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For Next Month

When they’re interviewed, the difference in the personalities of the stars is very marked. Mary Pickford is always indiscreet. That is a sign of greatness, so Harry Carr says. And he tells about other stars in the presence of the interviewer. About Norma Talmadge, Corinne Griffith, Charlie Chaplin, Dorothy Phillips and others too numerous to mention. It tells secrets about the stellar personalities which most interviewers never discover.

The Latin Invasion is the latest contribution of Eldon Kelley. And it is amusing in this day when the old plots have given way to a new plot which always permits an Italian or Spanish lover to hold full sway among the shadows upon the screen. You’ll laugh over the amusing verse and the clever drawings.

Sally Steele draws another word-picture ... this time of the palatial Goldwyn studios.

The third episode of the Dana Gatin serial, “Thistledown,” offers a dramatic incident in this love story woven about two young people in a pretty suburban town. ... Incidentally, there is “Black Oxen,” the Gertrude Atherton best-seller, told in short-story form ... and a novelization of “Flaming Youth.”

The March Motion Picture Magazine
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**She Dares to Tell the Truth About Love and Marriage!**

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 daring 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—if he must lose 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 she is thinking? 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 affection—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 creditors 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 of men's whims?

**What Every Man and Woman Should Know**

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- how to hold your husband or wife
- how to make people like you
- how to handle a woman's affections
- how to become a husband or wife's best friend
- how to make marriage the eternal honeycomb
- the "danger zone" of married life
- how to ignite love
- how to keep it flaring
- how to rekindle it if burst out
- how to cope with the "hunting instinct" in men
- how to attract people you like
- why some men and women are always lovable, regardless of age
- how to make them real grounds for divorce
- how to increase your desirability in a man's eyes
- how to tell if someone is really in love with you
- the things that make a woman "cheap" or "common.

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 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 courageously solves the most vital problems of love and marriage. She places a magnificently unblushingly light on the most intimate relations of men and women. No detail, no matter how avoided by others, is spared. She warns you gravely, she suggests wisely, she explains fully.

"The Philosophy of Love" is one of the most daring books ever written. It had to be. A book of this type, to be of real value, could not mince words. Every problem had to be faced with utter honesty, deep sincerity, and resolute courage. But 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 sacredly that the book can safely be read by any 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 fully of the most dangerous 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."

Certainly, shallow-minded persons may consider "The Philosophy of Love." Any-thing of such an unusual character generally is. But Madame Glyn is content to rest her world-wide reputation on this book—the greatest masterpiece of love ever attempted!

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Another Bone Is Removed From the Movie’s Vertebrae by the Surgical Censor

Prematurely, we were growing optimistic about motion-picture censorship. The press talked of its being abolished in New York State, where it has now been in force for some years. This seemed, at least, a beginning... a promise that eventually there would be a nation-wide erasure of that stigma on public intelligence.

But since then we have heard sorry tidings. Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania has forbidden liquors or anything remotely suggestive of alcoholic beverages to be shown upon the screens of his State. And because he is in a position where he can use censorship to gain his own spectacular ends in connection with prohibition, all imbibing scenes are eliminated from motion-picture productions before they are permitted to be projected in his State.

We believe in the enforcement of laws. For it is only thru rigid enforcement that a law can be proved unwise and gain the intense disfavor which will result in its being repealed. But Governor Pinchot must realize that every law ever placed upon the statutes has been broken. Murder, a violation of one of the first laws, occurs daily. And, therefore, it is necessary to the drama of the screen that scenes wherein intoxicating liquors are shown be projected. For how can the screen portray life if it is forbidden to show life as it is lived day by day?

Bone by bone the surgical censor removes the movie vertebrae. And we have no doubt that when what remains of the motion picture falls in a flabby and anemic heap, a great hue and cry will arise about the drama of the photoplay lacking vitality.

Such a state of affairs is deplorable. It mocks those men who died, in the words of Abraham Lincoln, that this nation of the people, for the people and by the people should not perish from this earth. For, in truth, this latest imbecility, committed in the name of censorship, is not logically a part of such a nation.
After Thirty—can a woman still gain the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch"?

Some women have a better complexion at thirty or thirty-five than they ever had in their twenties.

The reason is simply that they have learned to take better care of their skin.

At twenty, contrary to popular tradition, a girl’s complexion is often at its worst.

Too many sweets—late hours—and, above all, neglect of a few simple rules of skin hygiene, result in a dull, sallow color, disfiguring blemishes, and ugly little blackheads.

By giving your skin the right care you can often gain a lovelier skin at thirty than you ever had before.

Remember that each day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place. Whatever your complexion has been in the past—by beginning, now, to give this new skin the treatment it needs, you can gradually build up a fresh, clear, radiant complexion.

The cause of blackheads and blemishes

Blackheads are caused by dirt and oil collecting in the pores of your skin. A large-pored skin, or one that is much exposed to dust and soft-coal smoke, is especially susceptible to blackheads. Blemishes are generally the result of infection from bacteria carried by dust into the pores.

Don’t neglect detects like blackheads or blemishes. They can easily be overcome by the following two treatments:

To Free your Skin from Blemishes

Just before you go to bed, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury’s Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury’s until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes, then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

Use this treatment until the blemishes have disappeared, then continue to give your face, every night, a thorough bath in the regular Woodbury way, with Woodbury’s Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold water. In this way you can guard against a reappearance of the blemishes.

A Special Treatment for Blackheads

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.

Special treatments for each different skin need are given in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap. Follow the treatment you need regularly and see how much clearer your skin will become and what a world of difference it will make in its attractiveness.

Get a cake of Woodbury’s today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 25-cent cake of Woodbury’s lasts a month or six weeks for regular use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. Woodbury’s also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

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Cut out this coupon and send it to us today.
John Barrymore, the matinee idol, who is also one of the greatest artists of his age, has again been busy in the motion-picture studios for an all too brief interlude. And the result is another extraordinary motion-picture... "Beau Brummell." We hope for the day when Mr. Barrymore will be more definitely associated with the screen.
In “Poppy,” a new musical comedy, Madge Kennedy supplements her charming enough personality with several musical numbers. And the theater is crowded to capacity every evening and every matinée. However, with her last screen production, “Three Miles Out,” now released, Miss Kennedy is taking time to consider the story she will use as her next motion-picture.
LILA LEE

We publish this new portrait of Lila Lee because it presents her as the young matron. And, after all, that is what you might expect the comparatively new Mrs. James Kirkwood to be, above everything else. With her husband, she is playing in a motion-picture called "Painted Women"
COLLEEN MOORE

It is a wicked wink with which Colleen adorns this page—and it is illustrative of the flapper Colleen in “Flaming Youth.” Personalities change in Hollywood, and we have noticed lately that this daughter of old Erin is more attractive than ever. Her next picture, by the way, will be “The Swamp Angel”
The pictures which Elliott Dexter makes from now on should please him. For by his new contract he is permitted the entire responsibility of choosing his story, his director and his cast, and anything else which is necessary to his productions. His first picture under this Utopian arrangement is “The Way Men Love.” And Mildred Harris is the leading lady of his choosing.
DOROTHY GISH

Dorothy Gish is wintering in Italy.
No, this is not a society note... quite the contrary. For Dorothy is
in Italy for the purpose of appearing in "Romola," the film in which she
will star with her sister, Lillian. It is being filmed under the direction
of Henry King on its native ground.
This is one of the best pictures we have ever seen of Constance Talmadge, for it portrays her as she is... a rare good fellow, chic and fascinating... who has a perfect regiment of attractive and wealthy admirers eternally at her heels. (Production Note: Miss Talmadge is next to appear in a screen version of "The Mirage," the drama in which Florence Reed was starred upon the stage)
ADOLPHE MENJOU

Adolphe Menjou has justly come to be regarded as one of the most adept and fascinating shadows cast upon the screen. In “A Woman of Paris,” he succeeded in making his villain all of the hero. And we hear that Lubitsch has only praise to offer him for the work he has done under his direction in “The Marriage Circle”
Miss Valli is carving a definite niche for herself in the foremost ranks of screen players. Her portrayals never lack dignity, and she was recently selected for important roles in "Wild Oranges" and "The Signal Tower"
Donna Roma ... a portrait study of Barbara LaMarr in the rôle she essays
in "The Eternal City"
Patricia: Hollywood's Flapper

By
HARRY CARR

PatSY RUTH MILLER was only two hours late for the engagement—which was doing pretty well, considering.

She had announced her intentions of paying us a call of ceremony and state at our California ranch. She said she wanted to meet the Pekin ducks; she had never known a white Pekin duck on what anyone could call intimate terms.

The fair Patricia was due at two o'clock; she blew in some time around four when the sun was just beginning to settle down over the rim of the Tujunga mountains.

She had the thrill of her young life as she drew up under the old oak-tree that shelters the ranch house. Frances Marion was just leaving with her husband, Fred Thomson. And Frances has been the heroine of Patricia's young dreams. Also Frances's husband being a handsome blade, and probably the most perfect athlete the world has ever known, as well as a highbrow young man with a string of university degrees after his name, has also not escaped the notice of Patricia and the other flappers.

"They say she is the greatest scenario writer in the world," said the awe-struck Miss Miller as the Thomson family jammed the gears into place and receded in a haze of glory and oil smoke.

Miss Miller watched until they were out of sight. "If she's got all those brains and such a charming husband, I don't see why Heaven had to make her also the prettiest girl in Hollywood," she said with a sigh.

And with that,

Until now, Patsy's biggest success has been with Charley Ray in "An Old Sweetheart of Mine." Before she is much older she is likely to do something really big. Patsy Ruth is one of the girls that Hollywood critics are eagerly watching. She has tenderness of feeling and brains. She is due to get somewhere

Patricia was almost kidnapped into the movies. When the Millers first came to California, they were having a family picnic on the beach at Venice. A motion-picture director saw Patsy Ruth romping on the sand and introduced himself to her family in order to ask if the pride and joy of the household would not like to be a movie actress. The pride and joy thought she would . . . and that was that.
Patsy Ruth came to the bottom of the ice-cream and remarked sorrowfully. “If you were to ask me to have some more, I would say, ‘No, thank you’; but if you asked me the second time, I should relent.”

She relented and I dare say has been repenting on a diet of pineapple, without even the lamb chops ever since.

She played around the ranch all afternoon from the chicken yard where the white leghorns hide under the wild plum bushes to the yard where the geese stalk around in solemn dignity.

At sunset we climbed the hills and watched the colors flame across the mountain ranges that “stand up like thrones of kings” on the skyline: we watched the scarlet and gold melt into ashes of roses and deep violet as the day was dying.

And Patsy Ruth grew a little solemn and serious and we talked about the problems of life and death and art and careers.

Little Patsy Ruth has more interesting backgrounds than many of the Hollywood girls you meet. She comes of a fine family which grew on the borderland between the old South and the practical aggressiveness of the Middle West.

I think her people were a little bit scandalized at first when she became a motion-picture star.

She was almost kidnapped into the movies—so to speak. When the Millers first came to

(Continued on page 85)

Patricia wandered out into the orchard. Presently she emerged from the middle of a fig-tree and with a half-eaten Smyrna in her hand asked in a horrified voice: “Are these things fattening?”

“Being full of sugar, they are about the fatteningest things that grow,” was the ruthless answer.

With the fig still in her hand, she wailed out her grief to the world. “Here I have been starving on a diet of lamb chops and pineapple for two months and you invite me out here where fat grows on the trees.”

Which did not deter Patsy Ruth from reaching for another fig.

It was one of those belated hot days that come after the summer is supposed to have died and I had been grinding at an ice-cream freezer most of the afternoon.

“You’re a wonderful conversationalist,” said Patsy Ruth when someone mentioned ice-cream.

“I’ll be so fat when I leave here that they’ll have to retake all my close-ups; but let us be happy on the Sabbath.”

Patricia has a heroine. She is Frances Marion. Of her she says: “They say she is the greatest scenario writer in the world . . . and if she has all those brains and such a charming husband, I don’t see why Heaven had to make her also the prettiest girl in Hollywood.”

She told us that she is living in the hope that she will get a part some day which does not depend upon the sugary cake-frosting that directors and stars call “sympathy”—that sickly mush with which scenario writers have spoiled most of the best stories in the world with impossible heroines who are all snow maidens who are incapable of frailties.
Elinor Glyn Named Her As Queen

For the rôle of the Queen in "Three Weeks," Elinor Glyn personally chose Aileen Pringle from all the beauty of Hollywood . . . "because distinction and some subtle suggestion of the tiger lurks in her strange beauty." Above is one of the first photographs taken of Miss Pringle in this rôle.
"No, no, NO!" said Charlie Chaplin, "I'm going back to California and make another comedy. I don't want to play Hamlet at all. Shakespeare would bore me to death on the screen. It's the beauty of Shakespeare's lines which have made him an immortal. I'm going back to the old shoes... the old cane and derby. Once in awhile... about once a year or so... I should like to make something really rare and beautiful... as it comes to me; like 'A Woman of Paris.' I had to make that when I did. It grew and grew in my mind until I couldn't do anything else but just that."

Above is a caricature made by John Decker over which Charlie was enthusiastic. And, after all, whatever Chaplin may do, he will never be forgotten as the wistful little man who has erased the tears of the world. And, on the right, is one of the new portraits taken of him on his recent visit in New York.
We Interview Charlie Chaplin

A Playful Playlet in One Act and Five Scenes

Charlie Chaplin
We

THE CAST

Whom all the world knows
Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher

Such supernumeraries as: Hotel clerks, audience at the Lyric Theater, page boys, telephone operators, publicity men, elevator experts, Charlie's Japanese valet, who should be in the diplomatic service, et cetera.

Scene I is the Lyric Theater.—It is the New York première of "A Woman of Paris," the motion picture written and directed by Mr. Chaplin, but in which he does not appear in person. The histrionic are there. The Elect, Highhrows who look down upon the common movie. In the thronged theater lobby stands a large floral display from Mary and Doug. And merely in passing, Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher are among those most inconspicuously present.

In a stage box Charlie sits alone. About him is that air of solitariness that marks the truly great. Small of stature, but great in dignity and exceeding charm. That is the atmosphere of Charlie. The film runs its keen, triumphant way. And ends to the calls of "Bravo! Bravo! Speech! Speech!" There is mad applause. Charlie rises and steps forward. He bows in grateful acknowledgment. The applause insists that he break the silent drama. He finally comes out onto the stage from the recess of his box and the applause dies down as he opens his speech with his international smile. His hair is dusted with iron grey. He tells a funny story. And his audience comes immediately under the spell of his magnetic and dynamic personality.

Gladys Hall (coaxingly): Aren't we going to interview him? Huh? Huh?

Adele Whitely Fletcher (with deliberation . . . perhaps she was planning a single interview, who knows?): Maybe . . .

G. H. (elbowing her point into A. W. F.'s ribs if not her plans): I think we might do an interview with him. Why, I should think we would have to do an interview with him. Why, I should think that even you could see that!

A. W. F. (icily reproachful): I'm aware of his achievements. Really, my Dear . . .

G. H.: I have a new dress and every-thing . . .

PA
G. H.: I thought you said it was all settled for eleven o'clock. I'll say it's settled all right, wrong side up!

A. W. F. (with something less than her usual asperity): It was...

(At this juncture Harriette Underhill, the motion-picture writer of the New York "Tribune," comes into the lobby. The interviewers tell her of the broken, or deferred appointment. She is sympathetic.)

HARIETTE UNDERHILL: My dears, that's why I haven't made an engagement with Charlie Chaplin since he came to town. I'm awfully fond of him, but I know that the one thing he can't keep is an appointment, and if he broke one with me I'd be furious and I don't want to be that...

(With this encouraging news she takes her leave.)

SCENE III.—Same as Scene II. Two o'clock in the afternoon. The same procedure takes place. Once more A. W. F. calls the suite number on the phone. Once more G. H., who has again checked her wrap for a small monetary consideration, adjusts her new dress.

A. W. F. (and there is marked doubt in her tone.): Room 423, please. ... [Pause.]

A. W. F.: He hasn't risen yet? Well, but... [Pause.]

A. W. F.: Very well, then, we'll be up in half an hour. ...

(Continued on page 94)
The Verdict of the Vanderbilts

By HAROLD SETON

THE average individual possesses a certain amount of "social ambition," even tho' this statement may be indignantly disputed. Due consideration will certainly prove that in each community the very poor look up to the not-so-poor and the well-to-do look up to the very wealthy. Unusual is the man who does not secretly enjoy associating with "the richest man in town," and even more unusual is the woman who does not secretly enjoy associating with "the richest woman." Denounce such "snobishness" if you will, but, at the same time, remember about "people in glass houses" throwing stones!

Residents of Main Street do not hobnob with the denizens of back alleys. And in large cities the contrasts are greater than in small towns. In New York Fifth Avenue and the Bowery are worlds apart, and so are Fifth Avenue and Broadway. Fifth Avenue realizes this quite well. So does the Bowery. But not so Broadway. That is where our subject comes in— the verdict of the Vanderbilts! Just as in small towns Main Street and the back alleys flock to the movies, so Fifth Avenue and Broadway do likewise, altho' bringing different viewpoints.

The present writer has for many years, thru the force of circumstances, been brought in close contact with rich and fashionable people, the richest and most fashionable in America. Each summer he is at Newport, Rhode Island, the most exclusive resort in the world, for not even at the famous Continental watering-places, Deauville, Trouville and the Lido, is there a private bathing-beach, as at Newport, where even a glimpse of the bathers is denied the rank outsider.

At Newport there are three moving-picture theaters, and during each summer these houses are patronized not only by the tradespeople of Thames Street, but by the owners of estates on Bellevue Avenue. One evening last summer the present writer was a member of a fashionable party attending a Newport picture-playhouse, and was keenly impressed by the fact that altho' the rest of the audience sat enthralled, spellbound by the spectacle, the group of men in dinnercoats and women in evening-gowns giggled and tittered. The film was supposed to depict people of position, their modes and their manners, to say nothing of their morals, but was so fantastically false that an impression was created such as if a company of Esquimaux was engaged for a "Wild West" production!

The chaperon of the theater party was the mistress of a Fifth Avenue mansion as well as of a Newport estate. In her box at the Metropolitan Opera House she wears ropes of pearls worth a fortune, but only on special occasions dons her diamond tiara. She wore the diadem when, in London, she was presented by the American Ambassador's wife to the King and Queen of England. She was asked for her opinion of the film, and her comments were jotted down. They are herewith set forth as those of a genuine "society woman" discussing an alleged "society picture."

