananas

A correspondent in the town that made grape nuts famous wants to know if we don't think that Buster Keaton is a greater artist than Chaplin or Lloyd.

Protect Young Teeth From Grit

Modern Dental science has shown that proper care of children's teeth builds eager active minds and sturdy bodies.

Here are precautions thoughtful mothers should take:

First, choose a safe dentifrice—one that contains no grit, for grit scratches tooth enamel.

Second, avoid preparations containing harsh chemicals and strong drugs.

Third, teach regular brushing of the teeth after meals and at bedtime.

Colgate's contains no grit or harmful ingredients. It is a safe double action dentifrice: (1)—its specially prepared chalk loosens clinging particles; (2)—its mild vegetable-oil soap gently washes them away.

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Highest in Merit
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ANITA - The Genuine NOSE ADJUSTER

Won by the World's Fair Jurors in 1893, 1894 and 1895.

Patent Application Filed

The ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER in the original form is superior to any other on the market—rapid, permanent and economical.

Dentist prescribed. No screws. No metal parts. Gentle, Firm and Perfectly Comfortable. Save of irritation. Write today for FREE book, "Happy Days Ahead," and our blank to fill out for sizes. Return blank to us and your nose adjuster can be paid for when it reaches you.

The ANITA Company, Dept. 1032, ANITA Bldg., Newark, N. J.
"No Sadness—No Jol!"
(Continued from page 48)

one of those Conan Doyle ectoplasms that
gentleman is so crazy about.

I'm going to that... she went on,
and then waited a minute, evidently to see
if I'd scream, or something. Evidently she
has been cautioned about this hobbing busi-
ness.

Perhaps she thought that if she had bought
her hair she couldn't be said any more,
and then who would pay for the eats in the
little house?

"Do you think they would like me if
I had my hair bobbed?" her voice asked
wistfully. I mean, in those... eyes looked
wistful, too. I didn't see "em. "Hair
grows quickly, you know," she added, evi-
dently as an afterthought.

By "they" she meant the direc-
 tors or us fans. I strongly suspect
that she meant the directors, for you, Paul-
ine is not under contract to any one studio
or company, but just accepts parts from
wherever they are offered. If the parts
are good enough. Or sad enough.

I got the impression that Pauline is put-
ing on weight. There was something
about the firm little flesh under the hair...

in the dimness I couldn't be
sure. Weight and sorrow are not real
neighbory. I strained my eyes in the
gloom... weight up a bit.

Maybe with the extra weight and
the bobbed hair, "they" will see Pauline in
other and happier parts.

This Pauline Stark girl is a personage to
be reckoned with in flimflam. Not that
she's a newcomer, as new newcomers
spring up these days, but that she has not
given us any of the usual. Any girl with
a voice like that has oodles of something
or other in her cosmos which as yet
has not appeared on the screen or she
would have been an auntie, I don't think
she has had the right directors. This
is a tip for Marshall Neilan, if he's anywhere
around.

Just as I was thinking these thoughts,
Mrs. Stark came in.

"Why the gloom?" she asked brightly,

after the proper introductions. And so
amples... on the bright line.

"Oh, Mama," wailed Pauline, "now
you've spoilt all my 'effect! I thought
the shadows were so darnt interesting.
I'm not trying anything as strong as
darned" but she implied it.

To tell the truth, when I've seen Pauline
on the screen I never thought she had
backbone enough to be 'gracious'.

And then I get a look at this girl.
Al

most at once I thought of Madge Kennedy
—Madge the vibrant and purposeful.

There is an aura—about Miss Stark
which is purposeful and vi-
brant. You feel her presence.

And there's a little quirk to the corner
of her mouth that is sad but sad.

Her eyes—at last her eyes—are blue
and there are dancing lights in them. If eyes
are the windows of the soul, then Pauline's
soul is not always bathed in tears. Her
features are strong, not large, and charac-
ter stands out from them.

She doesn't claim to be a marvel at
anything, but there is nothing coy or
pouting about her.

She went into pictures a long time ago
because she and her mother needed the
money, and she helped rub the splinters
off some of the best extras. Her backcombs are
at the old Fine Arts studio on Sunset Boule-
vard when D. W. was reigning there. She's
a regular girl of the movies and her mother
is just as proud as Punch of her.

And she is naive without being cute.
There's an awful difference between the
Wesley Barry does not dare to use it

Naturally he likes freckles no better than anyone else. But he is afraid to try Stillman’s Freckle Cream for fear the pimple won’t know him without them.

Stillman’s Freckle Cream

This famous cream cleans freckles to fade gently away while you sleep, without you a clear white complexion. Used the world over for 25 years. Cannot grow hair. Easy on the skin. In 5c & 51 stores at drug stores. Look for the purple and gold package.

Write for free booklet
If you value your complexion and hair, write for a copy of “Beauty Purse Secrets.” Give the information that will enable you to enjoy at home at little cost the extensive treatments and beauty purposes. The Stillman Company, 33 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.

The Wanters
(Continued on page 65)

Wearily down the street the little figure plodded toward the railroad station, each soft thud of the listless feet echoing despair. She didn’t know where she was going and hardly remembered why. Life was a blank—a huge towering stupendous vacuum...nothing...only loneliness...empty...empty...

She did not know and could not hear the anxious beat of footsteps following her determinedly, down one street after another until she came to the railroad tracks. Listlessly she started down the tracks and the footsteps quickened behind her. Around the curve, came the night express—avalanche of roaring steel, red lights a-twinkle, headlight staring ahead like some mighty Cyclops, screaming a warning.

The girl stepped aside almost automatically and her foot caught in the switch. “Oh,” she cried, faintly and then, “Elliot! Elliot!” in a rising crescendo of terror.

“Myra, my darling, my only girl,” Elliot answered and the footsteps were upon her.

It was difficult to extricate her foot. Each second brought death nearer. Finally Elliot took out a knife and cut away her slipper and lifted her bodily out of the impending danger. They tumbled down the little embankment together and the express tore by, sucking the air along in mighty gusts. The rumble died away in the distance. Out of the silence the girl spoke, hesitatingly.

“Why...why did you risk your life for mine?”

“Because,” the man answered, “I am a wanter too. But I want only you.”

“Well,” whispered Myra, content once more, “here I am.”

Two. The former is fascinating and the latter is appalling.

“...you better say something about It,” admonished her mother as she was leaving.

“About what?” I asked.

“‘Haven’t you noticed her hand? She’s been wiggling it in front of your nose for the last few minutes.”

“It’s been so dark I couldn’t notice much of anything,” I said, a little too sassily, perhaps. And then I took a look. There on the correct finger of the correct hand, was an emerald-cut diamond about the size of a lump of sugar.

So by the time these lines are in print, Miss Starke may be Mrs. Jack White—and her-hair may be bobbed. Who knows?

The Most Precious Perfume in the World

Rieger’s Flower Drops are unlike anything you have ever seen before. The very essence of the flowers themselves, made without alcohol. For years the favorite of women of taste in society and on the stage.

The regular size is 20 c. 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

$15.00 an ounce
$8.00 a half ounce

The Most Precious Perfume in the World

Rieger’s Flower Drops are unlike anything you have ever seen before. The very essence of the flowers themselves, made without alcohol. For years the favorite of women of taste in society and on the stage.

The regular size is 20 c. 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

Other Offers

Send 20c stamps or

● with the coupon below and we will mail 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, Raspberry, Lute or Crabapple. Twenty cents worth.

Without the coupon, you may simulate the coupon. Pay the amount $2.92 when he brings the package, with the understanding that your $2.92 will be considered simply as a deposit until you have tried and approved the cream, during the ten day test period.

Or, if you prefer, you may enclose $2.92 with the coupon, and the same ten day, money-back guarantee will apply.

Serge Brolaski Laboratories

Dept. 357, 357 S. Desplaines St., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Brolaski: I am willing to let you prove to me at your own expense, that your Reducing Cream will remove surplus flesh from my figure. You may send me a full size, 4 pound jar, regular price $5.00, and I will deposit $5.00 with the postman, with the understanding that the full amount will be refunded to me at any time within 30 days if I am not satisfied with results.

Name:

City:

State:

If you expect to be away from the house when the postman comes, enclose $1.92 with your order and Brolaski’s Reducing Cream will be mailed to you postpaid.
SAY "BAYER" when you buy. Insist!

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets, you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over 23 years and proved safe by millions for:

Colds  Headache
Toothache  Rheumatism
Neuritis  Lumbago
Neuralgia  Pain, Pain

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monosodiumd of Salicylic

Learn Cartooning At Home—In Your Spare Time
from the school that has trained
so many successful cartoonists of today,
earning from $50 to $500 a month.
This London Picture Chart
Method of teaching makes cartooning
so easy, so convenient
you'll find it
light

Ship Now—Before Price Increases

Diamonds Here at 60% of Market Price
The Buys of a Lifetime in three-quarters of a century

receiving such bargains as we do now compare
BAYER, 431 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

The lowest prices are based on size, usual diam-

In any size, the trend is always

Amen.

Amy of her word, the
Her cyst—women's

However old, rated more than

is never repudiated. Also many bargain com-

And she does

A thing she has

She does

After standing

For the Red Ring

LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS
GIVE QUICK RELIEF

Greenroom Jottings
(Continued from page 84)

Bellamy plays the leading feminine rôle. Matt Moore, Kathleen Clifford and
George Cooper are included in the cast. Associated Authors are at the present
time editing and cutting "Living Lies," Thompson Buchanan's screen version of Peter
B. Kyne's sea story, "The Harbor Bar." This production is said to be filled with
thrills and daring episodes, for the entire company spent several weeks aboard a
steam schooner and a tug, filming scenes that run the gamut of sea life.

The first of the J. Stuart Blackton Productions to be released by Vitagraph is
"On the Banks of Wabash," a story inspired by the popular song written some
years ago by Paul Dresser. The drama deals with Indiana and the people who live
along the banks of the famous river. The picture is said to be full of heart interest
and humor, and the central theme of the story is built around a fine old character,
quaint and strong.

Lloyd Carleton, of Lloyd Carleton Productions, has made arrangements with the
Film Booking Office for the distribution of his feature picture, "The Flying Dutch-
mann," based on the world-wide trend, immortalized by Richard Wagner in grand
opera and by Captain Maryaft, the English novelist. "The Flying Dutchman" sea-
scene was taken off the California coast from San Francisco northward to Puget Sound, with the impressive background of that rugged coast.

Edward Sloman, directing the filming of "The Eagle's Feather," is a stickler for
realism. He insisted that there be no farce in the borrowscenes which is one of the most important incidents in the picture. He provided a genuine leather quiet for the popular song making it necessary
for James Kirkwood, who was to be whipped, to protect himself with a thick
coastal affair fitting around that part of his body where the lash would fall. In
adventurously, Lester Cuneo, who yielded the whip, made a miscue and the end of
the cut Mr. Kirkwood just under the

arm, drawing blood. The injured actor
leaped up in violent protest, saying and
doing things not called for in the act.

Rodolph Valentino has announced that he will begin work on the first of a series
of three special productions immediately upon the termination of his contract with
the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. This contract, however, has one more
year to run. Rodolph's return to the

screen will be with the recently formed
Ritz-Carlton Pictures Inc., which is headed
by John D. Williams. A special staff of
artists is being assembled for the new
pictures, and the star will go to Italy
shortly to make preparations for the film-
ing of the first scenes. Mr. Valentino has
made arrangements for engaging one of the best directors in picture business and, at present, is negotiating for a story that he hopes will prove the

greater in which he has yet appeared.
Melt away your excess flesh Reduce any part of your body to desired proportions

The Brolaski way of getting thin without diet, drugs or exercise

New-Formula Reducing Cream makes any part of the body trim, slender and graceful without exercise, diet, enervating baths or old-time methods. Decisive results seen in 10 days or money back.

A Hollywood Reducing Secret Improved by Science

By HENRY L. STANLEY

EVERY movie actress knows that the quick, sure way to get rid of excess fat is to dissolve it in hot salt baths—using a special salts discovered and prescribed by skilled obesity specialists.

These salt-formula baths are unfailing in results. Frequently, an overweight star has conditioned herself for a new picture in a few weeks' time—taking off 25 to 30 pounds by a rigorous course of these baths.

But the treatment is drastic—and not advisable for every one. Steaming the salts into the body sometimes steams out the energy and vitality as it reduces the flesh.

Recently, science has found a way to secure the full flesh-dissolving efficiency of these wonderful salts without the energy-sapping hot-baths.

By an entirely new formula, the salts are embodied in a delightful cream—which is spread on the overweight parts and then gently massaged into the fat cells and tissue, through the pores.

This new laboratory method of reducing is called The Brolaski Way. And soon, we believe, it will be the universal way. For it is much more agreeable than painful dieting, rubber corsets, exhaustive exercises and tortuous self-denial.

With the Brolaski Cream, reducing can be confined, at your pleasure, to the parts that need it. For a double chin, heavy arms, thighs or bust, thick ankles or calves, apply the cream where you need it—and the unwanted flesh will steadily disappear.

The Brolaski Laboratories claim no magic properties for this new Reducing Cream. It is a carefully tested laboratory product, based on science and common sense. And if used as directed, it will do the work.

But Mr. Brolaski prefers to let the results speak for themselves. So he invites you to try the cream on his guarantee of satisfaction or money back.

Test it ten days, without any obligation to pay for it. If the test does not clearly indicate its successful action, return the unused portion of the jar, within ten days, and your money will be refunded in full without question or correspondence.

The price of Brolaski Reducing Cream is $2.92 postpaid—enough for thirty days' treatment. And it comes to you fresh from the laboratory—shipped the day it is compounded—without any lapse of time for its potency to evaporate on drug store shelves.

For your convenience, you may simply sign and mail the coupon. Pay the postman $2.92 when he brings the package, with the understanding that your $2.92 will be considered simply as a deposit until you have tried and approved the cream, during the ten day test period.

Or, if you prefer, you may enclose $2.92 with the coupon, and the same ten day, money-back guarantee will apply.

Serge Brolaski Laboratories Dept. 951, 318 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Brolaski: I am willing to let you prove to me at your own expense, that your Reducing Cream will remove surplus flesh from the figure. If you send me a full size jar, 1 pound, regular price $5.00, and I will deposit $2.00 with the postman, with the understanding that if it does not meet with my approval at any time within 10 days I will return the jar, with $2.00, and you will send me another jar of the same kind.

Name________________________

City__________________________

State________________________

If you desire a return from the house when the postman comes, enclose $1.00 with your order and Brolaski's Reducing Cream will be mailed to you postpaid.

PAG 99
Across the Silversheet

(Continued from page 53)

what we need. And we have praise for the world who has lit the torch with so
torches!

The Merry Go Round," we must forget what
he is to consider it as the
which it is.

Then von Strohein's
continuity of the ac-
cepted, the far
their

9.00
store

From the
far
their

$7.00
whip

In

eer-

their

X-BLIN

Brassiere

RUBBER

$3?

£3?

S

W

wearer

symbol

Favorite

Concha

wherever

I

X-BLIN

French

craftsmen!

necessity

and

¥nB.

woman

MEDICATED

Avenue,

Arms,

Double

Flesh

Ankle

spots—

and

Sacred

Salaman
d Ring

GRANDS and Mysteries of the Map
easterners are held in this marvelous ancient
symbol of movement among pill, rumour and legend. The

HISTORY of its origin and the

Christ's ears, how the original relic of the

version of it, is presented in the

relics, the legend, the

of the

of

of

of

Tranche de la

Cerf, the

in

The Charm of

NO woman who

sense of clean

underskirts can feel

turn to less dainty

hairdresser and former

of achieving true

— the safe French

absolutely necessary for

dressing table! Free

entirely painless and a

back guarantee at

stores. 5 c and $1 in

where. 75 c and $1.50.

Manufactured by

Makers of the

Send 10c for sample and

GEOB. BORGHELD & CO.

Dept. S, 16th Street and Irving Place, New York

XBAZIN

The French way to remove hair

Reduce Your Flesh

in spots—

Arms, Legs, Bust

Double Chin, etc.

In fact, the entire body,
or any part, can be

Reduced without dieting by

losing the fat through per-

spiration produced by wearing

garments.

Ankle, for

reducing and shaping

the ankles. Send

$2.00.

Extra high, 9.00.

Brassiere to reduce bust

diaphragm, $7.00.

Neck and Chin Reducer 3.50

Double Chin Reducer 2.50

Send for Illustrated Booklet

Dr. JEANNE M. P. WALTER

FAMOUS MEDICATED REDUCING

RUBBER GARMENTS

389 Fifth Avenue, New York City

BEAUTYPEEL

"UNMASK YOUR

MODERN BEAUTY!"

BRIGHTEN, Tone, Whiten, Bleach, Tint, Bleach, Tint, Tint, Tint, Tint,

Bleach, Tint, Bleach, etc. All natural, wholesome, harmless.

Invented by Dr. Jeanne M. P. Walter, a

FAMOUS MEDICATED REDUCING RUBBER GARMENTS.

389 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

The Charm of

NO woman who

sense of clean

underskirts can feel

turn to less dainty

hairdresser and former

of achieving true

— the safe French

absolutely necessary for

dressing table! Free

entirely painless and a

back guarantee at

stores. 5 c and $1 in

where. 75 c and $1.50.

Manufactured by

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BEAUTYPEEL

"UNMASK YOUR

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BRIGHTEN, Tone, Whiten, Bleach, Tint, Bleach, Tint, Tint, Tint,

Bleach, Tint, Bleach, etc. All natural, wholesome, harmless.

Invented by Dr. Jeanne M. P. Walter, a

FAMOUS MEDICATED REDUCING RUBBER GARMENTS.

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Freed from Gray Hair

DONT submit to the age handi-
cap of gray hair. In a few

minutes, safely turn gray, bleded gray,

bleached locks to their natural

beauty and splendor with Brown-

atonethe most used name the

U. S. and Canada. It is imme-

diately reversible, does not apply and

absolutely harmless to hair, scalp or skin.

Brownaton is far superi-

ior to so-called color restorers. Do

not hesitate. Send 10c now for

trial bottle and see for yourself.

For sale everywhere—50c and $1.50

The Kroen's Pharmacal Co.

392 Copping Blvd., Covington, Ky.

Canada Address, Windsor, Ont.

BROWNATONE

Tints Gray Hair Any Shade

Na Tone Lemonated Shampoo cleanses and

beautifies. At dealers or direct, 50c per bottle.

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Movie Acting!

A fascinating profession that pays big. Would you like to know if you are adapted to this work? Send 10c for our Twelve Point Talent Tester or Key to Movie Acting Aptitude, and find out for yourself which class you would make for in the Movie Acting. A novel, instructive and valuable work. Send today to-day, try this interesting, illus-

trated booklet on Movie Acting included FREE!

FILM INFORMATION BUREAU, Six W., Jackson, Mich.

BE A HOTEL EXECUTIVE

EARN $2,500 TO $12,000 A YEAR

Doubles His Salary. One student wrote: "I have

the position as Steward for

an average of $250 per month, and paid house and board." He

received this before coming to our course, having formerly held

a job in a boarding house. His

employee writes: "He is cer-

tainly the right sort and has

been well trained." Another student writes: "I had not been on the

same instruction two months before I place here at the

hotel." This is unusual. Leading hotels want our graduates, and

our graduates for responsible, well-paid positions.

LET US TRAIN YOU

Prepare in spare time at home. Perfecting experi-

ence at your side.

Standard Business Training.

Send me Free Booklet.

844 E. 11th St., New York City.
Here's An Offer

that will appeal to well-dressed women

SPECIAL FOR 30 DAYS

STYLE

the Fashion Magazine De Luxe in attractive

CLUB COMBINATIONS

UNUSUAL SAVINGS FOR 30 DAYS ONLY

REGULAR SUBSCRIPTION PRICE OF STYLE...

$5 PER YEAR

| Style, One year .......... | $5.00 |
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| Style, One year .......... | $5.00 |
| Classic, One year .......... | $2.50 |
| Shadowland, One year .......... | $3.50 |
| Style, One year .......... | $5.00 |
| Motion Picture, One year | $2.50 |
| Woman's Home Companion, One year | $1.90 |
| American Magazine, One year | $2.50 |

| BOTH | $5.25 |
| BOTH | $5.25 |
| BOTH | $5.25 |
| BOTH | $5.75 |
| BOTH | $5.75 |
| FOUR | $8.50 |

SAWDUST

Placing the personable and dynamic Gladys Walton in a circus story is like giving candy to a baby. She fairly thrives upon it. The idea here may be familiar, but it is developed with such a big top atmosphere and contains such genuine humanities that it belongs in the class of better things even tho it was made to live but a short time on the screen of your favorite theater. Instead of a drudge running away from home, the circus—she does just the opposite. She runs away from the sawdust ring to find comfort and romance in a quieter walk of life. There is a pleasant surprise when the climax reveals the heroine unrelated to her foster parents even tho it is indicated that she might be reunited to them since their own child had disappeared years before. The Walton person cuts quite a delectable figure in tights. The best points are the circus episodes, for it becomes extremely frail once the big top is left behind.

THREE WISE FOOLS

This is the story of three elderly cronies who have banded together to drive the loneliness from their hearts since romance has deserted them. Adapted from a successful play, the result is not so good transferred to the silversheet. For one thing, the drama has captured too much detail in his attempt to keep faith with the original. Therefore in showing every little incident which concerns the trampiere he has made the number often dull in places. The old boys are too tranquil. They create no more excitement than a contest of dominoes. And so into

Comment on the New Pictures

(Continued from page 57)

the spirited girl by a youth experienced in cave-man tactics. Dressing the players in comic opera costumes and placing them against a background suggestive of the lower Danube, does not eliminate the sting of the picture—which is really old stuff—which never rings true—and which smacks of hack fiction at its best—or worst. Dorothy Dalton puts over a vital personality as the Russian maid whom Theodore Kosloff fights over. Charles de Rochef is colorful as the Gypsy. We might name one of two dozen Americans who could have eclipsed him in the same role. But he has a classic countenance and a good physique. Because of these endowments he will doubtless soon be a reigning favorite.

THE RAPIDS

You expect a rushing, roaring melodrama of a bursting dam—of men fighting for life in turbulent waters—with a background of the vast, open spaces here. But you will be disappointed. On the contrary you see a mechanics plot worked out mechanically, treating upon the development of a little Canadian city by a resourceful engineer who will harness the water power and put the place upon the industrial map. There is much to be explained in the story. For example, some gentlemen on Wall Street are shown up in the clothing of the well-known verbalist wolf without any scene presented in effecting their downfall. A strike episode is poorly done—and the romance seems like an afterthought. The engineer—played adequately by Harry Morey—washes off the set when he sees that the girl loves an underling. There is no vitality nor vivdness in the number. It is merely another motion picture—which will live its brief life and pass on to oblivion.

SHOWS WOMEN HOW TO REDUCE

The only women who remain uncomforatable are those who do not realize that fat has been conquered! The phonograph standing in your home is a reducing cabinet of magic power! Weigh what you would like to weigh; get thin to music!

Wallace's reducing records offer every woman, of any age, the swift and certain means of making her figure what it should be. They remove the conditions responsible for excess flesh; every ounce of soft tissue is soon consumed.

Losing 25 Lbs. a Month!

Women in endless numbers have reduced by this remarkable method. Many of them have removed fifty pounds and more. Mrs. Jessica Penrose Bayliss of Bryn Mawr Pa., height 5 ft. 7 in. weighed 191 lbs. Nine weeks with Wallace records and her weight was 138 lbs! Today, she does the things and wears the things which are denied one of corpulent figure.

And remember this method cannot give you that gaunt, "reduced" look that follows the use of unnatural, drastic measures.

This way of reducing is open to all, and unlike most methods, it is highly enjoyable. Ask anyone who has played off weight in this manner—or better still, try it. Actual proof costs you nothing. Make a five-day test—and believe only the scales. See how much better you feel and look—and how much less you weigh.

Read Wallace's offer:

Free Proof—Send No Money

Just try Wallace's way for five days. That's all he asks. Don't send any money; don't promise to pay anything now or later. The trial is free. If you don't see surprising results in even these few days—simply mail back the record and you will not owe Wallace a penny. Let the scales decide. Here is a coupon that brings first week's reducing lesson complete, record and all:

WALLACE, 630 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Please send me FREE and POSTPAID for 5 days' free trial the original Wallace Reducing Record for my first reducing lesson. If I am not perfectly satisfied with the results, I will return your record and will neither owe one cent nor be obligated in any way.

Name ____________
Address ____________
To Retain those Eyes of Youth
One's age first begins to show about the EYES. But women are often un-mindful of this, and through neglect or improper care allow their EYES to become discolored, dull and heavy looking.
Murine will do much to preserve and enhance the natural beauty of the EYES. It quickly soothes away discoloration and imparts a youthful sparkle to even the most neglected EYES.
Murine is delightfully refreshing after reading, sewing, motoring and all the day's activities. It's good for the EYES—contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients.

Our attractively illustrated book, "Beauty Lies Within the Eyes," tells how to properly care for your EYES, Brows and Lashes, and thus enhance their beauty. Send for a copy of this helpful book. It's FREE.
The Murine Company
Dept. 25, Chicago

Murine for Your EYES
Widely Used Since 1896

UNLUCKY?
Then wear this Murine Cotton or Oyster Liner, easy to apply, non-greasy, practically harmless. Serves also as a splendid dressing for the hair. Directions with bottle. All drug depatments sell it.

Close Liner
8c

They've made a thirty-reel serial into a five-reel feature here and the results are well-nigh ludicrous, albeit they are often amusing. But thrusting an "up and at 'em" young man into a lumber camp and compelling him to escape Frank Merriwell taxes one's credulity. One must merely accept it as an effort to pass an idle hour and let it go at that. Mind you, this extraor-dinary youth overcomes the most terrifying obstacles without batting an eyelid—without soiling his collar. He takes the lumber camp job without a nickel, yet in some strange manner he obtains an option on an oil well. And manage to put himself over as if he were real prosperous. Hokum and more hokum take up the furi-ous scenes— which include a blind dash on a cable—and several escapes. In fact, William Duncan possesses the proverbial cat's nine lives. He seemingly has eyes in the back of his head as well as an indication that he has psychic power. Villains are cuffed about and dangers are averted—all in a day's work. It is as wild and amusing as a cowboy's rodeo. And to us, it is still a serial even if twenty-five reels have been hacked off by the shears.

Desert Driven
When a convict escapes from prison in a screen story, the spectator's interest is always on the alert. It is when he strikes a path for freedom that the spectator's
attention is lost. Invariably an author of one of these tales doesn't know what to do with his character once he has sawed thru the bars. It is the same here with Harry Carey who while he is planning his getaway and getting away with it, keeps one pretty busy.

Once he is in the desert and makes his way to a ranch to be taken in by the owner and given a job as foreman, the story sags and never recovers. There must be the ranchman's daughter with whom he must fall in love—and the vicious underling, and the minions of the law attend to the conflict. A perfectly obvious tale—running true to form and really commonplace in every detail. Carey manages to be human, but he hasn't overcome the habit of biting his thumb nail and peering out from underneath his eyebrows.

**Burning Words**

They've dragged the Northwest Mounted formula from its favorite pigeon-hole to give Roy Stewart—an actor built on the lines of a "white hope"—a chance to wear the uniform. Then they present him with a halo which he wears on his head in his noble self-sacrifice as he convicts himself of his brother's crime. His aged mother had said to him—"Look after Ross remember he is my baby!" So you see it is based upon a weakling son who kicks over the traces. Both sons join the Mounted and the wilder one is sent to get his man. There is a murder which offers the man of character a chance to assume the guilt. But a confession from a dance-ball girl saves him just as they are getting ready to give him a neat little party. It is indicated that the weakling's head enters the noose. Old stuff, stereotyped and weary.

**BROADWAY GOLD**

And so it comes to pass that New York's night life is thrown again upon the screen. All that passes for color and atmosphere in cabaret circles is shown here with considerable lavishness. And yet we cannot catalog it as anything but an attempt to give spectators who live beyond the reaches of Broadway a sort of thrill. The idea revolves around our old friend, the rural maiden who jumps into fame behind the footlights and thru whose life walks adventure, murder and romance. Elaine Hammerstein is the same in this number as she has been in all her numbers. It's a ride, however, which gives her a chance to wear a picturesque wardrobe. Kathlyn Williams gives the best performance as a Broadway actress. Any story of theatrical circles concerning New York invariably follows a cut-and-dried formula. The real Broadway has yet to appear on the screen.

**Only 38**

It isn't pretentious—this story of a young impressionable—none of the deep and who longs for romance, but whose puritanical relatives are determined to prevent her from finding it. Indeed there is nothing of surprising drama about it. But it does tell a lifelike story and carries a quota of humanities to boot. William De Mille, quite unlike his brother, Cecil, is always searching for the heart note. And he has found it in this wholesome study of a woman whose twin children with their adolescence must not change the old order of things. She falls in love with a absent-minded professor of English literature and eventually the offspring are born, and the family is complete.

But it scores with its simple paths and rich characterization as portrayed by Lois Wilson, who, thru her sympathetic understanding, is able to create a lifelike figure.
$100.00 a week for Drawing

Commercial art is a necessity to modern business and advertising. If you like to draw, you are indeed fortunate—for well trained artists are always at a premium. They readily earn $75, $100, $150 a week, and even more. Many Federal students command $50 a week or more after a short period of practical work.

Learn Quickly at Home in Your Spare Time
Develop your talent! Thousands of business firms pay millions of dollars annually for good advertising drawings and designs. No previous training or experience is needed to learn by the Federal “Master Course” (established 1914), the original practical course in commercial art, created by men with more than 25 years experience in the field. Though widely imitated, it stands supreme after 8 years of unequalled success as America’s Foremost Course in Commercial Designing. It gives you

Individual Personal Criticisms on All Lessons—teaches you the methods that make your drawings worth real money—and has developed the crudest beginners into commercial artists earning good incomes, in a fraction of the time otherwise necessary. Leading designers, artists, illustrating companies and hundreds of successful Federal Students have enthusiastically endorsed Federal Training. Among Federal Authors, whose help you get exclusively in the Federal Course, are many of the best known artists and designers in America, who have produced and sold hundreds of thousands of dollars’ worth of commercial art.

Get This Book “YOUR FUTURE”
It is beautifully illustrated in colors, and tells every detail you need to know about the Federal Course. It shows work of Federal Students, many of whom earn more than the course costs while studying. The Federal Course is aimed at practical results—and gets them. If you are in earnest about your future send 5 cents in stamps today for this book, kindly stating your age and occupation.

COUPON
Federal School of Commercial Designing
1463 Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.
Please send me “YOUR FUTURE” for which I enclose 6 cents in stamps.
Name
Age: ——— Occupation: ———
(Write your address plainly in the margin)

Letters to the Editor
(Continued from page 60)

the proverbial flies in the motion-picture ointment.
The cause of her movie existence may be traced to the directors, who are so intent on living up to their film title, that the acting ability, or rather the lack of it, in a player, is of no consequence, whatever. Again, both producer and casting director may be to blame for it. The fault, to me, tho, seems, in the player, herself. She has an idea she can act. If she can, all well and good. We are willing to take mediocre work at first, but, after a picture or two, big things are expected!

One actress out of ten, rises from the dumbbell ranks, and fulfills this expectation; the other nine may reach stardom, somehow. Their agonizing attempt at real acting is ludicrous. Lila Lee and Anita Stewart portray characters by smelling large bunches of flowers. Wanda Hawley prefers to pick at them. Marie Prevost, with her expressionless, baby-doll face, opens her carefully fixed lips to say “Mama” and “Papa” when the director pulls the string. Helene Chadwick rages and fusses over all the set, until one feels impelled to rise from the theater seat and rage with her! Agnes Ayres and Elaine Hammerstein emote, intensely, by bitting their fingers. Alice Terry, Anna Q. Nilsson and Claire Windsor are wonderful, automatic wax works. One can almost see them in the museum, moving just so far, to the right, then just so far, to the left.

I could go on forever, enumerating the screen players who, tho they may be sweet and lovely out of pictures, strike the fan, from a movie angle, as being the dumbest flabbyheans that ever lived. The rating of film acting goes down just so much with every incapable actor staring. One can only tremble to think what it will be inside of a year or so. Fans cannot sur-vive, forever, on pretty, senseless players.

It is good actors that the screen needs, today—not dumbbells. Real actors, who are touched with the divine fire of the genius and not made by profuse advertising and indiscriminating directors.

Very truly yours,
Trix MacKenzie
Box 1907, Atlanta, Ga.

Versus Valentino imitators—And an impulsive request for the return of Valentino one way or another.

Dear Editor: Isn’t there something you can do to rid us of the Valentino imitators? They are becoming an awful bore to say the least.

In the first place the very fact that they are willing to be groomed to take his place proves them incompetent: if they had any ingenuity at all they would create a vogue of their own and not try to shine by his reflected glory. They remind us of what Fabre refers to in his “bugology” as pro-cessionaries, because of their habit of following one another. No single one of his imitators has sufficient force to branch out and create a demand for himself.

To begin with, few are so capable as Rudolph Valentino, and from general observation I should say that he can handle more work—turn out better work—and earn larger dividends on the capital invested than any other star in his profession; therefore it would seem that he is worth conceding a few favors to. Don’t let’s lose the greatest artist we have on the screen today just because of a broken con-

(Continued on page 106)
Scientist discovers fat Solvent

Reduce any or every part of your figure with amazing new Reducing Cream which melts away excess fat on any part of the body—slenderizing the figure to perfect proportions without drugs, exercises, diet, rubber suits or painful denial of any kind.

Milady! If you have a single ounce of unwelcome flesh on your figure—here's good news for you. Getting thin is now pleasurably simple and easy for anyone. For I, M. J. McGowan, after 5 years of tireless research, have made the discovery you have been waiting for. I can tell you positively how to reduce quickly, comfortably—without tiresome exercises, without stupid diet, without enervating salt baths, without rubber suits or belts. I can actually show you how to make a wonderful change in your figure in 10 days' time or my advice isn't going to cost one penny.

If it is a threatened double chin that is making you give up white bread and potatoes—If your waistline is keeping you away from the tempting bon-bon dish—

If your arms are too plump, your neck padded, your ankles bulging, don't worry—I guarantee to reduce any or every part of your body, swiftly and surely—without any program of painful self-denial.

My discovery I call Reducine—McGowan's Reducine. It is not a medicine, a bath salt or a course of useless gymnastics. It is a pleasant cream that you can apply in your own room, patting it gently onto the parts you want to slenderize. Almost overnight you will notice a change. A harmless chemical reaction takes place, during which excess fat is literally dissolved away, leaving the figure slim and properly rounded, giving the lithe grace to the body every man and woman desires.

Results Guaranteed or Money Back

My reducing cream is sold under absolute guarantee it will accomplish all you expect. Indeed, if results do not start in two weeks' time you may return unused portion of jar, at any time within two weeks after you receive Reducine and we will refund every penny of your money. This unparalleled guarantee makes you sole judge of results. You have nothing to lose and everything to gain by clipping the coupon now. Because the reducing ingredient is perishable it is not practical to offer Reducine through drug or department stores. I insist that you get only the freshly compounded laboratory product put out under my personal supervision.

When you realize that many imitations of Reducine are now being sold at from $1.50 to $10 at retail, you will realize how astoundingly low is the price we ask. If you have tried old-time methods in vain and really want to reduce any part of your body, give me the chance to help you. You risk nothing. Money back if not satisfied.

Send No Money—Just Sign the Coupon

I am not going to ask you to send one penny with your order. Just sign coupon and mail today. By return mail I will send you a 1-lb. jar of genuine Reducine and you can deposit the small sum of $2.47 (plus a few cents postage) when the postman brings the Reducine Cream. If you expect to be away when the postman comes, enclose $2.60 with order and Reducine will be mailed postpaid.

M. J. McGowan
McGowan Laboratories
Letters to the Editor
(Continued from page 104)

tract and a lot of silly legislation. Some laws are stupid and meant to be broken; why not break this one for the good of the public—or at least for the amusement of the public? And if Famous Players-Lasky Corporation is incapable of treating him fairly, why don't they release him and let some other company sign him up? Anything so that we may have our brilliant and lovable Julio and our courageous and gallant Gallardo back again.

Hoping you will interest yourself in our behalf and wishing your splendid magazine every success, I remain, very truly yours,

AUDREY TEMPLE.

704 Benter Avenue, Bay City, Michigan.

Resentment that her poor, trite stories should reflect discredit upon Katherine MacDonald.

DEAR EDITOR: This is my first fan letter and it is sweetest, most beautiful, and also most brickheaded actress on the screen. Namely, my favorite actress, Katherine MacDonald.

It just makes me think that the first time I pick up a fan magazine, I'll be almost sure to find that some critic has hurled a lot of slams at Miss MacDonald. The reviewers don't seem to see that it isn't Miss MacDonald, but the poor stories she acts in that are stupid. Some fans will say, "Well she has her own company, and surely she can supervise over her stories." However, I read an article in one of the magazines which clearly states that she does not have the power to turn down any scripts, but she is only the one containing objectionable sex elements are allowed to be passed over. So you can see, this isn't all the poor stories floating around on the market that it isn't Miss MacDonald's fault at all.

Not long ago someone stated that Mary Pickford and Katherine MacDonald had the samelooking hands in the picture business, and I for one am inclined to believe this. Katherine MacDonald is not a poor actress at all, but a good one, and any person who says, "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," and "Passions Playground," will, I am sure, agree with me. If this is a good story, the result would be a good picture, with particular reference to acting.

I never once read where a critic said, "but then you'll have to give Miss MacDonald credit for her acting in the "Woman Thou Gavest Me." Yet, to cover up the bad pictures Gloria Swanson appears in these days, the reviewers refer to her acting in "Male and Female." To me Miss Swanson is neither beautiful nor what I would call a good actress (1 minute on the screen, with reference to her clothes). None of my friends think so either. Who would want to wear the exotic and bizarre clothes that La Belle Swanson wears in her pictures.

Out of the throngs in movieland I like best, the following: Thomas Meighan, Harold Lloyd, Lou Cheney, Theodore Roberts, Katherine MacDonald, both Talmadges, Dorothy Gish, Latrice Joy, and of course the adorable "kids" Coogan, and Baby Peggie.

In conclusion I say, let's have fewer brickbats and more bouquets for one who deserves the best—beautiful Katherine MacDonald.

One of Mary,

HELEN G. HEGEWALD.

411 Delzhoffer Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.
We Interview Elinor Glyn
(Continued from page 22)

left England few Pauls. And, essentially, Paul should be an Englishman. But they were the first to go, gay youths, with

innocence... old families for back

grounds... not especially intel-

lectual, perhaps... but with all the world to choose from... ah, you could have picked a dozen Pugins from any marching

regiment of Her Majesty’s Guards as they went toward the Front. But now... who will play Paul I cannot say. It is good business, I know, but actors and actresses with names of value. We shall see...

(And grotes low and the Interviewers rise reluctantly to go. Madame Glyn walks with them to the door, an arm about the

shoulder of each. As she opens the double

ivory doors, she passes...)

Elinor Glyn: When you see my “Three

Weeks” on the screen you will know, from what I have told you, whether I was permitted to produce it as I felt it and wrote it. You have had a very good feeling that. And I have not been able to do what I have visualized with my very soul, you will say for me that the “Three Weeks” which came to the screen was not the beautiful, spiritual love tragedy which Madame Glyn told you about. Will you do this for me, if they destroy my story? Will you tear it to pieces if it is torn when it reaches the screen?

(G. H. and A. W. F. make obstinate acquiescence and after adieux and good

wishes, exit.)

Section III:—The interior of the well-bounded taxi-cab, subway bound. The pity that fashion-

able hoodlums are inaccessible to subways, thus making cabs a receptacle for indigent, errant and untractable writers. The inquisitors sit, formally, side by side, as they have been doing these three hours past.

The cab pulls on. The meter registers effi-

ciently.

A. W. F.: Well?

G. H.: Well?

A. W. F.: Had you read “Three

Weeks”?

G. H.: Behind my Geography. Wouldn’t you know it to look at me?

A. W. F.: Did you know that it was a spiritual love story?

G. H. (cursively): I was very young when I read it. Too young. My spirit was then the least of my concerns.

A. W. F. (visibly Madame): That’s so. That must have been it. I was too young, too. Of course we missed the spiritual message. I’m going to try it again and profit thereby, this time.

G. H. (kindly): Yes, you are probably mature enough now, my dear collaborator.

(On the corner a newsy cries out his extras. G. H. and A. W. F. lean forword the better to hear.)

Newsy: Entry! Entry! Society Lady elopes with Husband’s Chauffeur! Entry...

A. W. F. (with a gesture): You see, my dear. We, you and I, were just as guilty as we were. We are getting on. Inhibitions fall away into a prudish past. Tigers stalk where spaniels fear to tread.

G. H. (solemnly): The Anglo-Saxon woman progresses, Eureka!

(The cab stops with a sea-going burch before the kiosk of the Subway. The Interviewers pay the chauffeur and curt, guss in a deadeningly automania intoning “Eureka” trail as echoes behind them.)

CURTAIN.
The Stars and Their Planets

(Continued from page 70)

aptitude for learning rapidly, and he might easily master many languages; also, in addition to possessing a brilliant mind, he is industrious and would sacrifice pleasure until he had completed any project upon which he had embarked.

Another excellent character is the popular Mr. Theodore Roberts, whose birthday occurs October eighth. Genial to an extreme, he is sincere in his hospitality and would be generous to anyone in distress, without anticipating an return, also he is a fairly good word of personal worth but he should rely upon his own judgment rather than the opinion of others, as his first impression of anyone is liable to be correct and he can naturally sense appreciation upon the part of those whom he befriends.

October thirteenth is the natal day of Mr. Malcolm MacGregor, and his horoscope shows rapidity of decision and great capacity for work, yet there is also a love for the pursuit of art. He is superficially induced by a natural popularity. He, too, possesses remarkable insight and can frequently tell what people are driving at, without the exchange of words, yet his conclusions are formed thrus observation rather than by logical reasoning and it would be amusing and impossible for him to explain the circumstances which he might use in deciding any question.

While all of these men are developed Libras, and therefore demonstrate the best qualities of that House, they are, at times, inclined to imagine that they are unappreciated by associates, in which case, they become moody and sulky, and unfortunately all Libras people are usually truthful and stubborn, it is impossible to reason with them when they are antagonized.

The very famous Miss Lillian Gish, born October fourteenth, would, in direct contradiction to the men of her Planet, be entirely sincere to her family and willing, if necessary, to make her health or comfort for their happiness. Being very tender hearted, she would grieve over the distress of others and be inclined to shoulder burdens that should not be rightfully hers; on the other hand, a surface coldness might deceive the majority and prevent her from having many intimate friends, altho she would pride herself upon corresponding with many and be peculiarly sensitive upon the subject.

Indeed, this horoscope shows sensitiveness to be a marked trait, and in this case it superinduces a slight obstinacy and a harmless but quick temper, sometimes followed by fits of weeping; however, this is an entirely human and sweet character which is both industrious and conscientious.

Miss Edna Purviance, born October twenty-first, would be sensible and reserved and able and courageously to bear any trouble bravely, as she is not inclined to worry.

This girl is more saving than the average Libra but would delight in making small gifts and be solicitous for the comfort of others, besides, she would be personally popular and will eventually gain even greater success.

All of these ladies appreciate beauty and luxury, and while neat in a peculiar way, they are inclined to be careless with their personal belongings, frequently losing or mislaying articles of value, but the born home makers and have a great talent for interior decorating.

In writing Fan Letters to Stars of this Planet, I would advise praise as they can.

Dull Hair

Noted actresses all abhor dull hair—they can’t afford to have it. They have no more choice in the color of their hair than you have. Their hair is more beautiful, because their profession — their very environment — soon teaches them how to make the best of what Nature has given them.

Practically every woman has reasonably good hair — satisfactory in quantity, texture and color. So-called dull hair is the result of improper care. Ordinary shampooing is not enough: just washing cannot sufficiently improve dull, drab hair. Only a shampoo that adds that little something dull hair lacks can really improve it.

Whether your hair is light, medium or dark, it is only necessary to supply this elusive little something to make it beautiful. This can be done. If your hair lacks lustre—if it is not quite as rich in tone as you would like to have it—you can easily give it that little something it lacks.

No ordinary shampoo will do this, for ordinary shampoos do nothing but clean the hair. Golden Glist Shampoo is NOT an ordinary shampoo. It does more than merely clean. It adds that little something which distinguishes really pretty hair from that which is dull and ordinary.

So you say you have the Golden Glist Shampoo today and give your hair this special treatment which is all it needs because you don’t want it. Then you will always be disappointed. Simply send name for precious 10 day free trial offer of my secret home treatment.

W.H.WARREN, 329 Gray Blvd., Kan as City, Mo.

Pimples Can Be Removed

If you suffer from pimples, acne, blackheads, brown spots or eruptions, I want to send you my simple home treatment under plain wrapper. It gave me a soft, velvety, smooth and radiant complexion, and healed thousands of men and women, after everything else failed. Simply send name for precious 10 day free trial offer of my secret home treatment.

W.H.WARREN, 329 Gray Blvd., Kan as City, Mo.

You Will Be Happy

to know about this splendid preparation that overcomes perspiration and body odors.

It is harmless to skin or garment. Actually benefits the skin, for it is also a dainty, fragrant, snow-white vanishing cream.

Sent for a tube today. Price only 25 cents. Send stamp or coin. Write now.

We also have a fine new Peach Bloom Face Powder. $1.00 for large box. You will like it.

E. FRANK & CO.

34 Monroe St. Brooklyn, N.Y.
FREE Trial Bottle

No Gray Hair—
You Needn't Tell the Secret

My method of restoring the original color to gray hair is so sure and simple that every woman can do it herself. There is no outside aid required, no expert skill needed. No one need know your secret. My restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water, and as pure and dainty. It is easily and quickly applied by combing through the hair. The restored color is perfectly natural and permanent. There is no greasy sediment to make your hair sticky and stringy, nothing to wash off or rub off.

Once I Was Gray

I perfected my scientific restorer to bring back the original color to my own prematurely gray hair. Millions have since used it. So will millions more. It is the most popular and biggest-selling preparation of its kind in the world.

Mary T. Goldman's
Hair Color Restorer
Over 10,000,000 Bottles Sold

Charmant Powder Filled Pulps
Just a tap and the pulp yields the required amount of dye, refreshing "Charmant" Powder. It is applied just as easily and as perfectly as with liquids. No mixing or measuring. No messy bottles or losing the top. "Charmant" Powder, as easy to use as henna. One bottle is filled

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1000 E. Lake Ave., Amonk, N.Y.

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Charmant Company
1000 E. Lake Ave., Amonk, N.Y.
The Answer Man

(Continued from page 80)

You must be patient. Yes, Mary Hay intends to play in "Plain Jane" on the stage. Elsie Ferguson is to do "Declasse" for Famous Players. Don't mention it.

—So you are not a flapper. That's not necessary. Just pronounce it "Ray-mon." They do say that Theda Bara is coming back. Thomas Meighan thirty-nine. Winifred Bryon is Miss Turner Baxter. Yes, they do say that Thomas Ince paid $100,000 for the screen rights to "Anna Christie." Eugene O'Neill wrote the play you know.

Do-Do.—Your letter was the coup de grôce, Barbara La Marr is five feet eight and she is now honeymooning in Europe; her last picture was "The Brass Bottle." Baby Peggy is playing in "Who's Baby are you?" and "Editha's Burglar."

Lae C.—The soul of the poet is the mirror of the world. You bet I like poetry. Rod LaRocque in "The French Doll" and "The Ten Commandments." Gaston Glass and Ethel Shannon in "Maytime." Why don't you join one of the correspondence clubs.

BROADWAY.—You remember the old saying, "Familiarity breeds contempt." As soon as you get very intimate with anything do not begin to think things about him or her, that are not true. Norma Talmadge's "Ashes of Vengeance" has been changed to "Purple Pride." Last picture of Madge Evans was "On the Banks of the Wabash," and she is sixteen, blue eyes and brown hair.

Queen Sabe.—Wonderful, beyond my powers of belief. So you think I might have a chance. All the men I know, Richard Navarro hasn't curly hair. Jack Mulhall is to play opposite Constance Talmadge in "The Dangerous Maid."

Gloria Hope Fan.—In all races, the male brain is about ten per cent, heavier than the female. The highest class of spies has only sixteen ounces of brain. Yes, Gloria Hope is married to Lloyd Hughes. Her latest picture was with Mary Pickford.

Sally R.—So you think I ought to be rated in "World's Work." "Atlus, as "twelve. Richard Herick in "The Child Thou Gavest Me."" Yes, Ruth Roland has given up serials temporarily. You want to eat a peck of salt with a man before you trust him.

Ignatz.—You say "Who takes an eel by the tail, or a woman at her word, soon finds he holds nothing." That was Irene Rich in "Brass." Nazimova will probably play in "The White Moth" this fall. You surely do write an interesting letter. Let me hear from you soon again.

Max.—Good men must die, but death cannot kill their names. A friend of mine told me the other day that a good line of silence and a knowledge of when to use it, is among the most valuable things you can carry about with you. I have a vest pocket full now. Mary Philbin is playing in "Where Is This West" opposite Jack Hoxie.

Dream Lassie.—Glad to see you again. Oh, I guess your friend will receive her letter in due course. So you liked "Under Two Flags." Price is working on "Drifting" and then she will do "The White Tiger." Why don't you tell me more about yourself?

Isobel.—No, you haven't my right name yet. My initials are A. M. Richard Barthelmess in "The Fighting Blade." Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd have been spending some time in New York, but they in—
Is It Worth The Price?

Success is the result of intelligent labor. It is not acquired over night. It comes thru well directed efforts. The same law applies to attaining beauty. All women do not inherit this coveted gift but they can cultivate the integral parts that go to make up the whole—health, correct grooming, grace, charm and a knowledge of how to dress. If one does not possess these things time and labor will bring them. The means will justify the end. Beauty is the best means to employ.

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November

Beauty

Beauty Secrets for Every Woman
Valentino deplored the fact that Antonio Moreno is not to be entrusted with the role. Of course Moreno is with the Famous Players-Lasky, who is Goldwyn, that is to produce "Ben-Hur," but these things are frequently arranged. For Antonio Moreno, anyway, Valentino has generous and intelligent praise.

Apropos of the Valentino-Moreno subject, it seems to us that professional jealousy has been much overemphasized. We have had ample opportunity of making observations and while we have encountered this jealousy intermittently it has never been the rule. Also, it has been manifested, for the greater part, by those in the profession with no particular gift or reputation to be afraid of. Artistic appreciation and jealousy are rarely compatible. And, because of that, you find actors and actresses generally fair in their criticism and enthusiastic in their praise.

Professional jealousy recalls a little story which Mae Marsh told us the other day ... of Mary Pickford when she was serving her apprenticeship under D. W. Griffith in the Biograph studios. Of Mary Pickford, a member of the Biograph stock company ... needing every role which came her way for fame in the embryo ... her pace slim ... and her heart kind and her artistic appreciation as unerring as these later years have proved it to be.

Griffith was casting "Man's Genesis" and he offered Mary the leading role. She suggested that he give it to the Mary girl. If it were because the Marsh girl lacked enough experience to interpret it. Mary protested that she knew it would be all right and Irish insistence finally won its point. Mae Marsh was given an opportunity as the leading lady of "Man's Genesis." Nor did the Pickford generosity stop there. With her mother, Mary made Mae's costumes with their little straw skirts and other Garden of Eden styles.

Since that time many memories may have faded into oblivion but Mae Marsh still tells of the professional friendship and help which Mary gave her.

That story indicates, we think, that Mary Pickford is as great as her achievement. And that is often far from the truth. We could name any number of actors and actresses greater by far than their achievement and a balancing number not in any wise so great as those things which they have done and those laurels they have achieved.

To this heyday of her career, Mary Pickford takes time to write letters concerning her reviews of her productions. She takes advantage kindly, ... sometimes agreeing and sometimes analyzing her motives in doing some special thing. And with enormously important and vital things, her utilization constantly calling for her personal attention, she makes time for the little courtesies which most people infinitely less to occupy them, have dropped along their way.

Just this last month we received a personal letter from her in which she was troubled to explain in detail the legal and ethical reasons why she could not grant a request the Motion Picture Magazine made to use the story of her "Rosita" in novellette form. We feel safe in saying...
that any other star in the entire motion picture profession would have had this matter cared for by some other member of their organization. And such a procedure would have been altogether fitting and proper. But, after all, we have lived to observe that it is invariably the person who does the extra things—the person who does more than is obliged of them—who prove the greatest in the long run. And we firmly believe that this is an example of the Thing which has raised Mary Pickford to the high estate which she enjoys and which she so richly deserves today.

A letter came from Berlin this month, from Betty Blythe. It is a letter typical of Betty. Had she omitted her signature we should have known its writer. It is interesting and reads, in part:

"Once again I am free to accept or reject any parts not suited to me. I am delighted over this production (Chu Chin Chow) because we have made something really splendid. I hesitate to say definitely, however, until it is cut and titled. The director is a genius. I was amazed to find this English company so well equipped in all branches of production. Their art director has erected a very clever city of Bagdad, together with all the other interesting features of the story."

"...We are to finish Chu this week and then I shall spend two weeks on the broad highway of Germany, stopping around Dresden, Leipzig, Nuremberg and Munich and then to Vienna where we film a big Spanish spectacle. We are going to work in the royal palace of the late Emperor, the Palace Schonbrunn, which they say is one of the most gorgeous in Europe. I shall thrill among the ghosts of royal blood."

"...The Germans are a funny people... so poor, so hard. But I have revelled in the opera because they do such sincere and splendid work.

...Soap is so expensive that people can hardly afford it, and bath-tubs also being scarce, bathing is rendered most difficult for the majority. I had to leave church on Sunday because it was proved to me, in the smelloffers, that here cleanliness is not next to Godliness."

"...The biggest thrill I have had in Europe was to be told that I am occupying Pola Negri's suite of rooms here in the Eden Hotel..."

Why is it, we wonder, that people deny approaching nuptials up to the very hour of the ceremony? Page Herr Freud or someone who delves into the inexplicabilities of human nature to find them not so inexplicable after all.

Here we spent an afternoon with Lila Lee about two days before she left for California. It was really quite friendly. Lila talked freely of everything while we consumed her box of Sherry's. Then we asked her about her rumored engagement to James Kirkwood and she shook her dark head in vigorous denial. We held up the large and beautiful diamond she wears which we had never seen before, as proof of the rumor and she observed that it was on the wrong hand. And so it was.

And then almost as soon as she set her foot upon California soil a license was procured and she became Mrs. James Kirkwood. It's strange... strange..."

The other day we attended a luncheon given at the Ritz-Carlton in honor of Corinne Griffith's having signed a contract

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One touch with a new kind of liquid and even the scaliest lashes are made to appear long, heavy, beautiful. This new product has the power to make lashes thickened and more beautiful. It is so simple to administer that anyone is in a position to use it, and one coat will keep the lashes in a perfect condition for a short time.

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Page 114

with the Associated First National under which her first production will be a screen version of Gertrude Atherton's popular "Black Oxen." We repeat that there is no greater proof of stardom than a luncheon in her honor. But, after all, why should editors and writers complain at that. A pleasant custom, we say. A very pleasant custom. . . .

Corinne was beauteous in some soft black silk over which she wore a smart jacket in which the paisley colors were softly and richly blended. And at her wrist was a large corsage of orchids. She is indeed one of the most beautiful women we have ever seen. And her charm of manner is the heritage and birthright she won from her Southland.

We have known Corinne Griffith ever since she made her first motion picture for the Vitagraph Company. And when we have found ourself believing in her even when she was submerged for years in mediocre productions. And always we have felt convinced that some day we would enjoy a sumptuous luncheon in honor of her stardom. For, while we do not believe in the present star system, we do believe that Corinne Griffith deserves a place in the galaxy as long as it goes on.

When Mrs. Wallace Reid was in New York for the premiere of her "Human Wreckage," we were particularly interested in talking to her. That she is clear in her own mind about the course of action against the traffic of drugs, there can be no slight doubt. And, personally, we feel an admiration for anyone who carries on in the way Mrs. Reid has done.

At a luncheon at which she spoke, she asked people to consider those menaced by drugs in a different light than we have heretofore considered them. She said to try not to think of them as strange and curious beings but as sick people who can undoubtedly be helped. And she urged that we stop referring to them by such vernacular names as "dope-fend," "hop-head," etc.

She spoke of "Wally" only once, when she explained that her help to the cause must always be a personal one; whereupon she went on to explain that ignorance of drug conditions was the real menace and that if she had known a year ago what she knows today her history might have been very different. And surely, if Wally's passing and Mrs. Reid's subsequent anti-narcotic work, including "Human Wreckage," lessens the toll of drugs then he continues to serve humanity well, even in death.

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LAMENT OF A MOVIE FAN
By Blaine C. Begler
I sit enthralled and see old Nero's court; Or watch a long-gone Babylonian fest; I love to see the gladiators' sport; I thrill at savage fights of man and beast.
But then perhaps there fits across the screen A hobbled-haired flapper—and she kills the scene.
I like to see the days of chivalry When coats of mail were just the proper style; When knights were bold and maidens fair to see And men would do and dare for just a smile. My mind soon wanders—for a dimpled knee Above a rolled-down stocking I can see. I like a play of far-off northern lands Where men are men and wilderness is king; Where each must make a living with his hands And find the peace that solitude can bring. I like the far trails—but I get a jar When I can see the wheel marks of a car.

MOVIE MAD
By H. M. Davenport
Oh! I've got the movie mania, And I've got it awfully bad! I adore the lovely Swanson And the clever Coogan lad. Norma Talmadge and her sister, All the heroes who have kissed her Betty Compson and the Negri, Queen of all the black-eyed vamps; I have almost gone in bankruptcy For photographs and stamps. Oh! my feet are in Chicago, But my heart's in Hollywood. Jack Holt can do some fighting, So can Doug in "Robin Hood." When Mack Sennett's Bathing Beauties Congregate upon the shore, You realize that all there is There isn't any more! I've a shrine to Mary Pickford, She has held me from the start; I put up targets every day And strive to shoot like Hart. There's not a fan that's worse than I, On that I'll bet my hat, Why, I've even written mushy notes To Felix, the black cat!

TO BEBE DANIELS
By Grace Landis
Twinkle, twinkle little star, How I love you as you are. Acting there upon the screen As the sweet young heroine. Leading such a gay young life, As a young and lovely wife, Or perhaps, with eyes so brown, Vamping up the town. And your lover cant resist For your lips were made to kiss. Yes, I love you as you are Just a twinkling movie star.
"There's Music in Your Eyes, dear"

WHAT cared he what rec
dord she played? For him the
music in her eyes was new;
now questioning, now dream-
ing, now mocking—was the
joy of heaven on earth.

Are your eyes as lovely as
they could be? You can great-
ly improve their beauty by car-
ing for the lashes. Darken the
lumps with WINX to make
them appear longer and heav-
er. Apply it with the glass
rod attached to the stopper—
an immense improvement over
the old unsanitary brush
method of application. WINX dries
instantly and lasts, Even per-
spiration or weeping at the
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orless cream Lashlux at night.
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The Answer Man

(Continued from page 110)
tend to sail from San Francisco on a four or five months' trip around the world. Lucky boy, or should I say lucky girl? Well both.

N. S.—So you think I am Harry Ames, whoever he might be. Well, I'm not. So be contented with that. Margaret Landis opposite Harry Carey in "The Miracle Baby." David Powell in "The Green God-
ness" for Goodwyn.

Tangs Kio.—No, I'm not spoiling you. I'm an old man much over eighty, and I do
live in a hall room. One must live somewhere, why not a hall room. Ramon Navarro twice in "Sanctuary" again.

Lottie.—By all means, write and demand
your script written. It is your property,
and they have had it long enough.

Chubby.—Delicacy is to affection
what grace is to beauty. To have
a grumbler is playing in "Morals and Marriage" with
Tom Moore. Sylvia Breamer in "The
Girl of the Golden West." Well, I con-
sider with the beauties—C.C. Blaine, Kath-
ereine McDonald, Alice Joyce, Anita
Stewart, Norma Talmadge, Mary Pick-
ford and Hope Hampton.

Cee.—A choice. But moveth quick—
a grumbler in the mud will stick. You
certainly have had some movie experience
playing in "The White Rose." No, I never
did meet Mac Marah. You must write
to me again.

Lloyd K.—Whether or not "a man is
known by the company he keeps" depends
upon how long he keeps it, and for what
purpose. Theodore Roosevelt, "The Famous
Players. Don't know much about Real
Estate in Los Angeles. You know I have
never been there. I imagine it will be easy
for you to get something.

New Fares.—That's it, the eternal
exclamation for man is, "I;' the eternal in-
terrogatory for woman is "He." Betty
Compton is not married, and the floor
and one half feet, weighs one hundred
and eighteen pounds. Brown hair and blue
eyes. You're welcome.

Reddy.—You speak like the perfum,
I'll do all I can to get an interview with
opposite Gloria Swanson in "Zaza." Billie
Dove with Tom Mix in "The Lone Star
Ranger," Enid Bennett with Holbrook
Blain in "The Bad Man." Allan Forrest
and Edna Murphy in "Between." You're very welcome, I'm sure.

Reddy.—True friendship is like sound
health, the value of it is seldom known
until it is lost. Yes, we had an interview
with Monte Blue in August, 1922, issue. I
liked "Brass" and "The Bright Shali" very much. Edmund Lowe is with Gold-
wyn.

Mary Lou.—I believe it was some
French writer who said "There are only
two beautiful things in the world—women
and roses." And, of course, all women and
men. Mabel Hamilton is playing with Agnes Ayres. He has blue
eyes and light brown hair and is six feet
tall. Born in Baltimore. You know that reminds you of the Southern Gentleman.
Yes, he is married to Alita Farnum.

(Continued on page 118)
9-Piece Bedroom Outfit

Description

Soft Cotton Comforter—A good size comforter of rich, soft thickness. Sewn Stitched, finished with a fine hemming and with a good wearing cambric cover. In rich floral design with white satin. Measures about 112 x 75 inches. Weight about 65 pounds.

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2 Pillow Cases—These are made of the same quality as the sheets, bleached to your own fancy. Make white, nicely made and beautifully hemmed. Will give composition long wear and will launder perfectly. Size about 43 x 35 in. Two pillow cases furnished with each outfit.

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The Answer Man (Continued from page 116)

The Answer Man

(Continued from page 116)

Iron—Yes, I am a poor old man. Great wealth and content seldom live together. Irene Rich is the queen in Mary Pickford's "The Street Singer." And Blanche Sweet in "In the Palace of the King." Aren't we all getting Royal?

Bert B.—We need the friendship of a man in great trials, a woman in the affairs of every-day life. Mona Lisa was Ishtar in "Divorce Coupons." Leatrice Joy's real name is Joie Zeigler and she is about twenty-five. William Hart is fifty.

Lonesome—Come, cheer up. Fear is the mother of trouble and worry. Like the will of the wind, when it is overtaken. Like the shadow, it will fly if you pursue it, and pursue if you fly. No, Jack Mulhall is no relation to Eugene O'Brien. Did you think they looked alike?

Dream Lassie.—Hello. Yes, Pearl White went to a convent, but I understand she intends to make another picture soon. Mollie King is coming back to pictures soon. Are you attending college now?

We're me a nice letter.

C. P. New York City.—Why "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was fictionalized in February, 1919, Shadowland and "Male and Female" in September, 1919, Magazine.

Triny G.—So you say you must write to me to keep your friendship in repair. That's the idea. Anyway I like to receive letters. Mabel Ballin was born in Philadelphia; Alma Rubens in San Francisco; Ruby de Remer in Denver, Colo., Mahlon Hamilton in Baltimore and John Gilbert in Logan, Utah, in 1895.

Carynne Nizelle, Nellie. Glad to see you so cheerful. Ralph Graves is your favorite I see. Yes, he has light hair and blue eyes. You must write to me again.

James W.—Yes, women see without looking; their husbands often look without seeing. Universal and Arrow produce Western pictures. Tom Tom Mix are the champion horseback riders. So you think I ought to get married before I die. Why?

Anita R.—Nothing is more precious than time, yet nothing is less valued. Edna Murphy is playing in "Her Dangerous Paths." It was formerly titled, "What Should a Girl Do." Sounds kinda luring. Ramon Navarro is twenty-four.

Old Michigan.—Yes, Famous Players are sparing no expense in producing "The Ten Commandments." Twelve cases of draperies, ancient bronzes and antiquities were bought in the antique shops in Germany and France, and over 2,500 people will be used to portray the life of the ancient Egyptians and Hebrews. Marguerite Clark is less famous now.

Sweet 16—Dorothy Dalton is playing in "Taming the Whirlwind" with Theodore Kosloff. She spent the summer in France, Italy and Switzerland. Allene Ray is playing in "My Friend the Devil." Louise Fazenda will play Mabel in "The Gold Diggers.

Betti; Ella; B. W. C.; Ada; Albert; Jennie S.; Ramon Fan; Jeanette; Mary S.; Mary Marie and John.—Your letters have all been answered up to With a flood of letters, The Answer Man will sign off for the evening.

Original

"I see they're going to film the Ten Commandments."

"That will be new stuff to most people."
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Page 102

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King Tut they say.
And they ought to know,
For they've prodded in his inner shrine,
Lived a life sublime.

In his day and time
Three thousand years ago.
In a chariot that had wheels of gold
He traveled the boulevards.

In the shade of the sphinx
The Professor thinks
He used to meet with his pards
And there they'd sit and their thoughts would fit.

To the Ways and Whereof the day,
They had splendif things, those ancient kings,
I suppose kings always will,
But there's nary a one, that's isn't outdone
By the sets of C. DeMille.

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And they ought to know,
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Lived a life sublime.

In his day and time
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By Grant Hubbel

There was a girl from our town,
And she was wondrous wise;
She jumped into a film career
And vowed that she would rise.

But when she saw her first pre-view
With all her might and main
She married her Director, so
She needn't act again!

Mary had a little bull,
It served her faithfully,
And all the little lies it told
Were white as white could be.

It followed her to Hollywood
And helped her win success;
For when the Public wanted news
She fed it to the Press!

Jack Spratt
Was much too fat,
His wife was much too lean;
But starred in Corker Comedies
They triumphed on the screen!

The Jack of Hearts
Threw custard tarts
In movies for a year,
Till critics made
Such tart remarks
He gave up his "career!"

Little Miss Muffet
Had a bank—and she'd stuff it
With the profit she made as a star,
For she said "There's a day
When the Press says 'Pass!'
And a checkbook beats working, by far!"

Little Bo-Peep
Once considered it cheap
To appear in a beach bathing scene,
Till they gave her a part
That paid well from the start,
And today she is Queen of the Screen!

Fanny Filmmar
Had a great fall;
Critics sent her films to the wall;
Then all the Press Agents
And all the Film Men
Couldn't get Fanny to "drawing" again!

Jack and Jill
Went up a hill
To find a movie spot;
But poison oak,
Severe sunstroke,
And grouch was all they got!

Sing a Song of Temperament—lots of it today!
Four-and-twenty Film Stars cast in a play—
But when the play was finished,
Each Star began to sing,
"The Royalty must go to me,
My acting is the thing!"

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Do not fail to send birthdate and to inclose 10 cents. Print correct name and address to avoid delay in mailing.

Write now—to the
ASTA STUDIO, 309 Fifth Ave., Dept. 122, New York
MAROONED
By Thomas J. Murray

A slow surf breaking on a coral strand,
An island ringed by loneliness, away;
In warm southwestern seas, and hand in hand
A man and maid beneath the palms that sway;
The sport of wind and waves they stand at bay,
No ray of light to pierce their far distress,
Or blaze the promise of a brighter day.
Their future all a hazard or a guess.

Time passes, a drab litany of days,
Lit only by their love but soon a stroke
Of Fortune comes and out to sea they go,
Where the horizon's stained by steamer smoke.

Then as the organ peals its sweet alarms,
They're irised out, held in each other's arms.

THE FADE-OUT
By Thomas J. Murray

Thru crowded reeks their paths attend
The peril ed, while wild alarms
Chill their young lives, but in the end
They fade out in each other's arms.
The villain may pursue them far,
And mortgage threatens homes and farms;
But you may bet a good cigar,
They fade out in each other's arms.

We see them on the flashing screen,
The super-folks possessing charms;
Their woes are many but we glean—
They fade out in each other's arms.
DO YOU SEE YOURSELF AS OTHERS SEE YOU?

A perfect looking nose can easily be yours!!!

A NEW SCIENTIFIC, PAINLESS METHOD OF CORRECTING ILL-SHAPED NOSES AT HOME

TODAY'S ADVANCES—as does science succeed in perfecting each invention. AMERICANIZED improvements in manufacturing and selling Nose Shaper taking that trend one step further, have proven to me that I can now offer to the American public, my version of the first and only scientifically designed, scientifically proven Nose Shaper. This shaper is the only shaper that can be adjusted and corrected by a large margin. In the first place, my newest appliance is better fitting; the adjustments are such that it will fit every nose without exception—any apparatus is constructed of light weight metal, and is afforded the strongest and most accurate regulation by means of six hexagonal screws, which are regulated with a key and the screws are then locked in the desired position. These screws will bring about the exact pressure for correcting the various nose deformities—such as: Long—pointed nose—pug—bow or hook nose—and turned up nose—and will give marked success in remodeling the distorted or wide nostrils.

There are no steps to be put in order to exert pressure on the nasal organ. Model No. 17 is supplied in large sizes with the finest, fine mesh, mesh, and an adjustable expansion. This model can be ordered with a very fine mesh (covering a layer of thin metal) which protects the nose from direct contact with the apparatus. The fine mesh of metal causes an even, moderate pressure on the parts being corrected, thus avoiding a harsh, violent pressure on any one place. Model No. 25 is guaranteed, and corrects nose—the shaper ameliorates the appearance, quickly, safety, comfortably and permanently. It is to be worn at night and, therefore, will not interfere with your daily work.

If you wish to have a perfect looking nose, write today for my free booklet which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses without cost if not satisfactory.

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A genuine Tifnite has all the glow and flash of a real diamond. And like a real diamond, every Tifnite is set in a beautiful solid gold mounting.

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Ladies' Ring No. 2


**Order Quick**

We have only 50 of these rings in quality stock. Please order now, as they will sell quickly.

**THE TIFNITE COMPANY**
1467-69 S. Michigan Ave. Dept. 9223 Chicago

THE MIRACLE

By Mary Martin

I walked alone thru the city street,
And my Life seemed hard to bear,
For the road had been rough for my weary feet,
And my heart was sick with care.

Then I turned aside from the swell and roll
Of the endless human streams,
And the load fell off from my tired soul
As I entered the Hall of Dreams.

And when I returned to the roaring street
I was fresh for a brave new start,
With smiling lips, and with lissome feet,
And a new-born hope in my heart.

And I prayed, with my soul refreshed and free
From the cheer of the things I'd seen,
"May God bless those who have so blessed me!
The folk of the silver screen!"

REHEARSE THIS, PLEASE!

By Ruth Overton

Both swing your canes, and glance about—
You're glad she's in!—You hope she's out!

A blow on his head!—You're out of the game—
Wait, let's see—No!—You've forgot your name.

She finds you so.—Now, show your fright!
You saw the crime—you know his plight;

You try to choke your crushing fears
In black mammy's arms.—Now, let's have tears!

Now, you come in: look at her quick!
You know she knows—your badge does the trick.

Here, pull him around—you must treat him rough!
You're used to his sort—you can call his bluff!

You scream at this. Your man you must save—
"That coward's the thief!"—You say, "Let her rave!"

Ah, you cringe back now.—Don't hog that spot!
You'd be, down front.—Give me all you've got!

Now, in his arms!—Look into her eyes!
Your wits come back—"My wife!"—
Show surprise!—
(Cuts on his face.—How that woman can pinch!)
She quivers still!)—MOVIE LIFE'S one CINCH!

THE HEADLINE HOUNDS

Oliver Orbury: "Did she belong to any organizations?"

Anypressagent: "Er—yes—the Chaplin Flanciee Alumni Association."

BATHS SWEET

Keep your skin soft with softened, perfumed water

Fragile women have been realized that to keep the skin soft and smooth and clear as nature intended it must be bathed in only soft water. Bathasweet gives water a limpid, silky feel that tends to make the skin tender and smooth. Bathasweet means soft and clear complexion at low cost. Bathasweet gives water a limpid, silky feel that tends to make the skin tender and smooth. Bathasweet means soft and clear complexion at low cost.

THE C. S. WELCH Co., Dept. M.P., New York City

P126 PAGE
Millions and Movies

THOUGH the medium of slender strips of celluloid an actor appears simultaneously on thousands of screens in as many different towns. On the same evening, he entertains great armies of film fans who eagerly pay their money to see his performance.

So the movie star commands a king's ransom for a salary, and a fortune is spent profitably, to provide a proper background for his art. The movie multiplies personality — and earning power.

Advertising does the same thing for a manufacturer. It takes his message into thousands of homes — to tell folks why they should have his goods and how to get them. Advertising endows him with a thousand voices with which to tell his story.

But the value of advertising is by no means confined to the advertiser. It has a very definite value to you.

A glance through the advertising pages enables you to sift out the things that interest you. Sitting in your easy chair you can compare values and prices. You can select merchandise of undisputed worth — for only good goods can stand the test of advertising.

Yes, advertising pays you, and pay you big.

---

Read the advertisements
NORTH

By Thomas J. Murray

North, towards the last long stretch of lonely pines,
The widening spaces by Mackenzie's flow;
Far where the Arctic circle flings its lines,
A dim white wilderness of crowding snow.

A trading post attached to Hudson Bay,
Those daring pioneers who fared afar,
Past sullen rivers and horizon grey,
Beneath the cold gleam of the polar star.

There do they play Life's fitful fevered game,
Hunter and trapper and that dashing clan,
The North-West Royal Mounted, famous name,
In great wide spaces where a man's a man.

At facts like these perchance you doubt and rail,
And claim 'tis nothing but an idle rhyme;
But I've the knowledge to the last detail,
I've seen it on the Screen, time after time.

THE PUBLICITY HOUND
(Dedicated to Mark Larkin, Fairbanks-Pickford Pictures Corp.)

By Lesley Bates

At typewriter he sits, with fertile brain
Knocking out news for filmland magazines.
There is no rest. Thru him film heroes reign
Or fade or fall on fickle silver-screens.

There is no rest. Ideas must be born,
New glimpses of loved stars be told the world.
With magic touch he pegs away till morn,
Broadcasting each new way their hair is curled.

Outside his offices romance is made.
Majestic sets loom near. The cameras turn,
Directors shout commands. The music plays.
Lights white as suns in blinding batteries burn.

Actors and actresses win wealth and fame.
Publicity pegs on. He has no name.

THIS MOVIE HERO STUFF
By Lillian M. Norma

I like this movie hero stuff,
Oh, yes, I like it well enough.
But don't you think, tween you an' me, It's not quite all it's said to be?

For instance, in my town, you know.
Each girl has a picture of her beau;
A man with an arrow-collared face
An' a smile that looks like it won't erase.

They're movie men; yes, all of 'em,
But they're not real, like you an' me,
I bet they swear behind the scene,
Get cross as bears, an' just as mean.

Of course it's funny, the whole blamed thing,
Because when it comes to buying the ring,
The girls come back—ever notice that?
To guys that are real, like you an' me.
Do you want to be known as "the best-dressed woman" in your community?

Regardless of the size of your income, the best of clothes can now be yours. The Deltor makes this possible. It is a wonderful sewing guide that shows you all the secrets of successful homesewing, so that no one will ever guess you make your own clothes.

The Deltor, found only in Butterick Patterns, shows you with pictures how to lay out your pattern on the least possible amount of material; next, it shows you how to put your dress together, step by step; and then it tells you all about the very important finishing touches that are found in the high-priced frocks from Paris. Even if you've never sewed before, you can make beautiful clothes by following the Deltor.

All you need:
A little time
A little money
and
The Deltor!

Send for the new Deltor Booklet, FREE.
Clip and mail this coupon to-day!

Butterick Patterns with the Deltor
Style Leaders of the World
"If the earth be as fair as I hear them say, These flowers her children are."

The Blind Flower Girl—
"Last Days of Pompeii."

A subtly seductive, exotic bouquet Parfum, diffusing an intoxicating fragrance. POMPEIA, with its universal appeal, is one of the world's largest selling Parfums, and symbolizes the luxurious refinements and voluptuous magnificence of ancient Pompeii.

To further emphasize one's personality with an individual odeur throughout the toilette, all of the following world-renowned PIVER odeurs—

POMPEIA—AZUREA—FLORAME—
LE TREFLE INCARNAT—SAFRANOR—
VELIVOLE—ASTRIS, Etc.

may be obtained in

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Eaux de Toilette—Eaux Vegetales—Savons—
Tales—Cremes—Concentres—Sels pour Bains

At All Good Dealers

CHAS. BAEZ, Sole Agent for U.S.
118 East 16th Street, New York City
How the Russian Princesses made themselves beautiful

At last the world-famed beauty secrets of the Russian Noblewomen have been revealed. It has been found that the marvelous beauty and exquisite complexions of the Russian Princesses is the result of bathing their faces and bodies with a light clay, found only in the Holy Mountain of Kazbek.

You, too, can make yourself beautiful

Partake of the joy and power that only beauty can give. For through fortunate circumstances KAZBEK Complexion Clay has come to the women of America. KAZBEK Complexion Clay gives you a complexion as smooth and clear as the cheek of a baby. Simply apply a thin coating of KAZBEK Clay and immediately you feel it reviving and giving new beauty to your skin.

And the Russian Princesses knew also the charm of other secret toilettries. Fortunately, these priceless formulas have been obtained, and now these lovely KAZBEK Preparations may be yours: Mysterious; entrancing Perfumes; wonderful Toilette Soaps; Bath Powder that is incomparably rapturous; and Vanishing Cream and Cold Cream of delightful, exotic quality.

KAZBEK COMPANY, Inc.
103 Greene St., Jersey City, N.J.
Nature’s Green

Palmolive takes its color from the palm and olive oil blend which is responsible for its mildness. It is as much nature’s own color as the green of grass and leaves. Remember this when you are enjoying its wonderful cleansing qualities and marveling at its mildness. Palmolive is a modern, scientific blend of the most perfect soap ingredients that the world has been able to discover in 3,000 years.

Palm and olive oils—nothing else—give nature’s green color to Palmolive Soap.

Reflecting Beauty Secrets of the Past

Women of ancient Egypt knew that cleanliness was the first aid to beauty. But they knew, too, that cleansing methods must be mild, gentle.

Famous Egyptian beauties solved the problem by using palm and olive oils. The same rare, natural oils are blended in Palmolive Soap today.

How it acts

This gentle, thorough cleanser never leaves skin dry and rough.

The smooth, creamy lather actually soothes as it cleanses. Yet it removes every trace of dirt, perspiration, and surplus oil accumulated in the tiny pore openings.

Your skin is kept free of imperfections which result from pore-clogging. It remains fresh, soft, radiantly clear.

How to use it

Never sleep without cleansing the skin.

Wash with this mildest soap at bedside—massaging the creamy lather well in.

Then rinse very thoroughly. Dry the skin well, and—if necessary—apply cold cream.

Mornings—just an invigorating rinse in cold water to bring the fine, natural color to your cheeks.

Supreme quality—low price

This scientific combination is within the reach of all—at the price of ordinary soap. Palmolive Soap is produced in such enormous quantities that the price is brought extremely low. Thus 25¢ quality costs but 10¢.

Everyone can afford this thorough, gentle cleanser— for every toilet purpose, hands, face, and the whole body.

Supply yourself today with a cake of Palmolive Soap. Once you experience the effects of its profuse, creamy, smooth lather no other soap will satisfy.
IS A STAR GOOD FOR ONLY THREE YEARS? See page 39.
Certainly—

Your own mild Palmolive

is the ideal soap for your baby

The quality which makes Palmolive the beautifying cleanser which keeps your complexion fresh and smooth also makes it the perfect baby soap. The mildness which makes the profuse, creamy lather lotion-like in its effect keeps the tender skin of infancy soft and comfortable.

If you could find milder, purer soap to use for baby, you should adopt it as your own facial soap. But, search where you may, milder, purer soap cannot be found. If it could be made, we would make it. But, until nature herself produces finer soap ingredients than palm and olive oils, this can’t be done. Nothing better has been found in 3,000 years.

Your beautifier—Baby’s comfort

Millions of women have learned that the secret of a fresh, blooming, flawless complexion is daily cleansing with Palmolive Soap. They know from experience that the lotion-like lather cleanses without a trace of irritation, removing the deposits of dirt, oil and perspiration which must be washed away.

They know that to neglect this daily cleansing results in clogging, and that such clogging means enlarged pores, blackheads, blemishes and general skin disfigurement. And that, while harsh methods injure the delicate skin texture, Palmolive leaves it soothed and refreshed.

Thus women of mature years keep that schoolgirl complexion long after girlhood days have passed. Thus their own experience has taught them what soap to use for their babies and made Palmolive the most popular baby soap.

The price you want to pay

If we made Palmolive in small quantities for a limited number of users it would necessarily be a very expensive soap. Palm and olive oils are costly and come from overseas. And the Palmolive process is elaborate.

But, the world-wide demand of millions of users requires enormous output, which keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night. This quantity production reduces cost so that we are able to offer Palmolive for only 10c a cake.

Thus the luxury facial soap and the ideal baby soap can be economically enjoyed for general toilet use. The daily bath with Palmolive, which is baby’s rightful comfort, may be enjoyed by all.


A Social Secretary for Life!

The Famous Book of Etiquette

Half a Million Sold for $3.50
Rare Short-Time Offer—Only $1.98

As a special inducement, Nelson Doubleday, Inc., makes the amazing offer to send you the complete original Book of Etiquette at almost half the usual publishers' price!

The same highly fascinating and extremely useful Book of Etiquette for which 500,000 people have paid $3.50. The same original and authentic work which is today solving social problems in half a million homes.

Not a word omitted, not a phrase changed. But now, if you act at once, only $1.98.

A rare opportunity. You'll grasp it. Thousands will. But only a limited number of the Book of Etiquette will be sold at this special price, and you are therefore urged to act at once.

Solves Every Social Problem

Prevents Embarrassing Blunders—

Gives Poise, Ease, Confidence!

With the Book of Etiquette as your "social secretary" you need never hesitate to accept an invitation, no matter how formal. You need never fear the embarrassment of conspicuous mistakes. With this famous work to refer to, you will always know just exactly what to do, what to say, what to write, what to wear—on every occasion and under all circumstances.

It is really remarkable what poise and ease the Book of Etiquette gives to those who have been timid and self-conscious. It instantly banishes all doubt—makes you sure of yourself. And you find yourself assuming a wonderful new ease of manner, a new confidence in yourself, new dignity and self-possession!

With the Book of Etiquette as your guide, nothing will take you off your guard. You will not be subject to sudden embarrassments. Instead of being hesitant, embarrassed, ill at ease—you will be calm, well-poised. Instead of feeling "out of place" at parties or social functions, you will feel entirely "at home." You will find yourself becoming a better mixer, a more welcome guest. And instead of being "tongue-tied" among strangers, you will find yourself conversing smoothly, naturally, with ease and self-possession!

Complete and Exhaustive

The Book of Etiquette covers every phase of conduct that could possibly interest you. Indeed, it is recognized as one of the most complete, exhaustive and authoritative works of its kind ever published. There are chapters on etiquette at the dance, the wedding, the dinner, the tea, the week-end party, the theatre.

There is some valuable information intended for the timid and self-conscious; paragraphs that the bachelor will find useful; information for the business woman and country hostess.

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Address

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3 PAGE
Announcing 21 New Paramount Pictures

and the Stars, Directors and Supporting Casts

Just as there is always something new and thrilling to learn about life, if you know how, so there is always something new and thrilling to see in motion pictures, if you know where.

All life is Paramount's hunting ground for the material for the world's greatest entertainment, and all the rewards and trophies of the search are present at the theatre which proclaims:

"It's a Paramount Picture."

For Paramount to make the season's pictures of a new and startling bigness is but to be expected, but the films themselves contain the unexpected, the marvelous, to a refreshing degree.

RELEASED AFTER NOVEMBER 1st, 1923

"His Children's Children"
A Sam Wood production, with Bebe Daniels, Dorothy Mackaill, James Renie, George Fawcett, Mary Eaton, Warner Oland, Hale Hamilton and others. Adapted by Monte Katterjohn from the famous novel by Arthur Train.

"The Light That Failed"

"The Spanish Dancer"
Starring Pola Negri. A Herbert Brenon production, with Antonio Moreno, supported by Wallace Beery, Kathryn Williams, George Hughes, Adolphe Menjou and Robert Agnew. Written for the screen by June Mathis, and Benah Marie Dix from the play "Don Cesar de Bazan," by Adolphe D'Ennery and P. S. P. Dumanoir.

"Stephen Steps Out"
Starring Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., with Theodore Roberts, supported by Noah Beery, Harry Myers, Forrest Robinson. Directed by Joseph Henabery. From the story by Richard Harding Davis. Scenario by Edfrid Bingham.

"The Call of the Canyon"

"SpeciJack"
A motion picture record of A. Y. Gowen's famous voyage around the world in a 58-foot motor boat.

"West of the Water Tower"
Starring Glenn Hunter, with Donald Torrence and Mary McAvoy. Supported by George Fawcett and ZaSu Pitts. Directed by Rollin Sturgess. Adapted by Davis Schroeder from the novel by Homer Gey.

"Wild Bill Hickok"
Starring William S. Hart (in an original story by himself), supported by Ethel Grey Terry and featuring Bill Harte's Pinto Pony. Screen play by Albert Shelby Le Vino.

"Big Brother"
By Rex Beach. A Sam Wood production, with Tom Moore and a distinctive cast. Adapted for the screen by Monte Katterjohn.

"Flaming Barriers"

"The Humming Bird"
Starring Gloria Swanson. An Allan Dwan production. From the play by Mandie Pufston. Screen play by Julian Johnson.

"Every Day Love"
A William deMille production, with Jack Holt and Nita Naldi. Supported by Theodore Kos-loff, Robert Edeson and Rod La Rocque. From the novel "Rita Coventry," by Julian Street. Screen play by Clara Beranger.

"The Heritage of the Desert"
A Zane Grey production, with Bebe Daniels and Ernest Torrence. Directed by Irvin Willat. Adapted by Doris Schroeder.

"Pied Piper Malone"

"My Man"
Starring Pola Negri. A Herbert Brenon production. Supported by Charles de Roché. Written for the screen by Fred Jackson from the play "Mon Homme" by Andre Picard and Francis Carco.

"When Knights Were Bold"

"Triumph"
Cecil B. DeMille's production, with Leatrice Joy and Rod La Rocque, from the Saturday Evening Post story by Max Edington. Adapted by Jeanie Macpherson.

"The Stranger"

"Argentine Love"
Starring Gloria Swanson. Screen play by Julian Johnson from the story by Vicente Blasco Ibanez. An Allan Dwan production.

"North of 36"
James Cruze's production, with Jack Holt, Ernest Torrence and Lila Lee. By Emerson Dough.

"Woman Proof"
Starring Thomas Meighan. Story by George Ade. Directed by Alfred E. Green.

IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN!

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPHZUHRICH, PRESIDENT

PHOTO MUGAZINE
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For Next Month

Charlie Chaplin Kicks Off His Shoes . . .

The story of Charlie Chaplin as a director. In this capacity he has achieved such a remarkable success that it is not unlikely that he will devote his talents to this work entirely in the future. A fascinating study . . .

* * *

When Laughter Turns Its Face . . .

Which tells of Flora Finch. You remember her with John Bunny when motion-pictures were young. And sometimes while she was making you laugh, her heart was heavy.

* * *

There are many other attractive features . . .

There are humorous sketches of stars when they were children . . . portraying them as they might have been. You'll want to frame these or we miss our guess.

And there are, besides, the usual beautiful gallery pictures; the motion-pictures written in interesting short-story form; and all the latest news that has been gleaned from the studios by experts.

The December Motion Picture Magazine

On the News-stands November First

Order Your Copy from the Newsdealer Now
Elinor Glyn, famous author of "Three Weeks," has written an amazing book that should be read by every man and woman—married or single. "The Philosophy of Love" is not a novel—it is a penetrating searchlight fearlessly turned on the most intimate relations of men and women. Read below how you can get this thrilling book at our risk—without advancing a penny.

Will you marry the man you love, or will you take the one you can get?

If a husband stops loving his wife, or becomes infatuated with another woman, who is to blame—the husband, the wife, or the "other woman?"

Will you win the girl you want, or will Fate select your Mate?

Should a bridge tell her husband what happened at seventeen?

Will you be able to hold the love of the one you cherish—or will your marriage end in divorce?

Do you know how to make people like you?

If you can answer the above questions—if you know all there is to know about winning a woman's heart or holding a man's affections—you don't need "The Philosophy of Love." But if you are in doubt—if you don't know just how to handle your husband, or satisfy your wife, or win the devotion of the one you care for—then you must get this wonderful book. You can't afford to take chances with your happiness.

What Do YOU Know About Love?

Do you know how to win the one you love? Do you know why husbands, with devoted, virtuous wives, often become secret slaves to creatures of another "world?"—and why they lose them? Why do some men antagonize women, finding themselves fighting against a stone wall in affairs of love?

When is it dangerous to disregard convention? Do you know how to curb a headstrong man, or are you the victim of men's whims? Do you know how to retain a man's affection always? How to attract men? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it?

Do you know what you MUST NOT DO unless you want to be a "wall flower" or an "old maid"? Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do "wonderful lovers" often become thoughtless husbands after marriage—and how can the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

In "The Philosophy of Love," Elinor Glyn answers these precious questions—and countless others. She places a magnifying glass unflinchingly on the most intimate relations of men and women. No detail, no matter how delicate or avoided by others, is spared. She warns you gravely, she suggests wisely, she explains fully.

A book of this type, to be of great value, could not mince words. But while Madame Glyn calls a spade a spade—while she deals with strong emotions and passions in her frank, fearless manner—nevertheless she handles her subject so tenderly and sagaciously that the book can safely be read by any grown-up man or woman. In fact, anyone over eighteen should be compelled to read "The Philosophy of Love"; for, while ignorance may sometimes be bliss, it is folly of the first sort to be ignorant of the problems of love and marriage.

As one mother wrote us: "I wish I had read this book when I was a young girl—it would have saved me a lot of misery and suffering."

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You need not advance a single penny for "The Philosophy of Love." Simply fill out the coupon below—or write a letter—of approval. When the postman delivers the book to your door—when it is actually in your hands—pay him only $1.98, plus a few pennies postage, and the book is yours. Go over it to your heart's content—read it from cover to cover—and if you are not more than pleased, simply send the book back in good condition within five days and your money will be refunded instantly.

Over 75,000,000 people have read Elinor Glyn's stories and have seen them in the movies. Her books sell like magic. "The Philosophy of Love" is the supreme culmination of her brilliant career. It is destined to sell in huge quantities. Everybody will talk about it everywhere. So it will be exceedingly difficult to keep the book in print. It is possible that the present edition may be exhausted, and you may be compelled to wait for your copy, unless you mail the coupon below AT ONCE. We do not say this to hurry you—it is the truth.

Get your pencil—fill out the coupon NOW. Mail it to The Authors' Press, Auburn, N.Y., before it is too late. Then be prepared for the greatest thrill of your life!
HUMAN WRECKAGE!

Are YOU One of Them?

By the side of the road to success, the road to happiness and contentment, are heaped up the soulless, bloodless, unhealthy bodies—human wreckage of the pace of life—the failures in the home and in business—those who could not make the grade.

ARE YOU ONE OF THEM?
Man, Oh Man, look yourself over! Take stock of yourself! Check your ailments and failings before it is too late. Don't strike the high road of life unfit for the happiness of home and the battle of business.

Don't let yourself be dumped on that heap of human wreckage!

In all the whole wide world there is nothing so pitiable as a heart burning with ambition, a mind determined, but a body unwilling; the saddest failures in life are those of souls fired with genius but seared with a despoiled body.

BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE, AWAKE!

Shake from your shoulders that indifference, that listlessness, that lack of ambition and lack of health—make yourself healthy, strong, vigorous and alive—be a man—a real man—a man who gets somewhere in the world and who can go to a happy home and look his wife and children proudly in the eye. Do it now—before it is too late—Strongfortism can help you as it has thousands of others.

NO NEED FOR DOPE OR DRUGS

There is no need for drugs or dope, pills and doctor bills, in a healthy body. Only a weak run down system craves these stimulants. My course removes your ailments and builds a healthy robust, muscular body around a smooth-working, active, alive, internal system.

SEND FOR MY FREE BOOK

If your body is failing and is your unwilling servant, send for my free book, "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength, and Mental Energy." The experience and research of a lifetime are contained in this wonderfully instructive book. It will tell you frankly, how you can make yourself over into a vigorous specimen of vital manhood. Fill in the coupon and send it with your request for the free book. I shall treat it confidentially, and writing to me entails no obligation on your part. Do not turn over this page without filling in the coupon, and sending it in—if you turn over this page you are turning from the road of happiness, contentment, and success, to the road that leads to the heap of human wreckage.

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And her voluntary testimonial emphasizes the fact that the time to look after your Youth and Beauty is now—no matter what your age.

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"KEEPS FACES YOUNG"

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A Spade Is Called a Spade

TIME and time again we have raised our editorial voice against misrepresentative advertising. We have inked our typewriter ribbon in vitriol to write of the exhibitors who rent old, reissued productions for a song and advertise them extensively with no mention being made of the fact that they are what they are and show their particular star as she appeared years ago; when her technique was not so great as it is today.

Scores of letters have come to us too, from readers, deploring this same unfortunate condition. Letters complaining that after the admission price was paid the readers realized they had seen the same production years before. For in some instances the very names were changed to make discovery more difficult.

But this morning our heart was gladdened. Down the street from our editorial offices there is a neighborhood motion-picture theater. And on one of the posters displayed we noticed an old Charlie Chaplin—Essany picture advertised. But it was advertised frankly as a reissue. It was the first time we had observed such an admission. It was encouraging.