"This film, and the majority of others which profess to depict the dress and deportment of people of wealth and position, could only impress, those who have no more acquaintance with the actual conditions than have the directors of these absurdities. Producers are said to devote time and attention, to say nothing of money, to seeing that in 'costume' plays, the
Middle Ages are not confused with the Colonial Period and the Colonial Period is not confused with the early Victorian. Then why, I wonder, do they not take as much trouble to see that Broadway is not confused with Fifth Avenue? My New York house is large and well proportioned, and my Newport villa is quite commodious. I constantly visit at the best-known residences in both communities, but I have never seen or heard of any drawing-rooms or dining-rooms half the size of those constantly shown in picture-plays as being the haunt of 'the idle rich.' When we entertained such distinguished foreigners as Prince Henry of Prussia, the Crown Prince of Sweden and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, we enlarged our usual staff of servants and dressed the footmen in special livery. But, in the movies, for ordinary dinner-parties enormous banquet-halls are shown, and dozens of flunkeys. Maids seem to be engaged by the score, and they wear short skirts, silk stockings and high-heeled slippers with showy buckles. Such costumes are of course unheard of outside of the studios.

'I have never been considered a tramp or a dowdy, and some of my women friends are hailed as 'the best-dressed women in America.' But none of us would ever dream of including in our wardrobes such details as seem essential to 'society women' in pictures. Evening-gowns, the backs of which are cut down to the waistline would not be tolerated. Head ornaments suggestive of the Ziegfield 'Follies' would be relegated to the 'Follies.' Boudoir-caps of barbaric splendor would stamp the wearer as beyond the pale. The movies constantly show 'millionaires' wives' trailing about bedrooms in yards of chiffons, glittering with spangles and festooned with fur. Modistes may carry such goods, but they certainly never show them to their Fifth Avenue clientele.

"In ballroom scenes young girls are seen with their hair in curls, after the manner of Mary Pickford. In actual life such coiffures are restricted to the schoolroom or the nursery. Any debutante who appeared at a ball with her hair in curls would be laughed out of countenance, and her mother would be severely criticized. Close-ups of men's faces show that most of them have high brows shaped in some way. No gentleman in polite society would indulge in such an effeminate practice. I have never heard of anyone who did. And so it goes, with a hundred and one repetitions, until one is forced to realize that, as has often been declared, 'the motion-pictures are still in their infancy!'"

Following this emphatic expression of opinion, the present writer interviewed other prominent members of the Newport colony, and, after returning to New York for the winter, continued his investigations. Not only was the original criticism duplicated and enlarged upon, but the general taste of the smart set was manifested in regard to the movies.

"Society" in Cheyenne, Wyoming, may be headed by the Smiths and in Tallahassee, Florida, by the Browns, in San Francisco by the Crockers and in Philadelphia by the Biddles, but in New York it is certainly headed by the Vanderbilts. So it is edifying to ascertain the verdict of the Vanderbilts, the many-millioned family whose ramifications include Twomblys, Sloanes, Webbs, Shepards, Whitney's and so forth.

It seems that with these discriminating movie fans the favorite screen actor is the virile and romantic Douglas Fairbanks and the favorite screen actress is the winsome and appealing Mary Pickford. Gloria Swanson is considered "magnetic" and Ramon Novarro is considered "fascinating." Charlie Chaplin and Harold Lloyd are immensely popular. D. W. Griffith is highly esteemed, and so is Eric von Stroheim. Some directors who go to great trouble and expense with their "society" scenes are only laughed at for their pains. And yet for the hundreds (Continued on page 85)
The New Madge

This is hardly the sort of thing we have come to expect of Madge Bellamy. Always she has been the demure and shrinking violet. It may be in line with the recent news that she is organizing her own motion-picture company... we wonder if it is, by chance, a subtle hint that she will essay vampire roles... or were the black lingerie and sweeping hat donned only in the interest of an artistic portrait study after all? We favor the last suggestion...
While Hi was dictating his correspondence that morning, he noted an amused smile on his stenographer's face—abstractedly reaching into his pocket for his handkerchief he had drawn out the apron instead!
Thistledown
The Serial Written Around the Younger Generation

By
DANA GATLIN

Illustrated by Harold Lund

INSTALMENT II

AFTER they had gone a couple of blocks, young Daggett said: "Here, better give me the wheel, now."

"I'm a pretty good driver," Dolly murmured, but obediently exchanged places.

"Yes, you can drive, all right—I imagine you could do sixty-one; on that score, at least, you merit the cop's admiration."

His tone was wry, but Dolly clapped her hands merrily.

"That was beautiful!" she exclaimed.

"It was inquisitive," answered young Daggett. "To deceive an officer of the law—and just after preaching at me!"

"That was different. You'd been doing the sixty-one actually. You're a reckless driver, and ought to be reprimanded."

"Then why did you come to my rescue with the cop? He'd have handed me over to a judge who'd reprimand me, all right!"

The girl was silent.

"It must have been," the young man said, "that you really wanted to help me."

"Then it was against my better judgment," said Dolly.

"Well, anyway, I'm glad you wanted to help me. It means you must like me a little—even if against better judgment."

"That's really the easiest way to like, isn't it?" was Dolly's comment, in her voice of sly mischief.

He glanced at her with answering fun in his own face, then the look gave way to an inquisitive wonder.

"Who are you, anyway?" he asked. "You are an extraordinary girl."

"You know who I am—I served you last night at Thiebaud's road-house. Don't you remember?"

"I remember, all right. You were ducky in that cap and apron. And I called you Thistledown and you said your name was Dolly Watt." Then, putting the question bluntly: "How long have you been a waitress, and where did you come from to Thiebaud's?"

But Dolly laughed tantalizingly and shook her head.

"I don't half-believe your name is Dolly Watt," he said, suspiciously.

"What, would riding in a grand car make me such a fine lady that my name should change? Maybe it's the car that's bewitched me—but see! I've got my apron tucked under my cape!"

And, true enough, she drew out a flimsy, white trifle and held it round her. She looked down at it, wonderingly.

"Gracious, but an apron does make a difference in a woman!" Then she peered up at him anxiously. "Do I seem again Dolly Watt, the Thiebaud's waitress?"

This was sheer levity again, but young Daggett could not help laughing.

"No wonder you bewitched the cop," he said—"it's you who are the witch, not this grand car. I must look out lest you bewitch Hi Daggett, too."

The girl did not answer, gazed demurely off at the rushing twilight.

Then the young man reminded:

"You called me 'dear' back there—and in front of the policeman!"

For another second the girl did not speak; then she said: "I've come farther than I meant—will you let me out, or be so kind as to take me back to the trolley?"

"Oh, don't go back yet—come on for a little ride. Or are you on duty tonight?"

"No, I'm not on duty," she murmured.
His voice was breathless. His face was coming closer.
For a paralyzed second the girl watched that nearing face, those shining eyes; terror gripped her, terror and a hundred unnamed sensations—Then he kissed her

"Then come on—it's a peak of an evening—the air'll do you good."

Dolly still gazed at the rushing twilight.

"Please don't say no," he urged. "I'm sort of lonesome tonight—sort of low. Wont you be a good Samaritan?"

She ventured him a glance then, almost timidly; and it seemed to her that something sombre underlay the audacity in his eyes, and that a certain compression of his lips belied his light-hearted laughter—perhaps this dashing young man was indeed lonesome. She felt a queer stir of pity in her heart. And felt a strange tingle within herself, a flutter of excitement. And it was truly a "peak of an evening"—the dusk filled with a blurred glory, the air full of wind but soft for October, the road gleaning ahead thru the deepening misty shadows.

The girl did not know why she tingled; she did not know that all the ghosts of joyous youth, all of youth that ever quickened in spring's glad season and died, throbbled now invisibly in this windy autumn night—in their inaudible voices tumultuously calling. She did not know, but the look she cast him was sincere and sweet and wistful when she said:

"For a little way, then—but I mustn't be gone too long."

"Righto," said young Daggett. "Promise you not to go too fast—but the road's not jammed out here."

"I like going fast sometimes," she admitted.

"Who's the inconsistent one?" he quizzed. But she didn't mind the banter, or bother about inconsistency, because her mood had changed.

"Needn't be afraid of my driving," he laughed reassuringly, and stepped on the gas: and they went rushing in pursuit of their own fleet white headlight, thru the mysterious gloom.

Dusk and the blur of trees and houses, painted more mysteriously as the stars stole out—twilight, starlight—and night to follow . . . and two of them—a young roysterer and a waitress he had met in a road-house—rushing thru the shimmering world . . .

It seemed as if the speeding car, and the two of them in it, owned the night and the world. Now and then contestants, interlopers, appeared and offered a brief challenge; a pair of huge yellow eyes blazing forth from the gloom, making directly toward them, and young Daggett each time seeming to steer straight to meet the onslaught!

Each time he swerved with masterly minuteness out of danger, Dolly caught her breath and tingled at his strength and skill, at his air of superbly casual ease.

Now and then she glanced where he sat broad-shouldered and silent. He had flung aside his cap and his hair, blowing back, made him akin to the rushing wind; she could see he was smiling—and she got an odd sense that this fast-going brought him some surprise as well as excitement.

She, too, felt strangely soothed; she was aware of an agreeable sensation—a queer gladness, a strange and unwarranted sense of companionship. All restlessness dropped away. The wind was a sizzling balm. The stars in the heavens stooped nearer and nearer—they stretched down soft bright jewels of peace—a soft shining contentment rimmed her in. Soft, soft was the night, sharp and sweet the wind . . . down the shimmering night-roads—in the night-time, in the starlight . . .

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.

They had not talked much, only little detached inconsequences marking their flight; some quirk of the road—the staunchness of the good old boat—exaltation over out-distancing a presumptuous pursuer.

There seemed curiously little need for speech. It was later than it should have been when Dolly reminded him it was time to turn back.

"Dont bother taking me all the way to the inn," she said. "You can drop me at Three Corners. She couldn't forbear adding impishly: "Then you won't run the risk of scandal."

"I'm not afraid of scandal," somewhat curtly. "And Three Corners is nothing but a cross-roads and a patch of woods."

"There's a perfectly good trolley—don't rich folk with automobiles know trolleys can be ridden in? Or maybe," teasingly, "I live in the woods—in a tree."

"I shouldn't be surprised," he answered moodily. "Thistledown—puff-balls—they blow around in the woods, don't they, or pastures or something."

"Now, I see you're angry with me," she said, affecting mournfulness. "Is it because I said I lived in the woods? Please forgive me for that dreadful lie." And she gazed beseechingly at him, clasping her hands. "Or maybe it's just because I'm a servant—is that why you're angry, Mr. Daggett?"

"You are mocking me again," said Mr. Daggett, "but I'm not angry with you. I wish—" He broke off and stared ahead with that moody expression, but did not voice his wish. Instead, he said:

"Wont you tell me, at least, where you came from to Leon's?"

Dolly put her fingers to her ears.

"Dont ask me questions—cant you see I can hear nothing?"

"If see you have on a very imposing ring," he said, rather cruelly. "It must have cost a good deal, that gleamer."

"Perhaps it cost more than you think," answered Dolly. She lowered her hand and held it before her, gazing at the dimly lit bauble. Her gaze was sober, and her tone was
a trifle sad as she added; "But costly trinkets, they say, do not always bring happiness."

Perhaps it came to young Daggett then, that this frail girl might have a history far unhappier and stormier than his own, for he said, with simple earnestness:
"I hope your ring will bring you nothing but happiness. Thistles down."
"Do you really hope that?" she asked, still gazing at the ring.
"Yes, I hope that."
Then she glanced up, greatly daring but terribly sincere.
"And I hope," she said, "that you will find happiness—despite all the mad follies in which you vainly seek it."
Young Daggett looked at her, startled, nonplussed; but he laid one hand a second on hers, and said, slowly:
"You are a witch—you understand me better, I believe, than some who know me better."
This was a dangerous slant of talk and the young man must have realized it, for he removed his hand and suddenly altered his demeanor. He laughed, his gay careless laugh, and said:
"Well, I guess it's about time for refreshments, Thistle-down. Always go heeled." And, halting the car, he reached down and began fumbling for something.
The girl drew back in sudden alarm as he brought forth a bottle and collapsible cup.
"Here, you're the guest," he said genially, offering her the first drink.
She drew farther back. "No—thank you, no!"
"Oh, come on—Anna's a long way off."
"That's not it—I really don't want it."
"Oh, all right then—I know somebody who does want it." And he lifted the cup and drained it at a gulp. Then:

"One good drink deserves another," and he reached again for the bottle.
"I wouldn't do that," urged the girl, her mischief lost in mounting uneasiness.
"Why not?" good-humorously, but pouring out the liquor. He drained the second cup. "Pretty good—better try some." He laughed for no special reason, his buoyancy seemed swift in returning.
Suddenly Dolly caught hold of the bottle. It was a wrong move, for he laughed, "No, you don't," and grabbed; there was a little tussle, their hands met and contended.
Then, all at once, he let go his clutch. "All right—keep the bottle! But I demand payment—better than a drink!"
His voice was breathless. His face was coming closer. For a paralyzed second the girl watched that nearing face, those shining excited eyes; terror gripped her. terror and a hundred unnamed sensations—
Then he kissed her.
At the touch of his hot lips the girl recovered her numbed faculties, she wrenched herself away. Her face was white and furious, like a flower that has been smitten by storm.
"How dare you kiss me! You cad, you cad!"
Then she drew back her hand and dealt him a stinging slap across the mouth.
I suppose no young man to whom esteem for women—and self-esteem, too—has not become a cheap thing could be in young Daggett's position and accept it equably. Swift compunction seized him, but his humiliation balanced the compunction—and he told himself he did not deserve the humiliation. The girl, with her moods and her lightness, had led him on—and who was she, anyway?

Dolly evinced no agitation when a step sounded and a woman entered. The woman, who was elderly, wore the gown and aspect of an exceptionally trained maid. Her tone sounded a blend of respect and reproach.
He knew girls pretty well, could read them and their motives—what right had this girl to flout him? That blow still smarted. The fact he wasn't wholly sober didn't help him any. So he hid his remorse.

And the girl couldn't know his sulkiness was aimed as much at himself as at her, when he muttered:

"It's because I'm only a servant you dare to insult me. You hold me cheap—but that makes yourself the cheaper. You're more yellow even than I've heard, Hi Daggett."

Then, imperious in her scorn and wrath: "Turn this car around and take me back at once—if you have that much decency left!"

"Can't say that hanging round here gives me any particular pleasure," young Daggett muttered. Her words must have stung even worse than her blow, for he added, viciously: "Can't get back any too quick to suit me—and it'll suit me if I never see your face again."

Nor could she know the venom was directed partly against himself.

But during the homeward ride, darting him a tentative glance or two, she could see the dejected sag of his shoulders, the grim set of his jaw; and once catching his glance for a second she caught the expression of a child who sulks but is unhappy, without knowing why. He was like a spoiled child—a big, bad, spoiled child! Despite herself she felt her cold censure melt a little as she held to it firmly, and held to her chill dignity and silence.

The ride back was wordless as the sally-forth had been, but it was a different kind of silence. The same stars shone, the same wind sang, the same mysteries and soft tumults throbbed in the air whispering of youth and youth's adventure; but for these two the adventure had come—and ended disastrously.

Dolly spoke but once, briefly, to remind him to let her out at Three Corners.

"Very well," acquiesced young Daggett, just as briefly.

But when they came to the place where the cross-roads reveal naught by starlight save a dim trolley-track and ghostly bill-boards and telegraph poles and on one corner a fringe of woods stretching out more dim and spectral—then the young man unbent a little.

"It looks pretty lonely here—sure you won't be afraid?"

"I'll be all right," jumping out. But in the road she hesitated a moment. Perhaps it was because she was safely out of the car, perhaps it was because he looked so hostile—and so glum; at any rate she queried—unnecessarily:

"So we part—enemies?"

"The phrase is of your own making," with a shrug.

"You said you didn't care if you never saw my face again."

"Did I?—I must have meant it then."

"I cannot help your not liking my face," she murmured, but loud enough to carry above his thrumming motor. Then, more loudly: "There's a snub in your own, Mr. Daggett, right by your mouth. It's—car-grease; it came off my hand when I slapped you."

With this parting taunt she disappeared from his view behind the car. The motor's thrumming instantly to a roar was her only answer, and the car plunged violently ahead. It went thundering down the road like an angry thing, one red eye peering back like a lurid eye of wrath.

Dolly watched the disappearing tail-light until it became an imagined speck; then, instead of waiting for the trolley, or for whatever she might expect to encounter at Three Corners, she started walking up that road which leads by the wooded stretch and the old De Bossert place.

The old drive climbs steeply several hundred yards thru the woods before the extensive clearing begins which formerly made the setting for the mansion; those once beautifully kept grounds are now rank and wild, and all that is left of the mansion is a pile of overgrown debris—it has been a quarter of a century since the seat of the pretentious De Bosserts was destroyed by fire. Even by day the place has the lonely and haunted aspect that marks any human abode long abandoned, and by night, its gloomy seclusion might easily make it frightening.

But Dolly walked along boldly, and with the air of one knowing the way. When she reached the grounds, with their ghostly vestiges of patterned boxwood and ordered shrubbery and pleasure-gardens, she did not approach the ruins but turned into a dim path which ran off into the woods again, at an angle and ascending abruptly.

On the brow of this isolated hill, with that wilderness and waste stretching down behind her, Dolly might have been a hundred miles from Fairfield and its noisy motor road—a hundred years from the throbbing pulse of modern civilization—except for the sudden-lights down there, on the farther side, glimmering along the Sound. Except, too, for those nearer lights, so near that one not knowing.

(Continued on page 108)
Vignettes of the Studios

The Editor's Note.—The following is the fourth 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.

IV. Universal City Studio
By
SALLY STEELE

Five miles from Hollywood's busiest corner, over the twisting, winding Cahuenga Pass and back into the hills.

Universal City.

Six hundred acres of it, if you please, with the eye-trying yellow stucco buildings of California-Spanish type marking its entrance-way, and the inevitable line of studio cars flung like a barricade before it.

"The U," as it is called on the Boulevard, cant live down its past. Art struggles valiantly with Hokum, here, but the gypsy-like atmosphere of the carnival reigns.

There was a day when one could tour Universal City, and see all its wonders, including stars and trained animals, for the nominal admission price of twenty-five cents. Those days are gone, but the tinselly flash of them oddly remains.

Even now the studio cafeteria at the roadside carries an arresting sign, calculated to gather in the shekels of the movie-curious. "Eat Here—Dine With The Stars" it invites.

No number of million-dollar productions, nor of glittering electric signs on New York's Broadway, can quite give "the U" dignity.

On the hillsides tower mammoth sets. If you can slip by the doorman who sits just inside the always-chilly, musty-smelling entrance hall, you can explore to your heart's content miles of amazing territory.

The Cathedral of Notre Dame, built for "The Hunchback," The Casino at Monte Carlo, mute reminder of von Stroheim's tempestuous sway, Chinese, Arabian, Parisian, American street sets, elaborately accurate in detail. On the closed stages, and no studio has larger stages than this one, stand luxurious interior sets.

And the "the U's" contracted players are of modest rank, Herb Rawlinson, Gladys Walton, Reginald Denny, Virginia Valli, Hoot Gibson, some of our most famous stars have worked on this lot.

Absurdly tho, and delightfully, "the U" remains "the U."

The only studio with a nickname.
A picturesque gypsy who tries at times to be a perfect lady, by wearing an ermine wrap.
They're Not Afraid to Fight

By HELEN CARLISLE

Of course it's all very, very sad. *Picture the young, trustful maiden leaving her home town and her best beau to embark upon a motion-picture career in Hollywood!* She is deaf to the advice of her elders and to the entreaties of her friends. She is warned that ten thousand eye-filling beauties have beaten her to the extras' bench—that her chances of becoming a movie star are about equal to those of a wooden rocking-horse against Zev on the Belmont track.

She needs no entreaties. The best hat and the silver slippers are jammed into the wardrobe trunk alongside the movie novels of Rupert Hughes and Harry Leon Wilson, and, feeling like the heroine of a best seller, another self-elected citizeness is on her way.

What will become of her? Of the thousands of girls who come to this sunny, hill-circled town on the Pacific slope, so very few can hope to become motion-picture actresses of prominence, or even to earn a good livelihood on the screen.

The law of supply and demand permits such a small quota of Hollywood's youth and loveliness to find recognition before the camera. Will the newcomer be one of the favored few?

Will she become one of the vast, unsettled army of extra people, drifting from one studio to another when the call goes out for mob scenes, living from day to day on the occasional studio checks, gradually losing all her youthful enthusiasm, hope and ideals?

Will she give up her career and return to her home town, disappointed, embittered by her failure as so many have done?

Or will she join the game, spirited group of girls and young women, some of whom I'm introducing to you now? Girls who have taken off the grease-paint, but with no sense of failure. Girls who have turned their backs to the camera, but have not deserted it. Girls who have made of their work on the motion-picture screen a stepping-stone to success in other lines of studio work.

There's little, black-eyed Lillian Russell. That is her honest-to-goodness own name, too. She is secretary to Bernard McConville, scenario editor at Universal City. You've no doubt seen Lillian on the screen, as the devoted, adoring lover of Lyle Talbot, or of the hero of some other tale.

And Nell Newman, the lovely, blonde young secretary of the Hollywood Studio Club. Nell played the part of the little Cockney girl-chum, in Nazimova's "The Heart of a Child." This rôle was given her shortly after her arrival from her home in Kansas City, a striking example of the "beginner's luck" so often spoken of on the

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On the left is Jeanie McPherson, who gave up her aspirations as an actress to become the best-known woman scenario writer in the film profession. And, at the right is Nell Newman—one extra girl—who, despite beginner's luck, is now no longer an actress, but the secretary of the Hollywood Studio Club instead.
Boulevard. Naturally, the future looked very rosy for Nell at the time. But shortly after the picture was completed, the studios closed down and Hollywood faced a long period of inactivity. Nell went to the Studio Club as secretary. One thing is certain, life is anything but dull for her there, as anyone who has endeavored to keep an eye on twenty movie-struck girls at one time, will testify.

Madge Wiley won a beauty contest in Spokane, Washington, coming to Hollywood from there. She did extra work for some time, but her ambition was to become a scenario writer, and she left the screen to study this branch of studio work. She has become one of the most capable "script clerks" in Hollywood.

A "script clerk," I may explain, sits at the director's side, takes down the action of each scene as it is filmed, noting in detail, what each player wears, so that all shots will match. As an example, if Our Hero strolls thru the drawing-room and out into the garden in a gray tweed suit, the script clerk sees to it that he still wears the same suit when the garden scenes are taken. Hats, gloves, shoes, even the position of the handkerchief in a coat-pocket—all are her responsibility.

Madge will probably be a successful scenarist some day. She is learning photo-play construction in the only place where it can be truly learned—the motion-picture studio.

There is Julia Heron, technical director for James Cruze, Miss Heron entered pictures in the earlier days of the profession and gave up acting several years ago. She'll tell you laughingly that she doesn't regret it a bit. Her position requires a great deal of research work, for she must see that the costumes, customs and manners of any period depicted in a Cruze picture are correct in detail. James Cruze, as you probably know, is one of the most prominent motion-picture directors; "The Covered Wagon" being one of his most recent successes.

Little Charlotte Woods reversed the order of things by entering the motion-picture studios as a stenographer, later becoming an actress. Her story reads like a fairy tale, up to a certain point. Charlotte was bending patiently over her typewriter one day, out at the Thomas H. Ince studios, when Mr. Ince himself, strolling thru the offices, spied her.

He walked right over to her and said: "Young lady, how would you like to play a second lead with Charles Ray in his next picture? You're just the type we've been looking for." (This was several years ago, when Ray was still an Ince star.)

Naturally, Charlotte nearly passed out with excitement. Scores of girls besieging the casting-office for the role, while she, without effort, had it offered to her!

Well—she played the part, that of the country girl in "His Mother's Boy." (Continued on page 86)
There could be no doubt about the relationship in this picture, for little "Billy" Windsor is a pocket-edition of the gloriously golden Claire. And Claire, by the way, is now in Algiers, where she is playing the heroine of "A Son of Sahara," which Edwin Carewe is directing. "Billy" awaits her return to Hollywood.
Once Upon a Time...

The Third of a Series of Drawings Depicting Stellar Childhoods

By JULES AGRAMONTE

Who doubts that Rodolph Valentino, even in his earliest years, caused feminine hearts to flutter strangely? A juvenile Lothario who wreaked havoc with the young olive-skinned maids of old Italy

And Mae Murray—literally, a jazz baby. With her we close our series depicting stellar childhoods
Rodolph and Natacha Rambova Valentino returned from their vacation-trip abroad on the Aquitania. While Rudy remained in New York, Mrs. Valentino continued across the continent in order to supervise some business arrangements regarding the picturesque Valentino bungalow in the Hollywood foothills. With the Famous Players-Lasky contract barring Rudy from the American screen for a year to come, it is likely that his next production will be filmed abroad.
The Story of a Woman Whose Love Endured

Lucretia Lombard

By

JANET REID

Lucretia Lombard, alone in her silent room, from which the hush of death had so lately passed away, faced herself. As squarely as she could for the tumult that sickened her with each breath she drew and glorified her with each dream she dared to dream.

So this, she thought, was love! This!

People should be told that it was like this. Then they could run away from it if they could not have it fairly. Then they wouldn't be exposed to it, left to encounter it, all unguarded and undefended, all uncovered and unwarmed.

Love!

Well... Lucretia drew a breath that shuddered thru her.

She would have to go back to the beginning, back to the very beginning, to the day she had first met him.

No, she would have to back still further than that. She would have to go back to her girlhood, to her scheming mother and impoverished father, to her meeting with Sir Allen Lombard, tall, distinguished, older than herself, and in love with her.

"You'd be a little fool if you didn't take him while you have the chance." That was her father, intoning in her ears, night and day... a note of supplication...

of fear. Poverty pressing in around them. Dreariness. She had never known love nor any of the lovely approaches.

"I don't know what you'll do if you don't marry him."

That was her mother, tremulous, afraid, too, poor darling... Scared by life. By bruises.

"But I don't think I love him... I don't think I love him." This from Lucretia herself, the dark cloved bud of the woman she was to be. A woman folded into a tender sheath, but innerly and gorgeously aware of some magnificent mystery to impend.

Then her mother, fearful, on the verge of that recurrent hysteria. "But girls never know love until after they have married... nice girls, Lucretia... and the idea... Sir Allen Lombard... ungrateful... ungrateful..."

One couldn't be ungrateful... Lucretia had married Sir Allen Lombard who had turned, almost like the waving of a black wand, immediately after marriage from a tall, distin-

Two weeks later Stephen and Mimi announced their marriage. The announcements were in all the town papers. The wedding had been performed at the bedside of Judge Winship, just before he passed on... Lucretia read them all. All of the announcements...
Lucretia had given him, what she believed to be, more aspirin. It was at his insistent request. When she awoke, the dawn was streaking into the room with long intrusive finger-tips and Sir Allen Lombard was dead.

Lucretia met one or two people... not very interesting. And, when, at a Charity Bazar, she met young Fred Winship, she liked him because he was “in trouble” and weak and she was grown accustomed to helping people out of weaknesses and troubles. Besides, Fred was boyish and had something appealing about him. Afterward, she knew that “the appealing something” was his resemblance to Stephen.

Fred told her that she was beautiful, too. “You should never dress any differently than you are dressed tonight.” Lucretia,” he said after he had known her a few weeks, “that black velvet, the heavy coils of your amber hair... magnificent. Heavily magnificent.”

“You silly boy!” said Lucretia, but she smiled, and the darkish rose dyed her throat and face. She was so used to hearing only “Can’t you hurry? What are you moping about?”

There came the night when a terrible thing happened. Sir Allen had been dozing in front of the fire. Lucretia had been sitting close beside him. She dared not leave him because, the night before, she had arrived home from a card game to find Sir Allen leveling a gun at one of the servants and demanding the morphine which he was forbidden to have.

Lucretia had given him aspirin at his request and then she must have dozed (she told all this in court afterward), for she awoke later to hear him asking her for more aspirin. That was all right, she thought. She gave it to him. She took his hand and patted it and told him that she would stay by him until he fell asleep. When she awoke, the dawn was streaking

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**LUCRETIA LOMBARD**

Novelized by permission from the Warner Brothers production of the scenario by Sada Cowan, adapted from the novel by Kathleen Norris. Directed by Jack Conway. The cast:

Stephen Winship......................Monte Blue
Lucretia Lombard......................Irene Rich
Sir Allen Lombard....................Marc McDermott
Judge Winship.........................Alec B. Francis
Fred Winship........................John Roche
Mrs. Winship.........................Lucy Beaumont
Sandy.................................Otto Hoffman
Mimi....................................Norma Shearer

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There had been an inquest, of course.
The inquest had passed off smoothly, thanks largely to the efforts of Fred Winship’s brother, Stephen, the District Attorney.

The night after it was all over, the first night he had come to her, there in her silent house, with the fire redly low, her black velvet gown, the weight of her amber hair, the loud, triumphantly measured beating of her heart... how large hearts are... how heavy... how... how important...

They hadn’t said very much.


“It is like this,” Lucretia had said.

Stephen said, “Yes.”

There had been a long silence. The fire had died down, down farther, until the room seemed stained with a sort of anger. It was Stephen’s anger, Lucretia thought.

“You know,” he said at length, in a voice heavy like the beating of her heart, and ominous like the dark red of the room. “You know, I made an oath at my father’s bedside to marry Mimi, my ward. Her father and my father... their devotion was one of those tremendous things... I swore an oath, at his bedside... of course, that needn’t matter...”

“But Mimi...? What did it matter to Lucretia, rawly sensitive just then, another woman? What she was feeling. Suffering.

“Mimi loves me, too,” Stephen said it very simply, because it was a fact.

“Ahhh!” Lucretia’s voice was scarcely more than a minor note. It was drawn in, back into her. It entered her heart and settled there as pain. Pain.

“Of course, you must marry her. An oath. And her love. A young girl.”

But Stephen was close to her now, not to be denied. Ah, in that instant neither of them were to be denied. “They do not matter. They don’t, you see... you know... how can they... next to this... this overpowering thing... more than life... than oaths... than...”

And then his kiss.

It might have been all right. Such small things alter lives. While they were talking, Fred Winship came in. He came in hastily, abruptly, calling Lucretia’s name, sure of a welcome. His face was white and his eyes were dilated with some sort of excitement. Lucretia rose at once, went to him, taking his hand in both of her own.

For the moment she was oblivious to Stephen. Her amber head was bent to catch, eagerly, whatever Fred was saying, in a whisper, to her alone. They seemed, both of them, to have forgotten Stephen when, just a moment before, he had been all the world in that dim red room, shutting out whole universes with his arms.

Stephen was a jealous man. He had looked upon sin and crime and sundered faiths so often that he was afraid of them. Afraid of human nature. Besides, there had been rumors... about this woman, Lucretia Lombard, why had they come there, to Sanford, her wealthy, aristocratic “husband”... why were they hiding... was she hiding her...? What had her Past been? For of course she had had a Past. A woman with such eyes, with such hair, with such a body, such a voice. Of course. Of course.

Driftings of this had come to Stephen. He had only half-listened because the woman had been nothing to him but a name, a name like a chord, sonorous and sweet. Until that day when he had seen her at the inquest, dropping in her black, soft like a child and stately like a woman... the infinitely desirable...

Now Lucretia raised her head from Fred and looked at Stephen, smiling, indulgent.

Stephen’s face was dark and the beauty had gone out of it. It looked accusative and ugly and alien, away from her.

He had taken his hat, bowed himself out. “Oh, what...” Lucretia had said, half-turning to run out after him, but Fred had shaken his head and deterred her: “He is a man of few words. Lucretia, dear,” he said, “and it’s better to let him think this out himself.”

“But what...?”

Lucretia had held
her hand tight against her heart, trying by physical pressure to allay the dull pain that was sickening her. "what... what is it? What have I done?"

"He's jealous," Fred had been brief, "he's like that. Fearfully jealous."

"But of whom?"

"You aren't complimentary, of me."

Lucretia had started to laugh. She wanted to laugh. After all, it was absurd. But she couldn't. She found that she couldn't laugh. Rather, the tears came. Heavy.

Two weeks later Stephen and Mimi announced their marriage.

The announcements were in all the town papers. The wedding was performed at the bedside of Winship, Sr., just before he passed on...

Lucretia read them all. All of the announcements. At first she was conscious only of a sort of numbness. Deadness. Inertia, mental, physical and emotional. It seemed an alien tragedy. One to which she was remote and withdrawn. She couldn't reconcile Stephen's eyes on her and his marriage to another woman. Even to Mimi, delicate and pretty.

After all, there had been some other thing in the attraction between herself and Stephen. Something that her instinct told her he could never feel for any other woman and never receive from any other woman.

He had known that, too. Then why had he denied it, Judas-like? It wasn't like the Stephen Winship she knew. It wasn't like the Stephen Winship she knew by reputation. An unerring, direct, uncompromising Stephen.

His oath to his father... but he had said that that couldn't matter. He had said that that couldn't matter compared to this... Mimi's love for him, her young trust and young hope... well, they mattered more, but even they didn't matter comparatively... nothing mattered comparatively...

And now, inexplicably, he had married Mimi. He had gone from her, from her house, from the red darkness of that room, that last night, and had married Mimi... Lucretia stayed at home. She felt a desperate necessity of covering this wound up, away from prying eyes and ears, away from contact. It was, she felt, a mortal sort of wound. And the worst part of it was that she couldn't understand it. She couldn't understand him. Even if she had been able to understand him, if they had parted with truth between them, with faith and clarity, it wouldn't have been so poisonous a thrust... but this way... this baffling, wounding way...
Lucretia spent her days in visualizing the life Mimi and Stephen must be living together. They had taken a new house, bought furniture, engaged servants. Now and then she caught a glimpse of Mimi, very bright-faced and pretty, riding about in fluttering new frocks and veils—starry-eyed young. She thought of them facing one another across the breakfast coffee. How sweet Mimi must look to him. And yet how he must, deep underneath, be wondering a little remembering. She couldn't believe that Stephen would not remember.

Or at night, at dusk, when Stephen should come home, before their hearth, together.

Knife-thrusts. Then the cruel terror, cold and merciless of turning the knife about in the wounds.

The pain, persistent, not to be evaded. If she should run, it would catch up with her. If she should cover it over, it would stir and catch at her breath in the hurtful way it had. If she should deny it, it would strike at her, not to be denied.

The thing to do was to take it out. In the open, under her two naked frightened eyes, in her sore, soft palms, hold the razor edge of it against her wounded heart until she died of it or until she drowned it by sheer dominance, by sheer persistence of suffering.

If Lucretia had been more socially active, if her life had been less than a reclusion, she might have found some other love-affair as an antidote. For she was desperate and desperate women do very desperate deeds. But she didn't know any other man. She didn't think of any other man. There was only Fred, poor Fred, so unlike his brother and yet like with that little glint in his eye, that something cleanly cut about his mouth. Poor Fred, who was continually in trouble and continually needing her and who was doubly dear now because of Stephen.

Sometimes she could talk to him of Stephen, tentatively, feeling her way. It gave her the chance to say his name, to hear of him, it gave her something of contact again.

"Steve never loved Mimi." Fred said one night. "That's all damn folly, marrying her, because he promised Dad."

But Lucretia shut her ears to that. That was dangerous. One night, just before the dark had grown too thick, Stephen was admitted.

Lucretia sat in her little sitting-room, by candlelight. It was easier so. She liked to be alone. Somehow she could evoke his presence, bring him near to her, take him out of her heart, conjure him up.

She was startled when his physical presence intruded upon her one day as she had been about to go out. It was almost a boldness. "Oh!" she said.

He sat down beside her. His face was startled, white. He looked afraid, as she had been afraid, for so sick and long a while.

"I didn't know," he said. "I didn't know! May God forgive me for being a criminal fool. Lucretia... I'm not worthy even to make you my explanation."

"But you must make it," Lucretia spoke to him gently, softly. She had grown so used to talking to the make-believe Stephen, the shadow.

"I know. You see, I loved you so much. So much it frightened me. Frightened me more than anything has ever frightened me in all my life before. All sorts of forces went to make it up. Jealousy. Violent jealousy. That night, we reached an apex. I felt shaken to the very roots of being. Then Fred came in. Came in as if he was his own. Ah, don't speak. He spoke to you, closely. You seemed drawn together into a circle, apart.... You know how I left the house, raging.

"The next day I heard that you and Fred had left town together, alone. Then I thought I knew. I think I must have gone mad. Out of my mind. I was obsessed by images. I felt as tho I were bleeding to death inside. I had to have assuagement. Something. Anything. There was my oath, so nearly broken. My honor. My word to my father. And I knew then it would help him to die if I should marry Mimi. I had the mad notion that I might assuage this pain I felt with my honor. I might use it as a tourniquet. I married Mimi."

Lucretia's hand flew to her face now in dismay. "Poor little Mimi!" was all she said. But she was thinking, "Poor little Mimi! not to have this."

Stephen nodded. "And then, last night, Fred was talking to me," he said, "he told me what a wonderful, wonderful woman you are, to me, who knew it so well. He told me how many scrapes and difficulties you had helped him out of and what he owed to you. He told me about that one particular one that he had come to tell you that night I was here and how you never wasted a moment but took a train to New York with him to pawn your pearls in order to help him out of a hole. He said, 'She has been more than a mother to me. She has been the angel in woman guarding over men.'" "Even then I said to him, 'But she is no older than you are, if as old.' And Fred, poor chap, wiser than I answered, 'She is ageless, Stephen, and absolutely flawless.'"

Lucretia was still. Some of the bitter pain was gone. Her mothering instinct rose up again. He hadn't trusted her, of course, poor blundering boy... but he loved.

(Continued on page 89)
The Mother Complex

By GLADYS HALL

O turn from the cinema to cookery is only to prove that to the human soul all things are possible, depending, somewhat, of course, upon the soul in question. . .

Perhaps we should have said the mother-soul. For the fundamental urges of the mother-soul are to feed, to clothe and to protect, and when we explain that the lady who performed this artistic right-about-face is Sylvia Ashton, always referred to as "Mother" Ashton, it may not seem so astonishing. So many people can act; so few people can cook!