That is the honest way to do things. The fair way. And we urge our readers to complain to their neighborhood theater manager every time he fails to come thru as honestly in his exploitation.
BEAUTY
Eight Hundred Years Ago
A Strenuous Ordeal of Uncertain Magic

Giovanni Marinello, the world’s first beauty expert and the court physician for Catherine de Medici, told the court beauties they must distill the dew of peach blossoms gathered in the royal gardens at dawn—blending with that the oil of almonds crushed in the light of the new moon—if they would acquire the bloom of youth.

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Marinello Building, Tower Court, Chicago
I have found my skin to be as checked below:

- Oily Skin
- Dry Skin
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In order that I may receive the scientifically right preparations to begin correcting my beauty defects and afterward know exactly which Marinello Preparations to purchase from any shop or dealer, I will pay postman $1.00 upon receipt of same. It is understood that I will receive sufficient of the three Marinello Preparations specially suited to my needs, for a liberal 30 days’ personal treatment.

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A Sure Science—A Restful Tonic

Modern Marinello requires no superstitious rites or weary hours of painful preparation on the part of the seekers of beauty. For while Marinello of old depended upon magic incantations and mystic ceremonies, Emily Lloyd, the founder of modern Marinello, relies upon science to work her miracles of beauty-bringing. Instead of ministering to a few capricious court beauties, Emily Lloyd’s genius must solve the beauty problems of ten million independent, exacting women.

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While conducting magazine and newspaper beauty departments, Emily Lloyd received thousands of letters from women all over the country who found the haphazard purchase and use of cosmetics did not solve their individual beauty problems. Being a trained bacteriologist and chemist, Emily Lloyd prepared creams and lotions and powders to meet each specific need. They were marvelously successful. So great was the gratitude of the women who found beauty through Emily Lloyd’s preparations, that she conceived the idea of giving her discoveries to all women who sought for beauty. From a modest beginning her enterprise grew into a world-wide, world-famed organization—Marinello.

Today there are more than six thousand five hundred Marinello Shops located in every state in the Union. Daily they are solving the beauty problems of women living under widely varying climatic and health conditions. Because for each individual beauty need, they can offer the individual Marinello treatment and the individual Marinello preparation that is scientifically correct, no woman is ever turned away from Marinello disappointed in her search for beauty.

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If it is not convenient for you to call in person at one of the Marinello Shops, bring your problem direct to Emily Lloyd. The Marinello preparations she prescribes will be essentially personal beauty aids for you—as suited to your individual requirements as though she had written their formulas for nobody in the world but you! Accept the gift of Emily Lloyd’s scientific advice. Fill in the blank below and pay only for the Marinello preparations you need. Realize that

Expert Advice on Your Personal Beauty Problems is Free
ALICE TERRY . . .

Who makes a charming and beautiful heroine in the latest production that her directorial husband, Rex Ingram, has given the silversheet . . . namely, "Scaramouche." We cannot blame Mr. Ingram for keeping her from the other directors who seek her blonde loveliness in their casts.
Who is, at present, the vogue with each and every producer. He goes from one production to another, enhancing them with his portrayals born of years of study and experience. "Scaramouche" again finds him in the costume of a bygone century.
Who for the last year or two has permitted her husband, Charles Brabin, motion-picture director, to win all the laurels in the family. However, reports that she will shortly return to the screen are numerous and it seems likely that the early future will find her busy once more under the Kleig lights.
Whom Ernst Lubitsch has chosen for a prominent role in his production of "The Marriage Circle." And in Hollywood, as we understand it, to impress Herr Lubitsch is to become one of a Chosen Few.

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe
Who keeps right on making pictures and enjoying popularity tho other stars may come and other stars may go. Viola's last efforts were given to "The Social Code" and "In Search of a Thrill"
JOHNNY HARRON...

Who bids fair to rival the honors his brother, Bobby, first gave to the family name. The new Constance Talmadge picture "Dulcy" finds Johnny prominent in its cast.
Who again gives her attention to the directions which come thru the master megaphone of Cecil B. de Mille as he supervises the filming of “The Ten Commandments.” Leatrice is one of the most interesting personalities that the screen has discovered in some time.
HELENE CHADWICK...

Who took a name of local prominence in Chadwick, New York, and brought it to the attention of the whole country thru her work upon the screen. At present Miss Chadwick is appearing in "Law Against Law," the new Rupert Hughes production.
MAE MURRAY . . .

Who came to the screen by the well-traveled road of the Follies—and who offers productions which win instantaneous popularity thru their seasoning of paprika and jazz. Miss Murray is now preparing "Fashion Row"
Days spanning into lives bring frequent gifts of glamour.... But perhaps nothing in the world is more richly invested with glamour than young love. In illustration of this we offer two scenes from the forthcoming William de Mille picture, "Spring Magic." The boy and girl are Robert Agnew and Mary Astor.
Bill Hart Again Takes Up the Trail

By
HELEN CARLISLE

"I have known sorrow all my life," said Big Bill Hart. "It is no new experience to me. But during the last year I have suffered more than many men are called upon to suffer during a lifetime. But the people with their belief in me helped me more than they can possibly know."

I HAVE known sorrow all my life," said Big Bill Hart. "It is no new experience to me."

We were sitting around the fireplace in the living-room of his home. Altho midsummer, a chill fog from the ocean made the brisk fire welcome. It flashed across the Indian rugs on the floor and brought out colors in the gay bead-work suspended from the mantelpiece.

Bill Hart lives in the atmosphere of the West at home, as well as on the screen.

"You have heard of actors being forced to give a performance just after receiving news that some one near to them had died. Well, that very thing happened to me several years ago. I was playing in 'The Squaw Man,' and the night the show opened in Chicago my mother lay dead in our home in Connecticut. I had to go on the stage, that night, and play my part.

"During the last year I have suffered more than many men are called upon to suffer during a lifetime. I couldn't fight back. Please don't ask me to talk about it—I can't. But thru it all I said to myself, 'I won't be bitter. No sir, I won't be bitter.' When a man loses his faith in human nature he hasn't much left to live for.

"I kept mine. People seemed to know that I was putting up a fight, for I received so many wonderful, encouraging letters—from entire strangers, too. They helped me more than they can possibly know.

"I guess I was like a hurt animal, tho. Have you ever seen an animal, mortally wounded, crawl off by itself? I was like that. I couldn't sleep at night, and I'd get up at daybreak and walk for miles up thru the hills. I just wanted to get away where I'd not see a soul."

Bill whistled sharply. That whistle is his peculiar way of expressing himself, when deeply moved.

During the days when clouds hung darkest over Big Bill Hart, he sought and found seclusion in an Indian encampment near Hollywood. Now, one does not usually find the tepees of the Arapahos pitched within our city limits, but these Indians had been brought here to appear in a prolog at one of the local theaters.

Bill wandered up there one morning and soon established friendly relations with the chiefs. They liked this big, white stranger who spoke their language, and welcomed him into their circle.

Perhaps the one place on the continent where Bill Hart would not have been recognized was this strange encampment, a scant mile from Hollywood Boulevard, and there he went, day after day, to sit at the camp-fires of the Arapahos and talk with them about—well, whatever one would talk about, with Arapahos.

Other days found him out on his ranch in the back country. Here the pinto pony, during his master's absence from the screen, has grown fat and indifferent to the world's applause.

"I haven't told him, yet, that Bill Hart, twenty years ago, knew the glories of a first-night triumph when "Ben Hur" swept into everlasting fame. He took a dozen curtain calls for his portrayal of Messala. It is as Messala he is shown at the left.
we're going back to work." Bill remarked whimsically. "I suppose when I do, he'll kick me thru the fence."

Anyone who thinks Bill Hart is a simple, obvious person, an open book that can be read on roller-skates in other words, had best think again.

More conflicting interviews have been written around him, perhaps, than around any other film actor.

He is presented as the lean, rangy Westerner who fills his home with Indian trophies, leaves off his "gs," and talks drawlingly of horses, cactus, Indian sign-language, dogs and all the rest of the Owen-Wister-Frederick-Remington stuff.

Again he is presented as the sophisticated man of the world, part of whose youth was spent in Paris where the lure of the theater first caught him—who knew the glories of a first-night triumph in New York twenty years ago when "Ben Hur" swept into everlasting fame one winter night, with the young William S. Hart taking a dozen curtain-calls for his portrayal of Messala. A man whose speaking voice was trained to unusual beauty by the great stage directors of that day, who played Shakespeare for years and whose chief regret in life, one gathers, is that he never had the opportunity of playing Othello.

Since Bill Hart is both these individuals in one, the interviewers can't be blamed. He may be all to the tomahawk and bead-work on Monday, and on Tuesday go Hamletting around in a manner to make John Barrymore envious.

He is difficult to put down on paper. One cannot understand him, really. The is a disturbing complexity behind the simplicity of his manner.

He is, I believe, the loneliest man in the motion-picture world. He is also the most self-sufficient. It is only when he speaks of his baby son that one glimpses the terrific yearning, the heart-break of the man.

But ... "I am used to sorrow," he says. "I'm not complaining. Life has been good to me, in many ways. People have been kind—when I think how kind, it makes me feel swed, and humble.

"When my father died, he didn't leave me much in the way of worldly goods. But he left me an honorable name. Whatever I may or may not have for my son—I want to leave him that—an honorable name."

He will not dwell for long upon his sorrows.

(Continued on page 91)
At the Embassy Club

A camera-study of Irene Castle as she appeared in a dance, "The Spirit of Youth," at the Embassy Club, London. Miss Castle has since returned from abroad.
"No," she replied, and her response sounded like a single sharp drum beat, unemotional—and final.

Holding a wide-brimmed, black-straw sailor hat on her lap, she bent her head, then with an abrupt toss shook back her bobbed blonde hair and looked out quietly across the Goldwyn vista of walks and driveways. Her modest, boyishly tailored tweeds, colored a light blue, recalled the design of eggs dipped at Easter into pallid dyes.

She said nothing more then, and I felt somehow in the presence of one whose brain is tired. I asked her if she had been working hard on her current picture, "In the Palace of the King."

"Somewhat," came the answer, tersely yet good-humoredly. In her delft-blue eyes was a hard weariness, and something somehow suggested a little conqueror, a girl who had achieved a purpose fraught with soul-consuming drama, a victor in some personal, intimate

Blanche Sweet does not take her return to the screen seriously. She has no strategical plan for storming the public heart. She said, "The public won't be stormed. If I happen to please them, I will be a success . . . for a time."

Such was the burden of Blanche Sweet's philosophy as to the future, her future.

It was towards five o'clock of a late summer afternoon, seated on a large, empty packing-case which someone had pitched flatwise onto a patch of bright, green grass near the low, dazzlingly white Goldwyn administration buildings, that we discussed her return to the screen.

And, as the minutes drifted away under that high, blue, afternoon sky, a sense of futility mingled with intense curiosity enveloped me. For Blanche Sweet seems happy, her speech at moments reveals little overtones of inner exultation . . . and yet . . .

"My plans?" she laughed rather leisurly. "I will do my best. I suppose, just as everyone else does."

"But, there will be certain pictures, big stories, a well-contrived campaign?"
I returned, and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill, but time and chance happeneth to them all.

—Ecclesiastes, IX-11.

struggle that had spent her final ounce of force. But what that struggle was, the writer lacked the wit or intuition to penetrate.

"Is your husband—or Mr. Neilan, directing you?"

"No, not in this story. He is going to direct me in my next picture, tho . . . 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles.' . . ."

"That will be a big story?"

"A human story."

Always a dry insouciance, always replies followed by sagging silences.

"Have you selected a list of stories for future production?"

"No. I'm just going to take stories as they come. You never can tell which one the public is going to like. Or which one you'll do your best work in."

"Will they be heavy dramatic rôles—like 'Tess'?"

"No, some will be in a light-comedy vein. Maybe every other one—I like to vary rôles—one of the most successful pictures I ever made was 'The Thousand Dollar Husband,' a number of years ago at Lasky's. And my last picture, 'The Meanest Man in the World'—Bert Lytell played opposite me—was a trivial, light little thing—there was a general store, and I was a country girl, and all that sort of thing."

I was baffled. I had expected her to take her return to the screen seriously, to have a well-ordered, strategical plan for storming the public heart. I dropped a hint of this to her.

"The public wont be stormed," she said, nonchalantly. "If I happen to please them, I will be a success . . . for a time . . ."

"What made you want to return to the screen, Miss Sweet?" I put the question sharply, unequivocally, but she smiled blandly.

"Oh, for that matter, why does one work at anything?" she parried. "I have been an actress all my life. I played my first rôle at the age of seven months. Doesn't it seem natural that in returning to the world of activity I should do the only sort of work I know anything of?"

(Continued on page 90)
Mary—and Mary's Mother

An interesting camera-study of Mary Armes and her famous mother... known as Mrs. Louis Armes in the Long Island suburb where they live; but as Mae Marsh when she is shadowed upon the screen.
This Is About Mrs. Joseph Schenck

The Most Famous Woman in Hollywood is Norma Talmadge

The Least Known Woman in Hollywood is Mrs. Joseph Schenck

By HARRY CARR

The most famous woman in Hollywood is Norma Talmadge.
The least known woman in Hollywood is Mrs. Joseph Schenck.
And Norma Talmadge is Mrs. Joseph Schenck.

And this is about Mrs. Joseph Schenck.

And on the whole, I think she is the happiest married lady in the whole motion-picture colony.

Her husband is a good deal older than Norma. He is one of the gentlest and sweetest characters I have ever known.

When a small child, Mr. Schenck came to this country from one of the provinces of Russia.

He has told me how he went thru the College of Pharmacy of the University of the City of New York on five dollars a week. He had a room that he rented for a dollar and a quarter a week down a side street in the thirties. He got nearly all his meals at a free-lunch counter in the Bowery.

Circumstances gave him a chance to secure the lease of an old amusement park at Fort George in New York.

One day a man came to see him with a proposition to put a penny arcade in his amusement park. The upshot of the bargaining was that Joe Schenck became half partner in the penny arcade and the other man became a half owner of the amusement park. The other man was Marcus Loew. The bargain was the foundation of two large fortunes.

Norma's husband is a very rich man. He has an amusement park in New Jersey that makes a fortune every summer. He is one of the owners of the Music Box Revue in New York, one of the owners of the great Loew Circuit; one of the owners of Metro; a big owner of the West Coast Theater Company which controls a couple of hundred movie theaters on the Coast. Also he is a big gun in oil and real-estate operations in California.

And he says it means nothing.

"I can only wear one suit of clothes at a time and the one I have doesn't mean a bit more to me than the 'store clothes' I wore when I was going to college on five a week in New York. I have a few automobiles and chauffeurs to drive them; but I enjoyed walking down Fifth Avenue better.

"Norma and I have an expensive roof over our heads, but a cheaper one would do just as well."
“Mrs. Schenck and I have the simplest tastes in the world and money means very little to either of us.”

And I think this is true. Sister Constance has always been a jazz hound. She has been so up to date that the calendar has had to pant along behind with its tongue out trying to keep up.

But Norma has always been a quiet girl. She is said to be the best-dressed woman in the world and this is probably true. But I don’t know why. She is very rarely seen “out among them.”

Norma lives in a big house on the edge of Hollywood. Its chief attraction is a large swimming-pool where their friends come in droves in summer. Once in a while they give very large and lavish dinner parties.

But their real interest and their real lives center around the studio.

In spite of her wealth, Norma is essentially a working girl.

Mr. Schenck owns a very large studio in Hollywood in which space is rented to other producing companies, and in which both Norma and Constance produce all their pictures.

In the center of the studio is a bungalow where the family and sometimes many of the actors in Norma’s pictures meet for luncheon.

Luncheon at Norma’s bungalow is a hilarious affair. Everybody talks at once and nobody ever pays the slightest attention to anyone else.

One day, I remember that Conway Tearle and I were both guests at luncheon and we got into a most animated discussion that scintillated with such vehemence that finally Norma broke in with, “Well for heaven’s sake, what are you two talking about?”

“We are talking about ‘Ben Hur.’” I said.

Conway Tearle looked up in dismay. “‘Ben Hur!’” he gasped. “Why, I was talking about ‘Black Oxen.’”

That’s what the debates at Norma’s are like.

The only one who preserves his equipoise is Mr. Schenck. He beams benevolently upon the proceedings and says very little. Probably he has learned from experience that it is no use.

When he has a chance however, he is one of the most interesting men I ever talked to.

His favorite topic is Norma. He doesn’t think much
of Norma except that she is the wittiest, the most beautiful, the most talented and the noblest character that ever adorned the earth. Except for that, he can't see that she amounts to much.

It always amuses me when he assures me that he thinks of her in an absolutely impersonal way when he manages her career as an actress.

"I couldn't afford to let my personal feeling enter into the matter."

In this absolutely cold and impersonal manner, Mr. Schenck has decided that Norma's genius for acting arises primarily from her sweet, unselfish character. He says he has never known one really selfish actress to make good in a big way.

And he is right; Norma is an unselfish girl.

The stage-hands, who are usually the sufferers from the temperament of stars, adore the ground she walks on. There came near being a big fight while they were taking "Ashes of Vengeance" because both the property-man and the costumer claimed the right to fix up a tent for Norma while she was on location. Every time she has a birthday, they give her a party on the set with all the stage-hands celebrating.

Mr. Schenck says the first time he ever saw Norma was in a picture called "The Battle Cry of Peace." It was one of those dreary propaganda things intended to terrify Pacifists or something. Norma was the heroine. Schenck straightway hunted her up and signed a contract with her—a contract that led to their marriage.

When they are together, Schenck always calls Norma "child" and acts as tho she were about four years old.

(Continued on page 85)
Susie Takes A Chance

Concluding the Six-Part Serial

By LUCIAN CARY

Illustrated by Douglas Ryan

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters on Page 102

Clay jumped up. "For heaven's sake, Susie," he cried, "be reasonable. I've got three or four big layouts coming along in the Sunday magazine sections. If you turn up before they're printed, they'll be spoiled. The papers won't print them and I'll lose the money."

Susie smiled sadly. "Of course," she said, "that's the prime consideration—that you shouldn't lose any money."

But she saw that Clay wasn't even listening to her irony. "Besides," he said, "if you appear too soon, they'll think the whole thing was a frame-up—a publicity stunt that I put over—and they'll be off my stuff."

"You needn't worry," Susie assured him. "I've no chance of getting out of it in less than seven or eight weeks."

Clay sat down again. "Seven or eight weeks will be quite all right," he said.

Susie continued to study him. He was unbearably smug, self-satisfied, and self-centered. He cared for nothing in the world except making money. How had she ever imagined to believe that she was in love with him? The shy gesture was gone. Now he was arrogant. Susie realized he had been arrogant always. He had been shy outwardly just because he was so arrogant within, so unregarding of anybody in the world except Clay Newton.

"Clay," she asked, "didn't you ever worry about me?"

Clay shook his head. "No," he said. "Why should I?"

"But I might have been killed or kidnapped or—worse."

"I figured if you'd been killed you'd have been found quickly enough. The police may not find many murderers—but they usually find the body. They didn't find your body. Ergo, you were still alive."

"But I might have been kidnapped."

"Old stuff," said Clay sagely.

"Don't you believe girls ever are kidnapped, Clay?"

"No."

"But I've often read about it in the papers."

Clay grinned sardonically. "Yes—so the girl says."

Susie was silent. It was hard to get used to the idea that Clay hadn't cared a rap what had happened to her, except to exploit the episode for his own benefit.

"But what did you think?" she persisted.

Clay grinned. "To tell the truth, Susie," he answered. "I thought you had run off with some man and didn't want Belleville to know about it."

"And you set the police and the newspapers and the whole town on my trail," Susie cried.

"Well," Clay protested, "I didn't know—"
“What if I had eloped,” Susie cried. “What if I had been trying to hide? And what if you had run me down? Is that your idea of friendship?”

“Well,” Clay said, “I figured if you were caught I’d only be hastening the process a little. It was bound to come out sometime. Of course at first I thought you had gone to England with Philip Garner.”

“How did you find out I hadn’t?”

“The janitor in Fiftieth Street told me you’d been trying to find him after he sailed.”

“Then when you tipped the police off and had him arrested and questioned and virtually accused of running off with me you knew he was innocent.”

“Sure,” Clay said.

Susie jumped up, her anger rapidly overcoming her surprise at Clay’s cold-blooded attitude.

“Don’t you hate yourself for taking such mean advantages?” she cried.

Clay shrugged his shoulders.

“It’s all in the game, Susie.”

Susie sank back in her chair with a weary gesture.

Wasn’t there any way of getting under his skin?

“What game?” she asked.

“The New York game.”

“Clay,” Susie said, “don’t you know that New York is the friendliest city in the world?”

Clay rose to go.

“New York smiles on those who smile on themselves, Susie,” he said sententiously.

Susie watched him, feeling too deeply alienated to say good-bye, not caring whether she ever saw him again or not. And now he turned for a last word.

“By the way,” he said, “there’s just one thing I wish you’d do for me—when you do decide to reappear you’ll tip me off in advance, won’t you? I could make quite a good thing of it.”

Susie hesitated. She had no impulse to grant Clay Newton the smallest favor. The man seemed incredibly callous to ask a favor of her in the circumstance.

Clay looked at her a little anxiously, as if he feared she would refuse.

“Just for old time’s sake, Susie,” he said.

“Very well, Clay,” Susie said. “For old time’s sake— I will.”

When he had gone she laughed at the absurdity of it. But it was not a happy laugh. She fell to wondering if it were possible that Phil Garner had the smallest resemblance to Clay. But it didn’t seem to her possible. It seemed to Susie that Phil might think she was like Clay—on the make—out for everything she could get. Perhaps that was why he was alienated. She was musing about Phil when Armistead found her.

Susie realized vaguely that he was carrying a sheet of paper in one hand, and that he was very much agitated.

“What’s the matter?” he asked sharply.

“Nothing,” she said.

“But you’re crying.”

Susie found her handkerchief. It was only then that she knew her eyes were filled with tears.
"I'd like to help." Armistead began gently.

Susie shook her head. How could she tell him that she was crying because she couldn't tell Phil Garner in so many words that she wasn't married to Val Collins, that she wasn't responsible for Mrs. Beck's jealousy of her husband, that she wasn't Magda Basarow but Susie Treadwell, with whom he had fallen in love—at least a little in love?

Armistead waved the paper. And now Susie saw that he was pale and upset.

"Magda isn't coming back," he said. "She's never coming back."

"What?" Susie cried.

"I've just had this cable—she says: Shall not return to America. This is final. Letter follows."

Susie burst into tears. Susie sobbed as if her heart were broken.

"Look here," Armistead was saying, "there's no reason why you should cry. What on earth's the matter with you, anyway?"

Susie shook her head, her face buried in her handkerchief.

"Come," Armistead said, "snap out of it. My heart's busted but yours isn't. You're all right. You can keep on being Magda till the two months are up, just the same."

"I don't want to be Magda," Susie cried. "I hate being Magda."

"You hate being Magda?"

"Yes," Susie said. "I cant bear it. I cant stand it another week. I want to be S-s-susie T-treadwell again."

"But you're getting paid a hundred a week," Armistead protested, "and—"

"I wouldn't do it again for a thousand a week," Susie retorted. "Not for two thousand. Not for any amount."

"Good Lord," said Armistead, "it isn't as bad as all that,"

"It is," Susie said. "It's horrible. It's killing me."

Armistead walked back and forth across the room in the way he had when he was thinking.

"You've had a bad twenty-four hours. You're tired. It's been a strain. But you'll feel differently tomorrow. You're upset now."

Susie said nothing. She wouldn't explain.

"Look here," he continued. "I've got to run into town as fast as I can and tell Riegelman the whole story."

"Who's Riegelman?" Susie asked.

"He's the president of Quadrangle Film. He's got to know all about it right away. After all—he's got a big investment in Magda Basarow. And it looks to me as if he stands to lose every nickel of it."

"But why," Susie cried. "Why does she act this way? What does it mean?"

Armistead walked back and forth, his mouth set in a grim line.

"It means," he said finally, "that she's in love with Val Collins—she's thrown everything overboard—her career as an actress, her income, her reputation—everything she has—for that damned burglar."

Susie looked at Armistead. He seemed cut to the heart. But why? After all there was something handsome in such a gesture as Magda Basarow's, something generous and human. You might question her wisdom. But you could hardly question the warmth of her heart. Whatever the consequences to herself, Susie admired Magda Basarow. Was Armistead so lost to humanity that he could see only the money loss? Was Armistead sold to success at all costs?

"I rather envy her the courage," Susie said.

"But think of the life he'll lead her!" Armistead cried.

"She won't mind so much—if she loves him," Susie said. "After all money isn't everything."

"It is when you haven't got it," said Armistead bitterly.

"Just remember how you felt that evening I found you in Bryant Park."

"I know," Susie admitted.

"It was sort of awful. But I don't know any reason why Magda should ever be as broke as that. And besides, she has the man she loves."

"Yes," Armistead said, and for the first time Susie saw the pain in his face.

"So—that's it. You're in love with her yourself."

Armistead shot a glance at her.

"Yes," he said.

Susie jumped up, laid her hand on his arm.

"I'm sorry," she said softly, "awfully, awfully sorry."

Armistead smiled, a slow, half-bitter, half-comic smile. Then he shook his shoulders, as if to shake off the memory of Magda Basarow.

"It's time I forgot her. There never was any chance—really. Now I know there isn't."

He paused, frowning.
"Then we must ask your pardon for troubling you, Miss Treadwell," he said. "But if there is the faintest possibility of your changing your mind, may I see you again?"

Susie looked at him gravely.
"Yes," she said.

"I've got to go in and see Riegelman. I've got to go now."

He paused in the doorway.
"Good-bye, Susie," he said.

Susie waved her hand. She had never liked Armistead much. She couldn't confide in him. But it was something to know that if she could, if she did, he would understand. Their circumstance was utterly different. But they both knew what it was to be hopelessly in love.

When he was gone Susie began to wonder just how hopeless it was—for her. Why didn't she call up Phil Garner and ask him out and quite simply tell him the truth about herself? She would be breaking her contract and her promise but—after all: what was a contract and a promise? The only trouble was it would be almost like proposing to him to tell him that she was Susie Treadwell. She could not do that. And when it came to the point she had some quaint sense of obligation, an unwillingness to violate her promise no matter what the cost to herself.

But there really wasn't any reason why she couldn't call him up and ask him to tea. He was quite completely alienated from her. But he hadn't said so. She knew it but she might be supposed not to know it. And if she came to tea perhaps she could soften his opinion of her a little—somehow.

Susie picked up the telephone and called the number. A feminine voice answered. "His new secretary," Susie reflected, with a pang of envy. "No," the voice said, "Mr. Garner isn't in. Is there any message?"

"Will you ask him—ask him to call up Mr. Armistead," Susie said, and dropped the receiver on the hook. Somehow, when the moment came, she hadn't the nerve to ask him to call her up.

Susie wandered thru the house and out on the terrace. It was a perfect summer's day. It was the first week in July but it was just such a day as that day in May—so few weeks back in actual time, so many years, ages even, in her experience—when she had decided to leave Belleville.

She sat down in a long Chinese chair under a gayly patterned garden umbrella and leaned her head back and let the soft, warm air envelope her. But after a moment she straightened up. Why couldn't she be at peace with such a day—so still, so soft, so sunny? Why couldn't she lie in the long chair and doze and let the sweetness steal over her, quiet her, soothe her? She could not. She realized it was because she wanted to be where she could hear the telephone. She wanted to answer the telephone herself, as soon as it rang.

She found a magazine and sat down in the drawing-room, near the door, and waited. It did not occur to her that it might be hours, or even a day, before Philip Garner received her message. It did not occur to her that he might not answer it. Susie sat and read and gave up reading and closed her eyes and opened them and half-dozed.

She awoke with a start. She must have been asleep. She had been dreaming. But the telephone was ringing. Susie ran, breathless, eager, anxious.

It was Armistead.
"Yes," she said, controlling her disappointment with an effort.

"Riegelman and Catherwood and I are coming out as fast as we can," he was saying. "They want to see you. Catherwood was Quadrangle's director—the man who had usually directed Magda Basarov.
"Very well," Susie said.
"They know everything, of course," Armistead added.

Susie went back to her chair and her magazine. But this time she did not even try to read. Why did Riegelman and Catherwood want to see her? Curiosity, doubtless. They would come and exclaim over how much like Magda she was—or wasn't. It was of the smallest consequence to Susie whether they thought she was a good
double or a poor one. Nothing mattered—except that call from Phil Garner.

XV

Mr. Riegelman was a well-fed man of fifty of the sort who is used to having his orders obeyed and who consequently puts on no side. He smiled at Susie ingratiatingly and shook hands with her in friendly fashion. Mr. Catherwood was of a different sort. He had. Susie reflected, modeled himself on Richard Harding Davis’s usual hero, with a touch of melancholy added. He did not smile. And while they talked in Magda’s drawing-room, he surveyed Susie with a mienful and disillusioned eye.

“Mr. Armistead has been telling us how he got you to double for Magda Basarov,” Mr. Riegelman said.

Susie smiled.

“I hope you aren’t offended,” Susie said.

Mr. Riegelman smiled disarmingly.

“I’m astonished,” he said, “at your success. I must say if I didn’t know I should never suspect that you aren’t Magda Basarov.”

He glanced quizzically at Armistead. “And even now I’m not perfectly sure that Armistead isn’t putting one over on us.”

Armistead shook his head.

“The point is,” Mr. Riegelman continued, “that our company has a good deal of money invested in Magda Basarov. We’ve spent a good many thousands of dollars in advertising her. It’s hard to figure these things but at a guess I’d say we’d be justified in figuring that we’ve spent a hundred thousand. That’s the amount of the insurance policies on her life that we’ve been carrying. Unfortunately we are protected against her death but not against her leaving us in the lurch.”

Mr. Riegelman paused. Susie wondered what was coming. After all, it wasn’t her money.

“Nobody enjoys dropping a cold hundred thousand,” Mr. Riegelman continued. “And so Mr. Armistead and Mr. Catherwood and I have been wondering if there isn’t some way of avoiding the loss. We evolved a scheme which—if possible—we’d like to put thru.”

Mr. Riegelman paused.

“Yes,” said Susie, raising one eyebrow in quite the Magda Basarov manner, the manner that had cost her so much effort to achieve and that now came so easily that she did it without thinking.

Mr. Catherwood’s glum face broke into a smile.

“There,” he said, “that’s it!”

“That’s what?” Susie asked stupidly.

The three men smiled knowingly at each other.

“Would you mind registering the way Magda lights a cigarette, Miss Treadwell?” Catherwood asked, and extended his case.

Susie took the cigarette and lighted it with that slow gesture of Magda’s. Then she leaned back in her chair and expelled the smoke of her inhalation.

“Capital,” said Catherwood. And for the first time he looked as if he might on occasion be pleased with the world.

“Can you guess what we want, Miss Treadwell?” Mr. Riegelman asked.

Susie shook her head slowly in denial.

“I must be awfully stupid,” she said, “but I’ve been sitting here wondering what was coming. I’m awfully sorry that you have lost so much money. But I don’t quite see what I have to do with it.”

Mr. Riegelman smiled as if he were well-pleased with Susie.

“It is easy to see that you haven’t the usual vanity, Miss Treadwell, or you would long since have guessed that we are hoping that you will consent to continue to impersonate Magda Basarov.”

“But I couldn’t possibly,” Susie cried. “I couldn’t consider it.”

“I’m sorry you feel that way about it,” Mr. Riegelman said. “I’m sure you can do it.” He turned to Catherwood. “Don’t you believe she can do it?” he asked.

“Yes,” Catherwood admitted. “I am sure. I thought you and Armistead were crazy when you proposed it but now that I’ve seen Miss Treadwell I feel certain she could impersonate Magda on the screen in three months—perhaps less.”

“You see, Miss Treadwell,” Riegelman explained. “It isn’t as if you would be required to learn all the arts of an actress in the speaking theater—the tricks of the voice don’t matter. It’s merely a matter of the way you photograph, the way you move, and the way you express emotions with your mouth and eyes and eyebrows.”

Susie shook her head.

“I couldn’t do it,” she said.

Armistead spoke up.

(Continued on page 102)
Vignettes of the Studios

The Editor's Note.—The following is the first of a series of articles which will portray the various California studios, the studios as they appear to the observant spectator, differing as radically in appearance as they differ in atmosphere and in the films which are photographed behind their "No Admittance" signs.

I. The Lasky Studio

By SALLY STEELE

There is no studio of the Misleading Exterior.

Lasky's, on Vine Street, Hollywood.

It looks so informal, unpretentious. The grey and white frame structures that wall off the Lasky lot seem to drowse lazily in the shade. Mocking-birds chatter incessantly in the twisted pepper-trees.

It is only when you observe that these modest buildings line the sidewalk sharply, every inch of space utilized for studio purposes, doors along the pleasant street closed and bolted with "No Admittance" signs nailed upon them, that you sense the cold, driving efficiency of the Lasky organization.

No gardeners spend their time nursing lawns and flower gardens here.

One block from the Boulevard, in the center of town, it is nevertheless the most improbable of film strongholds. Also, the one most determinedly besieged by the eager film aspirants.

For there's a saying in Hollywood: "If you can hold down a job at Lasky's, you can get work anywhere."

You've got to be good, to get in there and stay in. They know that, on the Boulevard.

Observe the small, shedlike building on the near corner. It was a carriage house belonging to a country estate when Cecil de Mille came out here ten years ago. He made of it the original Lasky studio, and here planned the filming of the first Lasky picture, "The Squaw Man," with Dustin Farnum as star.

In the adjoining barnyard a stage was erected. Orange groves covered the surrounding territory for two square city blocks where now great lights pour down on lavish sets, and cameras grind out their millions of feet of film.

Oh, hearts are broken and names are made, on Vine Street, let Tin Pan Alley artists sing of Broadway tho they may.

Here the child Lila Lee faced discouragement, disillusion, after a brief, forced stardom.

Here Pola Negri met America, and here at times her temperament flares out until it simges the pepper-trees, they say.

Here, one day, the loved Wallie Reid turned his roadster from the curb and drove away—to return to Vine Street no more.

Mirth and tragedy walk hand-in-hand on the sun-dappled sidewalks. The shuffling footsteps of the weary, discouraged, old character man die away before the eager, staccato tread of the little blonde extra girl who has been promised work for a whole week. On the Lasky lot!

And the limousines of the stars roll smoothly up and down...
Not with pen and ink—or with paint and brush—but with scissors and paper, Kliz caricatures the stars of the screen. For when he pastes his different shapes of several colored papers against the backgrounds the characterization is perfect.

Richard Barthelmess... as he will soon appear in a new photoplay of other days. Dick, as his friends and audiences have come to know him... possessing a poetry seldom compatible with a face in which there is also great strength of character.

Nita Naldi above—the voluptuous Nita who is today the foremost siren of the cinema. And, at the right, Buster Keaton—who could mistake him?

Then we have Norma Talmadge as the haughty and proud Yoeland in "Ashes of Vengeance"
Cut-Out Caricatures

By KLIZ

Above, Mister Bull Montana of the cauliflower ears and broad shoulders. And, at the right, Douglas Fairbanks ready for a tennis match.

Who indeed but Mary Pickford...
One of the Screen's Finest

Presenting Ernest Torrence, whose art is not going unappreciated, for there are, at present, several productions which have been postponed so that he may be prominent in their casts. In the meantime, we remember him with pleasure in "The Covered Wagon." And we await his appearance in "Ruggles of Red Gap" with anticipation.
WHY?

"Because they haven't had a sufficient amount of training, they haven't served, or even begun to serve in that time—the necessary apprenticeship which will make them real actors or actresses."

He thumped an orange-colored cushion. There was exasperation in that thump. We were sitting on the porch of his attractive home at Great Neck, Long Island. Being one of the very busiest of directors and in the throes of cutting and titling Richard Barthelmess' latest picture, the day of the interview was Sunday morning. Dorothy Gish and her husband, James Rennie, were coming in from town to lunch and spend the afternoon—so we had to work fast.

"You know," he continued, "it makes me furious to see the mushroom growth of the average motion-pictures star. They've got no right to jump into stardom the way some of them do; they don't earn a tithe of the enormous salaries they get—and they ride on the crest of a wave of popularity—bolstered up to a great degree by exploitation, when as a matter of fact, they should be still doing extra work or bits in the studio.

"I'm all for new faces on the screen," he added. "Don't think that I want to cut out newcomers. I think that the greatest need in pictures today lies in the acting ability. When you come right down to it—there are only a handful of real so-called stars—I hate the word. Get any motion-picture magazine. Look at the names in the articles—look at the pictures. They're nearly always the same. That's evidence enough to show who the favorite players are. And that also shows that these same players have been the favorites for a long time.

"But just the same there are a lot of young men and women who either because they have won a beauty contest somewhere out in Kankakee, Mo., or because they possess an unusually screenable face, are thrust forward as newly discovered and wonderfully talented features. The beauty-contest winner, very often, turns out to be a millstone about some producer's neck. She has won the contest—she is given a three years' contract—and the producer goes on paying her the large salary he has promised, without making a nickel. She may not have found the right part—that is seldom the case—but before long she usually proves that outside of her pretty face—there is absolutely nothing. No talent; some of them stop working the moment the contract is signed; they leave the rest to the director, no ambition, no desire to learn—and above all, no intelligence."

He grinned.

"I know quite a number of farsighted producers who have grabbed up what they thought were real "finds" and have made them stars overnight. I know that these finds have cost them a pretty penny because there was nothing back of the pretty face. I also know some who are working like slaves trying to recuperate losses by putting these stars in bad stories—and..."
Technique has to be learned. They must be able to put over an emotion with exactly the proper shading; they have to be capable of arousing a sympathetic and corresponding feeling in their audience by a perfect knowledge of all the various means of doing so. In other words, they have to know their trade, just as an experienced mechanic has to know and does know every detail of his machine—so that no matter what unexpected trick it may develop, he can master it.

"It is only logical, therefore, that a girl who has happened to put it over in one part—or has by some chance, caught the director's eye and is given a particularly suitable rôle to play, will not necessarily continue making good in everything else from then on. That is why I object to these fly-by-night 'stars.' It may be years before she has another part suitable to her peculiar ability. When she is launched as an overnight discovery, she will in all probability, either fall down on her next picture—or wait for some writer to create a similar part for her.

(Continued on page 92)
The Editor Gossips

T THE late summer always brings invitations to all manner of première. Releasing companies hold over their big productions thru the warm months and give them autumn releases.

"Little Old New York," Marion Davies' new picture, opened the renovated Park Theater on Columbus Circle which is now known as the Cosmopolitan Theater. Joseph Urban, designer of the Metropolitan Opera House settings and of the settings in the Marion Davies productions, was responsible for the new decorations which are, without a doubt, beautiful. The enormous crystal chandelier hanging high above the balcony is quite the most awe-inspiring thing we have seen in ages.

Victor Herbert conducted the orchestra of skimpily-emptied pieces in a flourishing manner, winning enthusiastic applause from many celebrated hands whose owners hadn't fled Gotham and its sultry night.

Anita Stewart was there in a gown of some pastel hue—lilac or pink, we couldn't tell which at a distance. Irene Castle, back from Europe and the Parisian divorce courts, was dashing in an ivory-satin gown.

Mabel and Hugo Ballin were together, as is their custom. Mabel wearing her hair in a most becoming way, brushed it loosely back and holding it with a large Spanish bobby pin. And she seemed more diminutive than ever in an lantilly embroidered mantilla. Alma Rubens was with mother and sister and Daniel Carson Goodman. She reminded us of an early Italian princess in her clinging pink satin and old lace.

There were all manner of magazine and newspaper writers present, too. Harriette Underhill of the New York Tribune turned from her seat in front of us with sincere praise for Miss Davies. And we saw Louella Parsons who does the widely read columns, "In and Out of Focus" for the Morning Telegraph.

In a box, adjoining that of the Honorable John F. Hylan, Mayor of Our City, was Marion Davies. Her sleek gold hair shone above the pale pink of her frock and wrap. And she carried a bouquet of old-fashioned flowers, primly edged with a paper frill, after the vogue of theies of long ago.

"We couldn't help wondering just what her reaction was to the praise and applause which fell upon her ears at picture's conclusion. For many years she has continued on her professional path, often receiving unkind notices at adverse criticism for effort after effort. But she sticks to the try. Her directors will tell you that she cooked hard and long, never sparing herself a bit in the effort to get the movies in keeping with her other pictures. And all these things she has accomplished. She has come thru to a place where the most intoning critics have offered praise in her name. That she well feel a pride in the things she has done. Her duties have been not spent in vain. And, best of all, she isn't sacrificed her friendly charm, by the way.

On the sidewalk later we glimpsed Dagmar Godowsky waiting for her car. Her black hair was sleekly brushed back from her forehead to a coil, low in her neck. Her coal-black eyes glowed in the excitement of the crowd and her petite form was wrapped sinuously in another gorgeously brilliant mantilla. Frank Mayo was not at her side and reports have it that there is a rift in that marital lute.

One day last month we had luncheon with Mabel Ballin. It was the first time we had seen her, except in the distance at some First Night at one of the theaters or in a hotel dining-room, since she and Hugo returned from California. And we are pleased to note that once again Hollywood has failed to disturb her serenity. She is possessed of one of the most perfectly balanced perspectives we have ever known. Movie magnates may do radical things. Professional conditions may turn topsy-turvy and threaten the finances of everyone in their circle. Mabel Ballin maintains her serenity.

We checked her talk of diets (why she talks of reducing, incidentally, is one of the mysteries of our days) that we might talk of her serenity. She denied it. We insisted other people marveled over it too and she was surprised.

"Maybe," she said quietly, "it is born of my conviction that there is no rhyme or reason to anything that is done or anything that happens, particularly in the profession of which Hugo and I are pleased to call ourselves a part. I used to fuss. I used to try to delve deeply into the why and wherefore of it all but it must be that I've given up. Both Hugo and I have decided to do the best we can and let it go at that. Nothing profound about that decision. Nothing startling about it, it's something you recited when you were in the primary grades. But it has taken me the intervening years to get back to it."

And so the Ballins continue to be normal, pleasant people. Their apartment in the sixties is attractive and comfortable but a far hall from the lavish elegance which is usually attributed to the home of the cinemese. There's another house which we judge from the photographs Mabel and Hugo proudly display, to be even more charming than the Gotham dwelling. This abode is in the sylvan quietude of the Connecticut mountains and it is here the family repairs when the city bears in upon them and they need rest.

All of which goes a long way to prove that is quite possible to be individual, colorful and interesting without being exotic and bizarre.

(Continued on page 108)
Out of "Don Cesar de Bazan" two motion pictures have come. Pola Negri's new picture "The Spanish Dancer" is the most faithful adaptation of this work, but Mary Pickford's "Rosita" is said also to seek its substance from Don Cesar, even if not so obviously as does "The Spanish Dancer."

Mary and Pola... street-singers, both of them. It will be interesting to compare their portrayals. We predict a far hail between them.

In Comparison
Across the Silversheet
A Trio of Costume Plays in Review

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

111. things, including motion pictures, move in cycles. Of this we are quite convinced. A year ago the very thought of a costume picture was anathema to any producer. All manner of fine stories were rejected as screen material because their stage and age necessitated costumes. It was vehemently declared that the exhibitors would not book costume pictures and that this definitely meant that the public did not wish them. A final argument, leaving nothing further to be said. But, if we may judge from recent releases, the Producing Powers have evidently divined in some mysterious way that the Public has changed its capricious mind. For costume pictures by the score have been made and are even now in the making. And the greater portion of the big things promised for the season are in the nature of costume pictures. We shouldn’t be surprised if a few, coming along at the end of the line with their costumed shadows, were left holding the bag. However, let those who revel in stories of dead days enjoy the vogue while they may; for we venture to say that there will be another span as barren of costume pictures as this period is prolific with them.

First to center our pleased attention upon the adaptation of DuMaurier’s “Triiby.” It comes from a novel in which humor, charm and drama abound. And if all of these composites lose out somewhat in the transition, “Triiby” is nevertheless, a good motion picture.

All the well-known and well-loved DuMaurier characters as we know them thru the DuMaurier illustrations have come to life upon the screen. Andrée Lafayette as Triiby, Creighton Hale as Little Bilee, Arthur Edmund Carewe as Svengali, Philo McCullough as Taffy, and Wilfred Lucas as The Laird . . . these people were all wisely chosen for the rôles they create, and they have submerged their individual personalities, at times almost beyond recognition, in favor of the characters they portray. And we believe this, in itself, is responsible for a large part of the picture’s charm and fascination.

The screen, an excellent medium for the simple telling of tales, takes “Triiby” as its own and once more tells of Triiby, the model with the beautiful feet, who is beloved by the three artists in the Quartier Latin studio . . . of Triiby who is desired by the dark Svengali and later brought to great musical triumphs thru his hypnotic prowess.

James Young has given “Triiby” an intelligent direction, which is at all times enhanced by some of the most imaginative and beautiful photography we have ever seen.

And Andrée Lafayette, who was imported by Richard Walton Tully from her native France to create the title rôle, is strangely beautiful and a perfect Triiby.

“Little Old New York” emphasizes what (Continued on page 114)
Comment On Other Productions

Buster Keaton comes forward here with his first feature-length comedy—and since this comedian has proved his mettle in short pieces, there is no reason why he shouldn't adopt the campaign policies of Chaplin, Lloyd, et al. “Three Ages” is rollicking entertainment—conceived and executed in the best Keaton manner—which means that it presents some startlingly new high jinks. First we have Buster a love-sick youth of the Paleolithic period—then as the “rankest Roman of them all,” and finally as his natural self in a modern age. His buffooneries are rare and mirthful—capable of extracting the loudest guffaws. A rich series of ludicrous situations race thru with lightning speed. Here is the stone-face Keaton as a stone-age worshiper at milady’s shrine; here he is again chasing the golf-ball as the royal and ancient game was played in the Neolithic period. The Roman episodes reveal a funny chariot race.

We could continue citing the highlights of this comedy gem. Be it said that it does not contain a single dull moment. Buster is always in character and his expression is as wooden as ever. Norma Talmadge’s protégé, Margaret Leahy, the English girl, appears opposite the comedian and performs fairly well. Wallace Beery is Keaton’s foil—and a very good one. “Three Ages”? One of the funniest comedies of the silversheet.

The Self-Made Wife

How often have you seen this one—telling as it does the conflict in the home between a husband who progresses while his wife stands still? It is pigeon-holed in nearly every producer’s desk—to be lugged out when there is a dearth of plot material. Having seen it so many times, surely you will anticipate every move. You will wonder why the wife, contrary to her sex—is able to continue in the old rut when good fortune gives her the opportunity to take her place in society. The husband is not a member of any Rotary or Kiwanis club. He strikes his success in oil—which spouts in the first scene. Then he has the audaciously bad manners to bring a social secretary into the home to make over his wife. A mild bit of conflict

Tom Mix has been given a cinematic holiday from ranch life in “Soft Boiled.” It is a breezy and bright picture, tho its incident suffers from repetition.
Critical Paragraphs Which Serve As Guides to Better Pictures

—hardly an angry word, to be exact—and it is over. The human note is missing here, and the scenes are unbalanced. New York is the locale, but what about those California mountains in the background? Colorless interpretation doesn't help it any.

Soft Boiled

Tom Mix has been given a holiday away from ranch life. He blossoms forth as a comedian in a breezy effort of farcical trimmings—playing the rôle of a tempestuous cowboy who, to gain a snug inheritance, must control his temper for a period of thirty days. Temptation is placed in his path and again, but he releases his energy by indulging in intensive training for the eventful day when his probation expires—so that he may properly punish his tormentors. Not far removed from the "Brewster's Millions" formula, is it? Heroes on probation figure in screen stories with monotonous regularity. However, "Soft Boiled" is breezy and bright, tho the incident suffers from repetition. One thing in its favor—it releases Mix from the saddle and gives his trigger finger a rest.

The Purple Highway

Will someone please find a story for Madge Kennedy? Before she retired from the screen a few seasons ago this able pantomimist was buried in asinine plots and characters. They may have precipitated her retirement. She has staged a come-back in a sentimental gesture, adapted from the stage play, "Dear Me." The piece is colorless, aside from the star's very charming performance. She manages to appear really convincing as an orphan drudge, given to day-dreaming—who has a musical comedy written for her by a group of artists posing as quite destitute. The effort is sticky with sentiment, especially in its titles. And it does not resemble the original in its major scenes. A fireworks celebration is introduced which is not incidental to the plot. And a conventional ending places it in the mediocre class. Monte Blue and Pedro de Cordoba succeed in looking properly mournful as the artists. In closing we again deplore Madge Kennedy being handicapped by such a trite affair.
A Gentleman of Leisure

This picture is as polite and slow as its title—and surely won't make much impression upon an active spectator. In fact, it is hard to keep the sandman away, so dull and passive are its plot and characters. The frailness of the idea may be imagined when we say that the story revolves around a wager made by an idle clubman with his friends that he can obtain a photo of a sweet young thing within a specified time. The opus—an ideal selection for Jack Holt, sure in his poise, develops a brief crook note when the clubman employs a second-story man to help him get the photograph. The mild complications present a counterplot which concerns a family of impoverished Britishers pursuing the girl. Some stolen jewels figure in the climax. It will be easily forgotten since it leaves no trace upon the memory.

McGuire of the Mounted

There's only one motive in a plot of the Mounted and it concerns the w. k. slogan—"Get Your Man!" There are no variations possible with such a hackneyed theme. Indeed, the sponsors haven't attempted to dress up the title to disguise the plot. William Desmond is the Redcoat who is married off to a dance-hall girl while he is drugged—only to be rescued from his plight by the girl herself when she realizes he is in love with a little wildflower of the woods. Here are the familiar ingredients—the desperate hangers-on of the honky-tonk, a wild ride or three, the good cure, and the dance-hall girls. Desmond is developing an eunuch point which makes his uniform fit altogether too snugly.

The French Doll

Irene Bordoni's French farce-comedy, "The French Doll," did not carry any screen possibilities in the original, but Frances Marion, who adapted it, has written into it enough sparkle and substance to make it fairly fascinating in its new form. Mae Murray, who can be as "Frenchy" as anyone we can name, succeeds in indulging her nervous temperament to the full. A little relaxation now and then would not do her any harm—for it's seldom that she suggests poise. She has her dancing moments—and other moments when she pouts and frets. The theme deals with the pursuit of riches by a Frenchman and his daughter—the latter being used as the matrimonial bait. The elusive American is caught in due time and it is over. An elaborate picture with emphasis placed upon bizarre sets and costumes—a little sauce and paprika. Not substantial, but adequate in its liveliness.

The Love Piker

A boresome, sugar-coated pill which treats of a snobbish society girl who falls in love with an engineer in her father's company. How simple—how
naive! You know just what will follow. The idea is a stupid one at best—and it is developed with all its stupidity intact. What could be more feeble than parading this girl around in summer finery at the wheel of her car—crying on this conflict in her breast—whether she should marry the engineer or not because his father smokes a pipe and has an uncouth speech? Anita Stewart plays this haughty creature in a singsong manner and William Norris, with a badly fitting toupee, does not suggest the boorish pater. An extremely dull picture and a sure cure for insomnia.

Hollywood

And so it has come to pass that the real Hollywood has come to the screen in a story at once fanciful and real—a story which seems like fiction, yet at the same time can be accepted as genuine. Rather than follow the conventional pattern of placing a screen-struck girl on the road to stardom, the authors make her an utter failure. In drawing her this way—they have realized all the whimsy, humor and pathos which the character suggests. A perfectly dovetailed story of a family from the Middle-West—the daughter dreaming her fancies that she belongs on the screen. So the decrepit grandfather is packed off to Hollywood for his health. There is logic in taking her to the studio city—and once there she goes from lot to lot, meeting all the celebrities from Chaplin to Negri—from Doug and Mary to Ben Turpin. And the casting director disappoints her. The quaint humor is revealed in her colorful relatives getting immediate work before the camera. The old man undergoes a complete metamorphosis.

This picture is novel and rich, expertly written and adapted, and directed by James Cruze with a real sympathetic treatment. The elements of pathos and humor are finely balanced and the incident and details are embroidered with vital cinema trimmings. No hokum here—such as making the fair protagonist pursued by a human wretch before she emerges a star—no exposure of studio tricks. Indeed Cruze does not disclose the contents of his magic box. But he does wave the magic wand—and the result is a fanciful, novel, quaint, humorous, most interesting exposition of the reactions of a film-struck girl who is forced to register keen disappointment.

A large gallery of stars stalk across the screen for a brief moment or two. Yet with their personalities they are unable to dwarf the compelling adventures of the girl—who admirably limns the character in search of fame. She is unknown to you and so is the old man. But hereafter Hope Dawn and Luke Cosgrave will have to be reckoned with among the players of Paramount's stock company. It's a picture carrying a perfect co-ordination of plot and characterization—perfect co-operation of director and

(Continued on page 116)
Honeymoons in motion-picture circles are frequently spent with the bride and groom hundreds of miles away from each other. When James Kirkwood married Lila Lee out in Los Angeles a month or so ago, it was immediately preceding his departure to a distant clime where the exteriors of his next picture are being filmed. Lila, busy at the studio, had to remain in California.

Until the last moment Miss Lee and Mr. Kirkwood would make no announcement about their plans... but even so their nuptials came hardly in the nature of a surprise. Everyone suspected it. Mr. Kirkwood, who has been married twice before, is forty years old while Miss Lee is only eighteen.
That's Out
By TAMAR LANE

A New Little Mary?

Has a real successor to Mary Pickford at last arrived on the screen horizon in the person of another little Mary—Mary Philbin? Forecasting that an actress may at some future date be able to fill the celluloid shoes of Mary Pickford is, generally speaking, at best a rash prediction. There have been countless numbers of successors-to-Mary announced from time to time over a course of almost ten years, chief among whom were Marguerite Clarke, Mary Miles Minter, and May MacAvoy. While many of these were charming and talented actresses, they never evidenced the sparks of dramatic fire necessary to warrant a belief of their some day inheriting Mary's crown. At least this has been my personal conclusion, and so far as I have ever felt or written, none of these players has ever been accorded potentialities for screen supremacy. Mary Philbin in "Merry-Go-Round" is the only actress who has ever evidenced to any fair degree the powers of the Mary Pickford of early Biograph days, and her work in this production alone shows Philbin to be a player of not only tremendous charm, sincerity, and spirituality, but an actress of almost infinite possibilities.

To say that Mary Philbin, or any other actress, can succeed Mary Pickford to the extent of surpassing Pickford's achievements or usurping her throne is an absurd statement that could be made only by prejudiced persons or numskulls. Not only is Mary far the greatest actress of her time but it is doubtful if the silent drama will ever know of another artist who will parallel her feats and stand out so conspicuously and consistently above all contemporary players. The only thing that can be looked forward to is the arrival of a screen player who can to some degree fill the vacancy that will be left in the shadow stage upon the retirement of Mary Pickford from the screen, or at least from the type of roles in which she gained her immortality. Mary Philbin, I think, is the only one who has shown prospects of such capabilities. Everything will now depend upon the manner in which the young actress is managed and tutored. Just as Mary MacAvoy, Betty Compson, and even Mary Miles Minter, had inherent capacities for development and the ability to do better things, but have been sidetracked into mediocrity because of poor management, so can the career of Mary Philbin, now a player of immature and susceptible years, be completely ruined if not placed in the right hands and given the proper stories.

Chaplin as a Tragedian

According to announcements, Charlie Chaplin intends to forego comedy in the near future to try his hand at serious drama. It is possible he is making a big mistake. In comedy he stands head and shoulders above the rest of the buffoons. He cannot hope to do the same in the dramatic field.
A RADICAL DEPARTURE IN PHOTOPLAYS

A novel experiment will be tried on the screen when "The Test," an original photoplay by Lenore J. Coffey, is presented in film form. To prove that large casts and sets are unnecessary in the silent drama, Miss Coffey has written a photoplay in which only five characters appear in the entire length of the film and in which only three different sets are used. This is often done on the stage and there is no reason why it cannot be accomplished on the screen if the story, situations, and characters are powerful enough to sustain the interest of the spectator consistently enough to make him forget about the scenery and settings. Miss Coffey is the author of "Havoc," and "Daytime Wives."

MORE HINTS FOR DIRECTORS

It is the little touches of life and the presenting of little human details which distinguish the great director and give originality and individuality to his work. This being the case I have at great expense of time and labor gathered together a unique collection of sure-fire touches to be used as a sort of aid to busy directors. Here are a few of them:

1. For a catchy little scene of heart interest, show a close-up of a naked baby being washed in his tub.
2. No matter how poor the heroine is, be sure she wears the finest silk hosiery—they look so much better.
3. In establishing the demise of an individual, have some one pull a sheet over his face.

(Continued on page 93)
The New Motion Picture

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Today when people say that the motion picture is still in its infancy, the remark is termed a bromide. But, bromide or no bromide, they speak truly if they use the word infancy as an expression of development. For the motion picture which we see on the screen today is only a nucleus of what the new motion picture will be. So the "Motion Picture Magazine" plans to use a series of articles, of which this is the third, giving some idea of what may be expected from the cinema in the early years to come.

III. PICTURES IN NATURAL COLORS

By

HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

In the summer I live in a hundred-and-fifty-year-old farmhouse way up in the Connecticut hills. The nearest railway station is three miles distant. The school is more than two miles away. Before—twenty-five years ago—before there were telephones, or automobiles, or Rural Free Delivery, or phonographs, or motion pictures—our little Redding for its transportation depended on its buggies and surreys and farm wagons; for its communication on a weekly visit to the Post Office; for information on the contents of McGuffey's Readers crammed in the little red schoolhouse; for news on the Danbury News; for pictures on old steel-engravings stiffly depicting History and the woodcuts to be found in religious tracts. The world outside of Redding was more or less of a delicious mystery which the imaginative pictured as being more wonderful than it really was, and the unimaginative didn't give a "cuss" about it.

Today all that archaic isolation is changed. Even Redding feels a responsibility for the naughty world on its rural conscience and worries over the scare-heads in the evening papers—which it gets the following morning, strains its back cranking Fords, refuses to milk the cows on Daylight Saving Time; its sons desert the farms and run away to the cities, and its daughters marry summer boarders, and the farm hands "foller the movies."

Thus it may be gathered that complex modern life has penetrated the hard-shell haunts of the wooden nutmeg, no less than it has the age-old resting-place of the late Tutankhamen.

But Redding has progressed even further than that. Only last week I hitched up my motor-car one evening and drove the whole family down to the district school. It was not a mere lantern-slide show, nor an ordinary, every-day black-and-white motion picture film that we saw—but a super-film, a motion picture in natural colors! While we were seeing this phenomenon, Godowsky played Gounod for us—on the phonograph! Why leave the farm, son?

There have been all sorts of experimental attempts to reproduce pictures in color. The earliest process was evolved in 1889—antedating the motion picture itself by several years—by which objects in color were thrown upon a screen in stereopticon form.

From the moment of the advent of the motion picture, renewed attempts were made to reproduce moving objects in their natural colors. Each little picture on the strip of film is called a "frame": there are sixteen frames to the foot. The first attempt to photograph in color was made by an Englishman. His theory lay in separating three primary colors which compose white light: red, green and violet. He devised a three-colored wheel that revolved before the lens of the camera. By this method, each frame would have contained the full quota of differentiated color. Results were imperfect and the process was abandoned.

The next inventors to try their hand at colored motion-picture photography, were Messrs. Lee and Turner who in 1899 patented a process using two primary colors. Given color depends upon the length and rapidity of rays of light vibrating at high tension. Red is resultant from long rays of light and violet from short. When the inventors exposed the film to these varying lights and it was afterward developed, it was discovered that because of the unevenness of response to the long and short rays, an impractically uneven image resulted. Correct exposure would be obvious in one frame while the next perhaps would be too thin to print at all.

The inventors were obliged to begin their work all over again. They kept at it until they had discovered a way of making a film that would be equally photographically sensitive to all lengths of light rays. But when projection was attempted—with two colored frames of the identical image employed—at the usual rate of speed to which the black-and-white film was subjected, it was found to be much too slow to blend the colors into a fixed perspective. An effort was made to project pictures thru the standard types of projectors at a higher rate of speed. But the ordinary

(Continued on page 95)
Alice Brady believes she has solved the problem of combining motherhood and a career nicely. She has purchased a charming colonial house facing Long Island Sound, out Great Neck Way. This affords the proper home for her son and heir, Donald William Crane, and is easy motoring distance from Broadway and the theaters.
At present electric lights shining over Broadway spell the name of Alice Brady. She is starring in "Zander the Great," a stage play which won praise from both the critics and the public. And the role it offers her is quite different from anything she has ever before attempted . . . light comedy, interspersed with highly dramatic moments.

Wednesday and Saturday afternoons are barren spots in the young life of Donald Crane. For these days hold matinees and take his mother into the city. The evening performances he doesn't object to because the motor which takes his stellar maternal parent into town doesn't even arrive at the door until he is off to dreamland . . .

However, . . . "Zander the Great" is scheduled to go on tour so that the countless admirers and followers of Mother Alice may enjoy her in her new effort. But the chances are that it will generally be possible for a few days at Great Neck now and then . . . over Sundays and between engagements.
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, it is requested that this be specified

Regarding stalwart heroes!

Dear Editor: Just a little criticism from a constant movie patron: I saw a film where the hero is supposed to fight about twelve or fifteen men. Isn’t it insulting human intelligence to think that anything like that can be done?

Miss Elsa Geschwind
500 East 55th St., New York City.

A letter which asks for beauty and romance on the screen:

Dear Editor: Lately we have been hearing a great deal about humanness in picture and true-to-life films. Mostly, such pictures are about plain people with every-day habits and small resources. I don’t know whether these pictures make money or not, but they certainly do not take here. I think most people like myself like to see a good story with beautiful sets, costumes and good-looking stars. How much ugliness and so-called humanness do we see about us? I can’t see much use for homely actors unless they’re so good that they make one forget their looks.

I am always for Mary Pickford, but I prefer her dress-up parts to any others. How fine she would be as Juliet. Richard Barthelmess seems to be the screen’s best actor and is much more enjoyable in plays like “The Bright Shawl” than any others. Wouldn’t he make a wonderful Ben-Hur? Why don’t we have “Kenilworth” with a Rex Ingram cast? Or “Ivanhoe”? What couldn’t Griffith do with “The Last Days of Pompeii,” with the Gishes? And Dorothy Gish has proven herself equal to any kind of rôle. She should star as Lydia the blind flower girl.

I have written this letter to let you know that there are a great many fans hungry for beauty and I think especially in their stars. I wish each month your reliable critic would select for us the really worth-while pictures in a department by themselves so we could tell just which picture was worth our time or better than which other picture.

May “Gloria,” Dorothy Gish, Betty Compson, Mary Miles Minter, Antonio Moreno, Lloyd Hughes. Barthelmess and all the other beautiful and handsome stars enjoy a lengthy success.

Yours truly,

Chalmers Davidson
Chester, S. C.

A constant movie patron writes “Recently I saw a film in which the hero is supposed to fight about twelve or fifteen men. Isn’t it insulting human intelligence to think anything like that can be done?”

About this and that with praise for the motion-picture.

Dear Editor: After reading with interest the enthusiastic comments, pro and con, about filmdom’s constellation, I cannot resist the temptation to join in the fray and air my opinions. If I seem to challenge anyone, I would certainly welcome any arguments as to my views.

I have noticed the ebullient praise for, and the determined prejudice against, the various stars, and it seems to be a significant fact that in most of the letters published the writers find it a hard matter to give an impersonal opinion and be just to those whom they dislike. (Throw the bricks gently, please.)

I am very interested in the motion-picture industry, that

A constant movie patron writes “Recently I saw a film in which the hero is supposed to fight about twelve or fifteen men. Isn’t it insulting human intelligence to think anything like that can be done?”

Several opinions and a tirade against the censorship which contrives many pictures of vitality

Dear Editor: Along about this time of the year I get the Movie Madness. I state this to explain why I am writing to you. I am not what is called a movie fan but I go to all the pictures merely to show a possibility of entertaining one. I am interested primarily in the legitimate stage but it is very seldom that anything of worth along that line comes to town and so I must content myself with the movies. I average about three a week.

Sincerely yours,

[Name]
121 E. Georgia Ave., Atlanta, Ga.
“It gives a jewel-like glisten I like” — MARY NASH

Today beautiful women everywhere are adding the dainty refinement of glistening rose lustre to their finger tips. Mary Nash, who is so famous for her beautiful hands, insists on having a jewel-like glisten on her rosy nails. That is why she is so enthusiastic about the new Liquid Polish which Cutex has perfected.

Besides, she says, “I find the new Cutex Liquid Polish so convenient. It spreads on thin and evenly and dries quickly.”

It has been planned so carefully that the polish will spread quickly and smoothly. It never leaves ridges or sticky brush marks, but gives an even and beautifully lustrous polish.

The rose brilliancy of Cutex Liquid Polish will last for a week. No matter how often you have your hands in water, the shine will not grow dull or fade, and best of all it will not crack or peel off. You can always be certain that your nails will have the same jewel-like lustre.

No need for a separate polish remover

When you give yourself a fresh manicure with Cutex Liquid Polish, you need not bother with a separate remover to take off the old polish. Just one little touch of the polish itself, then wipe off each nail while it is still wet and you are ready for the new application with its smooth and shining rose surface.

“I find the new Cutex Liquid Polish so convenient. It spreads on thin and evenly and dries quickly. It gives a jewel-like glisten I like when I want my nails brilliant.”

If you wish to enjoy the same niceness of grooming that Mary Nash and many famous beauties find so delightful, you can buy Cutex Liquid Polish as well as any of the other Cutex preparations at any department or drug store in the United States and Canada and chemist shops in England. You can get it separately at 35c or in the $1.00 and $3.00 sets. Sets with other polishes are 60c and $1.50.

Special Introductory Set including this new polish—now 12c

You may have a special introductory set that includes trialsizes of Cutex Cuticle Remover, the new Liquid Polish, Powder Polish, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), emery board and orange stick by simply filling out this coupon and sending 12c in coin or stamps. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. M-11, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal, Canada.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12c TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. M-11
114 West 17th St., New York
I enclose 12c in stamps or coin for new Introductory Set that includes a trial size of the new Cutex Liquid Polish.

Name ____________________________

Street ____________________________

(or P. O. box) ____________________________

City ____________________________ State ____________________________
She drew an amazing pay check and no longer cared for flivvers. Splendid and lovely young men pursued her on the silverscreen instead of cock-eyed comedians. Sonny faded out of the picture.

She is engaged to be married, now it is persistently if unofficially announced, to Kenneth Harlan.

Male or female? You can tell the sheiks from the flappers on Hollywood boulevards this fall. They both wear pants.

The startling fashion, which will no doubt strike the whole country with a bang, was started by a dashing little extra movie girl, name unknown, at a Los Angeles beach resort. She wore white duck, close-fitting pants, sportily fixed out with a three-color web belt, a watch and fob, and a perfectly wonderful crease. The thing took on like typhoid. Within a week not a beach beauty but that promenaded in long slinky pants, some of them bell-bottomed, some of them—the ample-hipped ones—without belts, none of them, however, with suspenders.

And the thing is no longer confined to the beaches. Enterprise stores in Los Angeles are advertising white flannels and serges for both men and women. There are conservative women's pants and gorgeous daring, slit, crimson-gusseted affairs, and all of them sell like hot cakes.

Some of the girls look very, very cute in them, but it must also be admitted that some of them look terrible. Close-fitting pants look bad enough on a fat man, but on a fat woman—a!

So far no notable screen favorite has lent her viable support to the fad, but it will be done, and then all over the country women will throw away their skirts and knickers, with a wild shout. Los Angeles clothing experts say 1924 is bound to be a woman's pants year.

The long-awaited announcement of who will take the leading part in "Black Oxen" has been made. Corinne Griffith. Frank Lloyd will direct.

On the surface it looks like a terrible clash of diametrically opposed temperaments. Lloyd is a deliberate, cautious Scotchman, who never raises his voice and goes about every shot like a slow but skilled surgeon, operating. Miss Griffith is well known as one of the most uncertain, brilliant, and volatile temperaments on the screen. Probably they will get along fine, however, when you come to think of it.

Tommie Meighan is very much excited about a picture he will soon start to shoot up in Maine. The idea was conceived by Booth Tarkington and Meighan, who have been very close friends for years, during a casual conversation.

Close secrecy concerning the subject matter is maintained.

(Continued on page 103)
Their skin kept young—fresh—supple—

...season in and season out

What is the Society Woman's secret?

A woman's complexion can be very nearly perfect. It should be smooth, supple and transparently fresh and it should not betray fatigue or the effects of weather. This, if written, would be the society woman's code.

As proof of it, there is scarcely a woman of prominent social position whose age you can guess by any dullness of skin or lines.

That does not mean she does not motor or take part in whatever sports are in season. She can be a zealous sportswoman by day and appear in the evening with delicate skin unmarred. Season in and out her skin is kept delicately fresh. It is beautiful with the suppleness of youth.

Of course it requires daily care to keep their skin in this perfect condition. And perhaps this is the only "secret" of the lovely complexions that most society women are known to possess. Their skin is never allowed for a moment to deteriorate from neglect.

There are two fundamental needs of the skin that the society woman knows cannot be neglected without disaster—regular cleansing in the particular way that cannot possibly tighten or coarsen the skin and careful protection and freshening for all daytime and evening appearances.

These two essentials are the basis of the famous Pond's Method of two entirely different creams through which so many lovely women keep their skin in just the fresh, beautifully supple condition that social usage requires.

Pond's Cold Cream not only cleanses exquisitely but restores the skin's natural suppleness. Pond's Vanishing Cream not only never fails in protection but gives each time the instant beauty of smooth fresh skin under the rouge and powder.

Try this famous method—yourself.

Do this tonight. With the finger tips apply Pond's Cold Cream freely. The very fine oil in it softens your skin and penetrates every pore. Let it stay on a minute—now wipe it off with a soft cloth. The black that comes off shows you how carefully this cream cleanses. Do this twice. Your skin looks fresh and is beautifully supple.

Then in the morning, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream over your whole face. Now if you wish, rouge—powder. How smooth and velvety your face feels to your hand. What a fresh and charming complexion smiles back from the mirror. The powder is even and smooth over this flawless base.

Begin today to use Pond's Two Creams regularly to give your skin that well cared for look that distinguishes the women who must be beautiful in spite of their active social life. Buy both creams in any drug or department store. The Pond's Extract Company.

Every skin needs these two creams

Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing, Pond's Vanishing Cream to protect and to hold the powder

Generous tubes—Mail coupon with 10c today

The Pond's Extract Co., 130 Hudson St., New York—Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for introductory tubes of Pond's two creams—enough for two weeks' use.

Name
Street
City State
Songs of the Shadows

THE SECOND SHOW
By Jane Cuthrell

A whisper—laughter drifts across the dark,
A murmur, sighing; Youth, with eager eyes,
Taking its fill of Romance, of the stark
Thrill of Adventure, under alien skies.

Youth, devotee, before the changing screen,
Hand fast in hand, beneath the lights that dim,
Living a hundred lives of might-have-been,
Following Fate across the world’s far rim.

Children and lovers: Age, made young again
For this one little hour, here they sit,
Part of some fictioned rapture, fictioned pain.
While shadow pictures, dream-like, pause and flit.

Back to the shadows whence they came; and they
Who watched, must rise and, gallant, face once more,
Another night, another dawning day,
With hearts refreshed that, once, old burdens bore.

ORCHID
By Heloise M. B. Hawkins

To Ethie Ferguson
Such delicacy
Draws no sustenance from the earth,
But rather from the ethereal element.
Rainbows and dreams,
Mist and the aurora
Weave into substance and become
A palpable shape and real.

LON CHANEY
By Thomas J. Murray

You bring us pictures of the yellow East,
Shanghai and Canton, and a crowded lane
In far Amoy, where glows a lanterned feast,
Dim provinces where cherry blossoms rain.
You are a mandarin and then again
A coolie toiling in a hopeless ring;
Off in the Orient, whose lotus strain
Forever lures us like recurring Spring.

You’re not content to do the usual parts,
Strut thru in manner grand, play after play;
You sketch the anguish of the tortured hearts,
Souls with distorted frames and future grey.
And so you leave us in your precious debt.
With dear enlightenment we can’t forget.

SHADOWS
By Margaret Mayfield

A black shadow,
Wrapped in a fringed shawl,
With a Spanish comb
Thrust deep into shining locks—
A black silhouette,
Dark-eyed, dark-haired,
A boyish smile,
Curving grave lips—
And then the shadows
Meet in a soft embrace!
A sigh arises
From the audience,
As if a delicate breeze
Danced gently for a space
Across smooth waters.
Forgotten care and trouble;
Romance, intangible, evanescent,
Brushes with light wings
Each tired face.
For this recurrent miracle
More power to you,
Shadows!

THE "COMIC"
By Faith Baldwin

Here, stirred within some magic pot,
By some mad cook, who brews the lot
To bubbled mirth, entranced, we see,
Ingredients of tragedy!
Alarm and loss, assault and woe,
Devoid of somber trappings, go
In double-quick step, 'cross the screen
Obeying Destiny, unseen.

Cross-eyes, splay-foot, and tattered clothes
The mirror-screen, all ruthless, shows,
And silken stuff for sorrow makes
A cloak for laughter, that awakes
And ripples thru the house, to let
Hearts that know sorrow well, forget.

THE FAIREST SPOT
By Arthur Lawrence Bolton

I come from a spot where the skies are blue
And where stars so radiant glow,
That the little children know their names
And to them kisses throw.
I come from a spot where zephyrs soft
Thru orange blossoms blow—
The fairest spot on all the Earth;
From Hollywood, you know.
**Honeymooning in the Alps**

They stepped out on the little balcony for their first look at the Alps in the moonlight.

"They are wonderful," she sighed.

"Not so wonderful as you—"

"—and so beautiful," she added, leaning against his shoulder.

"Not so beautiful as you," he added fervently. "You are always so complete, dear. Entirely aside from your pretty clothes—you always have such a flower-like skin, and there is a faint perfume about you too, like a flower—"

She glanced shyly, "I like our honeymoon," she said quaintly.

**For "Instant Beauty"**

Every well-dressed woman today realizes that she must pay as much attention to the appearance of her skin as she does to her costume. These are women who appreciate the Pompeian Instant Beauty Quartet. The Quartet consists of Day Cream, Beauty Powder, Bloom (a rouge), and Lip Stick.

Apply according to the following order:

1. Distribute the Day Cream over the skin, covering every exposed surface. It vanishes as soon as used, leaving a delicate coating as a foundation for powder and a protection against the weather.
2. Apply the Beauty Powder next, distributing over face and neck with equal thickness. This powder is exceptionally soft and delicate, and adheres with remarkable tenacity.
3. Next select the right shade of the Bloom and blend on the cheeks in the normal places. The Orange tints give a more natural tone when blended with the Naturelle or Rachel shades of Beauty Powder.
4. The Lip Stick gives the slightly heightened tone to the mouth that is called for by accentuating the color in the cheeks with rouge. It is of a natural tone and of a consistency neither too hard nor "salve-like," Chisel-pointed end for easy, accurate application. Dainty telescoping gilt container.

Pompeian Laboratories, 2129 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

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**A Powder and Rouge Chart for Various Types of Women**

By Mme. Jeanette

I have been asked many times about how to use certain tones of powder and rouge together. Though there are always exceptions the following rules are safe to observe:

The "pink" blonde, certain "brunette-haired" women, and the brown-haired, blue-eyed women with pink flesh tones can wear to advantage Flesh or Naturelle Powder at night—in most cases use Naturelle. The Medium shade of Pompeian Bloom is used.

The ideal Spanish type has the creamy skin that has been likened to "magnolia blossoms."

Naturelle or a mixture of Naturelle and Rachel powders gains the desired effect with this skin.

Gray eyes, hazel eyes, green eyes, or blue eyes accompany a light olive skin. It is a skin that may be very "neutral" looking, or may have the greatest vivacity of all.

In the daytime this type should use the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder. Some of these women can use the Rachel shade; all of them require Rouge. The new Orange tint is the most effective for such women.

The woman is fortunate who with the dark olive tone of her skin has a very clear skin. Rachel Powder was especially made for her.

She may have a lot of "gold" color in her skin. If she has she will find that Pompeian Orange Bloom brings out the warmth and glow that no other tone will do. But if she has rather the more definitely "olive" tone she should use the Dark shade of Pompeian Bloom.

Certain auburn or red-haired women, some ash blondes, and raven-black-haired women generally have the white skin that is almost opaque in its whiteness.

Such skins—at night only—can be powdered in varying degrees of thickness, with Pompeian Beauty Powder, the White shade. The blonde and red-haired women should use with this powder the Light shade of Pompeian Bloom, placing it as nearly as possible in the manner of natural coloring.

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**Specialiste en Beaute**

Mme. Jeanette

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TEAR OFF, SIGN, AND SEND

Pompeian Laboratories, 2129 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 50c (a dime preferred) for 1924 Pompeian Art Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and the four samples named in order.

Name:

Address:

City:

State:

What shade face powder wanted?
The Costume Picture

The lights go down; the traffic in the street
Fades to a murmur; and the play begins,
Where mimic people play at mimic love
At mimic raptures and at mimic sins.

These were brave times! When kings were good and bad,
And rapiers flashed and good, red wine was spilt
With good, red blood! When Love, in wigs and rouge,
Laughed at Milord, her saucy head a-filt.

We, in the not so Gay-Romantic Age
Are grateful for this little glimpse of days
When laughter reckoned with the guillotine.
And Love walked blind-fold in a painted maze.
The Kid Is Crowned King

Presenting Several Scenes from
"Long Live the King"

Behold! The Kid is crowned King...

It is as Crown Prince Otto, and later Otto Rex, the title-role in the picturization of Mary Roberts Rinehart's famous novel, "Long Live the King," that we shall next see Jackie Coogan. Victor Schertzinger, with his sympathetic appreciation of boyhood, directed this picture which numbers in its supporting cast, Rosemary Theby, Ruth Renick and Alan Forrest.

Jackie proves as lovable in his purple and ermine, with jeweled sceptre in his baby hands, as he was in the patched breeches and ragged shoes of the rôle which brought him to the screen and fame.
No thoughtful person can, upon investigation, deny the influence of the Planets upon the human character, as thru unassailable proofs, the truth of Astrological science is being universally realized and accepted.

For uncounted ages, Philosophers have appreciated the value of its realization and thru their sincere and untiring efforts, the blind prejudice of the Eighteenth Century has merged into the clearer, fairer vision of the Twentieth; for there is nothing supernatural or false about Astrology, as it is simply a scientific explanation of the effects of the Planets upon every living being, and only when we have comprehended its theories, can we appreciate how helpful it is for us to understand our fellow man.

Scorpio (the Scorpion) October 23 to November 22 (Cusp October 23 to October 29). Mars, ruling, bestows courage, confidence and perseverance, modified by caution.

According to the opinion of the world's most prominent astrologer, the people of Scorpio are quoted as being "either angels or devils," but, fortunately, the majority of them are fine characters, strong and dignified in bearing and possessing an inexhaustable fund of sympathy which, instead of venting itself in ineffectual words, takes the much better form of clear-headed deeds that bring comfort or relief to the distressed.

Their calmness and determination give rise to the charge that they are unfeeling, but this is simply a superficial sternness, masking the real kindliness that exists in this naturally secretive nature, and altho at times they are painfully judicial and lacking in mercy when another is at fault, they are invariably just and sincere in all of their convictions.

Master Jackie Coogan, the child-wonder of the screen, was born on October 26 in Libra-Scorpio Cusp, and the chief traits bestowed upon him by these combined Planets are secretiveness and tenacity.

Restless, with a decided desire to accomplish anything that he undertakes, he could be easily antagonized and opposition would only strengthen his resolves or make him sullen and resentful; however, his keenly sensitive and compassionate (Cont'd on page 97)
Miss Helen Bruen, of Flint, Michigan, tipped the scales at 170 lbs. when a friend persuaded her to try Wallace records. In exactly 44 days she was down to 129 1/2 lbs.—had played off practically a pound a day!

Get thin to music! It CAN be done. So easily, you'll say, "Why did I wait so long before giving Wallace's method a trial?" You will be delighted with this novel way of reducing—you'll be astonished at the immediate results—your scales can show several pounds reduction the very first week! There is no uncertainty about the method—Wallace tells you how he will reduce you and how much:

What Do You Want to Weigh?
What is your height? Whatever your present weight, Wallace reducing records will reduce you to the weight indicated in this table:

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The time required to bring your weight down to normal depends somewhat on your age and individual constitution and, of course, on the number of pounds you wish removed. The average is five pounds a week. Some lose a pound a day. Others choose to go slower, and to reduce so gradually as to avoid comment, and to simplify the problem of smaller-sized clothing.

But the beauty of Wallace's method is the natural, perfectly healthy adjustment of weight—no gaunt or flabby look, no matter how fast you play off the soft, superfluous tissue. Nor is it the process wearisome, for you use these remarkable records only ten minutes a day.

Do you realize that Wallace's discovery is the result of a cause of fat and the principles that remove it has put the matter of what you shall weigh in your own hands?

You need not attend Wallace Institute to be reduced to normal proportions. The complete method is sent you with phonograph records that you yourself can use with perfect results. And the proof is free.

Your First Week's Reducing Lesson Costs Nothing!

This method of reducing is so easy, Wallace would rather demonstrate it than explain it. So the first reducing record—the regular, full-sized record is sent you for an actual test. Pay nothing, promise nothing, except to try it. If you don't lose in weight, gain in health, and improve in appearance—send it back without obligation!

On this page is a coupon that will start your actual reduction. It brings a full week's instruction—with the complete, double reducing record. Use it just a few days and the scales will tell you the rest! It is all so easy—if you only fill out and send in the coupon.

And if you take advantage of the special offer below, a weightometer will be included. This device that makes your reduction to correct proportions easier still.

This Weightometer FREE!

With a weightometer (see illustration) you have in uniquely handy form the scientifically correct figures for reducing in correct proportions. Revolving dials on both sides conform to your height, weight and age; indicator shows instantly the desired number of pounds and measurement for chest, waist, hips, etc.

Prompt use of the coupon brings a weightometer without charge; one will be included with the reducing record, chart, and other material for your free test.

Send No Money, Just Your Name For a Week's Complete Reducing Lesson, Record and All!

Just mail the coupon and get Wallace's first reducing record (in a plain container) free for 5 days' trial in your home. Put Wallace's method to the test. Note your reduction in 5 days. Let the scales tell you. If you are not more than delighted and amazed with your reduction and the ease with which it was made, just return the record at Wallace's expense and you won't owe him a cent for anything. Fill out and mail the coupon and be prepared for a wonderful surprise.
Greenroom Jottings

Brief Items Which Tell the News at a Glance

JANE COWL said, “No” emphatically when approached with an offer for the screen during her recent Western appearance on the stage in “Romeo and Juliet.” We are glad she did. Having seen and—heard her as Juliet, we should hate to subtract her voice from her performance.

If you will accept the tilt of a lawyer’s eyebrow for authority, the divorce of Irene Castle from her wealthy, hard-waring husband, R. E. Treman, has been pulled off in Paris in true temperamental, Continental style. Irene beat her ex-husband back to the sweet land of liberty—only we are dubious whether Irene was sure that she was liberty bound, that is, whether she had really gotten her divorce or not, and so Irene refused to talk. On the next boat along came Mr. Treman, accompanied by his lawyer, and they too refused to talk, until the metropolitan newspaper reporters began to apply the screws. Then the lawyer’s eyebrow registered the confirmation of the divorce quite effectively, and later, when clippings were produced from the Paris papers, citing the court record, speech followed the eyebrow code. “That settles it,” said the lawyer, “what more do you want?” And the reporters didn’t want anything, they merely rose in their usual bland manner and remarked to Mr. Treman: “Miss Castle said she would never marry anyone else but you, even if she were divorced from you.” At which Mr. Treman colored, and his lawyer, to the rescue, complimented Irene on her gallantry.

But Mildred Harris, Charlie Chaplin’s ex-wife, is going to marry again and she doesn’t care who knows it. He’s a rich New Yorker, a Wall Street broker, only she won’t tell his name—yet.

It is rumored that Charles Ray plans to go on the stage for a brief season in a footlight version of his photo-dramatic hit—“The Girl I Love.” Meanwhile Glenn Hunter reaches the silver sheet by way of the footlights. Glenn is doing the lead in “West of the Water Tower” in the Paramount Long Island Studio by day, and acting “Merton of the Movies” at the Cort Theater at night. Life is just one act after another for Glenn now.

We have seen Jackie Coogan in “Circus Days.” We went loaded down with handkerchiefs—expecting to mop up the tears of all the youngsters sitting in our immediate neighborhood. We remembered how we had wept when we read “Circus Days” years ago under the title of “Toby Tyler,” and we knew that other boys and girls had wept copiously too, for Harpers, the publishers, reported that hundreds of pennies had been sent them toward paying poor Toby’s way home. One little miss sending two, in a velvet bag made by herself. But—“Circus Days” didn’t make us weep—it made us laugh and (Continued on page 80)
The Answer Man

SEñORITA.—Bienvenid! John Bowers is with Ince. Claire Adams was born in Winnipeg, Canada, and educated in England and Canada. She first played in "The Spirit of the Red Cross." Yes, Principal Pictures are to make "Hiawatha."

ROCHESTER.—I should say your question is problematical. In "Victory," I should say that Conrad means that by the death of both the hero and the girl, they have been made victorious over the enemies who have been pursuing them so long. Thanks indeed for the compliment.

ANN.—You went to come to New York, and you did read that "a two-year-old New Yorker fell five stories unhurt, thereby showing that if you choose your direction you can avoid traffic safely. Take my advice and don't try it. You may be fifteen, but there is very little opportunity for you to get into pictures.

SWEET SIXTEEN.—Well, one advantage of living on a farm is that you can live off it. Carlyle Blackwell is thirty-five, and Betty Compson is playing in "The Woman with Four Faces." Why Laura Bell was one of the sweetest heroines in English literature—Thackeray's "Pendennis." Fannie Ward's "The Hardest Way" is to be revived. Call again.

LA CLAIRE.—Thanks for the gum. Every chew will be a thought of you. So your pet ambition is to be a ballet dancer. Watch out for your diet. So you think Monte Blue was marvellously natural and his gestures and facial expressions were just what we see in real life in his "Main Street." He was splendid. Betty Compson is five feet two. His real name is Ramon Sammanyagos. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is thirteen. Clever last year's You.

BETTY H. LAKEWOOD.—Well you just tell your friend that women are made to be loved, and not to be understood. Lila Lee is with Famous Players, Forrest Stanley with Goldwyn, Paulineahren with Vitagraph, Madame Bellamy with Ince, and Milton Sills with Universal.

THE NIGHT OWL.—O wise one, the only thing that one really knows about human nature is that it makes changes. Yes, and now Nicholas St. John is to make a picture dealing with the drug evils, and it will probably be released as "The Devil's Needle." Her "Ashes of Vengeance" is a magnificent thing. Super!

FANNIE P.—You want to know if a chicken-house and an egg-plant are the same? Hey there. Fan, put on the skids—you're slipping! Claire Windsor is with Goldwyn, and Mae Murray with Metro. Yes, Marjorie Daw has bobbed her hair. Why not!

WALLY, DOT AND BILLY.—How are the three of you? Well I am not quite blues-proof. I get them myself once in a while. Yes, Billy Reid has blue eyes. Tommy Douglas in "Free Air." Marjorie Seamon was the leading woman. Yes, there are various correspondance clubs, just send a stamped addressed envelope to me for a list of their addresses. Come again!

J. J. B.—Well, narrowness of the cause of obstinacy—we do not easily believe what is beyond our sight. Wallace Reid as "The Blacksmith," in "The Birth of a Nation." Gertrude Olmstead and John Gilbert will play in "Cameo Kirby." Conway Tearle, Mildred Davis and Corinne Griffith in "Black Oxen."

ELEANOR S.—Oh yes, Walt Whitman was an American poet born in West Hills, L. I. He was one-time editor of the Brooklyn Eagle, a daily newspaper. His "Leaves of Grass" was one of his finest works. He died at Camden, N. J. Anna Nilsson is five feet six; Norma Shearer, five feet seven; Lila Lee, five feet three; Katherine MacDonald, five feet eight. Constance Talmadge five feet five; Betty Compson five feet two; Pearl White five feet six and Alice Joyce five feet seven. I hope they all measure up to your expectations.

FLAPPER.—You can address Valentino at 50 W. 67th Street, New York City. He has signed up with the Ritz-Carleton Productions. I beg to sign myself the obedient servant, The A. M. DIXIE JEFFREYS—Bon jour! Yes, I'm as happy as can be expected, except that I'm worrying about how the farmers are going to keep the dust out of the potatoes' eyes. Ramon Navarro is with Metro, and Johnnie Walker in "Children of the Dust."

JUNE IN ALBANY.—Well, Albany is the capital of New York, and is the oldest city in the U. S. It received its present name in the year 1604, in honor of James, Duke of York and Albany, who afterward mounted the throne of England as James II. Victoria Forde is Mrs. Tom Mix, and Conway Tearle was in "The Common Law." Madge Bellamy in "The Cup of Life." No I don't mind answering questions. I've sort of grown used to it after these twelve or thirteen years.

BETTY S.—Charles G. Norris's "Bread" is a novel of the woman in business. No, I haven't read it. Basil Sidney was Tom Wilson, Edward Connelly and Mae Collins in "Wife of a Bachelor." Mae Marsh, Bobbie Harron, H. B. Walthall and Lillian Gish in "Birth of a Nation." You're welcome.

HELEN M. R.—You know that man argues woman may not be trusted too far; woman feels man cannot be trusted too near. Doris Kenyon in "Reckless Wives." The title doesn't suit her.

CANADIAN FAAN.—But Lillian Gish is her real name. Her first important picture was "The Birth of a Nation." Didn't you know that Queen Elizabeth hated Mary, Queen of Scots; she kept her in prison eighteen years, and then caused her to be put to death, A.D. 1587, Mary Eaton of the Follies will make her screen debut in Bebe Daniels' "His Children's Children."

RUDYNE.—You are afflicted with cacaesthesa scribendi. No, D. W. Griffith has not produced "The Traitor." Constance Talmadge in "Duley," and "The Dangerous Age." Dorothy Mackall with Roscoe Arbuckle in "Tillie's Punctured Romance."

ANBEE.—Come, cheer up, to be loved as in books is only a dream. So you would like to be funny like Mr. Aubrey. So would I. Thomas Meighan in "Woman Proef.‖ Lila Lee and Mary for opposite him.

WALLY'S FAITHFUL.—No, I have never been to China. I should like to go sometime. Yes, and under the direction of an American director China is building its pictures on the world's largest mints, which will be able to coin fourteen tons of silver a day. And they call it filthy lucre. Sorry, but I cannot give you the nationalities of the players you mention. Don't feel sorry for me, I'm smiling.

IX-BR.—Yes, I am bally enough to know better. And you think I ought to have someone to look after me. Yes, I'm still living in my hall-room. Lois Wilson was educated at Alabama Normal School, but she might have attended Maryville College, Tenn. Thomas Meighan in "The Forbidden City." You write a mighty fine letter.

MRS. R. P. L.—You have a very sweet disposition. Good temper calms the wheels of life. Jeanie McPherson, Lois Weber, Frances Marion, Anita Loos, June Mathis all write scenarios. You can reach Hoot Gibson at Universal Company, Universal City, Cal. AUBREY.—I don't know what kind of straw a farmer uses for strawberries. Marjorie Daw was Margaret House; Vola Vale was Vola Smith and Lila Lee was Augusta Apple before they changed their names. Baby Marie Osborne is not playing right now, yes, Julia Ward Howe wrote "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and Maine was formerly a part of New Hampshire.

RICHARD P. W.—You write a most interesting letter. Glad to know what pictures you liked and didn't like. You must go to see "Merton of the Movies"—it is enjoyable. Red Heads were great—I like to hear jokes, they put pep into me. Write again.

MRS. P. ROXIE.—Thanks for all you say. You just tell that husband of yours that a good wife and health are a man's best wealth. Yes, we're all glad to see J. Warren back again.

JIM.—Well, since you speak of it, my aim is to give you facts; my object is to explain them and make them clear; my method is to say common things in an uncommon way; my ambition is still to try even if I often fail. Mabel Julianna Scott is twenty—
five; Dorothy Gish is playing with Lillian in "Romola." Richard
Barthelmess is twenty-eight. Thanks for yours.

MOVIE FANNY.—Here, here, here, Fan, you want me to help you
with your homework? —Yes, I am a bit too late.
R. S. D.—Thanks, but write Phyllis Haver at 521 Emmett
Terrace, Hollywood, Cal.

GEORGE PEACH.—And they sure are! And the only way to
have a friend is to be one. And a friend should bear her
infirmities. No, Pola Negri is not married. Ethel Shannon play-
ning in "Maytime" for Preferred Pictures. Harrison Ford and
Clara Bow are also in the cast.

AHA F.—None for the, thanks! Man proposes and the woman
imposes. Constance Talmadge is twenty-three and has been
married, weights 120. Norma has bobbed hair. "One's past is
what one is. It is the only way by which people should be judged," was
said by Oscar Wilde, but I can't agree.

FIRECRACKER.—You just bet I liked J. Warren Kerrigan in
"The Covered Wagon." He was superb, and so were Ernest
Torrence and Tully Marshall. It was a fine picture. James Kirk-
wood in "Wild Oranges." Irene Rich and Monte Blue in "Lucretia
Lombard."

ANNA P.—Man's heart beats 92,160 times in a day. That's
giving some for any woman. Robert Gordon in "The Rosary."
Most of the players you mention are with Famous Players.

PAULINE S.—Emerson says, "He is a strong man who can hold
down his opinions." Out with them, so write to me often. Agnes
Allen was Annie Elise in "The Riders of Anathesia." Constance
Talmadge in "The Dangerous Maid." — Behe Daniels in "His
Children's Children." Alice Terry in "The Four Horsemen." L. R.—
Perhaps we admire a beautiful soul more than a beauti-
ful body. After all, it's so hard. Are you going to make
more of Ramon Navarro. Pronounce it Lila-long. You
are right about May McAvoy; she is to play opposite Glenn
Hunter in "West of the Water Tower."

James A. S.—Certainly. But religion is just
enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love
one another. Blanche Sweet is with Goldwyn. Raymond McKee
is in California right now. Louis Calhern with Universal. You're
right, buttmilk three times a day.