Havelock Ellis or some other expositor of human motivations has said that an artist in one field can be an artist in any field, and what field so much demands artistry as the broadly human field of cooking?

One can consider with some degree of composure an overdone sex drama or an underdone custard-pie comedy, but no man can consider with the same composure an underdone filet mignon or a soggy pumpkin pie.

But this story began a long while ago when Mother Ashton was sixteen, married, and the mother of two babies who died within twenty-four hours of one another.

Out of the wounds of the heart grow the deeds that are memorable.

Sylvia Ashton never really recovered from that wound. Her vocation was to mother: . . and she had lost her vocation. It left her with what the Freidians would call "a complex." The mother-complex, in this instance. But not being a Freidian we would explain it by saying that it left her great, warm eager heart empty and full of room for all the tired, hungry, needy "children" great or small in all the world.

For even then, at that immature age, in her home state of Colorado, she wanted to found an orphanage, so that all ill and lonely children, all the fatherless, motherless and homeless, could have "a real home" where there would be fresh air, home cooking, plenty of pets and petting and the great thing called "a chance."

But no man could see the practicality of the scheme. She was too young, they thought. She was too pretty; youth and beauty belong . . . well, on the stage, let us say.

At any rate, "time passed," as they say in books, and with the passing of time passed, too, all but the faint memory of that early aspiration and the root of that desire to mother that never was dug up.

In due course of events the pretty face, the youth and, too, the ability, landed her on the stage where for fifteen years she played in various stock companies until she made her first motion-picture, "Old Wives for New," with Cecil De Mille. From that time to the beginning of this
story, “Mother” Ashton, as she has consistently been known, played in many pictures, made many friends and was, in personal and professional life, a “mother” to most of the screen luminaries.

Most of this is known to the student of fanology. To get on:

The last year or so Mother Ashton began to get discouraged. Not, as she carefully explained to us, that she has any grudge against the screen nor any of the people of the screen. Quite the contrary: she spoke so generously and in such refulgent terms of the Brothers De Mille, of von Stroheim, of Rupert Hughes and last but far from least of Gloria Swanson, that only a book devoted to enthusiastic eulogiums could do justice to her admirations.

But after all, as she put it, “the old beauty was going” . . . and things were changing . . . discouragement . . . what to do . . . ?

After all, maybe “Mother” Ashton knew what she was about when she turned to the art of cooking. One can consider with some degree of composure an overdone sex drama or an underdone custard pie comedy, but no man can consider with the same composure an underdone filet mignon or a soggy pumpkin pie. Below Gladys Hall visits at “The GoldenRod” with Sylvia Ashton and her adopted daughter, Madeline.

In “Souls for Sale” she worked for three months, was frozen and roasted, thrown off horses, wearied and otherwise used up, only to discover that in the end, when the cutting was done and the picture released, one close-up of her remained.

And in between whiles the precarious tens, twenties and fifties per day didn’t go so far toward taking care of herself, and doing what is for her far more vital than anything for herself could possibly be, and that is, the care and education of her adopted daughter, Madeline. Madeline is most of the world to Mother Ashton. And for Madeline to have the best available education (she is now studying dancing under Fokine), all of the comforts and none of the worries, is the mainspring of Mother Ashton’s hopes and plans.

Then, too, there was the more general desire to see people eat good food and plenty of it. Mother Ashton has always had some kind of a home and always has loved the cooking end of it, the planning and preparing of meals.

When, after her work (Continued on page 87)
The Story Hour

It is the Wesley Barry picture, “The Country Kid,” which offers this intimate camera-painting of Helen Jerome Eddy and the two little fellows whose bright eyes have been kist by the Sand Maiden. And who doubts that she begins her bedtime story with that dear old phrase, “Once upon a time . . .,” for that is the way all truly stories begin.
That's Out
Timely Paragraphs
By
TAMAR LANE

Wherein Irene Dalton Is Discovered

HAVING started a little excitement by forecasting that Mary Philbin will be the Mary Pickford of the next decade—if properly handled, I will now predict a brilliant future for another young screen damsel—as yet practically unknown. Several months ago I paid tribute to her in this column. Now I wish to herald her as one of our coming big stars. This beauty's name is Irene Dalton. She has done very little on the screen, and nothing of importance. I have seen her only three times—in "Children of Jazz": an Al St. John comedy, "The Author," and another film the name of which I do not recall. But these are sufficient. She has the goods. I will stake my reputation as a picker of stars on Irene Dalton. If given the proper coaching and opportunities, this actress will make even Barbara La Marr (another of my predicted stars) take a back seat.

"The Virginian" is presented on the screen. The critics are not the only individuals who are going to be disappointed. As with Gloria Swanson, Marion Davies, Norman Kerry, and many other players, there has been a prevailing opinion that Harlan has only been getting by on his personality. Several producers to whom I suggested Harlan as a good prospect to sign up on contract, all came back with the reply: "Kenneth is good-looking, but he can act."

Wait until they see "Kenneth" in "The Virginian." In this very fine photoplay, excellently directed by Tom Forman, Harlan gives one of the five best performances of this year—or any other year. This proves what he can do when given the chance. And don't forget that he is playing a rôle at variance with his own personality.

Carrying Coals to Newcastle

Hollywood is the Mecca for all kinds of freaks. Giants, dwarfs, fat ladies, tattooed men . . . they all journey to the filmland city and meet with success in the studios. But there is one misguided freak who recently arrived in this fair city . . . poor fellow . . . hard times are confronting him . . . . The only qualification he brought with him was an unusually large head. Quickly—and to his sorrow—he will learn that there is no demand for his deformity . . . that there are already more "big" heads in Hollywood than is good for the motion-picture industry.

Jazzing Up the Bible

The craze for huge mob scenes in the films is responsible for many humorous incidents. One of the New...
York movie magnates recently arrived in Hollywood to visit his studios. While inspecting the production activities on the lot, he discovered an immense set on which a director was working with only a dozen players. With a puzzled air the magnate approached the director.

"Here we are supposed to be making big pictures and you only have a few people in the scene, " he exclaimed, "what means this?"

"This is a scene showing the Twelve Apostles, " the director explained, "and I've got to have it true to life."

"Never mind the true to life, what the public wants is lots of people. Send out right away and get a few hundred more apostles, " commanded the magnate.

Prediction No. 946

While we are in a predicting mood we wish to prognosticate that one of the big acting hits of the year of 1924 will be the performance of Zazu Pitts in von Stroheim's production "Greed. " We have only seen her in a few scenes, but her work in these is sufficient to warrant the assertion that Zazu is going to spring one of the surprises of the new season, and win a place in the hall of fame.

How To Become Famous In Hollywood

Have some pictures of yourself taken with Doug and Mary. Put a Rolls-Royce body on a flivver chassis and drive about Hollywood Boulevard. Have yourself announced as engaged to Charlie Chaplin.

Judging America by Its Movies

All prize-fighters are handsome and sought after by beautiful women of refinement. All criminals are eventually tracked to earth by the authorities. All foreigners are villains except Englishmen, who are comedians.

Best News of the Month

Mack Sennett announces that he is going to return to the making of bathing-girl comedies.

How to Cut Film Expenses

A new slump is on in the film colony and among the suggestions made for chopping down expenses are a few from the witty Neal O'Hara as follows:

That Jesse Lasky use upper berths on his New York to Los Angeles journeys.

That Will Hays arrange to loan the G. O. P. Elephant to any company desiring to make circus scenes.

That the filming of "Ben Hur" be done in Rome, New York, to save boat fares.

How to Cut Film Expenses — Let Tom Mix lay aside his guns and ammunition and use a bean-blower

That Tom Mix lay aside his guns and ammunition and use a bean-blower.

Favorite Publicity Stunts No. 4

The one where it is announced that the popular actress Miss Gertie Gumdrop has been proclaimed to have the most beautiful hands in the world by no less an authority than the eminent artist Harold Paintbrush, of whom none but his friends and relatives ever heard.

Things We Have Yet To See

An Alaskan dance-hall jade who did not have a heart of purest gold.
The Editor Gossips

LAST month Peggy Montgomery came to New York for the first time in her eventful life. And, on the day after her arrival, which was also her fifth birthday, her company gave in her honor a sumptuous party-luncheon at the Biltmore. Great adults were in the main, the guests. There were magazine writers, newspaper people, executive heads and a score of movie magnates present. When we arrived we could hardly see the tiny person of Baby Peggy over all the wise heads which were grouped about her. A funny birthday-party for a little girl. . .

We remembered birthday-parties we had known when the few adults present were banished into other parts of the house while the children enjoyed the living-room. We remembered joyous games of bean-bag . . . donkey games . . . little square dances . . . and finally the folding-doors into the dining-room opened to display tiny sandwiches, cocoa and ice-cream . . . and in the center of the table a layer-cake with Happy Birthday somewhat awry in pink icing.

So we began to sentimentalize over Baby Peggy as she courtesied to all the people who came over to talk down to her . . . as she smiled a "company smile" and looked longingly towards her birthday dolls lying on the lounge. We thought it must be hard for a little girl to have to wear all the airs and graces of a movie star.

But finally the people broke away and Peggy returned to the few children who were there and we noticed that she favored a tiny doll to all the other bisque beauties in the expensive row. That was encouraging. That was just like any little girl.

Later when her father called her to come over and be presented to one of the Lesser brothers and Joseph Schenck, the film magnate and the husband of Norma Talmadge, Peggy carried the little doll in her arm. A minute later we heard a crash and saw the doll on the floor, broken to pieces. Peggy looked at the wreckage disconsolately. No different from a processional. That would bring more dismay to her face or more sadness to her soft brown eyes. But our pity for her childish grief was mingled with something like relief. For that, too, was just what every little girl or boy does . . . breaks the favorite toy before the day is well begun.

In the banquet-hall, Peggy was seated at the speaker's table in a great rose throne chair. And before her on a pedestal stood a birthday cake as huge in proportions as the wedding-cake of a princess, and quite as beautiful with its white icing and its decoration of pink candy ribbon festooning. It was in four mounds, each growing smaller until the top mound held the five white candles which flamed brightly thru the many-course luncheon.

There were more speeches than we've ever heard before. Mrs. Coogan, Jackie's mother, was a guest who spoke and when she presented Peggy with her gift of a school-bag, she kissed her little fat hand, as tho she were, in truth, a princess.

Of course Peggy's mother and father were there . . . and her sister, Louise, who is a little older. From what little we saw of them they seemed pleasant people and we couldn't help wondering if five years ago that day, upon Peggy's pink and wiggly advent into this world, they had ever dreamed remotely of such things as have come to pass.

A few days after Peggy's birthday-party, Mr. Wein- garten, who is press-agent for Jackie Coogan, came over to Brooklyn to visit us. We had met him at the party and we said something to the effect that, of course, it was all very wonderful that children could bring real fortunes to their families, but it seemed to us that a child's childhood was too great a price to pay for all the wealth and fame in the world.

We are convinced that he cataloged us as a maudlin female but, at any rate, he set about immediately to put us right. He explained, for instance, that Jackie's contract calls for only so many pictures a year . . . and that Jackie is only present at the studios during the production of these pictures when he is actually needed in a scene. This means that he actually works in the studios about two months of a year and no more. At other times he leads the normal life that any child of wealth would lead. He has the best tutors available and is being

(Continued on page 100)
Preceding the feature picture, we have...

Battle Creek, Mich. The fighting dreadnought Oklahoma, caught by cameraman behind smoke screen.

The fighting dreadnought Oklahoma from an airplane. Cameraman takes daring view while machine is in action.

Mishawaka, Ind. Hiram Herposide cultivates crop of whiskers 900 feet long.

New York, on S.S. "Mengitis." Count Malaria of Bulgaria arrives in this country.

Mayor Hiram and the reception committee greet the count.

Helmar, Egypt. Sun burns down desert.

Tallalah, La. Dog, canary, and snake are playmates.


Back view.

Aeroplane view.

Pink-Punk, China. Baby parade carnival turns out prize baby of 250 lbs.

Shelbyville, Ind. Old man invents a new fly-swatting machine. The U. S. Government is considering buying the patents.

Heavy snow falls in Ireland.

Sunset at Camp Yaphank, New York.

To the tune of "The Star-Spangled Banner."
"Under the Red Robe" is the longest motion-picture we have ever seen—or ever hope to see. And this gives faint praise to the latest spectacle to reach the satiated screen. At the left is Robert B. Mantell in his rôle of Richelieu and, at the right is Alma Rubens as Renée.

**Across the Silversheet**

The New Screen Plays in Review

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

"Under the Red Robe" is the longest motion-picture we ever saw or that we ever hope to see. And, at that, we did not see all of it, leaving exhausted before the threads were finally drawn together. (In the interest of veracity, we parenthesis the fact that we may have viewed productions which unreel to a greater length but that certainly they did not seem so long.) And all of this gives faint praise to the latest spectacle to reach the satiated screen.

Everyone in the highly celebrated cast is either wittingly or unwittingly involved in the intrigues of Louis XIII; his brother, Duke of Orleans, who covets the throne; or Cardinal Richelieu who masks his ambition under his red robes. And, as you can easily imagine, the hero, Gil de Berault, is forced to play his hand against the fair hand of Renée whom he loves more than his life.

We are so tired of great spectacles where there are so many principals in the cast that the program looks like the page of a census and where you are fatigued trying to keep them all properly correlated in your mind... and where the mob scenes resemble the streets leading to the Polo Grounds when the World Series are being played.

We warn producers! It is a dangerous thing to give any director huge sets against which to move his people. When he knows a drawbridge cost several hundred dollars to build, he tries to get his company's money's worth out of it, with the result that his audience watches it perform in long shots and close-ups. And so it goes.

Actually, "Under the Red Robe" has many scenes of rare beauty. Its photography is exceptionally fine and we believe implicitly all the extravagant things the program said about its cost and the care with which the sets, costumes and customs were authenticated. But what does all of this count if it results in your feeling no sympathy with the characters and no suspense in the drama?

The cast finds Robert B. Mantell as Richelieu, and while his art is so well seasoned that it overcomes other obstacles and serves him well on the stage, it was obvious that, lacking the malleability of youth, he failed to grasp a screen technique. John Charles Thomas was an abstract hero and Alma Rubens looked charming as Renée, a rôle which permitted her no opportunity. Genevieve Hamper interested us most as the Duchesse de Chevreuse, but we saw little or nothing of... (Continued on page 88)
Comment On Other Productions

His Children's Children

The familiar exposé of hectic life in smart society circles is with us again. Would that some director might come forward and show an accurate account of that life. Instead, the conventions are obeyed and we see an endless pursuit of pleasure, executed with lavish party scenes, and moralizing considerably about temptation. It is not uninteresting in its detail and in its chief characterization. But there are too many characters and by the time they are all introduced the story becomes a pot-pourri.

The best-drawn figure is the aged financier but his three grand-daughters are sketched in haphazard fashion. They dash in and out of the scenes—cutting up didos, until the most important one finds an honorable youth to aid her in being reclaimed to society. Meanwhile her father has flirted with scandal and furthermore proves himself a poor business man in entertaining some "fly-by-night" proposition. The crash comes; the house is auctioned off of its properties, and the aged financier tumbles to his death as he tries to save a valuable tapestry from going under the hammer. There is too much incident, and simplicity is never once suggested. An ornamental picture in every department, but George Fawcett is immense in the rôle of the old captain of industry.

The Acquittal

A fair-to-middlin' melodrama this, one based upon a murder mystery and with the plot developed according to the conventional formula which is the taking of evidence in court and trying to fasten the crime upon the man under indictment. All of this measures out a good suspense because of the emphasis placed upon the mystery element. The picture does not become boresome, notwithstanding the revelation of incident pertaining to the crime. This is due to a variety of the testimony of the several witnesses; all of whom take the stand and try their best to mystify the atmosphere.

"Richard the Lion Hearted" finds Wallace Beery in the titular rôle. It is not an elaborate production, and it is utterly dependent upon Mr. Beery's characterization to carry it thru.
Critical Paragraphs Which Will Guide You to Better Pictures

The premise of the prosecutor's case is illogical and makes him out incompetent in view of the indicted man's ultimate confession of guilt. He had killed to get his foster-father's insurance. The incident is built to reveal a trick climax which introduces a clock as exhibit A or B. The time of the murder is vitally important, but the heroine had discovered a butcher's weighing scales as hiding the clock, thus destroying the prosecutor's case. The treatment of the story is consistent. It sticks to its theme and shows competent direction and acting.

Richard the Lion-Hearted

Not so pretentious as some of its forerunners which were conceived with an eye for spectacular appeal, and utterly dependent upon its characterization to carry it thru, yet a picture certain to score because of its incident and the acting of Wallace Beery. This actor, appearing in "Robin Hood" was relegated to the background for the sake of romance and adventure, comes right out in the open here—a swaggering, blustering monarch—a monarch not given to ballroom or table manners, but to registering virility.

The picture does not suggest any great expense in its settings. Indeed, some of them indicate a scenic artist was on the job. Then to pay a compliment to the Fairbanks opus, there is an actual shot of a scene between the king and the outlaw of Sherwood Forest. This shows up the limitations of the picture, for one having seen "Robin Hood" will compare the two—to the detriment of the Beery canvas. Still it is interesting in its kingly comedy, and Beery will linger in the mind.

Woman Proof

The Ade-Meighan combination is working again, which means that one may look forward to seeing a satirical slant on life interpreted with a flourish of good manners. The Hoosier humorist has not been unduly imaginative—indeed, the idea has often been exploited, since it is a varia-

The George Ade-Thomas Meighan combination is working again, and this means that you may look forward to seeing a satirical slant on life interpreted with a flourish of good manners. "Woman Proof" is a story with many flashes of humor, and Lila Lee is Tommy's leading lady. At the right "A Million to Burn," a far-fetched tale good for a fifty-minute snooze. Herbert Rawlinson is the hero.
tion of the "Brewster's Millions" formula. The protagonist must be married by a specified time or lose his inheritance.

This pattern may be familiar—which is unimportant. What is important is the exceptionally deft treatment of it. It fairly scintillates with sparkle and humor—and releases a novel climax built around clever incident concerning the radio. Trust Meighan to fit this rôle. His shy manner—sideways smile—these likable characteristics make this woman-shy young man a fellow you'd like to cultivate. The picture carries some coincidence and a deal of convenience, but it moves with such well-executed scenes that the shortcomings are quickly forgotten in the rush of incident and the flashes of humor.

Tom Geraghty has woven a continuity which is as even and to the point as the one he wrote for "Hollywood." Alfred Green has directed the picture and makes it thoroly enjoyable.

A Million to Burn

This story is only valuable for its celluloid—which in this instance might better have gone toward the manufacture of collars. It scales the heights of submediocrity in telling a far-fetched tale of a hotel owner giving over the management of it to a waiter, whose idea of success is to allow everyone a chance at expression. So the servant question is solved for a time by having the employees frolic around a huge lawn as acrobats, musicians, dancers, sculptors and what not. In other words the idea back of it is founded upon the premise that no one is contented with one's work.