GERALDINE FARRAR ADMIRER.—I have no title, alphabetical or
otherwise. If I were to have some letters appended to my illus-
trated name, I would prefer A. O. L. — Clara Young.
She was born in Chicago. Playing in "Cordelia the Magnificent."

ELIZABETH A. H. G.—Aha, patience is a flower that grows not
every garden. So Thomas Meighan is your favorite, because
he looks like your son. It's not only the mothers that admire
him you know. I expect he will come to Philadelphia again some
time. Let me hear from you some more.

Judy.—Send me a wire. The first permanent Atlantic cable
was laid in 1866 connecting Ireland with Newfoundland. Of
course I listen in at the radio. Be careful what you say. No
Lloyd Hughes is no relation to Garrett Hughes. Lloyd Hamilton
is to play in Griffith's next picture in place of Al Jolson.
Cast: There are substitute parts, so hard. And you want
more of Ramon Navarro. Pronounce it Lila-long. You
are right about May McAvoy; she is to play opposite Glenn
Hunter in "West of the Water Tower."

STARLIGHT.—I don't remember who said "Marry your son when
you will, young people. A Claire Young.
She was born in Chicago. Playing in "Cordelia the Magnificent."

ELIZABETH A. H. G.—Aha, patience is a flower that grows not
every garden. So Thomas Meighan is your favorite, because
he looks like your son. It's not only the mothers that admire
him you know. I expect he will come to Philadelphia again some
time. Let me hear from you some more.

Mrs. M. H.—Yes, William S. Hart is playing in "Wild Bill
Hickok" from a story written by himself. Right now I feel like
it. An artesian well is made by boring into the earth. There
is one in Missouri four thousand feet deep.

Bee.—All men have their faults and foibles; and whoever looks
for a friend without imperfections, will never find what he seeks.
We love ourselves, notwithstanding our faults, and we ought to
love our friends in like manner. Broncho Billy Anderson was
dated, and June Beulah J. Scott with Universal. Warren
Kerrigan with Universal, and not married. Write me any time.

Dixie.—But never you mind, for I always reserve my meatiest
moods for those I love best, as everybody else does. Ken-
not Harlan at Zenith and Selma Productions, 3000 Mission Road,
Los Angeles, Cal. Gaston Glass is also at that address, while
Jacqueline Logan is with Famous Players.

Alice.—But good taste springs more from the brain than from intellec-

tual aggressiveness. Kathlyn Perry. Tom Moore to Renée Adorée. Barbara LaMarr
is twenty-nine. — Thanks and maudlin to Jack Daugh-
berry. Bert Lott married. Evelyn Vaughn. Shirley Mason is
twenty-three. married to Ber-

The Eagle's Feather" with Mary Alden, Crawford Kent, James
Kirkwood and Elinor Fair.

Eva T.—Don't rush the child. You know the reason so few women are touched by friendship is that they do it the way that
they have experienced love. Most women have. Elaine Hammer-
stein in "Drums of Jeopardy." Thanks for the joke, I saw the
point.

Freckles.—Yes, it was Mark Twain who said "Henry the
Eighth was famous for being a great widower having lost several
wives, and that ammonia was food for the gods." Dorothy
and Lillian are playing together now. "Asles of Vengeance" had a
run at the Lyric Theater in New

convoy AMIRER.—You're
right, a little wit in the head makes much more
for the feet. No, I never went to col-
lege. Did you think I did. Nearest I ever got
to was at the football games. You

(Continued on page 100)
Avoid the Hidden Danger that Spoils Your Pretty Skin

How that “Last Touch” to One’s Skin Can Undo All the Care that Has Gone Before, and the Way to Avoid It

WOMEN will learn with amaze-
ment the recent disclosures
now being made known in re-
gard to their use of the indispensable
face powder. A painstaking, scien-
tific study of the skin and its care has
brought forth some facts which are
nothing short of revolutionary as to the
correct way to powder. Here are
the facts.

Most women nowadays give
thoughtful attention to their complex-
ions. Why, then, should the skin so
painstakingly cared for, frequently
tend to coarsen and roughen without
apparent cause? Why should the
tiny pores mysteriously choke up and
enlarge? What has been the reason
so much beauty effort has had no
permanent result—brought no lasting
benefit? Science has found out, sifted
down the facts, and discovered the
cause of most cases of clogged, en-
larged pores to be—powder; not the
innocent habit of powdering, but the
powder itself.

Every woman knows there are countless
brands of face powder—a bewildering ar-
ray. Prettily packaged and daintily per-
fumed, they tempt one on every side. They
are to be had in various forms, and many
fragrances—but science made this impor-
tant discovery: nearly every powder on
the market was basically the same—made
of rice! Therein lies the trouble.

How Rice Acts in Face Powder

Consider! Rice, as everyone knows, is a
starchy substance and no matter how fine it
may be pulverized, its particles remain
“sharp.” When magnified, rice powder re-
tsembles sand! In a tiny pinch of powder
there can be seen thousands of jagged,
sharp-edged particles. Not a happy choice
for application to the delicate skin! But
worse even than this irritating sharpness,
is the fact that rice swells with moisture.

You have seen what rice does when you
cook it. The kernels swell and become
many times their original size when put
in hot water. It is but natural, therefore,
that the heat and moisture of the skin
should have a similar general effect on rice
used in powder. Your own reasoning will
bear out this conclusion.

Each time you use powder with a rice
base, some of the minute particles must
work down into the pores. There they must
react harmlessly because they are both
moistened and warmed—“cooked” by the
skin. This action taking place day after
day, every time you powder, is bound to
undo your care to keep the pores free, clean
and normal in size. So one more mystery
is solved by science—and common sense.

There Is No Rice in Princess
Pat Powder

“But I simply cannot forgo the use of
Powder!” says the woman who desires the
velvety, smooth appearance only powder
can give. Nor need she!

Use the “Powder With The Almond
Base”—Princess Pat—and the thousands of
delicate pores in your skin will never be
enlarged in the least—however plentiful or
frequent the powdering. For, unlike rice,
the Almond Base has no sharpness in a
dry state, and does not penetrate and swell
when moist. Instead, it has a soothing,
healing quality, making its application a
beauty treatment in itself. It is as kind
to the super-sensitive skin structure as
Almond always is—and Almond, as you
know, is used on the tender skin of
babies.

Princess Pat Gives a More
Lovely Effect, Too

Knowing these facts, one regards it
as a pity that rice powders—for the
face at least—still are used. This is
particularly true when you realize
Princess Pat is so finely particled that
its gentle adherence makes its effect
last much longer than the finest
powder that can be made of rice. You
will be altogether amazed and de-
lighted with the clinging quality of
Princess Pat—The Powder With
The Almond Base.

If you actually knew the ben-
efits of Princess Pat to all skins in
all winds and weather—you would
hasten its great comfort to you by
obtaining a box at once at the nearest
store that has it! But a liberal
quantity—gratis—awaits you as ex-
plained below.

IMPORTANT

Ask for Princess Pat Powder by name
and insist upon receiving it. There is no
other, powder made with the Almond Base.
The name and process are abso-
lutely exclusive. Don’t let anyone per-
suade you otherwise.

FREE!

Send for this big, generous free sample.
Sent in a pretty red, gold and black
enveloped box—just the thing for your
purse. Plenty for a thorough test. The
only “different” face powder in the world.

PRINCESS PAT, LTD.
2701 South Park Ave., Dept. 211, Chicago
ENTIRELY FREE, send sample of Princess Pat.
The Only Powder with an Almond Base.

Name (Print): .

Street: .

City and State: .
the youngsters around were so sophisticated that they spurned their time enlightening their elders. When Jackie was thrust into the lion's cage, a mother cried, "Why this is horrible." Her young son spoke up cheerily, "But mother, they're trained animals." And the next moment, the lion shook off his mask and revealed a grinning black boy. The lion was less than trained. Throughout, the story is filled with good humor that far outbalances the pathos. So the dime savings-banks throughout the country will remain intact. We are sure that "Circus Days" will not "pull" a single penny, or tear, from today's juveniles. Perhaps we have our values mixed, but we were going to enjoy that cry.

Buster Keaton's new picture was held up for quite some time because one of the important members of his cast was suffering from Kleig eyes. Said member being Joseph Talmadge Keaton, the comedian's year-old son, who is a film actor of parts himself.

And just to show that he was temperamental too, Blacky, Marjorie Daw's German police dog, contracted Kleig eyes in trying to act up to his famous uncle Strongheart. Blacky goes on record as being alone in the canine-kleig-eye-class.

While Doug was doing "The Thief of Bagdad" in Hollywood, Doug, Jr., was actually in the heart of the Turkish Empire starting his film career by acting the Turkish episodes of "Stephen Steps Out" for Paramount Pictures. The story was adapted from "The Grand Cross of the Crescent" by Richard Harding Davis. Theodore Roberts, Noah Beery, Harry Myers and Frank Currier head the support.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., the first son of a famous screen father, having thrown his hat in the ring, as a bid for an inheritance, perhaps more stable than Vanderbilt's, or other inherited millions, rivals in the same class loom on the silver-sheeted horizon. Julius Laemmle, son of Carl Laemmle, head of the Universal Film Corporation, is looked upon as the most formidable of those present.

We may all be enlightened on the whys and wherefores of divorce when Rupert Hughes' new picture on divorce, starring George Walsh, is released. The working title of the play is "Law Against Law," and the story deals with the varying divorce laws in the different states. Is it, we wonder, a drive to reduce the forty-nine codes existing in these United States to one federal code common to all? We feel that the divorce proctor ought to figure prominently in the story. In England this personage is of such high power that prospective divorcees who have been put on probation, clamor to gain admittance to a special hotel where they can be under her supervision for the required length of time, in order to be

(Continued on page 82)

The Untermyer house at Yonkers, New York, served as the scene for many of the exteriors of "Zaza." Here we find Gloria Swanson and her director, Allan Dwan, engaged in friendly conversation while the cameras are being set up in another part of the estate
New Joys of Living!
Do You Want Them?

Read These Extracts From Letters:

"Enclosed $2.75 and I regard the course as well worth the money." — Mrs. W. J. Rollins, St. Andrews, N. B.

"I can't begin to tell how happy I am; can't say too much good about Olympian." — Mrs. Julian Heppler, Richfield, Utah.

"You showed me the way, and I reduced from 215 lbs. to 153 lbs. I am grateful for everything." — Mrs. A. N. Nickson, Hot Springs, Ark.

"Most wonderful thing I ever saw." — Mattie Jones, Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

A Practical Plan for Getting More Out of Life

YOUR dearest wishes of bodily health, mental vigor, and also womanly charm are all within easy reach. Not by drudgery, denial, or tedious study! The Olympian plan is a fascinating force for the better enjoyment of womanhood. It is interesting every step of the way. It is easy to follow. Read how these results are achieved:

The first fundamental of happiness is health. So, Olympian starts with the natural principles of health. Some of them, you may know. But what has always been lacking is the key to their use. You are told the scientific secrets of applying these principles with full force. Results are instantaneous.

You will feel changes the first week. A month brings improvements hard now to believe. Quickerened energies crowd out every petty ailment. New physical and mental powers seem inexhaustible. It is wonderful.

Quick Development of Personal Attractiveness

Next are developed the traits which make for personal magnetism. The knack of making others like you is acquired — and the processes are fascinating. Your progress will astonish you.

The next stage is physical manifestations of womanly charm. Unmistakable changes are wrought in your carriage, poise, in your step, your attitudes in repose. The analyses, charts and pictures, the illustrated text, all are so simply and plainly set forth that every minute is interesting.

Olympian information and instruction will equip girls of eighteen for life. Mothers have told us their daughters have built mental and bodily perfection on the simple principles revealed in this course.

At the threshold of life, girls, and boys too, are immeasurably helped with this new and remarkable Olympian material.

Married Women

It is not exaggerating to say that any woman's married life is made vastly more enjoyable through enrollment with Olympian. The very things she wants to know, causes and effects.

Successful motherhood; adorable children. What to believe — and not to believe. Preparation for motherhood. Sex truths.

Every Worth-While Beauty Secret Told

Nothing bought in a bottle can rival Olympian as an aid to physical beauty. When told the scientific causes of supple body and limbs — a clear skin — sparkling eyes — pretty shoulders — firm, symmetric breasts — luxuriant hair — it is absurdly easy to attain them.

You'll learn how to remove 30 or 40 lbs. of excess flesh in sixty days — without starving. How to remove every line in face or neck (unless you are past 60).

Three scientific hair-health secrets that bring any head of hair to abundant thickness, length, and lustre in five months.

Twenty-seven specialists are back of Olympian; most of them have devoted a life's work to the movement. The cost of it all was enormous. But shared by many, the individual expense is small. You may have the complete Olympian course including a whole year's unrestricted service from all departments, for a sum you'll call trifling in view of the big benefits in store for you! And you can try it all—for the present, at least — without cost or obligation. See offer printed here:

FREE

To Any Woman — Week's Trial
SEND NO MONEY

Olympia Society has caused this great course to be put in practical, compact form with every step so carefully charted, illustrated and described that anyone can put its principles to work within an hour after receiving the material. Six thousand sets will be distributed for trial without a penny's payment.

To examine this wonderful course is to realize new possibilities in your life. To put these practical aids in effect for one whole month will do perfectly amazing things for you. But if you wish to make the test free you must act now. The coupon below brings everything: without payment or promise to pay. Can any woman afford to pass it by?

OLYMPIAN SOCIETY (180)

Coliseum at 21st Street, Chicago

Please send me, prepaid, complete Olympian test and material on approval without obligation. I will either remit the course in one week or enroll, under the reduced-rate easy terms of your special offer.

Name

St. & N. 

City

State

FRED H. MILLER COMPANY, Duking House, Box 329 (P. O.), Sydney, Australia.

PAG
Greenway Jottings
(Continued from page 80)

Italy, filming Hall Caine's "The Eternal City," recently returned to New York with eighteen thousand feet of film and yards of real adventures. Irene Fenwick and Lionel Barrymore were married; Mrs. Richard Bennett spent five weeks in a hospital, the result of a motor accident; and Barbara La Marr adopted another kid—a little two-year-old Italian, this time. When Barbara cabled the Ritz Carlton Hotel for accommodations for herself, she requested that the management fit up an adjoining room for a nursery. If Barbara makes location trips to many more foreign countries she will have a little League of Nations in her home before she gets thru.

Charlie, the famous motion-picture elephant, has been sentenced to die. Charlie is to "walk the plank"—that is, he is to be towed out on a barge in the Pacific and told to step off. If he refuses, the Pacific fleet will have to take over the job and fire on him. The carrying-out of the death penalty on an elephant is not a simple matter. Charlie turned bad actor during the filming of "Brass Bottle" and attacked his trainer, nearly killing him. It was not his first offence—Charlie has killed five men and participated in innumerable rampages, since his arrival in this country twenty years ago. He is one hundred and eighty-three years old and has acted in one hundred and eighty pictures.

The honeymoon trail for cinema stars is like nothing less than the eternal last scene, where the united couple, after a warm and long embrace, wandered leisurely down a never-ending path bordered with roses. Marguerite

(Continued on page 84)

Betsy Compson is seen below with Marie Ault in a scene from one of the productions in which she is being filmed in an English studio, namely, "Woman to Woman"
Like MAGIC—these Gloves Whiten Hands

Astounding scientific discovery—Dr. Egan's magic night gloves! Make rough, reddened, work-worn hands soft and white overnight!

Result's absolutely guaranteed in writing. LEGAL GUARANTEE BOND WITH EVERY PAIR.

Just think of it—putting on a pair of gloves for a night and finding your hands soft and smooth the next morning! That is the magic of Dr. Egan's amazing medicated night gloves! These gloves of medicated fabric (not rubber) actually turn your hands white, as white as a lily and as soft and smooth.

No matter how red your hands, how dry or rough or what hand condition you may be in, these medicated gloves will turn them white and soft, fresh and young-looking.

Just one night's wear of these marvelous gloves is enough to convince. Wear the gloves four or five nights and you have a new pair of hands. It's the medicated fabric that does the work. The gloves are impregnated with a marvelous solution perfected by the famous Dr. S. J. Egan. The medicated fabric, when activated by the natural warmth of the hand, has a peculiarly potent whitening and softening effect upon the hands. The hands become white—a charming, natural white. They become soft and white as velvet. And all so quick as to be astonishing.

The complete $1.95 Dr. Egan Magic Glove outfit which we are offering for a limited time at the special introductory price of only $1.95 consists of the following: one pair freshly medicated gloves; one bottle medicator; one jar Dr. Egan's Pure-Lax; one copy Dr. Egan's booklet, "The Care of the Hands"; all in a neat container. The Pure-Lax is a special cream to apply before donning the gloves to open the pores of the skin for the action of the medicated gloves. The glove medicator is for removing the potency of the gloves after a period of wear.

Wear them while you sleep or an hour or two a day while doing your work.

Try the Gloves FREE

See the magic of these medicated gloves for yourself! Test them at our risk. Send today for the complete outfit for five days' free trial.

Note the difference in your hands from just one night's wear. See the complete and amazing transformation in three or four days. Mark how lovely your hands, bow white and smooth.

SEND NO MONEY

Just the Coupon

Send no money now—just the coupon. Pay the postman only $1.95 (plus postage) on delivery of the gloves. If in five days you are not more than delighted and amazed with the results from the gloves, just send them back and your money will be promptly refunded in full. We give you a written guarantee to this effect. You run no risk. Fill out and mail the coupon now or copy it in a postcard or letter. If apt to be out when postman calls send $2.00 now. Our guarantee assures you of your money back if you are not perfectly satisfied. Address Dr. S. J. Egan, Dept. 38, 220 So. State Street, Chicago, Illinois.

For Complete $5.00 Outfit on This Amazing Introductory Offer

These gloves will soon be offered the public through the regular channels at $5 the pair. But a limited number of this fine pair are being offered for advertising purposes at $1.95. You can get this complete $5.00 outfit for $1.95 in this introductory offer. But you must act quickly, for these introductory kits are in limited supply. Do not delay. Send coupon now or copy it in a postcard or letter. If apt to be out when postman calls send $2.00 now. Our guarantee assures you of your money back if you are not perfectly satisfied. Address Dr. S. J. Egan, Dept. 38, 220 So. State Street, Chicago, Illinois.

See How Astonished Women Are

"I never thought there was a glove on earth that could whiten my red hands," writes Miss Helen Kline, 1808 Roosevelt Ave., Chicago. "Now, after using the gloves only a week, my hands are as white and soft as a person could wish for." "My hands were so dry—just like sandpaper. Now, after using the gloves only a week, my hands are as white and soft as a person could wish for."

"I never found Dr. Egan's Magic Gloves to be worse or more successful," writes Mrs. W. J. McCall, Golden West Hotel, Reno, Nevada. "My hands were always red and rough and your gloves are making a great improvement."

For Complete $5.00 Outfit on This Amazing Introductory Offer

These gloves will soon be offered the public through the regular channels at $5 the pair. But a limited number of this fine pair are being offered for advertising purposes at $1.95. You can get this complete $5.00 outfit for $1.95 in this introductory offer. But you must act quickly, for these introductory kits are in limited supply. Do not delay. Send coupon now or copy it in a postcard or letter. If apt to be out when postman calls send $2.00 now. Our guarantee assures you of your money back if you are not perfectly satisfied. Address Dr. S. J. Egan, Dept. 38, 220 So. State Street, Chicago, Illinois. Please send me (in plain package) for free trial, a pair of Dr. Egan's Magic Gloves for whitening and softening the hands, with Pure-Lax and Medicator. I will pay postman $1.95 (plus postage) on delivery of the gloves. (If you prefer, send $2.00 now in full payment.) If I am not perfectly satisfied I may return gloves and get my money back in full.

Name_________________________Address__________________Glove Size________
Greenroom Jottings
(Continued from page 82)

Courtot spent her honeymoon in one studio, while her husband, Raymond McKee passed his in another, making love to another woman as leading man in "Forget and Forgive"—quite appropriate.

Colleen Moore worked overtime during what should have been her honeymoon, starring in "Flaming Youth" and "The Swamp Angel," while the bridegroom, John Emmett McCormick, Western representative of the Associated First National Pictures, Inc., was chained, by work, to his desk. But later—

Lila Lee and James Kirkwood were still more unfortunate. Lila was summoned to Frisco to work on "Woman Proof" with Tommy Meighan while Kirkwood had to "stay put" in Los Angeles where he is playing the principal male rôle in "Ponjola." But that was not all—he was sent later to Georgia to make "Wild Oranges." When both pictures are finished, the bride and groom intend to take to sea in a boat without wireless equipment.

Another woman in the producing ranks—it's Josephine Quirk. "Jo," as she is popularly known, came to New York to join prominent Eastern associates. They have a novel production idea but won't reveal it yet. The first production will have an all-star cast with a head-line director. It will be adapted and supervised by Miss Quirk.

"When A Man's A Man," the first of the Harold Bell Wright stories to be brought to the screen by Principal Pictures Corporation, is ready for release. Edward F. Cline who directed the picture had as much trouble discovering the location for the exterior scenes as tho he had been prospecting for gold. The scenes were shot in and about Prescott, Arizona, the exact location pictured in the book, but Mr. Wright had taken advantage of poetic license in his descriptions and his dream spot was difficult to locate. (Continued on page 106)

"No Mother to Guide Her," has brought Genevieve Tobin back to the studios and Kleig lights after a long sojourn behind the footlights.
This Is About Mrs. Joseph Schenck
(Continued from page 29)

Every time she makes a bow met he looks around to see if you were properly impressed. Whenever Norma gets an unfavorable criticism, he looks around in a painted way to see how he could have unknowingly offended the writer. That anyone could sincerely find anything the matter with Norma's acting simply staggered his belief.

Norma is devoted to him. Once I heard some one suggest that she got bad stories. An expression of real pain came into her eyes. "Dear Daddy! and he has tried so hard on my stories," she said.

She always calls him Daddy. And when luncheon is over at the bungalow, she always finds some excuse to draw him back of the doorway on the pretense of a business conference, but I have noticed that the conference never arrives any where except at a swift little kiss that she stands on tiptoe to pass to him.

Sometimes to tease her serious Scotch director, Frank Lloyd, Norma comes out on the set smoking a cigarette in a long ivory holder. The director always scowls like a black thunder-cloud.

But "Daddy" never scowls. He wouldn't scowl if she came out smoking a Turkish hookah or a black clay pipe. If Norma did it, then it would be just exactly right—whatever it was.

CINEMA
By Louise Fazenda
(The Screen Star)

Husbands.
Sand-storms in the Sahara.
Parasols at Nice.
Volcanoes.
Shadows in an alley.
Spring in New England.
Tenements.
Telephones in Dresden dolls.
Whalers.
Trumpet-flowers.
Prize-winning babies.
Lions.
Revolutions.
Racing in Cuba.
Policemen.
Amours of Elizabeth.
Storm.
Strange boudoirs.
Old altars.
Bathing girls.
Battlements and armor.
Unexpected telegrams.
Baseball games.
Mountains in Tennessee.
Chinamen.
Tombs in India.
Cabarets.
Swords.
Forgettingness.
Hands in the dark.
Kaleidoscope.

Teeth Like Pearls

Don't leave that film-coat on them

Wherever dainty people meet, you see prettier teeth today.
In old days most teeth were film-coated. Now millions use a new-type tooth paste which fights film.
Make this free test, if only for beauty’s sake. Ten days will show you what it means to you.

Those cloudy coats
Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it. Much of it clings and stays under old-way methods.
Soon that film discolors, then forms dingy coats. That’s how teeth lose luster.
Film also causes most tooth troubles, and very few escape them. 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 pyorrea.

The new-day method
Dental science has found two effective ways to daily fight that film. One acts to disintegrate the film at all stages of formation. The other removes it without harmful scouring.
After many careful tests these methods were embodied in a new-type tooth paste. The name is Pepsodent. Leading dentists the world over began to advise it. Now careful people of some 50 nations employ it every day. And to millions of homes it is bringing a new dental situation.

Other discoveries
A way was also found to multiply the alkalinity of the saliva as well as its starch digestant. Those are Nature’s agents for neutralizing acid and digesting starch deposits. Pepsodent with every use gives them manifold effect.
These discoveries are everywhere changing the old methods of teeth cleaning. They have brought a new conception of what clean teeth mean.

Protect the Enamel
Pepsodent disintegrates the film then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

A delightful test
We offer here a delightful test which will be a revelation.
Send coupon for the 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear. What you see and feel will very soon convince you. You will learn the way to benefits you want. Cut out coupon now.

Pepsodent
The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific tooth paste based on modern research, now advised by leading dentists the world over.

10-Day Tube Free
THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 340, 1114 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.
little blind sister, the Princess Eboli, old but still full of a fitful fire when she looked up on the young Don John, all the fairest of the Court would turn their flower faces away from Don John and gravitate by the very order of the day toward Phillip, their King.

Yes, the King rolled the sweet morsel of his brother’s ingratitude under his tongue. His eyes turned with a sort of wet avarice. A distant glimpse of Do-lores Mendoza walking with bowed head in the garden, like an insipid little woman, did not change the King’s mind. These silly women with that valiant striping gone he, Phillip, would teach them what a man’s love was like.

“What is the condition of the Treasury?” asked the King, well knowing what answer his crafty Perez would give before the Court.

“I have but told you, Sire, this very day, that the money is exhausted,” came the expected answer.

There was a murmur in the Court. It had to do with the men fighting in Granada, with the fact that the Court had held a high revelry ever since the departure of the troops which accounted for the now depletion of the Exchequer and with the fact that surely moneys were never so sorely and honorably needed as when called for by the troops fighting for the glory of Spain. But under all the murmurs all that Phillip caught was the name of Don John. It seemed to his fevered suspension that all the people were concerned with was the safety of their darling.

Don John, Don John... Don John damn him!

The King shrugged his shoulders and turned away. He signified that such being the case it was unfortunate, but there was nothing to be done. Let the rabble rave and mutter among themselves. Once the young John was dead what could they do then. Weep over his flag-draped body. Intermingle with triumph and breasts. And then forget him. Even Dolores would forget him. The young so easily forget. So very easily, as well the King should know.

From the King, Cortez turned to Dolores, who had come near, and handed her a blood-stained note. It was a hasty, broken line of possible farewell, which she should never return, as seemed entirely possible at that time.

Dolores placed the note in her bosom and walked away. Her father followed her. “You have made me the laughing-stock of the Court,” he said angrily, “all our world knows now by your one simple gesture that if he returns you are to be his toy, his plaything, and that you are willing to be.”

“Father,” the girl said, wearily, “I have told you that you do not understand. If he returns, which may the good God grant, then I am to be his wife.”

General Mendoza made the sign of the Cross before he said, “God grant that he may never return to destroy your faith.”

But he did return. In the very teeth of defeat. Don John, unaided by the treasury of Spain, had been left in the fight, and had come to victory by a brilliant attack at daybreak when the less subtle Moors were snoring and unprepared.

The world was at nightfall, “Granada is ours. The Infiel has been conquered and Don John is victorious!”

The Court fell into revelry then with its heart as well as with its body. Only
a small handful were sullen that the young hero was returning. One of these was Phillip, then King, and the brother of Don John. The other was old General Mendoza, who, tho he loved the young John, loved his daughter so well that he would have preferred John dead than his daughter's shining faith in his destroyed, which event the unsanguine old soldier foresaw without a doubt. And the third was the Princess Eboli, who fostered a secret and sinister wisdom, to the effect that this youth was one whom a greater love than any she had to offer had snatched from her. Better that he should be dead, she thought, than that he should live to taunt her with the flashing of his strong, straight limbs, the lift of his brilliant head, the light in his eyes when he looked at that little pale-face, Dolores Mendoza, who was constantly following him with her great, pool-like eyes.

It would have been a day of unalloyed triumph for Dolores, if it had not been for her father's pronouncement made that morning. "Don John returns at the head of his army tonight," he said, and by the quick irritation of her face he knew again how much this meant to her; "and tomorrow," her father continued, "you are to enter the convent of Los Huelgos where you will be safe from the world . . . and from him." Dolores looked at him and her eyes made the old soldier vaguely uncomfortable. "Father," she said, "do you think that walls of stone or mandates of Kings have power against such a love as ours. John has come back to me from the very teeth of Death, now Life shall not keep him from me."

"You go to Los Huelgos tomorrow, madam," said the old man, "and if in this intervening night Don John attempts to cross your threshold I shall kill him where he stands. That is a soldier's oath."

The hour was late when Dolores, dressed in Inez's gown, stole into the sleeping-chambers of Don John. For the instant they clung together, locked, in love. Their eyes had told the story before. Dolores, one of the crowd to welcome him home, had stood alone for him. She and she only had been there on that wall, welcoming him back, who had come back for her.

There, in his arms, Dolores told him of her father's plot to separate them, and how that next morning he was to be rushed to a Convent nevermore to abide in the world. John was wroth. "We will fly to Granada where I am ruler," he said, "and there I shall lead back an army against this King and his tin soldiers who refuse their men arms when they are in some distress and steal away our loves when our backs are turned."

But Dolores pleaded with him to re-

 There is Beauty in Every Jar

TO gain and retain the charm of a perfect complexion, to achieve the beauty of a clear, wholesome skin, begin today the regular use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream—there is beauty in every jar.

More than a cleanser, more than a powder base, more than a protection for the skin, Ingram's Milkweed Cream, you will find, is an actual beautifier of the complexion. No other cream is just like it.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream has an exclusive, an individual therapeutic property that serves to "tone-up"—revitalize—the sluggish tissues of the skin. It soothes away redness and roughness, banishes slight imperfections, heals and nourishes the skin cells. Used faithfully, it will help you to gain and retain the beauty of a clear, wholesome complexion—just as it has helped thousands of attractive women for more than 35 years.

Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream in either the 50-cent or the $1.00 size—the dollar jar contains twice the quantity.

Ingram's Rouge—"Just to show the proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately emphasizing the natural color. Five perfect shades, subtly perfumed—Light, Rose, Medium, Dark or the newest popular tint, American Blush—50c.

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21 Tenth Street
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In Canada, Windsor, Ont.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

Send ten cents today for Ingram's New Beauty Purse

FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO., 21 Tenth Street, Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find ten cents. Kindly send me Ingram's New Beauty Purse, containing a liberal sample of Ingram's Milkweed Cream, two pure pellets, one generously filled with Ingram's Face Powder, the other with Ingram's Rouge and, for the gentleman of the house, a sample of Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream.

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Genuine

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SAY "BAYER" when you buy. Insist!

Unless you see the “Bayer Cross” on tablets, you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over 23 years and proved safe by millions for

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Accept only “Bayer” package which contains proper directions.

Handy “Bayer” boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Drugists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocetacide and of Bayerleid.

You can be quickly cured, if you

STAMMER

You have always wanted to play some instrument...but were never able to learn. Now you can learn the Hawaiian Guitar, complete Conservatory Course of 36 lessons by nationally known instructors. Start at your leisure. Pay as you learn. All necessary materials furnished. Write today for full information.

Here’s Proof of our Remarkable Course

Richmond, Va.

First Hawaiian Conservatory of Music, Inc.

It is not too late to take up the study of the Hawaiian Guitar. You have always wanted to learn to play, but never had the opportunity. Well, here is your chance! Our方法 is simple and sure. The Hawaiian Guitar has a beautiful, musical tone which attracts theiest of ears. There is no mystery in learning to play, and you can profit by our experience. We have taught thousands. It is one of the most popular musical instruments today. There is no better time to begin than right now. We send you our book, "How to Play the Hawaiian Guitar," completely illustrated, free, no obligation.

Our courses are carefully planned and are well within the means of all. Any person who is willing to work and have the time is able to learn the Hawaiian Guitar. The Hawaiian Guitar is the most beautiful and harmonious instrument made. It is played and enjoyed in every country in the world. It is the ideal instrument for practice and pleasure. The Hawaiian Guitar is the instrument of the future and the course we offer is the only one of its kind in America. We are not interested in money, but only in spreading the joy of music. We are not interested in money, but only in spreading the joy of music. You can learn to play the Hawaiian Guitar in your own home, in your own time, and at your own pace. You can learn in a few weeks to play the Hawaiian Guitar and to play it well. You can learn to play the Hawaiian Guitar and to play it well.

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M. J. McGowan, Chief Chemist

Scientist discovers fat Solvent

Reduce any or every part of your figure with amazing new Reducing Cream which melts away excess fat on any part of the body—slenderizing the figure to perfect proportions without drugs, exercises, diet, rubber suits or painful denial of any kind.

Milady! If you have a single ounce of unwelcome flesh on your figure—here’s good news for you. Getting thin is now pleasurably simple and easy for anyone. For I, M. J. McGowan, after 5 years of tireless research, have made the discovery you have been waiting for. I can tell you positively how to reduce quickly, comfortably—without tiresome exercises, without stupid diet, without enervating salt baths, without rubber suits or belts. I can actually show you how to make a wonderful change in your figure in 10 days’ time or my advice isn’t going to cost one penny.

If it is a threatened double chin that is making you give up white bread and potatoes—

If your waistline is keeping you away from the tempting bon-bon dish—

If your arms are too plump, your neck padded, your ankles bulging, don’t worry—I guarantee to reduce any or every part of your body, swiftly and surely—without any program of painful self-denial.

My discovery I call Reducine—McGowan’s Reducine. It is not a medicine, a bath salt or a course of useless gymnastics. It is a pleasant cream that you can apply in your own room, putting it gently onto the parts you want to slenderize. Almost overnight you will notice a change. A harmless chemical reaction takes place, during which excess fat is literally dissolved away, leaving the figure slim and properly rounded, giving the little grace to the body every man and woman desires.

Results Guaranteed or Money Back

My reducing cream is sold under absolute guarantee it will accomplish all you expect or you may return the empty jar within 60 days and we will refund every penny of your money. This unparalleled guarantee makes you sole judge of results. You have nothing to lose and everything to gain by clipping the coupon now.

Because the reducing ingredient is perishable it is not practical to offer Reducine through drug or department stores. I insist that you get only the freshly compounded laboratory product put out under my personal supervision.

When you realize that many imitations of Reducine are now being sold at from $3.50 to $10 at retail, you will realize how astoundingly low is the price we ask. If you have tried old-time methods in vain and really want to reduce any part of your body, give me the chance to help you. You risk nothing. Money back if not satisfied.

Send No Money—Just Sign the Coupon

I am not going to ask you to send one penny with your order. Just sign coupon and mail today. By return mail I will send you a 1-lb. jar of genuine Reducine and you can deposit the small sum of $2.47 (plus a few cents postage) when the postman brings the Reducine Cream.

If you expect to be away when the postman comes, enclose $2.60 with order and Reducine will be mailed postpaid.

IDEAL FIGURE CHART

| 12½" | A slender neck |
| 13" | Well proportioned bust |
| 13½" | A trim waist |
| 14" | Slim hips |
| 15" | Perfectly modeled thighs |
| 15½" | Graceful calf |
| 16½" | Dainty ankles |

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Dear Mr. McGowan: I am willing to let you prove to me at your own expense, that your Reducine is not all it seems. I want you to send me a full-size, 1-pound jar, regular price $3.00, and I will deposit $2.47 (plus the few cents postage) with the postman, with the understanding that the full amount will be refunded to me at any time within 60 days if I am not satisfied with results.

Name

Address

If you expect to be away from the house when the postman comes, enclose $2.60 with your order and Reducine will be mailed to you postpaid.
The Return of Blanche Sweet
(Continued from page 25)

I pondered. It seemed that we were not getting anywhere. Then a thought—and I asked “What do you consider the underlying principle of success in pictures?” At this she laughed, almost derisively. Her little Marie Antoinette nose wrinkled wryly and her lips, almost always slightly parted, closed in an effort to suppress a broad, and perhaps pitying, smile.

Then she answered quietly, inscrutably, “I have never been able to discover any underlying principle. If there is one, it has not been apparent to me.”

“How long were you away from the screen?”

“Nearly four years the first time, a year the second time.”

“And why did you forsake the silent art?”

“The first time...oh, I wanted to give the public a chance to forget the poor stories I appeared in...there were other reasons, too.”

It was evident that she did not intend to elucidate further anent her first retirement. As to the second, she said “I was ill for the better part of the year—and did some traveling.”

It was not thru anything Blanche Sweet said, but rather in what she left unsaid, that she disclosed her philosophy. The high unreasonable hopes of youth these must have vanished long ago. Life has tempered her; neither the garish enthusiasms of the half-baked, nor the naivete of the unsophisticated, can reach her. One of the very first stars of the cinema, under D. W. Griffith in the earliest Biograph days, she has seen the rise and fall of a myriad such as herself. She has seen each flare high, lighting the film firmament for a glowing year or so, only to recede into the black reaches of oblivion. And she is still in her twenties!

At one point she told me “What will be will be. It is when one hopes too much and believes too much that one can be disappointed. The main difficulty to surmount—in the screen or in life—is the disparity between what we are and what we aspire to be. An instance—a little girl. I knew began her picture career with the finest sort of spirit. Her belief in herself was unshakable. Then she saw herself on the screen, and didn’t like herself! Yes—she actually watched herself for a whole reel, and when I told her that she did very well for her first effort, she broke down and cried. In all her life she has never conceived of herself as looking as she did, of having the mannerisms, the clumsy carriage, the lack of spontaneity, that the screen revealed! She had believed herself to be a reassuringly charming and graceful girl.”

We discussed her husband, Marshall Neilan.

“Our viewpoints on just about everything are identical,” she said. “You know, Mr. Neilan doesn’t like anyone to talk about his faith in himself or the pictures or anything like that. Rather, he feels that he must just give all that he has in him to every picture—and let Fate decide the rest.”

She discussed her husband’s democratic views, his keen feeling for life, his varied experiences, and perhaps pitying umme of the heartbeats of every-day people. Here she roused her first enthusiasm, which mounted as she discussed his ability to play the piano with a feeling that moved listeners deeply.

The conversation lingered dully upon Gertrude Hoffman, with whom Blanche Sweet once danced for a season; D. W. Griffith; symphony concerts; the art of cooking...
the mystery of cinema stars managing to work while having countless hobbies which they indulge daily—according to the magazines; and the fact that one enjoyed music, paintings, or the theater best when one chanced to be alone.

But, to the very last, I couldn't get her to profess a positive and unqualified belief in any theory, relative to life, art or the proper way to cook string-beans.

"It's all a Chinese puzzle," she concluded, as a huge touring-car drew up to take her away. "How can I possibly believe anything when I'm playing the part of a Spanish blonde in the picture we're filming now—and in my recent trips thru France and Spain I saw nary a blonde, barring the peroxide species, tho I strained my eyes seeking to find just one."

And in her eyes was an expression of bewilderment.

Bill Hart Again Takes Up the Trail
(Continued from page 22)

He has been hurt. Let him hide his hurt from the world. Let him talk of his plans for the future. Don't trespass upon the field of his heart.

"I'll be glad to get back to work," he says. "My contract calls for nine pictures. As the first one, I'm doing the story of Wild Bill Hickok. He was one of the great gunmen of the West. Following that, I'll do another Western picture, and then I plan to go to Alaska, and film a couple of snow stories, up there. Later I'll do a lumber story in the northwoods.

The entire nine will be out-of-door stories, of course, and as the final one I'm going to film my new book. 'A Lighter of Flames.' It is the story of Patrick Henry's life, and I'll probably make a big costume picture of it.

"Yes, I'll be glad to get back to work."

There was no enthusiasm in his voice. It fell away into silence.

So Big Bill Hart again takes up the trail. An amazing trail it has been, so far, leading him from the obscurity of the Dakota prairies to the high places of world fame.

A stormy trail. A lonely one.

Bill believes that some day it will lead him to peace.

But I do not know. Fate does strange things with men like Big Bill Hart.

There are so few of them left.
Wesley Barry does not dare to use it

Stillman's Freckle Cream

This famous cream removes freckles to fade gently away while you sleep. Give it a clear, white complexion. Used the world over for 33 years. Cannot grow hair. Obtainable in 5c and 5c sizes at drug stores. Look for the purple and gold package.

Write for free booklet.

If you value your complexion and hair, write for a copy of "Beauty Fashion Secrets." Get the information that will enable you to enjoy at home at last and the expensive treatments of beauty parlors. The Stillman Company, 33 Rockmarly Lane, Aurora, Ill.

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True friends of shavers and razors. Easy shave and smooth shaves. Brushes, hair and handles never part company. Held with pure rubber vulcanized as hard as granite; sterilized completely, sealed; simply in packages. Infection cannot come from them.

Send for Illustrated Literature


Boston, U.S.A.

Is the Life of a Star Only Three Years?

(Continued from page 40)

"Take Mary Pickford for example. You have probably heard the remark made that she will never grow up. That is indeed true, for she is giving the public what it wants—and they applaud, very seldom realizing the truth behind Mary's acting. They want her as a little girl—they consider her wonderful in little-girl parts—but they don't know that what they are witnessing is sheer artistry—because Mary is not a little girl at all! She is a grown, intelligent woman. She is a complete circle in herself. She has a marvelous business head, she is a devoted wife, she is a charming and fascinating woman of the world who can discuss any subject from finance to sculpture with authentic knowledge of what she is talking about—and she is the hardest-working person I know. She has ambition—she has genius—but she also qualifies her genius by taking more pains with her work than most of the other players put together. She is a great person.

"She has served her apprenticeship faithfully—that's what makes her great—and that is why her popularity will go on forever.

"You cannot produce Mary Pickfords or Charlie Chaplins or Douglas Fairbanks or any Diseases in a short time. Every great actor or actress has worked for success—a long, hard time of it most of them have had, too. The real ones are willing to learn—and are perfectly content with small parts, with being coached and taught what to do and how to do it. You very seldom see any of the ones who have become suddenly popular last. The reason I named three years as the duration of time was because in that period, most of their backers will have had an opportunity to learn for themselves that the public wants more than looks in their players.

"What's John so excited about?" demanded a soft voice at our elbow.

We turned to greet Mrs. Robertson. She had on the prettiest blue-eye-matching hat we had seen in many a day.

"Oh, we were talking about the movie celebrities who sprang into fame overnight," he replied smiling fondly at his true-help-mate—true in the best sense of the word, for she has become indispensable to him in working out his pictures.

"You have certainly got him riding his hobby," she answered.

"He thinks there's nothing in the world that's as much fun as finding some player who has talent and helping it along. I agree with him. He thinks ability should be nurtured and fed with the greatest care. He loves doing it. You remember little May McAvoy?" He says that she is an example of what happens to hot-house forcing of players. She has real talent. She is very earnest and a hard worker—but she was made a star before she was ready for it—and her managers have expected her to carry their pictures for them because they spent a lot of money in publicity.

"While she talked, her eyes strayed down into the terraced garden behind the house. Oh," she exclaimed, "excuse me. I see a new purple flower and I must go to look at it. I can't imagine what it can be."

Our eyes met those of the director in amusement.

"Flowers are pretty important things around here," he smiled. "She nurses them with the same joy that I feel when I am making a good player out of a novice. You see

Delicious

The flavor that pleases every taste—the delightful charm of wintergreen—its use is "a sensible habit"

Good for the teeth

BEEMAN'S

Pepsin Gum

American Chicle Co.

Javanese Priest Reveals SECRETS OF SLENDERNESS to

OPERA STAR

Who Reduced 34 lbs.
in only 30 Days.

No drugs, no dieting, no exercise—just a pleasant tasting harmless tea has made the women of Java slim, graceful and free from obesity for ages.

Madam Blanche Arral, the celebrated opera singer, before learning this secret, was forced from a stage by Dr. J. W. Johnstone to her weight. After an attack of hyperemia, Dr. J. W. Johnstone, her husband, noticed her gain in weight. She was never able to lose the excess until she was given the Javanese Priest's discovery. After many years of suffering and waiting, she was able to prepare this tea in convenient form for all those who suffer from excess flesh.

Read the wonderful story of her experiences and suffering until she found that to grow slender and strong. A free copy of her book, 'My Secret of Self Reducing' will be mailed to men and women on request. 12 years of success.

BLANCHE ARRAL, Inc.

Dept. 684, Fifth Ave., New York

Shave, Bathe and Shampoo with one Soap—Cuticura

Cuticura Soap is the favorite for safety alone shaving.

Illustrated Literature on request.
what I mean, don't you, by all this talk about mushroom stars? Now, I consider Dorothy and Lillian Gish have worked long enough at that training. I expect great things from them. I think Dick Barthelmess has served faithfully—he has only been playing the featured parts for a couple of years—and look what he has accomplished.

"On the other hand, I think a girl like Dorothy Mackaill a clever little actress who has proper training, will some day make a real star."

That's Out
(Continued from page 56)

4. For a highly emotional scene, deposit several large drops of glycerine in the eyes of the heroine in some such a manner that they will start to roll down over her face just as the camera begins to grind.

5. In café scenes show some close-ups of the jazz band.

6. As a novel effect for dance frolics andcoon and rag and tag, have several hundred toy balloons set loose with the spotlight playing upon them.

More Producer Bunkum

All this talk from the producers about their anxiously seeking about for "new screen faces" is nothing but pure blarney. Lord knows, the producers need new screen faces badly enough, but they are not making any sincere or energetic attempts to do anything about the matter except in so far as it will mean some publicity for them in the papers. The producers claim that they are having trouble in getting young players with possibilities and requirements for screen success. Just where the film Moguls are doing their searching is a puzzle. Certainly not in the most logical places—the casting offices of the studio and the mob scenes in the sets. If they did they would very quickly find all the player material they claim to be hunting for. As a matter of fact, they are being offered for the right along using the established favorites. Countless young players in Hollywood can testify that they have been refused parts for which they were fully suited on the grounds that they were "not well enough known."

The End of the Costume Picture

It can now be safely predicted that the costume picture will shortly die a sudden and unannounced death at the hands of theater-goers. As is his usual custom the producer has gone from one extreme to another. A couple of years ago he couldn't be persuaded to make a costume picture from any angle. The public didn't want them, he says today, the producers are making nothing but costume pictures. That is what the public wants, they say. The truth of the matter is that the public neither wants costume dramas, nor doesn't want them. It wants interesting pictures, that is all. The trouble with the costume films of the old days was that they were all the same. The story "Passion" showed what could really be done with period plays and for a while the public liked it. Now the producers are getting back to the 1910 model of picture—all costume and no drama. The theater-goers will soon revolt.

For the Hall of Fame

We nominate: Bertram Grassby, one of the most subtle players, and one of the

New Discovery
Makes Dull Teeth Pearly White

Beautiful white teeth may now be every woman's possession. Remarkable new liquid removes all dullness and discoloration in a few minutes—imparting gleamy whiteness and sparkle to any set of teeth.

The Woman Who Dared Not Smile
By Richard Sommers

Every man fell head-over-heels in love with Henrietta Blaine—until she smiled. Then the charm was broken.

Everybody agreed she would be absolutely irresistible if it only were not for her unsightly, discolored teeth.

Then, one day a miracle happened! Henrietta appeared at May Osborne's dinner party and was seated at the table opposite George Gould. In the midst of a humorous anecdote George stopped suddenly and stared in disbelief at Henrietta whose lips were parted in a smile. There followed an awkward pause at the table. All eyes were turned in the direction of George's stare and at once everybody knew a wonderful thing had happened to Henrietta. Vanished was the ugly, yellowish stain that had for so long marred her teeth. They were now white and radiant as oriental pearls—beautiful in their gleaming lustre and evenness.

And this is the story as Henrietta later told it to May in the privacy of her boudoir:

"Since childhood, I have been a chum of Martha Ryerson's, whose father is head of the famous Century Chemists. One night at the Ryerson home I told Mr. Ryerson frankly the tragedy of my awful-looking teeth and begged him to find a way to help me out. After months of experimenting this is the result."

Pearly Teeth for Every Woman

Ryerson's Renamel for the teeth is the most important beauty discovery in ages. There have been tonics, lotions, dyes and creams galore for the skin, the hair, the figure, but until now the woman with dull, discolored, yellow teeth has had no assistance beyond the ordinary "tooth washes" which merely remove dirt without relieving dullness or stain.

The application of this wonderful new dental discovery is simplicity itself. Any woman can apply it in her own home with lovely and immediate results. Merely apply a thin coat of Renamel (with soft camel's hair brush provided)—just after the morning tooth-brushing. Allow to remain on the teeth for two or three minutes—then wipe off with a dry cloth. And lo! a miracle has been performed. Every tooth is gleaming ivory—as white as virgin pearls—with all tartar and stain vanished completely.

Guaranteed Pure and Harmless

Renamel is not only harmless, but it is positively beneficial to the teeth. Your dentist will endorse its purity. It is pleasantly, but potently, antisepctic—destroying the tiny bacteria that often lurk in the crevices of the teeth.

If you really take pride in your personal appearance, read this wonderful trial offer, and mail the coupon today.

No Profit Distribution of $3.50 Bottles
(ONLY ONE BOTTLE TO A FAMILY)

The first bottles of Renamel were made up for my personal friends and patrons at $3.50 the bottle, but to introduce this delightful product quickly to a few thousand women throughout America (thus paving the way for the public), I have decided to distribute a few thousand introductory bottles direct by mail, at the actual cost of production—including the bare expense of compounding, shipping and the printed announcements—which we have figured down to $1.87.

You need send money: simply mail the coupon. Don't delay. This offer may never be repeated. I cannot afford to accept over a few thousand coupons on this "no-profit basis." If the interest of good looks and self-respect, ACT NOW. Send the coupon today. Wm. Ryerson, Chief Chemist

Send No Money—Merely Mail Coupon!

Century Chemists, Dept. 417
710 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago

Please send me, in plain wrapper, one full-size bottle: [ ] 50 cents size. [ ] Renamel for five days' free trial. I will pay postman the actual cost of $1.87 plus a few cents postage—within the understanding that if I am not fully satisfied, I may return unused portion of Renamel at the end of five days, and you will refund my money in full.

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WHEREIN NIBLO’S DIRECTORIAL PRESTIGE DROPS A FEW PEAS
“Captain Applejack,” director Fred Niblo’s latest effort, which was previewed at the Writers’ Club in Hollywood this past month, will please many persons, and yet disappoint them at the same time. It will please them because “Captain Applejack” is an enjoyable film, but disappoint because Niblo gave his abilities to this type of production. While the picture has some very fine comedy moments, it is for the most part holism of the rawest kind. Altho it should be a good box-office attraction, it is prima-facie evidence that Niblo is headed towards too lofty a goal and that nothing in the way of first-class photo-drama can be expected from him.

EVIDENTLY GOOD COMEDIANS ARE NOT WANTED
Raymond Hitchcock and Mrs. Sidney Drew are anxious to make a series of comedies along the lines of their favorite Drew lines, but state they cannot get any offers from film producers. Yet we have Monty Banks and the Hallroom Boys on the screen without any difficulty.

It begins to look as the mountains were made for travelog expeditions to climb.

MOVIE THRILLS vs. NATURE
In the past few weeks several much-heralded superproductions have been released which individually cost into the hundreds of thousands to produce. Huge sets were erected, large mobs were employed, ships were wrecked, battles were staged and houses were burned by directors in an effort to give the public a big thrill. Yet not one of these films was half so thrilling, nor half so dramatic as the news weekly views of the mountains of Java from Mt. Azua which slowly but irresistibly crept down inch by inch over the countryside sweeping and crushing everything before it to oblivion, while the peasants, only a foot feet away from this sure death, casually packed their belongings and calmly surveyed the approaching doom. This is real drama.

THOSE CLEVER SKIPPER LADIES
We have yet to see the daughter of a screen sea captain who, upon the death of her father, was not able to assume full command of the ship and do everything from boss the villainous crew to steer the vessel safely into port.

PET AVERSION OF THE MONTH
“Salome Jane.” Another one of those George Melford affairs. Another good story gone wrong.

The world would be a much better place to live in if only we could find waiters in cafes as they exist in the films. These celluloid gentles are always on hand when needed, they are most courteous, and they never spill anything over the guests. The only waiters we ever encounter seem to have nothing on their mind except calculations as to what the particular good at this table is apt to slip them for a tip.

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Buy on credit as others do. Simply send your name and address and we will send ring you want without immediate payment. If after several weeks you are not in every way satisfied, return to us and we will refund your money, at par. Guaranteed good with each purchase.

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8—4—Rings, $2.50 each; 8—4—Bridal Rings, $5.00 each.
3—14k. Bands, $2.00 each; 3—14k. gold rings, $3.00 each.
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3—22k. Bands, $3.00 each; 3—22k. gold rings, $4.00 each.

OWN YOUR OWN HONHBR
Push back the table, produce your pocket orchestra, and surprise guests with the snappiest dance music of their bright young lives.

AFTER DINNER HARMONY
Be ready with a Hohner, the monarch of mouth organs, for the after dinner dance, the impromptu party, and all the other jolly get-together times. You can easily learn to play it in an hour. Give Hohners at Christmas; nothing at the price will give so much pleasure. Ask your dealer for Hohner Free Instruction book; if he is out of them, write “M. Hohner, New York” for a copy. Hohner Harmonicas are sold everywhere—50c up.

HOHNER HARMONICAS
Reduce Your Bust during the Day
No longer need you have a large bust. Our really made your figure slim and beautiful and attractive, and no one will ever know you are wearing one. It will keep you cool in the summer and warm in the winter. Your bust will be designed to fit. It cannot be detected. You will be amazed at the remarkable change. You can actually measure the difference. No expensive physician will be needed. Buy them and wear them, with effect, from society women and all actresses everywhere.

Send No Money
Just send for the money and you will receive a wrappable one of those remarkable bust formers. By the early mail the best for you will be sent. A ten minutes’ examination will show you the difference.

Write Yours Free! ANNETTE, Dept. D-35, Evanston, Ill.

GET THIS WONDERFUL RING. If you Can’t sell it to others, Give Diamond Send It Back
This ring is made of genuine COROITE diamonds and truly worth $100 in diamonds. The product of the famous C.O. company, the ring is 100% pure, and the diamonds are genuine. You can buy this ring at a retail store, but you won’t get it for less. If you send it back, you will receive $25 for it. In other words, you will be paid $75 for it. You will also send this ring to a friend, and if he is satisfied with it, you will be paid $25 for it. You can get this ring for $25. In other words, you will be paid $75 for it. You will also send this ring to a friend, and if he is satisfied with it, you will be paid $25 for it.

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Sole Importers Genuine Coroite Diamonds
The New Motion Picture
(Continued from page 57)

machine had been constructed to meet the
demand of sixteen frames to the second.
The delicately balanced organism could not
withstand the strain of the accelerated speed.
It became necessary to construct
special machines. This was the birth of
Kinemacolor.

Some of us may remember way back in
1908 the sensational showing of the pro-
ation of King Henry VII and the
Indian Durbar, in color? The image
passed before the eyes at such a high rate of
speed, however, and there was an
un-naturally frayed edge of color, that one
strained one’s vision in trying clearly to
focus and successfully follow the pictures.
A remarkable phenomenon was thus ex-
hibited, but perfection in the colored mov-
ing picture was a long way off.

In 1912, Leon Gaumont of Paris con-
ccluded a series of experiments wherein he
succeeded in employing three primary
colors, instead of the two of earlier pro-
cesses, exposing all three colors at the
same time. Gaumont accomplished this
effect by a triple lens.

But here again was the inventor and the
process meeting unsuccessfully the acid
test of all future motion-picture processes
—commercial success. A special project-
ing machine was necessary and double the
footage of film! For three separate pic-
tures of the same image were made by the
triple lens—one above the other. The
speed was twice that of the black-and-
white film, so twice as much film was nec-
essary to show the same picture. This
extra outlay precluded small theaters from
patronizing the Gaumont process.

Color moving-picture photography received
what would seem to be an effectual and
permanent contribution that turned it in
the right direction some five years later.
Kinemacolor had employed two colors of the
spectrum; Gaumont three, and now a
new entrant in the field four.

In the New York Museum of Natural
History, on February 8, 1917, the Prisma
process was first introduced. The four-
color process, as that of fact, covered the
entire spectrum of colors; there was
red-orange, bluish-green, yellow and blue-
violet.

Later patents, however, have covered a
number of improvements of the Prisma
process and we may say that most of the
notable faults of all color processes have
been practically eliminated. An up-to-date
Prisma picture gives one somewhat the
same sort of reaction that listening to a
radio does.

First and foremost among the improve-
ments in Prisma is the fact that its film
may be shown with any type of standard
projecting equipment and may be projected
on any screen where black-and-white pic-
tures are shown. In other words, Prisma
emerges from the mere “curiosity” film into
the open competitive market. Nor
should we ever have hoped for any extended future
without that advantage. Another practical feature of the improved Prisma lies in
the fact that practically any action—meaning
in density of light or shade, speed of move-
ment and volume or mass—that may be
photographed in black-and-white may be
filmed with equal success by Prisma.

Finally, the cost has been reduced to some-
thing like sixteen cents a foot from what was
fairly recently twenty-five cents a foot.

However, we may guess what a
problem remains to be wrestled with in
competition with black-and-white film,
when we mention that the latter costs but
four cents a foot!

The substantial reduction in cost and

The Newest of Any—
the Most Complete
of All—and at $1.25

The TRE-JUR triple compact—a
veritable treasure chest for
“beauty in the making”. Complete
for the hasty toilette—yet in size
no larger than ordinary compacts.

Complete, we say, for beside poudre
and rouge, there is a lip-stick.

The TRE-JUR compact is as con-
venient as it is complete. It requires
no manoeuvering—no closing one
part to get another. A deft touch,
the lid is open—another, and a
tiny drawer slides out. Milady has
all ready for use, her poudre, rouge,
lip-stick and mirror. The TRE-JUR

TRE-JUR

CASE opens up just as easily—no
breaking of finger-nails, no frantic
search for a hairpin, no struggle!

And in keeping with this beautiful
vanity, we sought the finest scent
obtainable, sought it near and far—
and Joli-Memoire was chosen.

Joli-Memoire—alluring, tempting
lasting, suggestive of Spanish laces
and castanets, reminiscent of strolls
through wonder gardens… Once
Milady has breathed Joli-Memoire
she will never be satisfied with any
other odour—for it lends a dis-
tinctive personality.

Despite the fact that the TRE-JUR
compact offers you more than any
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poudre, rouge and lip-stick in one
jewel-like case—its cost is merely
$1.25. Refills are always available.

If your favorite store has not re-
ceived a supply, we’ll be glad to
send you a TRE-JUR triple compact
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Eyes Like Stars

You see them so often on the stage and screen — those rare, soft, starry EYES that glow with light and feeling. Every woman, way down in her heart, wishes she, too, might possess them.

Alluring EYES are every woman's birthright, and with proper care they may easily be attained. A few drops of Murine, night and morning, will brighten and beautify even the most neglected EYES.

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Prizma's adaptability to all types of projectors is due to several very ingenious adaptations of older principles. One curious thing is that a double-coated film is employed! A solution is then used which practically etches the image on the film. Next, the film is dyed, first one side then the other. This is the most ingenious feature of the new Prizma process. One side of the film is dyed a combination of colors that seem to include and blend the red half of the spectrum; the other side is an admixture of the green complements. Thus all of the colors of the spectrum are filtered in each frame, for the frame is transparent and the light passing thru it catches the combination by projecting what it finds on both sides of the strip of film. The two eyes are of such a chemical nature that one side takes one color (red-plus) while the other takes the other (green-plus), without mixing or interfering one with the other. One color is back on another. Thus, what part of a prismatic color is missed on one side, is complemented on the other, hence combining nature's own colors!

The common fault of all early color pictures — a fringe of color surrounding every image — has been practically eliminated.

The most remarkable film made up to this time in natural colors is "The Glorious Adventure," produced and directed by Commodore J. Stuart Blackton in England last year.

I happened to be in London when "The Glorious Adventure" was receiving its final cutting and titling and assembling. Commodore Blackton was kind enough to sit with me thru a special showing of several reels of this extraordinary film and discuss differentiations from the black-and-white in which he had hitherto worked.

In "The Glorious Adventure," those who witnessed the film saw a super-film of eight or more reels wherein were encountered and successfully dealt with, without exception, all the problems that one meets in any conceivable super-play. But we have here, in addition to motion, the no less-extraordinary phenomenon of color. Yet it was all so natural, that it is doubtful if even a small percentage of the audiences realized the privilege they were enjoying.

"The Glorious Adventure" was just the sort of story that would best lend itself to color. Its background was that colorful period in English history just following the Middle Ages. And then fancy the opportunity for color in the Great Fire of London?

"The Glorious Adventure" was not fully appreciated in America, chiefly because it dealt with a segment of history that was remote — and almost local — to most of us. Without basic interest, even the color phenomenon was dissipated. The picture had its first showing in the famous old Covent Garden before what was without doubt the most aristocratic and exclusive audience that had ever before looked upon a photograph. This was largely due, as we may suppose to the presence, as star of the playing cast, of Lady Diana Manners, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland. Another very original feature of this particular production!

Some of the scenes in the play bore extraordinary resemblance to animated old masterpieces. Its weaving among the English gardens and broderies costumes of the period was a perpetual delight to the eye.

But Prizma photography needs some special co-operation on the part of the director, I was told by their art supervisor. He made some minor criticisms of "The Glorious Adventure" in this particular. He complained that many of
 Commodore Blackton's color effects were spoiled by too-high lighting, which frequently resulted in a stained-glass color effect rather than the more subdued colors of nature. For in nature objects reflect the rays of light that shine upon them and must never be given the effect of shining thru them, as they would then color the landscape for instance.

We come back to our old question: What advantage is the colored film, or rather what advantage has it over the black-and-white?

It has many advantages without doubt. It enhances any picture wherein stress is laid upon the picture-perfect and witness the glorious painting effects in "The Glorious Adventure." It is incomparable in such an educational subject as "The Life and Death of the Dodo". But when it comes to delineating drama, it lends nothing! There is a wide differentiation between beautiful pictures and tense drama that nothing short of a dramatic story and emotional presentation can effect.

The Stars and Their Planets

(Continued from page 74)

sionate nature would cause him to worry over any committed misdemeanor, and also never verbally admitting he was wrong, he would demonstrate repentance thru action rather than by words.

Naturally temperamental and a born mimic with a vivid imagination, yet, he is selsh in resourceful in regard to self-entertainment, preferring greatly to be amused by others, and while a secret realization of his own mental superiority might cause him to be a trite domineering and superinduce a tendency to criticize his playmates; nevertheless, he would be absolutely just in his conclusions. In after-life, he could succeed as a humorist, a public speaker or a surgeon.

October 24 is the birthday of Mr. Bert Lytell and the position of the signs at that time gits him with indomitable will-power, remarkable influence over others and great persuasive ability thru which he can gain favors that would be withheld from many.

Altogether self-centered, his egotism and prepossessing tendency has been balanced by immense self-control and he is attracted by projects characterized by novelty, daring or uncertainty, besides, his stern sense of justice would lead him to assist the oppressed, and aloft naturally indolent, he can become sincerely efficient in pursuing a clearly defined course of action.

The natal day of that extremely popular comedian, Mr. Buster Keaton, occurs upon November 4, and this horoscope indicates pride and conservativeness coupled with respect for superiors or for people of renown.

In home or business he would expect to rule the reins without his own interests carefully, also, he would not easily divulge his plans, expressing only a guarded opinion and giving equivocal answers; nevertheless, he is quick to think or act, alert and energetic and his brilliant mentality makes him a natural humorist.

The Scorpio men are peculiarly aggressive and should this trait occasion trouble; it causes them little concern, for, while they are, in a way sincere, the loss of a tournament is less important to those of any other sign; however, they inspire confidence and admiration and aloft very boastful, they, unlike the Virgo people, are rarely contented with a mediocre degree of success.

Unfortunately, personal esteem and self-

---

**Fine as Star Dust!**

A brand new MAD CAP Rouge Compact composed of such finely divided particles that it gives a transparent natural color. Woman's normal color is not set and paint-looked, rather her color seems to come and go.

A beautiful rouge made by a new process which gives it a soft velvet texture which blends transparently with the skin, Mad Cap rouge compact will be your favorite.

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**Stage Beauties Use It!**

"I think Mad Cap is wonderful. I use it on stage and off." — Helen War.

Leading Lady with

Eugene O'Brien in "Stage" TINTS

Peach (Brilliant) Rouge du Main (Light) Rouge du Jour (Medium) Rouge du Soir (Dark)

Send 10c for liberal sample of The Genuine MAD CAP ORANGE CREAM ROUGE—absolutely water-proof, will not pull off—

75 cents at all dealers.

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**Learn Beauty Culture At Home**

THUS is the one field of endeavor for women who wish to be individual. In fact just the opposite is true—hundreds of so-called "operators" are made right now.

In the past it was possible to secure the necessary training to qualify as a beauty culturist by spending a large sum, at an insubstantial wage, as an apprentice in a shop, or if you had the time and the money, you could attend a reputable beauty culture school. Unfortunately in either plan was practical in a majority of instances, and as a result there is the present demand for experienced operators or specialists.

**Earn $40 to $75 a Week**

By means of this Special Home Study Course in Practical Beauty Culture, hundreds—yes thousands—of women have been able to secure the hundred of dollars that goes with ordinary culture and save enough $50 to $75 a week, and in many instances over $100 a week.

Keep your present position but devote part of your spare time to this study and qualify for the big opportunity. The complete set of beauty culture is covered—manicuring, blotting, powdering, washing, facials, maid and paper, skin work, many other things. Everything is put into its detail and fully illustrated so there is no chance of not being able to understand it.

SEND FOR THIS BOOK

"How to Make Money As a Beauty Specialist"

If you have nothing, just clip this coupon below and send at once. It can make you independent.

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**Stacomt Prevents "Flying Hair" Even After Washing**

Wash your hair as often as you like, and don't worry about its untidy appearance.

Both men and women know the value of STACOMT. After a shampoo you can comb your hair just as you like it and it will stay neatly combed all day.

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**New Mad Cap Rouge Compact**

Made by a New Process

The new Peach tint is extremely popular with those who wish to add that touch of brilliancy so alluring—so tantalizing.

If your dealer has not received his share of this new Mad Cap Rouge compact, you may use the coupon below:

Gentlemen:

Please send me a MAD CAP Rouge Compact (mention the color), for which I will pay the postman 50c plus a few cents for postage.

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Rouge Specialists
Eyes that read—and flirt!

He watched her eyes, gleaming above the cover of her book. Were they really absorbed in reading or were they half flirting, teasing, playing with him? The little minx!

The charm of expressive eyes is all the greater when they are veiled by luxuriant lashes. You can see the long and heavy with WINX—the satin-smooth liquid for darkening the lashes. Apply it with the glass rod attached to the stopper, an improvement over the old unsanitary brush method of application.

So thin and smooth a liquid is WINX that it dries instantly and is invisible on the lashes. It lasts for days and is unaffected by perspiration, tears and even the daily "tube" for WINX is water and perspiration-proof. It will not run or smear and is absolutely harmless.

WINX (black or brown) 75 cents. To nourish the lashes and stimulate their growth, use colorless cream Lashlux at night. Cream Lashlux (black, brown or colorless) 50 cents. At drug or department stores or by mail.

Send a dime today for a generous sample of WINX—enough to keep your lashes beautifully dark for days. For another dime you will receive a sample of Pert, the orange that constant powdering will not remove.

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DO YOU SEE YOURSELF AS OTHERS SEE YOU?

A NEW SCIENTIFIC, PAINLESS METHOD OF CORRECTING ILL-SHAPED NOSES AT HOME

TIME ADVANCES—so does science succeed in perfecting even the most unfortunate possessors of ill-shaped noses the most morbidous, Nose Shapers of the age. My latest improved Nose Shaper Model No. 25 (U. S. and many foreign patents) has so many superior qualities that it surpasses all my previous shapers and other Nose Adjusters by a large margin.

In the first place, my newest appliance is better fitting; the adjustments are such that it will fit any nose without exception—by apparatus is constructed of light weight metal, and is attached very accurately regulated by means of six hexagonal screws, which are regulated with a key and the screws are then locked in the desired position.

These screws will bring about the outward pressure for correcting the various nasal deformities such as:

- Long-pointed nose
- Pag-Back or Shower Nose
- -and turned up nose—and will give marked success in molding the desired nose.

There are no straps to be pulled in order to exert pressure on the nasal organ.

Model No. 25 is upholstered inside with a very fine cushioning to keep pressure off of this metal which protects the nose from direct contact with the apparatus; this lining of metal causes an even, moderate pressure on the parts being corrected, thus avoiding a hard, violent pressure in any one place.

Model No. 25 is guaranteed, and corrects every ill-shaped nose without operation, quickly, safely, comfortably and permanently. It is to be worn at night and, therefore, will not interfere with your daily work.

If you wish to have a perfect looking nose, write today for my free booklet which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses without cost if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist 1934 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.
Are You Satisfied With Yourself?
If you are—then DO NOT read this page

THIS message is for the woman who wishes to add to her store of beauty, charm, and intelligence.

ON December 8th, thru the new BEAUTY, we will give her the opportunity to develop a fresher personality, a more beautiful form.

THE Christmas number of BEAUTY will be different from any of the preceding issues. It is full of surprises.

BEAUTY will be the loveliest magazine for women on the news-stands; it will be entertaining, instructive and artistic.

December

A Bigger Beauty

A Portfolio of Clever Women—Because beauty is supposed to eclipse brains, it has often proved a handicap to the woman who attempts serious achievement. She is almost, without exception, forced to develop her talent in the face of great odds—in spite of beauty not because of it. The portfolio presented comprises photographic studies of seven beautiful women: an actress, a society leader, a dancer, a sculptor, a writer, an opera singer, a motion-picture star—who have arrived in a field quite outside their regular profession.

The ideal heroine as depicted by six well-known illustrators, who give their definition of a beautiful woman sketched in word and with pen.

Helen Wills on keeping fit. The seventeen-year-old tennis champion releases to the growing girl her own daily schedule of work, play, study and rest.

On the Art of Wearing Clothes—How harmony of detail and correct carriage give distinction to a gown that would appear ordinary otherwise.

Irene Bordoni on what the American woman should do to attain ideal beauty; illustrated with some exclusive portraits of the French actress herself.

December

A New Beauty

A Better Beauty

Departments:

New——and——Old

Diet and Health—with "Count Your Calories" as an entrée.

Reading for Relaxation—conducted by a special librarian.

For Entertainment: Humorous sketches of the opening of the Metropolitan Opera season in New York; a story translated from the French; the third installment of "The Memoirs of Mme. Vavara"; a page of light verse. For Information: an article on the care of the teeth; the care of the baby's skin; on how not to catch cold; and the wearing of earrings.

Psycho-physical Exercises—directed by Penelope Knapp.

The Latest Fashions—from the New York and Paris designers.
The Answer Man
(Continued from page 78)

want to know if I think flappers make good wives. I reserve decision. You bet I answer the questions for the CLASSIC. They make me work around here for my $10.50 per. Yes, Conway Tearle is still married to Adele Roundel. Thanks for the flowers.

BERRY PAIL—I see, bursting into Shakespeare. Yes he said "The evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones." Yes, I like Priscilla Dean. No, my head doesn't hang heavy on my shoulders, but my whiskers hang heavy on my chin.

Book Won't, yes, and life would be too smooth if it had no rubs in it. All I know is that Ethel M. Dell is in England, and you might be able to reach her thru her publishers. So you have always pictured me as a handsome cavalier, dashingly thru some Western forest or over the hot sands of the Sahara on a prize-car. Take it easy; you have me wrong. I might dash around on roller-skates, who knows.

LUCY L. Content is stagnation; so move on please. If everybody was satisfied, there would be no progress. Brownie Vernon had the lead in "Queen of the Turf"; John Harron in "Thru the Back Door"; Rhythm in "The Moll"; Esther Ralston in "Crossing Trails." Write me again Lucy.

ELEANOR P. I'm afraid that common sense is not very common. Milton Sirotta and Claire Windsor in "One Clear Call." No, Lila Lee is not Jewish; just a brunette.

SAPPHIE L. So you have been testing the virtue of patience, believing that all things come to him who waits, and disregarding the case of the lady waiting at the church. Take my advice and don't place too much stock in it. Mabel Normand is not married. Neither is Constance Talmadge now.

D. DICKIE. No indeed, my secretary does not chew gum. She is most prim and proper—however a secretary. She reads "Les Miserables" and "Quo Vadis," etc. Yes, Viola Dana has her own car. They tell me she just purchased a garage that holds sixty cars, is not buying sixty cars, just interested in real estate.

BELMONT H. Well I wonder if you are more unhappy for what you have not or more happy for what you have. Mrs. Jerome Prevost is twenty-five. No, Harry Myers is no brother to Camel. Nor wife—just a lonely old bachel.

GEORGIA. Your letter was worthy of a niche in the Hall of Fame. Really, you surely know the English authors. Julian Eltinge was playing in vaudeville last I heard. Saw him with his mother at Forest Hills Inn. Write me again.

MAUD W. I am quite happy, thank you, but I am deprived of the greatest pleasure that life has for a human soul. Ruth Roland is a flapper appearing in vaudeville. She will return to pictures this winter. Aileen Pringle and Conrad Nagel in "Three Weeks."

BLODY. Yes, and it is always the people who cry "I told you so" who never do anything. Charlie Chaplin is five feet four, weighs 125, has brown hair and blue eyes. Lillian Gish has blue eyes and brown hair. Dorothy has blue eyes and blonde hair. Richard Dix was born in St. Paul, 1904.

MELROSE. Sweet music from you. Yes, I like your new nova de plume. Last I heard of Blanche McGarty she was producing her own pictures in California. It seems to me you ought to have a lawyer.
Play PIANO By Ear

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The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

write to that magazine. Something wrong you know. Gladys Cooper is in England and Ivor Novello is in America. Don't place too much stock in Dame Rumor. You say Harold Lloyd is easily the most genuine, lovable and merry-provoking of the comedians. There's my sentiment and always have been. Sorry I cannot give you a list of those syndicates here.

AGLA—Yes, that was Kenneth Harlan in "Mama's Affair" and Anna Nilsson in "Ponjula." Richard Barthelme is twenty-eight.

GREG—Yes, and I understand that the man you describe as "the one who marry in haste and repent in Nevada."

No, Claire Adams is not a star as yet. Give her time. Joseph Schildkraut is playing in "Dust of Desire.

DOLLY GRAY—Pen and ink is wit's plough, but I use a typewriter. Baby Peggy is with Universal, and Philippe de Lacey was with the Chester Bennett productions. Don't mind me in the least. That's what I am here for.

FLAPPER N. W.—So you really like Glenn Hunter, do you?

GALVIS—Many, I like all varieties, and therefore I like you. Why don't you run down to Los Angeles and see for yourself? Richard Barthelme is married to Mary Hay and they are in a happy company. Jack Mulhall married to Evelyn Winstead. You refer to Ricardo Cortez, but I discovered him recently in the Ambassador Hotel dancing.

BUD—That's just it. You must try it. One of the most important things to learn in this world is the value of money; and the quickest way to learn the value of money is to try to borrow some and then ask the people for it. I should know, as I have a father, and you should have seen her. Miss Fletcher usually selects who is to appear on the cover. Life's wish is twenty-seven and unmarried. Jewel Carmen in "The Tale of Two Cities." Did you start to write the five-foot shelf of books?

DALE EVIL—Pleasure masterly! Write Harold Lloyd at the Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Calif. Richard Barthelme at Inspiration Pictures, 365 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

WINE—Get a four means wholly yours. Yes, Claire Windsor weighs 140 pounds and is five feet six and a half. Gloria Swanson weighs 112 pounds. I wish it was, but I can do no.

CUCU—Yes, and people seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy after. I suppose she referred to her red lips. So Mary MacLaren is your favorite. Address Jane Novak at Chester Bennett Productions, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal. So much for that.

RICHARD P. W.—Hello there. Another fine letter from you. Keep up the good work.

ANNA T.—All the way from Belgium. Welcome Anna, to the Statue of Liberty. You can subscribe to this magazine for a year. Write to me.

CLIFFORD J. J.—Yes, Bowwell said "Hell is paved with good intentions." So you like the department "Stars and their Planets." It is interesting. Thanks for all the kind things you say about me.

GOLDA—Hello and thanks for remembering me. How's your sister?

QUESTION BOX.—Pretty acute! Almost, but quite. All the letters I receive—I would have to hire a warehouse if I did. I know of no such list. Most companies are buying stage plays and books. I'll enjoy what I have and hope for what I lack.

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What Has Gone Before

Susie Treadwell, a beautiful girl in a small town, decides to go to New York to realize her ambition to act. She leaves behind her Clay Newton, artistic photographer, who has not the courage to break away. Susie arrives in New York with some hundred dollars to keep her until she can make a go of it. Things run smoothly until her employer slips off to Europe without paying her. Susie fails to find a new position. Then, because of her resemblance to Magda Basarow, the famous movie star, who wishes to disappear for three months, Susie is asked to impersonate her and receive one hundred dollars a week for doing it. When Philip Garner, the playwright, returns from Europe he fails to recognize Susie. Thinking she is Magda, he confesses to her his love for Susie whom he says she resembles. In the meantime, Clay Newton, who identifies Susie, disappreciates. The papers are full of it. Garner is suspected of having kidnapped her. Susie writes Clay telling him she is safe. Philip takes Susie as Magda to a party where she overhears a remark that Magda had married a crook and that her husband's fortune is about to become exhausted. A strange man rushes up to Susie and kisses her. A moment later a woman shoots him and turns the revolver on Susie. Phil saves her but is charmed because he believes the man to be her lover. Susie is now subjected to a grumbling by the police and a rapid fire of camera and reporters. She succeeds in fooling all of her questioners except one reporter, to whom Magda has confessed her marriage in confidence, as a safeguard against his publishing it. He insists upon sending his photographer for exclusive pictures. The photographer who comes is Clay Newton, Susie's old friend. He recognizes her.

Susie takes a Chance

(Continued from page 34)

"Perhaps she doesn't realize that if she made good you would be willing to pay her a hundred dollars a week," he suggested.

"I should be willing to pay you three hundred a week for a period of six months or so," Mr. Riegelman said, "and then if you make good your salary would be increased until you—you, frankly, until we are paying you as much as Magda Basarow got!"

Susie shook her head stubbornly. She didn't care if they offered her twice what Magda Basarow got. It wasn't worth it. No amount of money was worth it.

"Perhaps you don't realize that we paid Magda Basarow upwards of thirty-five thousand a year," said Mr. Riegelman gently.

"I'm sorry," Susie said, "but I cannot accept your offer."

"I don't see how we could pay you any more than we paid Magda Basarow," Mr. Riegelman said.

Susie laughed.

"I'm not looking out for a larger salary," Mr. Riegelman said, "she simply don't want the job at any price.

Mr. Riegelman continued, and suryeyed Susie with a new interest. He per-haps owed his success in life to a faculty for becoming more interested at the point in a negotiation when other men became discouraged.

"Tell me about it," he said. "Dont you like the idea of being an actress?"

Susie hesitated. He was so pleasant that she longed to tell him the truth. And yet she couldn't. She could only resist.

"Didn't you ever, as a little girl, dream of being an actress?" he asked.

"Yes," Susie admitted.

"And now that your chance has come you don't want it?"

"N-o-o-o-o," said Susie slowly.

"Ah," said Mr. Riegelman, "I see—it is some private and personal reason—perhaps family."

"Probably permanent," Susie said succinctly.

Mr. Riegelman arose. The rest rose also.

"Then we must ask your pardon for troubling you, Miss Treadwell. But if there is a faintest possibility of your changing your mind—may I see you again?"

Susie looked at him gravely.

"Yes," she said. When the story was over, Armistead looked at her quizzically.

"You know, Susie," he said, "I couldn't tell for the life of me whether you were holding out on him or not."

"Didn't I tell you this morning that I hated being Magda Basarow?"

"Yes," Armistead said, "you did. And then there's something queer about it, too."

"Queer?"

"Of course. It just isn't natural that a young and beautiful woman would fully re- fuse the chance to become famous over-night—at a handsome salary.""That's all you know about it," said Susie bitterly.

"I'd like to know more," Armistead said. "I'm just as curious as I can be. Want you tell me?"

Page 102
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Susie Takes a Chance

(Continued from page 102)

"No," Susie said.

"And knelt at her feet, took her hands in

Then," he said, "nothing else matters."

"No," Susie said, "nothing else matters

unless..."

Phil Garner stood up.

"Unless what?" he asked.

Susie looked up at him, half-shyly, half-

provocatively. It was not the gesture of Magda Basarov. It was the gesture of Susie Treadwell.

"Unless," she began. But she could not

finish the sentence. She dropped her
eyes. The next moment she was in Phil's

arms.

"I love you," he said, "I've always loved

Susie raised her lips to his. He held her

close, held her with that fierce tender-

ness for which she had longed.

"And now," she said, releasing herself,

"I must finish my sentence. I can't let

you kiss me under false pretenses." Phil

laughed.

"What do I care what the pretenses are—
since I can kiss you?" he asked.

He kissed her again.

"Wait," she said, "You must wait." Phil
dropped her arms.

"I wait," he said, smiling.

"I said nothing else matters—"

"Yes," said Phil.

"Unless you mind my not being Magda

Basarov.

Phil shook his head.

"That's too deep for me," he said.

"Because," Susie went on, "I'm not

Magda Basarov. I'm Susie Treadwell."

Phil put one hand on each of her

shoulders, gazing at her in the moonlight.

"Good lord," he said.

"You don't mind," Susie asked.

"I'm glad," he said, "I fell in love with

you in those few days you worked for me.

I've been looking for you ever since. I—"

She shook his arm—"I'd been so balled up I didn't know..." Susie laughed happily.

"I fell in love with you, too," she said.

"But I couldn't tell you the truth—before."

Phil put his arm around her, held her

close. Susie leaned her cheek against his.

"Of course," she said, "if you'd rather

have a Magda Basarov for a wife—I can

go on being Magda Basarov. Quadrangle

has made me the offer."

Phil frowned.

"Do you really want to?" he asked.

"I think it would be rather fun," Susie

said gayly.

"Hum," Phil said.

"But of course I won't if you don't want me," she finished.

"You shall do exactly as you please," Phil

said, "provided you'll marry me at

once."

Susie laughed softly.

"I think I can--I'll try--on Kiegelman's face," she said, "when I tell him I've changed my

mind."

Susie laughed softly.

"I'll see--I'll try--on Kiegelman's face," she said, "when I tell him I've changed my

mind."

Susie laughed softly.
On the Camera Coast
(Continued from page 68)

The star thinks, however, that it will offer him the greatest opportunity of his career.

In "Anna Christie," Blanche Sweet is making one of the greatest sacrifices of beauty to realism ever seen on the screen. The part calls for a hard-boiled, sick, ghastly pale, little prostitute. The star's make-up in the part is simply marvelous. She makes the little Swede street-girl at the same time fascinatingly repulsive and pathetic.

The rushes seem to show her performance as in every way equaling if not surpassing in power and tragic appeal that of Pauline Lord on the stage.

Mary Miles Minter's break with her mother has furnished a great opportunity for us all to take sides on the "mama" question, with regard to unmarried young film ladies.

Miss Minter has just filed a suit to recover from her mother one million dollars, which she claims mama has pocketed of salaries and investments due her. She also relates plaintively how her mother harassed her, how her friends were all picked carefully for her. She was told just what people would be good and profitable for her to meet and who would not. She was compelled to ask her mother for her own money to buy a wrist watch or a dog or a chocolate sundae.

A few months ago, it became known that Miss Minter had made a break for freedom, had left her mother's house, and was living with a young married couple who were considered by her mother one of the "impossible.'

Now with her mother ill in a hospital, she is making the split final. Sob stories in the Los Angeles papers have affected her not a whit.

"My mother dying and asking for me," she sniffed, "I have been in connection with her doctors every day. They say she is not in the slightest danger. It is a play to get me back in the yoke again."

There are who cheer for the daughter, and some who weep heartily for the mother. At any rate, it will give officious and iron-handed screen mamas an awful scare, if Miss Minter gets away with it. It will be a precedent for a revolution.

Kenneth Harlan says that, with "The Virginian," he is turning over a new leaf. He is thru with beautiful young men parts forever. Not that he has determined to devote his life henceforth to westerns. But the dress clothes are going back to the wardrobe trunk for a long vacation. Hereafter he intends to confine his attention to character leads.

And don't forget that the other Mary has a mother. She was there the other day, when Mary Pickford was telling me about a speech she made in San Francisco during the war. "I remember it," said Miss Pickford emphatically. "There was a German-looking man there who kept walking up and down with his hand in his coat pocket as he had a revolver. I thought he was going to shoot at Mary and I was all ready to throw myself in front of her."

"Mother," gasped Mary. "This is the first I ever heard of it."

"Well," retorted her mother. "But mother you would have been
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killed, throwing yourself in front of me. You hadn't any right to—"

And who has a better right?” demanded Mrs. Pickford belligerently, and then she softened and added, “Well, Mary, it turned out to be only a man trying to get up the courage to tell you how his little girl loved you.

According to Herbert Brennon, her director, Pola Negri is a great artist, an unselfish, sweet girl—but trying. "It's like driving a very high-spirited horse," he said, "a wonderful experience, but you don't want too much of it. Negri is the greatest actress of this generation, but I wouldn't want to direct more than one picture a year with her.

He says that in "the Spanish Dancer," Pola has stopped trying to mold her acting to what was alleged to be the American taste and has let herself go. The results, he says, are magnificent.

Greenroom Jottings
(Continued from page 84)

Marguerite de la Motte, John Bowers, Robert Fraser, John Marlow, Fred Stanton, George Hackathorne and John Fox, Jr., are among the chief players of the production. The Winning of Barbara Worth" will probably be the next Wright story to be filmed.

Corinne Griffith is now in Hollywood acting the part of Madame Zattiany, the central character in Gertrude Atherton's popular "Black Oxen." Miss Griffith has been studying her part diligently and it has demanded the burning of midnight oil. Madame Zattiany is a former belle of New York's four hundred who has reached the age of the dowager class that refuses to stay put. She undergoes the famous "rejuvenating" process and re-enters society young again, a contemporary of her former associates' daughters, and more beautiful, yet with the sophistication of her years. The part is enough to make or break any star. It is in good hands.

Rudolph Valentino has been insured for one million dollars. We believe the Ritz-Carlton Pictures, Inc., wise in so doing. Rudolph is so popular that he is more than apt to be smothered with kisses or choked with uninvited hugs, or still more likely to break an arm or a light fantastic toe while climbing out of a hack-stage window to escape the adoring mob. London and Paris seemed to forget their traditional polish while Rudolph was there and were just as boisterously mad about him as America. Perhaps Rudy, Winifred Hudnut, his wife, and their two Pekingese pups, went from London to Paris by aeroplane as a matter of protection. But American flappers did not run any chances of being forgotten even tho they were separated from their idol by the ocean— they sent him more than five hundred letters a day and Rudy sighed contentedly and said life would be very dull without admirers. The Valentinos returned to the States in the fall, Rudy to store his laurels with Famous Players, Winifred to display the lovely gowns and hats she got in Paris.

Old admirers of Laurette Taylor and those who have never met Miss Taylor, save on the silver sheet, as the adorable Peg O' My Heart, have another treat (Continued on page 115)
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American Film Co., 6227 Broadway, Chicago, III.
Bennett, Chester Prod., 3800 Mission Rd., Los Angeles, Calif.
Carson Studios, Inc., 1845 Alessandro St., Los Angeles, Calif.
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Commonwealth Pictures Corp., 220 S. Melrose St., Chicago, III.
Coogan, Jackie Prod., 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
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FREE BOOKLET

The Editor Gossips

(Continued from page 47)

This last month Zasu Pitts and her husband, Thomas Mallory, came to New York. They stopped with Mrs. McAvoy and May at the Hotel Des Indes. Zasu came East to play with Glenn Hunter in "West of the Water Tower," and Tom came to be with Zasu. The Goldwyn Company took advantage of Miss Pitts' presence in Gotham to have her meet the different magazine and newspaper people, inasmuch as she just finished her role of Trina in von Stroheim's "The Merry-Go-Round."

We were interested in meeting her, frankly. Once someone told us that she was a curious person, touched with decayed. This provoked our curiosity. We visualized her in queer garments. We imagined her intoning morbid, sophisticated utterances. Then we saw Zasu. Our preconceived notions died a terrible death. She wore a chic tan woolen sport suit and a little black felt hat. And sometimes, when she's talking to you about Tom or the mother-in-law, she slaps you on the shoulder with the back of her hand, exactly after her manner on the screen. We wish we could remember who told us about her. It is the most erroneous thing we've ever heard.

Decadent! She's the antithesis of that. She's friendly. She adores her big, good-looking husbands. The worshiping praise of Eric von Stroheim who gave her a chance to emote when she was just dying to emote and everyone laughed at her and told her it was comedy...good, wholesome comedy. She travels in the subway and in street-cars. And she cannot resist French pastry.

Before you met this little man had been lost in the subway and had failed to keep her appointment at the dentist's. Husband Thomas groaned, after the way of good husbands, hastening to the nearest telephone. He consoled to us that he had just finished paying a dentist bill wherein Zasu had been outrageously charged fifty dollars or something like that for a broken appointment. Zasu reached for his hand under the table and told him she certainly had called the dentist but she hadn't made a previous appointment and anyway she had only had one more nickel which she needed to get to our pastry.

And then Mr. Mallory ordered a second mocha and nut concoction for her altho he had frozen upon the first when Zasu selected it from the tray.

We liked being with them. The cares of the world rest lightly indeed upon their young shoulders. And their glorious sense of humor gives you hope that their adoration for one another will stand the test of the years.

Movie stars who dont travel to the soft purr of a Rolls-Royce...Movie stars who get down to their last nickel...We liked them.

Then George Hackathorne came to New York. And on his lips too was a song of praise for Eric von Stroheim. We remember how he rushed back to California in a few days ago, sacrificing an opportunity which was about to materialize here because von Stroheim wanted him for the cripple boy in "The Merry-Go-Round."

And altho he only worked under von Stroheim for a little over a week before Rupert Julian undertook to complete the picture, he feels it was worth while. Like everyone else we have met who has...
Herself

No obligation.

•••

Motion-picture editions of novels which have been filmed are becoming more and more popular. We have noticed that the book-shops are filled with them. And the latest motion-picture which has given scenes from its action to illustrate a novel is Fola Negrí's latest offering, "The Cheat."

A complimentary copy of this came to our desk the other day and as yet, we have not had the time to read it thoroughly. Russell Holland is the author of this novelized version and if the entire book is as well written as its beginning it should enjoy a popular sale.

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And Furthermore:

The story of Bebe Daniels, Sing Negri in "The Spanish Dancer," Sing's Sweetheart; an interview with Lila Lee, Tommy's new opposite; and odd, beautiful photographic studies of Doug as The Thief of Bagdad; Marion Davies as Maeterlinck's Mélisande; and the run last month. This is your opportunity for comparisons between these two exquisite stars, who are so different.

Zaza

(Continued from page 64)

what she had just done to Florianne.

Before the door of an eminently respectable dwelling in an eminently respectable neighborhood in the heart of Paris, Zaza passed and rang the bell. Natalie, her maid, tripped up the steps behind her and there they stood, Zaza in a daze but still determined, the maid trembling and covering behind her.

"Come in," said the smiling maid, answering the bell. "Madame Dufrêne is expecting you. She will be back very soon."

Zaza looked at the woman as tho she were not there. She walked in like an automation and sat down dully. "Madame Dufrêne... Madame Dufrêne?" On a table near her lay a neat little pile of letters. She looked at the top one—Madame Bernard Dufrêne at the next one, Madame Bernard Dufrêne... Madame Ber... Mother of God! The man was married!

But of course. That was why he had not wanted to come on the country with her, and that was why he could not take her to America. He was married! Her! Her own Bernard! A little gust of feeling shook her body. She began to tremble. The walls seemed to close in on her and the room grew black. She could scarcely breathe and she thought her head would burst. Her man! Yes, he was hers, belonged to her, was bound to her, in bondage to her, by the only tie Zaza had ever been able to recognize. Never would she give him up. Never. He could find some way to free himself and come to her. Zaza felt her claim to be, if not a prior one, a stronger one.

"I will never give him up," she said aloud, and the sound of her voice fairly terrified her, it was so strange.

The thin sweet voice of a child floated suddenly out on the still air accompanied by fluttering piano notes picked out laboriously with one finger. "Moi-pu-pu, Bernard, il m'aimi," sang Yvonne. Zaza's heart constricted. She opened the door of the music-room, and a little girl looked up at her with startling eyes. Yvonne! She looked like him—the same gray eyes, brown-flecked, the same resolute chin, only softened, the same fine brown hair.

"Oh," exclaimed Yvonne, "how pretty you are! What is your name?"

"Come here, child," said Zaza clutching her bosom, as the little girl drew nearer. "You too are pretty. What is your name?"

"Yvonne. I look like my papa," she answered proudly.

"Let me—let me caress you," murmured Zaza beginning to cry. "I am very unhappy."

Yvonne laid her warm pink cheek softly against Zaza's cold white one, whispering tender little condolences, patting her trembling hands, understanding not at all but sympathizing none the less.

"One cannot harm a child," poor wretched Zaza kept thinking. "I came here for revenge—but I cannot take it. One does not hurt a little girl. How warm and soft her cheek is... how dear her little hands... if she were only mine... and his, instead of hers... if she were only mine... that would hold him to me... as it must hold him to his wife... yes... he must stay here... he belongs here and not to Zaza. I will go away... back to our—to my dove-cote... alone. Poor Zaza gives up the one.
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thing in all the world she wants . . . and cannot have. Poor Zaza . . . poor lonely Zaza . . .

"I beg your pardon," suddenly interrupted a well-bred voice. "I do not at all understand this."

Zaza rose to her feet, summoning all her courage. Yvonne ran to the woman and exclaimed, "Mama! It is only that this lady is unhappy. She has . . ."

"I will explain," said Zaza in sudden and magnanimous calm. "I came here by mistake. I— it was the wrong street. Your little girl was singing and I—she reminded me of my last love— me turned to break down. She has been very sweet. You will pardon the intrusion. Come, Natalie."

"Good-bye," said the little girl. "Please be happy."

To her everlasting credit, Zaza smiled.

Then, after that Zaza hid her heart away from view, who had always worn it on her sleeve before. No one marveled at her attitude, for no one understood it. They concluded, that the attachment had not been very deep after all. How else could Zaza have been so gay? Aunt Rosa redoubled her efforts in the Duke's behalf and the Duke trebled his own. Zaza had called her. She had sent her sorrow in champagne, stifled it with work, beat it down by sheer force of will and hid what would not be denied behind a hard-faced laughter.

It was at a riotous party in De Brissac's Chateau that her gallant bluff was called. Zaza had exerted her charm and the party was an unqualified success. At its height, Bernard Dufrene was announced. He had come for a last farewell before leaving for America.

"Oh," said Zaza, when they were alone.

"So you are really leaving. I trust your wife and the little Yvonne stand the trip well."

"She smiled lightly with the old delicious curve of her lips but her eyes were dark with pain.

"What do you mean?" queried Dufrene in alarm.

"Just what I said. I found Madame Dufrene most courteuse."

"Zaza, Zaza, what do you mean? What have you done?

"Do not tell me that you have no wife and child. I have met her . . . and talked to her."

"And, my dear, I do not understand," said Dufrene utterly at loss.

"It is simple," answered Zaza beginning to falter. "They told me you were married. You had deceived your—your Zaza. I could not endure that, so I went to Paris to your home. I told your wife about us, told her of our love, our kisses, our days and nights together, everything."

"You had no right," cried the man in alarm.

"No matter," retorted the woman. "I did it."

"How could you, Zaza. I loved you. I could not have hurt you."

"Women are different."

"So it seems."

"What?"

"Oh, my Bernard," cried Zaza relenting before the angry hurt in her lover's eyes. "It is true that I love you. True to you. I did not tell her. She knows nothing. You can go to America and . . . forget Zaza. You must stay with your wife and your place in your heart. There is not room for Zaza."

"Dont," said the man in agonized tones. "Dont say that—I love you. I will always
love you—only you. I will get a divorce. I will give up this American appointment. I want only you, my beautiful, I love only you.”

“It is not enough—just to love me,” whispered Zaza, who had learned that un-welcome truth. “Your wife loves you ... and Yvonne loves you. They have the right, not—not Zaza. I am only an interloper ... a strain of music one rec-
members dimly ... a happy hour, a golden hour perhaps but no more. ... You must go back to them. We shall part, my own true love, and go our separate ways. It is the only thing to do ... but I shall always love you ... always.”

Dufrene couldn’t say a word. He only held her in his arms tight and close as tho he could never let her go. He knew she was right but his love for her was so strong that the conflict robbed him of speech. At last Zaza disengaged herself gently from his arms. He was beaten and he knew it. She was right and they both knew it.

“Good-bye...” he said.

“Good-bye,” breathed Zaza, in a voice grown faint with tears.

Two young girls about sixteen or seven-teen years old sat together on a big daven-
port before an open fire-place in a charm-
ing house in Paris facing the Bois. Bes-
ide them, under the window, that framed a winter landscape stood a tea-table with a shining silver teapot and thin china cups, blue-ringed, ornamenting the white covered tray that he held.

“And you know,” said one of the girls, pouring out a fragrant cup of tea, “they have laughed each other for years and years.”

“Oh, it’s too romantic,” gasped the other one. “To think that the great, the glor-
ious Zaza is to be your mother!”

“She is wonderful,” answered Yvonne. “You know she loved papa Bernard even before my own mother died. But they gave each other up and we went to America. Very noble I thought it, when I learned about such things. I don’t know that I could have done it myself. And to wait all those years for him too—and when so many wonderful men have wanted to marry her—but of course, I think Papa Bernard is as wonderful as anyone, for that matter.”

“He is, he is,” agreed the other ecstatically. “They’re a winner hot couple. And it’s so romantic. May I come to see you when that gorgeous Zaza is your mother?”

“But yes, of course, goose,” laughed Yvonne affectionately. “That’s almost the way I feel about her too—sort of breathless.”

“Well it certainly is romantic,” her friend repeated again in dreamy accents. “Oh dear, I’ve let my tea get cold...”

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L. T. R INDEX

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Miniature can be used for hair

THE C. S. WELCH CO., Dept. M-P.
NEW YORK CITY
Across the Silversheet
(continued from page 49)

“When Knighthood Was in Flower” suggested... that Marion Davies is an actress of ability and charm. And it succeeds in affording pleasant entertainment into the bargain.

The story finds New York as a village in 1840... when Bowling Green was a country square; when Delmonico was laying the foundation for what later became not only a hotel but an institution; when Robert Fulton and Washington Irving were the young bloods of the town; and when Cornelius Vanderbilt and John Jacob Astor had already amassed enough wealth in their respective trades to be known as the rich men of the village. To this old New York comes Patricia O’Day, a little Irish girl who masquerades as her brother that she may save a rich inheritance for her poverty-stricken family. Her arrival robs her cousin, Larry Delevan, of the fortune which would have otherwise reverted to him, but as time passes Larry finds his compensation and there is a joyful ending. Nothing profound or epoch-making but pleasant entertainment which has been well staged and well acted.

It carries weight in names of such prominence as Stephen Carr, Harrison Ford, Courtenay Foote, Mahlon Hamilton and Louis Wolheim. Also we wish to mention Harry Watson, better known behind the footlights, who provokes hearty laughs in his characterization of Bully Boy Brewster, a prize-fighter from the Jersey shore.

We cannot emphasize enough the convincing and sympathetic way in which Miss Davies creates Patricia O’Day, seemingly Pat. She wears the boy’s trousers and the jaunty cap with a gay daring and is equal at all times to the emotional demands which the story makes upon her. It was only at the very end where she forsook the boy’s attire for the fluffy hoopskirts of the period that she faintly reminded us of the Marion Davies of other days who used to walk thru her productions, giving little or nothing to her role. In her praise we are glad to spend our adjectives while we await her next production with interest. We marvel at the strides she has made and cannot think of more than a very few actresses who would have done so well with this often-trrying role.

No effort has been spared to make “Little Old New York” a worth-while production and the scenes of the old houses on Bowling Green are charming in their historical accuracy... as is the try-out of Robert Fulton’s Clermont and other events of that bygone day. But it was Marion Davies as the youthful masquerading Pat who charmed us far and above everything else.

“Ashes of Vengeance” finds its title when a feud which has long existed between the Houses of De Vrieac and De Breux is overcome thru the great love which the son, Rupert, and the daughter, Yoeland, of these houses come to bear each other. The wars, politics and duel which the title abstractly suggested to us are present simply in the nature of a background: for the story is laid in medieval France when Catherine de Medici reigned thru her son, Charles IX.

There are plots and counterplots, but the central thread of the highly romantic tale concerns itself with the juxtaposition of Yoeland and Rupert, when Rupert, thru force of circumstances, pledges himself to serve in the house of his enemies for a span of years. There is the conflict of

“Trilby,” with André Lafayette in the title role, comes from a novel in which humor, charm and drama abound. And if all of these composites lose out somewhat in the transition. “Trilby” is, nevertheless, a good motion picture.
love-battling pride, and altogether the story runs an active course.

Norma Talmadge, as she seems to us, varies in her portrayal of Yoela. There are times when the camera catches her appearing worn and tired and there are other times when she seems really beautiful. Her role did not call upon her for all that she has to give but permitted her to be the proud lady, and we can think of no one who could be more beautifully impressive in moments of hauteur than Miss Talmadge.

Conway Tearle as Rupert holds the strongest role in the entire production, even tho he sometimes permitted his work to be overshadowed by others, most frequently Wallace Beery as the Duc de Tours.

Others who were prominent in the cast were Courtenay Foote, Claire McDowell, Betty Francisco and Mary McAllister. Andre de Beranger, too, was excellent as Charles IX.

And once more we have an interesting production which holds your attention and pleases your eyes but which achieves to tremendous heights, alto it is evident that thousands and thousands of dollars have gone into its making.

In summation, we recommend all three of these costume plays. They may, none of them be epoch-making, but they entertain . . . and, when all is said and done, that serves a definite purpose.

Greenroom Jottings
(Continued from page 106)

in store for them. Before beginning rehearsals for her new Broadway play Laurette ran out to Hollywood to make "Happiness," and "One Night in Rome," for Metro. Both plays are by J. Hartley Manners, her husband, and both were great successes in London, New York, and other American cities.

Ben Alexander, Booth Tarkington's Penrod on the screen and stage, has been lassoed by Maurice Tourneur for the part of Bud, one of the Two Little Vagrants in the First National production of that name. The delectable Ben has reached the all-inspiring age-awe-inspiring for his parents and neighbors—of twelve years and has been cutting capers in the Kleig since he was five. This will be the second time he has played in pictures for the French director. His first part being in "The White Heather."

And Mary's going to do another picture—"Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" with Allan Forest, her brother-in-law, the husband of Lottie Pickford, in the leading male role. Marshall Neelan, Mary's former director and stage friend, will direct her. This is a particularly happy arrangement, as Ernst Lubitsch is one to steer Mary thru her star performance of "Romeo and Juliet." She saw in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" a wealth of cavaliers and ladies, duels and minuets, but no place for Mary. Dorothy will be played by the Mary whom Marshall Neilan knows.

It's a pity "Three Miles Out" does not give a glimpse of the fascinating little dressing-room on wheels provided for Madge Kennedy during the shooting of the picture. It so intrigued us when we visited the producing-studio—which with the salt atmosphere and all—that we decided we'd use it for a bath-house—then we discovered that

(Continued on page 123)
Comment on Other Productions
(Continued from page 53)

.cast It is certain to create long lines at box-office windows.

RUPERT OF HENTZAU

Many mythical kingdoms have risen and toppled out of the first photodramas, but Anthony Hope’s kingdoms of romance and adventure have endured the longest. “Rupert of Hentzau” is a sequel to “The Four Feathers,” and because it is a sequel it precludes any suggestion of suspense. The puppets seem to be puppets this time. It yet is admirably executed by the company. Rupert story running off like clock-work and carrying suffi-

The Mysterious Witness

The horse has his innings again and walks away with the honors. He is none other than the mysterious witness who is the object of such queer interest. The game is gam-

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THE BRASS BOTTLE

This highly fantastic novelty has been approached in a heavy manner by Maurice Tournier so that its pungent humor is colored with broad slapstick instead of revealing subtle strokes. True, it is funny in spots—but where a ripper should have been employed, a heavy bulldozer has been the instrument to execute the tricks. The idea presents unusual possibilities to touch the realms of fancy. In a small way this has been indicated—particularly when the Genie provides his benedict with a lavish banquet. But you can catch the fanciful note when the impoverished architect showers the brass bottle in the corner, breaking it and releasing the spirit of the Genie, six thousand years old. This evil genius had plotted against his king—so he went wild, despoiled the bhillions, courageo the sea—the bottle to be picked up in a curio shop in London in our modern day. The youth had sought to please—his sweet heart's father with the gift—and met a rebuff. And on to the clownish pranks—with Tully Marshall as the rusty old man being turned into a donkey by the Genie, played by Ernest Torrence—the latter, not so deaf in his study as the part suggests. And so the youth gets his every wish—to the accompaniment of much bellowing broad sheet. The scenes are carried out with Oriental design—and the story calls for much color and wealth of background. Pictorially it is satisfying but the touch is not delicate enough. Harry Myers creates the best performance.

CIRCUS DAYS

Placing Jackie Coogan against the background of a circus top was a happy thought on the part of his sponsors. Certainly tales of the tan-bark are ever appealing because they take us all back to the days of childhood. The idea is worked out according to a well-established formula. Yes, Jackie runs away from a skinflint uncle to join a circus. He has his troubles until the concluding scenes, for the ring-master is of the same stamp make-up as the aged farmer. But the boy wonder doubles for a bare-barker and is decorated with a clown number—one evidently copied from a Ringling act—and carries it thru a winner. The scene is uproariously funny. Riches are his reward. And he returns home in a car to take mother away. Fairly bright—always obvious, but withal, appealing. Jackie makes it so.

ITCHING PALMS

Here is a favorite plot of Mack Sennett's treated seriously—one which introduces overbaked rural hokum with the burlesque manner. For five roles the spectator is forced to watch an elderly lady, her shiftless grandson, and an oily bounder play hide-and-seek in their attempts to locate a package thrown away by the old woman's son in his escape from the o. b. mentioned above. The package is thrown in the vicinity of an old well. And in the fifth reel it is discovered resting comfortably near the old oaken bucket. A haunted house figures in emphasizing the dreary home— and a villainous idiot has his immortals, too. A senseless piece of screen fare—with nothing in its favor.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR

A Lincoln J. Carter melodrama—one written in the by-gone or, that is, 'the third' gallery hokum. It's really a serious compressed into the usual length—with time fuses, dynamic, high explosives, powerful heroes, hot steel, hot furnaces, aeroplanes, etc.
submarines, secret doors, secret panels, and hot love and hate and what-not thrown together to make the pulse beat faster. The hero must needs masquerade as a government spy employed by an obtuse foreign agent. He must guard his identity so that he represents a wolf in sheep's clothing to the girl—who in turn must protect the munitions plant at all costs. Wild and rapid and carrying many hairbreadth escapes. The flag waves at the finish. Louis Sherwin, who once scored such plots as a dramatic critic, prepared the scenario. Shirley Mason is the plucky heroine, Charles Lane the intrepid hero. Forget its improbabilities and enjoy its thrills.

THE VICTOR

Prize-fights have become so common that they have penetrated the movies. But a good fight like the one staged in "The Abyssmal Brute" doesn't happen along every day. "The Victor" is a weak, gymnasium boat in comparison. It features Herbert Rawlinson as an impoverished Englishman given to saying "jolly well," "topping," and other Piccadilly expressions the while he bounds around in search of a job. He knocks out the mildest of champions in a restaurant brawl—and is promoted as likely talent for the coveted crown. The fight scene is very tame. Eddie Gribbin is the 'pug' who hits the resin and stays there. Rawlinson is more subdued here than usual. A single-track story—lacking punch and vitality. Come prepared to sleep.

MAN AND WIFE

A mad array of improbable episodes which, because of their wildness, will appeal to one's sense of humor. The stuff of which this impossible movie is made concerns a man who marries a city surgeon. He is called out of town, leaving her in charge of his despicable cousin. A wire comes back saying that she is dead, having lost her life in a restaurant fire. So he goes to the farm to rest—not knowing that it is her erstwhile home. The madness of this plot continues. He courts and marries her meek sister within six months. Then the first wife bobs up very much alive, but very much insane. Cousin had taken her motoring and an accident resulted. So Mr. Surgeon operates successfully. Meanwhile wife number 2 is busy sewing upon baby clothes—a scene that had the Pennsylvanians in fits of laughter. Here's a pretty pickle! The author extricates himself by having the first wife go insane again and thus enabling the real wife to kill her. All for the sake of an unborn babe. And they waste time selecting such hopeless stuff as this. A mad, bad, sad movie.

RADIO-MANIA

The author of this fanciful story had no other recourse but to employ the dream situation, since the idea revolves around marriage with Mars. The radio craze was destined to become popularized for the screen, but it could have been treated with more ingenuity than is noticeable here. Merely placing a busy inventor in a deep sleep and causing his imagination to run riot over the perfection of his powerful radio which will enable him to talk with the Martians is hardly sufficient. It could have been treated with suave satire—surely with more imagination. The sleep episodes introduce the Martians according to the popular theory—carrying huge heads and ears upon their puny bodies. The story stops in its tracks very often to introduce a weak and arbitrary phrase. In fact, there is nothing to it, but a capitalization of the radio craze. Grant Mitchell and Margaret Irving make
their screen debuts. They are much better on the stage. The picture is not worth the footage given it. Compressed into three reels, it would strike a more fanciful note—because the earth incident would have to be eliminated to make room for the single highlight—the Martian chapter.

**DOUBLE DEALING**

It is impossible to extend any praises for this rural opus which treats of a village storekeeper whose mortgage is escrow. Such ideas have long since been appropriated by the Sennett of the comedy lots. Nevertheless, it makes a faint bid for recognition in a series of country yokels—with Hoot Gibson unable to appear in character. They have dressed him up in store-clothes, ready-made tie (à la Keaton) and celluloid collar. And this familiar "hick" is bounded by an equally familiar skin-fint—and the—equally familiar city—of the idea—slapstick—put over by Henry Lehrman of slapstick fame. Thus five reels are too much to swallow. Every detail is exaggerated. Oh, the romance. Hoot goes buggy-riding.

**STEPPING FAST**

The time-worn pattern of the treasure cave with the hero and his oppressors in mortal combat to reach it, serves as the background of this bold melodrama. Speed it has in abundance. It is as if the director ordered such an ingredient to save his plot from becoming boring to the spectators. The idea may be said to be out of the dime-novel era. You almost hear the director shout "Camera!" So they're off on location, the cameraman shooting with a portable camera.

Tom Mix is the star of this piece. And after the disciples of evil kill his mother, he dashes across the Pacific to get the fatal ring upon which is engraved the exact location of the treasure cave. Ho-hum with a vengeance. And the villains pursue him to the idea-grand, wild story fit only for infantile minds. Mix affects a peculiar habit in his wardrobe. He wears chamois gloves in nearly every scene. Is this a burst of temperment or merely a display of tomfoolery?

**REFUGE**

Another of the mythical-kingdom stories—the "Graustark" idea with Katherine MacDonald posing in her customary cold fashion. Several ancient details are exposed here—one of which is the fatal brooch. The countless opens it along about the third reel disclosing the mother of the missing prince. A very easy story to guess, particularly when the m.p. dashes upon the brooch disclosing it is a family heirloom. The subsequent reels are unnecessary. The director has fashioned a few so-called dramatic episodes, but due to constant repetition the edge is taken off the interest. It's next to impossible to find a real honest-to-goodness story for this star. If one could be found, we cannot imagine her doing justice with it.
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Letters to the Editor
(Continued from page 60)

seem to think there is something the matter with the movies. They are entirely wrong. But there is something the matter with censorship. It is quite natural that the producers should give the public what it will pay the most for. This is the only sane item that could in our present commercial civilization. If the audience patronized the better things, there would be more of them. But it is all right to talk about doing a thing, but doing it is quite a different matter.

The movies appeal mostly to the middle class . . . in thought and station therefore want for this by the large middle-class pictures. They cannot even try to appeal to the intelligent, for in this great land I venture to say that there are not more than twenty-five thousand intelligent or half-way intelligent persons. And these are so individual that it would be practically impossible to satisfy them.

The tendency seems to be towards something that is pleasing to all classes and divisions of thought. I think that great merit is due to those directors and producers that are presenting us with a half-way intelligent play regardless of the unceasing effort of censorship to thwart them.

In my opinion censorship is the greatest and most heinous crime against Art that is known in history. It is true that if it were not for censorship we would have a type of movie that would correspond to the bedroom farce, but even this would be much better than some of the inane senseless things that are foisted upon us. When one recollects how many wonderful plays and musicals it is impossible to present on the screen, one is filled with indignation. It is a mystery to me how “Camille” and “Passion” ever slipped through but I can only attribute it to the fact that the horrible consequences of wrong-doing were held up as a lesson to our rising generation of kings. But I think that the least that could be done would be to have a national censorship and not one for each state. In this state the picture “Foolish Wives” was not presented, altho to all reports it was very good, and I venture to say that this Russian impor- tion of one of Boccaccio’s tales will not be shown here, even the Boccaccio was one of the greatest story-tellers of his time.

To speak of something more pleasant, however, I will turn the subject to “Where the Pavement Ends.” This is one of the best pictures I have seen in a long time and I don’t know when I have enjoyed more one. It is true that it is not perfect and that the story is a trite hackneyed but it is presented in an extremely poetic manner with much beauty of thought and action and scene. The acting was all good and the story is so well written that the parts are very good. This is a picture which can be enjoyed by all classes and all minds from the moron to the extremely intelligent. Have we not more of this kind of pictures perhaps the movies would not be looked upon with such contempt.

I have saw Pola Negri in “Bella Donna,” her first American picture, and then shortly afterwards I saw her in “Mad Love,” one of her European pictures. Al- though Miss Negri’s name in her American picture and tho the story itself was better and more deeply tragic, yet the European one was far superior. I ac- cord to anyone that there seemed to be more breadth of thought in

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Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 120)

the foreign one. The scenes were grander (tho not so elaborate). It showed frequent touches of expressionism, and the use of steps often made one think of Leopold Jessner. In "Bella Donna" the scenes were far too ornate and showed the American tendency to be just scenes. There was no thought back of them. The scenic department of a production helps just as much as the acting to bring out an idea. It seems strange to me that the movies cannot incorporate some of Gordon Craig's ideas about scenery. In "Bella Donna" there was no grandeur of line. To have a very tragic scene take place before a very ornate scene where there were many intricate lines seems to be the height of madness.

Very sincerely yours,

William T. Perry,
22 Guth Terrace, Akron, Ohio.

THE RISE OF WIMBLEDON JONES

By Jim Tully

Author of "Emmitt Latches"

Wimbledon Jones was a taxi-driver who lost his job—a terrible factor, So he hurried to a picture lot And sold himself as a movie actor. There he met an actor friend Who had learned his art as a four-round fighter: But he gave him a tip for all of that, And told him to hire a publicity writer. So the writer came—a meek young man, And said he would work for twenty a week— And Wimbledon hired him and grumbled the while, "You writers have an awful check." But the writer explained he had gone to college, And had studied writing in every land, That he hated to ask such a princely sum, But he felt that an actor would understand. So he loyally wrote for two straight years, Till he got a story in "Vanity Fair," In which he told a cubist world That Wimbledon's genius was very rare.

When the mecenates and the nathans Digested this profound opinion, They started to talk—and made of Jones The greatest genius in film dominion.

They spoke of him and his wondrous brain, And his certain lure for the flapper type, And of how he studied for years and years That he might make his genius ripe.

How he made love like a dancing-master With arms and feet à la Tom Mix— And each and everyone agreed.

He could act as well as Richard Dix.

The Artist Group then met in session And took Jones in at a million per, Then he made a speech and praised them all,

Did Art's tremendous worshiper.

And on he climbed to the dizzy heights, Whereon sits genius all inspired, But the lad who had worked for twenty a week Had ever so long ago been fired.
Greenroom Jottings  
(Continued from page 115)

the only water about was that in the fire-bucket, and the only pears as a life-guard an old "salt" who was drawing "time" on his made-to-order sunburn and his week's growth of whiskers.

If a movie actor ever invites you to "pass the time" in his library on his set—don't—unless you're empty-headed. We tried to spend a pleasant half-hour in Tommy's library of the "Homeward Bound location" only to find that his shelves and shelves of books were yards and yards of empty book covers.

In "Long Live the King," Jackie's latest picture, adapted from Mary Roberts Rinehart's story of that title, the palace guard is composed of fifty-six foot giants, all ex-service men. If it were anyone but Jackie, we doubt if we would be any more successful in finding Jackie than J. Coogan, Sr., was when the big scene of the play was all set and ready to be shot, and Jackie was nowhere to be seen. Coogan Senior finally uncovered him behind a big piano box with one of his clybobs, playing mumblety-peg. Jackie was allowed to finish his game.

The Back-to-the-Screen movement has included Jesse Hayakawa, the Japanese screen artist has been signed for the next three years by Marty Schwartz, who has formed the Hayakawa Productions to feature him. Incidentally, Hayakawa will draw something like one million dollars for a dozen pictures which he will make during this period. Before starting pictures under the new contract Hayakawa, accompanied by his wife, Tsuru Aoki, steamed over to France for a fortnight to appear in a picture for one of the French companies.

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THE LOT ON THE LOT

By Lillian M. Norma

There's a pleasing place near the mountains hid, and Colin and I go there; - it's a cozy cave with a shaggy rock forming a natural stair;

A shaft of light thru the crack sifts in.

The rocks loom large and high, and Colin and I go there to love, with the camera standing by.

A PANACEA

By Ida M. Thomas

Adventure's siren voice calls to my heart, I feel the lure of other lands; yet travelers' joys can never be mine, for all my hands

By little honeys tasks are tied, My world not very long nor wide.

My feet are bound by duty's iron chain, and if, sometimes, they fain would roam Beyond the confines of that space Which I call home.

There's something always draws them back Into the old well-beaten track.

But even so, my life is not unbled, Nor yet devoid of pleasure, quite, For — here's a secret I tell! — On any night I choose, I can transpose it To places I have longed to see.

Just a short walk and lo, before my eyes, Projected for me on the screen, Are wonders greater than e'en I In dreams have seen.

Forgotten, for a time, my care, And all the world is bright and fair.

NOW THE HIGH GODS...

By Aline Car

Now the High Gods of various romance
Reveal themselves to meet a common need.

Love and Adventure, Tragedy and Chance,
To do a Writing that all men may read,

And, casting from them godlike garments, shine

Thru human habit, none the less divine.

That all may learn of these, that all may go,

Light-hearted, from the lesson, Age and Youth

Together learning, that all men may know

These things are of imperishable truth,
The High Gods from their heights in mercy lean

To cast their living shadows on the Screen.

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Thousands of girls have built up a fresh, clear skin—by using these special treatments

Perhaps you feel that your skin is the kind that can never be really beautiful.

You are wrong! Give your skin the special care it needs, and you can make it what you will!

Each day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place.

By caring for this new skin in the right way, you can overcome defects that have troubled you for months, or even for years.

A special treatment for each type of skin

The right treatment for each different type of skin is given in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. (Two of these treatments are reprinted below.)

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap today, and begin, now, to use the right treatment for your skin. Within a week or ten days you can bring about a marked improvement in your complexion.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for regular toilet use. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.

Three Woodbury skin preparations—guest size—for 10 cents

For 10 cents we will send you a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream, and Facial Powder, together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."


Perhaps your skin belongs to one of these types—Are you giving it the right treatment?

1. For an oily skin—

EVERY night before retiring, cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and lukewarm 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. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

2. For a sensitive skin—

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Ramon Novarro

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For him she is wearing her new frock. For she is trying to look her prettiest. It only she can impress him—make him like her—just a little. Across the table he smiles at her, proud of her prettiness. Glad to notice that others admire. And she smiles back, a bit timidly, a bit shyly. Because these embarrassed.

What wonderful pose he has! What complete self-possession! If only she could be so thoroughly at ease.

She puts the folds of her new frock nervously, hoping that he will not notice how embarrassed she is. He doesn’t—until the waiter comes to their table and stands, with pencil poised, to take the order.

“Chicken salad, please.” She hears herself give the order as in a daze. She hears him repeat the order to the waiter, a rather surprised tone. Why had she ordered that again? This was the third time she had ordered chicken salad while dining with him.

He wouldn’t think she didn’t know how to order a dinner. Well, did she? No. She didn’t know how to pronounce those French words on the menu. And she didn’t know how to use the table appointments as gracefully as she would have liked; found that she couldn’t create conversation—and was actually tongue-tied; was conscious of little crudities which she just knew she must be noticing. She wasn’t sure of herself; she didn’t know. And she discovered, as we all do, that there is only one way to have complete grace and ease of manner, and that is to know definitely what to do and say on every occasion.

Are You Conscious of Your Crudities?

It is not, perhaps, so serious a fault to be unable to order a correct dinner. But is just such little things as these that betray us—that reveal our crudities to others. Are you sure of yourself? Do you know precisely what to do and say wherever you happen to be? Or are you always hesitant and ill at ease, never quite sure that you haven’t blundered?

Every man’s contact with men and women we meet little unexpected problems of conduct. Unless we are prepared to meet them, it is inevitable that we suffer embarrassment and keen humiliation.

Etiquette is the armor that protects us from these embarrassments. It makes us aware instantly of the little crudities that are robbing us of our poise and ease. It tells us how to smooth away these crudities and achieve a manner of confidence and self-possession. It eliminates doubt and uncertainty, and tells us exactly what we want to know.

There is an old proverb which says “Good manners make good mixers.” We all know how true this is. No one likes to associate with a person who is self-conscious and embarrassed; whose crudities are obvious to all.

Do You Make Friends Easily?

By telling you exactly what is expected of you on all occasions, by giving you a wonderful new ease and dignity of manner, the Book of Etiquette will help make you more popular—a “better mixer.”

This famous two-volume set of books is the recognized social authority—is a silent social secretary in half a million homes.

Let us pretend that you have received an invitation. Would you know exactly how to acknowledge it? Would you know what sort of gift to send, what to write on the card that accompanies it? Perhaps it is an invitation to a formal wedding. Would you know what to wear? Would you know what to say to the host and hostess upon arrival?

If Dinner Follows the Wedding—

Would you know exactly how to proceed to the dining room, when to seat yourself, how to create conversation, how to conduct yourself with ease and dignity?

Would you use a fork for your fruit salad, or a spoon? Would you cut your roll with a knife, or break it with your fingers? Would you take olives with a fork? How would you take celery—asparagus—radishes? Unless you are absolutely sure of yourself, you will be embarrassed. And embarrassment cannot be concealed.

Book of Etiquette Gives Lifelong Advice

Hundreds of thousands of men and women know and use the Book of Etiquette and find it increasingly helpful. Every time an occasion of importance arises—every time expert help, advice and suggestion is required—they find what they seek in the Book of Etiquette. It solves all problems. Answers all questions, tells you exactly what to do, say, write and wear on every occasion.

If you want always to be sure of yourself, to have ease and poise, to avoid embarrassment and humiliation, send for the Book of Etiquette at once. Take advantage of the special bargain offer explained in the panel. Let the Book of Etiquette give you complete self-possession: let it banish the crudities that are perhaps making you self-conscious and uncomfortable when you should be thoroughly at ease.

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Shut down the lid on trouble right now!
Go where the hours are brimming with excitement, and life is such stuff as dreams are made of!
Go where the lights say Paramount, for there's the best show in town!

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!
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For Next Month

The Christmas Cards of the Stars are beautiful to behold. Some of them are unique and original. Some of them are formal and dignified. All of them are interesting, of course. And in the January issue we are reproducing a few pages of these cards which the stars of the screen use to convey their holiday greetings.

One of the greatest gifts life offers is friendship. So at the Christmas season it is fitting and proper that Charles Post, Wally Reid's pal, in whose arms he died, should write a tribute to his departed friend. He gives us the real Wally. . .

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A Christmas tree of good things. . . the January number. There is another vignette, describing the Metro studio. Jules Agramonte has depicted other stellar childhoods. Gladys Hall has written a brilliant article on the younger order of stars, called "What Have They to Give Us?" Nor is this all. And the pictures are exceptionally beautiful.

Order your copy early, for no single issue ever contained so many splendid features before. Your newsdealer will sell out early.

The January
Motion Picture Magazine
On the Newsstands
December First
Elinor Glyn, famous author of “Three Weeks,” has written an amazing book that should be read by every man and woman—married or single. “The Philosophy of Love” is not a novel—it is a penetrating searchlight fearlessly turned on the most intimate relations of men and women. Read below how you can get this thrilling book at our risk—without advancing a penny.

**What DO YOU Know About Love?**

Do you know how to win the one you love? Do you know why husbands, with devoted, virtuous wives, often become secret slaves to creatures of another "world"—and how to prevent it? Why do some men antagonize women, finding themselves beating against a stone wall in affairs of love? When is it dangerous to disregard convention? Do you know how to curb a headstrong man, or are you the "victim"? Do you know how to retain a man's affection always? How to attract men? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you **MUST NOT** do if you want to be a "wallflower" or an "old maid"? Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do "wonderful lovers" often become thoughtless husbands soon after marriage—and how can the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

In "The Philosophy of Love," Elinor Glyn answers these precious questions—and countless others. She places a magnifying glass unflinchingly on the most intimate relations of men and women. No detail, no matter how delicate or avoided by others, is spared. She warns you gravely, she suggests wisely, she explains fully.

A book of this type, to be of great value, could not mince words. But while Madame Glyn calls a spade a spade—while she deals with strong emotions and passions in her frank, fearless manner—she nevertheless handles her subject so tenderly and sagely that the book can safely be read by any grown-up man or woman. In fact, anyone over eighteen should be compelled to read "The Philosophy of Love"; for, while ignorance may sometimes be bliss, it is folly of the most regretful sort to be ignorant of the problems of love and marriage. As one mother wrote us: "I wish I had read this book when I was a young girl—it would have saved me a lot of misery and suffering."

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Over 75,000,000 people have read Elinor Glyn's stories or have seen them in the movies. Her books sell like magic. "The Philosophy of Love" is the supreme culmination of her brilliant career. It is destined to sell in huge quantities. Everybody will want to read it. It will be exceedingly difficult to keep the book in print. It is possible that the present edition may be exhausted, and you may be compelled to wait for your copy, unless you mail the coupon below AT ONCE. We do not say this to hurry you—it is the truth.

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"I announce to the whole wide world that this is the best comedy I have ever seen," exclaimed William C. de Mille as the lights were turned up.

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Never has Douglas MacLean appeared in such a rousing uproarious story. Never has he had such gorgeous opportunities for his genius as a comedian. He's actually funnier than in that other joyous success, "The Hottentot."

You'll enjoy "Going Up" as much as those professionals did—for the same reasons. It's a picture with a star who has developed comedy methods all his own—a picture with a great story—from the play, "Going Up," which ran a solid year on Broadway and two whole years in London.

The best comedy that William de Mille ever saw is certainly the comedy you should see—so ask your theatre man how soon he will show Douglas MacLean in "Going Up."

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

Mellin's Food Co., 177 State St., Boston, Mass.
Ordinarily we prefer to confine comment on the new productions to the review department. But we make an exception of Charles Spencer Chaplin’s “A Woman of Paris.” And we give it the editorial page this month, believing it infinitely more than a motion-picture... believing it to mark a new era in the art of the screen.

Once upon a time some producer betought himself to make a spectacle. He advertised it as being the most pretentious film ever made... as having the largest sets and the greatest number of actors ever seen on the screen. Then another producer came along. He made an even greater spectacle. It was more sumptuous and elaborate than the first. Then a third producer came along. And another, and another. And so on, ad infinitum.

The history of motion pictures is something of a parallel of the example we have quoted. Let one company film a story of the desert and sheiks, for instance, and countless other companies immediately send their location men forth in search of desert locations. Let one director make a historical romance and the costumers have hard work filling the demands made upon them.

Now we hope this procedure will continue.

For Charlie Chaplin has given us a motion picture which every producer may emulate with profit. He has dared to discard all the old, stereotyped ideas and tell a story of human beings who act like human beings. The man whom we have known as the greatest buffoon of his age has reached for other laurels, and not in vain. The motion picture of tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow will be more worthy of its place with the other arts because Charlie put aside his big shoes and his bamboo cane and wrote and directed “A Woman of Paris.”

Now let others fall in line... A worthy standard-bearer, Charlie Chaplin.
A girl's skin can be a constant humiliation to her—or it can be one of the loveliest things about her, so fresh and sweet that no one can see it and not admire it.

If you want to be attractive to other people—begin with your skin! Overcome its defects—learn to care for it in the way that will keep it flawlessly clear and smooth, with a fresh, natural color. The satisfaction you will feel in having a beautiful complexion will more than repay you for the few minutes of regular care that you spend on it every day.

Your skin can be as lovely as any woman's

—if you give it the right care

Don't be a fatalist about your skin!

Don't say to yourself that you have a naturally poor complexion, just as some women have a naturally good complexion.

A poor complexion is never natural to anyone.

If there is something about your skin that keeps it from being attractive—if it is pale and sallow, or excessively oily, or disfigured with blackheads—with blemishes—then you can be sure that you are not giving your skin the right kind of care.

Begin now to overcome this condition! You can make your skin what you will, for each day it is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place. Give this new skin the special treatment it should have, and see how smooth and lovely you can keep it—how quickly the defects in it will disappear.

Use the following treatment to free your skin from blemishes:

Just before retiring, wash your face with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

Special treatments for all the commoner skin troubles are given in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and begin to-night the right treatment for your skin! Within a week or ten days you will see a marked improvement.

A 25 cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for regular use, including any of the special treatments. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for regular toilet use. You can also get Woodbury's in convenient 3-cake boxes.

Three Woodbury skin preparations

—guest size—for 10 cents

Send 10 cents today for a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1338 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

JULANNE JOHNSTON

Just now Julanne Johnston is absorbed in her rôle of the heroine in Douglas Fairbank's "The Thief of Bagdad." But there is little doubt in Hollywood that the release of this picture will bring her countless interesting offers from which to chose her future rôles.
Mae Allison has returned from India, a new Mae. She has sacrificed her blonde curls to a more subtly interesting coiffure. And she has sacrificed her be-ruffled frocks to more sophisticated gowns. Who will say that her new personality is not the more interesting? ...
Percy Marmont did leading-man roles for a long time. Then Harry Millarole cast him as Puzzlehead in "If Winter Comes." And since then Mr. Marmont has enjoyed a greater prestige. Just now he is playing in the Kipling story, "The Light That Failed"
The awkward age usually forces a temporary retirement. But Wesley Barry seems to be managing his adolescent years without any difficulty. "The Printer's Devil" is the next offering to feature his freckled countenance.
AILEEN PRINGLE

Elinor Glyn went to Hollywood seeking distinction. That was the first quality the actress who was to play the despotic Queen in "Three Weeks" had to possess. And, finally, after much deliberation, Aileen Pringle was selected for the rôle.
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

Doug’s black hair has been permitted to grow long. And his mustache, too, concerns him greatly these days. The rest of his costume is simple... great gold hoops for ear-rings and loose pantaloons of a bright pattern. There you have The Thief of Bagdad
The Ricksen family Bible says that Lucille is of a slim fourteen years. But Lucille, anxious to return to the screen as an emotional actress, gave her age as sixteen. And thru her work under Marshall Neilan, she has become the talk of the California studios. Mary Pickford selected her for the leading feminine role in "The Valley of the Wolf," Jack's new picture.
The worst of being a splendid character actor like George Hackathorne is that the casting directors won't give you an opportunity to do anything else. And, really, George would make a human, likable hero. He insists that is what he will be next.
CLARA BOW

Clara Bow has already definitely proved that the judges judged wisely when they named her winner of the Motion Picture Magazine’s Fame and Fortune Contest. “Maytime” finds her again in an important rôle, and many companies seek to borrow her services from Preferred Pictures, with whom she is under contract. We proudly predict a bright future for Miss Bow.
The Kiss

As portrayed by Marion Davies and Ralph Graves in "Yolanda"
The White Sister In
A Bright Red Coat

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

ALWAYS they have written of her eyes like shy blue flowers. Of her swift hands like white doves. Of her mouth, quivering like a startled butterfly. Of her genius. Of her Christianity.

And this is not curious, for these are the things you see usually when you see Lillian Gish. For she is strangely like an Edmund Dulac fairy princess...

It is only when you realize there must be stronger things to her or she could not have come the long way from obscurity and the quiet fields of her native Massillon...it is only by looking for these stronger things that you are apt to find them a vital part of her.

Then you see her ordering her life well. You find her availing herself of summer rates at the hotels. You find her entering into extensive research before deciding upon her coiffure or her costumes for "Romola." Then you learn of her working all night in the factory that "The White Sister" might be cut down to the desired footage.

These are the stronger, the more material things which the years and which experience have given to Lillian Gish. And they are the things also which have given her genius to the eagerly expectant world.

For genius unsupplemented will often die unclaimed.

Really Lillian Gish would fit better into Italy's drowsy and serene picture. She might even be a White Sister...with her tender hands and her face like a soul-given form. But she has not chosen retreat. And, given the strife of New York for her background, she has adapted herself.

We saw her at her hotel just before the première of "The White Sister," when blase, sophisticated critics were flagging other things in order to be present. When they were bidding ridiculously high for opening-night tickets. When, in the same breath with her name, other names, legendary in the world of the theater, were being mentioned. But "The White Sister" was her yesterday. She could talk nothing but "Romola." She wasn't unlike a master-chemist preparing to compound some new life-giving fluid. She had this ready. That was still to be taken care of. This must be treated thus and so.

That was nearly completed...

On a chintz lounge lay a copy of Giovanni Papini's "The Life of Christ." A place was marked half-way thru. We asked her if she didn't think it strange that an atheist had lived to write such an orthodox book.

"No," she said. And because she was very sure, her voice was low. No need to lend conviction by raising your tone when you know, "Atheists," she said, "are inverted Christians.

I'm sure. They have such a perfect conception of the Divinity that the things done in His Name offend them. They turn their hurt faces the other way."
"Atheists," Lillian Gish said, "are inverted Christians. They have such a perfect conception of the Divinity that the things done in His Name offend them. They turn their hurt faces the other way."

The greatest men that ever lived. And if his greatness is assailed, she champions him with swift words. She bought Brentano's out of every copy of the story of his life, giving it as gifts to her friends.

All of this is what you would expect of Lillian Gish, perhaps.

But then her telephone would ring. And fragments of her conversation reaching us suggested that she is a splendid executive. The office was on the wire. And numerous business details and financial matters seemed to be at her finger-tips.

Her only boast is Dorothy. Dorothy was always quick, she tells you. When they were children, visitors always marveled at Dorothy's wit . . . at Dorothy's intelligence.

We spoke of Dorothy as La Clavel in "The Bright Shawl."

She wasn't sure she approved of her in that . . . wrist-watch warned us of another appointment.

"Mother and I were frightfully shocked when she smoked that big black cigar," she said. "But most of the time I just couldn't make myself realize it was Dorothy. She wasn't the Dorothy I know. She wasn't . . ."

And then, with something like maternal pride:

"But wasn't she beautiful? Oh, I think she was so beautiful!"

She had come in shortly before we arrived and she was still wearing her wrap. It was a heavy, bright red coat. It was the kind of coat the older schoolgirls wear. It wasn't at all the sort of wrap you'd expect of Lillian Gish.

Her face was even more wistful and her hair even a paler gold above it. Her wearing that coat was like her sitting up all night to cut film . . . incompatible . . . contradictory . . . paradoxical . . .

The time had passed pleasantly and swiftly. Our wrist-watch warned us of another appointment.

"You live rushing about too," she disdained. "Your wrist-watch is your King. It is different in Italy. I'm glad to return for a few months. Minutes don't matter so frantically there. And the only thing you've ever seen bluer than Italy's sky is Italy's sea."

And then the telephone rang again, imperiously, and we left her.

It was an evening, about a week later, that we saw her as she stood alone on the large stage of the Forty-fourth Street Theater while one of the most celebrated audiences ever gathered under one roof paid tribute to her work in "The White Sister." She stood there some minutes . . . like a delicate porcelain in her quaint ivory satin frock . . . waiting, waiting for the tumultuous applause to die down so she might explain that only the cooperation of the entire organization had carried her dreams for "The White Sister," realities.

Paradoxical . . .

A simplicity of manner to cloak a profundity of thought and a universal comprehension. Interludes, stolen from the trying labors of cutting film and manipulating the high finance of motion-picture production, to read "The Life of Christ.

. . . Lillian Gish; a White Sister in a bright red coat.
To Mary Pickford

By

FAITH BALDWIN

The princess of a shadowland,
Delightful and serene,
She weaves her happy saraband
Across the grateful screen.

All ivory and gold and roè,
With gentle stars for eyes,
Our hearts move with her as she goes
Benevolent and wise.

Warm-human, yet a fairy thing,
With blossoms for a face.
Her very hands appear to sing
Their messages of grace.

I think she must be very glad,
And humble, too, in truth,
To know that fairy sponsors had,
For her, Eternal Youth.

Mary as Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall

This is one of the test pictures made of Mary in the costumes of that period while they waited for Mickey Neilan to return from New York and call “Camera!”
Looking in at the Talmadge Studios

...we find Norma garbed in the veils and jewels of Noorma-hal, an Algerian dancing girl in "Dust of Desire." Joseph Schildkraut, who is shown in the panel above, plays the rôle of Ramon Valverde, a French spy. The Orient is popular as a motion-picture setting these days.
The Only Bashful Actor In The World

By HARRY CARR

The eye that discovered Rodolph Valentino is now beaming with a Christopher Columbus gleam upon George Walsh—thereby adding a mild sensation to the Hollywood season.

Said discriminating eye belongs to June Mathis, editorial director at the Goldwyn Studio.

June is the lady who was responsible for picking up the obscure extra boy—Valentino—and making him leading man of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

She has now practically staked her reputation as a producer on the Rodolphvalentininess of Mr. Walsh. She has done more—she has chosen him for Ben Hur.

It is even a more sensational gamble than it was with Valentino.

Walsh has been on the screen for years and his screen career, to be frank about it, has not been much of a success.

In the days of the old Universal studio, they tried to make another Doug Fairbanks out of him, misled by the fact that he is one of the finest athletes in the world. Results showed that he couldn't leap farther and higher than Doug—but that was all. He came out in a somewhat melancholy series of pictures for Fox; but they missed fire.

When he was mentioned in a divorce suit sometime ago, everybody smiled reminiscently and said, "Oh yes, I remember him." He was a voice out of the past.

But, about six months ago, the motion-picture colony had a real thrill. Hugo Ballin made "Vanity Fair" into a motion-picture and the part of Rawdon Crawley was taken by a gorgeous looking, dark-eyed young god. Everybody dashed for their programs, and gosh! It was George Walsh.

June Mathis saw the picture and galloped after George with a Goldwyn contract. Mary Pickford saw the picture and made him her leading man in "The Street Singer."

George found himself yanked out of oblivion and pushed into a glaring new fame.

The first picture in which Goldwyn has used him is Balzac's "The Magic Skin," in which he plays the most romantic part that has been given to any actor for some time.

It is one of the most interesting cases of salvage ever seen in the history of the movies.

Prepare to duck and choke when I explain the reason why George Walsh went into the discard so long. But this is it; he is bashful.

That's a fact! Honest! He is the only bashful actor seen ever since the world began. But George is bashful enough to make up for all the missing generations.

It fills him with agony to act when there are people standing around.
Walsh hasn't been in athletics for years, but he keeps up his training just the same. He isn't training for anything—just to keep in training. That's how athletes are.

I came on a set one day when they were "shooting" a close-up.
Right in the midst of his emotion he suddenly stopped and looked around in a sudden panic of alarm.
"Too many people," he faltered miserably, "I can't do it."
I was the too many people.
He is somewhat over six feet tall and looks the way swashbuckling life guardsmen are supposed to and don't. Therefore George always gets looked at—to his wild alarm. Whenever he goes out in company, he sees that everybody is looking at something and he looks around to see what it is that is causing all the excitement and, by heck, it's him.
At which point, George can be seen frantically looking for his hat.
It has taken the movie world a long time to find it out but Walsh is a very attractive and appealing personality.
Altho he is apparently due for big stardom, George is not at heart an actor. His soul yen is to be a football halfback.
He used to be one of the greatest in the country. He was a classmate of Dick Barthelmess at Fordham University and played half. Later he went to the Georgetown University and was on a famous "Eat-'em-alive" eleven. He also played baseball—part of the time as a professional on the Brooklyn team. Incidentally, he held the amateur heavy-weight college championship as a boxer.
George told me the other night that he has been in active training since he was eleven years old.
The adoration of his life was his big brother Raoul. It still is. George is perfectly convinced that if Raoul wanted to take a day or a day and a half off from the Fairbanks set, he could settle all these European entanglements; put China on its feet; put an end to all the bootlegging and find out whether Charlie Chaplin really intends to marry Pola Negri. Brother Raoul can just do any darn thing, in the estimation of George.
He said that when he was a little shaver of eleven, Big Brother Raoul used to compete in the foot-races in one of the armories in New York. So of course he had to tag along. When the race finished, a little boy with thin legs always came panting along in the rear; that was George.

Walsh has been on the screen for years and his screen career, frankly, has not been much of a success. But now George has found himself yanked out of oblivion and pushed into glaring fame. It is one of the most interesting cases of salvage in the movies.

It was on account of Brother Raoul that he discovered himself grown up one day.
They were going thru a dim street on the East Side in New York—he and Raoul, when a party of roughneck stopped them. After some rough remarks, one of them threw a stone. George promptly swatted him. (Continued on page 94)
Once
Upon a
Time...

The First of a
Series of Draw-
ings Depicting
Stellar Child-
hoods

By JULES AGRAMONTE

...We have no
doubt that Douglas
Fairbanks gave bois-
terous and parental
hair-raising hints as to
his future activities.
And it is not unlik-
ely that even at a tender
age Constance Tal-
madge displayed the
way in which she
would grow. Nor has
she departed from it!
Will Charlie Kick Off His Old Shoes?

By

HARRY CARR

"S

O much for that," I said as we came out of Charlie Chaplin's projection-room. "But what is to become of the little fellow with the big shoes and the funny little mustache?"

What I was trying to ask was this: Is Charlie Chaplin the actor and comedian going to be pushed aside to make way for Charlie Chaplin the director of tragedies?

And if it were left to me to decide which way we would be the greater loser, I wouldn't know what to say. "Charlie's" first serious photoplay marks him as one of the greatest directors in the world and as one of the great artists of all time.

"A Woman of Paris" is rather an old story, but his treatment of it is one of the most daring and revolutionary events in the history of motion pictures. He has taken everything that anybody ever learned about motion pictures and rolled it all up in a ball and tossed it gaily into the garbage-can. "A Woman of Paris" is built upon a technique so breathlessly new and startling that it takes your breath away.

The scenario which he wrote himself is a violation and a flat contradiction of just about everything that any scenario school ever taught.

The method of acting is so new and revolutionary that he had to take one scene eighty-six times before he could persuade the actors to let go their old traditions.

When I got there, Charlie was looking at the picture with Edward Knoblock, the playwright, and they were about half thru.

Charlie has the worst-looking projection-room in Hollywood. There is one sad-looking leather chair upon which I imagine the fair Pola has sat many a time and oft.

In one corner, stands an old-fashioned cottage organ. For the rest, the room is a collection of old camp stools and dubious-looking kitchen chairs.

Several times during the performance Charlie felt the need of music to adorn the action and tried to whistle it; that didn't seem to supply the emotional need, so he tried to sing an obligato by the do-de-da-da process. But as this seemed to fail short, he finally groped his way thru the dark to the organ.

Charlie plays exceedingly well and so he stuck there for the rest of the picture. I imagine that not many persons have had the chance to see a picture with Charlie Chaplin as the orchestra.

Once in a while he would turn around and say—"Isn't

To the astonishment of everyone in Hollywood, Charlie said Edna Purviance was to have the great emotional lead in his picture. Edna is a sweet, placid, gentle girl who is about as excitable as a Philadelphia Quakeress. And Edna has done it

For years and years Edna Purviance has played as Charlie Chaplin's leading lady. And Charlie has always insisted that some day he would give her a big opportunity. Now he has done this. At the left, Miss Purviance is seen in a scene from "Paddy"
Vignettes of the Studios

II. The Ince Studio

By

SALLY STEELE

The Stately Studio... Ince’s, on the boulevard leading from Hollywood to the sea.

One might pass it by, thinking it a private residence. No sign-board advertises it. No dusty studio cars park in the interlacing gravelled drives. No extra people nor staring tourists lounge in the shade of the sturdy old pines, which with slim cypress and square-clipped arbor-vite give the sweep of lawn a formal beauty.

An atmosphere of brooding quiet reigns. The tumultuous, rushing, frothy tide of Hollywood sweeps up to the low brick wall marking the studio boundaries, then falls softly back.

It stands alone, dreaming in the soft sunshine—suggesting other days, forgotten love songs, the fragrance of old-fashioned gardens...

Possibly because of this air of detachment, Ince’s seems less to belong to the colorful film colony than other studios. It is seldom mentioned in the chatter of the Boulevard. It does not quicken the pulses of ambitious extradom. I have never heard anyone express particular desire to be an Ince star.

The Editor’s Note.—The above is the second of a series of articles which will portray the various California studios... the studios as they appear to the observer spectator, differing as radically in appearance as they differ in atmosphere and in the films which are photographed behind their “No Admittance” signs.

For the most part its featured players have been gently pleasant persons, reflecting the atmosphere of the studio itself. Madge Bellamy, Lloyd Hughes, Douglas MacLean, Doris May.

The present day “Latin lover type” is not in demand on this lot. Normal, healthy young America has the best chance here. Charles Ray, you know, is the great Ince discovery.

The administration building, surrounded by fifteen acres of studio ground, bears a similarity to the George Washington manor-house at Mount Vernon. In a part of the country where Spanish architecture flourishes, in fact, on fertile acres once belonging to the famous three-thousand-acre Rancho Rincon de Los Bueyes, its immaculate simplicity strikes an unusual note.

In the dignified entrance hall, is the familiar Colonial balcony and stairway. A portrait of Washington hangs on the south wall. Along the balcony other paintings depict events in Colonial history.

An old negro footman attends the door. After the (Continued on page 84)
The Story of Buck

Years ago Sol Lesser, the motion-picture producer, wanted to film Jack London's "The Call of the Wild." But he knew of no dog that could play the dog-hero "Buck." Then one day he ran across a full-blooded Saint Bernard puppy. He realized that here, a few years hence, would be his "Buck." So he purchased the dog, gave him that name and turned him over to a trainer. And now we have "The Call of the Wild," with "Buck" ably enjoying the stellar honor.
When Laughter Turns Her Face

THE STORY OF
FLORA FINCH

WHEN Laughter turns her face—when one meets with tears.

When Comedy is in profile, we see Tragedy.

When the Cap and Bells are doffed, an old man mutters, Aces and Credos—or seamed hands hide a face not heir of mirth.

Of all the masks of Thespis by far the most subtle, the most clever and the most difficult is that of Comedy. It is a comparatively simple matter to draw a "long face," to assume pathos, suffering, drama or emotion. Pain of one sort or another. Grief is a more sure instinct than gladness. We were born with a puckered face and a doleful wail. We could not live did we not first weep.

And when the last hour comes, that hour in all likelihood will be grim and grief-attended.

Laughter is another matter.

Laughing is pure art. For laughter, the will-to-laugh, is a precious dispensation of the gods. To be evoked. Try throwing yourself into a fit of laughter convincing enough to engage the risibilities of several hundred people some day when the bill collectors are beating a trail to your front door and see how contagious you will be!

Try engaging in a series of mirth-provoking antics some day when the leaden weight that is your heart is dirgefully reminding you that gladness is an obsolete term only to be found in hygone thesauruses and note the not-so-gratifying results.

It is a traditional fact that most of the great comedians are sober enough fellows off stage and screen. Their comedic gestures, are, therefore, simulation of the first order of excellence.

Take those with whom we are familiar:

While we laughed and while Flora laughed, there was another side to it. There was Flora's side when the lights were put out and the audience had gone home. Flora's side between that time when she and John Bunny were the King and Queen of Fun Makers of the Real World and now. . . . And, incidentally, Flora is now playing on Broadway in "We've Got to Have Money"

TOLD BY
GLADYS HALL

Photograph by Tornella

Charles Chaplin, who would a Hamlet be. And who, in private life, is not only a student and a philosopher but rather a melancholy chap at that, given to fits of moroseness and streaks of solitude.

Gallagher and Shean, whose songs have convulsed a nation, are grave and matter-of-fact men to meet, rather impressed by the onerous responsibilities of life.

Harold Lloyd is spontaneous and jolly, but he is, at heart, an excellent business man and very much the serious student of the things he does with such rollicking risk.

And then there is Flora Finch, wherefore I pause, a tale to tell:

Probably none of you have forgotten Flora. She it was who in company with the late and still lamented John Bunny gave you your first side-splitting moments in the Silent Drama. Flora Finch . . . back in the days when comedy was comedy, good old custard pies, fat men and lean women, and not, as it stands today, a more sophisticated matter of expensive sets and . . . er . . . very expensive ingenues. Fun with a pinch of Freud, so to speak.

We have all laughed at Flora. Flora, for the nonce one of the gods, gave us the rare and precious respite, the desirable dispensation of rib-rocking laughter. Lean Flora, with her attenuated body, her amazing gymnastics, her endless fund of grotesque expressionism.

And while we laughed and while Flora laughed, there was another side to it. There was Flora's side when the lights were put out and the audience had gone home. Flora's side between that time when she and John Bunny were the king and queen fun-makers of the real world and now when custard pies are only to be found in

(Continued on page 85)
Directors often tell her she looks too young for a matron role. Then Myrtle Stedman smiles and reminds them of her son, Lincoln. "The Dangerous Age" found them playing together, but ordinarily they're engaged at different studios. We think it was as the fat boy in Charlie Ray's "The Old Swimming Hole" that Mr. Stedman first came to the screen.

Myrtle Stedman
and Son

All photographs by Edwards-Hoertler
I hate
The Invariably Unvarying
Movie Endings
Dont You... 

What would you not give
If just once...
You might see a picture
Where everything
 Ended in an
Unexpected Manner...
Where in the Last Scene
The Hero and the
Heroine would be discovered
Posed on a High Cliff
Above the sea... and
Just when things looked
Too usual for words
He would give her a
Brisk push off the ledge
And with a noble gesture
Speak the Title
"Thank God You Can't
Swim."

Then there's the
Pathetic drama of
Unrequited love!
You know this plot...
The worthy lad with the
Bow Tie and Trusting Soul
Is loved by two sisters...
One plain... one beautiful...
The plain one always suffers
For Four Reels but
Gets him in the
End...

I often wish that
When she shows him
What a Good Cook she is...
He'd pick up her
Custard Pie and throw it
At her in a
Carefree Boyish Manner...
This would surprise the
Audience and also the
Plain sister...

(Continued on page 90)
Why Not . . .

. . . A motion picture of one of the legendary Indian love tales?
With Rodolph Valentino as the hero!
"The Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln" is now a motion picture. And we wonder if any story of fiction ever had more pathos, more drama, or more inspiration. The panel at the top of the page shows Lincoln as the poor, hard-working Abe in his early manhood. And at the right, George A. Billings impersonates the presidential Lincoln.
"Psyching" Glenn Hunter

In which the brains of that young actor are taken apart ... and we see what makes them tick

By

DR. EMILY T. BURR

"That's just why I want you to write this article," said the editor. "I want to show people that an actor is no different from other folk, except perhaps as every artist is different. I want to prove that the players of the movies are just as generous, just as intelligent, just as human as other people, that their personalities are composed of the same ingredients, mixed on that special formula which enables them to make a drama live and breathe instead of, perhaps, to make a broken-down automobile take up its bed and walk."

"Who is the actor in question?" I asked.

"His name is Glenn Hunter. You'll remember him for his work on the stage in the Booth Tarkington plays, 'Clarence' and 'The Intimate Strangers,' and now as Mer- ton of the Movies, or maybe you've seen him in the Film Guild picture, 'The Cradle Buster,' or in 'Second Fiddle.' Anyway, he's the newest and possibly most typical star of the lot. That's why he's your subject."

And so it came to pass that

AFTER all, a psychologist has her own psychology to consider. And so, when a certain genial editor suggested that the magazine readers would be interested in taking the brains of a motion-picture actor apart to see what makes them tick, I was inclined to answer with a firm negative. I assured my editorial friend that, after all, psychology is a science which requires months of investigation to attain anything approximating an exact estimate of personality.

"But we dont want exact estimates," it was explained. "We dont want a four-volume treatise on the subject. What we'd like is a brief outline of the elements of an actor's brains. Some people dont believe they have any, you know—but my opinion is that this is because they have a different and less understandable sort."

"Suppose I find he murdered somebody," I suggested.

GLenn Hunter remembers scenes, not sounds. His auditory memory is as undeveloped as that of a twelve-year-old child, while his immediate visual memory is excellent, accurate and analytical. Below is a scene from "West of the Water Tower," a filmization of the popular novel, in which Glenn is starred.

Photograph by Morral.
Dr. Burr is an authority on psychoanalysis and, at present, Consulting Psychologist of Bellevue Hospital in New York City. She made this analysis a few months ago when Glenn Hunter was a Film Guild star; and it is undoubtedly an excellent and enlightening character study.

I found myself in the test-room with a tall, awkward boy whose indefinable charm could not quite conceal the fact that he was dreadfully embarrassed. Of course, if he had not been embarrassed, I should have known at the start that he was an abnormal person. (And Glenn Hunter is the most normal sort of chap, from a human standpoint.)

You see, the science of psychology is largely based on certain tests, the undergoing of which entails a considerable mental strain. For example, there is the Association Test, technically known as the Kent-Rosanoff.

The subject is read a list of words, all sorts of words, nouns, adjectives, verbs, to each of which he must quickly answer with another word expressing whatever thought first comes into his mind. This test is sometimes used in experimental work with suspected criminals. If the suspected man is thought to have committed the murder with a knife, we might, after asking him various words unconnected with the case, suddenly introduce this word into our questions. That will naturally bring up a mental picture of the crime—if he is guilty—and he may give himself away by answering “Heart” if he stabbed the other fellow in the chest.

(Continued on page 92)
Betty Compson was homesick for California. Her trunks were packed. But they prevailed upon her to stay long enough to make one more picture at any rate. It is called “Royal Oak,” and is a story of England in the days of Cromwell. And, in the meantime, her engagement to Sir Charles Higgins has been announced.

They Are Trying To Keep Betty Over There

Just above, Miss Compson is photographed in a scene from “Royal Oak,” which was filmed at an old country house in East Grinstead, thirty miles outside of London. And at the left, she is seen considering a location her director has chosen.
That's Out

Pertinent Paragraphs

By

TAMAR LANE

Apparantly while a youngster may derive much baddness from visiting the cinema alone, he is quite immune from any of the movie's wickedness when "accompanied by parent or guardian"

Doug's films are getting bigger, but are they getting better? As a producer Fairbanks is gaining prestige; as an actor and as a personality he is losing ground. The success of "Robin Hood" was not a triumph for Fairbanks, the actor, but for Fairbanks the impresario. It was the production as a whole that scored the hit and not the star. Back in the old days one went to see "Doug," the great personality, regardless of the play. It was this sort of admiration which made him the leading male figure on the screen. Today, it is different. One now goes to the cinema, not so much to see Fairbanks, as to view his latest opus.

This new status may be quite satisfactory to the star, it may even be more profitable, financially; but to me, it is a regrettable turn of affairs, the passing of one of the greatest personalities the screen has ever had.

And it is all entirely unnecessary. Just the whim of another motion-picture celebrity whose ambition is to make, not something fine, but something "big."

Sex Appeal

Whenever a screen player becomes successful nowadays, everyone lays it to sex appeal. Valentino has it, so they say; so has Barbara La Marr, Nita Naldi and even Harold Lloyd. Wonder if this can account for the popularity of Bull Montana.

The Passing of "Doug," the Personality

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS has placed himself in a very awkward position in the cinema world. This star must now make each one of his productions upon a larger scale than the previous effort or it is almost certain to be a box-office failure. Yet his photoplays are not improving, nor is the smiling gent himself. While "Robin Hood" was a splendid strip of celluloid in some respects, spectacularly and pictorially; it was not—taken all in all—so worthy a piece of silent drama or so enjoyable a film as many of the star's earlier efforts.

Doug's films are getting bigger, but are they getting better? As a producer Fairbanks is gaining prestige; but as a personality he is losing ground.
Making the Titles Fit the Public

Is the public in general as stupid as the film producers believe it to be? Is it really necessary to change the titles on well-known works in order that theatergoers will not get confused? There have been many humorous examples, most notable of which was the changing of "The Admirable Crichton" to "Male and Female" because of the fear that the public would be under the impression that the original title referred to an admiral of the navy. The most recent alteration is the changing of "Captain Applejack" to "Strangers of the Night," lest the production be thought to be one dealing with a bootlegger. I have my own ideas, but the editor would probably never pass them.

Here are Real Actors

A lot of these third-rate actors who are tearing up the scenery in some of our best productions in the belief that they are displaying histrionic ability, should view the juvenile players in William Beaudine's version of Tarkington's "Penrod and Sam" and learn what real acting is. For natural, sincere and powerful playing these youngsters have ninety per cent of the grown-up performers backed off the screen. Ben Alexander's portrayal of Penrod is one of the greatest performances of this year, or any other year. Here, too, is one of the finest films of the season, vastly superior to any of the big "super-productions."

The Underwood Is Mightier Than the Camera

There is some consolation for film companies in knowing that if the production staff fails to make a masterpiece the publicity department can do it for them.

George Walsh the Logical Ben Hur

Goldwyn is to be congratulated for having decided upon George Walsh for the role of "Ben Hur." Readers of this column will recall that the writer was the first to suggest Walsh as the logical Ben Hur, while others were suggesting Valentino, Richard Dix and many other players totally unsuited to the part. While I am not at all enthusiastic over "Ben Hur" as a film production, Walsh answers the demands of the role better than any other player on the screen today.

Censorship Intelligence

The mentality of censors can be accurately gaged by their belief that, while a youngster may derive much bad-

Whenever a screen player becomes successful nowadays, everyone lays it to sex appeal. We wonder if this can account for the popularity of Bull Montana

On One of Our Very Best Comedians

If a player is a good actor, no matter how small the part is, he will stand out in it. Who is better proof of this than Harry Myers? It makes no difference how small the "bit" he is playing, Myers makes it a big part. This actor is one of the few who has the public with him before he starts. He not only has unusual ability, but a strong personality. Yet a number of dubious are being featured while Myers is forced to play insignificant roles.

Best Laugh-Producer of the Month

"Going Up." Douglas MacLean

(Continued on page 96)
Across the Silversheet

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

"THE WHITE SISTER" comes to us as the most notable production in a month when several notable motion pictures have found their way to the screen. And besides the interest it contains in a dramatic story, well presented, it is interesting for other things. First of all, it proves conclusively that Lillian Gish is among the greatest artists of the screen, even without the guiding genius of David Wark Griffith with whom she has always been affiliated. It proves, too, that hundreds of thousands of dollars may be spent in disguising California to resemble a foreign land with results only mediocre in comparison. The company of to face life, altho time and time again it bruised her sensitive spirit and finally seared her loving heart. Then she sought peace in the Convent of the White Sisters. But even (Cont'd on page 80)
Comment On Other Productions

Salomy Jane

BRET HARTE had a faculty for telling a story so that its characters seemed to step right out of the page and talk to you—and his plots were so saturated with atmosphere and background—so moving in incident, that it proved easy reading. His "Salomy Jane" has been adapted to both stage and screen, and the new silent version carries on the Harte flavor. No director could have missed making it enjoyable, tho we are not discrediting George Melford in fashioning a picture which contains color and movement.

This romance of '49 enacted against the picturesque background of California redwoods is richest in its settings. Melford’s forte is photography—and he has not gone astray here. There’s no need of detailing this familiar tale. We all know of the stage-coach robbery—the meeting of the Stranger and Salomy Jane and the trial before the Vigilantes. Let it be said that all the colorful details are sharply emphasized—and that the acting is eloquent as delivered by George Fawcett, Maurice Flynn, Charles Ogle, Raymond Nye, James Neill, Louise Dresser and Jacqueline Logan’s portrayal of the title rôle.

Blinky

They are trying to make an actor of Hoot Gibson and fortunately he is being given character sketches which somehow succeed in fitting his personality. Take “Blinky,” for example. He begins by playing a mamma’s boy—and because the picturesque Hoot looks so strange in the part, it is certain that audiences will find amusement. His father, a retired cavalry colonel, would make a regular “fire-eater” of the old school out of him. So he is sent to the old man’s former troop where, in the course of time and events, his transformation is complete.

The formula? Nothing but the making-over of a man. It is slight of plot, but the incident of putting the youth thru his paces keeps the interest on the alert. There is a pursuit of bandits and a mild romance—and to make it look genuine, the director went out and collected some real troopers—who are more genuine than the trouper.

The Cheat

A heavy, obvious, and overdrawn picture is the new version of “The Cheat,” which does not carry a single
Critical Paragraphs Which Will Guide You to the Better Motion Pictures

mark of quality aside from some appropriate atmosphere. Time was before censorship that this picture earned the tribute of being the "perfect photoplay." But in the lapse of years the vitality has been totally eliminated. It stands today a dull, asinine picture which flaunts nothing but sex appeal and a flair on Pola Negri's part for bizarre costumes. Clever actress that she is, it seems a shame that she must be burdened with the type of stories which have marked her American appearances. The Negri of "Passion" is a different personality entirely.

The tedious plot—which shows nothing of advancement in screen technique—concerns a South American girl who visits Paris to buy a trousseau for her coming marriage. She attracts a scheming crook disguised as a Hindu and an impudentious young American; the latter, of course, winning her heart. They return to America where she experiences the contrast of being confined to modest quarters. So the Hindu makes scheming overtures. The big scene is when he brands her on the left part of her back—calling her his own. But it is artificial and arrived at without rhyme or reason.

There is a flash of incidental by-play which is supposed to lend color to the scenes. It, too, is far-fetched. Pola Negri doesn't have any opportunities here. We must wait for "The Spanish Dancer." It is rumored that she is allowed to show her real talents in that opus. Charles de Roche's acting as the crook is made up of a series of poses, and Jack Holt frowns and frowns and frowns.

The Broken Wing

This play when produced upon the stage was destined for the screen by virtue of its melodramatic flavor, its cracking incident, its fast-moving action and the atmospheric background of its plot. As a result, those in charge have not erred in making a picture which stimulates the pulse even if it fails in stirring the imagination. It is a mixture of high-falutin comedy and thrillswith highly seasoned titles to embellish its highlights. We dash along with the aviator who crashes down during a storm right into the home of a charming Mexican señorita whom he makes his wife—and, yokum that it is—we are interested in his amazing adventures.

There is conflict and color and finely sketched character drawing by Walter Long who, in the rôle of a jealous general, succeeds in adding to the merriment. It is such

"The Broken Wing" has a melodramatic flavor and while it may not stir the imagination, it is sure to stir the pulse. We think, too, that the portrayals of Miriam Cooper and Kenneth Harlan are too conventional. "Strangers of the Night" is the screen version of "Captain Applejack." It is a story of adventure which you'll enjoy. And both Enid Bennett and Matt Moore are splendid in it.

We chalk up "Ruggles of Red Gap" as one of the most delightful satires that has ever graced the screen. And we have praise for all the players, not forgetting Ernest Torrence as Cousin Egelbert.
a rôle as depicted by Holbrook Blinn in “The Bad Man.” Really Long runs away with the show, for Kenneth Harlan as the aviator and Miriam Cooper as the girl are too conventional. Which is doubtless the fault of the playwrights. An average story here has been made over into a rattling good melodrama.

**Strangers of the Night**

No doubt the original title of this opus did not suggest the poster possibilities of the picture version. Can you see how the billboards would fairly scream at you with “Strangers of the Night”—emphasizing the mystery element? But we much prefer “Captain Applejack,” the name it carried as a play. It is light and sparkling. The new title has something of an “iron claw” tang about it. Regardless of our criticism in this direction, we are stopped short with any analytical whys and wherefores concerning the excellent treatment which Fred Niblo has given this rollicking tale of adventure.

On the stage the well-regulated Englishman went to sleep and dreamed of his private ancestor—awaking in time to display a new-found courage and frustrate the crooks who were after the secret treasure. The dream is carried out in the picture—oh much more vividly, since the ocean serves, as well as a galleon. It develops exceedingly slow—to the point of tedious indicating that Niblo wanted to be sure that everything was in its proper place. Then it picks up momentum and flashes brisk and bright farcical trimmings—with much pursuit and the business of pointing rapid exits and entrances.

The picture is neatly staged and played in first-rate style by Matt Moore and Enid Bennett. The former does not suggest the pirate bold as Wallace Eddinger did in the play, but when he plays the well-mannered Englishman bound by conventions, his study is indeed flawless. You’ll enjoy it.

**Ruggles of Red Gap**

In contrast to a bombast of trumpets announcing the arrival on Broadway of so-called superfeatures, James Cruze’s production, “Ruggles of Red Gap,” sneaked in with muffled drums. Let us chalk it up as one of the most delightful satires that has graced the screen in many a season—made so by Cruze’s sympathetic appreciation for the humor of the plot and characterization.

We forget the absurdities in following the rich adventures of the meek Ruggles, capital portrayed by Edward Horton, who is a pantomimist of the first order, and the democratic Cousin Egbert who takes the English valet under his wing and hobnobs around with him after the manner of Damon and Pythias. Cousin Egbert’s wife is unable to make him over—not even when she employs the Honorable

George M. Cohan’s “Little Johnny Jones,” dashes thru with plenty of breezy incident. But it permits the irrepressible Johnny Hines to clown to the point of tedious. “Duley” is only her shadowy self in her screen disguise. Constance Talmadge tries to breathe life into her, but the burden is too great. Below is a scene from “To the Last Man,” a picturesque story which is bad melodrama but exciting. Richard Dix is the hero.
George's valet during a flyer on the Continent. But Ruggles cannot overcome the traditions in which his ancestors have been steeped. He is the meek and humble servant—and Horton plays him to the life. Certainly he looks and acts like a real gentleman's gentleman. Laugh over his discomfiture when Egbert takes him on a thirst-quenching cruise in Paris. Laugh over Egbert's attempt to make him fight his cultured relative from Boston.

"Ask him if it is Tuesday," says Egbert, "and if he answers yes, knock him down."

"But, sir, it is Tuesday," pipes the gentle Ruggles.

To see this scene depicted a few times is sufficient to raise havoc with your funny-bone. The picture carries many interesting and humorous highlights—the by-play being excellently done by Ernest Torrence as Cousin Egbert, Louise Dresser as the wife, Frank Elliot as the titled Englishman and, of course, Horton as Ruggles.

There is sparkle to it, and it moves with quickness and dispatch. Really a picture worth while—one which will live in the memory as a perfect satire. Mr. Cruze must feel highly elated over such an achievement. It is as much a credit to his directorial ability as his "Hollywood" and "The Covered Wagon." And that is saying a good deal.

**Little Johnny Jones**

George M. Cohan's "Little Johnny Jones," transferred to the screen, carries on its author's familiar rapid pace of action, but it seems a little old-fashioned in view of the fact that racetrack stories have been much in evidence the past few years. Still the original spirit is retained and it dashes thru with plenty of breezy incident. As many of you remember, it records the triumph of an American jockey in the English Derby—who outwits crooked opposition, winning not only the race, but a good fortune and a girl to boot.

The director has fortunately developed it along farcical lines, tho he does permit the irrepressible Johnny Hines to clown to the point of tedium. This player should balance his animation with repression. The picture is full of hokum, but its speed, its race, and its comedy high jinks should make it enjoyable.

**Dulcy**

Dulcy is only her shadowy self in her screen disguise. Deprived of her bromides she is a most exasperating little dumbbell, the Constance Talmadge endeavors to breathe life into her. The sponsors were wrong here in trying to make F.P.A.'s character into a film personality. The play depended entirely upon dialog, intonations of voice and naturally clever stage "business." With these vital factors eliminated, the picture is colorless. The high spot of the play when a self-important scenarist recites

("Continued on page 102")
First... the intriguing main title...

Vibrato, an innocent young thing of thirteen years, is viciously betrayed by Dizzy Googly-eyes, a chewing-gum salesman...

An important title!

Vibrato vows vengeance on all men

She buys a black creation at the village emporium, puts a red rose between her gold teeth and becomes a vamp...

As time passes

Victim No. I

Victim No. II

Victim No. III

The beautiful home of Count Eiergeurch Soupteree, his lovely wife, Lady Schnitzel, and Daffydill, their innocent daughter

Count Eiergeurch falls for Vibrato, the beautiful vamp

Lady Schnitzel and little Daffydill plead with Vibrato to return Count Eiergeurch C.O.D.

Count Eiergeurch attempts to seduce Vibrato, and she murders him

She escapes to the desert...

Another title to maintain suspense

And she vamped the lions and they live happily ever after

SECRET AND A HALF YEARS LATER
The Editor Gossips

EVERY now and then we stop in to visit Harold Bolster. It is a relief in this sophisticated age to find an intelligent person who is admittedly optimistic about the marital state. For it is the depressing vogue nowadays to sigh over life whenever possible. Mr. Bolster is married to Madge Kennedy. And that fact is still the supreme interest of his life, even tho their wedding-day is now years behind them.

"Miss Kennedy is in 'Poppy' this season," he told us. "She's wonderful. If my word on her passes muster?"

We laughingly assured him that it did. After all, we've found that people are usually hypercritical of those for whom they have affection.

So we went to see "Poppy" as Miss Kennedy's guest.

Hundreds of other people did, too, the same night. The theater was crowded. Without a doubt, "Poppy" has come to Broadway for the season. Because it is a musical comedy, we repress our opinion of it. We know we are no judge of musical comedies. They are one of the blind spots in our sense of humor. We yawn thru them every winter. And then every critic comes forth, offering praise for the very things which pleased us the least.

But for Madge Kennedy herself we have several things to say. First of all, we protest. Every playwright takes advantage of the fact that this actress has the rare gift of being sweet without being saccharine. In "Poppy" Miss Kennedy sings and dances with charm. And in one act she is quite the most ravishing creature we have ever seen, even tho our days are spent with the pulchritude of the cinema. Her gown is fleshly pink... and in her hair she wears strands of brilliants and pink rosebuds.

Madge Kennedy is playing in "Poppy," a musical comedy, this season. In it she sings and dances with charm. And in one act she is quite the most ravishing creature we have ever seen, even tho our days are spent with the pulchritude of the cinema. Her gown is fleshly pink... and in her hair she wears strands of brilliants and pink rosebuds.

Talking of comedy calls to mind something Miss Kennedy said of Fields, the comedian whom "Poppy" features. She explained that he had a lovable disposition and that she believed that was the most vital thing for a comedian to have. The longer we think of that, the truer it seems. We are sure that Harold Lloyd, for example, owes at least sixty per cent of his enormous success to the fact that his audiences are instantly fond of him. They feel they understand him; and, sympathizing with him, they have the sense of being in on the joke.

The more our years increase the more convinced we become that friendships are one of the greatest gifts life holds. Emotions are frequently transient but friendships, time and time again, stand the severe test of the years.

This reminds us of a story about Mary Pickford and Lillian Gish. It is a favorite story in motion-picture circles. Miss Pickford herself told it to us. It happened one day at the old Biograph studios when Mary was working in two- and three-reelers under D. W. Griffith.

Thru her previous work in the theater, she had met Lillian and Dorothy Gish. One day they came to the studios, hoping there might be something there for them. They stood eagerly outside of the fence which barred the humble studios to everyone except the Magic Few who belonged on the inside.

Mary brought Mr. Griffith to the fence to meet them. The story goes that he immediately sensed the Gish appeal.

Turning to Mary, he said:

(Continued on page 117)
We hear a great deal these days about Rex Ingram. His is one of the greatest names to be reckoned with in motion pictures. He has given the screen its "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," "Where the Pavement Ends," and now "Scaramouche".

Some years ago he played at the old Vitagraph studios... in one picture with Lilian Walker and Earle Williams when they were at the height of their fame.

He played, too, with Clara Kimball Young when she was of the Vitagraph galaxy. And at the left he is seen with Helen Gardner. Do you remember her?
The New Motion Picture

IV. THE UNKNOWN WORLD REVEALED

EASTON’S NOTE.—Today when people say that the motion picture is still in its infancy, the remark is termed a bromide. But, bromide or no bromide, they speak truly if they use the word infancy as an expression of development. For the motion picture which we see on the screen today is only a nucleus of what the new motion picture will be. So the “Motion Picture Magazine” plans to use a series of articles, of which this is the fourth, giving some idea of what may be expected from the cinema in the early years to come.

By HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

It would seem at this late day that all the plots and all the stories, all the characters and all the stars, had been exploited for our enjoyment on the screen. Producers purchase books and stories before they are written, we are told; and stars are ensnared with six-figured salaries almost before they are born—witness Baby Peggy, Jackie Coogan, et al.

So the movie fans shake their heads and perhaps remark, “The movies are repeating themselves! Last night I saw that Enoch Arden plot for the fourth time within the year and I notice they are advertising another ‘mythical kingdom’ photoplay at the Collophone next week. The movies are pattering out!”

At this juncture allow it to be said that our movie fan was happily mistaken. Something new; all along the line of his jaded appetites in screen indelicacies is ready to be set before him. Brand-new plots, stories of which he has never dreamed, characters beyond his conception, and stars of whom he has never even heard. These are not tales of Mars or Saturn, and yet they are no less remarkable or foreign to our common knowledge. The paradoxical part of it all is, that this complex Life—with all its tragedies and comedies, its successes and failures, its ambitions and shortcomings—is going on all the time right under our very eyes and nose without our being any the wiser—as we really should be.

We think we know so much! Until we look squarely into the infinite pools that form the eyes of Science and see only the mirrored reflection of an atom. That little brain of ours often sets us up unduly above our fellow insects and microbes—as you shall see.

For we now take great pleasure in presenting for the first time on any screen—in their “World Première,” as they say of some

Louis H. Tolhurst has surmounted all the obstacles which have stood in the way of microscopic photography. He is seen here with the cool-air camera with which he works. Below is one of the amazing results Mr. Tolhurst has achieved. It is a photograph of baby spiders coming from their eggs. They are white and so very tiny that a pin-head would permit them to promenade...
films studded with stars that cost much and promise little—The Unseen Stars of the Unknown World in Unappreciated Dramas. Eye—meet Miss Fuzzy Bee in that sweet pastoral drama, “The Honey Suckle Vine.” Also, Mr. Sandy Ant in his thrilling play, “The House of a Thousand Doors.” Again, O. Jay Fly
in the realistic melodrama, “The Spider’s Web.” And the hair-splinter comic strip starring Senor Mosquito in “What I See I Saw!”

In other words, the microscopic movie is with us. Not the kind of occasional microscopic fragment you have seen from time to time perhaps. This is the real thing. The life-stories of the Bee, the Ant, the Fly, the Spider, the Mosquito and all the rest of the insect world—in the life, from the life!

But wait, here is what the writer considers the more wonderful: You will actually see the life that is going on on the insects and in the “square” of air or in a drop of water! Which reminds one of

“Little fleas have lesser fleas
On their back to bite ’em;
While lesser fleas have lesser yet
And so on—ad infinitum!”

All of which is practically shown to doubters who come to witness these new microscopical films which are the concrete result of eight years of study and experiment on the part of Louis H. Tolhurst.

In this day and generation, when a very workable little microscope may be purchased from a street vendor for a few cents, one is inclined first off to undervalue the microscope. It is not much more than a century old. Yet it is not difficult to conceive of the chaotic and superstitious ignorance that must have prevailed in regard to the nature of the invisible activities that created and destroyed visible forms of life. With the invention of

the microscope came the modern biological laboratory, and its theories of germ-inology and bacteriology became as clear as A B C.

But the difference between the vendor’s microscope and the complex microscope-powered instruments used by the advanced scientists, is comparable to the difference between the simple telescope and the Lick astronomical glass. And, if we are to believe those who have failed to attain the goal, we may infer that the difference between the complicated modern microscope as is and its practical application in motion-picture photography is equally as great.

Moving pictures of microscopic life have long evaded the

(Continued on page 110)
Letters to the Editor

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

Only Valentino or Novello for Romeo, says this writer.

DEAR EDITOR: Rumors vague and rumors that verge on facts are current just now about the proposed celluloid "Romeo and Juliet." In the world of fans, the burning question is not "Who will play Ben-Hur," but "Who will play Romeo, and who Juliet?" Shakespeare's tragedy of youth and love--Shakespeare's, not some scenario writer's--will be the motion-picture, and the casting of it is of paramount importance.

Juliet seems to rest with Norma Talmadge or Mary Pickford, with the scales tipped rather heavily in favor of Norma. Right now, the screen Juliet will inevitably be compared with Jane Cowl's portrayal last season and she will have to reach the heights to stand the test. Norma has an emotional quality reminiscent of Miss Cowl and yet strikingly individual. She showed her ability in romantic drama in "Ashes of Vengeance." Like the Juliets of tradition, she is a brunette. And is she not one of the greatest lovers of the screen? Let Norma be Juliet!

But Romeo? Truly may we ask, "Wherefore art thou, Romeo?" The first answer is--Valentino, even with those like myself who don't go into raptures over the Signor, because Rudy is ROMEO! For the O'Brien's Irish grin? Or with Conway Tearle's HABITUAL gloominess, however becoming? Therefore, Valentino with his Latin manner and easy grace is the logical choice. Rudy, too, is a great lover.

The only other candidate that seems suitable for this greatest of all roles is Ivor Novello. He, like Rudy, is "to the manner born." But is he well enough known?

There is a very large matter of conflicting contracts in the way of every fan's dream of a TALMADGE-VALENTINO "Romeo and Juliet," but there is still hope. Perhaps some day in the not-so-far-distant future will see a dream come true.

Yours very truly,
MAGDA T. BAUM
New York City, N. Y.

Drastic criticism of Ramon Novarro.

DEAR EDITOR: Now that the fans have made it understood that they will not allow Charles de Roché to take Rodolph Valentino's place or be known as his successor, they should not overlook the fact that when Valentino, who had created such a demand for the smooth-haired, dark-eyed type of hero, left the Metro Company, Rex Ingram hired a Mexican by the name of Samanagos to take his place, and whatever popularity this "successor" has attained, is due to the fact that he is such a good imitator of the Valentino technique, and is cashing in on the latter's hard luck.

Of course, some of Ramon's admirers may deny this, but I would ask why it is that because Rodolph has taken the stage name of Valentino, Samanagos must call himself Novarro. And why, because Rodolph has posed for still pictures wearing a soft shirt open at the neck and wearing a silver chain around his neck, Ramon in his next photo attired according to the above specifications?

If the fans object to Valentino imitators and successors, they should get after this one with the pretty face and dimpled knees. They enjoyed good pictures in the past without his presence, and could do so in the future.

Very truly yours,
I. H. REES
318 W. 43rd Street, New York City, N. Y.

Concerning heroes who lack good looks but possess that indefinable something!

DEAR EDITOR: Tamar Lane propounds an interesting question this month in "That's Out!"--Why is it that a few players are more universally popular than others who have more poise, grace, and ability and still leave the public, generally, cold? Why, the question is that in all walks of life there are those who are not overwhelmingly, good to look up to, nor particularly able, yet by some quirk of personal magnetism possess that "indefinable something called charm" and appeal to practically everyone?

Mr. Lane cites Milton Sills, Jack Holt, Monte Blue and Richard Dix as examples. Now I like all these players. Why do I? Well, take Milton Sills, getting on in years, just an ordinarly good actor, only passably good-looking, yet he is always likable and convincing. He takes his part seriously, and has that always attractive air of indifference--"Here I am, take me or leave me." He is the type of ideal American who has reached the age of discretion, honorable, dependable, kindly hearted, but stern, perform, from many comfits with life's difficulties.

I do not know why it is but those who have the most universal appeal usually have that air of indifference and independence--do they attract us because of this air or is the air a result of their attraction?

And Jack Holt is independence personified. Strong, able, seemingly so much of the performer in real life any hero soUrole called for upon the screen, so polished, so correct, so uniquely "to the manner born," so thoroughly equal to any situation—that's why I like him.

I never cared for
(Continued on page 115)
On the Camera Coast

With HARRY CARR

If you didn’t know Mary Pickford, you might think she was getting ready to put on a circus instead of a movie. Her studio is like a horse-fair these days. “Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall” is that kind of a picture—galloping hoofs and such.

They are training four magnificent thoroughbreds for Mary’s use and her production manager, Sterritt Ford, who used to be a cavalry officer, is scouring the State of California for four hundred saddle-horses picturesque enough to be in the movies.

Marshall Neilan has returned from New York to direct the picture.

Clare Eames is on her way home from Italy where she has been traveling with her husband to play Queen Elizabeth.

It is going to be a family affair, as Lottie Pickford will return to the screen for the first time since her marriage to play Jennie Paxton. It will be the first time she has played in a picture with Mary since the old Biograph days. Her husband, Allen Forrest, will play the dashing role of John Manners.

It will be Mary’s biggest and most spectacular picture with all kinds of big sets and a big battle. Mary is doing nearly all the preliminary arrangements herself and her bungalow in the middle of the studio looks like the head-quarters of a general getting ready for a battle.

Mary’s last director, Ernst Lubitsch, is making a Viennese play at Warner Brothers over which Hollywood is fairly consumed with curiosity. According to all the back-door accounts, Herr Lubitsch is making a great actress out of Marie Prevost. It is said that next to Mary Pickford, he regards her as the most remarkable dramatic material he has found in America.

Marie is just about due for a real stride. She had a hard training at Sennett’s where she had to “double” for a lot of stars who are now forgotten. She had pies thrown in her face and had to risk her life in every comedy. She made a step forward into drama at Universal; fussed around with various other one-picture engagements. Now she has a good job at Warner’s with illimitable possibilities and just at this juncture when she needs dramatic finish and polish, along....
comes the finest technician among all the directors.

Eric von Stroheim wafted in from Death Valley the other day; gave a big banquet to the newspapermen of Los Angeles; got a whiff of fresh air and dashed back on location — this time to the mines of Placer County in Northern California where he is going to take the final scenes for "Greed," the film version of Frank Norris' "McTeague."

In his usual gay, cynical way, von Stroheim said that he supposed his terrible ordeal in Death Valley in the middle of August would be a failure.

He said Griffith went to France to get real war scenes, then came back and made the battles in Hollywood where they looked "real." He supposed his fate would be the same; that he would have to build another Death Valley in the Goldwyn backyard.

I have seen some of the film of "Greed" and, with my hand on my heart, I can say it is the most extraordinary and remarkable stuff I have ever seen on a screen.

But the production expense must have been murder. The cost sheet must resemble a French reparation bill.

All of which brings us to Rupert Julian, Mr. von Stroheim's successor-in-interest as director of "Merry-Go-Round."

Julian, fired by the reports of the sensational success of the Rockett Brothers' "Abraham Lincoln," has announced his intention to make a picture on the life of General Grant. He says he has been doing research work for two years.

It is evident that a return of Civil War plays featuring great national heroes will be next in vogue.

As yet, no Hollywood studio has announced Drinkwater's "Robert E. Lee" for the screen, but it will happen without a doubt.

Tom Ince is making "Barbara Frietchie," and other rumors are in the air.

I have seen "Abraham Lincoln" at a private run and the case of this actor. Billings, who takes part of Lincoln, seems to me one of the most remarkable I ever heard of. He was not an actor. He was an employee of the City of Los Angeles in the water department — in fact, a small-bore politician. But he gives one of the finest performances I ever saw and his physical resemblance to Lincoln absolutely takes your breath away.

About half the studios in Hollywood have tried to engage him to do Lincoln bits in various pictures; but the Rocketts seem to have him under a long-term contract.

Pola Negri played a ruthless...
Between the scenes during the filming of "The Spanish Dancer," Pola Negri slips into comfortable slippers to rest after a dancing scene while Director Herbert Brenon and (yes, it is) Antonio Moreno tease about women never wearing slippers that are really large enough. Below, Ernst Lubitsch, who directed Mary Pickford in "Rosalita," signs a contract which calls for him to direct Mary in one picture a year for the next three years. Mrs. Charlotte Pickford and Mary witness his signature.

Harold Lloyd... ready for his daily sprint of several miles. Harold was getting heavy and when he found that the bathroom scales confirmed his fears, he decided to run off the surplus pounds.

trick on the Los Angeles reporters on the occasion of her recent vacation. She said she was going to Catalina Island for a little sea trip. The city editors observed that the estimable Charles Chaplin was also enjoying a vacation on the island. Wherefore the next boat carried war correspondents and sob sisters in such droves that the scuppers were awash. When they got there, they found that the fair Pola had changed her mind and gone to Monterey, the scene of her romance with Charles the first time.

Charlie, by the way, is at work on his next picture, which will be a regular old-time slap-sticker with big shoes and mousey moustache and all the rest of it. The tragic picture, "A Woman of Paris," in which he directed Edna Purviance, may have been for art alone as he intimated; still Charlie collected forty thousand dollars for the run in Los Angeles.

In making that picture, Charlie was shy of a girl for a part one day and reached out and grabbed the studio phone operator, Nellie Baker.

As the mausoleum girl, she gave such a striking performance that offers have come to her from several studios.

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., finds one mighty obstacle to his motion-picture career; he has to fight his inherited desire to grin. They had to retake one scene in his first picture at Lasky's six times because every time Doug., Jr., started to stab the villain, his face made itself snicker. Now they make him rehearse until all the joke is gone.

Theodore Roberts is going back to the speaking stage. At least, for a while. His recent vaudeville tour gave the old boy a real thrill. He says that before he gets too old to go hither and yon across the country he wants to have the fun of staring across the footlights.

Bill Hart has decided that he is not going to try to be a sheik now that he has returned to the screen. Bill says he is homely and glad of it. All of which momentous facts bubbled forth when he began making "Wild Bill Hickok" at Lasky's. In real life Bill Hickok was not only a shooting demon; he was also a lady-killer with long hair and a devilish moustache. Bill Hart says it is no use. He is going to be a short-haired Hickok with a mowed upper lip. Incidentally, Bill has dug his old pinto horse out of his fat ease at his Newhall Ranch and they are going back into pictures together again.

Bebe Daniels came bursting into Hollywood last week with enough of New York life behind her to last for a million years. Bebe was accompanied by a few relatives and by a funny-looking pup which she had named after her Chinese cook—Ah Hong Kee. Her first picture out here will be "The Heritage of the Desert" with Noah Beery and Ernst Torrence.

William de Mille has started in to make a regular leading lady of the exuberant Nita Naldi, a process which that young lady views with some alarm. In "Rita Coventry," she is going to be

(Continued on page 108)
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FOR the friend who is always
dashing off somewhere the
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The Cuticle Remover, the cake
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"I'LL BE GOOD IN 'ROMOLA'..."

... said Dorothy Gish. "I play a girl and then that girl as a woman of forty. But she is so stupid that the years do not even mark her. She always looks the same... vacant. Even the critics will admit I'm suited to the part." So much for Dorothy's sense of humor and her hurt over some of the unkind things said of her in "The Bright Shawl." Above, as she appears in "Romola."
The secret of having beautiful hair

How famous movie stars keep their hair soft and silky, bright, fresh-looking and luxuriant

No one can be really attractive, without beautiful well-kept hair.

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It is the shampooing which brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

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.

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Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil—the chief causes of all hair troubles.

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THE SAGITTARIUS PEOPLE

PREFACE

No thoughtful person can, upon investigation, deny the influence of the Planets upon the human character, as thru unassailable proofs, the truth of Astrological science is being universally realized and accepted.
For uncounted ages, philosophers have appreciated the value of its realization and thru their sincere and unifying efforts, the blind prejudice of the Eighteenth Century has merged into the clearer, fairer vision of the Twentieth, for there is nothing supernatural or false about Astrology, as it is simply a scientific explanation of the effects of the Planets upon every living being, and only when we have comprehended its theories, can we appreciate how helpful it is for us to understand our fellow men.
SAGITTARIUS (The Archer) November 22 to December 21. (Cusp November 22 to November 28).
Jupiter ruling bestows steadfast plodding minds and great discrimination.

THE majority of Sanittarius people resemble those of Taurus (May) in the respect that they are the most reliable ones of the Zodiac, and the men of this Planet, contrary to the ones of October, are absolutely honorable in regard to home duties and business matters.