It's a weak morsel to digest, and pointless, plotless, and valueless. Only the Sub-Normals will get it, and even they will belong to the preadolescent age. Good for a fifty-minute snooze.

In Search of a Thrill

A pointless story, one lacking any real motivation is on view in this product of the Metro lots. It unwinds its way monotonously with nothing vital exposed in plot or characterization. It must also give Viola Dana another opportunity to masquerade as a society fast-stepper who must needs pursue the stubborn mate thru the labyrinths of a studio underworld—the underworld represented by the Latin Quarter of Paris.

Snubbed by the colorless, self-sacrificing author who is ever doing a good turn for some unfortunate, she plays into the hands of an apache so that she might be rescued by the hero—thus arousing his protective instinct and a romantic ardor at the same time. A tiresome story, mapped out thoroly and never deviating from its chart—and moreover carelessly played by Miss Dana who uses the make-up box to excess.

Long Live the King

Even with memories of "Oliver Twist," Jackie Coogan's newest essay must be cataloged as the
crowning effort in his short and eventful life. It places the little luninary of the screen firmament in a position where he can look with scorn upon many of the ambitious creations of his matured contemporaries. Mary Roberts Rinehart's story is eloquent with fancy and caprice, mystery and adventure. It is a "Graustark" modeled along juvenile lines, which means that the romance is a thing apart—to be absorbed by those who have reached the age of discretion—and to be discarded by those who live in the kingdom of childhood.

The picture is magnificently staged and suggests an excursion into the Realm of Adventure by a royal Lilliputian. Jackie has heaps of fun here; indeed there are properties enough to make him feel as if he were on a kaleidoscopic playground. His naturalness is all the more impressive for that reason. So we follow him as the little crown prince who is kidnapped by the revolutionists, but whose rescue is effected in time to mount the throne. We pronounce this picture very good.

**Going Up**

Stepping close upon the heels of "23\(\frac{1}{2}\) Hours Leave" is this sparkling comedy adapted from the musical comedy of the same name and the play which furnished the framework for the libretto, "The Aviator." It scintillates with nifty incident which, while repetitions, never takes itself too seriously. It furnishes Douglas MacLean with sixty minutes of light comedy which he plays with well-tempered abandon. Forced to live up to the ideas of his book (the role is that of an author writing upon aviation), he jumps from the well-known frying-pan into the fire because an impressionable girl is a hero-worshipper. And she would have him demonstrate his courage by taking the air.

The finish brings some well-executed stunts in a plane, evidently done by some real aviator. It contains a volume of thrills and a continuous succession of laughs; a picture neatly constructed and played with commendable spirit. We recommend it highly.

**The Temple of Venus**

Everything possible has been crammed into this picture—from bathing girls to sea-gulls—and the result is the wildest contraption that has graced the screen in many a day. We cannot tell whether the director has been eating too many Welsh rarebits while producing the puzzle, or whether he had a bad bootlegger. But one thing is certain, he has allowed his imagination to run riot in fashioning a story which never solved anything. Allegorical scenes are interwoven with a heavy and crude tale of misguided love, and the acting is bad aside from Mary Philbin's attempt to be convincing by appearing wistful.

Would you know the absurdities? Well, Cupid is sent forth from

(Continued on page 95)
No—Guess Again!

Recently there was a mammoth Actors' Fund Benefit held in Los Angeles in which all the movie stars appeared. And the Argentine tango in which Shirley Mason and Viola Dana impersonated Natacha and Rodolph Valentino is even now the talk of Hollywood
The greatest authority on the manicure perfects a liquid polish

It has been carefully planned to have all the features the fastidious woman has wished for in a liquid polish. It

- spreads evenly and smoothly
- won't peel off
- gives a thin natural surface water
- will not dull
- dries almost instantly
- lasts a whole week
- needs no separate polish remover

SOMEONE once said that liquid nail polish was the lazy woman’s polish. And no wonder lazy women were the first ones to take advantage of it. For it is so quickly and easily applied and keeps the nails brilliant so long.

But for a long time fastidious women who were particular about every single detail of smart grooming were afraid that liquid polishes were thick and lumpy, looked artificial or peeled off.

Now Cutex, the greatest authority on the manicure, has perfected a liquid polish. You can depend on it as you have always depended on all the other lovely Cutex preparations. One that is quicker and easier to use, that gives a higher, more lasting brilliance.

Cutex Liquid Polish doesn’t crack or peel off, it doesn’t dry in ridges, the brush never leaves streaks or marks. Water will not mar it.

Another advantage

Another advantage of Cutex Liquid Polish is that you do not have to bother with a separate polish remover. When you are ready for a fresh manicure just put on fresh polish and wipe it off before it dries. The nails are left smooth and clean, ready for a new lustre.

You can get Cutex Liquid Polish for 35c at any drug or department store in the United States and Canada and at chemist shops in England. It also comes in two of the complete manicure sets. Sets are 60c, $1.00, $1.50 and $3.00.

THE COMPLETE MANICURE
Send 12c for Introductory Set

Cutex Liquid Polish is the last step of the famous Cutex manicure. First you must shape the nails; for this Cutex has fine emery boards. Then to soften the cuticle and remove all the dead skin you need Cutex Cuticle Remover and a Cutex orange stick. Then for the brilliance that makes the nails wholly lovely Cutex Liquid Polish or the new Powder Polish. Between manicures smooth a little Cuticle Cream (Comfort) on the nails to keep them smooth and healthy.

The special Introductory Set contains enough of each of these preparations for six manicures. Send the coupon with 12c for one today and try the complete Cutex manicure.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12c TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. M-2
114 West 17th St., New York
I enclose 12c in stamps or coin for new Introductory Set including a trial size of the new Cutex Liquid Polish.

Name ____________________________________________

Street ____________________________________________

(city or P. O. box) ______________________ State ______
If the various publishers who offer courses in reducing exercises included a fetching costume such as Carmel Myers is wearing here, we feel confident their lessons would be followed with more regularity. At any rate we offer them the suggestion gratis.

Everywhere you go everybody is doing it. People count their calories... read diet books... and recommend some particular set of exercises for reducing. For the modern Venus is of sylph-like proportions. And here we present Carmel Myers going thru her own daily dozen. Keeping fit is the first responsibility of every motion-picture star... and Carmel doesn't want what are now slight curves to develop into more generous proportions.
An Interview with Mrs. O.H.P. Belmont on the care of the skin

"A woman who neglects her personal appearance loses half her influence. The wise care of one's body constructs the frame encircling our mentality, the ability of which insures the success of one's life. I advise a daily use of Pond's Two Creams."

Mrs. I. Belmont

"It was in the beautiful great hall of Beacon Towers on Sand's Point, Port Washington, Long Island, that I first talked with Mrs. O.H.P. Belmont. I was excited and eager for the interview because I knew that Mrs. Belmont not only has given lavishly to women's causes from her colossal fortune, has been and is a tremendous worker, but also is particularly interested in women's special problem of how to keep her force and her charm through middle life and later.

From all this I expected to meet a very commanding woman the day I visited Beacon Towers. But Mrs. Belmont, on the contrary, is quiet and gracious and sweet. She could not have been a more charming hostess.

She herself opened the grilled iron door and stepped into the big hall with its impressive mural paintings of the life of Joan of Arc and its wide doors opening straight onto the Great Sound. Here, I felt instantly, is the spirit of beauty strengthened by sincerity.

After we had admired the glorious view, she showed me the pictures of her two sons, and of her grandson, whom she had named for one of England's dukes, and—very proudly—the latest snapshot of her very young Ladyship, a small great granddaughter. "How fine textured and fresh her skin is," I thought. "And she has just acknowledged herself a great grandmother!"

Begs Women not to Neglect Themselves

"Now," she was saying smilingly, "if you suppose you want me to tell you what I think is the relation between a woman's success and her personal appearance."

"Yes," I admitted. "Just how important do you think personal appearance is?"

"It is vital. That is just as true for the woman at home or in business as for those who are socially prominent."

"Don't you know," she said, "how often the woman with an attractive face fails in the most reasonable undertaking? Nothing is so distressing. Neglect of one's personal attractions generally comes from ignorance and as I am greatly interested in the success of women in every possible way, I urge them not to neglect themselves."

Frenchwomen say, Cleanse and Protect

"You spend a part of each year in France. Do Frenchwomen use creams much?" I asked Mrs. Belmont.

"In France," she said, "they have always used cleansing creams and protecting creams, knowing that water is not enough and that the face cannot stand much strain and exposure."

"Then you think women should use two creams?"

"I know they should. That is why I advise the daily use of Pond's Two Creams, so that women can keep their charm and influence as long as they need them—and that is always," she smiled.

Use this Famous Method

Give your skin these two indispensables to last skin loveliness—the kind of cleaning that restores each night your skin's essential suppleness, and the freshening that, besides protecting, brings each time the beauty of fresh smooth skin under your powder.

For this, two distinctly different face creams were perfected—Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Every night—with the finger tip or a piece of moistened cotton, apply Pond's Cold Cream freely. The very fine oil in it is able to penetrate every pore of your skin. Leave it on a minute. Then remove it with a soft cloth. Then with a clean, the rouge and powder you have used during the day, are taken off your skin and out of the pores. How relaxed your face is! Do this twice. Now finish with ice rubbed over your face or a dash of cold water. Your skin looks fresh and is beautifully supple again. If your skin is very dry, put on more cream, especially where wrinkles come first—around the eyes, the nose, the corners of your mouth—and leave it on overnight.

After every cleansing, before you powder, and always before you go out—Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream very evenly—just enough for your skin to absorb. Now if you wish, rouge—powder. How smooth and velvety your face feels! Nothing can roughen it. When you get up in the morning, after a dash of cold water, this cream will keep your skin fresh and untired for hours. And it will stay exactly powdered.

Use this method regularly. Soon your face will be permanently fresher, smoother and you can count on the charm of a fresh, young skin for years longer than would otherwise be possible. Begin now. Buy both Pond's Creams tonight in jars or tubes at any drug store or department store. The Pond's Extract Company.

Generous Tubes

Mail this coupon with today

The Pond's Extract Co.
11 Hudson St., New York
Two cents (2c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City ____________________________ State __________________________
Death Valley! Where it is over a hundred degrees in the shade... only there is no shade or growth of any kind in that vast stretch of desolation, hemmed in by arid mountains. It was here that Eric von Stroheim took his company in order to film a sequence of "Greed"...
How More Than a Million Women Have Made Their Hair Beautiful

Why You, Too, Can Have Beautiful Hair, Soft, Silky, Wavy — Full of Life and Lustre

You see beautiful hair everywhere today. Hair that is softer, silkiest, brighter, and more charming and more attractive. Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck. You, too, can have beautiful hair. Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the way you shampoo it. Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and makes it soft, fresh and luxurious.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

First, wet the hair and scalp in clear warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

When thoroughly clean, your hair will be stiffer when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

This is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water. After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly, evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone. You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter anywhere in the world. A 1-ounce bottle should last for months.

Mulsified
Coconut Oil Shampoo
On the Camera Coast

BY

HARRY CARR

WHAT with studios closing down, the Federal Trade Commission trekking to Hollywood in hot pursuit of alleged movie trusts, and stars threatening wicked magazines with libel suits, this has been a hectic month in our midst.

The Federal Trade Commission pried out some secrets that every one in the film colony has been trying for a year to find out about the ownership of some of the famous movie theaters out here—especially those run in the name and asserted ownership of Sid Graumann, which include three of the biggest down-town houses and the Egyptian Theater in Hollywood, possibly the most famous picture house in the world owing to the vast number of celebrities that attend it.

Called to the witness stand, Mr. Graumann denied the current rumor that the house was really owned by Zukor and Lasky. He said that he had offered to sell an interest in the house to Famous Players-Lasky but that organization had declined the honor. The interest was then purchased by the great West Coast Theaters Company which owns several hundred houses in the West. Mr. Graumann said, however, that Famous Players-Lasky owned fifty per cent. of his three down-town houses and that negotiations were on to sell them the rest of the stock.

The government commission evidently lacked the nerve to summon Mary Pickford into their august presence. They adjourned in a body and went on out to see her. They held a solemn session in her projecting-room where she testified in her movie make-up and her small self wrapped up in a Japanese kimono, just as she came from her dressing-room. Mary told them that it was an awful job for a poor girl like herself to struggle along in the movies. She said that the trust controlled the theaters to such an extent that she could hardly find a place to show her pictures. She told them she thought she would be obliged to abandon her motion-picture career altogether. Altho the Commission shuddered at this threat, Hollywood doesn't expect to see Mary's studio auctioned off for a while at least. In fact, we all think Mary was spoofing.

Altho the United Artists do, in...
The Last Word Concerning
News and Personalities of Hollywood

truth, find great difficulty in getting houses to show their big feature pictures in, at times, it really isn’t that which is worrying Mary. What is worrying Mary is her next picture.

Lubitsch, who is to direct it, still yearns to have her play Marguerite in “Faust,” and Mary still shrinks at the memory of the day when Lubitsch explained to the assembled Pickford family that the climax of the picture would be where Mary as Marguérite “strenkled de child.”

Both Mary and Norma Talmadge want to play “Romeo and Juliet”; but they can’t find any Romesos. Doug is willing to play Mercutio and stick swords into people if it will help any, but he’ll be doggoned if he will play Romeo—and there you are.

Anyhow, I can whisper you a terrible and dark secret in connection with the projected “Romeo and Juliet” picture. They have discovered that it is a punk story. Shakespeare was a nice man and all, but as an author it appears he was all wrong. This is really a fact. They only tell each other in horrified whispers: but it is a fact that all the scenario writers who have wrestled with “Romeo and Juliet” find it fatally defective from a dramatic standpoint.

One of the shocked continuity writers confided to me that when you come to pick the story to pieces, it doesn’t build to a climax; it keeps eddying around in circles and there is no logical reason why the young lovers should have met their untimely fate instead of calmly walking out of the predicament together.

Wherefore the ghost of Mr. Shakespeare can pack his doll rags and take the first exit to the left.

Having resolved to cease being a haughty lady, Pola Negri has made a thorough job of it. Pola set out to disarm her critics and they are all at her feet.

I saw her in a stage box the other night with Adolphe Menjou, Charley Eyton, Kathleen Williams and her director, Herbert Brenon.

On the stage Ed Wynn was doing his mind-reading act in the “Perfect Fool.” Pola dug into her purse for bank-notes for him to read the numbers and when he guessed right, called out “Yeh; that’s right,” like any other flapper and the audience loved her to death.

The other day a well-known critic from one of the newspapers stopped to

Frances White of the musical comedy and vaudeville stage was recently a visitor in the Los Angeles studios. She is seen above with Director Harry Beaumont and Monte Blue. We wonder whether she entertained them with “I Wish I was a Monkey in the Zoo!” or “Mississippi”

Carinme Griffith looks dimayed in sympathy with her director, Frank Lloyd, when one M. C. Levee points out to him that an extra on the floor below the box in which they are seated, is rapidly consuming the buffet luncheon. And, on the right, Elinor Glyn, herself, supervises the filming of her “Three Weeks.” Aileen Pringle may be discovered beyond the camera lines

The only man in the world that gets paid for chewing gum ... i.e. Will Rogers ... entertains Louise Fazenda
watch her working in "The Shadows of Paris." She stopped acting and called out to him, "Hey, you're getting too fat."

"I know; but what can I do?" was the rueful answer.

"Fall in love; that's the way I do," retorted Pola; and went on emoting.

Pola and Charlie were well "kidded" by Will Rogers on the night of the Actors' Benefit. Rogers said he had gone to live in the heart of the Beverly Hills district. He said on one side of him lived Pola Negri and the other side of Pola lived Charlie Chaplin. "They are so near they could throw a brick; and I guess they do," said Will.

There has been a coldness between Pola and Lubitsch; they "had a mad" for fifteen months.

A few nights ago Lubitsch had a garden scene to take for his picture "The Marriage Circle." The only suitable location he could find was right across the street from Pola's house.

As the big arc-lights were being put into position, some one came flying out of the house. It was Pola in very much negligence. "Ernst, Ernst," she called, "come here to me." And when he had obediently crossed to shake hands with her, she said, "Now do you know what we are mad by each other about?"

Lubitsch said he hadn't an idea and they shook hands again; but Pola added, "You know you didn't treat me right," And Ernst added, "No; it was you who didn't treat me right."

So they very nearly started the war all over again.

Lubitsch showed me his picture the other day, the one he says he has made "to please Lubitsch." It is a very remarkable piece of work—a stinging and brilliant society satire—the kind of picture that George Bernard Shaw would make if he turned to pictures.

Marie Prevost, as the vamp, fairly staggered me. Lubitsch says she is the most brilliant actress he has seen in America and predicts that she will be one of the great actresses of the world. Which also stagers Marie. Lubitsch's eye has fallen upon one other girl that he thinks has unmeasured possibilities as an actress. This is Gloria Swanson.

Charlie Chaplin meanwhile has found new obstacles to his art. To get away from the distractions of the public he rented a cabin in the mountains and went into seclusion to write his next comedy which, by the way, will be of the good old slap-stick variety—big shoes, little moustache and all.

Charlie stayed in his cabin a few days and hastily rushed for home and a bath tub. He could only explain that he had had an unwelcome visitor. It was a pole cat. Finding the variation strangely entrenched, Charlie sent for a valiant hunter who shot the critter as it stood at bay on his kitchen floor. Subsequent events were alarming to the sense of smell and Charlie fled.

Mary Miles Minter has had an offer from her mother, Mrs. Shelby, to settle the suit Mary brought for an accounting. Of the million dollars (Continued on page 82)
Chevrolet now leads all high-grade cars in number sold.

Our new low prices have been made possible through doubling our productive capacity.

We are now operating twelve mammoth manufacturing and assembly plants throughout the United States in which thousands of skilled workmen are turning out 2500 Chevrolets per day. Notwithstanding our recent big reduction in prices the quality and equipment of our cars have been steadily increased.

Today Chevrolet stands beyond comparison as the best dollar value of any car sold at any price, due to its low average operating and maintenance cost.

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Mich.

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Commercial Cars

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NOW it can be told: Betty Compson will marry neither Walter Morosco, son of the theatrical producer, nor an English lord. The charming Betty has decided to cast her lot with that of James Cruze, the brilliant director of "The Covered Wagon." It is said to be a case of love at first sight interrupted by Betty's sojourn in England for the filming of "Woman to Woman," and renewed again as soon as her dainty slippers touched the native soil of Hollywood. The pair can be married for eleven months without running the risk of stirring up for themselves a matrimonial storm somewhat on the order of that of the Valentinos but they are happy at the prospect of the future anyway. Betty will star in the Famous Players-Lasky production of "The Stranger," the first Galsworthy novel to be picturized in this country, and Cruze will direct Emerson's Hough's "North of 36." The set for the latter story will require the building of Austin, Texas, and Abilene, Kansas, as they were fifty-six years ago; more than seven hundred miles will have to be traversed on horseback and in ox-drawn carts, and the actors will have to weather chuck-wagon food and a bed on the ground. In the cast are Jack Holt and Ernest Torrence, outstanding actor in "The Covered Wagon."