These people possess a lofty sense of justice, but unfortunately the women lack initiative enough to defend anyone and therefore cannot be considered as good friends, however, in spite of this, they are splendid judges of character and firm in their views, altho a fault of almost all Sagittarius people of both sexes, is that they are irritingly positive and oftentimes, antagonize others thru extreme lack of tact.

The genial Irish Star, Owen Moore, born December 17, while naturally happy and jovial, is sometimes moody and inclined to distrust strangers and despite of being acutely sensitive to any appeal from the suffering, an innate suspicion of everyone might prevent him from contributing to even an apparently worthy cause.

When given opportunity for deliberation, he would be timid and cautious; but he is full of courage, if he acts without reflection, altho, at such times, his intensity might carry him to extremes as he possesses a hasty temper; however, this rage passes quickly, so his unfeigned fearlessness, is usually to be commended, and in addition, he is truthful and rarely deceives intentionally.

The birthday of Mr. Rod La Roque occurs on November 29, in the most propitious Cusp of Scorpio—Sagittarius, for those born at this time, are rarely malicious, as are all of the people of any other Cusp (especially between February 19 and 25, or January 20 and January 26).

(Continued on page 112)
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That its rich odour cast a secret spell,
And the brown bee, the lily's paramour,
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For not a thing of earth it seemed to be,
But stolen from some heavenly Arcady."
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The Extra Girl
As Mabel Normand Portrays Her In the Picture of That Name
MAUDE ADAMS, who for years has been carrying on a series of experiments in new methods of lighting for motion-picture studios, has at last become interested in something besides the technical side of the silent drama. While abroad recently, she succeeded in securing from Rudyard Kipling the motion-picture rights to "Kim," one of his much-sought-after stories, which he had heretofore refused. One condition that Mr. Kipling made, was that the title rôle should be played by a boy and that the picture should be made in India. Miss Adams will act merely in the rôle of a producer. Here's hoping that she will in the near future reconsider her oft-repeated decision never to appear in pictures. Genius such as hers should be perpetuated for future generations, and her personality would add greatly to the screen.

May McAvoy and Zazu Pitts came on from Hollywood to play with Glenn Hunter in "West of the Water Tower." And they found they had sublet an apartment in the same building with Glenn, too. In the panel, May McAvoy, Glenn Hunter, Mrs. McAvoy, Zazu Pitts and her husband, Tom Galaxy. At the left is Constance Binney as she will appear in her new photoplay. And on the right is Bebe Daniels with Jackie Ott, the wonderful little swimmer who will be seen soon on the screen in "Charles Kingsley's "The Water Babies"
Would John Barrymore, temperamental star of "Hamlet," come back from Europe to make the picture he had promised? Was it "to be or not to be?" Warner Brothers are producing the picture, and they breathed a sigh of relief when Mr. Barrymore finally landed in New York and was safely on his way to the Coast where he is making Beau Brummell for the screen. Beautiful Mary Astor is playing opposite him. We await with pleasant anticipation—Beau Brummell.

Clara Bow, the adorable little flapper in "Down to the Sea in Ships," is becoming known as the flapper de luxe. In "Maytime" she appears in the rôle of a charming débutante and now she has been loaned by Preferred Pictures, with whom she has a contract, to continue her flapping as the incorrigible Janet in "Black Oxen" from Gertrude Atherton’s famous novel.

The other day Peter Pan blew into our office. It was a different Peter—tiny, yes, and with twinkling eyes, but with a crown of fluffed white hair like thistledown—a lady Peter. She whisked right in and sat herself down in the Editor’s sanctum, and we of the outer rim were all of a flutter to learn whence she came. Our curiosity drove us to the homely expedient of keyhole detectry. And this is what we scooped: that the lady Peter was no other than Frances Harmer, the well-known short-story writer, fresh from the Lasky Studio, Hollywood, where she was wont to tip her chair in the same suite of offices as William de Mille. Peter’s been in Hollywood for several years and she simply couldn’t stay away from Broadway any longer. She has parked her typewriter in Clara Beranger’s New York studio for the nonce, while Mrs. Beranger has stepped across the sea on a holiday, and she’s turning out fiction by the yard, the kind that makes you tilt your left eyebrow. It was her Hollywood friends who first christened Frances Harmer, Peter Pan, and then made it Peter for short, so we can’t claim originality.

No wonder Alice Brady hesitated about going on tour with "Zander the Great." It meant leaving this charming Long Island home for the questionable comfort of an existence jumping about from one hotel to another.
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"Let Hartman Feather YOUR Nest"
on that score, but we do say that this is an exclusive, if faked, interview.

Peter, it seems, has her favorites among the stars just like any other fan: Mary, of course, and Bebe Daniels, who starred in her original screen story “One Wild Week.” Dustin Farnum and his delightful brother, William, Tommy Meighan, Jack Holt and his adorable little son, De Roche, Agnes Ayres, charming Lila Lee, Gloria Swanson, who contrary to report “is not a bit up-stage, but very sweet”; and she has a special place in her heart for Marjorie Daw, who studied with her twice a week for two years.

Peter must have known we were on tip-toe to know what the silversheet folk think of our magazine, for right out of the blue she piped up and said: “The stars are as keen for your book as any ‘Lizzie and Jake’—Lizzie and Jake being the feminine and masculine for movie fans, and the name’s not given in derision either. The stars are so tired of the sweetish flavor of their own noms de screen that they like to call their ardent followers by a name as plain and comfy as their old home towns. And Peter said this too: that the movie folk have got the habit of sending their friends Christmas and New Year’s greetings in the form of yearly subscriptions to our magazine. So you see they are just like we are—when in doubt they run for a subscription blank and sign on the dotted line. The dotted line has no terrors for them—it always means a good thing.

Lila Lee and James Kirkwood may, and probably will, live happily ever afterward—but their honeymoon has been a series of misfortunes. First, Lila was hurried to Frisco to work on “Woman Proof” with Thomas Meighan while James was obliged to stay in Los Angeles where he was playing in “Ponjola.” That was bad enough—but when he was sent to Georgia to play in “Wild Oranges” and Lila had to stay home, it seemed an unfair arrangement. But that was nothing. The day after Mr. Kirkwood returned from Georgia he was thrown from a horse and seriously injured. It was then that Lila definitely relinquished all hope of a romantic honeymoon and settled down to the serious business of helping to make her husband well again. We are happy to say that Mr. Kirkwood is now on the road to recovery. And whether the honeymoon of the house of Lee and Kirkwood is a happy memory or not—at least it is a memory.

Alan Crosland has been chosen to guide the destinies of Elinor Glyn’s “Three Weeks.” now being filmed in Hollywood. Mr. Crosland’s last work was with Cosmopolitan Productions in “Under the Red Robe.”

Sidney Olcott, who directed “Little Old New York” and “The Green Goddess,” is making his first picture for Paramount. This is “The Humming Bird,” a Broadway play of last season by Maude Fulton; it is adapted by Forest Halsey who wrote the scenario for “The Green Goddess.” Gloria Swanson is the featured player.

(Continued on page 95)
The Answer Man

A CALIFORNIA POPPY.—How are you this fine autumn day? This is the kind of a day I like to take myself away into the woods for a good brisk hike. Estelle Taylor, Theodore Roberts, Charles de Rochefort and Rod La Rocque in "The Ten Commandments." Milton Sills in "Flaming Youth." SALLY.—Yes, life is awful sad and sudden. Yes, M. J. Scott in "The Abyssmal Brute." Edith Johnson in "The Steel Trail." Yes, that was Beatrice Burnham in "Home Stretch." No, I am not so wise as you think I am. And then you expect me to tell you how many grasshoppers there are in Siam. Whew! DULCY.—Well keep your head cool and your feet warm, and you will be all right. And still they come, now Priscilla Dean has started her own company, to be known as Laurel Productions. Her husband, Wheeler Oakman, will undoubtedly appear as her leading man.

BALTIMORE P.-Yes, everything is going up but happiness and that remains at the same old figure. Your jokes were very good. I know lots of them but I can't tell them here. Space forbids! Address Warren Kerrigan at the Vitagraph Company, Hollywood, California.

TEDDY.—No I haven't taken the old red flannels out yet. It's been a bit warm. You want to know what I do with my beard when I go out for a walk. Take it with me, of course. Madge Bellamy in "Garrison's Finish." She also played in "Lorna Doone" and "Soul of a Beast." No, you are wrong—he makes the covers for Shadowland. Guess again.

MAXINE P.—Yes, worth makes the man, but I am sorry to say that I don't know how much he is worth. Why Clara Bow has been chosen as the flapper in "Black Oxen" instead of Mildred Davis, as formerly announced. Of course Maxine Elliott is alive. Valentina was born in Italy. Still fond of him?... That was the only place where you are. You can go on talking about all that good food. Yes, I think it is possible for two to live on twelve dollars weekly. William Farnum was Glenister. Bessie Eyton was Helen, Kathlyn Williams was Cherry in "The Sinner." Johnny Walker was with Robertson-Cole last. Oh joy! ALICE N.—I am not an M.D., but I would surmise that your trouble is easily corrected. A noted doctor once said that he could cure anything if he could get his patient to feel tired, hungry and sleepy. The trouble with us is that we seldom work hard enough to get tired, never go long enough without food to get real hungry, and have too much excitement to get real sleepy. Figure out, Alice. Yes, Lewis Dayton. The children in that case went to the mother.

LORAINIE, O.—Here's a good rule for you. Do unto others as you would have done to you. Ramon Navarro is with Metro. Ralph Graves is not married now, but he was married to Mary Seeman, and you know she died last year. Mary Pickford's real name is Gladys Smith. Oh you're very welcome.

BARNEY GOOLKE.—Some song! Certainly I can keep a secret—I am no woman. Clara K. Young is with Metro. Buster Keaton at Metro. Anita Stewart with Cosmopolitan. I should say Bebe Daniels is playing. Wait until you see her in "The Heritage of the Desert," with Ernest Torrence and Noah Beery. That was rather poor and healthy than ill and wealthy.

BOWY.—Yes, the granite monument you speak of was given to the city of New York and is located in Central Park. It is the Obelisk or Cleopatra's Needle, and is near the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It was brought from Egypt and erected in 1881, is 70 feet long and weighs 200 tons. You pronounce it the correct way. Walter Hiers in "Flaming Barriers" and Viola Dana in "Angel Face Molly."

LLOYD B.—I forgot now who said, "If you make money your god, 'twill plague you like a devil." It's quite true. Pauline Starke played in "The Courage of Marge O'Doone." Thanks, but I cannot prevent thoughts coming any more than I could keep birds from flying over my head, but I try to prevent their building nests in my beard. Some heard.

A PAT.—Yes, but someone once said that there were more men led astray by pure than by impure women. You can't prove it by me. Rod La Rocque in "Notoriety." Jack Mulhall in "Within the Law." That was little Gordon Griffith in "The Village Blacksmith." Charles Jones in "Big Dan." Write me again.

CURIOS US?—It may please the court and gentlemen of the jury to know that Nazimova is playing in "Collisions" on the stage. And now comes Laura LaPlante in "The Spice of Life." It will probably be a well-seasoned play. Kenneth Harlan and Gaston Glass with Schuberg Productions. No my beard is not blue, but my eyes are.

THELMA.—How are you, Thelma? So now it's Wyndham Standing. I don't blame you, I have met him. Of course he is English, and is six feet. Brown hair and grey eyes, and has played on the stage. Don't mention it.

LAUREL.—Ah, sweet one, have a care. Remember that geniuses, heroes, writers and actors are very nice to think of and look at, but awfully hard to live with. The last interview we had with Olive Thomas was in March, 1920. Classic.

THERESA.—I'm afraid you idle too much. Everything comes to him who works. Don't be a Micawber, always waiting for something to turn up. The crowd always make way for the man who pushes boldly forward. Nita Naldi is five feet eight, and Bebe Daniels is five feet five, weighs 120 pounds.

BOBBIE.—And still they come. You are suffering from indignation. If you don't want to die just yet, you ought to know that you can digest yet. Yes, Eva and Jane Novak are both blondes, they have both played opposite Bill Hart and Jane has a daughter. Tom Moore is a poet, but not the one playing in pictures.


ERIN.—I don't know the verse you refer to. Not much on poetry unless it be Swinburne's. There's poetry. Eddie Polo is about fifty. But they do say that more than one life at a time is polygamy, one at a time, monogamy. Single blessedness for mine, Ed.

PEGGY.—You know that Schopenhauer says that there are few genuine friendships and that there is usually some secret personal interests at the bottom of them. Select your friends with care, but have few. Kenneth Harlan in "The Virginian." I. Warren Kerrigan is playing with Alice Calhoun, Miss Dupont, Wanda Hawley and Pat O'Malley in "The May from Brooklyn for Vitagraph. Esther Ralston is with Universal. Dorothy Dalton is twenty-nine, and not married. I should say I do love to answer questions. That's all I live for.

GLADYS P.—Yes, I believe it was Edith Elizabeth, who, dying, offered her kingdom for a moment of time. Lon Chaney was born in Colorado Springs, Colo. Barney Sherry was born in Germantown, Pa. No indeed, Nita Naldi is not Mrs. Tom Chaney. Do you know that you are the Thomas letter-writer?

HOT LIPS.—Valentino is twenty-eight, and he is five feet eleven and a half, and weighs 154. Yes, Mrs. Valentino wears her hair lambainta fashion. You know Edith Day started that in "Wildflower."

ELIFEN L.—Well it's better to be kitheness than cattish. Richard Barthelness is twenty-eight and Frank Mayo thirty-eight.
Pricilla Dean played in "Drifting." Harrison Ford is playing opposite Madge Kennedy in her second six-reel production for Kenne, entitled, "Three Miles Out."

DIPLOMA.—Oh don't get mad. If you lose your temper, don't look as if you are going to cry. Learn to distinguish between quick action and hasty judgment. Marjorie Daw is married to Eddie Sutherland. Mildred Harris and Elliott Dexter are playing together now.

QUEEN OF QUEENS.—Short and sweet. That is Glenn Hunter's real name; Norma is twenty-eight, and she has been in pictures ever since she was fourteen. You write very well.

ARLENE.—Yes, I enjoy driving a car—it does just as I tell it and never gives me any back talk. Conway Tearle is forty-three and Antonio Moreno is thirty-five. They're infants compared to me.

CATHERINE.—The eight-hour day is an unknown luxury to canal workers. The heat is as astir before five in the morning and seldom turn in much before midnight. They say a woman's work is never done—what about an Answer Man's?

Alice Terry is twenty-seven, May McAvoy is twenty-two, Kenneth Harlan twenty-eight and Richard Dix, twenty-nine.

Mae M.—Yes, I am very fond of music. I have a player piano and a victrola in my hall room. All I need now is a Martha Washington sewing-table and a fireplace. Oscar Wilde says "Music creates for one a past of which one has been ignorant and fills one with a sense of sorrows that have been hidden from one's ears." John Barrymore in "Beau Brummell."

Helen C. H.—Yes, she is very beautiful and I sometimes almost think I had a wild crush on her. Bellamy is nineteen. Johnnie Walker in "Red Lights," and Antonio Moreno in "The Spanish Dancer." James Morrison and Carmel Myers in "You Are in Danger." Write to me any time, I'm always here.

Pat.—Thanks, old man, I'll get me some buttermilk with the chime. Right you be, money is the ball bearings on the wheel of life, but the happiest people are often those who have the least. You are all wrong playing now. She is white dying. She is still in gay Paree. And no dead one, either.


Burl W.—The sun flag is the flag of Japan. Pleasant company is always accepted. Anna Q. Nilsson is playing in "Half a Dollar Bill." Well, after much deliberation, Conrad Nagel is to have the part of Paul in "Three Weeks." No, not Eleanor Board, but Aileen Pringle opposite. Yes, I like to receive letters.

Thelma.—No, I am not so good as you think I am, the good die young. Thomas Meighan in "Pied Piper Malone," the Booth Tarkington story. Gloria Swanson in "The Humming Bird."

Paul T.—You say you want to see more of Claire Windsor. I'll see what I can do for you. You know she is engaged to John Steele and she is very much occupied these days. Why Roberta Todd in "The Gentle Sex"? Evelyn Varon in "The Front" and Sabatini's "Fortune's Fool," so help yourself. Write direct to Ramon Novarro for his picture. Yes, Anna Nilsson's husband is a manufacturer of shoes. But what's the difference?

Marge T.—You say you want to see more of Claire Windsor. I'll see what I can do for you. You know she is engaged to John Steele and she is very much occupied these days. Why Roberta Todd in "The Gentle Sex"? Evelyn Varon in "The Front" and Sabatini's "Fortune's Fool," so help yourself. Write direct to Ramon Novarro for his picture. Yes, Anna Nilsson's husband is a manufacturer of shoes. But what's the difference?

Jenny.—Yes, I said love was the only fire against which there was no insurance. Calen Landis is married, and he is with Vitagraph. There's nothing wrong with your writing. It's all to the good. Let me see some more of it.

Phyllis M.—Let me know the name of your club, and I will be glad to introduce it.

Just a Fan.—Well we are never more positive than when we are wrong. Pearl White has red hair and blue eyes. William Farnum is forty-seven. Alice Brady has only been married once. Naomi McC. —Cheer up and keep at it. Demosthenes, greatest of Greek orators, was born tongue-tied, and Tallyrand was blind. We have a lot to be thankful for. Nita Naldi is five feet ten. Mae Murray playing in "Fashion—None." Mary Pickford is thirty. That was some art display of yours.

Lucky 13.—So you think I am a character. Which one? Every person has a character, that which he has and that which he thinks he has. Baby Seymour is four. Ramon Novarro is twenty-four, and he is not married.

C. A. W.—Well I have known some men possessed of good qualities which were very serviceable to others but useless to themselves; like a sun-dial on the front of a house, to inform the neighbors and passengers, but not the owner within. You ask too many technical questions. Why don't you get a copy of "How Motion Pictures are Made, yourself."

Leon W.—My what a glowing description you have of me. No child, I'm bald, homely, bearded, ugly and all that. Leah Baird in "The Destroying Angel." Colleen Moore was married to John McCormick. Where are you all?

Sweet Tea.—The time will come when winter will ask us "What were you doing all summer?" Hope Hampton was born in Texas. No, she is not married. So you liked her in "The Gold Diggers." Just send a stamped addressed envelope for a list of the film addresses. Mahlon Hamilton is playing in "His Children's Children."

Jocelyn M.—So you want to come to New York. Someone said the other day that as soon as a farmer can afford to do so he moves to the city, and then as soon as he can afford it he gets himself a country place. Well you are a little young yet. The only thing you can do would be to call at the various studios in person. Yes, Valentino is in Europe at this writing. Write to Gloria Swanson, Famous Players, Astoria, N. Y. I wish you luck.

Chicago.—Come, come, crank up, your motor has stopped. So you want to have a new picture taken. How do you like my new one? You think I ought to have my whiskers cut Tut style. Are you trying to make a Sheik out of me? Pola Negri is about thirty. Marjorie Daw is playing in "The Dangerous Wife" with Constance Talmadge. I say you have seen thirty-three pictures and read 120 books this summer. You sure did accomplish something worth while.

Helen M.—They do say, however, that one-eyed men make the best shots, according to army statistics. Herbert Somfrin and Wallace Beery have both been the husbands of Gloria Swanson, but not at the same time. Marquetterie Clark is not playing now, but she is in New Orleans with her husband.

G. W.—When you write me your length of columns, you might overlook their shortcomings. Yes, Mildred Davis is very much married to Harold Lloyd. Anita Stewart in "Cain and Mabel." Thanks for that picture you sent of me. Looks just like me. Go to the head of the class, your Harvey's "The Front."

Johanna.—Never count your chickens before they are hatched. Wesley Barry is sixteen. Eileen Percy was Aggie Lynch in "Within the Law." Jack Holt and Nita Naldi in "Everyday Love," taken from the novel "Rita Coventry."

Mexican.—Thanks for your advice. I will look up my geography. Ramon Novarro was born in Mexico. I will get it right some time, sooner or later. Glenn Hunter in "When Knights Were Bold."

Ivanovich.—Well when you believe in something other people cannot see or understand, they are likely to call you superstitious. You know that the titles for "Dolcy" were sold with the rights to the play. I listen in at the Radio occasionally. I haven't one of my own.

Florence M.—Nothing is more difficult to choose than a good husband—unless it be to choose a good wife. You refer to Togo Yamamoto in "The Eight Man." You say you have seen thirty-three pictures and read 120 books this summer. You realize that as soon as a farmer can afford to do so he moves to the city, and when as soon as he can afford it he gets himself a country place. Well you are a little young yet. The only thing you can do would be to call at the various studios in person. Yes, Valentino is in Europe at this writing. Write to Gloria Swanson, Famous Players, Astoria, N. Y. I wish you luck.

Margaret de L.—No I don't agree with Mrs. Ward Beecher when she said, "I think it takes a great deal from a woman's modesty, going into public life; and modesty is her greatest charm." I don't thurly approve of women in politics. One cant see where it robs them of any modesty. Yes, Maurice Flynn got his nickname from playing football at Yale.

Donna C.—You say you want to be either a teacher or an actress. Well stay at school a little longer, they both require a good amount of common sense and learning. Yes, "Freckles" has been filmed with Wesley Barry. Your letter was interesting.

F. B. C.—No, no, no, Mrs. Wallace Reid never smoked dope.

May W.—Women forgive injuries, but never forget slight. Bert Lytell played in "Saroyan's "Heinzau" and "The Lone Wolf's Return."

K. B.—All women are ambitious, nat— (Continued on page 84)
No Wonder Rouge Never Gave a Natural Color!

But at last Science has solved the baffling Secret of Nature's own lovely flush /

SCIENCE now discloses that no known shade of purplish red—the familiar color of rouge—can ever duplicate Nature's perfect artistry. No matter how skillfully rouge is applied, the task is impossible.

In creating the wonderful new Princess Pat Natural Tint, the great handicap of rouge came to light! The startling discovery was made that to obtain perfect results, such as Nature gives, the color used must positively change upon the skin after it is applied. No wonder, then, that rouge never gave a natural color!

No more amazing development has ever been accomplished in beauty's name than the finding of Princess Pat Tint. No more fascinating story has ever been told than the long search by a famous English Scientist for the mysterious "X-Tint" which should duplicate Nature.

Like many great discoveries, chance gave the inspiration and a happy accident brought about the final triumph. Chance led the famous creator of Princess Pat Tint to banteringly criticize the tell-tale rouge upon the cheeks of a feminine acquaintance. She in turn challenged her critic to use her vast store of knowledge to produce something better. Thus a scientist turned his hand to a task which had baffled the cosmetician since rouge was first used.

Search was made first for some actual, definite color, which would simulate the marvelous beauty of Nature's handiwork when the cheek is divinely mantled with soft pink and creamy white. Time after time the attempt was made to perfect ordinary rouge, to so modify the familiar purplish red that it would appear natural. But with every resource of science available, the effort proved futile.

But the scientist worked on, with his assistant the subject for experimentation. Casting aside red tints as impossible, hundreds of different shadings of delicate color were used. Many were an improvement, but none perfect.

Then accident stepped in, and by sheer chance a rare and costly ingredient was used. The result was an unknown shade of delicate orange, beautiful indeed, but not the color one would ordinarily select to match Nature's perfect complexion. Idly enough, this new shade was tried upon the assistant's cheeks. And then a wonderful thing happened. Instantly the coloring underwent a subtle alteration. The orange tint changed upon the skin!

The scientist exclaimed in amazement! For beneath his startled gaze there had appeared the absolute perfection of Nature's own coloring, the blending of delicate pink and white that marks the transparent beauty of the famous English complexion. The amazing "Million Dollar Beauty Secret," Princess Pat Tint, had at last been discovered.

Princess Pat Tint Is Waterproof

Still the scientist was not satisfied. He determined to make this new tint waterproof. And wonderful success attended his efforts. Now, one may actually enjoy surf bathing without the slightest impairment of coloring. Princess Pat Tint on the cheeks simply will not run or streak. Perspiration does not affect it. Yet Princess Pat Tint vanishes instantly beneath a touch of cream or the use of soap.

Princess Pat Tint comes in only one shade, of course; for the one shade blends perfectly with every complexion! It is as perfect in daylight as under artificial light. So it is no wonder that Princess Pat Tint has become a sensation—the demand in New York, Chicago, and other large cities has been simply overwhelming. Dealers everywhere are being supplied as fast as possible.

Meanwhile, however, we will be glad to send Princess Pat Tint Free to every woman who reads this advertisement.

FREE!

Until the stocks have been sufficiently stacked with Princess Pat Tint to meet all calls for it, we shall take pleasure in sending to individuals a week's supply—without charge.

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd.
2701 S. Park Ave., Dept. 212, Chicago

Entirely FREE, please forward me postpaid, a complimentary supply of the new Princess Pat Tint.

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City ...................................................
State ..................................................

70
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"See that coupon? Remember the day I urged you to send it to Scranton? It was the best thing I ever did."

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"Then he asked me if I thought I could take over Bill Stevens' job. I told him I was sure that I could—that I had had that goal in view ever since I started my I. C. S. course.

"I start tomorrow, Mary, at an increase of $60 a month. It's wonderful how spare-time study helps a man to get ahead."

FOR thirty-one years, the I. C. S. has been helping men to win promotion, to earn more money, to get ahead in business and in life.

You, too, can have the position you want in the work you like best—yes, you can. Without cost, without obligation, just mark and mail this coupon.

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Occupation

PARKER'S HAIR BALCONI REMOVES DANDRUFF STOPS HAIR FALLING

"This has been used with success on over 40,000 cases. RESTORES COLOR AND BEAUTY TO GRAY AND FADED HAIR

60¢ & 99¢ at all druggists.

HISCOX CHEMICAL WORKS

PARKERS, N. Y.

When washing hair always use

FLORESCEIN DETERGENT

across the silversheet

(Continued from page 47)

here she was denied the serenity of the other Sisters. The turbulent waves did not fall back from the walls of her narrow cell. And disturbing voices came to call her thru the cloisters, opening old wounds and refreshing painful memories. There are two or three counter plots, too, adding vitality to the theme. And unless we are very much mistaken, Lilian Gish has brought to the production some of the secrets she learned from Griffith. Nearly all the way thru, after the Griffith manner, there is the human story. At the end comes a thrilling, dramatic cataclysm.

Gale Kane and J. Barney Sherry are the other Americans in the cast. And Henry King is the director who has brought this beautiful motion picture into being. There are several minor incidents for which we criticize him, however, while offering generous praise for the whole. Religion is difficult to handle. And there is one scene where Angels is wedded to the Church. She is the Bride of Heaven. Then a flash shows Christ on the Cross. He is the bridegroom. It seems to us that this might infinitely better be omitted.

Without a doubt the genius (and we use the word advisedly) of Miss Gish is something lying well within herself. Griffith might have lead her to even greater heights. There is always that. And we can remember two or three instances when she seemed uncertain how to approach a situation. But, nevertheless, once more her sensitive poignancy adds laurels to her already histrician and decorated name.

Mary Pickford once said to us: "Men number the minority among my audiences. I'm sure of that. When their wives say to them 'Let's go to the movies tonight. It's Mary Pickford,' they think to themselves Mary Pickford? Oh, that's the little girl with the curls.

"That may have been the case. But since then Miss Pickford has done "Rosita" and that can be true no longer. For what they have long prophesied has come to pass. The famous gold of her curls is now pinned heavily upon the crown of her head. And she has forsaken the starched pinafores of childhood for court gowns, décolleté with trains, of silks and velvets.

"Rosita" is a street-singer of old Seville where she is adored by the carnival-mad crowds. She dances and sings to the strains of her guitar, entralling the merry-makers, a deep rose held provocatively between her teeth and an absurdly large shell comb holding her mass of curls. Thrux the mocking songs she sings of the King, she comes to his attention... and his fancy.

And now let those who have always cried out that Mary Pickford was not a great actress keep their peace. For in "Rosita" she carries upon her shoulders a sophisticated tale, compounded slightly of Du Barry and La Tosca and other celebrated ladies, which is none too rich in plot. All of this in a role the type of which is strange to her. And we remember several scenes, trying and demanding, in which her interpretation could not be excelled.

"Pola Negri, so we understand, is soon to be seen in this same role. For Miss Negri to portray the street-singer it will be, by comparison, simple. She has the appearance of a passionate, fiery and sensuous woman. Her body is sinuous and alluring. Mary Pickford possesses neither of these things, so her accomplishment is dependent solely upon her acting. She has had to suggest mentally the things which she fails to appear.

"Ernst Lubitsch may be proud of his first American-made production. Once again he has done splendid things with a story of a king who evices, in some of his subjects, deep interest. He brings it home to us that a great motion picture is

(Continued on page 82)

You will enjoy George Arliss immensely in "The Green Goddess." And then you will enjoy it even more in retrospect.
A Startling Exposé of ultra modern society to which the author didn't dare sign his right name.

IT was her first Red kiss; her lips burned and she shrank back frightened, yet with a strange thrill. Her first step—in the gay, butterfly society set which she had just entered—and one that led to more kisses in a crowd that obeyed no conventions. A picture every girl should see as a warning against the pitfalls that beset her in the world of today.

Written by an author who signs the nom de guerre of Warner Fabian. Featuring

COLLEEN MOORE

A First National Picture

Associated First National Pictures Inc., presents—

FLAMING YOUTH

Just a Few of the Good Things Coming

“BLACK OXEN”
Frank Lloyd's production of Gertrude Atherton's best selling book in America, featuring Corinne Griffith and Conway Tearle

“THUNDERGATE”
From the thrilling novel by Sidney Herschel Small, with Owen Moore, Sylvia Breamer, Tully Marshall and Virginia Brown Faire.

“ANNA CHRISTIE”
Thos. H. Ince's presentation of Eugene O'Neill's unparalleled stage success, featuring BLANCHE SWEET

S. G. Co.
presents the GEORGE FITZMAURICE production

“THE ETERNAL CITY”
Hall Caine's supreme achievement adapted by Ouida Bergere. Cast includes Barbara La Marr, Lionel Barrymore, Bert Lytell, Richard Bennett.

Watch for the First National trademark on the screen—the sign of the ultimate in artistic and entertaining pictures.

An all-star cast includes Milton Sills, Elliot Dexter, Sylvia Breamer, Myrtle Stedman, Ben Lyon. Directed by John Francis Dillon.
Across the Silversheet

(Continued from page 80)

We enjoyed George Arliss immensely in "The Green Goddess," and we have been enjoying it ever since in retrospect. Subtle humor and irony are the chief compounds with which this picture is blended. Then come thrills. And what better chef for the first two concoctions than Mr. Arliss. Truly, he is incomparable.
The story concerns itself with Ruhk, an imaginary kingdom in the Himalayas near the frontier of India. Mr. Arliss is the Rajah. Into his province come three English people because of an accident to their aeroplane. The Rajah determines to take their lives in return for the lives of his brothers whom their countrymen have condemned to death. But, in the interim—for the hours of the execution are to be the same—he entertains them with the most perfect ironic hospitality and consideration we have ever known.

In everyone's acquaintance there are sure to be a few people to whom he would enjoy according the manner which Mr. Arliss adopts under these circumstances. It is consummate. In some indefinable way, beyond look or gesture, he registers contemptuous amusement. And we marvel still at the volumes and volumes he conveys with a simple wave of his hand.
The story is rich in suspense and thrills are dominant. Its melodrama, however, is leavened by the sophisticated performance of Mr. Arliss. It makes us regretful that he permits such long interludes between his screen productions.

Harry T. Morey, who has done little since his days at the Vitagraph, is excellent as the whiskey-soaked Major Crespin. David Powell is Dr. Basil Traherne, the other Englishman who involuntarily enters Ruhk; and Alice Joyce is the third captive and the wife of Major Crespin. This marks her return to the screen after an absence of two or three years and an

"Why Worry," is the latest Harold Lloyd picture. We marvel at the ingenuity which goes into the making of these productions.
If New Hair Doesn't Grow
After Using My Method
—I Don't Want a Penny!

I mean just exactly what I say! I don't care how thin your hair may be—I don't care how many treatments you have taken without results. If my new discovery won't restore your hair, I don't want to keep a cent of your money! Furthermore I'll send you the proof of what I have done for others entirely FREE! Just mail the coupon below.

By ALOIS MERKE
Founder of Famous Merke Institute, Fifth Ave., New York

AFTER 17 years' experience in treating baldness—which included long years of experimentation in Heidelberg, Paris, Berlin, Geneva, Cairo and other centers of scientific research—I have discovered a startling new way to promote hair growth.

At the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York—which I founded—I have treated scores of prominent stage and social celebrities. People are coming to me from all parts of the country to gain the benefits of my discovery. Many pay as high as $300 for the results I have brought them.

Yet now, through a series of ingenious inventions, I have made it possible for every one to avail themselves of my discovery—right in their own homes, and at a cost of only a few cents a day!

My Unusual Guarantee!

I know you are skeptical. I know that you have tried perhaps dozens of different remedies and treatments without results. I know that you have wasted time and money on treatments which by their very nature could NEVER restore your hair. All right. Perhaps my treatment cannot help you, either. I don't know. But I do know that it has banished falling hair and dandruff for hundreds of others—often with the first few treatments. I do know that it has already given thick, luxuriant hair to people who long ago had despaired of regaining their hair. And I am so downright positive that it will do the same for you that I am entirely willing to let you try it at my risk. If it fails to restore your hair, then I'll instantly—and gladly—mail you a check, refunding every cent you have paid me. In other words, I absolutely GUARANTEE to grow new hair on your head—and if I fail, then the test is free.

Entirely New Method

What is my method? It is entirely new. It is entirely different from anything you ever heard of. No massaging—no singing—no "mange" cures—no unnecessary fuss or bother of any kind. Yet results are usually noticeable even after the very first few treatments.

Many people have the idea that when the hair falls out and no new hair appears, that the hair roots are always dead. I have disproved this. For I have found in many cases which have come under my observation that the hair roots were NOT dead, but merely dormant! Through undernourishment, dandruff and other causes, these dormant, shrunken roots had their life-giving fluid cut off by a state of "suspended animation." Yet even if the scalp is completely bare, it is now possible in the majority of cases to awaken these dormant roots, and stimulate an entirely new growth of healthy hair! I KNOW this to be true—because I do it every day.

Ordinary measures failed to grow hair because they did not penetrate to these dormant roots. To make a tree grow, you would not think of rubbing "growing fluid" on the bark. Instead, you would get right to the roots. And so it is with the hair.

In all the world there is only one method I know about of penetrating direct to the roots and getting nourishment to them. And this method is embodied in the treatments that I now offer you on my positive guarantee of satisfactory results, or the trial costs you nothing. The treatment can be used in any home in which there is electricity.

Already hundreds of men and women who only recently were bald or troubled with thin, falling hair, have through this method, acquired hair so thick that it is the envy and admiration of their friends. As for dandruff and similar scalp disorders, these usually disappear after the first few applications.

Remember—I do not ask you to risk "one penny" in trying this treatment. I am perfectly willing to let you try it on my absolute GUARANTEE—and if after 30 days you are not more than delighted with the growth of hair produced, then I'll gladly return every cent you have paid me. I don't want your money unless I grow hair on your head.

Free Booklet Explains Treatment

If you will merely fill in and mail the coupon below, I will gladly send you—without cost or obligation—an interesting 32-page booklet, describing my treatment in detail.

This booklet contains much helpful information on the care of the hair—and in addition shows by actual photographs what my treatment is doing for others.

No matter how bald you are—no matter if you are completely bald — this booklet will prove of deepest interest to you. So mail the coupon now—and it will be sent you by return mail.

Allied Merke Institutes, Inc.,
Dept. 5612 Fifth Avenue New York City

Actual Results
(Dozens of letters like the following are received every day by the Merke Institute.)

"In the short time I have used your treatment, I have gained remarkable results. Bald spots have appeared entirely. My scalp is now filled with short bunches of new hair. Would not part with my treatment for 10 times its cost." A. W. F.

"The top of my head is now almost covered with new hair about one-half an inch long. I have been trying five years, but could never find anything to make my hair grow until your treatment." T. C.

"Ten years ago my hair started falling. I used hair tonics constantly, but few seemed to do me any good. A perfect full head. I tried everything and without results. Today, however, thanks to your treatment, I am pleased to inform you that I have quite a new crop of hair one inch long. My friends are astounded at the results." F. H. B.

Allied Merke Institutes, Inc. Dept. 5612
512 Fifth Avenue New York City

Please send me, without cost or obligation on my part, a copy of the new booklet describing in detail the Merke Institute Home Treatment.

Name.__________________________________________
Address.________________________________________
City.____________________________________________
State.____________________________________________
Vignettes of the Studios
(Continued from page 35)

brusque refusal of gate-men at other studios, the visitor experiences a sense of surprised pleasure at being hospitably ushered in, here. Progress farther may be denied, but one remembers this touch of Southern courtesy.

Criminals in the land of the mantilla. A harpsichord heard softly thru the clash of castanets.

The serenity of white Colonial buildings, and crowded back out of sight, a rakish old Spanish windmill, creaking rustily in the sun.

The Answer Man
(Continued from page 78)

urally, Estelle Taylor, Rod La Rocque and Charles de Roche in "The Ten Commandments." Milton Sills in "Flaming Youth." Mary Astor is to play opposite John Barrymore in "Beau Brummell." H. J. L.—Why didn't you know that George Loan Tucker passed away some time ago. Elinor Fair plays every now and then. Tom Moore in Rex Beach's "Big Brother."

J. E. W.—So you have a Ford. "Bug's" Baer says, "It may rack the rest of your body but it saves your feet." Henry turns out over one million flivvers every working day in the year. Which is why we are so glad on Thanksgiving and other holidays." Conway Tearle is five feet eleven. Yes, I admire both the Gish sisters. Cheer up, you may get to see Valentino.

A. M. S.—You say women talk too much. Well, the conversation of women in society resembles the straw used in packing china; it is nothing, yet without it, everything would be broken. Neeta is right. Glenn Hunter is twenty-four. No, Rod La Rocque is not married.

Pearly Nut.—You always want to enclose twenty-five cents when writing to a player for a picture.

C. M. W.—It was Dante who said "All Hope abandon, ye who enter here."

Ronnie.—You forget that luck is but a nickname for bad judgment. Corinne Griffith is playing in "Black Oxen." Yes, Lila Lee is married. Why Viola Dana's real name is Flugrath. Well, today happens to be October 22nd, and your answer will not appear until December issue, so figure it out for yourself.

Murie.—But men do not always love those they esteem; women, on the contrary, esteem those they love. William S. Hart is playing in "Wild Bill Hickok." Yes, Lestrice Joy is married to Jack Gilbert. Viola Dana is twenty-five. Emil Bennett in "Robin Hood." You're welcome, call again.

Millie.—Your letter did not tire me but it slightly punctured my patience. Time is short, but space is shorter. Conrad Nagel and Aileen Pringle in "Three Weeks." Robert Ellis opposite Betty Compson in "Ladies Must Live." And so they must.

Eleanor D.—Nita Naldi is five feet eight, Betty Blythe five feet seven. Mary Harvy is twenty-two. Up to this writing, "Steve" has not been shown on Broadway.

Ho hum, I suppose so.

Eveite.—No, I don't usually sing when I am reading my letters. Don Quixote says: "Who sings in grief procures relief." Thomas Meighan is six feet and

(Continued on page 106)
When Laughter Turns Her Face

(Continued from page 37)

bakeries and a slenderer, subtler Genius reigns supreme.

This is the story, piecemeal, as all real stories are:

Years ago, in England, there was a little girl named Flora. A thin, rather homely little girl, with overflowing spirits in a parentally repressed small body. Flora was one of a large family and the daughter of parents not indulgent as are the parents of small Floras in this more easy-going land. The little girl named Flora was never allowed to speak at table, never permitted to go outside of certain prescribed boundaries on the grounds, never permitted to choose her own friends or her own pastimes.

Years later this same little girl, a little girl no longer, came to America and turned up at the Vitagraph Company. In between the little girl and the "funny lady" of the Vitagraph pictures there had interluded a marriage and a small daughter and such privy sorrow and rearrangement as the checked game of life is capable of. All in all, not the sort of things to unfeather laughter, but the stuff whereof she learned how priceless laughter is and how much the world is in need of it.

Down there at the Vitagraph, in those early days, this lovely woman with the "funny face" used to take long, long walks and as she walked she would repeat over and over again, "I want everyone to love me! I want everyone to love me!" She didn't, you see, say that she wanted everyone to laugh at her; she said that she wanted them to love her. That is because she knows that the world loves the laugh-makers—while they see them.

Well, she made them laugh at her and by so doing she made them love her. The name of Flora Finch became a household laugh. It sweetened many a sour cup of breakfast coffee and made many a dull evening an oasis of forgetfulness. The Cap and Bells tinkled and made the world forget, in little laughing spells, the Undesired Things.

Then John Bunny was laid to rest, rest-organization took possession of the "infant industry," comedy became more inventive, and little by little other fun-makers came to the fore.

Flora Finch has suffered a modicum of forgetfulness; she has known poverty and ill-health and woe. If she were not of that sanguine mind which "only marks the shining hours," she would herself have forgotten how to laugh. But she is. She remembers only the Desirable Things and forgets the sadnesses. She has her daughter, who is not only her daughter but her best friend. And she has still her belief in the friends who being hers once are hers for always.

Still, things are not as they were back in those beginning days. People have found new faces and new funs to laugh at. And it is not so funny to be a woman not-so-young-as-she-has-been.

That is the other side of laughter.

Many-sided laughter, which may reverse again.

One Beauty

Prettier teeth—easily attained

Just combat the film

There is a way to prettier teeth. Many of your friends employ it. You see the results wherever you look today. Dentists everywhere advise it. Careful people of some 50 nations use it now. A ten-day test to show you what it does is offered for the asking.

Don't you think that you and yours should learn what millions now know?

That cloud is film

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it with your tongue. Despite all brushing, much of it clings and stays. Soon it becomes discolored, forming dingy coats. Then teeth lose their luster.

Film also causes most tooth troubles. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. It breeds millions of germs. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorhrea.

No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats film. So coated teeth and tooth troubles became almost universal.

Better methods now

Dental science has now found two ways to fight that film. One acts to disintegrate the film, the other to remove it without harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods effective. Then a new-type tooth paste was created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent. The use has now spread the world over, largely by dental advice. To people of every clime it is bringing whiter, cleaner, safer teeth.

Pepsodent does other things essential. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, there to neutralize mouth acids. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That digests the starch deposits which may otherwise form acids.

Thus every use gives manifold power to these great natural tooth-protecting agents.

This test will tell

You can prove these things by a simple test, and that test will delight you.

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 become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

You will want these results when you know them. Cut out coupon now.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Pepsodent, the New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific tooth paste based on modern research, now advised by leading dentists the world over.
Will Charlie Kick Off His Old Shoes?
(Continued from page 29)

the ordinary day-coach director sitting around with the actors waiting for an inspiration to strike them!

For the same reason Charlie would not allow the actors to speak lines.

The silent drama is, in fact, distinctly a dangerous occupation. On a clear day you can hear an actor relieving himself of his emotions for a mile. But Chaplin found that this went out in yelling and got nothing in the picture. Of course, he couldn't let them stand still and keep their mouths shut when they were supposed to be talking, so he compromised on whispers. They yelled in whispers, so to speak.

But whatever his method, the result was amazing. It isn't acting, it is life.

As a matter of fact, people in real life do very little in moments of terrific emotional strain. They do just what Charlie makes them do in this picture. As a newspaper reporter, I have seen life with the covers ripped off.

But I have never seen anyone act the way the actors do.

The so-called art of acting has been reduced to a few conventions. Angry men, for some amazing reason, always lift both fists high in the air when they advance upon the offending one, as if the his head were a cord they were trying to put in an obstacle bottle.

Mothers meet family tragedies by grabbing the front of their corsets and panting like a wined dog.

In real life, of course, people do none of these things. I remember seeing once a young boy sentenced to be hanged and the thing that seemed principally to worry him was having to stand up in front of a court-room full of people. He had the worst case of stage fright ever seen.

Directors have always protested that you couldn't convey the impression of real life by having the actors act in the way people really do.

In "A Woman of Paris" Charlie Chaplin has given a terrific answer to that doubt.

When her son is brought home dead—a suicide for love of a prostitute, all the mother does is to go on giving the facts about him to an interviewer. She does not move or make a gesture. She does not even go thru the series of gulps and lip-biting that is supposed to go with the shock of "repressed acting". She does literally nothing except stand still; yet the tragedy is there, stark and terrible.

One of the big emotional scenes of the picture—a scene that actresses of the Clara Morris school would have torn the plaster off the wall trying to portray, was done while Edna was changing her shoes.

There is another scene in which the mistress of the wealthy roof throws her pearl necklace out on the window into the street. Then she ran down stairs and chased a street hodlim two blocks to get it back. Another big crisis in the picture is played while Edna was on a rubber-tubing being massaged.

It is indirect and insinuating; yet the effect is of an almost terrible directness. There is no dialogue about the way he swats you with the tragic facts of life that is almost Biblical.

After we had seen the picture thru, Charlie and I went to famous Hollywood cafe for tea. While we talked, personalities kept coming in. Nazimova went by dressed in white flannel, looking with her bobbed hair like a little girl. And

Virginìa Valìì, noted Universal film star, says:
"I enjoy using Day Dream very much and trust I shall never be without this delightful, haunting perfume."

Steam Day Dream

The Day Dream Bud—

The newest novelty—an exquisite crystal containing Day Dream perfume—splendidly did for favors or personal use. Until your dealer is stocked, you can secure one by sending his name and 75 cents ($1.00 in Canada) to Dept. O.

STEARNS—PERFUMER
Creator of Sadari and 7Amousette
Detroit, Mich. Windsor, Ont.
Established 1855

HOLIDAY HARMONY

"There is no music you enjoy like the music you make yourself." That's as true of your friends as it is of you. Give them Hohner for Christmas—no other gift at the price will give half the pleasure. The Hohner is a whole orchestra in itself—it makes real music—sweet, tuneful, delightful music. Anybody can learn to play it in an hour. Ask the dealer for the Hohner Free Instruction Book; if he is out of them, write "M. Hohner, New York." Hohner Harmonicas are sold everywhere; 50c up.

"Own Your Own Hohner"

About sore throat this winter-

An early start with the daily gargle may ward off this troublesome infection. "Absorbine, Jr." the gargle is a double precaution. To its germ-destroying property as an antiseptic is added its soothing and healing properties as a liniment—quick to relieve irritation at the first signs of rawness or hoarseness.

Absorbine, Jr. is of a clean, agreeable odor and is pleasant to use. It has many other emergency uses.

Learning Beauty Culture At Home

THIS is the one field of endeavor for women which is not overcrowded. In fact just the opposite is true—thousands of experienced "operators" are needed right now.

In the past it was possible to secure the necessary training to qualify as an expert only by spending a long period at an institution, or as an apprentice in a good shop, or, if you had the time and the money, you could attend a beauty-seminar. Such a seminar was often held in a hotel and was the regular plan of many students for a portion of the year, and as a result it is the present demand for experienced operators of salons.

Earn $40 to $75 a Week

By means of this Special Home Study Course In Practical Beauty Culture, hundreds—yes, thousands—of women have taken themselves out of the boredom existence that goes with ordinary monotonous routine work and are earning $40 to $75 a week, and in many instances over $100 a week.

Keep your present position but devote part of your spare time to this study and qualify for the big opportunities. The complete art of beauty culture is covered—haircutting, bleaching, coloring, waxing, facials, wax and packs, skin care, manicuring, etc. Everything is gone into detail and fully illustrated so there is not chance of not being able to understand it.

SEND FOR THIS BOOK

"How to Make Money As a Beauty Specialist"

If you are anything but a renter and want to use it, it can make you independent.

OBSERVATION LABORATORY

1000 Divinity Blvd., Dept. C-35, Chicago, III.

Without obligation, send a free sample copy of your beautiful new book, "How to Make Money As a Beauty Specialist," and full information on our Special Home Study Course in Beauty Culture.

Name ________________________________

Street and No. ___________________________

City __________________ State _________
Wally Beery dropped in, as he said, to get strength to kill a man in a sword-fight in Pola Negri's picture.

Sid Grauman breezed by and flipped a three of clubs onto our table saying: "Have one of my cards.

Charlie told me that his principal worry about the picture was the attitude of the less educated patrons. Like most real artists, he despises the work of art made for the so-called intellectual few.

He tried it out at the Beverly Hills Hotel at a party given to the youthful Cornelius Vanderbilt and it got over there; but that didn't mean much to him. He tried it on Doug and Mary at their home and that meant more; they having the expert angle. Finally he took the picture out to a neighborhood theater frequented by steel-workers and waited while it got the acid test. He says the finest triumph of his whole life came when a baby began to cry and the wife handed the infant over to her husband, "Hey," she said, "you take him home, I'm going to see the rest of the picture."

"And," I said again to Charlie, "now that we have seen the picture, what is going to become of that funny little fellow with the big feet and the little mustache?"

Charlie wriggled in his seat. "I don't know," he said, "I thought I would see what I could do directing with a couple of ideas. But I'm going on acting."

"I am going to make a picture right away. It's going to be about a suicide club. There's going to be a millionaire in it that wants to commit suicide because he has too much money."

"After I get thru that, I am going to make a picture about the life of an old clown."

"No; not like Debureau or Pagliacci. It's going to go deeper into the hearts of things than that."

I asked him if it was going to be a comedy or a tragedy.

"Well," he said, "I don't know. It's going to have some tears." Charlie suddenly switched off: "You know nothing is funny unless it has sweetness and charm. It's got to have a theme and an idea. Just gags aren't funny."

"Sometimes people laugh at them, but they don't think they are funny." The most dangerous thing you can do in the show business is to make them laugh and weep tears that they resent; and frequently they are resentful—especially of tears.

We talked and presently the conversation turned to pictures about swords and doublets and such things.

"Do you know the reason that plays with swords and swashbucklers aren't convincing?" said Charlie. "I'll tell you why, nobody feels comfortable with a sword hanging around your anatomy. It embarrasses you. You can't be real. It's too consciously picturesque."

"It's like poetry—"

Charlie made a cautious preliminary inquiry: "Do you like poetry? I don't?"

"I have tried my best to read Keats and Shelley; but I can't stick to them," he went on.

"I could get a certain degree of poetry out of a ride on a street-car or even out of a peanut-stand but when you get to singing odes to skylarks, that's too much. Seems like pose and affectation."

"Life is too filled with people and drama and interest right around us to go staring up into the sky."

"The real drama of realities is so wonderful and absorbing that it seems silly to try to strain them into imaginary artificially that when real life is so much more thrilling. That is why I made 'A Woman of Paris.'"
Across the Silversheet (Continued from page 32)

aloofness which has come, in this instance, to intensify Miss Joyce's charm and beauty off the screen. Her portrait, photographed graphically, is that of a woman of refined and feminine temperament, and she scores in this direction. There were a number of scenes in which she appeared as attractive and charming as we always think of her as being.

Jetta Goudal is The Ayah and even in a small and inconspicuous rôle you are aware of her colorful personality and appearance. The "Green Goddess" is without any question one of the finest pictures we have ever seen. It is well worth while from an artistic point of view. And it scores even a greater mark as entertainment.

Paradise. A revolution. One giant. The hero, Harold Van Pelham, a hypochondriac, who arrives with his valet, his nurse and several valets and a vast amount of pills. There you have the recipe for "Why Worry," the latest Harold Lloyd comedy.

Mr. Lloyd has called in a giant who amazes you and he generously shares the honors. Between them they manage all of the "business" which Harold Lloyd does so well, and much new and surprising business besides. We marvel at the ingenuity which goes into the making of these productions.

If you do not go to see this picture, making comparisons between it and "Safety Last," you will enjoy it all the more. For where you laughed hysterically and clutched your chair-arm nervously in "Safety Last," you will chuckle or smile broadly in "Why Worry."

"Bigger and Better Pictures," has for some time now been the slogan. Without any doubt many of them have been bigger. But we have grave doubts about these same ones being better. We're tired of colossal sets and backgrounds which manage almost to submerge entirely the characters and their individual dramas. We want authentic reproductions of historic backgrounds and settings. We want castles which resemble castles and not Carnegie library buildings.... but we do cry for discrimination in the use of these settings. We do cry for more producers who have the good taste to use them as soft, mellow and beautiful tapestries against which their characters may move, but always in bold relief, working out their own destinies, weaving their threads into the entire colorful pattern.

And all of this preamble is why we haven't the praise for the Hunchback of Notre Dame," which the majority of other critics have had. We think the replica of Notre Dame which was erected miraculously on a California lot, a lot a great feat. We grant the producers the alterations they made in the Victor Hugo story in order that the picture might avoid offending those of the Catholic faith in the way the novel did. All of this is well and good. But something beyond this is lacking.

We felt during the entire production that the daily trials and pleasures of the characters did not concern the director, Wallace Worsley, nearly so much as did the spectacular end of his production. We didn't meet the characters doing human things and failed to be so interested in them that it mattered very much to us what finally became of them. True enough, there were episodes where you
Would You Think from this Photo that I Ever Weighed 200 Lbs?

By JESSICA PENROSE BAYLIS

(Visit Wabash. Pa.)

I HAD just about all the acridities I could carry around when I first heard of getting thin to music. I am only 5 ft. and 5 in. in height and not of large frame, and 191 lbs. made me positively conspicuous as you can well believe. It was beginning to tell on my arches; I had difficulty in walking any distance. Dancing became out of the question, and I had become a regular stay-at-home when a friend prevailed on me to try the much-talked-of reducing records.

The first session with this method was a complete surprise. I had expected it would be something of a bore—the things I had tried in the past had all proved so. But the movements that first reducing record contained, the novel commands and counts, and the sparkling musical accompaniment made it extremely interesting. I used it for over a week for the sheer fun of doing it. I felt splendid after each day's lesson. Even then I scarcely took the idea seriously. Surely, this new form of play could not be affecting my huge superfluity of flesh; it must have been ten or twelve days later that I weighed myself.

I had lost eight pounds!

No one had to urge me after that! I secured all five of the records and settled down in earnest to reduce. A week later the same scale said 174 lbs. Another week only showed a six-pound loss; but the week following I had taken off nine more pounds.

As I progressed in the lessons I found them growing more and more interesting, and each new and unique movement began improving my proportions in new places. The over-fatness at my neck was a condition I never dreamed could be affected by these methods, but it was; even the roll of fat that had foreshadowed a double-chin disappeared in time.

In six weeks I was dancing, golfing and 'going' as of yore. I got another saddle horse. I started wearing clothes which did not have to sacrifice all style in an effort to conceal. And it is quite needless to say I was delighted and elated. At the end of nine weeks I weighed exactly 138 lbs.—a reduction of fifty-three pounds. I submit my experience in gratitude for what Wallace's wonderful records have done for me. I am humbled by the recollection of how I once fairly scoffed at the enthusiasm of others in what I deemed at the time a mere fad. I shudder to think that I might have remained indifferent to this method. Only a woman who has been over-whelmingly flashy can appreciate what my new appearance and feelings mean to me. As for those who need reduce but a few pounds to make their figures what they would like them to be, it is pitiful to think that they do not know this easy way—or perhaps do not believe it.

What more can be said of reducing? Mrs. Baylis' start was made with the full first lesson record which Wallace sent her without cost or obligation. The same offer is open to you. If you, too, do not see remarkable results in only a few days, don't keep the record, and don't pay Wallace anything. Why not use the coupon now?

Name ________________________________
Address ________________________________
City ________________________________ State ________________________________

WALLACE, 630 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago (219)
Please send me FREE and POSTPAID, for 5 days' free trial, the original Wallace Reducing Record for my first reducing lesson. If I am not perfectly satisfied with the results, I will return your record and will not owe you one cent nor be obligated in any way.

Photo by DRURY

89
Eyes that Tantalize

No wonder women envy them—those clear, sparkling EYES that lure and tantalize. For men have ever paid homage to such EYES. They are the EYES of which the poet wrote, "Man's destiny lies in a woman's EYES."

If you would have magnetic EYES, use Murine night and morning. This refreshing lotion adds new beauty to the EYES—makes them brighter and more compelling.

Murine clears the whites of the EYES, intensifies their natural color, and imparts a most alluring sparkle. It's good for the EYES—contains no belladonna or any other harmful ingredient.

Our attractively illustrated book, "Beauty Lies Within the Eyes," tells how to properly care for your Eyes, Brows and Lashes, and thus enhance their beauty. Send for a copy of this helpful book. It's FREE.

The Murine Company
Dept. 25, Chicago

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Charmant
Powder Filled Puffs

Just a tap and the puff yields the required amount of dressing, saves time and discrepancy. No waste, no mess, no bother. Send the following "Charmant" sample for your review: Powder Filled Puffs and a handsome dressing table iron. Price for $1.00.

Charmant Co.
1018 B. West Ave., J. Ang, Island City, N.Y.

Reduce Your Flesh in spots—Arms, Legs, Bust, Double Chin, etc.

In fact, the entire body, or any part, can be reduced without dieting by dissolving the fat through perspiration produced by wearing your garments.

Brasieres to reduce bust and diaphragm . . . $7.00
Neck and Chin Reducer 3.50
Double Chin Reducer 2.50
Dr. JEANNE M. P. WALTER
FAMOUS MEDICATED REDUCING RUBBER GARMENTS
389 Fifth Avenue, New York City

I wish just once
That the Gentle Maid
Would murmur softly...

"Alfonso may be wicked
But he'll send the
Washing out...

Movie Endings
(Continued from page 39)

Again we have
The Refined Shop Girl
Whose love affair with
A True Hearted Plumber
Seems threatened when her
Sinister employer
Introduces her to
New York Night Life....

And so on...
If I had my way
The Bored Business Man
Who Leaves Home and
Bedtime Stories for the
Lady Who Smokes Cigarettes
Would not return a
Penitent, and many a
Dear Old Mother who sits
Freddly by the fireplace
Weeping because her
Children have outgrown their
Baby shoes...
Would get a
Lip-Stick and a Flapper
Hair Cut and say...
"I'm still quite a
Hound for Looks.
Let's Go!"

I hate
The Invariably Unwarying
Movie Endings
Dont You...
Have You Made Your New Year's Vow?

Why Not Resolve to Cultivate Charm?

Beauty Provides the Text-Book

In

A Portfolio of Beautiful Women

**Beauty** offers your first lesson in creating charm—— That is to observe beauty, to think personality, to emulate charm——

**Beauty,** in January, the month of youthful loveliness, uses in the portfolio, girls in their fascinating 'teens—the piquant, the demure, the blonde, the brunette—the naïve, the sophisticated——

**Beauty** will present in succeeding issues—girls in the sweet twenties—women of youthful maturity—and lastly, the woman of full maturity which many artists consider the age of perfected beauty——

**JANUARY**

The Service Department Made More Serviceable

A reorganization of the Service Department has brought to its helm Mrs. Emilie Belmont Taylor, an authority on beauty problems. The department will now be able to serve every reader of **Beauty,** and in a more comprehensive way. When you write to her for help and advice, send a self-addressed and stamped envelope. It will speed your reply.

**SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER**

**FIVE MONTHS FOR $1.00**

Because the New Year is the time for you to take stock of all assets and liabilities, we are making you a special introductory offer on **Beauty,** the magazine that will help you submerge your shortcomings in personal beauty and build a new loveliness—a greater charm. Follow the dotted line with a dollar, or secure a copy of **Beauty** from any news-stand, and we are confident **Beauty** will be its own best argument for your placing an order for a year's, or better still, a two years' subscription.

**ON ALL NEWS-STANDS 25c per COPY**

Yearly subscription price $2.50  
Two years $4.50  
(50c a year extra in Canada—Foreign $1.00 extra.)

Pin a Dollar Bill to this coupon and receive the next five big numbers of "Beauty" Magazine. Mail at once to BEAUTY, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
"Psyching" Glenn Hunter  
(Continued from page 43)

heart, or with some other association of the sort. On the other hand, if he hesitates and then thinks word unconnected with the case, he also gives himself away, because we know by the tardiness of his reply that he is not expressing the first thought that popped into his mind. If, or perhaps he is very foxed and has been forewarned, he is carrying in his head a stock of common words which he snaps out the instant a dangerous question is asked: but then, again, he is lost, because these words will have no possible connection with "Knife." For instance, if you ask him a reply "Piano," which is a long way from cutlery—and then we know he is camouflaging again.

This same test is used to explore the most workings of the mind—to discover how people think and what they think about. We can tell by the answers whether they have an analytical or creative mentality; whether they are introspective in their outlook, what they are interested in, and so forth. I only mention it as an example of the sort of thing which Glenn has to put up with and to convince you that the mental sketch to follow, while rough, is at least scientific and, in the main, as accurate as the results of a chemist's analysis.

First of all, I discovered that Glenn's memory is visual rather than auditory. He remembers scenes, not sounds. Most people are visual in this respect. In his case, the auditory memory is as undeveloped as that of a twelve-year-old boy, while his immediate visual memory is excellent, accurate, and reliable. Probably it is this very quality that enables him to remember and imitate the physical actions of others, and the perfect screening characteristic, down to the smallest detail of walk and gesture. Probably learning a part in words requires far greater mental effort than performing the same part in pantomime.

He is slow and deliberate in his judgments on people and things; his time reactions clearly show that none of his actions are the result of judgments but rather of a thought which has been turned over and over in his mental chambers before action is finally made. His critical ability is very excellent. He has a quick sense of values which must be of infinite assistance to him in noting and remembering the characteristics of those about him for subsequent projection on the stage or screen.

Glenn is capable of great concentration and sustained effort in his own chosen field. He is engrossed in his own profession and all that pertains thereto; nor is he to be diverted into other channels by questions concerning merely abstract matters. Talk to him of the Russian political situation and he becomes bored and inattentive. Talk to a Russian, as a dramatic theme or as subjects for characterization, and he is instantly keen upon the discussion. I do not think Glenn would ever make a good newspaper editor or would ever succeed in compiling an encyclopedia. His mind does not run in the direction of pure science or abstract knowledge; he is certainly interested in his work, in the stage, the screen and all that pertains to his life therein.

We have a most important test which is very similar in character. Children have not yet learned that when they play at saying as many words as possible in three minutes, they are undergoing the basic test for ideation, that is, the free play of the power of expression. Of

"Slender at Last!

How Wonderful it feels

To be slender, to be graceful, to be truly beautiful. I have always felt that I was too fat. To be desired, to be loved, I felt I must be thin. I have followed many fad diets. But nothing seemed to work. So I decided to try a scientific method, one that would promise results. I heard about Dr. Graham's Neutroids. I bought a box and sent for the free booklet, "Slender at Last!" I read it and I was convinced. For a week I followed the instructions. I lost five pounds. I felt wonderful. I had more energy. I was more alert. I was slender. I was slender at last!"
course, the first person who tells them so will put a crimp in that game for all time. Glenn Hunter and I played at it for quite a time. Ideation is not his forte. The Censor that stands at the threshold of consciousness and represses unpleasant thoughts, that with flaming sword bars from the mental Eden all painful and distressing ideas, was very busy on that occasion. Glenn is fundamentally of emotional temperament, and it is this very quality, so important to his work, which retards this free play of expression. On the other hand, in combination with this tardy ideation, Glenn Hunter is—according to the next set of tests—possessed of an extraordinarily aesthetic, emotional temperament. He has great delicacy of appreciation. He is of a romantic turn of mind, swearing inwardly that "All girls are beautiful," even tho his reason tells him otherwise. He is like the parted, he plays, with all the adolescent characteristics—naiveté, simplicity, unsuspicuousness, boyishness.

It is just as well that the same providence which made an actor of Glenn instead of an editor or an encyclopedia turned him from the paths of pedagogy. Glenn would make about the worst teacher you ever saw in your life. He would be fired by acclamation from any Board of Education in the country—because, you see, he has no faculty for imparting knowledge. Some people like to learn, some people to teach, some to do both. Glenn is little drawn to the giving of good advice; nor does he care about definitions. To be technical, in none of his word tests does he respond with synonyms or antonyms. All his reactions to words are ego-centric. He sees the world in its relationship to himself and his work rather than in an abstract relationship to a classroom of students.

It was in the Association Tests that the secrets of Glenn's success as an actor began to make themselves manifest. I dislike to use so cryptic a term as the psychological, and yet only by the use of this technical expression can I define Glenn's ability to express by physical movement his ideas. "Custom settles habits of thinking as well as determining motions of the body," says that wise old thinker, Locke. And so it is with my actor-subject. His ideas first appear to him in the form of movement. They are transformed on the instant into terms of motor-activity—so that he would tell you with a shrug or a gesture almost as much as in the words to follow.

He is possessed of what a German psychologist, Wundt, has called "Empathy." He actually feels himself in the part he is enacting. Just how far this imaginative quality does difficult to say without many further tests. It is probable, that be naturally imagines himself living in the play character, but that his training as an actor enables him simultaneously to view that part objectively—in short, to live it and to reason about it at the same time.

Color, form and all the abstract qualities of grace and beauty have a quick appeal to Glenn's eye. He abhors anything ugly or coarse. In fact, his eye is the open portal to his consciousness. It is because of this power of visualizing, of seeing intuitively every concept presented to him, that he has the ability to enter into the situation he is to portray. He gets a distinct mental image of every part he plays; this is why he is a good actor.

Glenn is always observant, keenly and constantly. This, of course, is one of the fundamentals of the power of imitation. Last and perhaps most important to his in the field of acting—as it would
The Only Bashful Actor in the World

(Continued from page 26)

"I never realized until that moment how strong I was," said George the other night in telling about it. "When I hit that fellow, my fist seemed to go into his nose a mile deep. It was the first and only street fight I ever had."

"I was so scared that I sat up on a bench in Central Park that night. I thought I had killed him. The next morning when I got up, I took my cane and paddled all the way to Albany."

Walsh hasn't been in athletics for years; but he keeps up his training just the same.

On the rare occasions when he steps out in society, the young lady in the case is very likely to be instilled off home at ten o'clock so George will not have to break training.

He lives, strategically, at the base of a high hill in Hollywood. Every day as the sun is creeping up over the horizon, he finds a young man vaguely clad in panties shimming vigorously up that hill.

George isn't training for anything; he is just in training to keep in training. That's how these athletes are.

He has one of the most gorgeous bodies that ever draped itself over the personality of any man.

He has a chest expansion of a couple of thousand yards; he has an arm like the leg of an elephant and he could probably lick Jack Dempsey.

The professional athletes sigh over him, as one gone wrong.

"What do you think?" they ask gloomily of a guy with a straight left like him wasin' his time-play-acting!"

However pitiful or tragic the case may be, George is play-acting and June Mathis insists that he is due to be a great romantic actor—another Valentino. And if June doesn't know, who does?

Beneficial

for you and the family—good for digestion—good for teeth and nerves—

"a sensible habit"

Pimples Can Be Removed

If you suffer from pimples, acne, blackheads, brown spots or eruptions, I want to send you my simple home treatment under plain wrapper. It gave me a soft, velvety, smooth and radiant complexion, and healed thousands of men and women, after everything else failed. Simply send name for generous 10 day free trial offer of my secret home treatment.

W.H. WARREN, 230 Gray Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.
Greenroom Jottings
(Continued from page 76)

It seems only yesterday that Wesley Barry sat on a desk in his manager’s office, swinging thin, knuckled legs and watching the clock to point the hour when he was to be taken to his first ball game in New York—meanwhile trying hard to be polite and attentive while interviewed. And now, it’s announced that he recently celebrated his seventeenth birthday at the studio where he was completing “George Washington, Jr.” his latest production. It has been said before but we say it again: Time does fly!

And they say that Madge Evans, one of the best-known child actresses of the screen, also has grown up. In “The Banks of the Waibash,” a J. Stuart Blackton production, Madge is seen for the first time as a young woman and a particularly lovely one, it is said.

Ponce de Leon spent long years trying to discover the fountain of youth. Myrtle Stedman evidently has found it in her latest picture, “Flaming Youth,” in which she appears as the mother of youthful charm, and ideas. It is rumored that Mrs. Stedman will be featured soon in a picture in which her son, Lincoln Stedman, also will appear.

Herbert Grimwood, the English actor who portrayed The Christ in “The Pilgrimage Play” in Hollywood, is playing the part of Savonarola in George Eliot’s “Romola,” now being filmed in Italy.

Martha Mansfield, known as the “most photographed girl in New York,” has been chosen by the Fox forces as leading lady in “The Warrens of Virginia” by Booth Tarkington. The famous story was produced some years ago by David Belasco as a stage-play and its screen adaptation offers Miss Mansfield one of the biggest roles of her career.

(Continued on page 113)

California is all right for a number of reasons. It permits a long tennis season for Perry Marmont—that suits him to a T.

Magic New Gloves that Whiten Hands

A pair of gloves of amazing powers! Nothing like them over known or dreamed of. Worn at night, while you sleep, they work a miraculous transformation in the hands. They turn the hands white—as white as a lily, and as soft and smooth! Your hands may be “a sight”: they may be a raw red or an off-white yelow; they may be dark with tan or blotched with freckles or liver spots; they may be sadly scarred by housework, deeply lined, rough and coarse—but yet they become hands of the whiteness of snow and the softness of velvet under gloves.

No Hands Are Hopeless

The marvelous gloves are the invention of that great physician, the famous Dr. S. J. Egan. Their magic lies in a remarkable substance with which they are treated or impregnated. This substance or preparation, perfected by Dr. Egan, is worked into the very fabric of the gloves. And when activated by the natural warmth of the hands, it has a peculiarly potent whitening and softening effect upon the hands. The hands actually turn white—a charming natural white. They become soft and smooth, exquisitely so. Even hands that have had no care for years, hands that look hopelessly worn and old take on the beauty of lovely whiteness and softness and become fresh and young-looking under the action of these wonderful gloves.

Results in One Night

What does it profit a woman to have beauty of face or figure or the clothes of a queen, if her hands are unclean? By your hands more than anything else, does the world estimate you. What about your hands? Do they attract or repel? Are they hands to allow confidently or hands to hide? The prominent attraction that lies in pretty hands is ten years to command. The magic of
That's Out
(Continued from page 46)
in another first-rate rib-tickler. A film that should not be missed by those who
like a little nonsense now and then.

When Reformers Agree
Irrespective of what other malign
thoughts the reformers may have regarding
the movies, they all agree on one thing: the picture theater is a great place
to take up a collection for some relief
fund, bogs or otherwise.

The New Seven Wonders of the
Screen:
Nita Naldi’s eyes.
Barbara La Marr’s eyebrows.
Mary Philbin’s smile.
Doug’s long haircut.
Anna Q’s short haircut.
Reginald Denny’s physique.
Ramon Novarro’s profile.

It’s a Mistake to Be Clever in the
Films
Apparently, the more an actor is able to
do the smaller his salary. When an extra
applies at the studio for a day’s work, he
is made to fill out a questionnaire to the
effect that he is able to swim, ride, dive, box,
wrestle, fence dance, play ping-pong, and
has in his possession a full and complete
line of wardrobe. After answering in the
affirmative he is set down as eligible for a
salary of $5 a day. The star of the
picture that this extra works in, however,
is forced to use a double for his swimming,
racing, diving, boxing, wrestling, ping-
pong, and every other violent exercise that the
scenario calls for, and his wardrobe is
paid for by the company. For this the
star draws down something like $118.62
a minute. Such is movie life.

Movie Churches Are Doing a Good
Business
If only the directors ran the country,
everybody’ would be prospering. While
the clergyman of the nation are protesting
that the people are backsliding and that
the churches are half empty, our movies
are belying the fact. Whoever saw a
church scene in a film that did not show
a large congregation? In the studio, it’s
a simple matter. When the director gives
an order for a full congregation, he
gets it.

Pictures to Look Forward To
Those who are a bit disheartened be-
cause of the screen fare they have been
served during the past few months, will
probably find a note of cheer in the an-
nouncements of the producers of their
programs for the coming season. Here
are a few of the choicer selections:

“No Mother to Guide Her.” (William
Fox.)

“Broken Hearts of Broadway.” (Irving
Cummings.)

“Wife in Name Only.” (Pyramid Pic-
ture.)

“Lend Me Your Husband.” (C. C.
Burr.)

“Restless Wives.” (C. C. Burr.)

“Indecent Clothes.” (Jesse Goldberg.)
(Continued on page 128)
TO BLANCHE SWEET
By CLEMENT WOOD
There was an hour you moved in storm,
When heavens flowered in fire:
And you were wild, and you were warm
With some young god's desire.
And then you fell to softer things,
To little tinsel plays;
You toyed with sweet imaginings,
And moved thru tepid days.
Bring back the storm, bring back the fire,
Oh goddess that you are!
The wren nests gaily in the brier:
The eagle seeks the star.

A WISH
(To Mae Murray)
By SUE COZAINS
Like a butterfly, poised gay and light,
The flames of love burn not so bright
As glows the youth upon thy face
Slim-waisted, fragile, Dresden toy,
A living, pulsing breath of joy
Wee fairy child of grace.
May life forever lend its charm,
But never any fear of harm
Beset thy dancing way.
May love shower down on thee its beams.
But never wreck thy rosy dreams
Nor make thee, sprite, less gay.

THE SEVEN AGES OF THE SILENT DRAMA
Adapted from a song of the voluble Bard,
more specifically—
"AS YOU LIKE IT"
By RUTH DARING
All the world's a screen
And all the men and women merely shadows;
They have their close-ups and their fade-aways
Enacting seven ages. Here's Baby Barbarism
Laughing and cooing in Dick's tender arms,
And there's the schoolboy Jackie with great eyes
And sweet bonny face, playing strange music
On tightened heart strings. Then Valenti
Sighing and love-lorn, with lilting ballad
Made to his mistress' slipper.
And Douglas Full of strange oaths, a valiant swashbuckler,
Scaling high roofs, duelling, shooting arrows,
Swatching his soldier reputation
From king and cardinal. Then Theo Roberts,
The genial daddy of the shadow score
With eyes severe yet twinkling back of brows,
At flapper daughter's age-old trickeries.
So well he plays his part, the casting boss
Shoves him along into the lean sixth age
With spectacles on nose and pipe in mouth.
His golfing-hose well shrunk, his sticks aside
His putting done.
And his big manly voice
Trying to bless his daughter-heroine,
Turned childish in his sound. Last scene of all
That ends this silver-shadowed history
Is second childishness—the last reel run—
Sans Stars, sans love, sans light, sans everything.

Merry Christmas!

Let DIAMONDS say Merry Xmas

642 AD - 10" indescribable Pearls of unusual luster and lustre with White Gold clasp, set with genuine Diamond. $75.00
643 AD - Premier Clufter, 7 Blue-white quality Diamonds. $95.00
644AD - Engrav ed Premier with White-blue quality Diamond. $85.00
645 AD - Hexagon Ring fine Diamond. $55.00
646 AD - Gent's Round Paste with Blue-white quality Diamond. $80.00
650 AD - Gypsy Cluster Ring, 7 Blue-white quality Diamonds. $65.00
651 AD - Solid Platinum Ring, Blue-white Diamond. $118.00
652 AD - 14 karat White Gold 19 jewel Illinois 20 year engraved octagon case, engraved dial...$39.75
656 AD - Famous 19 jewel Illinois 20 year engraved octagon case, engraved dial...
654 AD - Gent's Torque Ring, Blue-white quality Diamond. $118.00
655 AD - White Gold Hexagon Cluster, 7 Qualify diamonds. $59.50

NO MONEY DOWN
Any of the sparkling diamond values pictured here can be yours without risking a single penny. Each item is ideally suited for Christmas and will make a charming gift. No matter what you select, you pay only a few cents a day. Your selection sent on your simple request without a single penny down. If you don't agree that it is the biggest bargain you have ever seen, return it at our expense. If you keep it, pay at the rate of only a few cents a day.

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PAG1
The Hunchback of Notre Dame

(Continued from page 57)

In the evening when I was coming home, wrapped in my cloak, I was aware of two fleeting figures. Horrible! Of a sudden I was seized and there was a sound of foul breathing and strange talk and I realized that Quasimodo had me in his grasp and that the sly, sinister figure of Jehan was crouched against the walls in the shadows, skulking, skulking, rat-like. My arms were free before they were born. This was the horror past horror. To be touched, to be grasped by Quasimodo... I was like to live in that most sickening vice, for no new horror could I bear for sheer force of horror, when, like a bright sword cleaving thru the night, Prince Charming came charging upon us.

In less time than it takes to tell I was against his heart, mounted on the milk-white stallion. Ah, the cold feel of his arms about me, the brave strength of his arms! It was all my world come to me in that most princely circle.

He took me to an old, small place and brought a meal and bread. He said that I must eat after so terrible an adventure. It was a curious place and a curious old woman served us and stood and smiled at me, smirking strangely. Prince Charming told me that his name was Phoebus and I said it over to myself, a private, precious rosary. He, my Prince, change with me. He slipped my frock from off my shoulder and he said my flesh was like the petals of white roses. I knew a modest mood would have withheld her shoulder, but ah, his words were sweet! They were so sweet I swooned of them and lost my senses from too strong a draught.

I talked by his side. I showed him the circle my unremembered mother had once clasped about my throat. "I am not afraid to go about alone," I said to him, "for my mother told me that while I wore this chain no harm could befall me."

Phoebus was so strange then! He was quiet and did not touch me again. He told me, too, that that day His Majesty the King had made him Captain of the Royal Guard. A thought came home and kissed my hand at parting. Dear hand... it is a little nest of love...

It came to me that after that my hand must do no harm to any man or woman, nor shirk from any service whatsoever. God, who made my Phoebus, made the world, too. How could I hate the least part of that whole?

They beat Quasimodo in the public place. Tortured him. He bared his monstrous body to the world and flagellated him. That monstrous, poor body! Ah, God, how could they? How could they? Dom Claude has said they know not what they do. That must be so. And it was because of me. Quasimodo was arrested for kidnaping. Jehan made him, that I know. But Jehan is the rat that hides in the sewers of Paris.

And after they had beat him, the Hunchback, they left him there, chained to his revolving cross. They left him, and all that his mouth could say was "I thirst!" There was none to give him drink. None who would go near his hideous body.

I gave him water from the fountain, cool water, and covered his poor revolting body with the tattered garment they had torn from him. My hands touched his miserable flesh and his eyes, his eye, I should say, turned to see who had thus
stooed to touch him. From the look on his face I shrank, shrank in some inexplicable way akin to the shrinking I feel when Prince Charming looks on me. I can explain it too, Noodle for me. Only I knew that within the deep-dug wells of that unspeakable soul a love beyond man's weak explanations was marvellously born. I had been kind to him. My hands had touched him. A woman's hands! His helpless flesh was powerless to say the thing that this half-blinded soul. But I knew. I knew!

Dom Claude said that I should suffer to know 'the pit of the world.'

Ah me, ah me!

In a cell, in a prison cell, I have learned the pity of life and death and the limitless pain of love.

But what is Life to me? And where is Phoebus? For they have killed Prince Charming!

They have killed him and, in the Courts of the King, Justice has had it that it was I who was to love him more than Life and all that Life can hold! I laughed in the face of the King's Justice. I laughed like laughter heard in hell. It was so horrible a madman's jest, that I should kill Phoebus, whose every hair is priceless to my heart, whose every drop of blood is cherished! And yet it was, in some sad measure, my own fault.

Phoebus had been made Captain of the Guards. A ball was to be given in his honor at the home of Madame de Gondelaurier and he bade me go with him. I begged him not to do so mad a thing. I made excuses that I had no gown, but Phoebus was masterful and had his way with me. He would attend to that, he said. He must and would, on the night given him, take the fairest lady in all France to the ball. It was his heart's desire and who was I that I should hold from him his least desire.

Jehan saw us go into the home of the nobles. He told Clopin and they followed us to the house. I would avoid recording that scene. After all, time is so short with me. Even now... the shadow of the axe...

Phoebus had given me into the care of two serving women and for the first time in my life I was dressed as a how--as a noblewoman. It was curious how much at home I felt. More at home than in my gypsy rags.

And not only at home, but happy when Phoebus came to lead me into the ballroom and told me again that I was the most beautiful woman in all France. Ah, what is sweeter than words like these from lips as dear as one's own life...!

Madame de Gondelaurier and her daughter did not agree with Phoebus, I take it. Phoebus was in a manner allied to Fleur de Lys, the daughter of Madame, before he and I had looked upon one another. She, Mademoiselle Fleur de Lys, was beautiful and fine, but somehow I felt no fear of her. Death was my only rival... even then...

We were in the ballroom when Clopin and his "pimples" terrible scene was impending, bloodshed and danger to my Dear when I announced that I no longer cared for Phoebus. Ah, I learned how terribly women lie! His dear, wounded face! How he besought me. Even there, among his friends, and with the infuriated Clopin and his friends threatening them all with death, even then our love was the most precious thing to Phoebus.

And they say that I killed him! It seems to me that I shall smile upon
the block at that absurdity. For I shall smile. With me the block shall be but the doorway to our final trysting-place. Our love has robbed the knell of all its pain.

But to get back: After that scene with Clopin in the home. Madame I determined to visit Holy Church. There, in the garb of the nuns, I might find peace who must forswear all passion. I told Phoebus I would meet him once again in the chaste order of Dancing. This, this at least I shrink from... there was the moonlight... and our kisses... Phoebus plighting his eternal troth to all his World to do so... our kisses, warm and wild, and then before I knew that his lips were cold... a stab in the back... and my lover at my feet...

I do not fear the axe. It cannot come too soon. Now I know that I am separate from Clopin and his people. The world and its lost, I sought, is but a mammoth graveyard to my heart, a mammoth graveyard monumenting Phoebus and his love. Poor human things! Phoebus who loves me not, is not wisely but too well... Clopin with his knotted passionate soul... Jehan with that rat-like kindness... Quasimodo commuting with the bells of Notre Dame... At last, at last, young as I am, made old and wise by love, I see that they are the same paths of love and hate... the same paths leading at last to Phoebus stretched on the marble pathway in the marble moon...

I have been taken away to rest. And after the word. The last words shall rest well. I dare not say more lest I spoil this last section of my "record" with the sound of anthem chords.

The daily news took me to the block. Ah, bruised heart of the World and mockery of the justice of Mankind, what suffering I knew as I was led along the street of Paris! And yet, it was not so much for myself I bled as for the men who were doing this thing to me. It came to me how much of beauty men can kill for ugliness and provide for young beauty to die, and so young to follow him... and so inwardly glad.

Before I came to die they gave me leave to pray as in the same manner upon the doorstep of Notre Dame. From within the great cathedral there came the chiming of the bells. The bells that told all Paris another victim was going to execution. The bells that were being rung by Quasimodo. I thought of him, of his poor blind soul within his monstrous body. I thought of the stricken pity of his face and of the awful longing in his half-blinded eyes when they beheld my face. Because of this, for his misshapen self a kindly hand, he gave me the isolated love of his poor maltreated heart! Poor Quasimodo, that his should be the hand to ring my death knell! I prayed that he might never know what victim he was tolling to the grave!

But he knew and he saved me! His heart was bent, as was his wont, over the parapet of Notre Dame to watch, with the other spectators, the demise of another victim. He was alone. Enraged, I can imagine now, how he must have chuckled when he knew that another of his tormentors was going into extinction, for all the world and its lost, that woman was his former tormentor to Quasimodo. And then must he have seen me? I wasn't so much a girl, victimized and unfriended to Quasimodo, I was a kind hand that had touched his repulsive flesh and a kind face that had shone down to him out of the mists. His whole distorted appearance had been covered in the elements in him came together, so Dom Claude has explained to me, and down the rope that led to the execution block, down Dom Claude in the doorway, before the executioner, an awareness of that grotesque blue against the sky, Quasimodo was upon me, had lifted me from my place and had borne me within the sacred Church. SANCTUARY! One cannot violate sanctuary. While I was within Notre Dame the axe was powerless.

Poor Quasimodo, how he tended me there! How he took his treasured candles and sold them that he might buy me a velvet robe for my body and slippers edged with fur for my feet! How he slept without my door and awoke at my slightest footfall to gaze upon me with the enormity of his worship and subjection. I came to have an odd fondness for the disturbing incongruous mass that was Quasimodo. Under that massive flesh something stirred from its ghoulish dreams.

Quasimodo was planning my redemption. Quasimodo had been there. I though of this and the End. The sacrifying, sensational, tragic end... for all but me! Clopin and his "people" bombarded Notre Dame. They had heard that I was in sanctuary. There awaited a new trial, and had come to "save" me. They arrived with burning spears and swords, with pilage in their soul and destruction. The King's Guard, the opposing forces met at the entrance to Notre Dame. Quasimodo and I watched the broiling madness of men and flame and death beneath us. To me it meant only that Phoebus was dead. To Quasimodo it meant some one, some body of men, were dying to destroy me.

Once again the elements within him came, together, this time to destroy, and once more he cried that he would have confused the two and would have said, could he have said, that the one time he had saved me, whom he loved, and the next time he would save me, which he loved even more, I think... Ah, nightmare scene of horror, to see that awful figure silhouetted against the dishydro, bloody sky, bearing over great buckets of molten lead, staggering to the parapets and superhuman strength and pushing over blocks of granite beyond the man to shake and split into two. Then triumphant, crouched in a dance of unspoken exultation, dancing there on that high ridge of destruction.

Poor Quasimodo...

The end came. With Phoebus. Phoebus, who was not dead, but living. Phoebus, who came to me as I stood crouched in my same position, my eyes glassy and upon the face of Quasimodo. I didn't ask him for an explanation, not then. He didn't ask me for one. He didn't speak. He just looked at me, or so I thought, and then he went off, and I lost him. That was all we were, each other and the love we have all our lives, here by the blue Aegean sea, to make the explanation of those baliff, death, and Quasimodo.

And Quasimodo, too. We speak of him with something in our voices we never had on earth, affection. We speak of how he saved me, or so I think, by ringing the sacred bells of Notre Dame. *
No Tell-Tale Circles!

Marvelous French Creme for removing dark, unsightly circles now offered to American Women for the first time

FREE PROOF OF ITS AMAZING POWERS

No longer need you worry about unsightly circles or beauty-destroying rings under your eyes. For every single natural remedy awaits you which banishes them completely. For years French women have known and used this remedy with truly astonishing results. Here in America, too, it has been employed with equal success by certain exclusive beauty salons catering to the wealthy. But the cost has always been prohibitive—its use limited to the few who could afford to pay exorbitant prices.

But now comes this welcome news. The American rights for the sale of the original French formula have been secured! At last this jealously guarded beauty secret can be yours. The first shipment of 1000 jars has been received and awaits distribution to the first 1000 women who apply. And the cost is so low that no one need be without it.

Look Years Younger

The magic remedy offered here comes to you in the form of an exquisite creme—a creme such as only the French dermatologist trained in the arts of beauty knows how to compound. It is called Circle Creme. The action of Circle Creme on unsightly circles is almost magical. It tends to revive and restore the dark and sunken tissues and bring back original freshness. It fills out wrinkles, "crow's-feet," lines and hollows. Its mild and gentle bleaching action whitens the skin and makes it young and fresh looking. Circles add years to your appearance and are so embarrassing. See for yourself how Circle Creme ends this annoyance. Do so without risking a single penny.

Absolutely Guaranteed

Circle Creme is compounded of entirely pure and harmless ingredients. It is mild and antiseptic, yet its action on the skin is sure and certain. It contains nothing that can possibly harm the eyes. It is guaranteed not to promote hair growth. Money back if you do not find it so.

FREE PROOF

Through a special "get acquainted" offer now presented to American women for the first time, you may secure by mail a large 25 franc jar of the original French Circle Creme for full free trial. Use it according to the simple directions which are plainly printed in English on each package. Then if you are not more than delighted—more than satisfied that Circle Creme makes you look years younger and adds 100% to the appearance of your eyes—simply return the jar and the trial costs you nothing.

Send No Money

This special introductory offer is open only while the present limited supply of 1000 jars lasts. Applications for free trial will be filled in the order in which they are received. Send no money with your request. Simply sign and mail the coupon. When the postman delivers the package, deposit $1.87 (plus a few pennies postage) with him as evidence of good faith and with the understanding that the small introductory fee will be returned to you promptly if you are not delighted with results. Remember—the present supply of Circle Creme is limited to 1000 jars. To avoid disappointment, mail your application today.

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Send me a large 25 franc jar of Circle Creme in plain wrapper as per special introductory offer. I will deposit $1.87 upon receipt to which postman on delivery. It is agreed that if I am not delighted with the improvement in my appearance, I may return the jar within 30 days and get my money back in full.

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If you expect to be out when postman calls, enclose 25c with coupon and Circle Creme will be mailed to you. 


PAG1
Comment on Other Productions

Continued from page 31

history is much overdone on the screen. It too loses because Dulcy is unable to rattle the paper—oh, if she does rattle it to make it heart.

So the story unwinds, telling nothing of consequence and tiring you with its insignities. There is a wisp of humor in a few of the scenes and the star does try mightily to be in character. But she is burdened with pointless material and a role which lacks color. Dulcy is lost without her bromides. And these don’t look so good when read in cold print. By the by, the sponsors have neglected them in the captions. So there she stands a grinning, good natured dumb-bell.

To the Last Man

A picturesque title for a picturesque story—one revolving around the ancient and accepted order of feuds; but because it is seasoned with heavy melodramatic powder, it carries a suspense skin to watching a building being blown up by dynamite. It is possible that General George Washington might have been more danger than confronts Richard Dix here or that George Washington never bore a more charmed life. Bullets fly thick and fast from every direction, but Dix is as cool and calm as an icicle.

The picture lives up to its title. As plots go, it doesn’t offer any variation. What novelty it offers may be found in the hectic gun-play. The girl of one clan is in love with the youth of the other clan. She is, he says, who saves him from the deadly trigger finger of Dix himself. And he appears at the finish—the last of his race and claims the girl. It’s mad melodrama, but an exciting number, notwithstanding. The primitive backgrounds of the Tonio Basin of Arizona furnish a vivid setting.

The Silent Partner

This picture reduced to its skeleton reveals the inevitable wolf of Wall Street who, as usual, subdues the sleep in order to bring such financial embarrass-ment that the latter’s spouse must relieve herself of matrimonial bondage and accept money from him. The hackneyed, dull story, filled with stereotyped situations and characters and unre- lied by any sparklwhatever. The overworked moral is tacked on to serve as an object lesson. It presents an inveterate gambler compelled to move into squall quarters in a tenement district—a false move incidentally, for stock-brokers—no matter how insignificant are always handy with the bluff, and they wouldn’t pick out Tenth Avenue as a likely street.

The curvature of situation concerns the gambling brokering who, when he is flush, showers money on his wife. And she, a wise little head, salts it away as a nest-egg, knowing full well that the wolf will eventually stalk at the door. The stock goes to pieces—the husband is ruined and presto—the wife tosses her nest-egg in his lap, a recession and it is over. A colorless, vapid story acted in a lackadaisical fashion by the masculine members of the cast, the only value of which is to gratify Joy’s sincere effort to appear human. She half succeeds.

ROUGED LIPS

A little story of life backstage by Rita Weiman is this “Rougéd Lips,” which

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A monotonous, wandering story is told largely—under the influence of alcohol and which develops no dramatic power. Unquestionably the author was guided by the idea that Desire is something far removed from Love—and he labors too heavily over his theme and situations—trying to reveal.
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And the durned, disillusioned scamph sashes off to his first domi-

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Occasionally a domestic story bobs up which carries a real dramatic flourish—which appears recognizably real in its plot, characters and treatment. Such a story is “Daytime Wives.” It reveals a cross-section of a rich man’s home wherein the wife, accustomed to idleness and pleasure and showers of money, is temper-

ments, unknown to be a delightful home to him. She would entertain a male flapper for di-

version and would uphold her husband for showing an employer’s interest in his secretary. The latter goes thru her keen judgment and ability. There is also presented a family, a little beneath the social scale, wherein the wife

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feeds her hard-working husband with delicatessen food.

The story progresses, showing the wife provoked by jealousy into creating a scene, unmindful of the fact that she is the real cheater. It finishes with a false theatrical touch, yet this intrusion does not mar the dramatic strokes of the story.

The husband is always a gentleman except in that brief moment when he fights his foreman, the victim of the delicatessen tidbits, for abusing his wife. The brawl precipitates a catastrophe in which the half-constructed sky-scaper topples to the ground. The casualties are a broken arm for Wyndham Standing, who as the wealthy husband, plays with creditable bearing and poise.

The Gunfighter

This is a picture after William Far
num’s own heart. Which is to say that the protagonist is a blustering, swaggering, theatrical figure possessing great confidence in himself and his trigger finger. The title gives it away. It has to do with bowling-tiles as tooted by fenidiets. There you have it in a nutshell. The opposing factions line up and bullets speed home. Then the modern disciple of Anne Oakley appears on the scene, looks up with one faction and settles the feud by wounding the girl who had aroused all the curiosity. During her babyhood she had been transferred from one carriage to another—and thus became a figure of romance.

Farnum, who can take the biggest closeup in captivity, allows himself full latitude in this direction. He swaggers like ye thespian of old time. A fair melodrama likely to satisfy you if you haven’t become surfeited with feud stories.

Where Is This West?

The holokum is not forgotten in this Western sample which might be called a burlesque had the director played the holokum for its humor. Instead he has played safe and calls on all the tricks of the trade in fashioning a story which is a tenderfoot from the Middle West who gives up his job as workman in a milk station to get in more intimate contact with the Indians. He works as a waiter in a cheap restaurant who also inheres a share of the estate. Which shows how crudely developed is the romance. The cowhands make things lively for him, but he stands his ground without batting an eyelid.

The absurdity is brought to a conclusion when the director, whose scenes are hap-hazardly arranged, puts on an episode featuring the circle of death by movie Indians employed for the occasion. Inside the ’dobe hut is the imprisoned girl—and riding like mad on a commandeered motorcycle is our erstwhile milkman who rescues her. Jack Hoxie doesn’t look so good in this picture—which is antique holokum all the way—the kind of holokum which was executed when Bronco Billy scattered the Indians in front of a painted drop.

The Silent Command

After the manner of the Lincoln J. Carter school this is patriotic flourish of Fox—which may be called a glorification of Old Glory. Since a few of our admiralsimos and generalissimos have come on record with their encomiums, one may be excused for taking it to task. One may easily live for half an hour on the propaganda. Call it what you will, there
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is a certain flavor about its melodramatic action—the triumph of virtue over villainy—the waving of Old Glory on high—which makes it palpable. We are offered a hectic tale of intrigue fashioned by foreign agents who are determined to wreck the Atlantic Fleet and the Panama Canal. The protagonist is a young "four stripe" who, for obvious reasons, must be drawn into the trap in order that he might capture the spies in the end. As a result he is allowed to be duped by a wily adventurer—the woman in the case—and then at the finish he shows himself in glowing colors by executing some heroic gestures.

There are some effective moments in the incident. The scene in which the youthful officer is drummed out of the service is not effective. And a man who is on the radio in a ship during the progress of a heavy storm is well executed. The picture is embellished with highly colorful panoramic and marine shots, and views of Annapolis during graduation exercises. Edmund Lowe is the naval hero who saves the fleet after demonstrating 25 years. He gives a good account of himself.

The Answer Man

(Continued from page 84)

weighs 170 pounds. He has black hair and brown eyes.

JAMES — Who can tell. Maybe you are right. Douglas Fairbanks is forty. Maurice Flynn is with Famous Players. Yes, Lorette Taylor is going to play in "One Night in Rome," and in "Happiness," for the screen.

RUBINSTEIN — Aha, but the empire of women is an empire of sweetness, skillfulness and attractiveness; her orders are caresses, her evils are tears. Charles de Rochefoucauld in "The Ten Commandments," Richard Dix in "To the Last Man," Conrad Tery in "Dangerous Maid."


BAYES — You won't learn to judge the difference between the important and the unimportant. Maurice Flynn has brown hair and blue eyes. He is about six feet tall. Taylor Holmes also played in "Ruggles of Red Gap."

EVELYN C. — Well I admire your courage and here is your answer. You know if you are not loyal to others, there will be few who will be loyal to you. Corliss Palmer is twenty-two. Alice Terry is five feet one, and weighs 115 pounds. In the toy is twenty-two, three and weighs 125 pounds. Marion Davies is five feet four and a half and weighs 123 pounds. No, George B. Seitz is not playing now. Run in again some time Evelyn.

ANNA G. — Why Monte Blue is with Warner Bros. Maurice Flynn with Famous Players. So is Huntley Gordon. The report is that Marshall Neilan will direct Mary Pickford, and Allan Forrest play opposite to her in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall."

Bags. But why not often cruelest to those we love best; that is why I answer you sarcastically if I did. Write to Universal for a picture of Mabel Normand. Mary Pickford is five feet and Norma Talmadge five feet two.

(Continued on page 120)
Gas or Electric

The Lamp—
Comes equipped for choice of gas or electricity. Has 2-light Benjamin socket for electricity only, with 8-foot silk cord ready for use, or comes with 6-foot rubber hose, burner, mantle and chimney for gas.

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Standard is 60 in. high, 3 in. in diameter. Highly polished French mahogany finish.

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When the lamp outfit comes, use it freely for 30 days. See how beautifully the colorings of the handsome silk shade blend and harmonize with everything in the home. How useful it is, too—so handy for reading, can be moved around with ease to furnish a beautiful light and rich warmth and cosiness to any room in the house. If after 30 days trial you decide not to keep the lamp, just return it at our expense and we will refund your $1.00 deposit, plus any freight or express you paid. You cannot lose a single penny.

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If you discover that this lamp is a tremendous bargain at the price we ask and you decide to keep it, send only $2.00 a month until you have paid the total bargain price of $19.85. Yes, only $19.85 for this luxurious lamp and silk shade complete. Compare this value with anything you could buy locally at anywhere near the same price—even for spot cash! Straus & Schram gives you this bargain price and almost a year to pay. We trust honest people anywhere in U. S. No discount for cash; nothing extra for credit. No c. o. d.

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107 PAG}
On the Camera Coast

(Continued from page 66)

refined and lovely and of angel virtue or something. She will have to start wear-
ing stockings and what not.

Things are galloping Tony Moreno's way with a vengeance. Two years ago, Tony
was out of luck; he had wasted the years
he had spent in pictures and was discour-
egaged. Stepping down from stardom with
what grace he could, Tony started in to
fight his way back. He made an instant
hit with his first picture at Goldwyn's; did
it again in "The Spanish Dancer" and is
now on the top of the wave. Also Mexi-
can recognition has placed Tony in a
position for a financial clean-up on oil stock.

About two years ago, Mrs. Tom Ince
was automobiling with her children in a
canyon between Hollywood and Santa
Monica. They were attracted there by the
profusion of wild flowers. That canyon
has now become the end and aim of every-
one's existence in Hollywood. Unless you
own a building site there, you just don't
belong. Incidentally the price has "riz"
from twenty-two hundred dollars an acre
to something like nine thousand dollars per. Among those who are preparing to
build there are Norma Talmadge, Harold
Lloyd, Ince, Frances Marion, Frank Lloyd.

Mary Louise Hartje Woods is the
dughter of Augustus Hartje, the million-
aire paper manufacturer of Philadelphia,
and the granddaughter of John L. Scott,
who was formerly president of the Penn-
sylvania Railroad. She electrified her fam-
ily not long since by the announcement
that she was going to be a movie. They
offered to give her her own producing
company, but Mary came alone to Holly-
wood and got a job as an extra. She is
now on her way to fame and fortune on
her own hook.

Corinne Griffith is very indignant because
someone called her temperamental in the
public prints. She says that she got into
her make-up at nine every morning and she
waited for her director until noon and
then they called her temperamental.

Jackie Coogan's pa is trying to persuade
Mary Roberts Rinehart to write a special
screen story for Jackie to follow "Long
Live the King." Mrs. Rinehart has never,
thus far, written directly for the screen.

She is coming to California soon to see
Jackie. That interesting young man, by
the way, has just returned from his cattle
ranch in the mountains of Nevada. Among
the camp impedimenta that traveled with
the royal party were a special tutor and a
towel.

Harold Bell Wright hurried in from the
Hopi Snake Dance at which he was a
special guest of honor last week to co-
operate in making the scenario for "The
Winning of Barbara Worth." The sce-
nario writers who have worked with him
tell me that Mr. Wright is very reasonable
and easy to work with.

Since Mexican recognition, the movies
have had to hunt new villains. The Mexi-
can government is absolutely firm in its
determination not to permit any films to
cross the international line in which a
Mexican appears as the villain. I under-
stand they are having a lot of trouble with
Holbrook Blinn's "The Bad Man."

A. K. Mozumbar, a Hindu of ancient
and high degree, has come to Hollywood
to put highbrow metaphysics onto the
screen. His first picture however is laid,
as to the scenes, on the old Barbary Coast
of San Francisco. Well, well.

Mildred Harris will play opposite Elliott
Dexter in his first starring picture for the
new Grand-Asher Company.

Charles Ray is going to take a flyer on
the stage in a dramatic version of "A Girl
I Loved."

James Kirkwood and Fred Thomson
were both seriously injured by horseback
accidents in Hollywood. Both their lives
were despaired of, but both have apparently
beaten the Grim Reaper.

Mrs. Rupert Hughes, on a tour of the
Orient, left Yokohama just one day before
the earthquake.

"Wild Oranges" has been a jinx picture
for King Vidor thus far. Kirkwood's
accident necessitated a change of leading
men at a loss of seventy-five thousand dol-
lars' worth of film that had been "shot";
Virginia Valli, Jimmy Dugan, the produc-
tion manager. Ford Sterling and Vidor
himself have all been hurt.
Call the Undertaker!

WHAT'S the use of living when you're only half alive? You get up in the morning and you don't have the pep of a jelly fish. Your work is a burden and life has ceased to give you a thrill. You don't seem to get anywhere and nobody cares whether you do or not. What's the use, fellows? Call the Undertaker, for you're dead and you don't know it.

A New Life
Stop! It's all wrong. There is another life right here before you. A new and a better one. A life that is full of thrills and sunshine. Every day opens new worlds to conquer, new joys, new friends and lasting ones. Come with me and let me guide you to it. I have a system that knocks those gloom bugs higher than a kite. I'll put pep in your old backbone that will make you feel like a jack rabbit. I'll put a spring to your step and a flash to your eye so that your own friends won't know you.

Health and Strength
That's what you need and that's what you get. Come on now, pull in your belt and throw out your chest. Take a good deep breath of that pure air that's all about you. Give your heart a treat with some rich blood. You will feel so good you will think it's your birthday. Drop me a line and I'll show you how to do it. I'm going to put a chest on you that will make your old ribs strain with the pressure. I'm going to change those skinny arms and legs of yours to a real man's size. You will have the strength and vitality to do things you never thought possible. Come on fellows! Get busy. I don't promise these things—I guarantee them. Are you with me?

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It contains forty-three full page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. Look them over now and you will marvel at their present physiques. This book will prove an impetus and a real inspiration to you. It will thrill you through and through. All I ask is ten cents to cover the cost of wrapping and mailing and it is yours to keep. This will not oblige you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness, do not put it off. Send today—right now, before you turn this page.

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When Ruddie Comes Marching Home Again

An article in which Valentino, in his usual picturesque way, promises to make the kind of pictures you've been clamoring for during his enforced absence from the screen, when he returns this winter from his triumphal march thru London, Paris, and Rome.

A Screen Questionnaire

Harry Carr, the incorrigible screen analyst, quizzes you in regard to the greatest, most temperamental, most idealistic, most—star on the silversheet. Then he gives you the answer in his own inimitable style.

When Ruddie Comes Marching Home Again

An article in which Valentino, in his usual picturesque way, promises to make the kind of pictures you've been clamoring for during his enforced absence from the screen, when he returns this winter from his triumphal march thru London, Paris, and Rome.

Homer Croy, author of "West of the Water Tower," indorses Glenn Hunter as the screen hero of his popular novel, of youthful passion, humor and keen discernment.

Lew Cody and Helene Chadwick, leading screen artists in Rupert Hughes' picture on divorce, "Law Against Law," discuss the pro and con of marital disagreements.

The New Motion Picture

(Continued from page 62)

screen and eluded scientists. A multitude of problems involving the science of optics, the lighting of the tiny living objects without killing them with the heat of the light rays, and the adjustment of a picture-camera with a microscopical apparatus—were but a few of the seemingly insuperable obstacles that stood in the way of success. Apparently Louis H. Tollhurst has surmounted them all.

One of the most baffling of the problems that has till now always prevented progress in this work was the need of a light sufficiently brilliant to illuminate the infinitesimal living objects without killing them with its heat at the same time. In this particular, Mr. Tollhurst has performed the miracle of inventing a super-powerful light without heat—or one that retracts so little heat that the lowest and most delicate forms of life are scarcely disturbed in the fierce glare of the illumination that plays upon them.

Another problem was faced in the mechanical difficulty of setting the microscopical apparatus at work instantaneously and synchronously with the operation of the camera. For instance, before the spider can complete its leap from ambush to strike the unwary house-fly, the most intricate apparatus must be set in motion and the flashing movement of the insect recorded in perfect focus on the motion-picture screen.

Still another problem that had to be solved was one that had to do with optics and perspective. All of those familiar with photography are familiar with the grotesque results of taking a picture of a horse, head on. The head of the animal will loom up in the negative out of all proportion with the hindquarters, which will appear diminished to ludicrous diminutiveness.

The same difficulty presents itself in microscopic photography. The image of a fly's eye, for example, or a bee's stinging, is increased on the screen thousands of times larger than it actually is. Yet the whole object photographed, occupies a plane less than a half-inch square. To hold the various features of objects thus magnified in their proper proportions is the problem that has beset one optical expert and thus far solved, and that person is Louis H. Tollhurst.

The microscope upon the plate of which the moving insects are photographed had to be especially designed by Mr. Tollhurst to meet the extraordinary conditions involved in motion-picture photography. And the plane upon which the insects move has to be so adjusted as to be capable of an infinite variety of positions and angles to accommodate the caprices of the most irresponsible bug. All adjustments must be possible at an instant's notice. A wealth of unique apparatus, very complicated in design and intricate in construction, had to be designed for the proper and painless manipulation of the tiniest of insects and for the holding and presentation of the most minute of microscopic organisms. These were especially essential in the taking of insect close-ups.

An idea of the delicacy and potency of the apparatus required in high-power microscopic motion photography, is gleaned from the fact that the lens must be brought to focus one hundred times within the thickness of a hair! This sounds so incredible that Mr. Tollhurst asked an interviewer "to make it forty times," since, in his opinion, only those with scientific knowledge and experience would believe...
that there were one hundred divisions within the thickness of a hair.

With his apparatus, Mr. Tolhurst is able to focus on the life that swims in a drop of water held and compressed between the surfaces of two plates of glass tightly clamped together. In this minuscule "trace" of water, microscopic life moves and has its manifold being, swimming about like gold fish in a crystal aquarium. And the distance between the two planes of glass is microscopically so great that the swimming organisms farthest back from the microscope and camera are out of focus! There we have the reason why adjustments of 1-10,000 part of an inch are so necessary.

As the animal life which the microscope and its co-operating camera is to take moves laterally across the lens, another baffling problem is encountered. For in ordinary motion pictures—the reader is reminded—the characters move towards or away from the camera's vision. A man running towards or away from the camera only is properly registered. But Mr. Tolhurst does not deal with actors who take or obey his orders. The direction in which a spider will run, a fly will buzz or a bee hum its course cannot always be determined in advance, and most certainly cannot be controlled. Yet Mr. Tolhurst has succeeded in overcoming this difficulty too.

To capture and record this lateral activity—as rapid as the flight of an arrow—requires an incredible speeding-up of the camera-shutter so that instead of the regulation sixteen exposures per second there may be as many as thirty-two. As the time duration of each shutter-opening is diminished, the light entering the camera and registering on the sensitive film is likewise diminished. To compensate for this loss of light in time duration, Tolhurst has developed a light brilliance which is the most powerful ever employed in picture-making. This is the Tolhurst Light and its heartless quality completes its miraculous sphere.

And, as Mr. Sol Lesser says: "We are just on the threshold of a marvelous world hitherto unknown save to savants and scholars, but soon to be opened up to the public at large. The screen is about to justify everything that has been promised of it as a medium of instruction and an agency of widespread enlightenment and education... It is now proposed to acquaint the picture-going public with some of the wonders of Creation that are too small for the human eye to take notice of, yet so majestic as to challenge all human interest and admiration."
The Stars and Their Planets
(Continued from page 70)

Scorpio gifts him with keen perceptive power and makes it easy to attract many friends, although a certain complexity of temperament makes him difficult to understand, for while his affections are deep and sincere, he might be superficially cold and reserved, and perhaps his most marked trait is a determinate for underhand methods.

The famous Mr. David Woodfield, born November 23, 1879, is typical of stability of character with decisiveness and fine intuition.

Lack of tolerance is balanced by relatability, with great concentration superimposed by ability to conquer, and while he entirely aps a precise and ably decisive—and capable of directing any practical enterprise. All of the planets are courageous and can easily rise to emergencies, but they should be cautious in regard to judging those of a less energetic nature; also, as all others of this Planet, their surmises are so subtle and their questions so direct that people must either divulge their innermost thoughts or resort to prevarication; and Sagittarius subjects, presumably realizing that they are to blame for unnecessary untruthfulness, condemn their victims unmercifully.

The American Beauty, Miss Katherine MacDonald, birthday December 14, is apparently phlegmatic, but in reality possesses imagination, and her most decided trait is tenacity of purpose, while her forethought in all commercial and industrial interests could spur associates to success.

Not particularly inquisitive, she can ably keep her own counsel, particularly resenting interference, and any advice that she would volunteer would be given in all sincerity, with absolutely no realization upon her part of any lack of tact.

The pastoral Dr. Helena Chadwick is November 25, and the Planet's position at that time gifts her with encomy, neatness and ability to become a good housewife, the latter quality being contradicted by fickleness and desire for variety.

She, too, would be blunt and outspoken and could, at times, cause truth might injure anyone's feelings, so be inclined to remark upon the first thing that entered her mind, and for this reason she should avoid the company of those whose manner of living is not in keeping with those who don't really wish to associate with them.

The majority of Sagittarians women are kind-hearted, generous, and it is only unfortunate that their sympathy is so frequently misplaced and also that they must apparently suffer for other members of their family. Also of the two types born at this time, the tall, slender woman is, as a rule, excellent friends, as the others are tactless and brutally frank, but none of them malicious.

In writing Fan Letters to Stars of this Planet, we would advise sincere praise for, although these people have absolute faith in their own opinion—more so often—there are other dangers in love affairs, unless contradicted by a rising sign, they are deeply sincere, for the men rarely love more than once, and should nothing be more embarked, hide their troubles from the world; on the other hand they are neither temperamental nor snobbish, the people of February, and therefore do not suffer so keenly.

They attract and are attracted by those born in February, April, August, June and October, and those faults are de- soundance, bluntness, irritating complacency, obstinacy and irritability.

Others born under this Planet are Jeff de Angelis, born November 30; Alice Calhoun born November 24, and Edith Tallferro born December 21.
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THE LANDON SCHOOL
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Greenroom Jottings
(Continued from page 95)

Baby Peggy Jean Montgomery is now in a position to keep the wolf from the family door, having a signed a contract with Sol Lesser which insures her and her parents, it is said, many thousands of dollars a year for the next four years. This places the baby star in about the same salary class with Jolie Rabkin, the principal rival among child players. The pictures are to be feature length and the stories will be adapted from well-known books.

Look out for the Kleigs!

Frances Marion, while directing Norma Talmadge in "Dust of Desire" at Hollywood, is in the studio with a Kleig- light and knocked unconscious. She came to, in course of time, but will in future avoid all studio lights. Recently Wallace MacDonald, while filming a dramatic scene in "The Day of Faith," was called upon to back thru an open door. He backed too far and scuffled the back of his head on a light—scene, by the way, that the scenario did not call for.

Emmett Flynn is directing "Vellie the Beautiful Chalk Model," one of Owen Davis' first and most successful melodra- mamas and one of the first plays of its kind to be produced by A. H. Woods. It is also the first picture ever directed by Mr. Flynn in the East. Claire Windsor and Lew Cody are among the featured players to be imported from the Coast by Mr. Flynn in order to get some needed honest-to-goodness Manhattan flavor. The screen adaptation was made by June Mathis.

Owing to James Kirkwood's serious acci- dent, the swamp scenes in "Wild Oranges" which had been completely made in Georgia must be entirely rehired. Frank Mayo was chosen by King Vidor to replace Mr. Kirkwood.

Aileen Pringle doesn't look so much like a vamp, but nevertheless she is to be trusted with the important role of the queen of the club in Elmer Glyn's "Three Weeks," now being filmed in Holly- wood. Miss Pringle is a comparative newcomer to the screen. Her first screen appearance was in "The Green Goddess" and she has contributed during the past year to other pictures, notably Emmett Flynn's "Win the Palace or Die." Conrad Nagel will enact the role of Paul in Mrs. Glyn's famous story.

Best Lytell will appear in a vaudeville sketch for four weeks with a supporting cast of four. His engagement is limited to New York, Washington, Cleveland and Pittsburgh, as his contracts with Metro pictures prevent his playing leading vaude-ville engagements.

When Harold Lloyd married Mildred Davis, his leading woman, he decided that her place was in the home and not on the screen. So his first official act was to name Jobyna Ralston who played opposite him in "Why Worry" as his leading woman, giving her a three-year contract. Mildred, however, refuses to stay put and it is rumored that Harold has conscripted (?) to allow her to appear in at least one pic- ture—further plans to appear later.

The many friends of Fannie Ward in this country are very much interested in the fact that she is a grandmother. The new arrival—name not yet announced—is the son of Miss Ward's daughter, now

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P. 114

An Architect, a Painter and a Sculptress Joined in Designing this Lamp

Lady Plunkett and related in some way to the royal family by marriage, it is said. According to latest reports Miss Ward doesn’t look old enough to be the child’s mother, much less her grandmother, and we can well understand why. It is reported that she will come to this country for a while at least, in the very near future.

Priscilla Dean is about to do a little independent producing. The name of her company will be the Laurel Productions. Wheeler Oakman, the husband of Miss Dean, will undoubtedly appear in the Dean Productions.

Glenn Hunter will appear as Guy, the central character in a picturization of “West of the Water Tower,” the much-talked-of novel of small-town life in the Middle West by Hoover Cry. May McAvoy has the role of Beatrice Chew, “the prettiest girl in town,” and George Fawcey portrays the part of her father, Charles Chew. This is Mr. Hunter’s first picture under a contract recently signed with Famous Players-Lasky. Meanwhile he continues to play the leading role in “Merton of theMovies,” which promises to run on indefinitely.

Gleason’s Magazine

The passing of Sigmund Lubin brings back reminiscences to the pioneers in the motion-picture business. “Pop” Lubin as he was called by his business associates, his employees and every strangers, was one of the first to discover the possibilities of motion-pictures as an entertainment. At one time an optimist of modest means, he built upon what was probably the largest film-producing plant in the world at that time. The studios were pointed out as one of the show places in Philadelphia where they were located. As one of the men who blazed the trail and built a foundation for one of the important industries of the world, Sigmund Lubin deserves great credit. The motion-picture industry has lost a man who contributed greatly to the ultimate advancement and progress of the cinema.

William S. Hart has been a long-time away but he is coming back to the screen in a typical Bill Hart film called “Wild Bill Hickok” side from the trio of feminine players, of which Ethel Grey Terry in the role of Calamity Jane, famous in the period of colonial history, is one—there are a score of men-masculine players to represent the various historical characters of the period.

Pedro de Cordoba’s first starring vehicle, “I Will Repay,” is a screen adaptation of Baroness Orzy’s novel, one of the famous “Screets Pimpireal” stories. In this picture, which was made in England by Henry Kolkler, Mr. de Cordoba plays the role of Chauveau Legarde the attorney who defected Charlotte Corday; when she was tried for treason, Mr. Cordoba is now appearing in the New York stage success, “The Jolly Roger.”

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Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 63)

Monte Blue until I saw him in a little gem directed by Allan Dwan entitled "A Broken Doll." Blue, then he has been one of my favorites—Film Company. There is an appealing air of boyishness about him—that quality that never fails to tug at a woman's heart.

Richard Dix has something of this quality, too, but his charm, to me, is his clean, straightforward manner, looking the world in the eye, unabashed.

But find a man whose friendly manner and boyish grin make every woman between six and sixty want to smooth his hair and brush the specks from his shoulder and you have a winner, no matter whether his eyes be black or blue or brown or grey, his hair patent leather or a curly mop, his figure slight or cast in heroic mould. Wallace Reid was a perfect example. His friendly boyishness made every woman want to mother him. And a glimpse of his eyes, be they brown or green, where are we going to get another Wallie? As the new pictures come out, there is a great blank, something missing because there are none to miss him more and more poignantly as time goes on.

And it is not only the young heroes who have that "indelible something." It is evident in character actors, too, something that draws people and makes us smile in pleased anticipation when their names appear upon the screen. First and foremost there is Victor McLaglen—the bless his heart!—then George Fawcett. Wallace Beery has it too, shining thru his expert villainies and bursting into full flame in a series of roles of the Lion. But down here in Louisiana, Conrad Nagel is much more popular than Sills, Blue or Dix. He is so thoroughly the gentleman and such a splendid actor, Wallace Reid was the only one of them and the only one that Wallace Beery has its own special appeal of the magic of their eyes.

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Praise for the old books which they are now adapting to the screen.

DEAR EDITOR: I have read recently that some fans are criticizing the fact that so many stories of old times are being adapted to pictures. The majority of these pictures are exceptionally good, and alto I enjoy a modern picture as much as anyone. I really think that I prefer the costume pictures to many of the books, from which they are adapted, are exceedingly dull reading, because of the vast amount of detail and descriptions which is, of course, necessary in picturizing it. The old classics are, by far superior to the books of the present day, and it is much simpler to see them in picture form than to wade thru the book. Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," has been already adapted, as was "Treasure Island," but I would suggest that

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I have found out some of the other works. They stand printed without any dark blue background and are also used for advertising. The works of Dante, Caxton, and Longfellow are combined in one picture, and they are the most popular works. I have also found a few works which are called "Master," "The White Company," and "The Woman's Realm." I should like to have the opinions of some of my readers who have used them. I have also read the works of Jack London, and have found them particularly interesting. I hope that you will find these works useful.

With apologies to K.C.B. on the effect of an over-advertised picture.

Dear Editor:

Last night I went to a lecture on the subject of the present day. I was much interested in the subject, and I thought I would take the opportunity to write a letter to you. I hoped that you would have something to say about the subject of the present day, and I thought that you might be interested in my letter. I have enclosed a few cents, and I hope that you will give me a chance to write about the subject of the present day. I am very thankful to you for your help.

Yours truly,

[Name]
The Editor Gossips
(Continued from page 59)

"While those little girls are on that side of the fence, Mary, you won't have to worry. But I hope you get on this side, you'll have two rivals!"

And Mary, with her unfailing charity... and her Irish spirit... answered:

"Let them come in, on this side of the fence. I want them to have a chance. I'm not afraid."

So Lillian and Dorothy Gish came to the motion picture which was to exalt their names and erase the poverty which had been part of their life.

In those early days together at the Biograph studios, there was certainly keen rivalry. Trying times were experienced together. There were undoubtedly all manner of things to feed jealousy if it had been stalking abroad. But today it is apparent that those other days interweave themselves into strong bonds of friendship.

The last time the Fairbanks were in New York, we were with Mary when Lil- lian Gish telephoned. We remember her joy when she recognized Lillian's voice. We remember, too, the eagerness with which she invited Lillian to dine with them and later attend the premiere. And we remember her face, alight with pleasure, when she called Doug in and asked him to arrange about theater-tickets.

And it was Mary and Doug who wired Lillian their best wishes on the night of "The White Sister" premiere like this:

DEAR LILLIAN: We are looking forward with delight to seeing "The White Sister" and our only regret is that we cannot be present at the New York opening. Each picture in which you appear reveals again the indescribable charm and the power and depth of feeling which you possess. As the pathetic little White Sister, we feel sure that you have gone to the screen another of your unforgettable performances.

With affectionate greetings, MARY AND DOUGLAS.

What Do You Want to Know About Paris?

A number of motion-picture people usually to be addressed in California, are in New York for special reasons. Some of them are here to see the new plays and some to do early Christmas shopping before work calls them back to Holly- wood with its temple of the camera.

Then, too, there are many here for production reasons.

"Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model," for example, is expected to be crossing the continent for the filming of the exterior scenes. Raymond Griffith, of the cast, stopped to talk with us for a few minutes the other day in the Algon- quin lobby. It was Mr. Griffith, as a matter of fact, who told us that Nellie of the cloak and suit trade was about t'make her screen debut. For years we thought Nellie was an old joke. Really, it is only within the last few years that we have realized that she has existed in a world outside of the stage and now, alas, she will belong to the screen. Hardly an addition to the screen's literature. But then they tell us it will be a good box-office venture that leaves nothing further to be said.

That particular day the cast had been touring Manhattan on the elevated railroad while the exterior scenes were being filmed. Come to think of it, there are intervals when the lot of a star is far from an enviable one.

At tea-time we talked with Mac Rusch. Mrs. Rusch, who is not in the picture play, is Nellie herself. We aren't sure. Like Mark Twain, we admit modestly, we have

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[117] PAGE
an aversion for facts. They curtail your story so.

And, also this is beside the point, we cannot help marveling at the way in which the women of this day come thru vicissitudes. In our conversation, Miss Busch voiced a philosophy. It was a philosophy which embraced acceptance... a philosophy so wise that it could only have been born of sorrow and hard experience. She admitted this derivation. And after all, if these things bring wisdom, they pay for their bitterness and gall. It is only when the individual permits their bitterness to take possession of him that they are experienced in vain.

"Sally," the Florenz Ziegfeld musical comedy, came back to New York for a fortnight and, being one of the few New Yorkers who had not viewed "Sally," we attended one evening.

Marilyn Miller (Mrs. Jack Pickford) came on from California to reappear in the title rôle. It was the first time we have seen Miss Miller and we begin to understand why the younger male set of Gotham went a path to the New Amsterdam Theater last season. Without a doubt, she is fascinating. In no time you are captive to her youth... to her shining and sleek gold hair... and to her incredibly swift feet.

The second night of "Casanova," with Lowell Sherman in the title rôle of the arch-villain, found a celebrated audience in the charming old Empire Theater. We saw Clare Eames who attended with John Farrar, the editor of The Bookman. She had just returned from Europe and is shortly to journey to California where she will portray Queen Elizabeth in Mary Pickford's "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." When we mentioned this to Thyrza Samter Winslow, the author of "Picture Frames," who was sitting just in front of us, she exclaimed with pleasure: "Why, of course... she looks just like Queen Elizabeth." And really there is something distinctly Elizabethan to the slight form and the regal carriage of Miss Eames. We saw her play "Mary, Queen of Scots," a winter or two ago and we never for a moment doubted her royal blood. And that particular air is something all the make-up and costuming in the world would never acquire for you if you didn't possess it originally.

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DR. MARGARET RUPPERT

Dept. 18

1112-14 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.
Letters to the Editor  
(Continued from page 116)

And paper too
To hand a knock;
For strange to say
Somebody else
Might like that star
And picture too
And then again
The safest knock
Is that sounds
On someone's door
And so instead
I write to you
About a plan
And here it is
I'll just forget
About last night
And when that star
Comes back to town
I'll find eight kiddies
Round the block
And buy them each
An ice-cream cone
And then I'll smile
Because this time
I'll know I got
My money's worth
I thank you.

MARY R. COMPTON.

In correction of our statement on Charles Brabin's "Driven."

Dear Editor: In your May issue, commenting on the screen drama "Driven," just now exciting so much enthusiasm on both coasts, you say that it is taken from a stage play once known as "Thunder," which proved a duffer. This is an error.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Brabin's wonderful production, "Driven," is based upon the "Cosmopolitan" story (Sept. 1921), "Flower of the Flock," by Jay Getzer, a well-known writer of short stories. This particular story was mentioned by the "Boston Transcript" as one of the best stories of the year. So far that from Mr. Brabin's fine productions (which has been voted by the National Board the best picture in six months and one of the few screen masterpieces in existence) being based upon a failure, the story was already famous before the screen rights were sold. I think it is only fair these facts should be known and refer you to either author or producer for confirmation of my statement.

Respectfully yours,

DR. M. FRY UHL
1822-19th Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

THE MUSKETEERS
By THOMAS J. MURRAY

Far off they ride on dreams' dim ridge,
The musketeers of France, now swift
They clatter over some dark bridge,
On feathers and musket and lift
With leaping blood, Yothid's splendid gait:
In plot and counterplot they swing,
Bright pawns that some deep mind may shift:
A crafty cardinal or king.

To crimson clash we see them storm.
Past bannery battlements where lean
Fair maids who fling their kisses, warm,
To lovers fading on the screen.
Across my dreams in bright advance,
They ride—these musketeers of France.

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To Learn Drawing This New Way

Through a remarkable new method anyone can now quickly learn to draw—right at home in spare time. No special talent needed! Become an Artist this new easy way.

YOU have always longed for it—this fascinating ability to draw. Now it can easily be yours. Illustrating, Rapid Sketching, Decorative Designing, Advertising Art, Cartoonsing—you can easily learn all of this right in your own home. Hundreds of our students never had a drawing pencil in their hands before starting, yet are high-salaried artists today.

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The Answer Man
(Continued from page 106)
EVANICE S.—Heap much thanks. Oh joy! I will at least mention you in my will. Yes, Hope Hampton in "The Gold Digger"—"The Mystery of the Yellow Room" was released in October, 1919. William S. Walcott was the Professor and Ethel Grey Terry was Mathilda. You're welcome.
JACKIE'S ABOMBER.—Wasn't it Boswell who said "Hell was paved with good intentions"? Yes, Pickford is a brother to Mary Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. is playing in "Stephen Sets Out."
BILLIE.—Well I fear you have made a great mistake in building your happiness upon the broad foundation. You require too many things in order to be happy. Better write to Richard Dix direct for his picture. Why Walter Hiers has blue eyes and brown hair. Yes, he is married to Ada McWilliams.
JEAN J.—Well that's a good habit, for cleanliness is a fine life-preserver. Address the Murray in the Metro Studios, 1625 Lilian Way, Los Angeles, Cal. Yes, Barbara Tennant is playing. Do you remember her away back in the old Eclair Company days? I liked your letter a lot.
VIOLET.—What often prevents our abandoning ourselves to a single plane of action, our having more? Yes, that was Eddie Burns and Rod La Roque. Henry Hull is going to play in "Roulette." And "La Fafner" and "The Vital Question."
DADDY.—No, I don't do much dancing these days. I have to watch my step too much. Yes, Rod La Roque was interviewed by the Press classic.
MSS. B.—Ah, but deep rivers move in silence, shallow brooks are noisy. Why Madge Kennedy is playing in the musical comedy "Poppy." It opens in New York now. She is married to Harold Bolster. T. Roy Barnes was born in Lincoln, England. Don't mention it.
BETTY.—Yes, a word to the wise ought to be sufficient, and a word to the other-wise ought to be 24. I am not sure that the Wallace Reid pictures will be reissued. Bebe Daniels weighs 120 pounds. Just a nice, helpful;
SCOTTY.—Great hopes make great men. Bunny Grauer is with Fox. Pat O'Moore is free-lancing.
SIMPSON.—But they do say that a desirable syrup has been manufactured from grapes in California, which may open up a new kind of industry. Charles Clary was the King in "A Connecticut Yankee." An interview with Richard Barthelmess in October, 1922, Magazine. Of course I use powder. Last I heard of Guy Coombs he was directing.
FRENCHY.—You wonder if I ever cook in my bungalow. I should say yes. I have a fireless cooker to save on the insurance. Mahlon Hamilton was leading man in "Peg o' My Heart." He is married to Alta Farmer. See you later.
BRIGHT EXTREME.—Just you wait till you see me. I try to picture my readers. Sometimes I see a whole world all at once. Yes, Valentino is taller than Nancy. Mrs. Valentino is about the same height as her husband.
ANGELINE P.—You say life is but a fairy tale. Quite right. Mary Pickford can be reached at United Artists, 375 Madison Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif. and the Valentinos at 50 W. 67th St., New York City.
AMBRA B.—Well the greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth, and to have it found out by accident. Yes,
Do You Believe in Luck?

Thousands waste the best years of their life waiting for some "stroke of luck" to make them successful. Two men starting exactly alike as to wealth, education, and kind of attention—then as boys with the same advantages of education—then as young men feeling around for a start in life—and then as men, one is a failure, the other a big success. Is it luck? No indeed.

Luck vs. Self

The one who succeeded believed in himself. He grabbed his opportunities as he saw them and made good because he was prepared. He followed his progress step by step and the chances with special training for the line of work he wanted to follow. The other fellow—the failure—was blinded by his unreasoning belief in luck that he could do no wrong. He only said: "That man sure was lucky."

There Is No Luck

Luck is exactly what you make it. There is an old saying that "You catch more flies with honey than vinegar." The more you go after the honey, the more likely you are instead of waiting for the vinegar. You'll find that the "Timid" will not make a good fortune inereted on you. Those who are persistent and willing to do something good to turn up invariably disappoint in life—those who know that they can make their own good fortune always find plenty of it waiting.

Stop Idle Wishing

Take action and make your dreams come true. Make up your mind to be a success in that line of work and then act as if you were the most like best—and get the special training that will fit you. Don't start under the promise of your own good luck. But if the promise of something is to be prepared—to have the special training that will make you use that of the many opportunities that will surely come your way just as soon as you have bound faith in yourself. Now take the first and really most important step by making your own good luck by sending in the following:

Name:

Address:

(Use margin of this magazine if you need more space to write.)

American School

Down and Out—Well Provided

Drexel Ave. & 85th St.

The Motion Picture

American School, Dept. G 935

Drexel Ave. & 85th St. Chicago

Send me full information on how I can best succeed in becoming a successful motion picture writer... I have heard of the line of work or profession you say you like best.

This request is to make me under no obligation and no agents to bother me.

Name:

Address:

(Omit margin of this magazine if you need more space to write.)
Do You Know Flapper Psychology?

DANA GATLIN HAS MANAGED, as if by a sixth sense, to uncover the headlong code of the adolescent youth of today. She knows why they are "Go-getters" and "Stand-patters," and she has turned the X-ray on all the little quirks in their emotions that they keep so well hidden from prying maiden aunts and teasing uncles, to say nothing of overanxious mothers and severe fathers.


FOR MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, Dana Gatlin has prepared a six-part serial "Thistledown," a story of young love that will delight those who know flapperism, those who don't know it, and those who want to know it. The story is full of mystery, suspense, surprise, situations that throb, characters who are like your intimate neighbors; and thru it winds the lure of the silversheet and the glamour of romance.

"THISTLEDOWN"

By DANA GATLIN

Beginning in the January

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

IT IS THE OLD STORY OF THE CHASE—
A SON OF THE IDLE RICH—A LOVELY WAITRESS—

"The waitress was new on the job at Thiebaud's—the young men being of the type that notes such things, noted that at once; they postponed their order to eye the waitress appraisingly. "She was worth looking at, she had the singular delicate loveliness one sometimes sees in unexpected places."

BUT CAP AND APRON ARE A MASQUERADE—
AND FATE STAGES A SHOCK FOR THE GILDED YOUTH—

"He wanted to hold my hand a while ago," the girl said demurely. The old Alsatian made as if to heave his unwieldy frame over the bar. "He insult you, the dog? Wait, I fix him. I tell him who you are!—then I throw him—"

On the news-stand December first
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS
By Faith Baldwin

Halt! Who goes here? . . . A flashing, fearless knight,
Agog for dragons—ladies in distress—
Tilting at windmills—vivid in the press
Of gorgeous battles, laughing thru the fight
Defender of sweet beauty and of Right—
Halt! Who goes here?

Halt! Who goes here? . . . A flaming, fearless knight,
Adventurer or rover on high seas,
Who takes his wine, full-throated, to the knees.
Lord of demesne, holding serfs in fet.
Or, casually clad, the Bagdad Thief,
Halt! Who goes here?

Halt! Who goes here? Romance, my gossips, goes . . .
A virile brew, a pungent, mellow mead
Half fairy tale, half darling, daring deed
Wherein a spark of sunny humor glows
And childlike faith abubble gravely blows—
Halt! Who goes here?

IN HOLLYWOOD
By Blaine C. Bigler

In Hollywood are South-Sea isles
And fronded palms for miles and miles;
And there are moonlit blue lagoons
Where low and sweet the trade wind croons;
And dusky maidens with winning smiles.

In Hollywood are mimaréms
And domes and spires and parapets;
We find an Eastern market place;
An English vale with quiet grace;
And rock-bound coasts where ocean frets.

In Hollywood are Chinese junk;
And logging-camps with narrow bunks;
Next to a cabin in the pines
A costly villa bears its lines.
And next the narrow cells of monks.

In Hollywood are every race
And every type and every face;
For here the place where plays are made
You see the whole world on parade
From every clime and time and place.

PICTURE MAGIC
By Faith Baldwin

Where the picture theater flings
Light, that on grey pavement streams,
One may buy strong, airy wings
Woven of the stuff of dreams.

Here are passports, close at hand,
To Adventure and Delight,
Tickets to an elfin-land,
Magic carpets in full flight.

Boots, that stride their seven leagues
To a country fair and far,
Romance, laughter and intrigues,
Rule, where picture houses are!
The Answer Man
(Continued from page 120)

Lila Lee is married to James Kirkwood. She is eighteen, and he has been married twice before. That is Bebe Daniel's right name. Marie Prevost is twenty-five. Valentino is twenty-eight. Elaine Hammerstein is twice. Yes, that was a wig in "Kick in." You're welcome.

The O'Brien is playing on the stage in "Steve."

It is if well written. Write direct to Tom Mix for his picture. He is with Fox you know. Thomas Meighan is thirty-nine. Johnny Walker is not married, and he is playing in "Red Lights." Nazimova is forty-four.

I have been answering questions for the last thirteen years. Why Eugene O'Brien has brown hair and blue eyes. Both Conway Tearle and Malhall are in "The Eternal City." The picture you enclose is of Robert Francis and Anna Rubens in "Under the Red Robe."

Betty P—"Grosse tête et peu de sens," I take it means big head and little wit. Both Conway Tearle and Malhall are in "The Eternal City." The picture you enclose is of Robert Francis and Anna Rubens in "Under the Red Robe."

Evelyn—"Rockville Fellows was born in Ottawa, Canada, in 1885. He was educated at Bishop's College, Lenoxville, played with Mrs. Fiske and Grace George, weighs 175, is five feet eleven and has brown hair and blue eyes. Write me again.

Seymour's real name.

Harriet S.—The art of making wine was brought from India by Bacchus; there was mone produced in France in the time of the Romans, but it was sold by apothecaries as a cordial in 1300. Licenses for vending it were established in 1601. Victor Sutherland is thirty-four.

May A.—All I know about Malton Hamilton is that he was born in Baltimore, and is married to Alma Farnum, six feet tall and weighs 183 pounds. Light-brown hair and brown eyes. He is sure is good-looking. Yes, Henry B. Walthall is playing in "Misunderstood," with Irene Rich.

M. S. C.—That was some letter of yours, you told me all your secrets, but I will keep them under lock and key. I don't know who that double can be. Write me again.

(Continued on page 127)
The set is ready: Kleigs hiss and hum—the camera man cranks—a feeling of thrilling action, intense expectancy, and surcharged excitement fills the air—the new star beginning her first big feature film enters—and just a short time ago she was unknown!

An Opportunity For Every Girl

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Casting Directors in prominent Hollywood picture producing companies, seeking new material, will construct your screen analysis. No course of lessons to subscribe for, enrollment service fees, or books to buy.

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Hollywood, Calif.
A COMICAL CUSS

By JAMES EDWARD HUNGERFORD

In pictures I'm a comic cuss: The whole world laughs at me; I'm always in some mix-up mess, And act most foolishly; You'd think I was just a swine, With skull-bone thick and dense; A foolish dub, as green as grass, Without an ounce of sense! I duck and dodge and dance around, And caper clownishly; Fall into lakes, and nearly drowned, While folks laugh at me. The "cops" are always on my trail, And chasing me thru parks, Or thrusting me into a jail, With crooks and "bootsie" sharks!

The whole world views my sad mishaps; I'm horribly abused! A target for misfortune's raps, And frightfully misused! I step upon banana peels, And crash upon the ground; A million fans are faced, with peals Of mirth, the world around! And yet, I never crack a smile; My face is solemn; Of coin I get a goodly pile, And much applause—and yet, I sometimes wish that I could play A ride on Romany, Or be a "sheik"—just for a day, Like him, you so well know!

THE WINDOW OF DREAMS

By CLARENCE E. FLYNN

There is a little window. 'Tis called, I think, a screen. Thru it the strangest people And fairest things are seen. Calm valleys, silent woodlands, Tall summits, shining streams, Long roads and busy cities Are in this world of dreams.

There weary hearts may travel, Each to its wonted place; And lovelier fields are pictured in act and face. There to our hidden longings The waiting answer gleams. The while Romany thoughts inhabit This pictured world of dreams.

MOVIES

By THOMAS J. MURRAY

Moons ago in rural lands, Time hung heavy on our hands, In these distant one-night stands. Only troupes of dubious name, Allen to the Hall of Fame. To our far-flung hamlets came. Valiantly we fared to view Swiss Bell Ringers and the crew, With amusements far from new. Into this deep distress, Came a magic force to press Drama to our wilderness. Entered then dramatic treat, In the flashing silver sheet, Spelling ennui's swift retreat. Swung to us the famous plays, Erstwhile held to urban ways, Gilding far our tedious days.

In pictures I'm a comic cuss: The whole world laughs at me; I'm always in some mix-up mess, And act most foolishly; You'd think I was just a swine, With skull-bone thick and dense; A foolish dub, as green as grass, Without an ounce of sense! I duck and dodge and dance around, And caper clownishly; Fall into lakes, and nearly drowned, While folks laugh at me. The "cops" are always on my trail, And chasing me thru parks, Or thrusting me into a jail, With crooks and "bootsie" sharks!

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The Answer Man
(Continued from page 124)

F. M. R. DENVER.—Well, what is it that love does to women? Without it, she only sleeps; with it alone, she lives. Irene Rich was born in Buffalo and has brown hair and eyes, and weighs 138. She is five feet six, and her last picture was "Loveless Marriages," with Monte Blue.

DUBY.—You know, Rosy Hubbard, said, "I believe we are now living in Eternity as much as we ever shall." And so you like Ivan Novello, and I think you thought it wonderful in "The Blue Rose." He was very interesting. No, he is not married. So you would like to see him in "Ben-Hur." I'll try to fix it for you. Any little thing like that to oblige my readers.

ARA G. O.—As I have said before, it is a great obstacle to happiness to expect too much. So you go to the movies three times a week, and now you want to know why Conway Tearle changed his name so often? I suppose he was trying to get used to it.

POLLY.—I believe Griffith is going to produce a historical picture based on the Revolutionary War, and it will be released under the title of "America." He ought to release it on the Fourth of July. Bang! Monte Blue and Mae Marsh, Claude Gil-lingwater and Harry Myers in "Daddies." That was a charming letter of yours, I hope I get another like it.

SMARTIE.—Well! Lips, however rosy, must be fed. So Viola Dana is your favorite, watched "Angels Face Molly." Kenneth Harlan is not married now. Warren Kerrigan with Vita-graph. You say "Love is the elixir of life and never dies, but where in this world of mortals is one to find a character that will love a woman as seen on the screen?" And you think Elmer Glyn understands real love of the kind? I'm sure surprised. Sorry I can't help you out.

BOOK WORM.—Our pleasures are imagined, but our griefs are all real. So why can't you find out why "Molly" is a hit? Many others. "Molly's Twilight Lullaby," latest hit, 9c. Many others. "Morgan Company, Dept. c., 292 Broadway, New York.


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LAWRENCE CO., Dept. A, 1151 Broadway, N. Y.
That's Out

(Continued from page 96)

ONE OF THE ESSENTIALS FOR SCREEN SUCCESS

I am beginning to agree with Arthur Hopkins, who once said that there are more geniuses in the film business than in any other existing institution. There are genius directors, genius actors, genius cameramen, genius carpenters, genius electricians and genius property men. In fact, according to announcements, it seems to be a business composed of nothing but geniuses.

WHY HAYS FAILED

Regardless of whether Will Hays was the proper man to be placed at the head of the motion-picture industry, or not, he did not fail because of his own shortcomings. He failed, as will any other person who is placed in the same position, because of the fact that, while the producers would abide by his decision when they hit the other fellow, they would not obey the dictates of Hays if he should make a ruling which might hit their individual pocketbooks.

WANDERLUST

By Blaine C. Boller

I'd like to go to Celebes and Borneo and to Guiana;
I'd like to hear the tropic breeze—the trade wind in the palm;
I'd like to go adventuring across a moonlit billow;
And hear about my gliding boat the sleepy waves at play.

I'd like to see the northland with its snows so dark and white;
And hear the lonesome howling of the hungry wolves at night;
I'd like to see the roses beneath a southern moon;
While in palmelder branches the south winds sing and croon.

But not for me the dim far trails for I cannot stay at home;
I cannot get away from work, tho my thoughts may roam;
But I have found contentment and I find that I can go
Where high adventure calls me at the village movie show.

THE SERIAL

By Faith Baldwin

Here's breathlessness, here's Thrill on tip-toe walking;
And Black-browed Villains thru the landscape stalking;
Here's Love-In-Danger, and a Hero bold, Here's Hidden Treasure and a pot o'Gold!

Death, in a hundred forms, by fire, sea, Escape and rescue, mingled plentifully;
And at the end, the triumph of the Right
Wedding-bells to ring for Love's Delight.

Oh, surely these are fairy tales that make Us strangely happy for lost childhood's sake,
And bring us, week on week, to sit and stare;
With half-sad eyes at scenes of Other-where!
Here's the Picture
Millions Await!

Created by the Wife of a Factory Foreman.

ALL STAR CAST
Lloyd Hughes
Myrtle Stedman
Lucille Ricksen
Geo. Hackathorne
Claire McDowell
Phil McCullough

Directed by
Del Andrews
Produced by
Palmer Photoplay Corporation

Ask your theatre when
it will be shown

This is the story of a remarkable new photoplay conceived by the wife of a factory foreman, and produced under a revolutionary policy. "Judgment of the Storm" in drama of the people, by one of the people, for the people. It is rooted in the fertile soil of everyday life.

Millions await this advance guard in the national movement inaugurated by its producers to open wide the studio gates to undiscovered creative genius. It symbolizes realization of an ambition shared by millions, to find self-expression through the universal medium, the motion picture screen.

It is the first of the most talked-of series of pictures ever announced by a producer. Mrs. Middleton's story was created directly for the screen, but it is drama so gripping that Doubleday Page & Company have written a novel from the scenario, which will be on sale in book shops wherever the picture is shown— exactly as the late Emerson Hough wrote his novel "The Covered Wagon" from the scenario of that title which he first conceived for the screen.

A Housewife with Pluck
The author is a Pittsburgh housewife who wanted to write for the screen, and did it. Just an intelligent, ambitious woman who had never written before, but who did not hesitate on that account to try. She has brought to the millions a screen play of vital force; so vital that a great publishing house immortalizes its drama between the covers of a book.

Her characters might be you, as they move through tense situations which hold the spectator spellbound. They think as you would; they react to universal emotions as everyday people.

And the great snowstorm is the peak of screen realism. It is the kind of blizzard you have heard your grandparents try to describe, but, like the real, it beggars description.

How did she do it?
Last year Mrs. Middleton clipped a coupon like the one on this page and through the creative test which that coupon brought her, satisfied herself that her desire to create screen drama was backed up by natural ability.

Mrs. Middleton was paid $1,000 advance on royalties based on the profits of "Judgment of the Storm" for five years.

More from similar source
The next Palmer production is from the pen of a St. Louis bond salesman; and later will follow a powerful drama by a New York State country doctor.

Have you the faith to try?
The same creative test which introduces three new authors to millions of people is yours for the mere asking. By clipping the coupon on this page you may apply the identical test—absolutely free.

And with it you will receive the free book "Finding Your Place in Pictures." Palmer Photoplay Corporation—which produces pictures, sells scenarios to other producers, and trains the unknown writer in photoplay technique—promises you an honest, frank, analysis of your ability through the creative test.

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Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Cal.

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How Much Overweight Are You?

Ideal Weights for Women

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<thead>
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<th>Height</th>
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Inexpensive, Comfortable Hygienic and Safe — Kotex
Do Your Friends “Feel Sorry” for You?

YOU are meeting new people every day—on the street, in the home, at various functions indoors and out. Every time you are “invited” some one stands sponsor for you. Every time you attend a social gathering, a party, a dinner, a dance, someone believes, as at least hopes, that you will do and say the right thing.

Do you live up to these expectations? Are you perfectly poised, self-confident, well mannered, a delightful companion or guest—or must your friends secretly apologize for your awkwardness and lack of breeding? Must they always be making excuses for your mistakes in social deportment? Must they go on forever “feeling sorry” for you?

The person who knows the correct forms of social usage is never a source of discomfort or pity, either to his friends or to himself. He is never timid, “tongue-tied,” ill at ease among strangers. He never finds himself stumbling and blundering at the very moment when he wants to make a good impression. Always calm, perfectly poised, sure of himself, he is never at loss for the right word, the proper action, no matter what unexpected condition may arise.

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To know what to do, say, wear, at all times and on all occasions, is to display those signs of gentle good breeding which people of culture and refinement approve.

Are you a welcome guest in the most highly respected circles? Do you know how to impress others with your dignity, grace and charm, WHETHER in the theatre, on the street, at the dinner table, in the ballroom, wherever you may be? Do you converse smoothly and entertainingly? Do people seek you out, enjoy your company? Is your every word and act faultless, pleasing, beyond reproach?

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Why not take advantage of our special reduced price offer and let us send you the Book of Etiquette right away? It will be sent to you in a plain carton, with no identifying marks. You need send no money. Simply mail the coupon below. When the books arrive, you will find on the bottom of the package a coupon which shows the name of the firm that shipped the books. This coupon must be returned to us. We guarantee to return the books within five days, or your $1.98 will be promptly refunded.

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The Public

Becomes a real partner in motion pictures!

PARAMOUNT has become the biggest motion picture organization only through its ability to please the public consistently over a period of years.

In the past, pictures bearing the name Paramount have been booked and shown with confidence by thousands of theatres. Nor was that confidence misplaced, as both you and the theatres know, and the records show.

The fine support given by the public to Paramount Pictures today makes it possible for us to go even further in justifying public confidence in our organization.

If you were making motion pictures how would you check up what the public wanted? You would eagerly read box-office records, theatre-managers' reports, critics' reviews, searching always for that all-important thing—public opinion.

Paramount has done this for years, but it is not enough!

Now Paramount intends to make the public a real partner!

Under its new policy Paramount has arranged with some of the finest theatres in the country to act as demonstration theatres to test out its productions, which plan is now in operation.

With this plan Paramount will secure in advance a thoroughly representative public verdict on every Paramount Picture put out.

Here, then, is a real, a tremendous incentive for bigger and better pictures.

Here is a real guide along the path toward the production of photoplays the public truly wants in the months to come.

You who buy your entertainment, you who pay for your motion picture going, are entitled to know and to choose in advance exactly what pictures you want to see!

The result of such a plan means that Paramount Pictures in future will be patterned along lines of known public approval, and that it will be practically impossible for pictures to reach the screen that do not have that public approval.

Paramount asks you to watch your local newspapers closely for the announcement of the demonstration theatre in which productions will be proven out in your city. We want a frank expression of opinion through your theatre manager as to their merits.

The new pictures which we have ready for you, namely: "The Spanish Dancer," "His Children's Children," "Stephen Steps Out," "The Light That Failed," "West of the Water Tower," "Wild Bill Hickok," "Big Brother," and others of the new season's products are being offered under the new plan.

We hope to receive from you, the buyers of entertainment, comments and suggestions that will be of untold value in planning your entertainment for the future.
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For Next Month

What do the Four Hundred really think of the way in which their homes, their lives and their servants are portrayed on the screen?

Harold Seton spent the summer at Newport and frequently went to the movies with the elect of this watering-place. "The Verdict of the Vanderbilts" is the result. And it is treated in an honest, straightforward way.

Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher spent an afternoon with Charlie Chaplin in his suite at the Ritz. Read their double interview. It is the best thing these collaborators have yet written.

Dinner $1.25. A modest tearoom in New York, yet it entertains many of the brightest lights of filmdom every night. For Sylvia Ashton has given up her mother rôles in the movies to run a tearoom, and Mother Ashton's cooking has long been recognized as a great treat. In the February number there is a story about this tearoom and it is profusely illustrated.

Then there is the second instalment of Dana Gatin's "Thistledown."

And there are several other particularly interesting stories and scores of beautiful pictures.

The February
Motion Picture Magazine
On the News-stands January First
Will that Picture be shown at your theater?

We will help you to answer that question. You can probably name many motion-picture productions that you would like to see. Your friends experience the same desire. You read about certain motion-picture celebrities and current productions in Motion Picture Magazine. They interest you and you decide that you want to see such and such a picture. Sometimes you are disappointed, because—some-how many of the pictures you would like to see, are not shown at your favorite theater.

A Service to You

Motion Picture Magazine, the oldest and foremost magazine of the screen will use its powerful influence to bring the kind of pictures you want to see right to your neighborhood motion-picture theater, through the inauguration of a "Reader Service Bureau." Our contact since 1910 with all motion-picture producing companies, directors, players, exhibitors, in fact, the entire industry, makes Motion Picture Magazine a dominant influence that will be used in your service. For many years Motion Picture Magazine and Classic have worked tremendously in your interests—for better pictures and for a greater contact and understanding between producers, exchanges, exhibitors and the motion-picture public. Now we step forward to serve you in a still greater capacity, to help you see your favorite pictures.

Absolutely Free

This "Reader Service Bureau" will be conducted by executive members of our staff—entirely in the service of our readers and their friends who attend motion-picture theaters. Motion Picture Magazine is always happy to serve. This new service will indeed be of great value to fans for it fulfills a need—solves a problem—serves authoritatively. Our service is absolutely free. No fee of any kind will be accepted.

Write to Us

Write to us today—in ink, in pencil, or on the typewriter, in the most convenient way—and tell us what we can do to help you. Tell us the names of the pictures you want to see. Tell us the kind of pictures you want to see. Give us the name of your favorite theater. Get your friends to write to us. This is big movement and we are prepared to serve our thousands of readers immediately and in a way that will surely bring your commendation. Remember—all you have to do is write to us.

Coupon for Convenience

For your convenience we have placed a coupon on the lower part of this page. Fill it out and send it to us as soon as possible. Tell your friends about this wonderful service and get them to write to us. On the coupon we have placed a little square that you can "check" if you desire additional coupons for yourself, family or friends. Check the coupon and you will receive additional coupons by return mail. Help us to help you more. We are ready. Write today.

Of course it is to be understood that we cannot always have a certain picture appear at your neighborhood theater. Just as soon as you tell us the name of a picture you would like to see and we will immediately get in touch with the producing company involved or the exchange, or exhibitor, as the case may be. The greater the number of requests for showing a certain picture at a given theater, the better the chance of the picture being shown. So write today, and get as many of your friends as possible to do the same.
New Hair for You in 30 Days
-or Your Money Instantly Refunded

My amazing guarantee means just exactly what it says! I don’t care how thin your hair is—I don’t care if you are completely bald—if new hair fails to grow after using my method—then the test costs you absolutely NOTHING! The astonishing proof of what I have done for others is now yours—entirely free.

Simply mail the coupon below

By ALOIS MERKE
Founder of Famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York

No matter how long you have been bald—no matter how many different treatments you have taken without results—I have discovered a startling new treatment for baldness which I absolutely guarantee will grow new hair in 30 days—or every penny you have paid me will be instantly—gladly—refunded.

No one has ever dared to make such a sweeping guarantee before! But do you suppose that I could make it unless I was absolutely confident that my treatment would do all I claim? Never! I would be out of business in a week. But I KNOW what my method will do. For in most cases, its remarkable value is shown by actual statistics covering thousands of cases treated—only three people in every hundred asking the return of their money!

Not One Penny’s Risk!

Now I realize that you have perhaps wasted a lot of time and money on treatments which could NEVER restore your hair. Very likely you are skeptical. All right. I don’t blame you. And I’ll admit right here that my treatment may not help you either. For your case may be one of the three in every hundred that is absolutely hopeless. In any case, I want you to try my treatment at my risk—and if after 30 days you are not more than delighted with the results produced—then all you need do is tell me so, and without asking a single question I’ll mail you a check refunding every cent you have paid me. I don’t want a cent of your money, unless I actually grow hair on your head! You of course, are to be the sole judge.

Entirely New Method

My treatment is the result of 17 years of experience gained in treating thousands of cases of baldness. This included many long years which I spent in such famous centers of scientific research as Heidelberg, Berlin, Paris, Geneva, and Buenos Ayres. And my method is entirely different from anything known or used before.

There is no massaging—no singeing—no “mange cures”—no unnecessary fuss or bother of any kind. Yet results are usually noticeable even after the very first treatments.

My treatment proves that a big percentage of baldness is caused—not by dead hair roots—but by dormant hair roots, which can now be awakened and made to grow hair again. The reason other treatments failed is because they did not penetrate to these dormant roots. To make a tree grow, you would not think of rubbing “growing fluid” on the bark. Instead you would get right to the roots. And so it is with the hair.

In all the world there is only one method I know about of penetrating direct to the roots and getting nourishment to them. And this method is embodied in the treatment that I now offer you on my positive guarantee of satisfactory results, or the trial costs you nothing.

Already great numbers of men and women who only recently were bald or troubled with thin, falling hair have, through this method, acquired healthy hair that is the envy and admiration of all their friends. As for dandruff and similar scalp disorders, these in many cases disappear so quickly that it seems almost magical. The treatment can be used in any home in which there is electricity.

Free Booklet Explains Treatment

If you will merely fill in and mail the coupon below I will gladly send you—without cost or obligation—an interesting 32-page booklet, describing my treatment in detail.

This booklet contains much helpful information on the care of hair—and in addition shows by actual photographs what my treatment is doing for thousands of others.

No matter how bald you are—no matter if you are completely bald, this booklet will, prove of deepest interest to you. So mail the coupon now—and it will be sent you by return mail.

Allied Merke Institutes, Inc.
512 Fifth Ave., Dept. 561, New York City

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Dept. 561, 512 Fifth Avenue,
New York City

Please send me, without cost or obligation on my part, a copy of the new booklet describing in detail the Merke Institute Home Treatment.

Name

Address

City

PA
Yes, it was stupendously odd and it was incontestably wrong, but this impulsive girl felt nearer contentment than she had felt for months—speeding thru the night with a young man unknown to her ... and of lawless repute ...

Should a Flapper Be a "Pick-up"?

Twilight, starlight—and the night to follow—and two of them, a young roysterer and a waitress he had met in a roadhouse—rushing thru a shimmering world—there was a little tussle their hands met and contended. He let go his clutch. "All right—keep the bottle," he said, "I demand payment better than a drink."

Had Hi Daggett followed Dolly, the waitress, when she escaped from him, he would have been astounded to see her entering the deserted De Bossert estate, for he did not know that Dolly was hiding her royal lineage under a maid's apron.

This is one of the intriguing situations that Dana Gatlin uses in "Thistledown," a serial story of six instalments that is now appearing in Motion Picture Magazine. It is a story in which you or your girl chum could fit the leading rôle, it is so human, so true to life; yet it deals with thrilling adventure and it holds you in a frightening suspense. Dolly dares the movies and those who prey on movie stars. She gambles with Fate.

Be Sure Not To Miss

"Thistledown"

By DANA GATLIN

In the

February Motion Picture Magazine

On the News-stands January first
The Editor Greets You!

THIS is the season of friendships. And, appropriately enough, the editor stops with a holiday greeting for the reader. A Merry Christmas!

We count the year now closing the most successful year we have known since we accepted the editorial chair. Nor is this because of any financial prosperity the Motion Picture Magazine has enjoyed so much as it is because the editor's letter-box has always been filled to the brim and brimming over.

And if, in the last twelfth-month, the pages of the magazine have been more interesting and more attractive, it is traceable to the marked interest which the readers have manifested. There is no greater incentive. We ask of the new year, so nearly upon us, mail-bags bulging until they burst with letters of criticism, praise and suggestions.

Once more then . . . while cathedral chimes break the night's quiet, while greens wreath windows and doors, while little children dream of Santa Claus and sugar plums, while families gather, and while friends remember friends long forgotten . . . the editor stops with gratitude for the reader friendship known throughout the year and asks that this be read as a personal Christmas card on which is inscribed the sincerest of holiday greetings:

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!
A sallow skin is a skin that is asleep
You can awaken it!

It isn't only a rosy skin that looks young; some skins have little natural red.

But there is something fresh and living about the color of a young skin that no one ever mistakes.

Your skin will keep that fresh, brilliant look of youth just as long as the pores and blood-vessels remain in active condition; when they become sluggish and lethargic the color fades and the whole tone of the skin becomes dull and lifeless.

Keep your skin young by keeping it active! If it shows a tendency to sallowness, use this treatment and see what a revivifying effect it will have:

ONCE or twice a week, just before retiring, fill your basin full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the basin and cover your head and the bowl with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds. Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin with an upward and outward motion. Then rinse the skin well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

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

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

Get a cake of Woodbury's today—begin your treatment tonight.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect on the skin make it ideal for general use. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

Send 10 cents for a trial-size set of three famous Woodbury skin preparations

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.
1201 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.
For the enclosed 10 cents—Please send me a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:
A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Teach."


Name.
Street.
City.
State.

Cut out this coupon and send it to us today.
Nearly every woman is a potential Gloria Swanson. For every woman has known or hopes to know an interlude when she will be a perfumed, exotic and silken creature, made to love and to be loved. And perhaps all of this spells the great popularity which Gloria's pictures all enjoy. Just now she is at work on "The Humming Bird"
ANTONIO MORENO

It was not the Don Juan rôle which brought Tony his fame. For a long time his gay and romantic personality was lost to the thrill and race of serials. And you wonder that this state of affairs was permitted to last for even a day when you see him as Don César de Bazán in "The Spanish Dancer." His next appearance will be in "Flaming Barriers."
ELsie BARTLETT

Elsie Bartlett is, in private life, Mrs. Joseph Schildkraut. And it was her husband's sojourn in California, while he played opposite Norma Talmadge, which brought her to the studio world and the attention of several motion-picture producers . . . who are now anxious to secure her services. Miss Bartlett has already won a reputation upon the stage.
Jetta Goudal has only been on the screen's roster for a short time, but already her name and personality are familiar to audiences all over the country. For Miss Goudal's color and texture are like no one's but Jetta Goudal's. In "The Bright Shawl," she played the Eurasian girl. . . . In "The Green Goddess," she played the comely slave. . . . And now Distinctive Pictures have signed her to a contract under which her first picture will be "Martinique"
Patsy Ruth Miller has youth. And it serves her well. For youth is the quality which the American public worships above all others. Ever since her work as Esmeralda in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," the producers have desired her for their casts. Now she is busy at the Vitagraph studios where they are filming "A Tale of Red Roses."
CONWAY TEARLE

To make women in your audience wish they were the heroine... that is the test. And Conway Tearle has never failed in this, tho Latin lovers have come and gone across the screen. He has just finished his role of the sophisticated cosmopolite hero in “Black Oxen,” for which he was so wisely chosen.
Evelyn Brent was the first choice for Douglas Fairbank's heroine in "The Thief of Bagdad." She sacrificed this role, however, to begin work immediately upon "Captain Dan," in which Monte Blue plays opposite her.
Without any theatric or spectacular effects, Lois Wilson adds one portrait after another to her shadow gallery. There was a far hall between her Lulu Bett and her portrayal of the pioneer girl in "The Covered Wagon." Yet in both of these characterizations she struck a sure and sincere note. She has just finished "The Heritage of the Desert," a Zane Grey story, and come East to play opposite Thomas Meighan in "Pied Piper Malone."
JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

Joseph Schildkraut has finished his work opposite Norma Talmadge in "Dust of Desire," and he is back in New York. It is likely that the theatrical season will find him on Broadway again . . . altho it was believed that he had been chosen to play Romeo to Norma's Juliet
Wally Reid, My Friend

By CHARLES A. "BUDDY" POST

"WALLY was just a big mischievous kid."

This line has been spoken and written of Wallace Reid, many, many times before his tragic death and after. I may say that from all outward appearances Wally appeared to everyone as just a big, wholesome, kind-hearted boy. Everyone liked him, a few spoke of him as a loved friend, and a very few worshipped Wally. In the latter group are his parents, his young son, "Billy," and his devoted wife, Dorothy, who deserves all the credit and admiration that possibly can be given her. A certain class, who liked Wally, enjoyed the hospitality of his home, borrowed everything he owned and basked in the reflected glory of his association, were the first to leave him when he started his death struggle. A few staunch friends remained with him thruout.

It was on the top of a rickety, rolling box-car that lumbered thru the night on the way to Huntington Lake, where we were going on location that I sat and smoked with Wally and exchanged confidences. The coaches were attached to a mixed train. Wally decided to get away from the crowd and incidentally play a little joke on the director by disappearing for a time. Needless to say Wally succeeded in worrying the megaphone chief. While sailing thru the silent night, Wally looked up at the starry sky and expressed the marvel of it all. The talk naturally drifted to philosophy and religion: As the conversation proceeded, I felt that I had penetrated the happy-go-lucky personality of Wallace Reid. We talked of every cult from Brahminism to present-day 'isms. Epictetus, Epicurus, Plato, Luther, Nietzsche, and Freud figured in his talk. I must admit I am rather ignorant of these writings, and I never in the world suspected Wally of knowing them. He told me of the days when he was a reporter, and the pleasure of being broke. He spoke of his earlier jobs in life with much pleasure, and in these moments or reflection would comment on the emptiness of fame and fortune. I marveled at his knowledge on most every subject. Later, when I visited Wally's home, I learned that he garnered much of his information from reading. He had a wonderful library.

He told me of his troubles—things which I believe he did not tell others. To the outer world Wally had no troubles. These things were not of paramount importance, but little annoyances and petty happenings which in no way would interfere greatly with his course in life. They concerned his ambitions, his next picture, etc. I cannot betray these confidences. He would not have betrayed mine. There was one thing he never worried about, and that was money. He never knew how he stood financially. He would drive Gill Heyfron, his business manager, wild by his thoughtlessness in money matters. Wally was always lending and spending. He didn't spend much on himself. His greatest personal expense was his motor-cars. Automobiles were his hobby. He would loan money to anyone. I have seen him give money to fellow whom he disliked. One of these fellows worked in comedies when he worked at all. He was broke and out of a job for some time, and Wally supported the fellow and his family. I know many people in the motion-picture world today who still owe money to Wallace Reid on personal loans.

Friendship is one of the greatest gifts life has to offer. So at this season of the year we are glad to publish this story of one of the greatest friendships known to the motion-picture world. We can think of no greater tribute to the memory of Wally Reid than this article, written by his friend.
Wally came home one evening with a carload of paintings he had purchased from a local artist—"Just to keep the poor fellow going," he explained. He was always shouldering somebody's troubles. Everyone came to sympathetic Wally when their troubles became too great. I have seen him go to the head office many times to fight for some member of his troupe. If the prop boy thought he should have a raise, Wally thought so too. If someone was about to be discharged, Wally rushed in to save the job for him. In all my life, I have never met and I do not believe I shall ever meet a man so wholly unselfish. When I was on location with him at Huntington Lake, I was badly burned about the head by a magnesium flare. Before physicians reached me Wally had administered first-aid, and I believe saved my face. The company wanted to send me home, but Wally made

Wally did not kill others with kindness but he killed himself with kindness to others. There is no episode of his life which brings forth more admiration and displays the resolute will of the man than the last few weeks he lived. It showed the true Wallace Reid. He could have pursued his course and lived. But he would conquer. Above is Mr. Post with Mrs. Reid, "Billy" and the little adopted daughter Betty, in the Reid garden. And below is Wally as Peter Ibbetson, his favorite of all his roles.

them take care of me at the location camp and pay me my salary through the picture, which they otherwise would not have done. The generosity, the unselfishness, the consideration he had for everyone human and every animal, and his wholehearted kindness was amazing.

Wally was too versatile. This, I may say, was the cause of much of his worry and dissatisfaction. He wanted to accomplish everything. He liked art, and was very adept at free-hand drawing and painting. He liked writing, having been a reporter for some time. He liked motion-picture work, but detested the parts he was doing. He wanted heavier dramatics. Of all the parts Wallace Reid played he enjoyed the part of Peter Ibbetson the best. He wanted to drive in an automobile race. I have seen him out at the Beverly Hills speedway make 103 miles per hour in Roscoe Sarles' car. He
tooting, but the neighbors for blocks around. He wanted to be a director, and I believe this was his most cherished ambition. Had he lived he undoubtedly would have been one. One of the greatest directors in the business is occupying his present position just because Wally Reid "went to bat" for him in the producer's office. He was playing "heavies" opposite Wally, and had the desire to direct. Wally placed him, but he could not place himself for the reason that Wally brought more money into the box office as a star. When I say that he was too versatile I mean that once he attained his goal in one line he immediately lost interest and sought other fields to conquer.

Wally was a great story-teller. On location he would gather the gang in one corner, light his pipe and tell stories until someone interrupted with a musical instrument. Then Wally would play and play—always obliging with any kind of a selection. The same crowd of fellows would gather at Wally's home in the evenings and listen to the sweet, devoted wife, Dorothy. She deserves all the credit that can possibly be given her.

I do not think that anyone deserves more commendation than Wally's...
When Dawn Came

One of the feasting scenes of the Eternal City. In the center group are seen Bert Lytell, Barbara La Marr and Lionel Barrymore. Taken from a camera-study by Alfred Cheney Johnston
Christmas Over There

"Romola" takes Lillian and Dorothy Gish to Italy where the story is to be filmed. And, when at the last minute, it was discovered that Mrs. Gish would be well enough to sail with them, there was great rejoicing. They will be in Italy for Christmas.
The Return to Youth

By

TED LEBERTHON

When Mabel married Bryant, she looked so young the people teased her. So she had vowed to wear matronly clothes and do her hair so that it would give her the effect of added years. But now everything has changed. The two Washburn children have grown up and Mabel—her burnished copper hair bobbed and her form slenderized—has come back to the screen to share honors with Bryant.

MR. LEBERTHON, meet Mrs. Washburn . . .” An embarrassed feeling was mine, but—

“... and Mr. Washburn and Mr. Grand,” proceeded my friend Shirk, with his usual nervous, jerky effervescence. Having just entered from a world of hard sunlight, my eyes and head aching, I was somewhat flustered by the sequence of surprises.

As soon as I was left alone with the Washburns, my embarrassment mounted. This mystery was disturbing . . . it wasn’t right . . . it just couldn’t be. But, such is Hollywood, I thought. Three years before I had seen Mr. and Mrs. Washburn at so many of the Thursday night dances at the Hollywood Hotel. No, I had never met them. Moreover, the Mrs. Washburn of that period had been a stout or hm—at least plump young woman, serenely dignified and er—oh, you know, all that sort of thing—whereas . . .

Well, it was my own fault, I ruminated. That’s what comes of neglecting to keep properly informed. I inwardly vowed to read the movie magazines and the photoplay columns of the Los Angeles dailies more carefully. Why, no one had ever told me that Bryant Washburn had married again, and—I had entered the room full of ingratiating phrases on the tip of my tongue, anent how often I had admired Mrs. Washburn when I had seen her with Mr. Washburn at the Hollywood Hotel dances. Utterly dumfounded, inarticulate, I waited and—yes, fidgeted, until Bryant Washburn mercifully sundered the silence.

“... When Miss Fletcher asked you to see us did she tell you of our wonderful romance?”

Relief. Now for the dissolving of the mystery. “No, but late as it is, let me, allow me—to—”

“Yes, we surprised each other, didn’t we dear?”

He turned and glanced with ineffable tenderness at the “exquisite”—at the slender, piquant, lovely creature with the hair like burnished copper.

“We really did, Mr. LeBerthon,” she declared suddenly, with a solemn enthusiasm, her eyes, which had glinted mischief, now shunting a humd seriousness. “Just think, after eight years of married life, too!”

She tossed her pretty bobbed head wagishly and shook a
forefinger at her handsome husband. "It took me a long time to get confidence in myself, but I did, didn't I, Bryant?"

While they interrogated each other like two happy honeymooners, I was wildly pondering—was the Mrs. Washburn of the Hollywood Hotel dances his mother?—no, no, ridiculous—his aunt, then?

"Well, I told her nine years ago, when she was an extra girl at the Essanay Studio in Chicago, and we were just married, that she had talent, that she'd get there," Washburn said, turning to me, his eyes large with candor—with insistent candor.

"But, you see, Bryant, what would have happened to Junior and Ludlow without their mother's care?—member how sick Ludlow was when he was only three months old, in 1919?—yes, my boys needed me." She turned to me—"Why, I was thoroly domesticated and I weighed one hundred and fifty pounds and . . ." she tittered...

"I had a complex!"

"A complex?" I turned to Washburn for confirmation.

"You see, it was this way," he explained, while he struck an attitude of reminiscence, "Mabel was only sixteen when we were married. People laughed at her because she looked so babyish, so terribly young. So she just made up her mind to get old, and believe me—"

Washburn laughing eyes, with wrinkles at their outer edges, and the Washburn dimples were in evidence—'she did!'

Mrs. Washburn laughed hilariously—and the truth was dawning upon me. "I was a scream," she said, in a voice tremulous with humor. "I made up my mind to become dignified. I wore clothes that my grandmother should have worn, and the way I dressed my hair, well—"

One look from Washburn, and a "that's out" gesture with his right hand, ticklingly illustrated his opinion of the erstwhile coiffure.

I glanced about. Everything in the star's room suggested brightness, cheerfulness. The color scheme was in light, delicate key, white and wisteria. Mrs. Washburn in a white and orange linen dress and her husband in a Palm Beach suit were airily youthful, almost incredibly charming. That she was the Mrs. Washburn of three years before seemed unreasonable, but—

I put it bluntly. "Didn't I often see you

(Continued on page 86)
The Child in the Audience

By

FAITH BALDWIN

Decoration by Henriette

I WAIT all year for Christmas, then,
It comes—and goes away again,
The Christmas tree turns sorry-brown
And all its needles flutter down,
The tinsel balls are broken, and
The brand-new penknife cuts my hand.

But picture-houses seem to me
An all-year-roundish Christmas tree
With colored lights that twinkle out
And music singing all about,
With happy faces, and a play
Where grown-ups dress up all day.

And I may sit and watch them go
In truly fairy-tales, you know.
Across the screen, and they do seem
Like something in a lovely dream,
And each time that I watch them there
It feels like Christmas in the air.
By Dana Gatlin

A Serial Story of Young Love

Thistledown

THE FIRST CHAPTER

Illustrated by Harold Lund

"A woman!" he ejaculated. "And doing sixty-one! You can't do that, you know—not the half of it—not in this borough!"

Once upon a time a lad looked into a maiden's eyes—and not until the years had taken away his youth to give him wisdom instead, could he look back and detect that subtle stir in the loom of his Fate. Not until he had grown old did he know how to thank God for his hour of folly. And, had youth's vision been false, and his Life's threads sadly tangled of no avail to curse; and too late—how can you dream again when all your dreams are dead?

How often it is a girl and the light in her eyes that draws the man from the way he was going and had meant to go. And he utterly unware; all he knows is that one day a girl looks at him—and there is magic in the air. He does not know that Woman was created second, to embody Man's higher longings. The sea is a-surge with his own emotion, the winds a-whisper with his own heart's song; how can he think and know that his future years are hanging on whether, in this magical hour, his secret dreams are but a lie?

But he who hurries down the wrong way, after deceptive and petty things, must have the bitter awakening.

Young Hi Daggett did not know the magical hour was upon him that October night he sauntered into Thiebaut's road-house and met Thistledown in the garb of a waitress. Nor did he dream of the cruel tests that would crowd upon him before that hour was run; nor the amazing outcome—especially he did not suspect that, now, the threads of his Fate were held by those slim, swift, imperious hands.

Thistledown, who shall be your judge? There were many in Fairfield—and in other quarters that knew you, too—to sit on you in judgment. They were angered when you laughed lightly at their decree. Your laugh was gay bells set free, the gladness of youth was in your step, and you were wondering what life might give.

You were the child of a summer afternoon when life, on gauzy wings, lives ardently its ecstatic hour; soft wind and sunshine endowed you. Young Hiram Daggett was not the only man to look on you and give thanks to a kind Creator. Even those who berated you admitted your dazzle. They knew nothing, then, of the tears behind your laughter; could not comprehend the hidden unrest, the blind alleys of discontent and vague, eager upreach ing which can make, along the secret paths of youth, such arduous, terrible adventure.

Hi Daggett might have understood had he known—he was young also.

But how could Hi know? For so long, even on the most external aspects, he was kept guessing.

The village of Fairfield lies over the border of Connecticut and maintains a certain rural air even in its business section but it is near enough to New York to be classed a "suburb," and is joined with the big city by a well-known highway. This motor thoroughfare, crowded with traffic, usurps the town's main avenue lined with elms and old-time Colonial houses, and with old-time traditions. There are many left in Fairfield to lament their avenue's degradation—they are of the true local aristocracy, and they lament it as they lament the dead glory of the deserted old De Bossert estate, once a show-place, as they deplore the pretentious nouveau riche colony which has lately sprung up out along the shores of the Sound, as they deplore the Daggett Paper-Box Manufactory which was established a full generation back, and as they bewail the thriving road-house which old Leon Thiebaut, a few years ago, came out from New York to set up, just overlooking the town!

This road-house is no eyesore of itself. It stands high above the motor thoroughfare, up a steep curving drive way. Old Leon was an Alsatian, and he built and beautified his hostelry after recollections cherished in memory. It was a gleaming little chalet—with its white stucco walls and roof of red tiles it looked like a toy thing perched up there in its embowerment of sleek, clipped green; very pretty and "foreign-looking"—almost you expected to see little valleys and abrupt little plateaus, and sudden rushing little brooks, and goats browsing and sniffing, and other diminutive gleaming edifices scattered over the landscape. At the inn itself everything was neat and bright and colorful; in summer there were a myriad blooming things, very neat and precise, and gaily striped awnings over all the windows which, in winter, revealed themselves to catch glints from the western sun or to beam cheer and welcome to the traveler by night.

At Thiebaut's freedom and gaiety always filled the air for Leon, the old Alsatian, loved gladness and cheer.
Whether it was because of this, or because the place looked so quaintly pretty, or because of the food personally superintended by old Anna, his wife, or whether it was due to the special and excellent hospitality dispensed from his bar by Leon himself—at any rate the ruddy, good-natured old Alsatian prospered.

Cars streamed steadily up that steep drive and parked in a vulgar horde to look blatantly down on Fairfield. Even after prohibition came the cars—in decreasing numbers, true—continued to come. It was gossip that Leon "stood in" some way, and that those in his good graces could always "get something" at Thiebaud's.

One evening in early October a low-slung rakish car built for speed came thundering down the highway at fifty an hour, plunged up the steep curving drive without a shift of gears, and two young men got out and entered the road-house.

In the old days they probably would have gone straight to the bar, but now they sauntered into the dining-room instead. Old Anna, Leon's wife, came forward to greet them, as was her habit with all guests, and assigned them a waitress.

The waitress was new on the job at Thiebaud's—the young men, being of the type that note such things, noted at once, they postponed their order to eye the waitress appraisingly.

She was worth looking at. She had the singular, delicate loveliness one sometimes sees in unexpected places. The grace of her slim, swaying figure was a delight to see; her feet moved with a swift, flashing movement beneath her short black skirt. Her eyes were a gleam of softly dark merriment, and her hair was an aureole of wayward spun dusk. She had a mischievous elfin beauty—a ring on her finger that shot a gleam of fire struck the one false note; a pity to see a tawdry counterfeit bedecking such natural loveliness.

Even when she stood still she stood so lightly poised it seemed any minute her feet might begin to dance. The young men stared their appreciation, and one of them said:

"Hello, Thistledown! Where'd you blow in from?"

She flashed him her mischievous glance, let her lowness strike him full in the eyes.

"That's a pretty name, Thistledown," she said. "But my name's Dolly."

"That's short for Dorothy and some way I never knew a Dorothy I liked," said the young man; then: "Dolly what?"

"Yes, Dolly Watt," replied the waitress amiably, as if one name were as good as another.

The second young fellow laughed and Dolly, holding herself like a queen but with no stiffness in her, with dignity inquired:

"What will you gentlemen have this evening?"

"What do you recommend?" from the one who had done the talking.

"The chicken sandwiches are very nice, sir. Or something hot, if you like. And coffee, sir?"

Her attitude and manner were respectful—almost too respectful. The young patron laughed, and shook his head.

"The sandwiches are all right—but no coffee! Tell Leon to send us a couple of his tall glasses, the taller the better. And some cracked ice in 'em—lots of cracked ice. And some ginger ale—but not too much of that. The rest of the contents we'll leave to his discretion."

The waitress' eyes seemed to take on a sad reproach.

"It's against the law to sell liquor, sir," she reminded him.

"Oh, let's hang the law!—just tell Leon it's Mr.
Daggett. My name's Daggett," informatively, "and this is my friend, Mr. Loft."

Dolly nodded gravely at Mr. Loft, but for Mr. Daggett the reproach in her eyes did not lessen.

"Have you no respect for the law?" she murmured, stooping to brush from the cloth an imaginary crumb.

"Not much," young Mr. Daggett answered honestly.

Then suddenly he laid one of his hands over hers flas-
ing across the cloth.

She didn't snatch her own away, that swift withdrawal was too imperious for mere snatching. But over her hand a tide of color poured—and the genial offender stared in a sudden ludicrous disquietude at that blushing hand; he seemed astonished, almost embarrassed.

"I'm—sorry," he muttered. Then, recovering his insolence:

"Now, trot along to Leon—you'll find everything's all right."

The girl looked at her hand and shot him a brief timid glance, and became beautiful in a new way; her eyes said he was very cruel, and that she was holding back tears only till she was out of sight. But—was that an imp of laughter lurking just behind the timidity?

As she moved away she might have been some sister of Mercury, that young messenger of the gods, bearing a tray. Surely there were invisible wings on her shoulders and heels, and the air seemed to stir and quicken as she passed.

"A pippin for looks," commented the youth introduced as Mr. Loft, gazing after her with approbation. "A little of the devil in her, too, I'd say."

"Maybe—but did you see that blush?" Young Daggett had a puzzled, half-frowning look on his face. "Why in thunder did I start in apologizing like that?—pretty waitresses dont mind a bit of friendly attention."

"Where's your dash and speed, boy?" Then, bantering:

"I'd lay my last ten bones you'll be burning the road to Leon's from now on."

"Oh, stow it!" But young Daggett's cheerful grin was not without a certain zestful anticipation.

Meanwhile the waitress had called "Thistledown" had sped on her invisible wings past alert-eyed old Anna, giving her a bright little nod, and on into the erstwhile bar which, despite its desolation, Leon still held as his sanctuary.

The ruddy old Alsatian looked up and his twinkling little eyes twinkled even more to behold her.

"Ah, little Miss Dolly! So chic in the cap and apron!"

She preened a little. "Do I really look nice in it, Leon?"

"Like a fairy that goes to the masquerade," he an-

swered, beaming his admiration. Then: "And how goes everything?"

"Fine! It's been a great lark. And now there's a young man out there who's very good-looking and very audacious and wants two of your tall glasses—not empty. His name's Daggett."

"Ah, yes—Mr. Hi. He's a nice boy, a very nice boy; be agreeable to him, Miss Dolly."

"Shall I let him hold my hand?" the girl asked dementely.

"Oh, what?" demanded Leon, startled.

"He wanted to hold my hand a while ago," her eyes dancing.

The old Alsatian made as if to heave his unwieldy frame over the bar, suddenly angry and explosive.

"He insult you, the dog? Wait—I fix him! I tell him who you are!—then I throw him——"

But the girl caught at his arm and began patting it, placating and beseeching.

"Oh, no, Leon—you mustn't do that! I dont want him to know—not anybody. Anyway, he didn't mean anything—I'm not really offended. I think it's mostly a good joke—see, Leon, I'm laughing."

She caujoled him and patted him till old Leon forgot his wrath, and chuckled, and began mixing the "nice boy's drink."

Alert-eyed old Anna appeared.

"For whom is that?" she demanded, eying Leon's operations.

Dolly answered. "For Mr. Daggett and his friend."

"Too much he has had already, that young man," declared Anna.

"There! easy — easy, Leon — too much that is for them."

And she briskly moved forward, firmly took the bottle from his hand, and carefully measured back a portion from each glass.

"It is of the dearest Scotch you give them besides," she added chir-

ly, "and with such a bigness."

"Tst, Anna! you should not be of such thrift," rebuked the hus-

band, "Tho man possess precious possessions—yes, tho he possess the goodness of God, also—these things will remain sleeping and useless unless quickened by the sunshine of love and watered by joyous service to others. That young man is my good and esteemed friend— with him I forget the price of my best, and give him a big measure gladly."

"Shall you and your talk!" retorted Anna. "Moreover, many are there who share not this esteem of your friend—they think him a wild and bad rascal!"

"No, not truly," denied Leon, with a sage shake of the
A slim figure ran from the sidewalk out into the street and stood there, deliberately facing the oncoming speeding car. With a screeching at the brakes and a muttered oath, young Daggett brought the car to a standstill in the last fraction of a foot.

head. As he spooned the ice he continued, in the manner of one loving to talk and expound:

"Youth is a treacherous sea, and that Mr. Hi, he says it with his course not fully charted; however no man can despise him—not truly. That is because men do not look down upon us for what we do; they look down upon us only when we look down upon ourselves. And Mr. Hi, that young man commands yet his own respect."

"Ah, tst!" answered Anna, losing patience.

Leon halted his task to take an attitude and continued, rather grandiosely:

"Now me, myself—it is possible that I fill my humble tasks with so much joy of good service and gladness of heart as to command the respect—yes, and the friendship—of all men."

"Of such as Mr. Hi Daggett, perhaps," Anna acquiesced testily. Then, condemningly: "It is for such as he, who abuse the good wine and liquor, that this accursed prohibition law has been made."

"Tst, tst," said Leon.

"And for such as you," added Anna with an expressive glance. She held the whiskey bottle against the light and marked on the label the height of the contents. "See to it that you do not indulge yourself of the best also. Yourself, like Mr. Hi, you have had too much already tonight." Her tone was severe but Leon went on with his work, amiably unperturbed.

"Tst, you worry too much," he answered. "That worry is a poison—remember your digestion, Anna. Remember that man does not live by bread alone—he lives equally by his ideas. Good food taken with worrisome ideas, it produces poison in the body."

"Think not of my digestion—think rather of the swollenness that attacks your own feet." Anna flung back triumphantly. Leon did not trouble to answer, but busily set out his completed glasses on the tray; and the girl Dolly, who had listened to this argument with the indulgent air of one who had heard the like from them often before, moved forward to pick up the tray.

Old Anna forgot her scolding to regard the girl solicitously.

"Are you becoming weary, Miss Dolly?—your eyes are of that brightness they look too bright!"

"No, Nanny, I'm not a bit tired."

"Such a mad prank!—I should not have allowed you."

"Dont fret, Nanny—now, if ever I have to take the part of a waitress, I'll know how to act! Besides Leon says I look nice in my uniform, and a young man's eyes have told me the same—maybe I should change my vocation!"

And the girl whose looks suggested thistledown flashed her mischievous smile and wafted off with her tray, on her invisible wings.

Anna gazed after her with an affectionate but doleful headshake. "Such pranks—and no one will let say a word! Pray God that no harm will some day befall her!"

"That little girl is all right, Anna," said Leon. "It is the uncertainties and the dreams of youth which must have their way with her. And this is well—those who never dream air-castles, they never build any castles; and those who never dream of wondrous things, they never attain them."
Out in the dining-room Dolly was placing the two young men's order on the table; as she stretched out her hand the ring on her finger gleamed again. The one who was young Mr. Daggett looked at the hand, then at the girl, and addressed her again.

"I forgot. Go and tell Leon to fix up another, Thistledown. For yourself—for being a good girl."

"Good girls don't drink," answered Dolly.

"Oh, yes, they do—when they can get good stuff. Like this."

But Dolly shook her head. "Anna wouldn't let me, sir."

Her tone was fearful, but her eyes were dancing.

Young Daggett grinned. He was a good-looking young fellow, in a broad-shouldered, insouciant way. The set and swing of his shoulders showed physical power and a certain careless ease. His features and expression gave an effect of good humor spiced with daring. His fair-colored hair looked as if he had been driving without a hat, ruffled so that it glistened with gold—unruly gold. His eyes were very blue, bright and audacious. His clothes were rumpled and he was a bit grimy from the road, but this seemed only to heighten his air of joyous and casual confidence.

Grinning up at her, he asked:

"Is Anna very strict with you, Thistledown?"

"Anna is always kind," replied the girl, altering her demeanor somewhat, speaking more soberly. "And my name's not Thistledown, sir—I told you it's Dolly."

"I know—Dolly Watt; but I like Thistledown better. I'll call you Thistledown—you mind?"

"It doesn't matter what you call me, I guess, so long as I bring the order." Then, earnestly but with a sly twinkle: "You mustn't get fresh with me, sir—Anna wouldn't like it."

Daggett's companion, young Loft, laughed, and young Daggett scowled at the laugh then decided to grin.

"You're a teaser—I haven't quite got your number," he said to the girl. Then, leaning forward: "Say! would Anna mind if you came for a ride some night?"

Dolly's eyes widened and she started back. "Oh!" she said.

Young Daggett continued persuasively:

"I've got a pretty good little boat—it can cut the wind, if you like to go fast."

"You're a wicked young man," answered the girl.

"Talking about your swell car, and tempting me to lie to my kind mistress and go sneaking off. Sure, sir, life is hard for a working girl when she's not ugly!"

This was sheer levity, and the mocking mischief in her eyes tried no deception. Then suddenly her mockery vanished, her expression changed and she became a different person: Once more she looked timidly at him and once more became beautiful in a new way: her eyes said that he was unkind, that he had made her unhappy. She held herself like a queen, but spoke with a sad humility rather than pride as she added:

"I'm just a servant girl—but I cant accept your invitation, thank you."

And she sped off with her tray as if to win a race against tears.

And young Loft said:

"Whew! She's a melodramatic young person, isn't she?"

"Maybe—but for a minute there I felt like a bully. Funny!"

His friend chortled at that, but young Daggett's eyes for a moment held their arrested frown. Then he shook his powerful shoulders and lifted his glass. "Well, here's how," he said, and half-emptyed his glass at a gulp.

Anna herself attended to their bill, and the pretty new waitress hadn't returned again when the two left their table and made their way, none too steadily, to pay their respects to Leon.

The old Alsatian greeted them genially, exchanged pleasantries, and his garrulous after his fashion; but he became suddenly less expansive when the girl Dolly's name was mentioned.

"Tst!" he said. "You young fellows, you look at your food and drink, and not at my girls!"

"Oh, your girls are safe, Leon—anyway most of 'em have their looks for their safeguard. But this Dolly—she's a looker!"

Leon's twinkling little eyes suddenly sharpened, gleamed. "You take care—you dont talk loose like that about that girl!" Hebrandished his fist. "Already you have tried to hold her hand! You like to make the flirtation with her—is it not so? Well, you stop that—you not bother that girl!"

(Continued on page 92)
Vignettes of the Studios

III. The Metro Studios

By SALLY STEELE

SOUTH of the Boulevard, where narrow residence streets trail off toward the oil-well district, the Metro studio sprawls over a sun-scorched, dust-ridden area of four square city blocks. One stumbles upon it accidentally, perhaps. It is quite possible to live in Hollywood for years, without passing this way.

Absurdly, the studio lot suggests a housewife whose parlor is in order while confusion reigns in her kitchen. It presents a neat front, with trim, green hedges, and palms planted at carefully spaced intervals along the white cement walks. But pushing and jostling beyond the proper buildings lining the street, is the maddest, most rakish collection of shacks, bungalow offices, dressing-rooms and stages imaginable.

It is the Studio of Extremes. Jackie Coogan drives thru the gateway in his Rolls Royce, followed by Bull Montana in a small red Buick. Alice Terry dreams in remote beauty while Viola Dana kicks up her heels and turns handsprings.