And since Betty is no longer among the possibilities of the marriage circle, we wonder if the rumor of Corinne Griffith's engagement to Walter Morosco is indeed a fact.

Wanda Hawley was granted, without much ado, a divorce because her husband, it is claimed, called her a "brainless fool" and a "dumb-bell" but demonstrated that the salary she earned was quite regular money, and worthy to be spent by him. And it took just exactly three and a half minutes of court procedure to free Marjorie Rambeau legally from Hugh Dillman McCaughhey, her actor-husband, who, it seems, deserted her.

We have been holding our breath for fear Leatrice Joy and her husband, Jack Gilbert, might make the separation that they have practised for the last several months permanent. To the delight of the picture colony, and all admirers of the pair, they have been reunited, and that is just as it should be, for their marriage is a love-match to the core.

(Continued on page 78)
The Answer Man

K. O.—Here we are about to start another year with many resolutions. It seems like Father Time has a birthday very often, so on his birthday I want to wish you all a very Happy and Prosperous New Year. Lois Lee was Helen in "Prisoner of Zenda." Mary Phillip is nineteen.

HEFFIE.—So you think it takes courage to write to me. I don't see why. That is a question. I think I agree with Alexander Dumas; I prefer the wicked rather than the foolish. The wicked sometimes rest. Yes, Reginald Denny is married. He is with Universal. I believe Reginald produced "Three Weeks" with Madeleine Traverse some years ago, but wait until you see the new one.

G. B. H.—Don't mention it. Friendship often ends in love, but love in friendship, never. Patsy Ruth Miller played in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" as Esmeralda. Sure thing, write me any time.

JEW A. M.—Richard Dix is twenty-nine. Lawrence Trimble is the owner of Strongheart. You know he also used to own Jean, the Vitagraph Don. A. ZIPPER.—Ah, there's the rub. Young men may die, old men must. So you would like to see Nozima Talmadge in more pictures like "Smiling thru." So would I. I'm waiting for her Juliet.

AGNES M.—So you don't agree with me when I say it is a greater compliment to be trusted than loved. Of course I don't blame you. It isn't everybody who can have, Harold Lloyd is thirty. Lestricy Joy, twenty-five. Douglas MacLean is married to Faith Cole, Eddie polo's daughter, Malvena, played in "A Woman of Paris."

MRS. R. A. F.—I'm sure you're not the scolding kind. You know scolding wives, like bad clocks, are seldom in order. You will see Ernest Truex in "Secrets." Ernest Truex is playing in "Six Cylinder Love" for Fox. Also in F. Scott Fitzgerald's "The Vegetable." Write me again some time.

JACK JACKSON.—No, I don't know who said "There is more pleasure in loving than in being loved," but it sounds like a woman. Justine Johnson was in Europe last time I heard from her. J. Warren Kerrigan in "A Man from Brodneys." Robert Ellis in "The Wild Life" and Gaston Glass in "Poisoned Paradise" with Clara Bow.

LLOYD B.—Thanks for the very nice things you say about me, I wish I could let you have a picture of me, but I have never had any taken. I admire your taste. The rich man travels as he pleases, but the poor man travels as he can. Malcolm McGregor and Viola Dana in "The Social Code."


HILMA K.—Ah, but beautiful peaches are not always the best flavored; neither are handsome women the most amiable. Corinne Griffith in "Lilies of the Field." Henry Walthall in "Misunderstood."

FRANCES S.—So you don't really think I am an old man. Well, I am. And I've just had another birthday too. Yes, to your first question, but I don't notice. Nita Naldi is Italian. Naomi Childers is playing in "Restless Wives" with Doris Kenyon. BETTY B.—I can see you are all for Ramon Novarro. Well, he sure is good-looking. Earle Foxe opposite Mae Murray in "Fashion Row." Lois Wilson use to be a school-teacher, so she plays the part in "Pied Piper Malone" with Thomas Meighan with much ease.

LEO P.—My dear boy, judge nothing from appearance. The more beautiful the serpent, the more fatal its sting. Milton Sills is playing in "The Good Bad Girl." Ann Cornwall was Angela in "Dudley." Come again, do.

JUNE.—Cher up, and don't be sour. As Irving says: "A tart temper never mellowes with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use." Truart filmed "Broadway Gold." Dorothy Gish is five feet. My dear child, a Movie Magnate is one who has plenty of money for producers, manufacturers, stars, etc., etc., to draw on. In other words, a human bank.

TRIXIE.—Yes, and it's good to rub and polish our brain against that of others. Gloria Swanson is twenty-six, and you can address her at Famous Players-Lasky, Astoria, L. I. No she is not married now, but her former husbands were Wallace Beery and Herbert Sondheim.

PERRY.—I'm sorry, really, but I am glad to see you back. I don't know what has happened to J. Dumont, if anything. So you don't like Pola Negri. That's that! Colleen Moore and James Morrison in "The 5th Commandment." Kenneth Harlan will make a series of personal appearances in connection with his picture "The Virginian."

THE SHEIKERS.—Behold, kind lady, I bow in reverence. Thanks for the gum. Jack Perrin is with Universal, and he is married to one Josephine Hill. Honest-to-goodness, I am over eighty. You wouldn't believe it to look at me. So long—yours, beside the babbling brook.

BLACK EYES.—I hope they are naturally so. Yes, I think Rodolph Valentino will answer you if you write to him. Try it. Oh yes, we have a Capitol Theater in New York City. One Sunday 17,452 persons attended the theater. That's packing them in a few.

DREAM LASSIE.—All I know is that you are a little English girl attending a college in Hongkong, and you are a charming letter writer. Yes! I think "Robin Hood" was worth two dollars. You know that is what they charged in New York too. You surely are a Dream Lassie, for down deep in your nature, that draws you firmly and irresistibly towards the unseen. Heigh-ho!

IMPUDENCE.—Fire away! You can't make me mad. As Mark Twain said: "One of the most striking differences between a cat and a dog is that a cat has only nine lives." George Walsh and Lew Cody in "Reno" with Helene Chadwick. Forrest Stanley is married to Marion Hutchins. Ralph Graves in "Prodigal Daughters." You bet I don't mind answering questions. I have been doing it so long, it's second childhood with me.

SCOTTIE.—Yes, the article about Libra people was published in September, 1923, Magazine. Thanks for all you say about me. It listens well.

MARJORIE.—But a good rule in love matters, keep your pen from Rupert Vernon Steele was with Universal last, but the latest report on "Roméo and Juliet" is that Richard Barthelmess and Lilian Gish would like to try it. Lilian is also going to play in "Joan of Arc."

GINGER.—Kinda spicke today. Yes, it is reported that James Cruze and Betty Consome are to be married when the law allows. Cecil De Mille has signed up with Famous Players-Lasky for three years more. Yes, "On the Bacle Porch."

SALLY.—The Egyptian name "Tut" corresponds to the Hebrew "Doud" or English "David." Don't believe all you hear. Glenn Hunter is not married as yet. Richard Barthelmess in "The Enchanted Cottage." Harrison Ford in "Maytime." Hope Hampton's next picture will be "Irene."

Bunny.—Cheer up, you'll see the silver lining soon. Never hear more than one trouble at a time. Some people bear three kinds—all they have had, all they have now, and all they expect to have. Yes, Gloria Swanson is twenty-six. Come in and see me when you arrive in America.

JUNNIE.—No, I have no desire to be rich. Riches have benefited tens, and ruined thousands. I have started to save this year, and by the end of the year I hope to buy me a home in the
country. That is Lon Chaney's real name. Mary Miles Minter's real name is Juliet Shelby. No, Florine De Hart is not playing in pictures.

CLARIE.—Well, I haven't known many of them, but a woman is like your shadow; follow her, she flies; fly from her, she follows. Viola Dana's right name is Viola Plagurath. Peaches' Jackson is Charlotte Jackson. Percy Stowers and all the other players there are their real names. Viola Dana and Shirley Mason are sisters. So you see, you thought it was silly to write to me, but you have changed your mind. Come in again some time, the latchstring is always out.

L. PREITZ.—Hail, hail! You say: "Please allow me to toss a few flowers—a boutonniere to you for your wonderful cleverness and scintillating department, and a bouquet to Miss Helene Chadwick as the original of the beautiful portrait in November Magazine." You know she was born in Chadwick, N. Y., so I am not sure that that is her right name. Agnes Ayres has been loaned to Halperin Film for the production of "Souvenir" with Percy Marmont opposite.

BERRY.—Well, there is a first time for everything, even to writing to me. Most of the players will send their photos. Yes, Francis Bushman may play the rôle of Messala in "Ben Hur." We hope to see him on the screen.

CLATTON.—The great difficulty about advice is the preponderance of vanity. The instance Binney is playing in C. C. Burr Studios, Glendale, L. I. "Three O'clock in the Morning" was her last picture. No, she is not married. After filming "The Mirage," Constance Talmadge will play in "Alias Nick Barra," by James Morrison. Oh, lovely, lovely! She is playing in vaudeville, but not together. Deserted the screen, eh?

W. H. B.—Yes, it was Mark Twain who said: "Training is everything. The peach was once a bitter almond; cauliflower is nothing but cabbage with a college education." Her name is playing in "Hold to Answer." And last I heard of Louise Glanum, she was on a ranch somewhere in the West. I am surprised that you didn't like "Robin Hood." Most everyone liked it. But you did like "Trilby," and mostly because of a new face. I see, you like a change.

N. C.—Well, you cannot judge a man till you know his whole story. Marie Doro is not playing now.

A PARK AVENUE FAN.—As Franklin says: "If you know how to spend less than you get, you have the philosopher's stone." Yes, pictures from "The White Sister" appeared in March, 1923 and October, 1923, Magazines. Laura LaPlante has been made a Universal star in place of Gladys Walton. "The Thrill Girl" is her first picture.

KATE S.—But women somehow, have the same fear of witty men as of fireworks. No, Ramon Novarro has straight black hair. Vivian Martin was on the stage last, and Marguerite Clarke is in New Orleans right now. Marjorie Daw in "The Call of the Canyon" and "The Grey Godless" are pretty. 

NOSEY NED.—Your letter was very interesting. It is with narrow-souled people as it is with narrow-necked bottles, the less they have in the more they make them pour in it. Don't believe all you hear. Little Novack was born in Goldfield, Nevada, eleven years ago. His last pictures were "Jealous Fools" and "Misdunderstood." 

BETTHA H.—I am glad you like to read. You want to pick something out of everything you read. Choice words, phrases, and beautiful thoughts. Why Norma is eldest, then Natalie and then Constance. Tom Moore is playing on the stage in "The Cup." Montague Love is playing in "Restless Wives" with Doris Kenyon. 

NELLY K.—No, I don't mind this cold weather. I use my head as a muffler, but that means I can't hear anything that is going on. Wanda Hawley was with Vitagraph last. Kenneth Harlan with Schulberg Productions, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, California. Lottie Pickford has an important part in Mary's "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." Allan Forrest, her husband, has the male lead.

GRACE D.—Do I drink—only buttermilk. Strong drinks are like wars, making cripples of some men, and sending others to the grave. Marjorie Daw and Constance Talmadge are good-looking. Her last picture was "The Call of the Canyon"; born in Colorado Springs in 1902, and educated in Colorado. She is a protegée of Geraldine Farrar, and played in "Joan the Woman" with her. Married to Eddie Sutherland. Shh!

BROWNIE.—Yes, and married life should be a sweet harmonious song; and like one of Mendelssohn's—without words. Cullen Landis has started his own company, his first picture being "The Kids of Powder Ridge." So you see if you thought it was silly to write to me. D. S. HAINES.—No, I have never been a professor, but Edmund Lowe was a professor of English literature in college in California. Milton Sills also taught English at the Chicago University. You know that Dorothy Davenport was married to Mrs. Wallace Reid. Shirley Mason in "The Eleventh Hour." She is twenty-two, born in Brooklyn. See you later.

JOAN.—In part you say: "Your heard worries me, too, I am suspicious of gentlemen who lurk in ambush. But perhaps it is merely a publicity myth, adopted for the questionable purpose of creating a psychological effect upon your devoted correspondents. In other words, I dont exist so far as you are concerned. Is that right? Cheer up, you are all wrong. No, I dont know who wrote the subtitles for "Gold Madness," but you say they were atrocious. Companies are not buying scripts, they are produced right now. Wallace Beery, Zasu Pitts and Marjorie Daw in "Patsy." All right, send me that collapsible fireless cooker. I shall make good use of it. 

TILLIE, THE TAILOR.—Your letter was subtitle. What a strange scene if the surge of conversation could suddenly ebb like a tide and show us the real state of people's minds! Apollonia C作った." I love Pola Negri. She is going to roll a hen-roost, or a hen, but stealing thousands makes us gentlemen." Don't try it. You want an interview with Marlon Davies. She is twenty-seven, you know. William Desmond is with Universal in "Riddle Rider," a serial; Alice Calhoun in "The Man from Brodneys." Yes, most of the players read our magazines. Thanks for your good wishes.

JUNE.—Get busy. Employment, which Galen calls "nature's physician," is so essential to human happiness, that indifference is justly considered as the mother of misery. Yes, "The Common Law" was released in 1917 with Clara K. Young, but not with Norma Talmadge. Corinne Griffith in "Lilies of the Field," you know.

CAROL.—You ought to be here where it is snowing and everybody is going ice-skating. "Where The Pavement Ends" was taken from "The Passion Vine," by John Russell. Ramon Novarro in "Ivy Name is Woman." Thank you, none but a fool is otherwise right.

ROBIN.—Thanks, and I appreciate your kind words. As George Elliot says: "What do we live for, if it is not to make life less difficult to others." Betty Blythe in "The Darling of Paris" and "Chu Chin Chow." Married to Paul Scardon.

GERTRUDE.—You want to know whether Ralph Graves smokes or swears, or whether he drinks alone. Yes, he does. Theda Bara is back at work in "Beauty Hunger." It is another one of the Black Oxen stories where a woman regains her youth and beauty. Jack Novak's this one! "Here lies my wife Salle: let her lie. She's at peace, and so am I." Marie Mosquini opposite Will Rogers in his next. Robert Gordon and Jane Novak in "The Luahs." 

HELEN K.—Well, if you live according to the dictates of nature, you will never be poor; or according to the notions of the world, you will never be rich. Nita Saldi doesn't wear stockings, so you see that might account for the error in her height. John Bowes and Sheldon Lewis in Superstition," Richard Dix, Tully's a dull and Betty Bronson in "The Stranger." 

Sarita's Jack up above. So you think I would be very helpful to one in trouble. I'd do my best. And you wish that Mary Pickford would have a daughter! So you know that Dorothy Davenport is your sister Lottie's child. Thanks for all you did, it was a very charming letter. (Continued on page 117)
STOLEN 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 pain-taking, 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 thoughtless attention to their complexions.
Why, then, should the skin so pain-takingly 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. Prettily 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! Therewith 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 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—are used. This is particularly true when you realize Princess Pat is so finely powered 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 skins—in all winds and weather—you would have seen its great comfort to you by obtaining a box at once at the nearest store that has it! But 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!

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. 22, Chicago
 Entirely FREE! send sample of Princess Pat, "The Only Powder with an Almond Base."

Name (Print) ..................................................
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At last the Ziegfeld idea of glorifying the American girl on the screen! When you see "The Temple of Venus" directed by Henry Otto, you'll fall to what he means when he says that beauty is the backbone . . . of course, a beautiful backbone . . . of every successful movie. "The Temple of Venus" won for Mr. Otto a contract with Fox and he is already busy on another production. While in New York Mr. Otto lured him to the Public Library on the Avenue to photograph Venus, the Goddess of Beauty, that stands guard outside, but she was so dirty he refused to honor her (from which fact can be drawn a pretty good beauty hint). When he next passed the Library, to his astonishment, Venus was getting a scrub. Incidentally, it was Mr. Otto who discovered lovely Mary Philbin, who flashed into fame because of her acting in "The Merry-Go-Round."

At the time that the "Merry-Go-Round" opened and Mary was registering her straight-from-the-eyes hit on the silversheet, she was marooned on a little island with Mr. Otto's company filming the "Temple of Venus." Mr. Otto received word of her great success but was asked not to tell Miss Philbin for fear her success would turn her head; contrary to advice, he went straight to her and her mother and broke the good news. Never was there such a welcome breaking. Mr. Otto, we take it, believes in brains as well as in beauty.

It has been decided that Valentino's first picture for the Ritz-Carlton Productions, at the expiration of his contract with Famous Players-Lasky in February, will be a historical production in London. Mr. Williams, Valentino's new chief, of the Ritz-Carlton, says that the Britishers are missing a good bet by not putting more care and money on their productions, and that there never has been a "top-notch" British film. Naturally, John Bull doesn't like the way he snubs their film work, and gets back at Mr. Williams by saying that the English have too much sense to make millionaires of youngsters, eccentric comedians, and beautiful actresses. But nothing loath, Mr. Williams declares that England has history, atmosphere and color that has never been scratched, and he will show 'em.

Lois Wilson was awfully sick while in New York playing opposite Tommy Meighan in "Fled Piper Malone," a Booth Tarkington story written especially for the screen. Lois didn't break her arm or anything, she was just homesick, which sometimes makes one even a little more miserable than mad de mer. If New Yorkers could see the Hollywood home she has purchased, they would well understand why their efforts at entertaining were more or less futile. Her pal, May McAvoy, and Mrs. McAvoy suffered from the same illness and now we are afraid that May will
No Money Down!

Just mail the coupon—not one cent now—and Hartman, the Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World, will send you, transportation charges prepaid, this wonderful, genuine Wallace 32-Piece Silverware Set and with it, absolutely FREE, the handsome 7-Piece Luncheon Set. When goods arrive, make the first payment of only $3.00 on the Silverware Set alone. Pay nothing for the Luncheon Set—it is FREE. Use both sets 30 days on Free Trial, and if not more than delighted, send them back and we will refund your money and pay transportation charges. If you keep the Silverware Set, pay a little every month. Keep the Luncheon Set as a gift from Hartman.

Your Initial on Every Piece—Beautiful "Briar Rose" Pattern

Positively exquisite! A set you will be proud to use on any and all occasions. You know what the name WALLACE stands for on silverware. You know that the quality and workmanship of this nationally famous product is the very finest obtainable. This beautiful "Briar Rose" pattern is one of the most popular ever produced, and the set pictured here is extra heavy silver-plated, guaranteed for 10 years' service. 32 pieces, including 12 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, 6 Knives, 6 Forks, 1 Butter Knife, 1 Sugar Shell. When your set arrives, examine it carefully. Notice the handsome finish—none more beautiful. Even in much higher-priced sets of solid silverware, you can find no more pleasing design.

FREE Bargain Catalog

Over 300 pages (of which 200 are in actual colors) of the world's greatest bargains in home furnishings; jewelry; also farm implements and accessories, etc.—all sold on easy monthly payment terms and 30 days' free trial.