Strangely, tho, the personality of one individual dominates Metro as no other studio is dominated.

Rex Ingram.

Here is not so much a motion-picture plant with various producing units, as it is the corner of Hollywood where Rex Ingram works. When he is engaged in filming a picture, life surges with vivid intensity to every corner of the lot. An eager alertness is in the air. Metro is living, breathing, with fresh vigor.

When he is gone, Metro droops to the other extreme, thru indifferent and colorless days.

A strange domination—yet not so strange when you recall that Ingram has been the most vitalizing force in Metro's growth. He brought it smashingly to the foreground with "The Four Horsemen" and created the "Latin Lover" vogue.

The shabby, rutted road might well be called the Pathway of the Latin Lovers. Every pomaded, black-eyed juvenile in Hollywood treads it hopefully.

Did not Rodolph Valentino come down this street one day, utterly unknown, and walk thru the narrow entrance-way to the most sudden, extraordinary fame ever recorded in Celluloidia?

Ramon Novarro, they will tell you, is following Rudy to success. I may be next! Or I!

Metro might be able to tell you how many failures there are for every success approaching Rudy's or Ramon's. Probably tho, it is much too busy to keep count of them. Who would be interested, anyway?

The lexicon of the Boulevard holds no such word.
Merry Christmas!
Merry Christmas!!

The Christmas cards of the stars are varied and beautiful to behold. And most of them use the same card every year. Erich Von Stroheim is one of the many who has had the letters of his name arranged to form a decorative design. The Von Stroheim's card is a warm blue and is engraved in dull gold.

A formal card for the young Barthelmesses. At the holiday time, Mary Hay discards her stage name for the name she took in marriage. And like hundreds and hundreds of other young couples, the Barthelmesses send out a joint card to express their good wishes. Harold Lloyd's card is light-brown with a dark-brown border. And the letters of his name are in gold on a sapphire background.

The background of the greeting-card of Lillian Gish is a dull grey, but the bird in the paneled winter scene lends his bright plumage to make her card gay.
An Array of Christmas Cards Which Carry the Greetings of the Stars

A trumpeter, burning candles, and holly sprigs, all engraved in the holiday colors, decorate the card of the Hobart Bosworths. And, at the left, is the simple and dignified card of Marjorie Daw. It is also engraved in Christmas greens and reds.

Charlie Chaplin becomes Charles Spencer Chaplin and he also goes in for dignity in the greeting-card which was treasured in the Hollywood homes to which it was sent. For there is a social ladder in the movie world and Charlie is of the cinematic Four Hundred.

A jolly and friendly spirit marks the quaint card Blanche Sweet's friends receive on Christmas morning. It is engraved in black, except for the holly wreath, which is done in natural colors.
There is a masculine simplicity to the card of Herbert Rawlinson. It is buff color with a red border and a panel decoration, which also lends holiday reds and greens. And at the left are the bluebirds which Elsie Ferguson sends her friends every year.

Warm reds and greens and golds have gone into the making of the greeting-card which is more dignified than you might expect little Marie Prevost's card to be.

Mildred Davis has gone to the wise men on their camels as a panel decoration for her message of good-will. It is a brown card made festive by the warm rich colors painted in the panel.

With sincere greetings
for Christmas and best wishes for
much happiness in the New Year

Elsie Ferguson

The Season's Greetings
and all good wishes
for the New Year

Mildred Davis
Christmas candles burning brightly and festooned with holly decorate the cards with which Maude George remembers her friends. Her card, too, is brown with a bright red border and holiday colors worked into its decoration.

Christmas Greetings
and Best Wishes for the New Year
from
Mr. and Mrs. Norman Kerry

A parrot painted with brilliant plumage calls out the Christmas wishes of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Kerry. Then, at the left, is the daintily engraved card of Jackie Saunders ... also festive with reds and greens.

And the card of Antonio Moreno is a dull green with his name-crest and the greeting engraved in silver. And in its slender panel are painted the holiday colors.

May Christmas bring you content and serenity
and the coming New Year peace and happiness

Antonio Moreno
Great Expectations

On Christmas Eve, Babby Peggy discards socks in favor of a stocking. For, after all, socks permit little more than an orange in the heel with a doll to stick out of the top. While a stocking leg... well... that suggests greater possibilities.
I Can't Forget These

Several Incidents Which Tommy Meighan Related

To

HARRY CARR

There is one incident in my motion-picture career that haunts me.

One day while I was working in the Long Island studio in a Famous Players picture, I was summoned to the telephone by a stenographer who came on the set—in itself an unusual circumstance.

She said that one of the hospitals had called up and explained that a dying child had begged to see me.

It was his mother who had phoned. She said that the little fellow had seen me in "The Bachelor Daddy," at the theater and was begging to have me brought to his bedside. She said the doctor thought it might possibly do some good, such things had been known to happen.

I left the set at once and hurried to the phone to tell the mother that I would stop work and come at once.

The voice at the other end of the phone said:

"What number please?"

The phone call had been accidentally cut off. A careless telephone girl had pulled a plug and brought about a tragedy.

I tried for a long time to find her. I phoned every hospital I could think of but they get hard-boiled at hospitals. I hadn’t an idea of the child’s name and the hospitals wouldn’t bother to find out.

But you can imagine the mother’s feelings to make such a request and then hear the receiver hung up on the hook.

Another time I had a somewhat similar request with a different outcome.

I was visiting a friend at Roosevelt Hospital when a woman stopped me in the hall. She was very much embarrassed but very much in earnest.

She said her little girl was very ill but that they could not induce her to take castor-oil.

In some way she heard that I was in the hospital and with the perversity of childhood, said she wouldn’t take the castor-oil unless Tommy Meighan would hold the spoon.

This seemed an awful way to return such devotion but I fol...
lowed the mother into her sick room and poured such a dose of castor-oil as would cure anybody of pretty nearly anything. The young lady drank it without a murmur but her eyes looked unutterable reproaches at me over the edge of the spoon.

Another experience that affected me very much was a letter that came to me from a blind girl in Australia.

Her mother wrote to me that her daughter had been sightless from childhood; but that her favorite amusement was going to motion pictures. As the picture went along, the mother would describe every incident and character. For some reason, the girl had adopted me as her favorite actor. I shall never forget the affectionate letter she wrote me telling what I had meant to this lonely child, in her darkness.

Some of the most interesting experiences I have ever had were in Sing Sing where I was making a crook-picture.

One day I was working at a scene in the prison yard when a voice came from somewhere in the upper cells:

"Hey, Tommy, don't you need a couple of good villains for the picture?"

It seemed funny and yet pathetic at the same time.

One of the most interesting men I met at Sing Sing was Mr. Chapin, the famous editor of the Evening World who is serving a life sentence for murder.

When he first went in, they let him act as editor of the prison newspaper. Instead of making him happy, it made him supremely miserable. He became impossible to get along with, and made everyone else miserable.

Finally at his own suggestion, they let him start a garden in the prison yard. He sent all over the world for rare specimens of flowers and nursed them as a mother would a baby.

(Continued on page 87)
Once Upon a Time . . .

By

JULES AGRAMONTE

The Second of a Series of Drawings Depicting Stellar Childhoods

Once upon a time perhaps . . . a little fellow named Billy Hart found a cowboy's costume under his Christmas tree. And there we have the bad man of the movies in embryo. 

. . . As for Pola Negri . . . We are sure her parents sighed over her baby wiles . . . called her a little Carmen . . . and murmured in pity for masculine hearts when Pola would be grown. An Infant Terrible!
The Misses Constance and Norma Talmadge . . .

... of Los Angeles, California, who plan a short pleasure trip to Europe before the Spring.
DON'T be a goose, Fenella," young Victor Stowell snapped. "You're much too pretty and your ankles are far too trim. It's a crime to waste 'em, even on the deserving poor. You—"

"Victor, stop, be serious," the girl retorted half-angrily. "Your attitude about women is just ridiculous. You know perfectly well that we are as intelligent and adequate as men are, but you won't let us prove it. Your only argument against sex equality is, 'We're on top now and we want to stay there. Therefore, down with women!' You make me sick."

"That last remark sounds human anyway," replied Victor, who was fresh—very fresh from law school and, of course, knew everything. "It's no use, Fenella. You're much too feminine to be a feminist. And besides I want you to stay here—with me. You half promised to Fenella dear. And now, just because somebody or other wrote you a letter you have to dash off to London to be Lady Warden of something or other. As a settlement worker you'd be a washout. Ha, ha——"

Fenella Stanley stamped her ornamental foot, wholly angry now. "You have no conception of duty Victor," she cried, her voice growing shrill. "This is only a small beginning, but it is my burden and I mean to shoulder it, while you loaf here on the Isle of Man. I don't care if your father is Deemster. He's a dreamer and so are you. You'll never take his place. You're too frivolous."

"After this display of temper," sneered Victor, "perhaps it's just as well that you are leaving. Hope all the little orphans, or prisoners, or imbeciles or whatever it is you have elected to serve, profit by it."

"You are insulting Victor. Certainly I shall accept the position after this," responded the angry girl. "Good afternoon."

"Oh, I'm being dismissed am I?" muttered Victor, twisting his cap tortuously. "Well, good-bye, Fenella. Remember you made the choice. Hope you'll be happy."

But she wasn't happy and neither was he. As soon as he was gone Fenella tore the London letter viciously into a thousand pieces and promptly dissolved in tears. Regret still heavy upon her she hastily scribbled a penitent note to Victor telling him she would stay here with him and that she loved him and all would be as before. Her father was Governor of the island and a great friend of Victor's father, the Deemster. She would find something to do here. Surely these two men would know of places and persons she could unleash her unbounded energy and enthusiasm upon. She rang for a servant and dispatched the letter.

Victor pursued his leisurely way from the great house to his own humble old-fashioned apartments, up above a row of stores in the market section of the town. There, Alick Gell, his closest friend awaited him. There they studied law together, each in his heart determining to be a great attorney.

"What's up?" asked Alick immediately. "You look as tho you could commit a murder."

"Nothing," answered Victor. "Fenella and I have quit. She practically ordered me out of the house. Fenella's a fiend in a great many ways."

"Oh, come now," interrupted Alick. "Fenella's all right. Let's go out and get some air. There's a dance down at Marty's. We might drop in later. Forget Fenella for a while. Everything will look different in the morning."

"All right," agreed Victor, still angry and hurt. "I'll forget her forever. Come on."

In a little cottage on the outskirts of town a young girl dressed feverishly for the Saturday-night dance; weary from a week of monotonous labor; bored from association with un congenial people; wounded and mortified by the mockery of a sarcastic stepfather, Bessie Collister was humble but ambitious. Her stepfather, being a true...
son of the soil despised the affectations of the so-called better classes, and was merciless toward his daughter's little attempts to make a fine lady of herself. When he saw her dressed in her best for the dance, it afforded him only another opportunity to be disagreeable.

"Mind, you be in at eleven," he snarled, "not one minute later, or I'll lock the door on you."

"Eleven is early, father," interposed Bessie's usually timid mother.

"Eleven it is," thundered the man. "Another word an' she'll not go at all. Dancing like a great lady! The likes of her to be wastin' her time that way. I lock the doors at eleven, to the minute."

But Bessie and her mother had got as far as the gate. Her mother gave her an affectionate and anxious pat. "Better heed him, daughter. I'm feared he means as he says."

"Oh, I'll be home all right," carolled Bessie on her way down the hill.

Bessie carolled because she was happy. She knew her sweetheart would be at the dance. Alick Gell was above her in station but he was truly fond of her, and she of him. Some of Bessie's vaulting ambitions seemed about to be realized. So Bessie was happy, the sort of happiness that radiates and communicates itself perceptibly to others. Victor Stowell warmed in its glow. He danced with Bessie again and again, conscious of the fact that while she had been at first a little awed by the attentions of so fine a gentleman, she now felt that she had succeeded in entertaining him, and so aired all her gypsy graces and primitive loveliness to ensure him. They bade each other a reluctant good night. Fenella was become a vixen and Alick Gell, a clod, tho both Bessie and Victor knew it was only a momentary madness.

It started to rain with a little warning patter. Bessie hastened her steps, not so much to avoid the rain as to get home by eleven. She draped her stepfather accurately. But not the time. It must have been after eleven, for the door was locked, and Bessie knew how futile a knock, or even a prayer would prove. No use wasting time there. She turned back down the lane toward the road. It was raining hard now, as only an English sky can rain. Perhaps some of her friends in town would be up. She'd have to try anyway. Her flimsy finery swished about her legs in limp reproach. She tossed her bedraggled hat aside and the rain drops glistened in her tangled curls. A little song welled in her heart and a smile curved her lips, for down the street came Victor Stowell, walking off his bad humor in the rain.

"Bessie!" he exclaimed. "What under the sun are you doing out here in the rain?"

"My father locked me out," she said, and smiled. "I don't know what to do or where to go. I'm soaking wet."

"Why, why, you can come to my rooms—I suppose," Victor hesitated. "I've a fire and—and—a bed at least."

Bessie impulsively laid her hand on his arm. "Oh you're good," she said, and the madness was upon them once more.

Victor turned over his rooms to Bessie and went upstairs to find another place to sleep, but he couldn't arouse anyone, not even the caretaker. So he came back to his own place a little fearfully. On a rug before the fire Bessie lay luxuriously. She half arose as he returned, and his bathrobe which she had flung around her slipped down, perhaps farther than it needed to. Victor caught his breath. "I'll have to sleep here," he said huskily. Bessie smiled, a slow, deliberate, but none the less delicious smile.

"You—you—little beauty," Victor said thickly. "I'm crazy about you." Bessie only smiled again and tilted her head back for his kiss.

Unheeded on a littered desk lay a pile of unopened letters, one of them Fenella's.

***

One of the rarest things in the world is a man who is willing to pay for his
mistakes or to endure the punishment he deserves. Women bow far more easily to the inevitable. The fact that she must always pay has become a catchword. But here on this placid isle the usual situation was reversed. Victor Stowell, young, quixotic, felt in honor bound to marry Bessie Collister. He didn’t want to marry her, neither did she wish to marry him, but here she was, painfully if surely being made a lady of, so that she might acceptably fill the high estate of the wife of the man who would undoubtedly one day be Deemster of Man. Alick Gell visited her regularly at Mother Brown’s where she was being remodelled. He loved her and she loved him, but both feared to tell Victor. A sorry muddle in truth, since Victor would have been only too glad to know it.

Victor was unhappy on two counts. The day after his adventure with Bessie, he definitely decided to brave the displeasure of his father and tell him that he meant to marry Bessie. His father had not been well of late and he trembled for the effect his story might have on him. But when he got home, there was the Governor and his daughter dining with his father.

“Aren’t you glad I’m going to stay here?” sang Fenella’s voice happily in his ear.

“Yes, oh yes, Fenella,” answered Victor’s voice with a creditable assumption of happiness, for the wretched boy was consumed with shame and an overwhelming feeling of unworthiness. But Fenella was too happy herself to notice his gloom and the dinner passed gaily enough, tho Victor was struck anew by the fragile pallor of his father.

After a miserable night, Victor summoned his courage again to tell his father. In the venerable presence of the man, who had been both father and mother to him, Victor started gently, but his father appeared not to be listening. With an agonized stare Victor discovered that he was dead. Added to his misery about Bessie and Fenella now was his grief over the loss of his father whom he had truly loved and admired. With his law studies and court work Victor stifled the turmoil of his emotions. Fenella thought his trouble was all due to his loss but Alick Gell knew there was something else.

“Cant you tell me, Victor, old chap?” he begged one night. “Lord knows I’d like to help you.”

“It’s Bessie,” poor harassed Victor finally blurted out. “I—I love Fenella, not Bessie. But I’m afraid it would break Bessie’s heart to find it out.”

“Break her heart, man!” Alick exclaimed, the glorious news beginning to sink in. “Why she’ll die of joy. I love Bessie and she loves me—that’s straight—that thought she had to marry you—and so forth—how you both ever got into this muddle I can’t see—still—it’s all over now. I’m going right down to Mother Brown’s and tell Bess. Take Fenella, Vic, old boy. Just let me have Bessie!”

And Alick was off.

When he told Bessie she cried many hot tears, but Alick knew that women wept for happiness as well as grief, and so misunderstood her tears. She pleaded for a long engagement, but he would not listen and she begged him to go, which he finally did, a little mystified but too happy to puzzle over.

NAME THE MAN!

Told in short-story form, by permission, from the Goldwyn production of the scenario by Paul Bern, adapted from the Hall Caine novel, “The Master of Man.” Directed by Victor Seastrom. The cast:

Bessie Collister...............Mac Bush
Victor Stowell...............Conrad Nagel
Fenella Stanley................Patsy Ruth Miller
Alick Gell....................Creighton Hale
Douglas Stowell...............Hobart Bosworth
Dan Collister..................DeWitt Jennings
Lisa Collister.................Evelyn Selbie
Sir John Stanley...............Winter Hall
Isabelle..................Aiken Pringle
Mrs. Quayle....................Amna Hernandez
Constable..................Mark Fenton
Messenger Boy...............Jack Murphy

She half arose as he returned, and his bathrobe, which she had flung around her, slipped down. Bessie smiled, a low, deliberate smile.
When he told Bessie she cried many hot tears, but Alick knew that women wept for happiness as well as grief, and so misunderstood her tears. She pleaded for a long engagement...

So Bessie packed her bag and crept away; for Bessie was about to become a mother.

The new Deemster of Man was trying his first case in a crowded court-room. Alick Gell paced the tiny enclosure before him. Sweat stood out in great beaded drops upon his brow, which he mopped from time to time with a shaking hand. Was the great white wig he wore hot for the summer day, or was it the unwonted stress of this most serious case? Victor Stowell on the judge's bench wore too the long, hot, curling wig so necessary a part of English legality. But he was not hot. Rather, an icy numbness permeated his being, and when he looked at the girl on the stand the chill penetrated to his heart. What ghastly mockery was this?

That the first trial of his newly appointed and long-coveted office, Deemster of Man, should be The Government vs. Bessie Collister, for the "wilful murder of her child!" And that Alick Gell should be her attorney! And that he had failed to save her; And that he, Victor Stowell must pronounce the sentence of death upon her! Ah, it was too much. He closed his eyes.

How happy he had been that day, the Governor brought the news to Castle Rushen, where he and Fenella awaited him. Deemster! It was a glorious title, a noble ambition fulfilled, a mighty power he would not abuse. Now, he and Fenella would be married. And his good friend Alick and Bessie, for Bessie was back home again. Dispirited and unhappy it is true, as tho she had gone thru some cruel and nameless agony, but beginning to smile wanly once more from the dear shelter of her mother's forgiving arms at the persistence of her still adoring sweetheart.

And then suddenly this horrible thing had happened. A prison van with its formidable array of officers had driven up to Bessie's house with a warrant for her arrest. In vain the terrified mother had fought and struggled against authority. They took her helpless child away to prison. Why had she come back to Man? She might have eluded justice in the crowded confusion of London. But Bessie was only a girl and could find no peace alone, so frantic was her yearning to see her mother and feel her love again. So she had come back. And here she was, before him found guilty by a jury of her peers. And he, the Deemster of Man was largely responsible for this tragic state of affairs.

In his official capacity he had urged Bessie to tell who...
On the thirtieth day of Victor's penance, the prison chapel was opened and the chaplain, at the crude altar, read the wedding-service. On the rough stone floors Fenella and Victor knelt to pledge their faith... And to Victor, at least, it seemed that in another corner, another couple knelted for the sacerdotal blessing...

The man was that fathered the child. But Bessie had looked him in the eye and declared she would never tell, and what he felt he could not determine, whether it was relief or shame. He longed for the reckless courage to shout aloud: "I am the man. I, your Deenster," but he could not. The thought of his position, the inheritance from that father that they all respected, held him dumb. Must his desperate expiation for a moment of boyish folly be exacted from him? Must he deny the faith in Fenella's eyes? Ah, he could not. Who knows what utter despair had driven the girl to this unthinkable deed? How she must have suffered. But was not his anguish as great as hers? Did he not too writhe and twist under the lash of mental torture? But she must die. Oh never that! And Victor ground his teeth in a fury of resolve.

Kneeling one night at home before his dead mother's portrait, there came to him a way, the only way left, for he had exhausted every possible means of securing her pardon, every possible influence for clemency. He would see that she escaped.

On the night set, Victor himself carried the trembling Bessie out of her cell and delivered her into the hands of Alick. The two hapless lovers left the island immediately on a boat Victor had procured. Because of his reputation and his position, it had been comparatively simple. He breathed a gusty sigh of relief as the boat sailed away. Now peace descended upon Victor after his tortured months and he turned again to Fenella, from whom he had hidden his face for so long and told her the whole truth.

"Oh my dear," was all she said. "How you must have suffered!"

"Then you—you forgive me?" whispered Victor, his head buried in her lap.

"But yes, dear heart," the girl replied bravely, for she was torn by a thousand conflicting emotions. Poor wretched Bessie! Poor unhappy Victor! And Alick Gell! And poor Fenella for that matter. Now she too had a cross to bear, for the very knowledge spelt pain to her. But she hid it from Victor and they agreed to forget the past, to bury it out of the farthest reach of memory. For them the year began again and Fenella, with an understanding far beyond her years forgave her lover fully.

But now rumors of Bessie's escape began to leak out. One had seen a pair that looked like Alick and Bessie sail away on one of the fishing-smacks down in the harbor. Another found out that Alick Gell was missing. Soon the rumor was verified officially and a mob gathered outside Castle Rushen, one of those senseless gatherings without point or order, their senseless hatred shifting from one object to the next as easily as the cock on the gilded weather vane of the Castle turned around.

For no accountable reason other than sheer mob excitement they were storming the Castle demanding that the man who had wrecked the happiness of one of their own kind be found and brought to justice.

"Let the girl go!" they cried in one voice. "We want the man!"

So persistent and threatening they became that Victor stepped out on a portico to see if he could quiet them. "What do you want of me?" he asked, because they had been calling for the Deenster. "Fenella and the Governor followed him hastily, fearing for his safety.

"The man! The man!" thundered the mob in one great menacing breath.

Victor's heart turned to stone. Fenella clutched him (Continued on page 89)
To Greet You on Christmas Day, in the Morning

And presenting a new camera study of
Master Jackie Coogan
The Editor Gossips

FIFTH Avenue, New York City, is one of the most interesting thoroughfares in the world. It is an avenue of contrasts. It offers all manner of strange sights... and rare beauty... in its length. Here the leaders of the Four Hundred dwell behind the grilles of their stone mansions. Here the treasures of the world beseech you in the windows of the great shops. Here beautiful young débutantes alight from their motors trailing the mingled scents of their costly extracts and their flower corsages behind them. And, in marked contrast, here old newswomen and flowerwomen cry their wares in voices feebler with the burden of poverty and too many years.

And the procession of Fifth Avenue hurries... hurries... hurries on...

But one day last month it paused. Directly opposite the stone lions which guard the portals of the Carnegie Library, a strawride was gathering together its merry-makers. And it may be that Fifth Avenue, stopping, dropped its sophistication to remember other strawrides before it heard the siren call of the city, when there was happy singing and soft love-making beneath some harvest moon. Who can tell?

The strawride was given to the magazine and newspaper writers by the Famous Players-Lasky. It rumbled and jounced and dropped wisps of straw all the way from the marble elegance of The Avenue to the replica of Main Street, Junction City, Kansas (which was erected, by the way, behind the resplendent Long Island studios.)

Homer Croy, anonymous author of "West of the Water Tower," the filming of which occasioned these festivities, acted as the host. The journey seemed short listening to his reminiscences of writing his novel. In this book he has put the country he knew as a boy. Lying on top of the straw on the way into town, he used to wait for the spiral of the water tower. It marked the beginning of the town limits and a respite from the monotony of farm life. And he would see it later when the horses turned homeward in the starlight... this time with sleepy eyes.

He told us that he encountered all sorts of difficulties in publishing the book. He had to choose a name for the town which sounded like the Middle West but it could not be the name of any definite town... for the people of his Junction City are painted with raw colors. So when he found that Kansas had no Junction City, he was relieved. There was the same difficulty with the names of his characters. He wanted them to sound like real people and when he subconsciously chose names familiar to his boyhood, he received many wrathful epistles from old acquaintances.

At the studios, luncheon was served in the Owl Lunch wagon which was part of the set. There were several blocks erected with streets, curbs and sidewalks and these were lined with stores and buildings. It was so perfect a Main Street that we firmly believe it to have been copied from a photograph.

But to get back to the luncheon... it was actually a lunch-wagon repast. There were no concoctions of a chef's art. But there were substantial weiners, frankfurters, potato chips, great wedges of pie and cake and steaming, black coffee.

As for Homer Croy... he was given little time to enjoy the Owl's fare and he emptied every pen in the party autographing the copies of his book.

After luncheon we went down to the end of the street where Director Rollin Sturges was directing Glenn Hunter and Ernest Torrence in one of the dramatic scenes of the story. We have fulsome praise for the artistry of Glenn Hunter. It was the action of a moment for him to drop the friendly smile with which he greeted the various writers he would recognize in the party and become the serious and harassed youth of Homer Croy's drama.

On the side-lines stood Thomas Meighan with his two friends: George Ade, the humorist and John McCormack, the singer. A handful of urchins who had crawled under the fence into the mysterious realm of the studio property, gazed rapturously at Tommy whom they knew at once.

His scene over, Glenn insisted that we be photographed with him. So the camera was set up and with Susan Brady, the Classic editor, we proudly stood beside the hero of Junction City, Kansas. May McAvoy, the heroine in the story, passed our way. Glenn called to her and insisted that she join our group. There seemed to be a fine spirit of camaraderie between them and since that day their engagement has been announced. We congratulate them both. There is something fine about a romance born of the work two people have done together. And if they bring to their marriage the fine sensitive understanding which they both bring to their work upon the screen, it should be one of the happiest romances.

Let the McAvoy-Hunter wedding bells ring out... ding dong... ding dong... ding dong...

We never cease to marvel at the casual way in which the movie people travel back and forth across the continent. They make the five days' journey with more ease than the tired commuter makes his 5.15.

The other day while we were in one of the telephone

(Continued on page 102)
What can we expect from the Younger Generation?

They eschew emulation . . . they don't want to be second Mary Pickfords or second to anyone at all.

They stake their own claims . . .

What Have They To Give Us

earlier age. They have waved the twin flags of defiance and departure. They have done all the things which their parents did not do and few of the things which they did do. They have made for themselves new gods. They live, dress, behave, strictly in accordance with their own orders.

Will the same creed hold good on the screen?

This first Younger Generation have all sorts of examples to go by. All kinds of patterns to fashion themselves after. Mistakes to profit by, achievements to emulate. They have precedent to go by, the first to be able to so profit . . . if they choose . . .

Criticism and praise, censure and blame, have been admixed concerning the First Family of the Films. Such established idols as Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Norma Talmadge and Lillian Gish, Richard Barthelmess, Conway Tearle, Viola Dana, Anita Stewart, all of the pioneers of pictures. How will the Younger Generation profit by what they may learn if they will look?

There will probably be another Mary. In the first place, she captured the industry and via the industry the world by reason of being, so to speak, in the Screen's Garden of Eden. The First Woman. She neither sinned nor transgressed and hence no angel with a flaming sword has been able to displace her in her primal eminence. But just the same, a lesson is to be learned from her. The lesson of sanity. The lesson of simplicity. The lesson of sweetness. The three S's which have won her the world.

George Hackathorn came out of Oregon, unheard of, unheralded, unhelped and created the hunchback in "Merry Go Round," and the heroin addict in "Human Wreckage." And Pauline Garon, on the right, says, "I am the flapper, so my day is brief. For the flapper will surely pass with this, her generation"
Mary never loses her head. Mary never became "high hat." Mary never was led astray by wild departures, by violent ventures. She gave the Public herself as it wanted her. She didn't do forbidden things in the interest of sensationalism. She is a good business woman without which one early runs the danger of the bubbles' dire fate. And she evolved a philosophy, the philosophy of Time and Space which enabled her to take her work seriously but not too seriously, herself earnestly but not too earnestly.

If I might be permitted to give a little advice to this fresh Young Generation it would be to say to them to follow Mary, each in his or her own way. For Mary stands with balanced feet upon the eternal verities and therefore can be neither uncrowned nor undone.

Oddly enough the parallel to Mary, in my mind, is not a girl but a boy: Glenn Hunter. He seems to me to be nearest in personality, in line of work, in ideal and endeavor, in general atmosphere, to Mary. If Mary is America's sweetheart personified in the form of a girl, Glenn stands a fighting chance to become America's sweetheart in the form of a boy. He has simplicity. He has sanity. He has sweetness. He stands personally for the sort of thing that Mary has always stood for. And after all, if success is not built upon the integrity of the person it is built upon sands that shift and give way... to other personalities.

Glenn stands, as Mary stands, for the things America understands. He is the American boy as Mary is the American girl. Young chivalry and young romance, absence of "sex," the sweet aroma of the Boy You Used to Know, the kind of a boy Any Mother would like to have call upon Any Daughter... that boy is Glenn. There is no trick to the thing that Glenn stands for. No shoddy sensationalism has billed and exploited him. Somehow honest and always himself he gives us all, that which we have loved since the Dark Ages and that which the best of us will love until the Time and Space of Mary's philosophy are, themselves, no more.

Mary Astor... with her madonna face, and sweetness based on sincerity. We can expect sincerity of Mary Astor. "I suppose I'm what wise folks would call 'old fashioned'" she told me once, "my father is German, you know, and has the Germans' strict idea about his womenfolk. I've always been a great deal with older people and very seldom with young people of my own age. I've had to study hard, keep early hours and have mother with me wherever I go. That's Clara Bow is another child of this prolific First Generation. Out of the rank and file came Clara, winning her place in the sun. "I like to play poor girls, because I understand them. I was one myself." And Dorothy Mackail, on the left, hasn't decided yet what she can do best so she holds out for experience in the best parts she can get.
why I know that I could never play the modern flapper. When Famous Players signed me, I was scared to death because I'd heard that they wanted me to play in Scott Fitzgerald's 'This Side of Paradise' or 'The Beautiful and Damned' and I knew that I could never do it. I don't understand the modern flapper. I couldn't act as she acts. The ways of this generation are not my ways, their language is not my language and I couldn't even pretend to be one of them. I'm very new at the work and I realize that I don't know one thing very earnestly and truly and that is, that I couldn't play a part I don't feel. I have to be the girl I play to play it well.

It never, you will note, occurred to Mary Astor to "play the sedulous ape" as Robert Louis Stevenson once remarked, to any of the ones who have gone before her.

Evidently we have not imitative ness to expect of this rising generation. What they have to give us will never be second-hand.

Mary Astor is but little over sixteen. Notwithstanding, she is firm in the knowledge of her own limitations, clear in her perspective, staunch in her idealizing of the truth. Is she, then, to preserve for us that precious ointment of the days when girls were girls and boys were boys, instead of being what they are today, "Ritzers" and "Cushmans," "Finales" and "Cake Eaters" and other mystic terms; immoderate young thrill-

Glenn Hunter stands, as Mary Pickford stands, for the things America understands. He is the American boy as Mary is the American girl. He has sanity. He has simplicity. He has sweetness.

Eleanor Boardman is yet another possessed of that curious philosophy the war bred in our youth. And, at the right, is Mary Philibin, who in "Merry Go Round" gave us a hint of potentialities almost beyond prophecy.

Clara Bow is yet another child of this prolific First Generation. Out of the rank and file came Clara, winning her place in the sun, first by the winning of a contest by virtue of unusual beauty, maintaining it by her fine and spirited work in Elmer Clifton's "Down to the Sea in Ships" and likely to hold to it firmly by reason of her eagerness, her naivete, her insatiable desire to acquire and to learn. Clara seems to me to bring to the Screen the rare and intuitive knowledge that one cannot achieve these days just by being. And Clara, too, knows what she wants, what she believes she can do, and has thought out in her young head many a theory and philosophy.

"I like to play," she told me, "something of the gamy type of girl. Girls who are poor and oppressed and still full of spunk and spirit. Girls who can love and sacrifice against all odds. I like to play poor girls, because I understand them. I was once myself. I love the poor people. I sympathize with them. And I think that they are more a part of life as it is lived today and always has been lived than the sweet and fluffy ingenues who board yachts and play tag all over vast Long Island estates. And I don't believe in stories with 'blah' endings. Happy endings, I mean, for you know, Miss Hall, life isn't all a matter of happy endings."

(Continued on page 97)
That's Out
By
TAMAR LANE

THE POPULAR MILTON SILLS

This department has been literally bombarded with letters from irate fans who assail the writer because of comment he made in a recent issue, to the effect that he could not understand the great popularity of Milton Sills. While a few readers were heard from who stated that they did not care for Sills, they were far in the minority to those who were wildly enthusiastic over the popular he-man.

Each and every one of these writers, however, were apparently in such haste to get off a reply to my comment that they did not read the note carefully. They were all imbued with the idea that I do not care for Milt as a player and was taking a slam at him. Which is not so. Sills, as a matter of fact, I regard very highly on the screen. What I did say was that I could not understand his tremendous popularity. In other words, I could not understand why the general public is so enthusiastic about him. While it is quite clear why certain classes might have great admiration for Sills, this actor is without the usual qualities which bring a player up into the ranks of the foremost favorites—and make no mistake about it.

Sills is one of the five most popular men on the screen today.

With such players as Valentino, Novarro, Barthelmess, etc., it is easy to understand why the masses take to them hook line and sinker. These performers are of unusual personal attractiveness and striking personality—the qualities which are most in demand by the multitudes and hoi polloi. The point which I cannot understand is, why the public is wildly enthusiastic over Sills, and yet totally neglects Will Rogers, who is twice as good an actor as Sills, and twice as homely.

Now that our prediction that "Potash and Perlmutter," as a film, would be a success has proved our cleverness as a forecaster, we wish to predict that the screen will soon be in for a period of Hebrew comedies.

THERE ARE NO VILLAINOUS MEDICOS

It is always disconcerting to note that one of the leading characters in a photoplay will be a doctor. One knows immediately that not only is the M.D. a world-famous specialist, but that somewhere along towards the climax of the story he will be placed in the situation of having to operate on the man he hates. While the world-famous specialist deliberates for several hundred feet of film on whether he should operate successfully or not, the spectator knows all the while that the sick man will recover in time to grab the heroine for a sunset fade-out. Motion-picture operations are always successful.

THE DAWN OF A NEW COMEDY ERA

Now that our prediction that "Potash and Perlmutter," as a film, would be a success has proved our cleverness as a forecaster, we wish to predict that the screen will soon be in for a period of Hebrew comedies. How it has been withheld from the silversheet so long, is a mystery.
puzzle. On the legitimate stage and in the vaudeville theaters Jewish comedy has long been the predominating type of rib-tickling. In the films there has existed some absurd idea that this style of humor would not get over on the screen. As a matter of fact the Hebrew type of expression is especially suited to the silent drama and with "Potash and Perlmutter" starting this new comedy era many fine comics may be expected on the silversheet.

**Is Gloria Only a Clothes-rack?**

Now that we have written a book entitled "What's Wrong With the Movies?" wherein the motion-picture business is torn apart so completely that it is doubtful whether they will ever be able to put it together again, we feel in shape to discuss most any topic on film affairs. For instance, how has the general idea got afloat that Gloria Swanson is only a clothes-rack and shy on acting ability? Marion Davies was at one time the pet goat for "fearless" critics who contended that as an actress she was hopeless. Readers of this column will recall that the writer held to the belief that Marion would some day surprise them. We now wish to register the opinion that Gloria is a much better actress than she is credited with being, and "Zaza" is the first of a series of films which will prove this contention.

**A Suggestion for William Fox**

Galsworthy's "Justice" is one of the finest dramas of recent years. It would make a photodramatic masterpiece, if properly done. In your roster of players, Mr. Fox, you have Jack Gilbert, one of the finest actors on the screen. To make up for such celluloid junk as "Silver Wings," "The Fast Mail" and "The Lights of New York"—which you presented to the screen—why not give us Jack Gilbert in "Justice," even if you do lose a few thousand dollars by it.

**How to Succeed in the Movies**

To Be a Great Director.—First, admit it yourself. Fire any one of your assistants who doesn't know it. Get them in the habit of saying "Yes." View only your own pictures. To look at the other fellows' would be an admission that other pictures are being made.

To Be An Assistant Director.—Wear knickers, puttees, horn-rimmed glasses and one of those cute little mustaches. Ignore your friends, and—this is important—always ride around in a big five-thousand-dollar car. No, we don't know how you get the car or we'd have one ourself.

**Sure Fire Comedy Gag No. 32.** The one where the picaninny falls into a barrel of flour and emerges with ghostlike whiteness

**Those Movie Ministers**

Wouldn't it be great for the churches if the ministers were only as attractive as they are pictured in the films. In the photoplay the clergymen heroes are shown as handsome, soulful-eyed, spiritual individuals whose sole occupation seems to be wandering thru beautiful gardens.

**Heroism**

We suggest that a Carnegie medal be presented to the producer who has had the nerve to make a film entitled "Mother-in-Law" wherein said individuals are set forth as splendid and abused personages.

(Continued on page 88)
Across the Silversheet

By

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

We give "A Woman of Paris" first place among the pictures of the past month.
And, as a matter of fact, we would still permit it to head the list if we were reviewing the pictures of all time. It was written and directed by Charlie Chaplin but he does not appear in it. Its warp is old but, for that matter, the greatest dramas and novels are those which deal freshly with life's oldest problems.
Charlie Chaplin may never reap the full benefit of the great thing he has done. But we are certain that he has changed the future of motion pictures. Observing producers cannot help but emulate him. And this, in itself, will mark a radical advance in the art of the screen.

In the story the villain is quite the most fascinating character involved. Perhaps that is why he managed to escape the bounds of convention and society. The hero is a good boy but without character or initiative. He would have settled into a humdrum husband. And looking around us we cannot help but note countless humdrum husbands who once were heroes. The heroine is attractive but we are sure the women of her acquaintance marvelled over what her two admirers saw in her. Selah. Here we have life.

And when a great moment comes to three of the characters they say, in turn, "Well." And we have noticed that people invariably say "Well" when attending circumstances completely baffle them. It is a sophisticated production, but the treatment is so subtle that the most righteous censor could not, in fairness, use his shears.

By far the finest performance is contributed by Adolphe Menjou who, technically speaking, plays the villain. Only Charlie Chaplin in writing and directing his story, has realized that life and people are fairly well tempered. And the villain's glorious sense of humor; his charm of grace and manner and his brilliance somewhat atone for his philandering. Edna Purviance whom Mr. Chaplin features (probably in appreciation for the years in which she has played with him in his comedies) handles her rôle adequately. She is a beautiful woman and, in her womanly stature, a relief from the tiny blonde ingenues who have monopolized the screen. Miss Purviance actually looks like a human being.

We have seen several splendid plays lately and read a number of fine books but none of these things have stimulated us to such an extent as "A Woman of Paris." There have been other productions, punctuating our career as a critic, which have had intelligent bits in them. "A Woman of Paris" is the brilliant ensemble of intelligent and artistic bits. It is wholly delightful and enthralling.

If Charlie Chaplin ever forsakes his beloved characterization we hope it will be for the estate of a director. And, in the meantime, while he appears in a few more comedies and prepares himself for another interlude as a director, perhaps the art of the screen will in some degree measure up to this production. For "A Woman of Paris" is years ahead of the majority of motion pictures.

(Continued on page 85)
Comment on Other Productions

The Lone Star Ranger

NOTHING distinctive about this one from the pen of Zane Grey. Tom Mix picks up his Stetson again and mounts his trick horse and sets out to capture some—cattle rustlers. If you would know his identity consult the title and remember that Texas is called the Lone Star State. And if you want to know how perfectly naive, how simple, and obvious and moth-eaten it is—look you toward the romance. The ranger falls in love with the daughter of the bandit chief. Love versus duty again! Well the officer effects a pardon for the girl's father—so that they can face the great open fireplaces when the frost is on the pumpkin. Just another creaking story ground thru the movie mill.

The Fighting Blade

The bigger expressions of the year must include this new canvas of Richard Barthelmess—which in its spectacular effects, its romantic and adventurous veins, its glamour of court and the tone and quality of its settings make it a compelling canvas.

The Barthelmess of "Tollable David" has gone in for swaggering tales of romance and there is no argument about his qualifying as a convincing romantic actor. He shows his adaptability for the rôle of the courageous Dutchman in the self-assurance which marks his every expression. But in all his screen experience Richard Barthelmess has never had such opportunities to flash a style of acting as he presents here. The director, John Robertson, has permitted the star to get the utmost from every scene—dwelling long enough upon the romantic episodes to permit this earnest young actor to show his skill. And how Barthelmess plays this swashbuckling rôle! He not only looks the part, but he plays it with a depth of understanding and feeling.

It isn't the easiest story to follow, in its introductory scenes, inasmuch as it calls for considerable planting of characters and situations. But once it swings into its major plot it holds one in a tight embrace because of its emotional sweep, its daring exploits, its plot, intrigue, adventure and romance. None of the characters are neglected, tho the heroic Dutchman whose deadly sword swept an earl from his castle and a monarch from his high estate, is naturally the guiding spirit of this eloquent romance. He enlists with the Roundheads—whose champion is Cromwell, and while more could have been made from this vital figure, one must not lose sight of the fact that he is subordinate to his young swordsman—in order that the romantic purposes of the story might be served.

The pomp and ceremony of the period has been well suggested. The swagger of court life is exceptionally well indicated. And the
Staff Criticisms Which Will Guide You To The Better Pictures

spectator catches it all because of a well-written script by Josephine Lovett and highly competent direction by Mr. Robertson. Everett Shinn’s settings are truly eloquent.

The interpretation is above reproach. Particularly good is Dorothy Mackaill’s study of the high-strung maid whose wit saves her lover’s head. Little subtleties of expression creep out time and again in her performance. She is gay and wistful, mirthful and sad—and these moods make her in sympathy with her rôle.

Thundering Dawn

A much-told tale is this opus from the Universal factory—one which features a self-sacrificing youth taking the blame for a shady deal in Wall Street, running away to the Orient where he sinks to the depths, only to be brought back to normalcy by the girl in the nick of time to save her from the evil designs of the scoundrel. Nature cooperates with our protagonist in offering him a typhoon—from which he emerges without a scratch. The single redeeming point of the number is its storm sequence, for on the debit side are several cheap-looking sets and backdrops masquerading as scenery. There is a flash of creditable atmosphere—especially when the Java girls go into their dances. The interpretation is fairly competent as turned in by Anna Q. Nilsson and Tom Santschi. Perhaps you’ll enjoy it if your screen diet isn’t accustomed to novel recipes.

The Meanest Man In the World

George M. Cohan’s hokum comedy of life among the rustics shapes up as enjoyable screen fare—thanks to a director who has employed the Mack Sennett ideas. Which is to say that he never allows himself to become serious and yet at the same time he doesn’t embroider it with heavy-handed melodrama. It is the familiar pattern of the old skinflint determined to foreclose a mortgage on a certain girl’s store. He is also eager to get his hands on her valuable oil lands and is frustrated by a young and irresponsible lawyer who starts out to be real mean and oust her from her property and ends up by being ever so kind and amiable.

The piece is played with creditable abandon by Bert Lytell, Bryant Washburn, Helen Lynch and Blanche Sweet. We’ll chalk up a black mark against Victor Potel, however, for he seems to be the only representative of slapstick in the personnel. The oil spouts just in the nick of time. You know what is coming all the while—but the titles are breezy and the incident is packed with chuckles.

The Eternal Struggle

This Northwest Mounted tale differs only from its forerunners in the execution of the
w. k. slogan. The dashing redcoat gets his man in the first reel. Thus is offered the only touch of novelty in a story which should be laid away in camphor for several months. The Mountie gets his man—and then it is up to him to get his woman. So he follows her North because her capture must be effected on the premise that she killed a would-be seducer.

All the old ingredients are here—and most of them are cruelly planted. The heroine must needs be a tempestuous wildflower, while the villain must be a stalking human wolf. And so it goes. The tale is heavy in its development and never gets out of its element. Thru it all Renee Adorée manages to shine in a performance which will make producers bid for her services. Lest you be disappointed we present Wallace Beery as the above-mentioned human wolf. Earle Williams is the redcoat.

**Six Days**

There are two interesting facts concerning this production. The first is that it is proven possible for a man and a woman to live underground for six days—something that entombed miners have found it exceedingly difficult to do. The other is that it shows us what will probably be the last picture directed by Charles Brabin before the spectacle of "Ben Hur" comes along. Each fact, as said, is interesting, with the first slightly more so.

Lovers entrapped under the shell-torn fields of France by sudden caves. The episode might have proved the least bit unconventional had not Mme. Glyn cooled the spice of her story somewhat by entrapping a priest in the cave-in at the same time. The good père performs a marriage underground and then expires. The honeymoon in the bosom of the earth follows.

Corinne Griffith and Frank Mayo succeed in making it realistic and as natural as possible under the circumstances (and under the ground also). Their scenes together are of the type that made Mme. Glyn famous. Need one say more?

The entire film, both above and below the earth's surface has been produced on the usual lavish scale that is part of the routine of the Goldwyn studio. But at that 'tis said that Mr. Brabin fooled the Goldwyn officials and didn't spend as much money as they thought he would. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why he is at present sojourning in Rome preparing to start work on "Ben Hur."

A splendid cast headed by Myrtle Stedman, Maude George, Claude King and Spottiswoode Aitken lends support to the leads. It would seem that the importance of good casts was gradually being appreciated.

A word for the captions. A few should have employed the shady asterisk—one of The Glyn's favorite weapons. "Thus ended the first day." "Thus, ended the second day." The middle-aged sensitives will blush when they read the honeymoon captions.
THE ETERNAL THREE

We are accustomed to look for surprises when Marshall Neilan produces a picture. Here he is up to his old tricks of being unconventional so that it is difficult to determine whether he is kidding the public or himself. He has fashioned a crazy quilt—a hodgepodge which just misses being something sound. His playfulness in his serious moments destroys whatever ambitions he may have had to offer an extraordinary document.

The central idea isn't so novel. It presents a surgeon who has a man in his power—a man who has brought him domestic unhappiness. This figure is none other than his own adopted son. And his game is playing at romance. The character is made interesting in spite of any lack of moral fiber—because he is painted as totally irresponsible—a sort of sophomoric fledgling who must sow his wild oats. He plays fast and loose with every woman with whom he comes in contact—and the conflict enters when he steals his foster-father's wife—a wife who has pleaded lack of affection for her flirtation.

Comes a time when the youth meets an injury. The surgeon may permit the knife to slip and thus eliminate this menace to society or he may follow strict professional ethics and save a human life. Honor wins in his battle with himself. The conclusion brings a disgrace to the youngster who is ejected from home.

We liked Neilan's boldness in showing this figure unredeemed to the end. But the picture is saturated with too much comedy by-play and hokum to be taken seriously. Raymond Griffith's study of the scapegrace is original to say the least. His methods are those employed by a circus acrobat. He does everything but lofty tumbling.

THE EAGLE'S FEATHER

A one-character story of a cold, stern, primitive woman of the soil—a story of a woman whom the spark of romance doesn't touch until late in life—too late to feel its passion, enables Mary Alden, than whom no better type could be imagined for the rôle, to extract a deal of sympathy for her expressive acting. It's a simple, obvious tale—one entirely inconsistent in its development—but due to the force and vitality of its performance it shapes up as fairly entertaining.

This primitive woman, known as The Eagle, has an adopted ward who wins the affections of a drifter of the late war. He respects this humdrum worker of the soil, but doesn't love her—altho in her fondness for him her attitude is softened. Vengeful she turns the girl out into a storm—à la "Way Down East"—and discharges the young veteran—and then becomes contrite when she realizes her inhuman conduct. Not pleasant for the sentimentalists.

We are glad to see Mary Alden given an opportunity to present the drama of the Middle Years. (Continued on page 99)
When The World Is Golden

A romantic scene from Dick Barthelmess' new picture "Twenty-one," in which Dorothy Mackaill plays opposite him
Versus censorship again—but with vitriolic blame for the public who flock to see festive bathtubs and slim ankles and permit artistic pictures to go begging!

DEAR EDITOR: I trust that you will grant me a space, in "Letters to the Editor" department, in which to pour forth my sentiments concerning pictures.

Censorship? I am decidedly against it in its present form. It is an insult to the intelligence of the American fan-public. What right has a group of "uplifters" of the silent drama (the censors) to choose our entertainment? Instead of uplifting, the censors are keeping the screen in its infancy. Par example—"Bella Donna," according to Hitchens, was a broad character but nevertheless interesting. After our "friends" the censors finished playing with the screen version of Hitchens' story "Bella Donna" was not even interesting. She was a hopeless brainless jumble—a decided failure for the talented Negri. How Pola must love the censors for cutting her most dramatic bits of acting. It seems that the censors are against the portrayal of life as it is. Dear censors, all is not "Pollyanna stuff" in life, and are you so foolish as to think that we do not know it? If all people who see pictures were morons, then, censorship would be justified but since the greater part of us are not, why should the censors class us all as "below par" mentally?

What's wrong with the movies? Even tho I am against censorship in its present form, I do not think it wholly responsible for the lack of art in the movies. At the risk of being labelled snob, highbrow, cynic and fool, I will give my answer to the much-discussed question. There is nothing wrong with the movies—the trouble lies with the average fan-public. Let someone give an art and talent to one they will let his or her pictures go unseen, unhonored and unsung, but let someone give them a De Mille bathtub, a pair of slim ankles and presto they flock to the theater to see the picture. Blame the producers for the lack of art in the movies. If the public wanted art they would give it to them. Starving in an attic for art's sake isn't being done by producers in this age of commercialism. Pictures like "Sentimental Tommy" and "Broken Blossoms" go begging. Perhaps the public wants a beautiful star, artificial story, and gorgeous settings. "Glimpses of the Moon," "Bella Donna," and "Jazzmania" give them all these? Yes. The motion pictures of today are as much an art as they will ever be unless, the average fan readjusts his ideas and the better things. The future of the motion pictures, lies, not in the hands of actors, producers or directors but in the hands of the average fan-public. They have made the silent drama what it was, is, and will be. Listen here fans, "let's get together and patronize the finer pictures."

I am sure that there are a number of fans who desire more art in the silent drama so let's have this as our motto "Give us art or we'll give you (motion-picture) death." Fellow fans I'll expect you to write and tell me what you think of me. I can stand the truth.

Thanking you for reading this letter, I remain as ever Yours very truly.

RICHARD FERGUSON DURAND.
276 S. Dearborn Avenue, Kankakee, Ill.

In praise of Gareth Hughes and May McAvoy . . . in defense of Alice Terry . . . and in denunciation of Katherine MacDonald.

DEAR EDITOR: I've just finished reading "Letters to the Editor" in your magazine of October and I couldn't resist taking up my pen and dipping it a few times into the inkwell.

My sole purpose this month is only to agree or disagree with the writers and perhaps later I shall give some original views which may in turn call up disagreements.

In Miss Revere's letter she laments the fact that the older and better actors and actresses are pushed into the background for more the sensational and less worthy of praise. I agree with her entirely.

She mentioned Gareth Hughes; and I don't wonder. Most probably, she saw Mr. Hughes and May McAvoy in "Sentimental Tommy"; and I think that is one of a few pictures that should rank high. The work done by those two was wonderful but unfortunately both have not played in shows that might equal that. May McAvoy is always given small parts to play and she does them so well as to excite everyone's admiration and still she is given nothing better. The same with Hughes. Why? I want to see more of those two as I know others do too. But in pictures worthy of them!

In Trix MacKenzie's letter she puts Alice Terry in the dumb-bell class. Can any greater outrage be conceived? Miss Terry is beautiful and sweet and wonderful. I've seen her in "The Conquering Power," "The Four Horsemen," and "Where the Pavement Ends," and I think there are only a few more actresses on the screen who can rank with her. She is a fine actress, one of the best.

In the last letter Miss MacDonald is so praised, I wish very much to disagree with the writer. I've seen her in too many pictures not to know that Miss MacDonald is one of our worst. I've given up seeing her and gladly. She's beautiful but an extremely stupid actress and I doubt very much whether good stories would even save her. But if Miss MacDonald could once prove herself worthy of being called a good actress I should be the first who would be willing to sing her praises. But until I hear that she is worth spending money for I don't wish to see her.

Hoping to see my letter in print, I am Yours truly,
E. C. Paterson, N. J.

(Continued on page 106)
Nor could Charlie Ray be expected to remain humbly in his overalled, barefooted roles... with old farmhouses, swimming-holes and hayricks for his backgrounds when all around him his stellar friends were swashbuckling in laces and velvets... and spending their days in sets possessed of the splendor typical of medieval years.

So Charlie looked about for a historical romance in which he might feel at home. And, with wise reasoning, he selected Longfellow’s epic poem, “The Courtship of Miles Standish,” for his vehicle. It is a story of early America, beloved by Americans... human in its context, and offering Charlie Ray opportunity to play the bashful swain.
We can only hope that the entire production is invested with the same charm and interest which is manifested in these scenes. Charles Ray is, of course, John Alden, the bashful lover, who comes to press Miles Standish's suit until Priscilla interrupts him with her famed "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" And Priscilla is given her shadow-being by Enid Bennett
On the Camera Coast

With

HARRY CARR

It takes a good deal to thrill Hollywood where they have lords and ladies and such like working as extra people at seven dollars per, and celebrities are standing around six deep.

But John Barrymore thrilled us. The day he went to work in “Beau Brummell” at the Warner Studio, all the stars from the other sets found one excuse or another to sneak in on his set.

It was like a professional matinee with John Barrymore facing whole constellations every time the camera stopped grinding.

To tell the truth, he looked bored to death. Mr. Barrymore is a very fascinating young man.

Much of his fascination lies in this: that he is a democratic, unassuming young person who presents the outward appearance of being very—well—aristocratic is the word.

Incidentally, he is about the only man I know on the screen who can wear a wig and not look like a wash-Chinaman. With the little powdered pigtail that he wears in “Beau Brummell” he looks the way a prince ought to look—and doesn’t. All the real princes that I ever saw looked like dressed-up plumbers.

Altho I imagine that John’s enthusiasm for the event did not approach the point of frenzy, he obediently became the host to all the dramatic writers at a big studio luncheon. That being out of his system, Mr. Barrymore hurried back to his little playmates—Mary and Doug.

When not elsewhere, he spends most of his time over at the Fairbanks-Pickford studio—and he is seldom elsewhere. In fact the Brothers Warner are reported to have asked him in some dismay where he was working.

Mary Astor has been borrowed from Lasky’s to play opposite Mr. Barrymore. With her wistful, sad eyes and her slender, poetic beauty, she looks like a Burne-Jones painting.

Whatever else may characterize it, the production will certainly not lack for pulchritude.

An odd thing happened the day that Barrymore went to work. On another set was the Ernst Lubitsch company in which were, among other actors, Monte Blue and Marie Prevost. On that same day, both Monte and Marie were divorced from their respective spouses. Their cases were much the same. Both had been
married in their five-dollar-per extra days and drifted away from their early loves when they became famous. The rumor persists that Marie will marry Kenneth Harlan.

I was amused in talking to Monte Blue, to find that he still yearns for the blood of Josef Schildkraut. He "got a mad" at the illustrious Josef when they were both working at Griffith's making "Orphans of the Storm."

One day Monte rescued a fool woman extra who ran the wrong way when the cavalry came galloping to the rescue. By a wonderful feat of horsemanship, Monte reached down and picked her up as cow-boys do a hat. As he flung her out of the way to safety, his horse tumbled head over heels. Schildkraut came up and inquired innocently, "Did you fall off your horse?"

Monte is an Indian and was a cowpuncher before he got into the movies. To ask him if he fell off a horse is like asking an army officer if he ran away when he heard the guns firing.

There was an interesting mothers' meeting at the studio that day when I introduced Florence Vidor and Mae Marsh. Without preliminaries they began talking about baby teeth and bright infant remarks. Each of their daughters is at the age of four.

Eric von Stroheim has finished "Greed" which is a screen version of Frank Norris' "McTeague."

The other night he told me that it was something that he would not do for his own mother; but he would show me just one episode in the project- ing-room if I would not ask to see more. When the episode was done, he said there was just one other that he would like to have me see. The result was that we finally left the project- ing-room at 2.30 A.M. having seen several miles of it.

Altho gruesome and terrible, it is in some particulars, the most extraordinary picture I ever saw. Especially the last episode where McTeague beats his relentless enemy to death and finds himself thru the dying man's last act of malice, chained to a corpse without water in the blinding heat of Death Valley.

When Von Stroheim started down into Death Valley in August with the thermometer at 137°, everybody said he was crazy; that he could have done just as well in the Arroyo washes near Los Angeles. They will retract them harsh words when they see Death Valley on the screen. It is the most stark and terrible scene that has ever been put on the screen. The taking of it nearly cost the lives of the actors. Von Stroheim said there were times during
Just above Sigrid Holmquist is discovered attending to the wrapping of her Christmas gifts... at the right Mary Astor entertains her mother at the studios... and below Theodore Kosloff is seen rehearsing his ballet class. He arranged the ballet of two hundred dancers, incidentally, which appeared at the Motion Picture Exposition.

Barbara La Marr returning to California, after her trip to Rome, where she was filmed in the scene of "The Eternal City," found a delegation at the station to meet her, headed by Ramon Novarro and Bess Meredyth. Miss La Marr and Mr. Novarro will begin work immediately upon "Thy Name is Woman"

Photograph by Keystone
Photo Service, L. A.

the trip, when he feared he would not get them out of the valley alive.

Von Stroheim's next picture will be "Nine to Nine" which depicts the idea that runs thru a man's mind as he is falling out of a window. Ambrose Bierce wrote a similar story.

It looks as tho the real hit of this season in Hollywood would be little Clara Bow who started her career by winning one of the "Fame and Fortune" contests in the Brewster magazine.

She is under contract to Ben Schulburg but has been loaned to First National, in the first instance to play a flapper part in "Black Oxen" with Corinne Griffith under the direction of Frank Lloyd. She all but stole the picture according to all reports. Just now, she is playing a part with Colleen Moore under the direction of Clarence Badger in "The Swamp Angel."

Clara is just about the cutest little minx who ever invaded Hollywood.

The other day, while they were waiting for the lights a boy extra came into view. He was about twelve or thirteen years old and was obviously wearing his first dress suit. He had big ears sticking out from his head and big horn glasses gave him a very Bostonese appearance.

"Clara," said someone, "you said you could play a vamp part. Let's see you vamp him."

Clara's electric - brown eyes snapped with mischief. "All right," she said. So she walked across the stage to the boy. The prospect of being seen in conversation with a pocket edition of Venus was too awful an experience for thirteen-years-old to face. He gave her one panic-stricken look and fled. Clara came back grinning and defeated.

"I'm not going to be a vamp," she said. "I'm going to be a tragedy queen and kill all my lovers. Love is the bunk."

Little Miss Bow's next picture will be with Gaston Glass.

One star who is on good terms with his former director is Jackie Coogan. Every once in a while Jackie is driven over to the United Studio by Pa Coogan in their gorgeous Rolls-Royce to see Frank Lloyd and Jackie proceeds to crawl all over him like any other little boy.

Lloyd is just now looking for an actor who will be a romantic version of Wally

(Continued on page 80)
THE COMPLETE MANICURE

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The Polish is the last step of the famous Cutex manicure. First shape the nails with the Cutex emery board. Then soften the cuticle and remove all the dead skin with Cutex Cuticle Remover and a Cutex orange stick. Then comes Cutex Liquid Polish or the new Powder Polish. Between manicures keep the nails smooth and healthy with a little Cuticle Cream (Comfort).

Send the coupon below with 12c today for the special Introductory Set containing trial sizes of all these things. If you live in Canada address Dept. M 1, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

CUTEX Liquid Polish

LIQUID polishes used to need an expert to apply them. Either they went on too thick and looked artificial or else they ran and formed lumps and ridges. But with the wonderful new Cutex Liquid Polish all these troubles are banished.

First—the tiny brush that comes with each bottle holds just enough polish for one nail. So it is easy to get on the right amount of polish and to spread it to an even thinness.

Then—every other detail of this polish has been just as carefully planned to give the lovely lasting brilliance well-groomed women want for their nails. Cutex Liquid Polish does not crack or peel off. It dries almost instantly. It keeps its brilliance a whole week. Water will not dull its beautiful rose tinted lustre. The whole manicure keeps its fresh niceness longer.

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There is no bother with a separate remover. When you are ready for a fresh manicure just put a drop of the polish itself on each nail. Then wipe it off quickly before it dries. It takes off every trace of the old polish, leaving the nails smooth and clean for the new gleaming brilliance.

Cutex Liquid Polish is the same price as all the other Cutex preparations—35c. Or you can get it in the $1.00 and $3.00 Cutex Manicure Sets. Sets with other polishes are 60c and $1.50.

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I enclose 12c in stamps or coin for new Introductory Set including a trial size of the new Cutex Liquid Polish.

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City State
The New Motion Picture

V. DAYLIGHT MOVIES

By HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

Editor's Note — The motion picture which we see on the screen today is only a nucleus of what the new motion picture will be. So the "Motion Picture Magazine" plans to use a series of articles, of which this is the fifth, giving some idea of what may be expected from the cinema in the early years to come.

I don't believe there was ever a projection machine in the world that meant as much to anyone, as my little "Magic Lantern" once meant to me. My father gave it to me on passing my ninth birthday, contrary to his expectations. I remember the "Magic Lantern" to me it was nothing less — came in a mottled brown box on which was pasted the picture of a boy, I was supposed to envy, in long trousers projecting a picture — which I could never identify with any of the dozen slides that came with the outfit — to a rapt audience of envious small boys and girls who had brought their parents with them.

From my perilous pinnacle of worldly experience I look down and back at the pitiful and cheap toy of childhood and yet with all my sophistication I am today unable to conjure a single object that gave me one-half the thrill, anticipation or ecstasy. Those were the childhood days of anticipation, the days of imagination. I wanted to feel more than I wanted to know. And so it was with that Magic Lantern. In my parents' eyes it was a failure. They wanted to see a picture just as real as the thing it depicted, while as a matter of fact I was never able to project more than a few streaks of faint color on the wrinkled sheet. But to me it was a "magic" lantern. If it had been a real picture reflected I would have been disappointed. What I saw filled me with awe and mystery — and I was the showman.

But I know now why — in part — my flimsy little projector gave such a feeble presentation on my "screen.", One exhibition was on a dark afternoon with the shades drawn; the others were in a room with another light dimly burning. I had failed to heed the underlined instructions that "the lantern would become effective only in a chamber that was otherwise totally dark." And with our sophisticated Motion Picture of today, the same admonition still holds good.

Surrounding darkness, then, is as necessary as an intense concentrated light whatever a handicap it may be.

This dependence on darkness is an unfortunate necessity. To obtain darkness in daylight, for instance, we are obliged practically to exclude the air with the light. Our theaters on summer days are filled with whirring electric fans stirring up the air poisoned by thousands in vain fallacy that it is being circulated by fresh winds.

What a joy in summer (Continued on page 104)
Learn from the women who tax
their skin the most . . .
and keep their faces loveliest

TWO ESSENTIALS
THEY NEVER FORGET

The actress, the society woman, the modern young girl are the ones who have learned first how to care for their skin. Because they have been obliged to search and study until they have found the right way. In no other way could they go on subjecting their skin to the same conditions and keep it beautiful.

The whole secret of their loveliness today lies in giving their skin regularly the two things they have found are indispensable in keeping a woman’s skin young and supple.

First—the kind of cleansing that frees their skin nightly from the tenseness of the day’s strain and clears it of the collected dust and oil and cosmetics—restores its transparency and natural pliancy. This toning up at the end of every day is absolutely essential.

Second—they know it is imperative to render their skin immune at all times to strain, dirt, changes in temperature—to all the kinds of exposure that tend to coarsen it.

The society woman knows how to be a zealous sportswoman by day and appear in the evening with delicate skin unmarred. She will not allow exposure to roughen or redder her skin, or fatigue to mark it with lines.

The actress gives her complexion harder wear and demands more of it in return than almost any other woman. She must keep her skin fine and clear though she covers it with make-up. It must be fresh in spite of late weary hours. Her very success depends on her finding the right way to care for her skin.

Every skin needs these two creams—Pond’s Two Creams Used by the Women Who Tax Their Skin Most and Keep It Loveliest

Send this coupon with 10c today

The Pond’s Extract Co.
180 Hudson St., N.Y.

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks’ ordinary toilet use.

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Songs of the Shadows

A WOMAN AT THE MOVIES
By Mildred Plew Merryman

For her, there are no subtleties in dress;
With hat awry and slender hands ungloved.
She bears no trace of that smug consciousness
That floats like scent from women who are loved.

But night by night she joins the hungry pack,
Thicker than flies around the picture’s peel,
And there while silver shadows grope the black,
She buys her love serenely reel by reel.

CONTRAST
By Thomas J. Murray

The winter wind is whistling down the street,
Blowing from off some sullen Northern lea
Wild gales that bring a fusillade of sleet,
To rattle thru the leafless shrub and tree.
The cold comes creeping like a foe set free,
'And urges swifter pace to hastening feet,
While many sigh for summer's ecstasy,
Or for the vanished silver spring, entreat.

But I am gazing at an Eastern land.
Where day is swooning in the tropic glow,
While caravans strike out across the sand,
With priceless bales of merchandise that go
To romanced Samarkand; no drab skies lean
Across the vistas on the silver screen.

SYMPATHY
By Will Hayward

The Movie Life's a roving life,
No certain habitation.
One day on shore, the next at sea,
Then one week “on location.”
But tho the Star avoids all calls,
And her own ma forget her,
There's one who knows just where she is,
The Income Tax Collector.

JACKIE COOGAN
By Jane Cuthrell

Upon the screen the little King
His Royal Shadow throws,
With soldiers, crowns and everything
That with a Kingship goes.
And, those who watch, believe that he
A King in very truth must be.

This man-child with the marvel-eyes,
Intent upon his rôle,
Is royal-pround and royal-wise
With wisdom of the soul,
And somehow, with our eyes grown dim
We see our vanished youth in him.

The little world of make-believe
Was ours once. We seem
To quite forget the years that grieve
For childhood’s dear, lost dream,
And, watching this small King, are prone
To set him on our heart’s high throne.

BATHING BEAUTIES
By Faith Baldwin

Mermaids of a jaded day
Framed in flying, opal spray,
Had Ulysses heard your song
He had lingered overlong...
Had he seen your faces—well,
If he kissed—would Homer tell?

Sirens on the sunny sand
Circes of another strand,
Lissom lasses—blonde et brune
Warm as August, young as June,
Curving contours, gleaming white
From the ocean’s arms of might.

Happy sand and happy sea
Holding you delightfully,
Poor Ulysses—I desist,
But—the wonders that he missed!
Dancing eyes and loosened hair...
Could St. Anthony forbear?
PIVER’S incomparable Poudres de Luxe possess the precious quality of imparting that most desired, inspired and finished touch to the complexion, which daintily enhances one’s natural charms.

These matchless Poudres, with true French artistry—dating from 1774—are delicately oiled with PIVER’S world-renowned Parfums of Personality, which subtly and sweetly breathe an aura of loveliness that clings as prettily as Romance and Youth itself.

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At All Good Dealers

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The première of Charlie Chaplin's "A Woman of Paris," in New York, brought sheafs of letters and telegrams to the Chaplin suite at the Ritz-Carlton, all voicing praise for the fine thing Charlie has done in this drama which he both wrote and directed. And, at the right, Mr. and Mrs. Rex Ingram (Alice Terry) are snapped on the deck of the S. S. Leviathan on which they sailed for Europe and a few weeks' vacation after the strain of making "Scaramouche".

Greenroom Jottings

HISTORICAL epochs on the screen are to the fore at present—note "America," a Griffith production, which really promises to be the long-heralded rival of the "Birth of a Nation." Griffith gave the folk around Somers, N. Y., such a patriotic stirring-up as they hadn't had in a long time, when he arrived in that vicinity with his scarlet uniformed British Army and his handful of Colonists in their home-spun suits. The greatest trouble he had was to keep the lookers-on out of the fighting. Each of the occupants of the thirty thousand motor cars, that had lined up to watch the
Start the New Year Right

Will 1924 Bring SUCCESS or FAILURE?

From where right now is the time to decide. If you had started right one year ago you would be on the right road to success this very minute. Don't let another year pass you by. It is within your power to make yourself just what you will. Make this day the beginning of a new life and a new you.

Give You Wealth—Health and Happiness

I will transform that body of yours and make you physically perfect. I will make a real HE man out of you. I will build up your chest so that every breath increases your size, purifying your blood and sending vitality throughout your entire system. I will lift your shoulders and give you the huge muscular, strong legs of an athlete. I will put pep in your old body and strengthen every vital organ within you. Husband will be just bubbling over with life, having the Mrs. Fort brain, the bright flashing eyes and the spring of youth. You will be admired and sought after by the social and business world. You will come your way.

And a megaphone voice—and in Peggy's house the house-top shouted to the deafness—he was the strongest man on earth, and they thought nothing. Someone would make him come stage and shout it. But records speak for themselves. With Cyril and others personal letters from the “The Forgotten men in the world today that my course has absolutely the best and the 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. You will be a leader in your community. I have done this for thousands of others. I have done for them I will do for you. I don't what your present condition is. The weaker you are more noticeable the results. Come on then, I am the New Year right.

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...contains forty-three full-page photographs of myself and some of the prize-winning pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me as weaklings, imploring me to help them. Look them over now and marvel at their present physiques. This book will prove an inspiration to you. It will thrill you through and through. All I ask is 10 cents to cover the cost of wrapping and mailing it is yours to keep. This will not obligate you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness, do not put it off. Send today—right now, before you turn this page.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

DEPT. 301, 305 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY
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Start the New Year Right

Will 1924 Bring SUCCESS or FAILURE?

Right now is the time to decide. If you had started right one year ago you would be on the high road to success this very minute. Don't let another year pass you by. It is within your power to make yourself just what you will. Make this day the beginning of a new life and a better one.

I Will Give You Wealth—
Health and Happiness

I will transform that body of yours and make you physically perfect. I will make a real HE man out of you. I will build out your chest so that every breath means increased life, purifying your blood and sending vim and vitality throughout your entire system. I will broaden your shoulders and give you the huge muscular arms and legs of an athlete. I will put pep in your old backbone and strengthen every vital organ within you. You will be just bubbling over with life, having the keen alert brain, the bright flashing eyes and the spring and step of youth. You will be admired and sought after in both the social and business world. You will be a leader of men, and the good things of life will naturally come your way.

I Challenge the World

If a man stood on the house-top 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 the 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. You will be a credit to your community. 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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EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
Dept. 301, 305 Broadway, New York City
“The Years Like Great Black Oxen Tread the World; and God, the Herdsman Goads Them on Behind”

It was this line of W. B. Yeats which suggested “Black Oxen,” the Gertrude Atherton novel dramatizing a woman’s rejuvenation. And above is Corinne Griffith as she appears in the beginning of the story which is now being screened.
The Answer Man

ANGEL.—And here we are approaching the Christmas season once again. You know my wish, as I have wished it for the past twelve years—A Merry Christmas to you all. Huntley Gordon is playing opposite Pola Negri in "My Man." No, I am not a writer of heart and home problems.

JAN. MARGARET.—Well all men were born free and equal, but some of them grow up and get married. Tom Moore was married to Alice Terry once Alice Terry, the beautiful, was born in Nashville, Tenn., in 1896. educated in Washington, D. C., played on the stage in "Nobody Home"; is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 135. Fair complexion, blonde hair and blue eyes. That's all!

UTENSON—I'm glad you like to read. To know the true value of books, and to derive any satisfactory benefit from them, you must first feel the sweet delight of buying them—you must know the preciousness of possession. Theodore Kosloff is at the Famous Players Studio, and he is married and has a daughter. He expects to go to Russia to make a picture.

GRETCHEN M.—All right, let's go. Thomas Meighan was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., and he is thirty-nine. Milton Sills born in Chicago.

K. & C.—Why I didn't notice any ill-feeling with Canada. Don't tell me there is going to be more trouble. You're like the fellow who said he had the law on his side, but they hit him from behind. Mildred Harris is playing in "The Shadow of the East" by E. M. Hull, author of "The Sheik," Marjorie Daw in "Maude Muller."

ROBERTA & REBECCA.—The two "R's." You know the three I hope. Corinne Griffith is playing at the United States. Yes, Barbara LaMarr has had her bobbed. She is playing in "Thy Name is Woman" with Ramon Novarro.

E. F. P.—Hee, Hee! How's Queenie? Yes, they are filming the Ten Commandments, if the censors don't cut out four or five. Alan Holubar is married to Dorothy Phillips. She has dark grey eyes and chestnut hair. Martha Mansfield is playing "The Warrriors of Virginia" for Fox, with Elmer Clifton at the megaphone.

FRANCES S.—So you think I am a nut. Well, no accounting for some people's thoughts. After all my head is but a shell. So far we have had no milkHistory, but my whiskers will wrap around me. No, Richard Dix is not married.

M. MC.—Ah, but men say of women what pleases them; women do with me what pleases them. Bert Lytell recently returned from Rome where he has been starring in "The Eternal City." Now he has gone to Algeria to play in "A Son of the Sahara," which Edwin Carewe is directing. You want a picture of May McAvoy on the cover. She is twenty-two and is playing with Richard Barthelmess in "The Enchanted Cottage." Many a girl envies May.

LENA S.—Thanks, I am having a great time with my automobile. As someone once said "God made the country, but man made the detour signals." And there are plenty of them in and out of New York. Mae Murray is only twenty-seven, and she is married to Robert Leonard, her director. Conway Tearle is forty-three, and married to Adele Roodland. Viola Dana twenty-five. And as for me, you know that.

MISS INQUISTIVE.—Of course I'm not an old man. Every man desires to live long, but no man would be old. No, Ramon Novarro is not married. Pola Negri is thirty. Help yourself, someone has said that Pola Negri is Paulette Schwartz and others say Apolonia Pomblski. How do you like it?

KATHLEEN M.—I can see what you mean, but Swift once said "I never wanted to see men wicked, but I often wonder to see them not ashamed." Marie Prevost is twenty-five, Viola Dana twenty-five, Betty Blythe thirty. Yes, Charlie Chaplin is a dear. I heard him speak at the opening of his wonderful picture. "A Woman of Paris." It was a superb picture, and Charlie has created a new art in pictures. You're welcome, write me again.

O. T. A.—Well, Thomas Meighan has been married but once—

to Frances King, and Douglas Fairbanks has been married to Beth Sully. No, I dont run a "Who's married to Who" department.

BEE KNEES.—Indeed, no I don't like the new fanny talk, elephant's wings, snake's hippo, etc., etc. Silly! Valentine is twenty-eight. Yes, Irene Castle intends to return to the screen. Will Rogers is playing in "Two Covered Wagons." I am always here, so write me any time. No, I dont do much Christmas shopping, not on $10.50 per week. I usually give out life-savers as Christmas gifts.

M. C. B.—Well, Fred said says a slow thinker lives longest, but not if he crosses the busy streets. Yes, H. Grey, a George M. Cohan played in "A Noise in Newboro" but it was a small part. Allan Forrest had the male lead. Blanche Sweet in "Anna Christie." LULU ME.—Of course I believe in getting out into things, because the world is a great book, and they that never stir from home read only a page. No, Elaine Hammerstein is not married, she is twenty-seven and her last picture was "Broadway Gold." Nita Naldi was born in Italy.

RUTH ROLAND FAX.—It's my birthday, too, so there. You want to see Ruth on the cover. So do I Colleen Moore and Clara Bow in "The Swamp Angel." Yes, Mark Twain lived at 21 Fifth Avenue, New York City, and Theodore Roosevelt was born at 28 East Twentieth Street, New York City.

BLACK HILLS.—Everybody ought to read "The Count of Monte Cristo." Reading enriches the memory, conversation polishes the wit, and contemplation improves the judgment. Now you want an interview with J. Warren Kerrigan. He should have one. Well, you just tell your mother I'm not a stranger, and it's all right for you to write to me. You should send me a card of Cullen Landis. Jackie Coogan is playing in "A Boy of Flanders," which is being adapted to Jackie's use from the famous book "A Dog of Flanders" written by Ouida.

BARNABAS.—If a man should register all his opinions upon love, politics, religion, learning, etc., beginning from his youth, and so on to old age, what a bundle of inconsistencies and contradictions would appear at last. Now I refer to Clara Bow who was born in Brooklyn, in 1904 and she has been on the stage since she was four years old. Has dark hair and blue eyes. Dorothy Mackaill has gone to the Coast to play in "The Next Corner." Run in again some time.

ROSIE O'GRADY.—Of course I smoke—anything I can get my hands on. No, there is no Mrs. Answer Man, so have no fear. And you dont think I am as old as I look, do, but I'm as old as I feel. Yes, you will see "Merton of the Movies" on the screen soon. Mary Philbin in "My Mamma Rose" and Walter McGrail, Rosemary Theby, Chaii Windsor and Bert Lytell in "The Son of the Sahara," Irene Rich and Jack Hoxie in "Wyoming.

BETTY L.—No, I won't go for jail for speeding, but if I do you will have to write me at the jail, but after all Leigh Hunt continued editing his paper and wrote many of his most noted poems from jail. Monte Blue is thirty-three, and with Warner Brothers, Bronson Avenue and Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, Cal. Rock-cliff Fellows in "Pentrod and Sam." I like to answer questions.

DESSERT.—Are you the famous Douglas Fairbanks? Yes, they are like dumbflos, you can cut them, but you can't keep them down. Ha, ha. Why the "Kashmir Song" is in "India's Love Lyrics." You can get them at any music store. Yes, and "Beyond the Rocks" can be had at any book store.您想知道什么，他们说有重复的。"Les Misérables," "Dr. Jeckyll and Mr. Hyde" are to be done over again, and George D. Baker who directed Madame Nazimova in "Revelations" eight years ago is to direct Viola Dana in the same play under the name of the "Rose Bush of a Thousand Years." Mary Hay Barthelmess is the name of their child. Yes, Elliott Dexter was married to Marie Doro; he is married to Nina Untermyer.
Little Bula.—Well, a woman either loves or hates, she knows no middle ground. You are nuts, Mr. Ralph Graves. He is playing opposite Marion Davies in "Yolanda" which has been changed to "Mary of Burgundy." Yes, I am still in the hall-room, with an electric heater going—my fireplace.

Ruth S.—Well for my choice I like the tailor-made girl. But every woman can't wear tailored things. If a woman's young and pretty, I think you can see her good looks all the better for her being plainly dressed. Jack Mulhall is five feet eleven. You're not the first one to complain. Write me some more.

Effie.—Well I do hope Santa's good to you. Coming on stage to hang my stocking up—on the fireplace. Tom Mooney is playing in "Big Brother." Owen Moore, Virginia Fairre, Sylvia Breemer and Robert McKim are playing in "Thundergates" a Chinese story.

Pook.—You refer to: "Women's faults are many; Men have only two—Their own, and Everything they do." Marion Davies was Marion Douras once. Baby Peggy is Peggy Montgomery. She just spent a few weeks in New York before starting on her next. So you wouldn't like to be an Answer Man. I would never send anything for my children either.

Teddy Harris.—Yes, I have heard that before—you say a peacock is a beautiful bird, but it takes a stork to deliver the goods. That reminds me of—"That's the guy I'm laying for," said the hen as she laid in the barnyard. "I'm going to husk the babies," he says to himself, for every man has need to be forgiven. Maurice Flynn was a football player for Yale. He played in "Salome Jane." Richards P. W.—Enjoyed reading your little playlet, and wish I could print it, but sorry for a lack of space. Books support us in solitude, and keep us from being a burden to ourselves. Write to me again some time.

Australia.—That's nothing, two hundred thousand dollars was recently offered for the picture rights to "Lullaby," a stage play now running on Broadway with Florence Reed. Albert Roscoe was born in 1887, and I am sure he will send you his photo.

Me Ne Heffra.—Come cheer up. You have a heavy heart. Some people carry their hearts in their heads; very many carry their heads in their hearts. The difficulty is to keep them apart and yet both actively working together. Well I am not sure that it was Ramon Novarro but he did have a small part in "Man, Woman and Marriage," dancing with the Morgan dancers. That was his first screen appearance.

I'm A Nut.—So you see I have read your letter all the way thru, and believe me, it was a dandy. So it's Edward Everett Horton, you say? I'll see what I can find about him. Yes, and woman has been pumping my brake until it is strange she hunchers for a substantial diet, whose best sauce is understanding and appreciation. Write me again.

D. J. R.—But didn't you know that dogs perspire thru the tongue? We just let them drink water. Now, but have the water clean. When you have subscribed you want a picture of Tom Mix and an interview. Miss Fletcher, N. B.

Elise L.—Yes, and intellect is to a woman's nature what her skirt is to her dress. George Hackathorne is five feet seven and not married. Cullen Landis is married and he is twenty-eight. Charles "Buck" Jones is playing in "Mike McGee's Chorus Girl." Pretty title.

Bubbles.—So you think I ought to get married. So do I. No I didn't see "Six Days." And you think Norma Talmadge would make an ideal leading lady in "Three Weeks." Did you know that Norma has been invited by the French Government to play the part of Marie Antoinette. Do you wish she'd accept? I must get a set well of our enemy, of your enemy, say nothing. That's a good motto. Yes, Margaret Landis is Cullen's sister.

V. M.—Women like brave men exceedingly, but audacious men still more. Monte Blue is playing in "Main Street" and in "Larceny Toward." Eveline Jensen and Douglas MacLean are playing in "Yancey Courant.

G. T. B.—Oh, I'm not so old. The record of a well-spent life is the best. Well the only thing I can advise you to do would be to join one of the correspondence clubs. Yes, Ann A. Nilse and Tom Earle Poe in "Innocence."

Peggy.—I should say I am an old man with a beard. Most of the children on Duftield Street think I am Rip Van Winkle himself. Madge Bellamy is nineteen, her real name is Madge Philpotts and she is playing in "Galloping Fish." Thanks.

Mary H. R.—Yes, but don't forget that marriage often unites for life two people who scarcely know each other. No, I am not sure about Milton Sills. Yes, James Kirkwood has fully recovered, and he and Lila Lee playing in "The Painted Woman." No, that book has never been filmed.

Raymond.—There's lots of time. On the other hand, there is nothing better than a good wife; and nothing is worse than a bad one. Who is fond of giving advice. Why don't you write to Constance again, I rarely see her, you know? She is very popular in this country. She is playing in "The Dangerous Maid." Tom Mix is married to Victoria Forde. You just write to me whenever you feel like it, as I am always glad to hear from you.

Constance K. T.—You should feel your importance more. We need the friendship of a man in great trials, of a woman in the affairs of every-day life. Yes, I admire your choice very much. Robert Ellis was born in Brooklyn and played on the stage before joining Kalem Company. Jack Lytell, Blanche Sweet, Bryant Washburn and Ward Crane in "The Meanest Man in the World." Write me again.


Arthur S. W.—Thanks for all the nice things you say about this department. Then you say "that lovely clothes-horse Gloria Swanson, pleasing to the eye, as you was," but as Avon Bill said, "The play's the thing." Pretty deep! If you can picture Lewis Stone and Helene Chadwick in "Why Men Leave Home?" I can.

Nonseny.—Your letter was like the fellow who said, "Why are you parking," and he said, "Because there was a miss in the car." Put on the brakes. Gladden James is not playing right now. Address Eric von Stroheim with Goldwyn; Griffith at Griffith Studios, Mamaroneck, N. Y. Haven't heard of the German picture you speak of. You certainly write a better letter, and I wish I had time to answer you personally. Selah!

Coe 27.—Well I don't agree with you. You say "Women swallow at one mouthful the lie that flatters, and drink drop by drop the truth that is bitter." Yes, Douglas Fairbanks is busy with his "Thief of Bagdad." Betty Blythe is to play in "The Recall" Rex Beach's story which will be taken abroad for Goldwyn. Mahlon Hamilton will play the lead. Never heard of Patterson Dial, but if you say she is with inspiration, you can write them direct. Zaza Pitt, with Goldwyn.

Emteebee.—Yes, yes, my error, I'm sorry. You know the old saying. The woman we love most is often the woman to whom we express it the least. Dustin Farnum and Patsy Ruth Miller are playing in "A Tale of Red Roses" for Vitagraph. Again please?

Kathleen B.—A great ship must have deep water. Be careful, but not full of care. I cannot tell you who Mister Jones was in "Plunder."

Coln.—You ask Why do so many correspondents ask if certain people are married? Do they feel qualified to take a run out and vamp them if they are not? That is a stickler, Coln. Ask me something easy. Some letter, yours, and it was full of pep too. So long!

Cucu.—When we come to think about it seriously it is rather absurd to expect that a community of pamphlets. Be carefulness falls to our share in separate detached bits, and those of us who are wise content ourselves with these broken fragments. So you feel as tho you were writing to an old friend when you write to me. That's the way I feel about me. You refer to Irma Harrison in "One Exciting Night." She is not colored. Henry Hall was the young man. Yes, yes.

M. F. W.—Why Ella Wheeler Wilcox was the author of "Laugh and the world laughs with you, we walk alone." Monte Blue is six and one-half feet, and Nita Naldi is five feet nine. What beautiful writing.

Dee.—Yes Pauline Frederic and Lou (Continued on page 120)
STOLED BEAUTY

As the Pirates of Old Stole Beauty—
So May the Wrong Kind of Face Powder Rob Modern Woman of Her Complexion Loveliness

WOMEN will learn with amazement the recent disclosures now being made known in regard to their use of the indispensable face powder. A painstaking, scientific study of the skin and its care has brought forth some facts which are nothing short of revolutionary as to the correct way to powder.

Here are the facts:

Most women nowadays give thoughtful attention to their complexions. Why, then, should the skin so painstakingly cared for, frequently tend to coarsen and roughen without apparent cause? Why should the tiny pores mysteriously choke up and enlarge? What has been the reason so much beauty effort has had no permanent result—brought no lasting benefit? Science has found out, sifted down the facts, and discovered the cause of most cases of clogged, enlarged pores to be—powder, not the innocent habit of powdering, but the powder itself.

Every woman knows there are countless brands of face powder—a bewildering array. Pretty packaged and daintily perfumed, they tempt one on every side. They are to be had in various forms, and many fragrances—but science made this important discovery: nearly every powder on the market was basically the same, made of rice! Therein lay the trouble.

How Rice Acts in Face Powder

Consider! Rice, as everyone knows, is a starchy substance and no matter how fine it may be pulverized, its particles remain “sharp.” When magnified, rice powder resembles sand! In a tiny pinch of powder there can be seen thousands of jagged, sharp-edged particles. Not a happy choice for application to the delicate skin! But worse even than this irritating sharpness, is the fact that rice swells with moisture.

You have seen what rice does when you cook it. The kernels swell and become many times their original size when put in hot water. It is but natural, therefore, that the heat and moisture of the skin should have a similar general effect on rice used in powder. Your own reasoning will bear out this conclusion.

Each time you use powder with a rice base, some of the minute particles must work down into the pores. There they must react harmfully because they are both moistened and warmed—"cooked" by the skin. This action taking place day after day, every time you powder, is bound to undo your care to keep the pores free, clean and normal in size. So one more mystery is solved by science—and common sense.

There Is No Rice in Princess Pat Powder

"But I simply cannot forego the use of Powder," says the woman who desires the velvety, smooth appearance only powder can give. Nor need she!

Use the "Powder With the Almond Base"—Princess Pat—and the thousands of delicate pores in your skin will never be enlarged in the least—however plentiful or frequent the powdering. For, unlike rice, the Almond Base has no sharpness in a dry state, and does not penetrate and swell when moist. Instead, it has a soothing, healing quality, making its application a beauty treatment in itself. It is as kind to the super-sensitive skin structure as Almond always is—and Almond, as you know, is used on the tender skin of babies.

Princess Pat Gives a More Lovely Effect, Too

Knowing these facts, one regards it as a pity that rice powders—for the face at least—still are used. This is particularly true when you realize Princess Pat is so finely powdered that its gentle adherence makes its effect last much longer than the finest powder that can be made of rice. You will be altogether amazed and delighted with the clinging quality of Princess Pat—"The Powder With the Almond Base."

If you actually knew the benefits of Princess Pat to all skin—in all winds and weather—you would hasten its great comfort to you by obtaining a box at once at the nearest store that has it! But a liberal quantity—gratis—awaits you as explained below.

IMPORTANT

Ask for Princess Pat Powder by name and insist upon receiving it. There is no other powder made with the Almond Base. The name and process are absolutely exclusive. Don't let anyone persuade you otherwise.

FREE!

"Princess Pat"

The Only Powder With an Almond Base—Always Ask for "Princess Pat"

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd., Chicago, U. S. A.

Princess Pat Creams—Ice Astringent—Princess Pat Tint—Lip Stick—Princess Pat Perfume

Send for this big, generous free sample. Sent in a pretty red, gold and black enameled box—just the thing for your purse. Plenty for a thorough test. The only "different" face powder in the world.

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd.
2701 S. Park Ave., Dept. 21, Chicago

Entirely FREE, send sample of Princess Pat. "The Only Powder with an Almond Base."

Name (Print) ...........................................
Street ..................................................
City and State ......................................

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**On the Camera Coast**

(Continued from page 66)

Beery to play the leading part in the "Sea Hawk." This is recognized as one of the big story "finds" of the year in Hollywood.

Theodore Kosloff, they say, is about broken-hearted over it. He has been trying to get the story as a starring vehicle for some time. He had gone so far even as to get up a continuity and even to rehearse some of the scenes.

Kosloff intends going back to Russia one of these days to start a motion-picture company. Just now he manages to keep himself solidly occupied acting in the Lazy pictures, staging the dance scenes in almost everybody else's pictures, and running four or five dancing-schools in different Western cities.

Kosloff has a charming home in Hollywood in which his guests are regaled with wonderful Russian dishes, the like of which nobody in this country ever ate before.

Which brings us naturally back to our old friend Pola Negri.

It seems that Pola nearly missed a triumph the other night when "The Spanish Dancer" opened in Los Angeles at a downtown theater.

The exhibitors are getting very much fed up on big openings. They have to bring batteries of arc-lights to the sidewalks; call out battalions of police; take motion pictures of all the stars as they come in, etc., etc.

It is all very fine as a spectacle, but it keeps out the patrons who either have no evening dress or do not care to wear it; also it's a lot of bother and expense.

So they had about decided to just put "The Spanish Dancer" on without fuss or feathers. Whereat Pola let out a long and anguished wail.

They hastily scrambled together the usual sun arcs and turned it all on. As a result of which Pola got one of the grandest

send-offs ever seen in Los Angeles.

The audience all stood up and applauded when she came in with Kathleen Williams as tho she were a queen.

Pola has about abandoned social life in Hollywood. Her only companion is Kathleen Williams to whom she is absolutely devoted. Pola is frankly bored by California and all that therein. She says she cannot be happy where there is so little music.

Constance Talmadge, by the time this appears in print, will probably have been in New York for a little vacation and will have come home again. Connie, like Pola Negri, is not too strong for Hollywood. She likes New York better.

Hereafter Constance is going to have her own production manager. All the details of making her pictures are to be turned over to C. Gardner Sullivan, one of the most famous scenario writers in the world.

Frances Marion, who was formerly a staff scenario writer and Norma Talmadge's director, has resigned a mere seventy-five-thousand-dollars-a-year job to do free-lance writing. Miss Marion is probably the most successful of all screen writers.

Her latest triumph is "Abraham Lincoln" which she both wrote and supervised. It was given a try-out at Burlingame, a summer resort near San Francisco, and achieved the unique distinction of having the audience break into applause twenty-seven times during the showing.

Miss Marion has written a new play for Harold Lloyd for which she is said to have received a sum that looks like a liberty loan. There is a possibility that Harold will borrow back his bride, Mildred Davis, from the Grand-Archer people, to whom she is under contract, in order that she may play the leading girl part.

(Continued on page 118)

Commuting across the continent has become quite a matter of course with the movie stars. Recently several cinematic parties met on the same train. Reading from left to right, Lila Lee, Thomas Meighan, Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Ernest Hiller, Mrs. Thomas Meighan, Mildred Davis Lloyd and Harold Lloyd

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**A DELIGHTFUL CHRISTMAS GIFT**

**NAME PENCIL SETS FOR CHILDREN**

The DELUXE SET (shown below) consists of genuine leather case with coin pockets, filled with pencils and padholder in assorted colors, point protector, erasers. A name engraved as shown will 15.75. **PRICE $1.00**

Junior JURY SET—3 pencils, name engraved, in leather case. **SEND CHECK, MONEY ORDER or U.S. POSTAGE.**

**IMPRINT PENCIL Co.**

1264 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.
Protecting your skin with powder and rouge

By Mme. Jeanette

OH, you lucky women of today who know—or can learn—the pleasant roads to Beauty through fragrant avenues of cosmetics that help and do not harm! It is a proven fact that good cosmetics actually benefit the skin.

A pure, harmless vanishing cream, powder, or rouge, such as Pompeian, performs a distinctly beneficial service to the skin, in addition to its beautifying effect. This service is that of protection. Creams, powders, and rouges all put a soft, gossamer film over the delicate surface of the skin that guards it from sun and wind, dust and dirt.

Again, the lip stick tends to protect the lips from chapping, roughening, and cracking. It keeps them soft and mobile.

Pompeian Day Cream (vanishing), Pompeian Beauty Powder, Pompeian Bloom (the rouge), and Pompeian Lip Stick, like all Pompeian Preparations, are absolutely pure and harmless. They are formulated with a care as great as though they were intended for medicinal uses and in a laboratory always scrupulously clean.

Coupled with their purity will be found the other desired qualities of cosmetics—naturalness of effect, high adhering property, attractiveness of perfume.

Do not overlook the importance of the Day Cream in achieving the most successful effects from the use of other Pompeian "Instant Beauty" Preparations. This cream provides a foundation for powder and rouge that makes them go on more smoothly, adhere much better, and blend with each other more perfectly than when they are used without it.

"Don't Enter Beauty—Use Pompeian"

**DAY CREAM** (vanishing) 60c per jar

**BEAUTY POWDER** 60c per box

**LIP STICK** 25c each

**FRAGRANCE**

**NIGHT CREAM** (cold cream) 60c per jar

Get 1924 Pompeian Panel and Four Samples For Ten Cents

The newest Pompeian art panel, done in pastel by a famous artist, and reproduced in rich colors, size $15, 25 in. For ten cents we will send you all of these:

1. The 1924 Beauty Panel "Honeymooning in the Alps," and samples of Day Cream, Beauty Powder, Bloom and Night Cream. Tear off the coupon now.