FREE Gifts

This book explains how you get glassware, jewelry, table linens, etc., free with purchases. Send today.

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Send the 32-Piece Silverware Set No. 317FMA39, Price $9.85, absolutely FREE, and with it the 7-Piece Luncheon Set, I will pay $3 on arrival. Luncheon Set is FREE. I agree to have 30 days Free Trial. If not satisfied, I will ship both sets back. If I keep them, I will pay you $1.50 monthly. In the price of the Silverware Set, $9.85, is paid all money due except $3.00 payment, making balance due $6.85. Name__________________________

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"Here's an Extra $50!

"I'm making real money now! Yes, I've been keeping it a secret until pay day came. I've been promoted with an increase of $50 a month. And the first extra money is yours. Just a little reward for urging me to study at home. The boss says my spare-time training has made me a valuable man to the firm and there's more money coming soon. We're starting up easy street, Grace, thanks to you and the I. C. S."

To-day, more than ever before, money is what counts. You can't get along on what you've been making. Somehow, you've simply got to increase your earnings.

Fortunately for you there is an unflagging way to do it. Train yourself for bigger work, learn to do some one thing work and employers will be glad to pay you real money for your special knowledge.

It is the business of the International Correspondence Schools to prepare men and women for better positions at better pay. They have been doing it for 31 years. They are training over 100,000 right now. They are ready and anxious to help you.

Here is all we ask—without out, without obligation to yourself or any one, simply mark and mail this coupon.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 5354-B, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation on our part, please tell me how I can qualify for the position of in the subject where I have marked an X.

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

Executive Management
Industrial Management
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Civil Engineer
Surveying and Mapping
Grafix Engineering: Radio

Name

Street

Address

City

State

Occupation

Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Company, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

SWITCHES—BOBS—CORNET BRAIDS

made the new way from your own existing cornet hair.

Write for FREE style booklet. Prices Reasonable.


Relieve your trouble zone. The nose and throat with

LUDEN'S Menthol Cough Drops

Greenroom Jottings

(Continued from page 78)

suffer mal de mer as well, as her contract with Inspiration will take her across the Atlantic instead of across the continent. Tommy Meighan has eliminated any possibility of homesickness by purchasing a home in Great Neck, L. I. Tommy will move in April. And this makes us wonder if the oft-repeated threat of the producers, to do most of their filming in the East, is about to be fulfilled. With the steady commingling of film companies to the Southern countries of Europe, in search of atmosphere and sunshine, we shouldn't be all surprised. Did Tommy have a lunch or a tip?

Charles Winninger and Hugh Cunningham, two Broadway comedians, will be seen in "Pied Piper Malone." It is somewhat of a family affair as Winninger is Blanche Ring's husband, and Frances Ring is Tommy Meighan's wife; however, as Winninger is said to be one of the funniest German comedians on the stage, we'll forgive the family-made trust.

Booth Tarkington and Tommy Meighan must have gotten along just like "him and her" in the filming of the "Pied Piper Malone." Tarkington acted as chief supervisor of the film and in connection with Tom Gerardty who attended to the technicalities, edited it, and wrote the titles. It is the first time he has taken active part in the filming of one of his stories. Evidently he had a lot of fun doing it, as he has promised to write another original for the screen idol.

Our accident and convalescent list is overflowing as we go to press. Inanimate things and animal personalities have taken to emoting with temperament equal to that of the screen stars. Think of a trick hose being so vicious as to sideswipe Harold Lloyd off the top of a swiftly moving truck, when he was doing some of his hair-raising comedy bits. Harold landed in the gutter and for more than a fortnight nursed a set of the most colorful bruises that ever decorated a film hero. Alberta Vaughan, ingénue of the Mack Sennett comedy unit, was laid up for quite a time recovering from injuries she received while flip-flopping opposite Lewis Sargent in "Flip-Flops." Reginald Denny was obliged to put on a plaster jacket to hold himself together after an automobile accident. And Madeline Hurlock, another Mack Sennett beauty, appearing with Ben Tarpin, was forced to take a sojourn in the hospital, and turn over her role to Irene Lentz, because an impertinent company thought she was too upstaged about her horsemanship, and made her eat a volume of unadulterated dust.

And now along comes Flora Finch with a lawsuit against the Mastodon Films Company, because of permanent and painful injuries she received while crossing the defendant's ground to get to "a motion picture set." Flora alleges that the defendant had "carelessly permitted frozen snow, ice and large stones to accumulate on its grounds," when he was in duty bound to provide a "good, safe and sure place in which to act." We can't see Flora pulling any sob stuff on the judge, but she may succeed in pulling a laugh which sometimes proves even more efficacious in gaining a suit than a tear.

Gloria Swanson overworked those glorious orbs of hers to such an extent in (continued on page 90)

Maurice Sigrist is to the French what Jackie Coogan is to all of us. The lady seen here lunching with him in the garden is his mother.
Are You Ready for the Ash-Can?

Do you realize what it means to neglect your body? Do you know that you will clog up with waste matter and deaden your life just as ashes do in a furnace? Are you going to drag yourself through a life of misery and be ready for the undertaker when you should really be only starting to enjoy life? Come on and brace up. Take a good hold of yourself and shake those cobwebs out of your brain. Give me a chance at that weak backbone of yours and let me put a pair of man sized arms into those narrow shoulders.

Pills Never Made Muscles

I am not a medical doctor. I don’t claim to cure disease. Neither do I put any self-assumed title of Professor before my name. I am a builder of muscle—internal as well as external. I claim and can prove that by proper exercise you can even build muscle in and around your heart and every vital organ. The kind that shoots a thrill through your veins and reaches every crevice of your body. I add years to your life, and oh boy! what a kick you get out of every day you live. And talk about big, brawny arms and legs, or broad backs and husky chests—just take a look through this winter’s copies of Physical Culture Magazine and see for yourself. You will see a few pictures of my pupils there—living examples of the Earle Liederman system—doctors, lawyers, business men, but every last one of them good enough to pose as professional strong men. Some are in better shape than men who are now acting as instructors to others.

Pep Up

What are you going to do about it? Don’t sit idle and wish for strength. That will never bring it. Come on and get busy. You must have it, and I’m going to give it to you. I don’t promise it, I guarantee it. You don’t take any chance with me, so come on and make me prove it.

Send for My New 64-Page Book

“MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT”

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, imploping 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 10 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.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
Dept. 302, 305 Broadway, New York City
On the Camera Coast
(Continued from page 72)

Mary got on her last contract, Mrs. Shelby explains that $600,000 went to the government for income tax; $300,000 went to herself, Mrs. Shelby, by way of commissions and the remainder belongs to Mary. She offers to give Mary $200,000 in settlement. Mary, meanwhile, has hidden herself in a little bungalow near Los Angeles and passes most of her time knitting on her front porch.

Betty Compson has returned from London and has fallen in love. One of the newspapers, hearing a rumor that she was engaged to be married to James Cruze, the director, telephoned to the blushing swain. "You’ll have to ask her," replied Mr. Cruze. Whereupon Miss Compson being telephoned to, replied "Wait until I phone him." Presently she answered the newspaper. "Yes, we are.

Mr. Cruze was lately divorced from Marguerite Snow. It has been supposed that Miss Compson was to be married to Walter Morosco, son of the New York producer; but Walter is now seen with Corinne Griffith who is heatedly denying engagements. Corinne says one matrimonial venture was a great plenty.

Virginia Valli got in the way of the crime wave that is sweeping over California. While she was taking a day off at the beach, a burglar broke into her house and stole the tub, taking the whole thing out by the roots.

Theda Bara has had some sort of business complication in connection with her starring venture, and the production has been held up.

Allen Holubar, the director and husband of Dorothy Phillips, died in a California hospital after a very severe operation. The sympathy of the entire colony has gone out to Mrs. Holubar in her bereavement.

Niles Welch and Dell Boone, of Universal, are old friends of Ringling, the circus magnate. While the show was recently in Los Angeles, Niles acted as drum major of the circus band in the grand "walk-around" and Dell rode one of the elephants, just for a lark.

Guy Bates Post has turned his back severely on the film business and is returning to the stage.

Out at Warner Brothers Studio they have given John Barrymore a gorgeous business office with shiny desks and such. John sits on the desks and tells stories. He says that when he was a little boy, his uncle, John Drew, was visiting at the house. His irresistible father, the late Maurice Barrymore, taught him a little prayer which he recited one night amid general consternation—"God bless Papa and Mama; make me a good little boy, and make Uncle John a good actor."

At the Actors’ Benefit Viola Dana and her sister, Shirley Mason, scored the big hit of the show in a burlesque of Rudolph Valentino and Natacha Rambova.

On a bet with Helen Chadwick, Mae Busch spent a whole day on the streets of Los Angeles, dressed as a boy without being detected. She asked policemen for directions; borrowed matches of men she met and sat around a park with the loafers for an hour. Helene, anxious for her bet, followed her around town in an auto.

(Continued on page 84)

We have no quarrel with the title of Mae Murray’s next picture, for "A French Doll" might readily be applicable to any production in which the vivacious Mae appeared. Below Miss Murray is pictured at the mirror of her dressing-table while she prepares for a scene
"Judgment of the Storm"
A Palmer Production

Myrtle Stedman as "Mrs. Trevor"

Lloyd Hughes as "John Trevor"

Phil Cullough as "Martin Freeland"

Bruce Gordon as "Dave Heath"

Claire McDevitt as "Mrs. Heath"

Directed by Del Andrews
Produced by Palmer Photoplay Corporation
Distributed by Film Booking Offices of America

THE new and most significant experiment in motion pictures comes before the theatregoers of the country with the current release of the first Palmer Production "Judgment of the Storm."

This picture is the advance guard of screen drama which is genuinely of the people, by the people, and for the people.

It was written by a housewife, the wife of a Pittsburgh factory foreman. It was based on an astounding dramatic episode in the lives of people of her acquaintance. Mrs. Ethel Stiles Middleton, the author, had never written for the screen. But through its remarkable Creative Test, the educational department of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, which is now conducting a nation-wide search for new writing talent, discovered her.

Authors Share in Profits

This institution is proud of the result. It is proud to stand behind the production of "Judgment of the Storm" as embodying the ideals for which it strives. It is proud to stand behind the other forthcoming Palmer productions which likewise give to the screen the fresh imagination of new writers discovered through the same Creative Test that brought Mrs. Middleton national recognition. They are "Unguarded Gates," by a former salesman; "Lost," by a former mechanical engineer, and a third as yet unnamed, by a country doctor.

An advance of $1,000 cash on royalties has been paid each author and each will receive, besides a percentage of the producer's profits for five years.

"Judgment of the Storm" tells a richly warm and humanitarian drama, yet it is not one bit more dramatic than the personal story of its author.

Copyright 1925— Palmer Photoplay Corporation

The Story that brought $1,000 Cash and Royalties to an Obscure Housewife

Like hosts of theatre-goers, the Pittsburgh housewife for years had experienced increasing disappointment with motion pictures. Casts and settings were the best, but the stories told were often cheap, tawdry and insincere. Like thousands of others, she said to herself "I believe I could write a better story than that."

She clipped the Coupon

Then one day her attention was drawn to a coupon—the same coupon that appears at the bottom of this page. It told of the need for new screen writers, and of the Creative Test evolved by this institution.

She clipped the coupon, mailed it, and today—as a direct result of that one, simple, little act—she is on the highroad to success as a screen writer. Instead of an obscure housewife known only to a little circle of acquaintances, she is today a famous writer whose name flashes nightly before the eyes of millions of theatregoers in thousands of theatres.

Will This Test Discover You?

No cost or obligation of any sort is involved in filling out the coupon. It will bring the Creative Test—with which a fascinating evening can be spent. If the result, as determined by this institution's educational department shows absence of dramatic creativeness, you will be told so frankly and promptly. If, on the other hand, such qualities are indicated, the same co-operation extended to the housewife, the salesman, the mechanical engineer, and many others who have succeeded in this new field will be made available to you.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation
Productions Division, Sec. 800
Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Cal.
123 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago
227 Fifth Ave., New York

Without cost or obligation please send me the Palmer Creative Test which will tell me whether I have the creative ability—for which there is such demand in the motion picture industry.

NAME.

ADDRESS.

CITY... STATE...

All correspondence strictly confidential.
Famous Sayings

By

BLAINE C. BIGLER

BARBARA FRITZIE

"Shoot if you must this old grey head, But give me the movie rights," she said.

NATHAN HALE

"I'm sorry I have but one life to give, This serial 'll fail if I dont live."

NEBUCHADNEZZAR

When Nebuchadnezzar saw the writing on the wall, "Jazz those titles up," he said, "these will not do at all."

CAPTAIN LAWRENCE

"Boys, dont give up the ship," he said; "But show a lively fight, instead."

PATRICK HENRY

"Give me liberty or give me death: But take a close-up. Then he left.

GENERAL WABEN

"Dont shoot till you see the whites of their eyes Or you'll waste film with these cloudy skies."

On the Camera Coast

(Continued from page 82)

The French government wants Norma Talmadge to make a screen version of the life of Marie Antoinette, utilizing Petite Trianon and the palace at Versailles.

The twelfth anniversary of the planting of the first studio in Hollywood by the Christie Brothers was celebrated recently. They rented an old house for $30 a month on a property now worth more than $1,000 a front foot.

Billie Dove has been married to Irvin Willett, the director. So secret were the nuptials that none of the company knew of the event.

In making the kissing scene in "The Marriage Circle," where the dutiful wife smacks another man other than her husband by mistake, Herr Lubitsch made Florence Vidor and Creighton Hale repeat the event exactly thirty-nine times before the kiss was right. Florence is a very lovely lady, but... well, thirty-nine times!

Elmer Glyn has picked out Claire de Lores as the most voluptuous girl in Hollywood.

Victor Seastrom, the Swedish director, witnessed his first game of American football last week. After it was over, he said sadly, "On the whole I prefer Swedish massage."

Fatty Arbuckle is back in Hollywood making comedies.

Lilian Tashman, possessor of the most famous legs in the world, injured one of the same in making of "Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model" at Coldwyns and may be scarred for life. This will be a desolation note for Broadway and Forty-second Street.

Wanda Hawley has secured a divorce. She said her hubby used up her money and called her a bonehead.

When the last scene of "The Courtship of Miles Standish" was filmed, Charlie Ray's work was scarcely over. For he went into the factory and gave his personal attention to the cutting of this film down to the length in which it is to be released.
The Verdict of the Vanderbilts

(Continued from page 28)

who are discerning there are thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands who are not. So if "Broadway directors" choose to portray "Fifth Avenue baubles" as "Parisian orgies with Hollywood accompaniments," the hundreds of thousands can continue to thrill and gape. We have long heard of "out-Heroding Herod," but it remained for the picture studios to portray smart society as being entertained by half-nude dancing girls rising out of table centerpieces and of exclusive assemblies stepping out of drawing-rooms into swimming-pools.

However, "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," and that, too, is the verdict of the Vanderbilts...

Patricia: Hollywood’s Flapper

(Continued from page 22)

California, they were having a family picnic on the beach at Venice. A motion-picture director saw Patsy Ruth romping around in the sand and introduced himself to her family in order to ask if the pride and joy of the household would not like to be a movie actress. The pride and joy thought she would—and that was that.

Until now, her biggest success has been with Charley Ray in "An Old Sweetheart of Mine."

Before she is much older, she is likely to do something really big. Patsy Ruth is one of the girls that Hollywood critics are eagerly watching.

She has tenderness and feeling and brains and a level common sense and a vital strong ambition. Patsy Ruth is due to get somewhere.

Out there on the hill, she told us that she is living in the hope that she will get a part some day which does not depend upon the sugary cake-frosting that directors and stars call "sympathy"—that sickly mush with which scenario writers have spoiled most of the best stories in the world with impossible heroines who are all snow maidens incapable of frailties.

Patsy Ruth has sense enough to know that life isn’t really like that and she is looking for the day when she can do something real and true.

If she doesn’t get married to some sap director and ruin her career before it has started, Patsy Ruth Miller is likely to leave her mark on the art that is called “making movies.”

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 pyorrhea.

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.

To and 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 effects.

Thus, without harmful grit, Pepsodent is doing what grit could never do. It has 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.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 044, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.
Live Opportunities for You

"OPPORTUNITY knocks but once." So said the sage. But don't you believe it. It isn't so.

Opportunity knocks with every issue of this publication. Every advertisement is brimful of opportunity for some one. Many of them are written with you in mind. They offer you opportunities to save time, money and effort—opportunities to surround yourself with comforts and conveniences—opportunities to eat better, sleep better, dress better and live better.

You would live in ignorance of these opportunities were it not for advertising. Somebody might be selling a new, better and more economical food; or a utensil that would add immeasurably to your comfort and well-being; or some better material for making shoes or clothing—but you would never know it.

Modern advertising is a boon. It keeps information up to date on the many things we need in order to live profitable, happy and useful lives in this age of rapid-fire progress.

Every advertisement in this paper is a real opportunity. Perhaps it is meant for you.

Don't let it knock in vain

They're Not Afraid to Fight (Continued from page 37)

and after that she played more parts, filling in with extra work when nothing better was forthcoming.

But Charlotte's back at her typewriter now, working as secretary to Perley Poore Sheehan, director and scenario writer at Universal City. And if she thinks back on the fairy-tale days, sometimes, she doesn't long for their return. Mr. Sheehan, it may be stated, thinks he has the very best secretary in California.

You see, it would be pretty hard to write a sub-sister story about these girls who have abandoned their screen careers. They're all so contented and prosperous! When anyone pulls a tragic face and mutters of the dark, dreadful things lying in wait for the poor extra girl out of a job, it always hands me a laugh. If the extra girl is clever enough to do anything besides extra, she can chase the wolf over the hills and come home with his scalp.

In the scenario and stenographic departments of the studios, in the research libraries and publicity offices, in the laboratories and cutting-rooms, you'll find dozens of energetic young women who have put their make-up boxes away and have won economic independence in the broad field open to them behind the motion-picture camera.

I was talking all this over with Jeanie McPherson the other day. Miss McPherson is undoubtedly the best known woman scenario writer in the film profession. For the eight or nine years of her association with Cecil B. De Mille, she has adapted to the screen all the stories and plays used by him besides writing many originals. She doesn't need to envy the salary of any movie star.

But she went thru a period of readjustment similar to that experienced by these other young women—for at one time she, too, was a screen actress.

This was in the good old days of the two-reel features. Miss McPherson wrote and directed motion pictures featuring herself. When Cecil De Mille came out here and established the Lasky company, she decided that, tho he wasn't well known as a film director, he showed a good deal of ability along those lines. She would give him the opportunity of directing her.

Mr. De Mille didn't jump at the offer. Instead, he advised her to give up acting altogether, and confine herself to scenario writing. He topped this suggestion with the handsome offer of a twenty-five-dollar weekly salary.

Miss McPherson was so delighted that she hurled herself out of his office.