A Softening Cream

The continued use of soap and water will make the average skin very harsh, and this harshness encourages wrinkles and other skin unsightliness. Pompeian Night Cream counteracts this tendency and softens with its healing qualities.

If your skin is very dry it will be helpful for you to use this cream every morning and night regularly. But if your skin is oily it will be sufficient to give it a thorough cream bath at night only, following it with a quick ice rub.

Specialiste en Beauté

IS YOUR SKIN A GRATEFUL SKIN?

There is an intriguing loveliness about a clear skin.

Rose-petal enchantments of the skin are much more possible to attain than the average woman realizes.

Pompeian Night Cream is a necessity to this cultivation of a lovely skin. It is a remarkable cleansing cream, and at the same time it has properties that make it healing and softening to the skin.

A Cleaning Cream

A dirty skin does not always declare its uncleanliness by an immediate appearance of being dirty.

Pompeian Night Cream is supremely effective as a cleanser. It is pure, and scientifically compounded, and effectively accomplishes its work in cleaning the skin.

Just before retiring, and while your skin is still warm from the pleasant exercise of your bath, apply the Night Cream to your face and neck and shoulders. Use your finger tips for the application of the cream, rubbing it in with little circular movements. This will loosen the dirt and release the closed pores to healthy activity. Wipe off with a soft, clean cloth.

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Specialiste en Beauté
**Greenroom Jottings**

(Continued from page 74)

Emory Johnson must have felt as tho he was walking in the mayor's boots when he visited New York recently. He paraded up Broadway with a brigade of police officers and to the music of the crack firemen's band. All this honors because he has put the heroism of civic employees on the silver sheet. He is the producer of "The Third Alarm," in which the fireman is the hero; "In the Name of the Law," which idealizes the policeman; "Westbound Limited," which gives the railroad man his flare, and "The Mail Man." Mr. Johnson's mother writes all the stories that he directs and it is their boast that they write purposely for the masses.

Tho the court was resorted to in order to prevent the showing of a picture under the title of "The Trail of the Covered Wagon," no voice has been raised against Will Rogers' "Two Covered Wagons," a burlesque on "The Covered Wagon." Will has undertaken to double in burlesquing both J. W. Kerrigan, the hero, and Ernest Torrence, the renegade but likable pioneer, and where is there a judge with heart so cold as to say Will nay.

Time was when European sets sprang up overnight, as it were, on Hollywood lots, at the wave of a wand; but the infant industry has so far discarded its swaddling

(Continued on page 90)

Of course we can't be sure just who is to receive the package which May McAvoy is wrapping so carefully with holiday ribbon and pasters... but it wouldn't be a great surprise if it turned out to be for Glenn Hunter. No engagement has been announced yet by the principals but Broadway feels fairly sure that wedding-bells are not far distant.
$2 Brings Your Choice

NO RED TAPE—NO DELAY

Simply send $2.00 and your choice goes to you charges paid. You have ten days in which to decide. Money back instantly if you are not satisfied as to the quality and value.

Ten Days' Free Trial

Send only $2.00 and your choice goes to you in handsome gift box all charges paid. Guarantee Bond attesting to quality and value accompanies each shipment.

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Simply send $2.00 and receive your selection, all charges paid. After trial pay balance in 12 monthly payments. 10% discount for cash.

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The most complete Catalog ever published of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, Cameras, Ivory Toilet Sets, etc., sent FREE. Prices from $5.00 to $1000—quality the highest. Ten days' trial and a full year to pay on everything you order from our $2,000,000 stock. Send for your copy today. Dept. 942.

ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO.
170 Broadway - New York
MAGIC GLOVES
Whiten Hands Overnight

Astounding Scientific Discovery—Dr. Egan's Magic Night Gloves! Make rough, reddened, work-worn hands soft and white over-night!

Results Absolutely Guaranteed in Writing. Legal Guarantee Band with Every Pair.

Just think of it—putting on a pair of gloves for a night and finding your hands exquisitely white and soft! That is the magic of Dr. Egan's amazing medicated Gloves! Nothing like them ever known. These gloves of medicated fabric (not rubber!) actually turn your hands white, as white as a lily and as smooth and soft.

No matter how red your hands, or how sallow or yellow or how deeply blotched with freckles or liver spots—no matter how rough or coarse or work-worn your hands, the magic of these medicated gloves will turn them white and soft, fresh and young-looking.

Results in One Night

Just one night's wear of those marvelous gloves is enough to convince you, you see a difference in your hands almost unbelievable. Wear the gloves four or five nights and you have a new pair of hands. It is the medicated fabric that does the work. These gloves are impregnated with a marvelous solution protected by the famous Dr. S. J. Egan. The medicated fabric when activated by the natural warmth of the hands has a peculiarly potent whitening and softening effect upon the hands. The hands become white—a charming, natural white. They become soft and smooth as velvet. And all so quick as to be astounding.

The complete Dr. Egan Magic Glove outfit consists of: one pair freshly medicated gloves; one jar Dr. Egan's Fore-Lax; one bottle Glove Medicator; one copy Dr. Egan's booklet, "The Care of the Hands" all in neat container. The Fore-Lax is a special cream to apply before donning the gloves to open the pores of the skin for the action of the medicated gloves. The Glove Medicator is for restoring the potency of the gloves after a period of wear. Gloves may be worn at night while you sleep or during the day while doing your sweeping and dusting.

Try the Gloves FREE

Try the gloves five nights free. Note the amazing difference in your hands in just five nights' wear. Mark how lovely your hands, how white and smooth. If five nights of wear of the gloves doesn't make your hands more beautiful than you ever dreamed possible, don't keep the gloves. Return them to us and we will be out one cent for the free trial. You are the judge.

SEND NO MONEY

Just Mail the Coupon

Send no money now—just the coupon. Pay the postman only $1.95 (plus postage) on delivery of the gloves. In 5 days you are more than delighted and amazed with the results from the gloves, just send them back and your money will be promptly refunded in full. We give you a written guarantee to this effect. You run no risk. Fill out and mail the coupon now or copy it in a post card or letter. If not to be out when postman calls send $2.00 now. Our guarantee assures you of your money back if you are not perfectly satisfied. Address Dr. S. J. Egan, Dept. 94, 230 South State Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Complete $5.00 Outfit on this Amazing Introductory Offer only $1.95

These gloves will soon be offered the public through the regular channels at $1.95 the pair. But a limited number of sets are now being offered for advertising purposes at practically cost-$1.25. You can get this complete $7.00 outfit—Medicated Gloves, generous supply of Fore-Lax and Medicator—full for $1.95 on this introductory offer. But you must act at once, as only 1,000 sets are to be distributed at this price. You may pay the postman or, if you prefer exchange it with coupon and receive package all for $1.95. Remember, every gallon of your money back if you are not perfectly satisfied. Address Dr. S. J. Egan, Dept. 94, 230 South State Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Wally Reid, My Friend
(Continued from page 22)

same performance. His house was open to everyone. I remember the time a screen-struck girl came to the studio to get a glimpse of him. She tried in vain to get an introduction. One day when he started to drive away, she threw herself in front of the wheels of the car. Wally stopped the machine before the wheels touched her. He sent her to Mrs. Reid who took care of her until the girl was able to return to her home.

I shall not attempt to tell when and why Wally started on his fatal journey. A number of circumstances brought about his trouble. To sum it up in a philosophical way I might say that Wally did not kill others with kindness but killed himself by his kindness to others. There is no episode in his life that brings forth more admiration and displays the resolute will of the man than the last few weeks he lived. Like the saxophone, like the paintings, like the chemical formulas, he fought doggedly to conquer. It showed the true Wally Reid. He could have pursued his course and lived, but he would conquer.

I do not think that anyone deserves more commendation than Wally's sweet, devoted wife, Dorothy. In my awkward style of writing I cannot find suitable laudatory adjectives that would properly praise her. She fought with him. She was at his bedside every minute. She did everything for him.

I do not think I shall ever find a more faithful friend, a more genial companion or a more thorou man than Wallace Reid.

FADE-OUTS

By CLARENCE E. FLYNN

Faces, like stars, rise on our little ken; Shine on our souls with warm and cheering ray.

Then, like the stars, they pass from us again.

Leaving the dreary world of yesterday, Friends slip into our little world awhile. Joys come to thrill us with their rapture keen.

The friends go trudging on their windsome mile

The joys fade as a picture on the screen.

Altho unseen, they are not wholly gone.

A friendship once established cannot die.

A joy once tasted sweetlyingers on.

A perfumed presence never seen but night.

In the great drama of the fleeting years

They come upon the stage and play their part.

Then, tho each wondrous vision disappears,

It leaves its deathless image on the heart.
Across the Silversheet
(Continued from page 55)

We wonder if anything in the world has been more thoroly dramatized than the French Revolution. Now comes Rex Ingram's worthy "Scaramouche," which gives us France in those troubled days immediately proceeding the Revolution. And while the historical characters of this time have mingled frequently of late with the fictitious characters of the screen, never before have they possessed such physical accuracy.

"Scaramouche" borders perilously near the spectacle group but, after all, it is basically the story of a spectacle. It tells of a nobleman who joins the people under the guise of a performer . . . there, coming by his name of Scaramouche . . . in order that he may avenge the death of his friend. So you are not irritated by the import given to spectacular things. Nor are they permitted to obliterates the activities of those people in whose fortunes you are most vitally interested.

Really, the acting honors must be divided between Ramon Novarro and Lewis Stone. For while Alice Terry is beautiful to see in the white wig and broaded satins and laces of the heroine, she is given few emotional opportunities. Lewis Stone corroborates his splendid reputation as an actor in the conniving and unpleasant rôle of a noble. And Ramon Novarro in the title-rôle does finer thing than he has ever done before.

All in all, Rex Ingram has done well with "Scaramouche." It will probably stand as one of the best pictures of the year. "Scaramouche" stands out brilliantly in the procession of screen offerings; but it does not point the way to any cinematic Utopia.

We have seen Pola Negri in "The Spanish Dancer," and we admit frankly that we are captives to her flashing beauty and her fire. There has been disparaging criticism of Pola Negri, which has attempted to analyze her fascination and her subsequent popularity. It has been laid to a number of things, chiefly sex appeal. And, admitting that this is basically true, we do not grant that it makes her any the less a personality. She dominates every scene in which she appears and she is an actress, to boot.

A gypsy girl who wins the King's fancy on a Carnival day . . . while, on the same day her sweetheart, the royal favorite is sentenced to be hanged . . . this is the stuff of which "The Spanish Dancer," is made. Like Mary Pickford's "Rosa," it is adapted from "Don Cesar de Bazan." We have less praise for the production of "The Spanish Dancer" itself than we had for "Rosa." Ernst Lubitsch knows more about Kings and their retainers and European people than our American directors. That is natural. He was born a European and for years he knew the sophistication of the Continent. We doubt his directorial dexterity in producing a drama of our Middle West.

Antonio Moreno is the dashing Don Cesar and he is good to look upon. There were several times when he called Douglas Fairbanks to our mind. The monarch, of course, is Wallace Beery. What casting director would have any other actor as a king. Not that we quarrel with them on this score. However, Wallace Beery is to our cinematic mind History personified.

Kathlyn Williams was a regal Queen . . . Adolphe Menjou was a fascinating courtier . . . and Gareth Hughes gave poignancy to the rôle of the weak, adolescent apprentice in whose behalf the hero disregards the royal proclamation.

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Dental science has found two ways to effectively fight film. One acts to disintegrate the film at all stages of formation. The other removes it without harmful scouring. Those methods were proved by many careful tests. Then a new-type tooth paste was created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent. Now careful people of some 50 nations employ it, largely by dental advice.

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But Pepsodent is not for women only. Men's teeth also glister now. No man who knows will go a day without it. And dentists advise that children use it from the time the first tooth appears. Thus it is bringing to countless homes a new dental era.

Send coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

You will be amazed and delighted. Cut out the coupon now.

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"Tiger Rose" places Franklin among the few notable and outstanding producers in the motion picture industry.

"Tiger Rose" is an extraordinary picture—delightfully human and entertaining. Coming soon! Watch for it!

The Return to Youth (Continued from page 26)

and Mr. Washburn at the Hollywood Hotel dances a few years ago?"

"Yes, we never missed a Thursday night," she replied, and added, perhaps as an afterthought "they were my one diversion. I sure thought I was out of things in those days!"

Then I heard the whole story. Mrs. Washburn, or Mabel Forrest—her maiden name, now adopted by her professionally—was an extra girl at the Essanay Studio in Chicago at the same time as Gloria Swanson, Lenore Ulric, and Agnes Ayres held forth as "extras."

One year after her marriage to Washburn, Bryan Junior came into the world. A few years more and Dwight Ludlow Washburn was born. Altogether, there were nearly eight years of marital obscurity. One screen star in the family was enough, she reasoned.

A year or so ago there was a slump in pictures—and a slump for Bryant Washburn, because of the injudicious selection of stories for his screen vehicles. Preston—the Washburns, who had returned from Europe, where Bryant made "The Road to London" went to work and concocted a vaudeville skit. "But who will play the girl in this skit?" she asked Bryant. "Why, you, of course!" he answered, with unyielding finality.

She didn't think she could do it. But she did. She went on a diet. She reduced to 112 pounds. And she was a flaming hit wherever the act played. And she had never been on the stage before.

Back to Los Angeles. Bryant signed a contract with Mr. Grand. And Mabel?—well, she thought the children might need her again. But that was before Tom Geraghty talked her into playing opposite Charlie Ray in a satire on "Hollywood" staged by the Writers' Club. Again—a triumph for Mabel Forrest Washburn!

It simply had to be. Destiny, the inscrutable solitaire player, placed the cards—just so. And Mabel Forrest emerged a gorgeous winged being—after eight years in the domestic cocoon. Bryant, wisely interpreting the signaling of the Fates, made her his leading woman—in reel as well as in real life. She played opposite him in "Mine to Keep," "The Love Trap," and "Other Men's Daughters." Cinema audiences gasped at her loneliness and were moved by her somehow childlike tenderness—while the cosmic orchestra sustained its brave obituary to her song of triumph.

And at last—allegro!—she is a star in her own right, and her first, story is "The Satin Girl"—by that severely bespectacled Barrie of the screen: Adam Hull Shirk.

"Isn't it funny?" interposed Bryant at one point. "Mabel's history somehow parsh my own. I started on the screen as a small role, then I was a 'heavy' for many years, only to blossom out as a comedian. She starts out with an ambition to be a premiere grandee, and ends up as a flapper!"

"Yes," broke in Mrs. Washburn eagerly, "it's a fact. For the first four years of our married life, Bryant never smiled. Nothing seemed funny to him. Gee but he was serious."

She sighed—he chuckled. "Of course, it's too bad that people don't take her for my mother, any more."

"What! Why, don't believe him. They never took me for his mother. But the other day an old gentleman on Hollywood boulevard stopped us and said to Bryant 'My, what a pretty little daughter you have. You must be proud of her!'"
"Don't believe her! That old gentleman's a myth! She springs that story on everyone!"

As they chaffed each other for several minutes, they seemed at times to be oblivious of my presence. One reads much of the sophistication of Hollywood—and here were these two playing around like a couple of school-kids.

"Things are coming about just as I always expected them to," said Washburn as I was leaving. "I get everything I set my mind on. That's the way to succeed. Simple, isn't it?"

"That sounds like an American business formula."

"Well, I'm a greater believer in the American business man...his courage...his loyalty...his perseverance, tolerance, ambition," was Washburn's aggressive reply.

Such optimism always depresses me. It seems as unreal as an ancient legend. In my heart I damned Adam Hull Shirk. I realized that his optimism had done its work—and perverted two more souls, had engulfed two more humans into a state of uncompromising happiness.

But maybe it won't last. The Washburns may have some more bumps. And some day—life is strange—

Mr. and Mrs. Bryant Washburn as co-stars may occupy the deeply human niche once held by Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew. Quien sabe?

I Cant Forget These

(Continued from page 40)

The result was happiness. The last time I visited Sing Sing they showed me his marvelous garden and told me that he was happy and slept like a child.

Another experience that comes back to me was the milestone of my life, being acting with David Warfield.

I was with him in "Peter Grimm" and they gave me the almost impossible task of having to argue him down. I defy anybody in his right mind to try to be cross and harsh with David Warfield.

No matter how harshly I started the scene, I would feel myself slipping before that gentle, sweet voice and those tender eyes. I couldn't look at him and get through the scene. The only way I could say the words was to keep my eyes away from his and to grip my hands until the nails dug into my palms and made me wince and frown with pain.

There are four great personalities that stand out in my memory as the greatest with whom I have come in contact. They are David Warfield, the great actor; Geraldine Farrar, the grand-opera star; John McGraw, the baseball magnate; and John McCormack, the ballad singer.

Each of these is supreme in his line and each one is distinguished by a sweetness and a democratic simplicity that assumes nothing and demands nothing.

To these I must add that the sweetest and purest soul with whom I ever have come in contact was my friend Bobbie Harron, who died.

Bob was the best man I ever met.
That's Out
(Continued from page 54)

MOVIE EPICRAM No. 6

In the film business success is not so much a matter of what you know as who you know.

RECIPE FOR A NEWS WEEKLY

One scene of the Boy Scouts in Battle Creek, Mich., unveiling a statue to the man who invented breakfast foods.

View of a terrible fire in Cleveland, Ohio, in which nothing can be seen except smoke.

View of the annual flower parade of floats at San Diego, Cal.

View of the World's Series baseball match taken from a distance of two miles from the field.

One funeral procession.

View of ski-jumping contest at Bjørsk, Switzerland.

Scene of the Prince of Wales bowing and handshaking.

Scene of the President addressing a delegation of plumbers from Peoria.

MUST HAVE BEEN AMATEUR COWBOYS

Will Rogers says that while out on a ranch in Arizona recently he noticed a cowboy who was not only chasing cattle, but he was running them uphill. This struck Will as a very odd occurrence, as everyone knows who goes to the cinema that cowboys are too busy chasing villains to bother about cows, and whenever they do chase anything it is always down-hill and never up.

NOTE ON THE PROGRESS OF THE SILENT DRAMA

Running across an old Moving Picture World, dated July 1912, it is a noteworthy fact that in those days the producers were filming much heavier and higher-class subjects than they are today. Listed among the one- and two-reelers being offered in 1912 I find: Dante's "Inferno," Homer's "Odyssey," Scott's "Ivanhoe" and "The Lady of the Lake," Shakespeare's "King Lear" and "Hamlet," Browning's "Pippa Passes," Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Dickens's "Pickwick Papers" and "Bleak House," George Eliot's "The Mill on the Floss" and Tennyson's "The Knights of the Round Table."

SURE FIRE COMEDY GAG No. 32

The one where the piccaninny falls into a barrel of flour and emerges with ghostlike whiteness.

THE ART OF THE MOVIES

Ninety-eight-pound heroine trouncing two hundred pound villain.

California license plates in London.

Hero prospector crossing the continent in '49 and shaving himself every morning.

Poor working girl living in gorgeously furnished apartment.
Name the Man!
(Continued from page 47)

widely. Even the Governor grew uneasy and made plans for calling out the soldiers.

"He must be caught!" roared the mob. "He shall be bound!" said Victor facing them bravely, but his face was white and set.

"You must punish him as he deserves," spoke the mighty voice again.

"He shall be punished," Victor cried, the flame of renunciation shining with its own effulgent glory around him. "But not by me!" Fenella collapsed in her father's arms.

"I—" spoke Victor again, "I—am the man!"

Hushed into silence, the mob; purified by fire, the Deemster; awed into immovability, the Governor. No one knew what to do.

"I have committed a sin," said Victor. "I must be tried before the bar of justice."

"No," cried Fenella in worshipful love.

"He has paid enough!"

But there was a trial, and where a trembling girl had once stood there now stood the man who had tried her. White and tired, but gallant in bearing with a proud humility, that found favor in the enormous crowds that the peculiar case had attracted to the Isle of Man, Victor Stowell made complete expiation for that one sin of boyish indulgence. When the sentence was given he bowed his head and Fenella wept silently beside him. It was a year in prison.

Now a year is not too long for lovers to wait, but they will tell you that it is. So, on the thirteenth day of Victor's penance, the prison chapel was opened and the chaplain, at the crude altar read the wedding-service. On the rough stone floors Fenella and Victor knelt to pledge their faith, and with growing rapture and tenderness repeated the joyous words after the priest.

And to Victor, at least, it seemed that in another corner, another couple knelled for the sacrificial blessing, his mother and his father, as if in mute and intangible approval of the ceremony that had just been consummated.

"I will wait," whispered Fenella against her husband's breast.

"My wife!" breathed the man.

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I WANT to make an offer whereby you can earn from $100 to $1,000 a month cash. You can be your own boss. You can work just as many hours a day as you please. You can start when you want to and quit when you want to. You don't need experience and you get your money in cash every day when you earn it.

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Does that sound too good to be true? If it does, then let me tell you what J. R. Head did in a small town in Kansas. Head lives in a town of 631 people. He was sick, broke, out of a job. He accepted my offer, I gave him the same chance I am now offering you. At this new work he has made as high as $69.50 for one day's work. If that isn't enough, then let me tell you about E. A. Sweet of Michigan. He was an electrical engineer and didn't know anything about selling. In his first month's spare time he earned $243. In side of six months he was making between $600 and $2,200 a month. W. J. McCray of another city is another man I want to tell you about. His regular job paid him $20.00 a day, but this wonderful new work enabled him to make $9,000 a year. Yes, and right this very minute you are being offered the same proposition that has made these men so successful. Do you want it? Do you want to earn $40.00 a day?

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Greenroom Jottings

(Continued from page 82)

clothes that it no longer makes fairy-tale sets, but instead sends its stars commuting back and forth over the seas. The Gishes are in Italy co-starring in "Romola," when that is completed, Dorothy will travel to Demarest, Joan of Arc's little village in France, for atmosphere, get imbued with the spirit of the heroine, and decide whether or not she will film the Woman of France.

Betty Blythe, after a five months' stay in Europe, at which time she made "Chu Chin Chow," and "Romany Love," turned her back on America almost as soon as she returned and sailed back to Europe to do "The Recoil." This has taken her into Rome, London, Paris and Monte Carlo.

Fred Niblo, noting the exodus, while he was in the midst of making "Thy Name is Woman," decided that he too had better get in the swim, and the exteriors of this picture were shot in Spain, the story being of Spanish origin. This took Barbara La Marr, who had only recently returned from filming "The Eternal City" in Italy, back across the ocean, and also gave Ramon Novarro a sea trip.

And if Norma Talmadge is starred as Marie Antoinette, well it will be a gorgeously victorious trip for Norma. The French Government is interested in the project. They will allow Versailles and the Trianon to be photographed; will consent to the use of the gowns, the jewels, the furniture, and other historical relics of Marie Antoinette and her time to be used in the picture, and will cooperate with Joseph Schenck in the production in order that it will be historically correct—their offer due to the fact that they want a percentage of the receipts from the picture, with which to repair the royal castle and gardens of Versailles. Norma will be received by the British Parliament, by the King and Queen of Belgium, and by the President of Switzerland, to say nothing of the French Government officials, if she undertakes the picture. Would you like to see Norma as the capricious queen? Meanwhile she is doing "Secrets," the recent Broadway success.

Bert Lytell, who blew in from Rome where he had filmed "The Eternal City," not long ago, has had a somewhat different trip. He is in Algeria with Edwin Carewe shooting "A Son of the Desert," for First National. Mr. Lytell is, of course, the son of Claire Windsor the feminine lead.

This is the month that brings Valentino back to the screen—a welcome New Year's gift to movie fans. J. D. Williams sent all the way to Europe to talk over the story that should be the vehicle of Valentino's second debut on the screen, so the the name of the picture has not been given out, as this issue goes to press, the stage is all set for Valentino to dance to the tune of the megaphone. There is a rumor to the effect that he may play Romeo to Norma Talmadge's Juliet. The very thing, we think, to begin the New Year with.

Trunks these days are coming into prominence; no less a person than Charlie Chaplin used one for a camouflage. Charlie sneaked into his own picture, "A Woman of Paris," disguised as an expressman, carried a trunk into the station, and faded off the screen without anyone recognizing him. That's one on the fans. Here's another: when Lilian Gish attended in New York the premiere of "The White Sister," in which, as you know, she takes the lead, the audience practically mobbed the stage door to get a close-up of her at the end of the show. It was the end of a perfect day for Lilian and she wanted to go home, so a trunk was brought into action and used as a petticoat bunting ram on the crowd. Innocently the mass gave (Continued on page 115)

Adult celebrities are not alone in their hurried visits to Europe. For crossing the Atlantic ceases to hold a thrill for Jane and Katherine Lee. They recently returned from London and France ... in time to have their Christmas-tree at their own fireside.
Can You Solve the Riddle of Personal Beauty?

With Aid You Can—Without It—You May Make a Caricature of Yourself

Six popular cartoonists who have made a business of caricaturing women present in the February issue of BEAUTY cartoons of women who have not tried to solve the riddle, then—they define a beautiful woman. Does the cartoonist see his ideal behind the framework of his caricature, or does he who pictures a grotesque, fat woman with a snub nose find most perfect beauty in the slim, lithe body with classic features? Don't be a caricature—stop, look and listen to the warning of the six cartoonists.

Perfection of Form

Ula Sharon, the eighteen-year-old star of the Greenwich Village Follies, talks to the young girl who is eager to make dancing her profession.

Portfolio of Beauty

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One Policy, One System, Universal Service
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Thistledown

(Continued from page 32)

He glared so ferociously and gesticulated so threateningly that both young fellows laughed, and young Daggett said appeasingly:

"Oh, all right, all right, Leon—we're not going to bother her." Then, teasingly:

"But why mustn't we bother her?"

"She is a nice girl!"

"Of course—all your waitresses are nice girls, even the hoonly. Why the special taboo on pretty Dolly?"

"That is why—because she is not handsome. And then moreover, Leon suddenly flashed his tongue, as if catching himself up, and looked disconcerted.

"What answer?" prompted young Daggett.

Old Leon did not answer; only shook his head and stood uneasily blinking, his little eyes rolled from side to side in a sort of comical distress.

"What's the mystery, Leon?—you're registering mystery all over!"

But the old Alaskan sought to recover his calm.

"There is no mystery," he insisted.

"But this girl, she is a nice girl—you don't bother her!"

And more than this they could not get out of him; there never was any one more garrulous than Leon—except when he chose to be reticent. He dispensed hospitality instead of information.

When young Daggett finally left the inn, debonair and superbly self-confident even when lurching, he did not know the pretty waitress was watching him. She saw him all but topple against the door-jamb, saw him pass under the porch lamp —the light struck gleams from his rumpled fair hair—saw him lurch on into the outer darkness.

And then she heard the thrrob of a starting motor, heard a car thundering off down the drive.

Later she heard a further and unfavorable report of him, from Anna. Anna was in a vexed mood because she had had to support Leon up the backstairs in exit whose unostentations motive was hampered by the great thumping of his heavy shoes; and then she herself must remove those offending shoes, and help him into bed.

"He is a trial, that Leon," she mourned to girl Dolly. "Never, I dare to move the eyes of a hawk!"

"He's a dear, anyway—don't be cross with him tomorrow," pleaded Dolly. "He'll be so sorry."

"Yes, he will be sorry!" affirmed the wife, with a vigorous nod.

"Now, Nanny! Leon's always so kind and sweet to you—that's more than can be said for every husband who drinks too much."

"I know, I know. He has the kind heart—and always the happy heart as well, which is better."

"He's perfectly adorable—everybody adores Leon."

"Which the more makes the trouble," said Anna, half-proud and half-morose.

"They all come, and they all must talk with Leon and he must share of their festivity, and Leon, he likes them all—and likes to share of that festivity. Then must I put him to bed, that child of a man."

"You poor dear," the girl said tenderly. "But you've been putting Leon to bed these thirty years or more; you should be getting used to it by this time, Nanny."

Anna, not easily reasoned with, continued her plaint.
“Almost I hate to see them come, those merry ones, even tho their coming makes the money-box grow full. Almost my heart —— do you think young Mr. Hi enter—for all he has the joyous heart that one cannot but like.”

“Mr. Hi?” queried Dolly, pucking her brow, the minx, as if she did not remember.

“That young man with the good looks and the hair of gold, whom you yourself serve. That young man who looks he would meet God, or the devil himself—and Anna piously crossed herself—and just laugh! He is no good, that young man—it is a great pity.”

“So he is no good?” the girl commented. Then: “I should have known it from the way I liked that young man at first.”

Anna’s look went anxious.

“Yes, I saw him making talk with you—I should never have let you serve him, that wild young man!” Then, shaking her head and beginning to lament on this new tack: “It’s a bad bit of business—oh, Miss Dolly, it is all a bad business, sometimes my heart aches with forebodings. And you so light-hearted and gay withal —— and now with that ring on your finger!”

The girl Dolly: stretched out her hand and regarded the flashing ring.

“I had almost forgotten,” she said as it to herself.

“I thought so,” said Anna, with a certain gloomy satisfaction. “It is a pain to my eyes, that jewel—but you take those grave matters with such a lightness!”

But for a second the girl’s eyes, as they regarded the ring, looked grave enough.

“My heart grows anxious,” Anna went on. “I know not what to do or say. Almost I wish that Uncle Percy——

“Hush, don’t blaspheme!” Dolly cried quickly. Then she cajoled: “Don’t scold at me any more, Nanny darling, or I shall weep—see, I’m weeping already!”

And, true enough, a big tear glistened on the end of her long lashes.

Then she clasped her arms impulsively around the older woman’s neck, and kissed that harp-skinned, black neck. No one had caressed old Anna for these many years, but do you think she was too old or stern to feel those warm young arms? Those young lips that women cannot truly love each other tell a lie. Anyone would have known it to see these two women, young and old, brieﬂy clinging, mutual tenderness so commingled it was hard to say which was the protector.

When Dolly withdrew her face, her eyes were moist; but the mischievous imp danced in them.

“Now that’s settled,” she said, “go on and tell me more about that young man who’s no good.”

“Oh, Miss Dolly,” with fond helplessness, “it is like a moon shine and shadows that play over yonder hills you are! The tears and smiles chasing each other so that your face is never for two minutes the same!”

“Don’t evade me, Nanny! It’s not about myself I wish to hear, but the handsome Mr. Daggett. Who is he?”

Anna looked dubious and sighed; then complacently.

“Young Mr. Daggett—Mr. Hi—you don’t know the name? That big enormous Daggett Paper-box Manufactury—since his father’s death three or four years ago Mr. Hi, he owns all that big factory together with just his sister. And they live, just the two of them, in that so big mansion down on the avenue—thirty or forty rooms maybe, and the house quite
old for this country. They are very, very rich.

"Very rich," smiled Dolly, "that sounds nice."

"To be rich does not help always a young man to be good," said Anna, sententiously, "That Mr. Hi, he is the most wild of all the wild young men near this town."

"He hasn't a bad face," said Dolly reflectively. Then: 'What does he do that's so wild?'

"He drinks the strong hard liquors—not good mellow wine, but the liquors that put evil in one; and such quantities—he gets the real intoxication. That devil, he drives as if the devil himself were driving—almost he runs people down, and gets himself arrested! And pranks he gets himself into—oh, such pranks and difficulties. Never is any mischief afoot—but one may know that Mr. Hi is included. And in the city, too—in the city, one hears, all the worse is his behavior!"

"He sounds rather like a riot," Dolly commented, and Anna nodded in condemning affirmation.

"Yes, that is the word for him—the riot. All his time he spends seeking just the excitement. No time he has for that big factory. Forever he must play, no amount of money he has, that young man. And that is bad," Anna commented sagely: "the money does not make itself, no matter how good the start—"

"And who is Miss Julia?" asked Dolly. 

"She is the sister, the old maid. She has not the joyous heart of Mr. Hi, and one cannot love her so much; however one cannot mar the one loses patience and makes the disputes."

"Yes, the rowing at home makes him want to clear out and get drunk," suggested Dolly. 

"Maybe—but that does not give him excuse, with another headache. "No, he likes the wild behavior. Mr. Hi, who is the father who is dead, has troubles with him, one hears, when Mr. Hi was yet a boy. Two, three schools, they refuse to keep so pushy boy. And when that father died, for a long time he had refused speech with his own son.

"A lot of rich fathers overindulge their sons," observed Dolly wisely, "and then come down hard; I feel sort of sorry for rich men's sons. Didn't Mr. Daggett speak to his son at the end, before he died?"

"He could not. For Mr. Hi, he was across the sea in the big war—fighting for the great cause, I remember. "One bad fall he had from his aeroplane, and it was for a time thought he himself might die."

"Oh, an' I imagine he'd make a good aviator! He looks so strong and so daring."

"That war should have sobered him," answered Anna. "When he returned home, with his father departed and that big factory in his own keeping, one would think he would have been big and sober to the responsibility. Yet must his sister still have troubles with him even as the father had troubles. He has no gratitude for his riches and luxuries, that young man."

"Perhaps it's a little tolerance and loving kindness he'd be grateful for; re-torted the girl. "Love and sympathy can be bought with money, and these are what many who live in luxury need!"

She scarcely knew this young man, and the scent little was none too favorable, but...
Milder Musterole for Small Children

Thousands of mothers tell us they would not be without Children's Musterole, the new and milder form of good old Musterole especially prepared for use on babies and small children.

In the dead of night, when they are awakened by the warning, croony cough, they rub the clean, white ointment gently over the child's throat and chest and then go back to bed. Children's Musterole, like regular Musterole, penetrates the skin with a warming single drop goes quickly to the seat of the trouble.

It does not blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster and it is not messy to apply.

Made from pure oil of mustard, it takes the kink out of stiff necks, makes sore throats well, stops croony coughs and colds. In jars, 36c.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

CHILDREN'S

MUSTEROLE

WILL NOT BLISTER

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

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Movie Acting!

A fascinating profession that pays big. Would you like to try it if you are adapted to this work? Send 10c for our Twelve-Hour Talent Tester or Key to Movie Acting Ability, and find whether or not you are suited to take up Movie Acting. A novel, instructive and valuable work. Send dime or stamps today. A large, interesting, illustrated Pocket Booklet for those interested. FREE!

FILM INFORMATION BUREAU, 86 W. Jackson, N. Ich.

The Beauty Sleep

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, simply apply a little Liquid Arvon nightly before retiring, or 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 have disappeared, 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 and roughness of the hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A foam-bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

her voice was warm in his defense and pity chased the mischief from her eyes. Old Anna lost patience.

"Tst!" she said. "You are a piece with Leon—the wild colt, one must not put a bit in his mouth," says Leon. You and Leon, you let this bold boy's laughter and audacity blind you to his devilry—you let him bewitch you!

"No, I bewitched him," smiled the girl, touching her arm—"he thought I was a waitress, I took him in!"

"Oh, Miriam, I cannot but lament that masquerade!"

"You're not angry with me, Nanny, are you? You're so good to me," vitriolidly, "I don't wish you to worry. See I'm taking it off. It's time for me to go home.

"Someone should accompany you—"

"No, my car's out there—I'll jump in and be home in five minutes."

"But it's long past midnight. And you alone.

She laughed again; and all the older woman could do was sigh.

The next day it chanced that young Hi Daggett encountered the girl "Thistle-down" again; and events, speeding up, didn't go too well between them and promised to lead to a rupture, which was only fitting and seemly, perhaps, in such an acquaintance between a youth and an unknown girl.

At the hour when the setting sun catches on Thiebad's western windows so that the panes become gleaming rubies, young Daggett was driving his "devil-car" through Fairfield's long Avenue. He was driving faster than the ordinance decreed, but in the business section was constrained by traffic and the motion-picture theater, as he halted, a poster bedecking the motion-picture theater, and a display-board of photographs, vaguely caught his eye.

Had he paused to inspect that advertisement, to scan those portrayed features and to read the names of the film-actors, the thread of this narrative might have spun itself differently, perhaps, with the name of Doris Clorinde.

Doris Clorinde—what nothing to young Daggett.

And he did not pause; being Hi Daggett, he stepped on the gas the moment the congestion loosened itself out, and sped on down the street, weaving his way round automobiles in his path like a fleet, agile, worm, pursued a trolley-car down its path until it halted to take on passengers and, ignoring the law, swerved out into the clear without diminishing speed, and then fifty yards in front of him—saw an obstruction of playing children.

He did not lessen speed, only hoinked his horn. The children, after the manner of children, did not disperse at once—they kept at their play another minute. Young Daggett's car came flying on, hoinking raucously.

At second, it seemed, the children took heed and scattered wildly to safety.

But then—good heavens—a slim figure ran from the sidewalk out into the street, straight into the path of the rushing car, and stood there, deliberately facing the oncoming speeding car.

With a jerk of the brake and a muttered oath young Daggett brought the car to a standstill in the last fraction of a second.

He had gone white, but his voice was angry. "What in blazes is the matter with you? Trying to commit suicide, or to make me a murderer?"

It didn't seem to make much difference to you whether you were a murderer or

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The Insured Watch

Direct from the Maker

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You save Model Extra Thin

STUDEBAKER WATCH CO.

21 Jewel ~ Extra thin STUDEBAKER

3126 STRONGFORT INSTITUTE, Newark, N. J.

STUDEBAKER WATCH CO.

[Image of advertisement for Studebaker watches]

STUDEBAKER WATCH CO.

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STUDEBAKER WATCH CO.
New Life to Hair from Tropical Tree

I AM writing this from my Uncle's plantation in West Indies, where I came recently to live. The first thing I noticed was that all women on this island have the most beautiful hair—thick, abundant, and shining with life and health. Today, my once scraggly locks are long and lustrous, with loads of life. No doubt many would welcome this secret of the tropics that makes hair so soft and lustrous. It is the use of Kakoa seed, that Nature has used to make for people's heads. Just a tiny bit of pure, white paste nourishes hair marvelously—for all types—young and old, darkest natives and fairest blonds, from English, until roots and periwigs with Kakoa and soon have a wealth of soft, glossy hair. Tourists know the secret, and many send Kakoa every year; it seems as if every boat brings more requests for this wonderful natural stimulant. But now my uncle has permitted preparing and packing enough Kakoa for all who may write and ask for supply.

Ask for Proof! I'll Send it FREE

It will cost you nothing to learn how this natural aid to hair growth works, and will work on your hair. I don't want your money; just let it sit. All I ask now is your name and address. send it now, on the coupon printed here. Before long you can possess a head of hair that...

Girls! Have You Seen It Yet? Something New

Mad Map

Orange Cream Rouge

A new transparent rouge which brings out hidden beauty. The one rouge which will bring beauty to twenty-four faces! Beautiful, live color that everyone is wild about.

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Kolar Laboratories

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BE A RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTOR

Earn Up to $250 Per Mo., Expenses Paid.

Position Guaranteed. You can't fail. Send in the coupon now, or on the front of this magazine. Many opportunities to meet big railway officials; advancement rapid. Travel of the most desirable home; beautiful, steady, outdoor work.

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Guarantee
Our personality which makes us so attractive in your own office, graduated on the greatest of departments, and the most expensive knowledge, is worth over $250 a year, to any person. Only $10 a week.

guarantee Notice. Your guarantor will be filled. Decide now to secure the greatest opportunity. Not too late. Our guarantor is Standard Business Training Institute, 47 N. Buffalo, N. Y.

Guarantor Notice. Your guarantor will fill in your office, graduated on the greatest of departments, and the most expensive knowledge, is worth over $250 a year, to any person. Only $10 a week.

In making your choice from the following list, please understand that this magazine may be sent to a different address.

To announce your gift, we shall be glad to send a handsomely lettered and sealed card, bearing the name of the magazine and your name as the donor.

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HOW TO BEAUTIFY THE EYELASHES

Liquid Make-up the Best

Every girl can now have those long, thick, luxurious, sweeping eyelashes which add so much beauty and grace to the face. All she has to do is to apply a liquid make-up which darkens them. It makes them look nearly twice as long and heavy as they really are. This liquid is waterproof and will not rub off or smear. It is applied in an instant and is beneficial to the lashes, as it contains a natural oil which stimulates their growth. This new make-up which is used by society women and screen favorites everywhere, is called Lashbow Liquid.

FREE TRIAL

For introductory purposes, we will send you a generous supply of Liquid Lashbow, and in return, we will include a trial size of another Lashbow product, Lashbow Pomeade, which quickly stimulates the growth of the brows and lashes. Clip this announcement and send it to us at Lashbow Laboratories, Dept. 181, 37 West 20th St., New York City, within 10 cents to cover cost of packing and shipping.
What Have They To Give Us
(Continued from page 32)

Ah, now don’t you see? Don’t you ALL see? Do you get how this résumé is shaping up? "Understanding" is what this baby gets into the screen. The uncanny understanding, the ‘mazing maturity of all of the younger generation of which the screen youngsters are an integral part. They understand themselves, this baby set. They understand life. They know what they want to do, what they can do, what they should do. They will not, me thinks, be at the mercy of directorial whims, productional fancies nor press-agents’ bendamasking. They will be themselves. They steer trim little crafts that they and the daily question that remains is—into what ultimate harbor will they drop artisticanchor?

But to get back...

Dorothy Mackall is everywhere acclaimed as a "comer." She played with Dick Barthelmess in "The Fighting Gたち", glad to see little stars for the Children" with Bebe Daniels and thence back to Dick again for his next production.

Dorothy brings Sureness to the Screen. Sureness of herself.

She came to America a screen "greenhorn" from England. She didn’t know D. W. Griffith from John Smith. She didn’t know Flo Ziegfeld from Bill Sunday. The Autocrats of the Arts meant nothing in her life. She went straight to the aforenamed Ziegfeld and got a job. And from the "Midnight Frolic" she was observed by Micky Nolan who transposed her forthwith from the footlights to the Kingdom of Lita.

"It happened" said Dorothy, "because I was full of pep and nerve and not afraid of hard, manly work. Prettiness... oh, gosh! But there are lots and lots of pretty girls. It wasn’t because I was pretty. It was just because I wasn’t afraid. I hadn’t had time to develop any self-consciousness about Personages and what they could or could not do for me. I hadn’t had time to have the self-on-fedence, I came back, taken away from me. You’ve got to think you’re the cat’s pajamas to get along in this generation.

I don’t want to get relegated to stock and made to belong but in one picture and the tick of the old clock in the next. Besides, I haven’t decided (I haven’t decided, mind you), what I can do best. In the meantime, I want experience in the best parts I can get, with the right to pick and choose.

So when I was asked to do "what do you think of this" or "shall I ask about that?" from Dorothy. Child of her age, she makes her own decisions and runs her own car.

Pauline Canary... a good old case of the girl who ran away from home to see life. She has all the popular background of the girl who comes from being in the limelight in screen as careers, and she has made good and brought the family around. Pauline lingers with her that most strange product of her generation, the ability to live in the present ever near the future. Unlike Mary Astor, Pauline proclaims herself as The Flapper.

"I am so lucky," Dorothy will be said to me, in judicious self-appraisement, "I am too small for big dramatics, I would never be taken seriously. I am the Flapper. My day is brief. For the Flapper will surely pass with this, her generation. I am like a hiballe, very gay and bright, dancing for this moment on the crest of the wave and as such I am happy. Tomorrow? But tomorrow may never come.

Reduced 53 lbs
in Nine Weeks!

Mrs. Bayliss Went From 191 Lbs. to 138 Without Out Hardship

"I never dreamed you could," Mr. Wallace wrote in this well known young matron of Philadelphia’s social set. Her letter is dated in February, and refers to reducing records purchased late in November. A reduction of more than forty pounds in a few weeks! But read her own story.

"I have lost 138 lbs. after my acquaintance with the weight observances of this impossible two hundred Mark. Your perfectly won- derful music movements—nothing else—did it. You have reduced my weight from 284 to 138, and at the time I em- ployed my heart as no one can know who has not had activities and enjoyment curtailed for years—and suddenly restored.

"Thanks to Wallace, I am now that I feel I want to. Because I once applied my mind to getting thin to music, I offer in humble apology, this letter, my photograph and permission to publish them you should desire.

"Yours very sincerely,

Jessica Fenrow Bayliss."
MAGAZINE does, Mary not. This seems, untried draw, it they the see.

The Federal "Master Course" includes illustrating, cartooning, lettering, poster designing, window card illustrating, etc. No one arranges or gives instructions in all these branches. That's why the Federal School has established its "Master Course," in which every subject is written by a specialist. No other school can offer a course nearly comparable. No other institution in the country has such an array of artists as are on the Federal Staff.

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Thin Women!! Gain!!

Three to five pounds a week. Beautiful, firm flesh which will stay on properly healthfully and rapidly.

Don't you just love to see a physique, fully-developed, muscle every place. Of course! You can so easily lose how rapidly your busts develop. You have always thought it difficult to gain? Allow me to explain, change that condition. Add surpassing beauty to your face and form. While you receive information (including 2-cent stamp) to

THE STAR DEVELOPING SYSTEM
Dept. 122, Springfield, Ill.

WILL SOME LITTLE GIRL TAKE ME HOME?

This Little Dolly is From

The Treasure Chest

Where Over 600 Presents Are Awaiting Free Distribution To Girls—Boys and Grown-Ups

Yes, the TREASURE CHEST is overflowing with the most wonderful array of gifts that one could wish to see. Dolls, roller-skates, teddy bears, baseball gloves, footballs, manicure sets, sterling silver for the dressing-table, cameras, pocketbooks, dry-goods, household utensils, table silver, toys for the little tots—these things and more are being given away FREE in return for a bit of service that anyone can render with pleasure.

Send for Our Catalog Showing 600 Presents IT'S FREE

Every member of the family, from the youngest to the oldest, will find things to interest them in the TREASURE CHEST. And with Christmas drawing near, the opportunity to select gifts from the Chest becomes doubly valuable since it is your privilege to claim these presents for your friends as well as for yourself.

There is not a gift in the entire catalog that requires much work to win it. And what is more important, the work is something which anyone can do—it is securing yearly subscriptions for the popular MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC and BEAUTY from your relatives, friends and neighbors.

Our catalog, listing over 600 presents, will be sent to you absolutely free. Just sign the coupon below and mail. As soon as we hear from you, your catalog will be mailed.

TREASURE CHEST DEPT.
BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc., 175 Dudefield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

I am interested in getting some of the gifts you offer. Please send me your free catalog of over 600 presents.

Name
St. and No.
City
State
WHERE DO YOU STAND IN THIS GREAT UNIVERSE?
LET ME TELL YOU
Would you like to know under which Zodiac Sign you were born and what your life awaits? It has been an interest of your destiny for you!

Your opportunities in life, future prospects, happiness in marriage, your friends, enemies, success in all undertakings and many other vital questions are indicated through the Zodiac, the most ancient and interesting science of the world.

I have made a study of Astrology’s work and offer to all readers of this paper the most interesting astrological interpretation of the Zodiac Signs under which you were born.

If you will write your full name, address and exact date of birth in your own handwriting, your astrological interpretation will be sent to you in simple language which you can readily understand.

A great surprise awaits you.

Enclose 50c to cover cost of this notice and package. Address to me personally, DRAISE.

TARA STUDIO, 1113 Broadway Desk 13, New York

“I Would Not Part With It For $10,000”

So writes an enthusiastic, grateful customer. In like manner, over 100,000 people have written to conserve your body and life first.

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Does away with the strain and pain of standing and walking; replaces and supports misplaced internal organs; reduces enlarged abdomen; straightens and strengthens the back; corrects stooping shoulders; develops and beautifies the bust; relieves backache, curvature, nervousness, ruptures, constipation, and effects of fatigue and easy to wear.

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A New Scientific Discovery which peacefully and harmlessly replaces the use of six dangerous methods. Now removes all Blemishes, Pimples, Freckles, Blackheads, Discolorations, Stains, freckles, Acne, sprains, bleups, etc., A non-acid, terrific liquid. Produces a healthy new skin, beautiful as a baby's. Results amazing. Button “The Magic of a New Skin” free in plain sealed envelopes.

Youth-Ami Laboratories, Dept. 28, 10 E. 26th St., New York

Comment on Other Productions

(Continued from page 59)

Where The North Begins

This picture sounds like a subtitle—but it is much more substantial than one of those phrases indicating the wide, open spaces. Here is a dog-story of love and devotion—a dog who attacks our old crooked factor and sharks him off the cliff thus eliminating a scoundrel who would dishonor our master’s sweetheart.

Rin-Tin-Tin is the name of this German police actor—and we’re telling you that he is as talented as Strongheart or any other canine who has heard his master’s voice and responded in time to save him from instant death.

A dog-he, this—who has a sense of humor, too. A very clever finish introduces Mrs. Rin-Tin-Tin and seven or eight little Rin-Tin-Tins. And again this dog—any dog would do—shows up the human folk in naturalness of expression.

The Marriage Maker

A whimsical fantasy was “The Faun” upon the stage. Adapted to the screen and bearing the title of “The Maker,” it doesn’t reveal anything of consequence. Its subtle comedy is lost and the idea is exploded along single-track channels.
Let DIAMONDS say Merry Xmas

Mona Vanna

The Germans have no half-way measures in producing their pictures. They are either good or bad. When Emil Jannings or Werner Kraus are around the lot—well they are gifted enough with talent to make even one of the bad films passable. However, "Mona Vanna," which Fox has imported, happened to be one of their bad ones—a stupid, overdressed and boresome affair—and acted in the heaviest, cynecrolling, breast-heaving style. There isn't a real characterization in it.

Mayerling's heavy drama of old Italy—when Pisa clashed with Florence—when milday of the title helps the city of the Leaning Tower by intriguing herself with the Florentine general—is crowded with spectacular effects. But they don't mean anything. The scenes are packed with huge mobs, huge seats and what not. The note of simplicity is entirely lost. But worst of all is the interpretation. Every expression is broadly indicated—without a single suggestion of subtlety or realism. Once let reality stalk off the screen and there is nothing left. The players spoil "Mona Vanna" even if the direction is faulty. The day is over when the public marvels over vast armies of extras on parade.

The Six-Fifty

Merely a slice of a sing-song life in the rustic places—of a discontented wife who listens to the choo-choo cars and the whistle which blows at the crossing—a whistle which beckons her to follow the train to the city and get away from the humdrum monotony of the farm. There is no dramatic body to this story—no exposure of villainy.

It is sketchy but in the main true. The forlorn wife doesn't flare up in melodramatic fashion. She merely takes the suggestion of city people who have been rescued from a train wreck and are in-validated at her home, to visit them. Once she gets a taste of jazz life and discovers how artificial it is—she hastens back to the farm and finds true contentment. The intine details—the atmosphere and a portrayal of feeling by Renee Adoree give it a note of reality.

The Call of the Wild

Jack London's vigorous little story of a dog who, left to drift for himself in the vast white spaces, finds courage, peace and contentment after severe trials has been visualized with creditable effort by a director who seemingly understands something of dog character. As is true with any picture involving one of our canine friends, the human folk of the make-believe world take the count. This dog is natural and sincere and is so directed that there is no indication that he has been well coached.

We follow him stolen from a group of youngsters and taken to the far North where he is cruelly treated. We follow him becoming the master of the pack thru his fighting qualities and once he meets a true friend he shows his gratitude.

The dog episodes are far more interesting.

(Continued on page 108)

Below is a reproduction of the brightly colored card with which the Mix family offers their holiday greeting.
PLAY PIANO BY EAR
Be a Jazz Music Master


No matter how little you know about music—even though you “have never touched a piano”—if you can just remember a tune, you can quickly learn to play by ear. I have perfected an entirely new and simple system. It shows you so many little tricks that it just comes natural to pick out on the piano any piece you can hum. Beginners and even those who could not learn by the old fashioned method, grasp the Niagara idea readily, and follow through the entire course of twenty lessons quickly. Self-instruction—no teacher required. You learn many new styles of bass, syncopation, blues, fill-ins, breaks and trick endings. It’s all so easy—so interesting that you’ll be amazed.

A Simple Secret to Success
No need to devote years in study to learn piano nowadays. Special talent unnecessary. Every lesson is so easy, so fascinating that you just “can’t keep your hands off the piano.” Give it part of your spare time for 90 days and you will be playing and entertaining almost before you realize it. No tiresome scales, no arpeggios to learn—no do-re-mi—no difficult lessons or meaningless exercises. You learn a bass accompaniment that applies to the songs you play. Once learned, you have the secret for all time—your difficulties are over and you become Master of the Piano.

You Become Master of the Piano
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This Book FREE
The Editor Gossips

(Continued from page 49)

booths at the Algonquin Hotel, we felt someone peering in at us thru the door. We recognized Lew Cody and when we finally declared our number and came out, he was waiting. We were going to say that he was full of interesting news, but now that we attempt to repeat it we realize it was not the news itself but Lew's manner of regaling it that interested us. He chuckles over this and scowls over that, vitally interested in all he says and furnishing trivial incidents with color.

We mentioned his rumored engagement to another Dalton. Perhaps it was tactless of us but, actually, we did it innocently enough. Lew scowled. He assured us gallantly that it was hardly the gentleman's place to deny a rumor of this sort but that he did it, perforce, for the lady who was not present to do it herself.

A good sort, Lew Cody. We have almost forgiven him the heart-aches he used to cause us, having experienced as leading man in a Mount Vernon stock company and we went matineeing down to see him.

Betty Blythe has come home from abroad. And a luncheon with her is as colorful and romantic as a fascinating book of travel. Usually when travelers return and begin reminiscences you plan an escape from boredom. But the other day our luncheon interlude lasted too short. Betty has brought the color and romance of the old world in her memories. She knows all about the castles . . . the rulers who built them; the various ladies some of whom were built for.

She nearly wept over the huge electric Dentine sign which greets you when you emerge from the Paris opera. It is all very different from what it was when she was an art student in a Montmartre studio several years ago. Then it was a rarity to hear English spoken. Now it is the common tongue in the little side lanes leading to the Latin Quarter.

She told us about the former Kaiser's palace at Potsdam. It seems it is a huge place, fairly shrinking wealth and power. In it there is a jewel-room where the various families of the royal house held their Christmas festivities, each with its own tannenbaum. The mortar walls of this room, Betty explained, are heavily encrusted with jewels. There are opals, turquoises, diamonds and rubies . . . there are great pieces of onyx and of jade . . .

Said Betty graphically: "It looked as the Hell had coughed." She spoke of the bitterness of the cruelty manifested everywhere in the German sculpture. Finally, she asked if somewhere she might see something beautiful. They enthusiastically directed her to the Bridge of Kleine Kinder. "Ah, little children," she thought, "this will be beautiful and delicate." Imagine her amazement when she discovered the frieze to be entirely worked in cupiforms which festooned one another and strangled cats. After that experience she despairs entirely.

Of the three countries, she prefers England. She likes the walled gardens . . . the informality and cheer of the tea-room. She likes the English men and the English women with their love of sports and their sportsmanship.

Her pet picks, "Chu Chin Chow" and another story with a Spanish background, were made by an English company, but in a German studio. The studio was the...
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Same in which Pola Negri worked under Lubitsch. And, so Betty tells us, every black-eyed actress in every German studio has an insatiate curiosity regarding Pola. They ask if she is very rich... if she is liked in America... if she will stay in America... and if she is married to Charlie Chaplin.

Bill Hart has written another book. An autographed copy of "Lighter of Flames" came to our desk the other day. As yet we have not had the time to do more than glance at the foreword, the chapter headings and the colored illustrations of James Montgomery Flagg. This book, which was written during Hart's recent retirement when he was beset by many troubles, is dedicated to "V. E. R. Who gave me so much help along a strange trail."

"A Lighter of Flames" is, according to the author's foreword, essentially the story of Patrick Henry, "who did not know the name of fear; and who dared to speak forth his convictions at a time when to do so meant the spark of revolt to the tinder of oppression."

And this is interesting when you remember that Patrick Henry has long been one of Bill Hart's heroes.

If it wasn't that we quite frankly enjoy the society of men we would vote ourselves a rabid feminist, for we are consumed with pride for our sex. It seems to us that women, now that they are permitted the opportunity, are proving themselves more and more worthwhile.

And all of this brings us to Mabel Forrest Washburn. Oh, we might more honestly say that Mabel Forrest Washburn brings us to all of this. We lunched with her and Bryant one day last month while they were visiting in New York, and listened with interest to their plans for her career. Mrs. Washburn is the mother of two boys and her career, before her marriage and their births, had not actually begun... all of which makes her ambition and initiative now the more amazing. Her years are few but that does not alter the fact that her years of domesticity and motherhood have failed to sap even a trifling degree her spirit and her energy. Once upon a time marriage and motherhood meant virtually the end of things outside of the narrow confines of these things themselves. Women settled down to that and that was an apt term. They settled down mentally and physically. Personally, we rejoice that marriage is coming more and more to mean another beginning... a beginning when a woman's mentality is more mature and her understanding more universal.

We have high hopes for the women of today—... and tomorrow... and tomorrow...

And Bryant Washburn, altho enormously interested in his wife's plans... and, incidentally, planning for a day when they can make domestic stories together along lines not dissimilar to those memorable pictures made by the Sidney Drews... is busy with his career. The Grand-Asher people have given both Mr. Washburn and Elliott Dexter their own individual units and Bryant is worked in the things he is doing and those he plans to do.

He has for his director Cecil B. De Mille's erstwhile assistant director, a man named Tate. We forget his first name but it is really a negligible quantity because the studio world has christened (Continued on page 119)
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ASTA STUDIO, 309 Fifth Ave., Dept. 132, New York

The New Motion Picture

(Continued from page 68)

would real open-air matinees be to children, for instance. Instead, open-air motion picture theaters are practically useless in the daytime.

But a larger and more serious problem presents itself and obstructs one of the finest avenues of motion-picture utility, because of this advantage for the theater. For motion pictures are gradually but effectively becoming one of the most potent aids and arms of education. There is scarcely a school or Art reference that has not been illuminated by means of a more effective presentation of the subject than has heretofore been afforded thru any other medium.

In order successfully to project a reel of film, students must leave their classrooms and go to some close-shutter auditorium where light—and air—can be totally excused.

Then, aside from considerations of the nature of the subject-matter projected on the screen, there are two harsh schools of critics who keep hammering away at the defects of the picture. First, there is just sufficient basis for their criticisms, to warrant them and keep them alive. In the first school, I group the ocular critics who claim that a motion-picture screen is in the ordinary conditions of lack-light is injurious to the sight. This cult insists that the movies are making a blind race of us and that it is impossible for us to cite horrible examples, here and there, of persons whose sight was impaired by too consistent attendance at the movies. We all know of the pathological cases which have become sure or who suffer from headache upon remaining for a single evening and looking at the "flickering film."

Having fittingly dubbed the movies as the "no-art product of darkness" and "child of the night," we are now prepared to tell you that all this need not necessarily go on forever. The dawn of light is at hand! Leaders and gentlemen, we have with us today the Daylight Movies, sunshine with every reel!

This new and remarkable invention is called the Trans-Lux Daylight Picture Screen. There are several that are said to have the success of the novelty is due, not to camera or projection machine—but to the screen. And before proceeding farther we may say, that the screen is equally effective and successful for the projection of stereoscopic pictures as well as motion pictures.

We are told that the Trans-Lux Daylight Picture Screen is the result of several years of difficult and expensive experiment, several hundred thousand dollars having been spent before the present state of perfection was attained.

The sample piece of Daylight Screen—which we have on our desk before us as we write this article—is somewhat of a surprise. It is of the color, texture and consistency of seaweed. It is corrugated with fine, straight, regular type, its depth and angles, scientifically determined, thus actually giving the picture projected a great depth approaching that of the third dimension. More than this, it is malleable, is semitransparent, permitting the light partially to pass thru it—as well as the image, or substance of the picture! And herein, it would seem, lies the essence of its virtues, for we learn to our surprise—and wonder later why we would be surprised
by it—that Trans-Lux Daylight Pictures are projected from behind the screen, and not before it.

The corrugations in the Trans-Lux Screen also eliminate the slight distortion common to the ordinary flat screens. Its side boxes and other seats very close to the screen, which are now seldom if ever used, can be made available and even desirable.

A constant and real source of danger in former times was the operator's booth with its high-powered, white-hot lights placed fast and close to the highly inflammable celluloid film. The modern booth and compulsory—asbestos, steel and concrete booth housing the entire apparatus has reduced this danger to a minimum. But the fact still remains that the operator's booth is located in a strategic part of the auditorium. On the other hand, the complete dens ex machina of the movie theater can be confined within the physical constrictions of a "stage" and can be completely shut off from the auditorium and audience by the use of the familiar asbestos doors. There is little chance of explosion, fire or other catastrophe.

With the projection machine, the booth and its hissing carbons and the vivid shafts of light from the darkness, all absent, the illusion and truly "magic" qualities of our modern motion picture would be immeasurably enhanced.

Another important point which the Daylight Screen makes a feature of, is the practical elimination of eye-strain. Their experts explain it convincingly by stating that at present one looks at the pictures through a 'veil' of light each eye. The flush of white light reaches the eye sooner than it can accommodate itself to the unnatural condition, and therefore a cause of irritation is produced, with this Daylight Screen the eye is left in its normal state. It looks at the picture thru a diffused light—daylight—and the effect is much the same as if one were looking at an ordinary picture on the wall, except for the continuous change occasioned by the motion. The corrugations spoken of, however, break up the image into bands of very fine light lines. The result is a very much softened picture with the high lights broken up and toned down. Providing the projection is good—that is, free from flicker—eye strain is practically eliminated.

It is in the field of education, however, that the Daylight Screen immediately scores with little or no competition. Educators have long recognized that the eye is the most important channel for the rapid and effective transmission of ideas. Images reaching the brain thru the eye are now known to be most readily and permanently registered in the mind. For this reason teachers are always seeking to utilize pictures, photographs and drawings in their educational work. Thus far this need has been filled largely by the use of charts and maps.

The objection and inefficacy of photographs or other pictures has lain in their size. They are seldom, if ever, large enough to be visible in detail unless they can be brought to within a short distance of the eyes of each and every student. The use of the new screen slides, therefore filled a much needed want, but the fact that these could be used successfully only at night or in darkened rooms greatly restricted their use. While larger than transparencies, they are not available for fifty years, yet comparatively few schools are equipped with projection apparatus.

The development of motion pictures—because of the greater educational value they offer and the almost universal distri-
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Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 61)

This reader doubts the popularity of small-town pictures . . . . and after some interesting gossip . . . offers a few suggestions.

DEAR MADAM: I have been reading the column, "Letters to the Editor," for some time and thought that I would contribute my views. First of all, the small-town stuff For more than a year, the public has been treated to stories about small towns. Pictures like "Main Street" leave a kind of distaste in the mind, after seeing them. Most people in small towns live like the people in these pictures, and that is the main reason that they are distaste for these people. These people live in a world that takes them away from the cares of their daily lives, and the small-town plays bring said cares back to them. They like to forget everything around them and lose themselves in the picture. People in the same position as the people in these pictures would be encouraged to read the book or see the play of "Main Street." Altho Florence Vidor fit the rôle admirably and Monte Blue was excellent, the screen version lacked the emphasis of the book. If we had more pictures like "When Knighthood Was in Flower," I'm sure pictures would continue to get better. Of course, when a picture ends well it gives the audience greater confidence in themselves and helps them to face the world with greater ease.

Secondly, I wish to comment on the effect of a picture on the audience. When Norma Talmadge's "Smilin' Thru" was shown, I was always fortunate enough to be standing in the lobby of the theater where it was shown and observed the audience as it was being filled. I have read with great interest of compliments and praise of the picture, and here and there such exclamations as: "Wasn't Norma wonderful," "It was her best picture I ever saw," etc., etc. But

(Continued on page 111)
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**Dept. M. P. J.**
Comment on Other Productions
(Continued from page 100)

A harum-scarum story—this picture which, according to its opening address, is cataloged as a mystery melodrama. The natural thought upon reading this enlightening caption is to make the sponsors prove it. But before they have progressed far the spectator doesn’t see so much mystery as he does hokum. Lights, lights—red, red lights are flashed. Many of these are tints, while a few are furnished by some color process attached to an inventor’s crazy concoction—a device wherein are lights made to talk. It is far-fetched and more amusing than it is exciting.

We gathered from its weird and wild story that it concerns a railroad magnate’s search for his daughter whose life is in jeopardy. The crooks are frustrated by a character known as a “crime deflector.” In other words he defecates crime before it can strike. A wild pursuit in, and over, and under trains is conducted before Marie Prevost is able to register poise.

The Grail

The Texas Ranger formula is employed to take Dustin of the Farnums out in the open spaces. Familiar? Certainly. It seems to be the ill luck of this member of the Farnum family to find himself burdened with worn-out material. “The Grail,” however, is the best which has come his way in a long time. It tells a story of a Ranger assigned to the old and familiar job of catching a youth who committed a murder—and to play the detective after the manner of Old King Brady, he doubles as a Bible salesman. He shows up a “fire and brimstone” minister with an address kindled with humanity.

The plot unfolds some complications which revolve the youth’s sister intrigued by the villain, her ultimate suicide, and the Ranger developing a romance with the dominie’s daughter. A fair-to-middlin’ western, vigorously acted in the best school which gave us “Arizona.”

The Fair Cheat

A slender story utterly preposterous of plot, if you take it seriously, but flavored with some farcical points which make it endurable. The tale depends entirely upon its interpretation for success. And Dorothy Mackaill as the millionaire’s daughter who carries on a snug little masquerade plays with charming abandon—a role which could have easily been ruined.

It’s all about a girl promising her father that she’ll give up one of his clerks if after a year of probation she is allowed to marry the man of her choice. To carry out father’s plans—she is forced to tell the ardent swain that she is going to Europe, tho in reality she enters the w. k. Follies as a chorine. Then it’s up to the newspaper boys to expose her as one of the season’s dels.

Where it weakens is in its logic—for the young Romeo falls in love with the masquerader—which of course makes him anything but an observant youth. An extremely trill story—but noty played by the aforementioned Mackaill girl.

The Steadfast Heart

The author of this one evidently knows his Horatio Alger for he has based his story on one of H. A’s favorite patterns—that of a boy up against it in a narrow-minded country town—alone in the world and all that sort of stuff. He shoots to kill—does this youngster—shoots to kill the sheriff in pursuit of his father, a thief. They make—we are paging the author and the director—an effort to wring the heartstrings and after a fashion get away with it. Indeed the boy’s mother dies and he faces trial on a charge of murder. Acquitted he is given a chance in the local newspaper office. But the local “high and mighty” object to his presence and so he leaves town. But wait—he returns twelve years later and shows them they are all wrong.

Clarence Budington Kelland is the author and if he wasn’t inspired by Alger—well (Continued on page 117)

In her Christmas card, Colleen Moore remains true to her Ireland and offers her name in the design of a shamrock. Of course it is engraved in green!
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Are You Bashful? Self-Conscious? Send direct for particulars how to overcome these troubles. V. Veritas, 1409 Broadway, New York.
As he brought out the little memoranda-book so dreaded by motorists, he craned languidly to peer thru the gathering gloom. When he saw his victim he seemed as taken aback as if he had perked to find a pistol levelled at his face.

"A woman!" he ejaculated. "And doing sixty-one?" Then severely: "You can't do that, you know—not the half of it—not in this borough!"

"I'm here, officer," young Daggett's voice said quietly, out the shadows. "It was me.

But Dolly unceremoniously pinched his knee, and would have spoken had not the policeman cut in curtly.

"Oh, I know you're there, well enough, and I know who you are.

"You're new on this beat, aren't you? asked young Daggett, ingratiatingly. "I don't believe—"

"I know this license number and this car, all right. But I'm thinking it wont be seen burning up these roads again for some time. Mr. Daggett, there's no law-abiding borough, and the law's got to be enforced."

As he spoke he was holding his little book prominently in view. And young Daggett began fumbling in his pocket, drawing out a wallet, and started to say: "I'm sorry, officer, but I'm sure you'll be---"

But Dolly pinched him again, and said beseechingly, to the cop: "Oh, please dont arrest me, officer! I dont want to go to jail!"

At that the policeman allowed himself to laugh, and said: "Well, maybe I want you to jail exactly, young lady, even if you desire it. Sixty-one an anachronism, and you dont look to have so much muscle, neither!"

There was unwilling admiration in his tone, and admiration, too, in his eyes which strove to peer closer. But the girl took no advantage, she became the more abject.

"I knew at the time it was wrong," she said humbly, "but the car slid along so helplessly—such a puitifully!—and you're so pretty darling—I didn't realize I was going so fast. And whenever the road was clear—"

"Whenever the road was clear!" scoffingly—"there's not a clear inch between here and New Haven," exaggerating a trifle, the traffic was thickest that way where you went the fastest, winding in and out like a snake—that's what made me lose you!" accusingly.

"I'm so awfully sorry, officer," almost tearful in her repentance. "I'll never do it again—I promise."

"Indeed, you wont do it again—not if I clap you in jail," descending from his official dignity to tease a little.

Young Daggett succeeded in displaying a bank-note behind the thin shield of his companion; the cop saw it, caught the yellow gleam of its corner, his face seemed to linger, but he said to the girl:

"Dont you think this friend of yours ought to go to jail? He's an old offender—he ought to be locked up for ever."

The girl gave a little cry.

"Oh, no! Dont be angry at him, officer—not this time, she implored. "This time it's all my fault."

"Officer," young Daggett began then, firmly, "I cant allow—"

"You cant, indeed," said Dolly, "because you know how I'd hate myself if you got locked up on my account."

"But—" said young Daggett.

"I think the officer understands that, too,
Dear. Don't you, officer?" in earnest pleading.

Young Daggett was so distracted by the enervating epithet he forgot further argument. And the policeman was so distracted between the gleam of the yellow bill and the shine of the girl's eyes that he put away his little book.

"Put you'd best be careful—no more burning these roads," he said warningly to young Daggett. "You understand that?"

"Oh," cried Dolly gratefully, "you're not going to arrest me, either, because of my fault? That is splendid of you, so generous and understanding! I wish all traffic officers were as splendid as you!"

There was such admiration in her voice that it could have been self-deprecation on his part to doubt her. The cop, who was also a man, permitted this imbecile little smile before he said, officially:

"Well, you'd best be moving on—want to block traffic up all night!"

And young Daggett and his suddenly acquired companion drove off into the dusk, the girl at the wheel.

(Tele continued next month)

Letters to the Editor
(Continued from page 106)

when I saw "Blood and Sand," the audience filing out was quite silent, and whispers of sadness, that could be compared only when President Harding's funeral train passed through this city.

Third, some of the educational pictures which I have seen have been very good, witness "Nancok of the North," and "Down to the Shore in Shants." Now, why doesn't someone go to Spain and secure pictures of bull-fights, which are very interesting, and which, in truth, the American public knows little about. "Blood and Sand" was a very fine example of the bull-fights of Spain. Another thing, before I get back on my horse, I visited New Haven and Cambridge and suggest that someone should get a picture of the colleges. Hoping my letter will be published in your column, am

Yours respectfully,

Dion Santenel,
230 Pine Avenue, McKeesport, Pa.

Singing the praises of Corinne Griffith's beauty and ability.

DEAR EDITOR: Whenever the question of the most beautiful player on the screen arises, Morton Picture invariably names Corinne Griffith as one of the loveliest. Most recently it happened when Neya McMein chose Corinne as one of the screen's six fairest. Whereupon, I groaned for the first time, since I have known the name, for the steenth who in the name of Will Hays was Corinne Griffith? Literally consumed with curiosity, I resolved to see her in the matter. But I couldn't find her. No one seemed to know much about her beyond a vague idea that she was someone of other with Vitaphone. So, once again, I gave up the search. And then—"Six Days!"

"Six Days" is one of those pictures that cause the critics to raise the eyes in horror and ask Can it be Art? but it is the fan's delight, and just as it is playing to S. R. O. at the Capitol in New York, so it will play throughout the country. It belongs in the category of "The Voice from the Minaret."

But Corinne Griffith, Taking a firm grip on myself and risking all on one sentence, I fervently declare: Corinne is

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Age
Sex
Weight

With generous praise for May McAvoy and in definite recognition of her artistry.

DEAREST EDITOR: In the October issue of the Motion Picture Magazine there was a leading from a Hollywood studio of all our old stand-bys, Lytell, Walthall, Hayakawa, and others. This letter was conspicuous for its omission of the name of May McAvoy.

Miss McAvoy is, without a doubt, one of the most fitted, as well as one of the most neglected, cinema actresses of today. Judging from the way our lack of recognition given her, one would never suspect that she is a star of the first magnitude. She has all the qualifications of a star—she is good-looking, very sincere, and since she has the ability of a Bernhardt; she likewise lives the part she plays, and best of all, she has talent of a very high order.

Her work is beyond praise. Why gild the lily, or paint the rose? In only three pictures, “Clarence,” “Kick In,” and “Grumpy,” has she had a chance of showing her worth. In the first two of the three she came within an ace of stealing the honors from the nominal star, and the third had only her work as its excuse for failure.

Her characterization in “Kick In” has never been equaled. The last two scenes in which she appeared were flawless, superlative. In these scenes, which were very simple, and I defy anyone to bring forth an instance of a screen portrayal equaling hers in finesse and power.

In “Clarence” she played the part of the romantic schoolgirl to perfection. The scene in which, finding her wishes—or whims—not satisfied, she throws herself down upon a chair, or sofa, or something, and indulges in a tantrum, is very human and touching.

The third picture, “Grumpy,” has only her presence as its excuse for being. Sufficient praise, I grant.

The few pictures in which she has been billed as star were too inconsequential to be worthy of her talent. Now that she is to form her own company, everything will be in line.

It is a foregone conclusion that, freed from directorial, managerial and financial worries, with her own company around her, she will come into her own with the type of rôle that is peculiar to her genius, Miss McAvoy will be one of filmdom’s greatest stars, as she is now one of the greatest actresses.

All this may be a little partial, but letters of this sort almost invariably are.
Protestations over the liberties which the movies took with several plays and novels, 

Dear Editor: Not so very long ago a very well-known author denounced the movies in very harsh terms. He said something to the effect that most of the performers were morons and the directors ignorant to the point of semi-literacy. Naturally everyone who read this claim opened wide his eyes, perked up his ears and wondered the wherefore of this bitter and rather uncharitable attack upon our medium. But after seeing the liberties taken with well-known novels and famous plays one cannot help but sympathize with the author.

Recently I had the pleasure of seeing Clara Kimball Young's version of "Enter Madame," that sparkling and delightful comedy of Gilda Varesi which captivated New York a season ago. The play has been published, and in a general way the movie of it followed the story as well as might be expected considering the limitations of the screen. Allowances must be made for excessive action in scenes to make up for the loss of dialogue which, at all, is the basis of the play. But there was no reason under the sun why Miss Young should have elected to make. Lisa Della Robbia the stepmother of the title character rather than the mother as she was written. Here was a story of a temperamental grand-opera singer in her middle life who returns home after many years to choose to find her son grown and her husband about to divorce her for another woman. It was the mother-love for her boy and her pathetic determination to hold him and save him that gave Miss Young's part a little play so delightfully human. But the beatastic Miss Young could not bring herself to play the mother of a grown young man about to be married.

The play was a sensation in New York and the talk of the season, but the movie was merely a "movie" some of the name which are ground out, soon to be shelved and forgotten. It is highly doubtful whether twisting the original story out of shape and changing emotions of the screen added anything to her screen career.

The liberties taken with "Brass" are almost too numerous to mention, but as I am not a talker story or the protesting of these liberties taken, to some other person.

For inconsistency, stupidity and utter lack of an author's viewpoint, one can think "Main Street" as produced by Warner Bros., and "based on the novel by Sinclair Lewis," takes the little concrete biscuit with the little baby blue ribbon tied to it. Could a greater mess have been made of a story than was made with this one. Why in the name of common sense could you have had "Main Street" as written? It must be remembered that more copies of this book were sold than anything else in the last ten years. The enormous sale of the book alone would indicate that the story has a very General appeal. But did we get it on the screen? "Main Street" as written was to be sure, but beyond that one could scarcely recognize the mutilated remains of the story itself. Characters scarcely more than automatons in the book were raised to the nth power of importance in the film. Most of the real characters whose acts and utterances fill the book from cover to cover were left out.

Where was Maud Dyler, the wife of the druggist who had an affair with Doc. Kennicott in Carol's absence? Dave Dyler on the screen was apparently a rolling stock. Where was Vida Shervin the old maid, Carol's confidante and foil? Where was Raymee Wutherspoon with...
whom Vida had a most amusing romance? Where were the Harry Haydocks, quintessen-
cence of bourgeois snobbery, and the Harvey Dillons who suffered their snubs? And
and infinitesimal.

Why was it necessary to have Eric Valborg insult and attack Carol? Nothing
he ever did in the book remotely sug-
gested such a thing, why did his father have to have an arm cut off by Doc.
Kemmick when it was Adolph Mor-
gnaroth who suffered the amputation and not no ill feeling toward her either.
Why did old Valborg seeking
revenge for the loss of his arm, and some
way to break up the affair between Carol and
Eric (movie version), find it necessary to
lead a mob to her home to drive her
out of town? All for the sake of a
"punch" probably, but what a worn-out,
bone-sore method. Truly Valborg was a
despicable brute, not the loving father
anxious for his son’s welfare as depicted
on the screen, and he sought Eric’s re-
turn to the farm only for the work he
could get out of him. Why was not
the tragic story of Miles Bjornstam and Bea
Sorenson properly portrayed, since these
characters were more important to the
screenwriter to write? Why were they depicted as
inane, low comedians? Louis Fazenda
if given a chance could have made Bea other
than the slap-stick that she was.
And so on, and on. In short, why were we
not given “Main Street” as it was written?
One might say that it would be im-
possible to work in all the important char-
acters of this book. True, but why not
portray faithfully those that were used?
At least get the story straight.
Possibly the producers think they have
made a picture with “action” by so treat-
ing “Main Street.” Possibly they think
they have improved on the original plot.
I made it a point to ask a great many
people who saw the picture but who had not
read the book what they thought of it.
All were decidedly disappointed. “What,”
they would say, “can anyone see in such
a book if it is like the movie?” or “I can’t
understand the popularity of the book if
the movie is anything like it.” So the story
is presented by Warner as an improve-
ment on the original in spite of all the melo-
drama and hokum sandwiched in.
The only part of the book faithfully ful-
filled was the setting of the street scene
being especially good. It was copied care-
fully from the paper book cover. We will
give the credit they deserve, though
much, but their interpretation of the story was a
joke. “Main Street” is not a story, possibly,
that lends itself readily to the screen. It
is not any one scene or episode or bit of
dialog that makes for the book’s popu-
larit,y but rather the aggregate of these
that makes it such a delightful satire. It
is in reality a protest at the small Ameri-
can canct that nothing exists worth while
that is not distinctly utilitarian or the value
of which cannot be expressed concisely in
dollars. And it is no wonder that the
sensibility of the writer is neatly summed up in chap-
ter twenty-two, the eighth division of which
contains the meat or kernel, the raison
d’etre, so to speak, of this book.

In closing, I ask, may we not hope for
more accurate presentations of famous
novels and plays? If a story is successful as
a story, there is no reason why it should not
succeed on the screen in the original
form. If a story is successful as a story,
but does not lend itself to the screen, why
not make it all for the screen? I have yet to see the first really successful
story improved upon by meddling scenario
writers’ attempting to remake it for the
screen.

Respectfully,
J. Alexander,
16 South First St., San Jose, California.

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Page 114
Greenroom Jottings  (Continued from page 90)

way and before they could form again Lillian had dashed into her car.

We think that Charlie should have taken his trunk along with him to the World Series. Tom Geraghty wishes he had. Tom loaned his cane and part of his overcoat in the crowd that lovingly mobbed Charlie, and the cane was a birthday present from Mary and Doug. Even so, we can forgive the ruffians since they did not rob Charlie of his comic cane.

Clara Bow has been given an important role opposite Gaston Glass in "Poisoned Paradise," the Robert W. Service story of Monte Carlo. Her part is that of a French gamine, and anyone who has seen Clara's big brown eyes flash across the silversheet knows she can get away with it. It seems that Clara is galloping into fame as fast as did Valentino in the "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Clara entered pictures only a year ago, as winner of a Fame and Fortune contest of our publications. Her first chance of recognition on the screen was snipped in the bud by the censors, her entire role being cut out, but there followed "Down to the Sea in Ships," and her part in this picture took her down to Hollywood in the Movies. Then followed a part in "Maytime," the rôle of the flapper in "Black Oxen," and now "Poisoned Paradise"—and also unpoisoned Paradise, which she enjoys with the whole of the screen at the end of a busy day on the lot, in the rose-covered bungalow, she has bought in Hollywood.

Jetta Goudal, the subtle and exotic villain, of the "Bright Shawl," who carried a deliciously slender stiletto on her garter, has been signed as a co-star with Distinctive Miss Goudal is a native of France but there is a slant to her beauty that seems oriental. Not withstanding her intriguing type it was some time before she gained recognition. Her first picture was "Cinquième," with its locale in the tropics, where passions are like cloud bursts and the niceties of life are swept away in the floods. If the picture passes by the censors, we expect to enjoy Miss Goudal’s cool nerve in the midst of tumult.

Divorce stories of stage and screen stars continue to flit across the Screen of Life. This is one social function that the society matron is not able to exclude for herself. The fлинг of proceedings by Mrs. Monte Blue against Monte, and of Mrs. George Melford against George, a Lasky director, are among the latest. Already, the granting of a divorce to Corinne Griffith from Webster M. Campbell; of Mae Busch from Francis McDonald; and of Margaret Bohan, whose screen name was Margaret from James Cruze, the brilliant director, is ancient history. Irene Castle is still in a state of interesting indecision regarding her divorce proceedings that were instituted in France but never brought to culmination. Robert Remaine, her husband, is accompanying her on her dancing tour and between dances they are talking it over. We are hoping that they will not take out the final papers. Irene plans to return to the screen when she completes her tour.

Contrariwise, it seems to be quite the style now to fall in love with your ex-husband. It is rumored from the Coast that Corinne

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Barker is allowing Hobart Henley to rush her with as much vim as he did when he first set out to woo and win her. An awful thought has struck us—supposing every divorce should want back his original spouse! The situation would be appalling. Take for example Willard Mack's case. At the opening performance of "The Road Together," only an able child present Mrs. sent Marjorie, who was the second Mrs., a lovely floral design. Between the acts they went backstage to congratulate Marjorie and "the other woman" in the play, who was none other than Maude Leone, the first Mrs.; Pauline Frederick, the third Mrs., was the missing link to a perfect chain of lovely wives.

Lou Tellegen is starring in "Let No Man Put Asunder." Lou ought to put up a stiff enough fight against Geraldine.

Bill S. Hart's second picture for Paramount is "Singer Jim McKee," an original story by Bill which pictures a Westerner with a bit of spicy Spanish blood in his veins. Mr. Hart has also a new book on the market, "A Lighter of Flames," featuring Patrick Henry.

"Sundown," a super-feature by the Associated First National, is said to run in form close to "The Covered Wagon." It is an epic of the great cattle days of the West which have passed down into history with the days of the pioneer. The filming of the picture was inaugurated with the photographing of a herd of cattle, numbering five thousand head, in Columbus, N. M. A stampede was staged, which included the fording of the Colorado, with loss of cattle in the torrent; a prairie fire, the burning of a settlement, and the escape of cattlemen and their families from flood and flame.

After diligent search, Edward Burns has been selected to play opposite Gloria Swanson in Manole Fulton's play, "The Humming Bird." The director, who has "Little Old New York," and "The Green Goddess," to his credit, psychoed some fifty aspirants before he found the man to fit the part—that of an American newspaper man in Paris. A newspaper office and newspaper men are traditionally difficult to interpret in story and on stage and screen. Mr. Burns is said to be sufficiently unique to turn the trick.

Temperament is overworked in the semitropics and it seems to be mostly masculine. James Horne who directed "The Yankee Consul," in San Diego needed a lovely Spanish girl to complete his cast. After combing through the byways, he discovered one Dolores Rodriquez, who was cut to the pattern. Horne made a tempting offer but Senor Rodriquez said he needed "Dolo to tend store," and she could not do a heel and toe before the camera. Douglas MacLean, the male lead, started on another pack of cigarettes while Horne started on the search again.

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Comment on Other Productions
(Continued from page 108)

he might have been reading Tarkington's "Conquest of Canaan," which is somewhat similar of theme. However, it contains all the current "sweeter and light" partially eclipsed by black shadows of hokum. It is far removed from life.

The Wild Party
Just what the sponsors saw in this mild, little cream-puff of a story for a picture is difficult to determine. Episodic and brittle, it has tough sledding keeping alive. A story of a girl reporter assigned to cover some society-steppers with the usual results—getting the wrong identities and finding herself the innocent victim of a raid by revenuers.

We have scenes of Gladys Walton at the indoor bathing pool—and parked in a barn where she has found shelter from the storm. No semblance of head nor tail to it—and it further spoiled by some awfully bad comedy relief—engineered by a rustic bootlegger. Barlouche should have been the treatment here—and Mack Sennett should have been the doctor.

The Social Code

Seasons come and go, and film companies prosper or bust, Notre Dame keeps on beating West Point, the Giants finally lose a World Series, but count that day lost when Viola Dana doesn't appear as a society butterfly. Her newest essay places her in her favorite role, but she escapes her irresponsible antics when her lover is about to be sentenced to the electric chair.

Nothing new or novel exposed here. As usual the youth must needs perform a great service of self-sacrifice—thus making himself a theatrical figure. He refuses to prove an alibi, in order to protect the girl's married sister from a trivial indiscretion committed before her marriage, to the judge in whose courtroom the case is under trial. We award him the iron halo. When the erstwhile butterfly assumes the responsibility for her sister's trysting sin, the picture is over—and the electric chair is cheated. There is a tone and quality to the production that gives it a certain value—but it isn't an achievement in the annals of screen literature.

Times Have Changed

Times haven't changed for William Russell, if one may judge by this number. It seems to be his misfortune to carry the Fox cross on his shoulders and we find him bumbling with a south-easterly tail revolving around a young married couple which features a husband leaving the domestic menage for the city and becoming complicated in its disorganization. The village gossips start their evil rumors—and wifey's relatives are somewhat to blame in their effort to control affairs in her home. Not a good situation in the picture. We dismiss it as poor entertainment.

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AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF HUMOR

(239 West 30th St., New York)
On the Camera Coast
(Continued from page 80)

Pricilla Dean will be a studio neighbor of Mr. Lloyd. She is about to start a producing company of her own, her contract with the Universal having been concluded. It will be interesting to see what Pricilla does "on her own." Her last picture at "U" was wrecked because she insisted upon playing a girl crook as a pure shrinking violet. Every uniform in Hollywood seems to feel, however, that Pricilla's best work is yet to be done.

Norma Talmadge is about to start the production of "Secrets," in which she will appear successively a girl of twenty, a woman of thirty-five, and an elderly mother of sixty-five. She will be directed by Frank Borgease, who made "Humoresque." T. Daniel Frawley has just returned from the Orient, where he produced two motion pictures in India and China. He intends to start a big stock company in Hollywood to utilize the dramatic talent that is lying around loose. About half the screen actors have been on the stage at one time or another, and are too good to take a flyer on occasion. In the old days Mr. Frawley used to run a stock house in Los Angeles and discovered a great many actors who are now famous stars. Among these was Blanche Bates.

Frank Mayo has paid an amusing prize bet to Lew Cody for whom he has been acting as chauffeur for two weeks. He has had to wear his cap and carry the baggage. It was agreed that he was to pay one hundred dollars fine for each unchauffeured act. He escaped with two hundred dollars fine in the first fine was for shaking hands with Claire Windsor, who had just returned from New York or some other foreign part. The other fine was for speaking to a dramatic critic whom Lew was taxi-ing around town. After the first trip with his mahout, Lew took out an extra accident insurance policy. That's the kind of a driver Mr. Mayo is.

Carmel Myers has done a plucky thing. One of the big companies cast her for one of the most tremendous parts in the history of the screen. The condition was that she should sign a five-year contract. She refused because she didn't like to sign anything that would bind her for five years.

An ambition that Charles Ray has long held was realized last week when he appeared in a stage version of his screen classic, "A Girl I Loved," which was adapted by George Scarborough and Annette Westby. The try-out was given in San Diego.

Charlie, the big elephant at Universal, was executed the other day, having become too vicious to be used in pictures. Two animal trainers shot him at daybreak, using a big elephant express rifle. It was feared that, if wounded, he might run amuck and destroy the whole studio, so the execution was secret. The first shot, as it happened, killed him.

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him Hezi-Tate. And this nickname, Bryan explains, is the antithesis of Hezzi. He is a red-headed Irishman with some of the qualities which have brought Mickey Neilan his success.

"I always believed in Hezzi," B. W. explained, "and I always told him that when the day came he would have my company he would be my director. He always said he would be ready and when I went to him and asked him to come to me, he agreed to do it."

It pleases us to hear of some one believing in another completely enough to sacrifice his own welfare to this belief. This is what Bryan Washburn has done from that theater. He might, with much more surety, have entrusted his first independent picture to a director backed by a name.

But during our High School days, we saw Sarah Bernhardt play the death scene from "Camille." We saw her from a poor seat in the second gallery, and we did not understand the lines which were delivered in French but that experience is one of our most vivid and beautiful memories. For we thought that from that theater was the remembrance of an art so great that it transcendied all things.

And for a long time we have heard the name Bernhardt associated with the name that of Bernhardt. So when we learned that she was coming to America to appear in a limited repertoire we planned to see her. We are avaricious for beautiful memories.

A gala premiere was given at the Metropolitan Opera House on November 1st which Duse and her Italian company played Lisca's "Lady from the Sea" in Italian. But this time we knew a sense of loss because the lines were not understandable, although we were familiar with the story's action. We must confess that Duse gave us no thrill, either intellectual or emotional. From our own point of view, above and between marcelled heads, that her technique is adept and dexterous. And now and again, her voice rising and swelling, reminded us of the ocean. But for her Lady from the Sea we felt no sympathy and no bond of understanding.

Upon her face there was held one of breath. We hoped for an ovation such as we have witnessed at other times greater perhaps; such as John Barrymore received when they played Richard III and women pulled corsages from their gowns and threw them to the stage calling, "Bravo! Bravo!" But there was none of this. It may be, thit an audience as select as that which filled the Metropolitan from the stretching rafters to the parquet boxes and the stalls doesn't indulge in such oratorical outbursts.

During the first and second intermission we saw many of the prominent professional people around. There were John Emerson and Anita Loos, there was Cesare Gravina and Fannie Hurst and, in a gorgeous rose violet gown, Ethel Barrymore was there; her face was glimpsed in a box. And Julia Hoyt was beautiful in some pale satin, altho one never knows whether to list her with society belles or with players. And speaking of society, the horseshoe boxes were held by the Vanderbilt's, the Rockefeller's, the Astors, the Morgans and others of equal prominence in the social world.

To return to Duse, her costumes were all symbolic. Because she longed for the sea from whence she had come, the were flowing chiffons of the blues of the sea

**The Editor Gossip**

(Continued from page 103)

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The Answer Man
(Continued from page 78)

Tellegen are playing under the direction of J. Stuart Blackton in “Let Not Man Put Asunder.” Yes, I will do all I can for you.

MABEL M.—How diplomatic! Well a ruffled mind makes a restless pillow. Ralph Graves does not give his age, but he is about twenty-three and a widower with a small son. Lloyd Hughes is twenty-four and married to Gloria Hope. Your letter was a jewel.

E. C. WILMINGTON.—But to select well among old things is almost equal to inventing new ones. No, I don’t remember the pictures you speak of, but I do remember the Edison Talking Pictures, which were a failure. Mabel Normand was born in Boston, Mass., in 1892 and she is playing in “Mary Ann.” Address her at Sennett Studios, 1712 Glendale Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. You’re very welcome.

Al. W.—Al’s here! No, I am not marr.ed. As Alexandre Dunas said, “The chain of wedlock is so heavy that it takes two to carry it—sometimes three.” So I pass. Hank Mann was born in New York City and educated at Morris High School. He has played on the stage and in vaudeville. He made his screen debut in Mack Sennett Comedies, is five feet eight and weighs 165, brown hair and eyes. So long, Al.

DREAM LASSIE.—And well you know my favorite drink is buttermilk. Honest, that’s the strongest. Of course I like the name of Dream Lassie. Creighton Hale is playing in “Name the Man,” and Ivor Novello is playing in a picture in England with Gladys Cooper. You know we are leaving our ice and snow here now, and it is some cold. Write me any time.

and a soft white scarf which, with her silver hair, seemed as foam. And in the emotional scenes she wore dull, dead greys . . . the greys which the ocean takes on in rough and stormy weather.

We left at the beginning of the last act and we caught a hurried glimpse of Lillian Gish as she hurried along the corridor behind the orchestra. Probably she had been visiting in some friend’s box and was hurrying back to her own party. We wondered what her emotions were, for they have so often compared her to Duse. Dorothy and Mrs. Gish had already sailed for Italy but Lillian had remained over for another steamer in order to be present at this première. She looked idyllically beautiful, her pale gold hair shining above the soft moss green of her evening cloak.
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Page 121
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$2.50

Other Suggestions
For Her: Charming fragrances: Monoi Violet—Orchis—Eglant. Gift boxes of Colgate's toilettries all scented alike—Cashmere Cold Cream, Cha Ming Powder, dainty soaps, powders and creams. For Him: Rapid-Shave Cream or "Handy Grip" Stick—Lilac Imperial so refreshing—Colgate's Talc—Cashmere Bouquet or Cashmere Soap.
At Your Favorite Store

Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet
"A nosegay of scented flowers"—DE MONTAIGNE
Verbena, mignonette, lavender; these do the fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet suggest. In favored toilet soap or in dainty extract.
Soap (3 cakes) 70c. Extract $1.50

Men's Gift Box
"—now my task is smoothly done"—MILTON
A gift that will find immediate use. Shaving Cream or "Handy Grip", Toilet Water, Colgo Soap. A distinctly masculine affair.
$1.50

Colgate's Florient
"And a thousand fragrant posies"—MARLOWE
Golden sunshine, silver seas and breeze-kissed flowers—breathing the languid soul of the Orient—Florient. Extract $1.00 to $10.00
Toilet Water $1.50

Happy Christmas