She went back tho, later. And took the job.

Today she agrees that the field behind the camera was the best for her endeavors, and that a girl of ability and intelligence need not fear failure in Hollywood. Success may not come in the way she originally planned, but she will find it possible to have a career just the same.

By the way, Jeanie McPherson did go back to the screen. Just once. She was the young lady who staged the great hair-pulling scene with Geraldine Farrar in "Carmen," and if you saw the picture you haven't forgotten her.

Miss Farrar wanted an actress opposite her who wasn't afraid to fight. She got one, all right.

And all the modest, obscure little extra-actresses I've been telling you about, are following in the footsteps of the celebrated Jeanie McPherson.

They're not afraid to fight either. Not one of 'em.
in von Stroheim’s “Greed,” she finally and
suddenly decided to abandon the screen
and come to New York, she hadn’t an idea
of what she would do once she reached the
metropolis. Only that she knew she
wouldn’t be beaten. “For,” she said,
“nothing has ever beaten me yet . . . and
nothing ever will!”

When she reached New York, Gloria
Swanson invited her to spend a week or
more with her at her Bayside home. One
night Gloria’s cook inadvertently departed
after the immemorial fashion of cooks,
leaving Gloria with a small dinner party on
her hands. Mother Ashton offered to cook
dinner for the expected guests. Gloria
demurred. Mother Ashton insisted. The
dinner was cooked and eaten and when it
was over Gloria sighed, “If I could
only get food like that. . . . Mother.
why don’t you open a tea-room?”

The remark came and went but it con-
tained the germ of the idea that is now the
Goldenrod Tea-room in the Gamsborough
Studio Building, New York. As a matter
of fact, it is not, strictly speaking, a tea-
room, for only luncheons and dinners are
served, but a rose by any other name, and
all that. . . . Shortly after that remark
Mother Ashton and Gloria went to a
famous numerologist, “Just for fun.”

The famous numerologist had never heard of
Mother Ashton, none the less she told her
that she wasn’t doing, or hadn’t been
doing, the thing she was best fitted to do,
that she should open an orphanage, a tea-
room or go into business of some sort and
that she should change her name from the
well-known “Mother” Ashton to “Madah”
which means “mother” in the Indian tongue.

“You see. . . .” said Gloria.
They had a long talk about it, Mother
Ashton and Gloria; Gloria insisting that
it was the thing to do, that no one in
New York knew where to go when they
wanted good, substantial, home-cooked
food and that everyone did want that kind
of food only they had weariedly given up
the hope of ever getting it, short of going
back to the farm, and that of all the people
in the world to feed a good-food hungry
world Mrs. Sylvia Ashton was pre-
eminently that person.

Mother Ashton demurred, said she
couldn’t “run a business,” wouldn’t know
where to look for a place, couldn’t make
a go of it if she did know, didn’t have
the money, never having saved a red Indian
head in all of her hard-working, free-
spending life, etc., etc., etc.

Gloria downed all arguments. Mother
Ashton wanted to do something. And all
the hungry world counted on Mother
Ashton to “do something . . .” the Goldenrod.

The next day the enterprising Gloria
and the eager if dubious Mother Ashton
set out in quest of the caravansary and
found the present home of the Goldenrod.
The owners thereof begged Mother Ash-
ton to take the place over, Gloria made the
taking-over possible, even to clear candle-
sticks of blue glass fitted with yellow
wax candles which small Madeline pointed out
to her with an especial pride and pleasure.

And now at noon and again at night
Mother Ashton may be seen in the pre-
cincts of the Goldenrod in white head-
dress, broad, benevolent, happy and at
peace, cooking, serving, generally super-
vising and “mothering” the hungry men,
women and children who come to her
doubtless expecting a stone when they
enter, from much New York fare, but
getting, instead, the veritable bread of
human kindness, which means, substan-

“—then my Dentist smiled
and said, ‘Use Colgate’s’

AFTER Dr. Stephens had cleaned my teeth, he held the mir-
ror for me to see how white and pretty they were. They
looked so nice and clean.

“My!”, I exclaimed, ‘I wish I could keep them that way’.

“Then my Dentist smiled and said, ‘Use Colgate’s.’”

Colgate’s Ribbon Dental Cream gives you the secret of clean,
beautiful teeth. It "washes" and polishes your teeth, without
scratching or scouring. It brings out and preserves all the
natural beauty of your tooth enamel.

Colgate's is the safe, double-action dentifrice. (1) Its speci-
ally prepared non-gritty chalk loosens clinging food par-
ticles; (2) its pure vegetable-oil soap gently washes them away.
Because Colgate's cleans teeth the right way, it is recommended
by more Dentists than any other dentifrice.*

Colgate’s is on sale everywhere. Large tube, 25c.

* A Dentist recently wrote: "There are no "cure-alls" in dentifrices.
They are only cleansing agents performing the same function in
the oral cavity that soap and water do for the hands. I heartily
endorse Colgate's as one of the very best in the market.”

(Colegate & Co.
Established 1806)

COlGatE’S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Truth in Advertising
Implies Honesty in
Manufacture

If Your Wisdom Teeth Could
Talk, They’d Say, "Use Colgate's!"
Surprise! Ecstasy! Delight! await you in the FEBRUARY

Pictorial of Stage and Screen
Many full-page portraits of stage and screen celebrities, each an artistic creation in itself. It is refreshing to meet one's stage and screen favorites in such exquisite setting.

Double Page Spread of "Scaramouch"
As acted on the Stage by
SINDEY BLACKMER
As portrayed on the Screen by
RAMON NOVARRO
One who has seen him both makes a wonderfully instructive comparison which both delights and excites.

On Location
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That "Different" Screen Magazine

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How YOU Can Write Stories and Photoplays

By ELINOR GLYN


FOR years the mistaken idea prevailed that writing was a "gift" miraculously placed in the hands of the chosen few. People said you had to be an Emotional Genius with long hair and strange ways. Many vowed it was no use to try unless you'd been touched by the Magic Wand of the Muse. They discouraged and often scoffed at attempts of ambitious people to express themselves.

These mistaken ideas have recently been proved to be "bunk." People know better now. The entire world is now learning the TRUTH about writing. People everywhere are finding out that writers are not different from the rest of us. They have nothing "up their sleeve"; no mysterious magic to make them successful. They are plain, ordinary people. They have simply learned the principles of writing and have intelligently applied them.

Of course, we still believe in genius, and not a few people will have the secret desire to shield other women from the same thing. It is an abominable pain. The wonder in it is also the knife in it. Lucretia went to Red Pine.

What the two women said, the one to the other, that high retreat, is between the two of them. Perhaps they learned a tremendous deal that night of splendid sharing. Perhaps, love began to mean to them something other than mere possession. They bared their hearts, each the sanctuary of the same image.

They had been up there together for a week when the forest fire broke out. A week after that they brought Mimi home. Lucretia was beside her own father and next to Stephen's.

And for weeks Lucretia lay in her darkened room, with bandaged hands and eyes, sweat pouring down her face and shoulders, muttering "Mimi, Mimi..." in her restless fever. It was Stephen who finally broke down the wall of delirium. "You tried to save her," he kept saying. He knew that in the back of Lucretia's mind was some sort of fear that she hadn't done enough... that one final effort of strength might have saved Mimi.

"You tried to save her..."

And then, one day, Lucretia's heavy eyes opened clearly and rested at him, undemanding. "I did," she said, with a sob, "I did..."

"I know you did, my dear, my dear," Lucretia was weeping quietly, as if the great pressure were being eased away, and, in her corner the nurse signaled Stephen to let her go on.

"The pitiful thing is," she said, "that Mimi wanted to die, Stephen. We... we both wanted to be the one to die... but little Mimi... so young... to want to die..."

"She is happy now," Stephen spoke thru his own tears, "she was smiling, Lucretia, in your arms, under that brutal tree that pinched her down. She had found a sort of peace, I know."

"Are you sure? Sure?"

"I know it. Just for that moment, after Fred and I got to you on the back, when I held her, on one either arm, she smiled up at me. Such a smile, Lucretia. It seemed to say 'I'm all right, Sieve, quite all right.' It made me smile, too, and I felt a joy that you can be successful without being a genius.

Many people think they can't write because they lack imagination or the ability to write the out-of-the-ordinary plots. Nothing could be further from the truth. The really successful authors—those who write in a simple matter about plain, ordinary events of every-day life—things with which every-man is familiar. This is not a secret within the reach of all, for everyone is familiar with some kind of love story.

Every heart has its story. Every life has experiences worth passing on. There are as just many stories of human interest right in your own vicinity, stories for which some editor will pay good money, stories that are as tremendous as Greenway or the South Sea Islands. And editors will welcome a story or photoplay from you, just as quickly as from a well-known writer if your story is good enough. They are eager and anxious for the work of new writers, with all their blithe, vivacious, youthful ideas. They will pay you well for your ideas, too. Big money is paid for stories and scenario and screen play—good idea, a good deal bigger money than is paid in salaries. The man who clerked the store last year is making more money this year with his pen than he was when he sold his output in the store in a lifetime. The young woman who earned eighteen dollars a week last summer at stenography just sold a photoplay for $500.00. The man who wrote the serial "The Bells of Thunder" was paid up-front by a famous magazine until about three years ago—he didn't even know that he could. Now his name appears almost every month in the best magazines. You don't know whether you can write or whether you can..."

I believe there are thousands of people who are already writing to their heart's content. They have no idea how much better stories and plays that they write are. They are finding out that any man or woman can make money in this absorbing profession and at the same time greatly improve their present-day fiction and bring home to themselves that they have ideas. I believe the motion picture business especially needs new writers with new angles. I write to you now, to say that I have decided to give some simple instructions which may be the means of bringing success to many of you yet poor in pen to paper. I am going to SHOW you how easy it is when you know how to MAKE a penny.

Just fill out the coupon below. Mail it to my publishers, The Author's Press, 85 Auburn, N. Y. They will send you, ABSOLUTELY FREE, a handsome little book called "The Short-Cut to Successful Writing." This book will help all aspiring people who want to become writers, who want to improve their writing and make money in their spare time. Within its pages are many surprises for the man who has already written with things that gratify your expectations—good news that is due at last. It is a writing book that will show you how to write illustrations that enthuse, stories of success; new hope, encouragement, helps—things you've long wanted to know.

"The Short-Cut to Successful Writing" tells how many suddenly realized their dream in years of doubt and indecision. How story play writers began. How many rose to fame and fortune. How simple plots and ordinary incidents became famous stories and plays when correctly handled. How new writers get their start. How new one's imagination properly directed may bring glory and greatness. How to WIN!!!

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PAGE
Greenroom Jottings

(Continued from page 80)

We have heard of insuring everything from fingers and toes to pots and pans, but Ince has set the style of insuring laughs, not only the laughs that register on the screen, but the "gag-men" who dig up the idea for the laugh. He has four of them at work on "The Galloping Fish," and claims that it is a gloom-proof layout. They are Tom McNamara, R. L. Wallace, Ray Enright and comedy-director Lloyd Ingram. In the cast are Louise Fazenda, Sidney Chaplin, Ford Sterling, Chester Conklin and Lucille Ricksen.

The old Essanay Studios have opened their doors again, that's the way it goes, the Famous-Players pull in their blinds for some ten weeks or so, and Essanay, that has been dark for some time, rolls up its shades. Production will be in

charge of George Spoor, and the first picture shot will be a Three Dimension film and a "process recently perfected" by him. The picture will be directed by James Young, and the scenario prepared by Elizabeth Mahoney, of the old Essanay staff, and lately associated with June Mathis. We do not know the subject of the picture, but we do know that Mr. Spoor is sitting tight on some literary plums that he purchased for a song in the good old days. One of them is a Rupert Hughes story that he bought for $75.00. The current price would probably be $15,000. We extend sympathies to Rupert and take off our hat to George Spoor.

Charles H. Christie is going to hike four miles down the road from Hollywood and set up housekeeping in elaborate studios already designed. The tract is as near to Hollywood as could be purchased. With occupancy of the new studios the company will enter the field of feature production, while they still continue to make twenty comedies a year. This will mean additions to the producing and professional staff, and may offer a pleasant berth for some of those let out by other companies.

Lillian Gish has succumbed to the lure of Juliet and all because Jane Cowl gave such an original, youthful and inspired interpretation to the role on the stage. Richard Barthelmess is to be her Romeo. Can you conceive of a more ideal and artistic pair of lovers? The picture will be made in Italy on the completion of "Romola," and the wealth of beautiful locations there will offer opportunity for the last word in atmosphere and scenic beauty. We regret that Lillian has given up her determination of playing "The Maid of Orleans," but we believe she will be still better as the elusive Juliet.

Norma Talmadge's decision to do a screen version of "Juliet" with either Joseph Schildkraut or Rodolph Valentino

(Continued on page 104)

Barbara La Marr looks doubtful about the explanation Bert Lytell offers in connection with a model set of "The Eternal City"
A W. F.: You know they're not. Men are the great sentimentalists. Women are more direct, too. A man sees something she wants and goes straight after it. She generally gets it, too.

G. H.: Then you think that any woman, provided she isn’t bow-legged or cross-eyed, can get any man if she sets out to do so?

Charlie Chaplin: I know she can. She always has a laugh, you know.

A W. F.: And what, to pursue the general topic, do you think of marriage?

Charlie Chaplin: I think it’s about as interesting as a prison factory.

A W. F. and G. H. (in rey chorus): Oh, come now, what do you really think, Mister Chaplin?

Charlie Chaplin: Well, then, I think it’s sure death to individuality unless both people entering the state are extraordinary—and that is rare. After a while, unless both are full of ver... er... artistic... marriage becomes just about as inspiring as the prime factory of which I spoke. You get everything organized. Look at the women who have been married for five years or more. Ah, the subtle boredom in their eyes! The way in which they say with the weary pride of those who have surmounted obstacles and somehow lived thru it, ‘Yes, we’ve been together for 1-1/2 years.’ (His drollery is perfect.)

G. H. (evidently feeling that the whole discussion is getting beyond her depth, hurks back to the one topic on which she feels she’s informed): Which girl was it in that picture?

Charlie Chaplin: The masseuse. And wasn’t the smile the best of all?

A W. F.: She was of all that. But I’m sure that her days as an efficient telephone operator are numbered.

Charlie Chaplin: She’s even less of that—over. But that’s all right. I don’t mind. I loathe efficiency.

A W. F.: You didn’t have a bit of trouble with the lawyers, did you?

Charlie Chaplin: No you see, in the first place, the ending of the picture salved anything like that. And then, too, there was really nothing in the entire picture that could offend a child when you come to think of it. Only the sophisticated person, the temporal being, saw the deeper meaning of the picture.

---

**Hairy's Own Color Brought Back By German Method!**

**WOMEN!** This announcement means your hair can be what you want it to be! An American organization now possesses the German secret of really restoring the hair. Herr Heinrich Schenau perfected the method—just before the war. Conditions in Germany have compelled him to sell it. Dr. Egan now gives everyone the miraculous developer that brings any human hair to full, natural color—for a price which any prideful woman will regard insignificantly small!

**$100,000.00**

—would never have been paid for a mere tint, stain, or dye. Color Developer is not a cosmetic or a beauty agent—it brings your hair's own color back through pigmentation, it deepens with "Streaks!" This method works like magic; the first application starts the process; you can see the new luster, and observe the deepening of color almost in the first few minutes!

If your hair has been faded—if it is excessively dull and lifeless—you may require the entire bottle of color developing fluid. But once brought back to natural activity the pigments of your scalp will require only occasional stimulation; once a month, or even less.

**How Off-Color Hair Is Restored Through a Natural Process**

"Hair Restorers" have failed—and will always fail—for the same reason. No single preparation can take effect on blonde, brunette, and titian. They are three very different types. Each basic color has its own chemical affinity. So Color Developer is compounded in three distinct and separate formulas.

If you are a brunette, you use the Brunette formula. If a blonde, the formula for blondes; for red or auburn hair it is still another formula. For gray hair use your formula that is for the color your hair was originally. To use the wrong one would have no more effect than so much water—bust apply your proper formula and the result is simply miraculous. New color in a few moments—and the new color is your own! One of the reasons Herr Schenau was prevailed on to disclose his secret was his hope that its general distribution would soon send a stop to the highly harmful and often poisonous dyeing of the hair.

After nearly a year of test runs, Color Developer is now offered the American public. Stacks of affidavits, and letters of affection, are on file in the Dr. Egan manufactory as evidence of the German efficiency in science and chemistry. The method is infallible. We have no record of a single failure.

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For fifteen days (longer, if ingredients are available) we will send one full-sized bottle of Color Developer for your own use at the special price of $1.96. We ship it direct to be certain it is fresh and potent. It is not possible to provide dealers at present. We expect to in time—but the retail price will have to be double this introductory figure!

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Earn $85 Weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary, details free. Free Syndicate, 600 S. Louisi, Mo.

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Get On the Stage. I tell you how! Personality, confidence and your own ideas, necessary. Send 6c postage for instructive illustrated Stage Book, free to all. M. LaDelle, Box 557, Los Angeles, Cal.
Comment on Other Productions (Continued from page 57)

Venus’ court to find true love. And he is a mighty poor picker. His match-making talents lead him to look up a young artist with a fisherman’s daughter. And then in bold relief is revealed the wildest of wild melodramas. The villain wears a leering expression and the hero is a fool. Thus jealousy he ties the artist’s hands and feet and carries him out to a rocky island. Then the girl sends him after the unfortunate youth. When he reaches him after a terrific battle with the tide, he calmly inquires: “Can you forgive me?”

We defy anyone to keep from laughing here. Meanwhile the scenes shift to bathing girls and corypbes frolicking about on the beach. They form a vision of the heroine’s imagination. The jealous lover is too dense to see them until his dying gasp and then he shouts: “I see them now.” More laughter.

Nothing of consequence in this picture. It shows scenes of pelicans at home and some crude titbits of poachers trying to kill them. It’s a stark mad picture, a conglomeration of everything that ever appealed to the primitive senses.

CAMEO KIRBY

Pictures of those colorful days aboard Mississippi steamboats when firearms were tooted and gentlemen eked out a livelihood at cards manage to cater to the imagination. Those days are just far enough removed in history to lend a glamour. These pictures are invariably cut according to a well-established Mark Twain pattern. Messrs. Tarkington and Wilson haven’t furnished any ingenuity of plot, nor have they established any new atmosphere. And the director has worked along the lines of least resistance.

Old as the idea is, it contains a satisfactory melodramatic flourish—what with its drift-into-a-forest rescue, or three—and considerable gun-play. It really moves, and moving causes the spectator to follow its action with unabated interest in spite of the inevitable melodrama. As the work proceeds, the man is caught by his own words, a youth is caught, an old man is caught, an ordinary man is caught, a man is caught who is the hero of a romance, and the heroine is caught by the hero of her story. And these heroes do not grate because of this olden day atmosphere. John Gilbert is spirited and more, in the role of a proud young Southern gentleman.

THE BAD MAN

Everything possible has been done to make this picture carry on with the same entertainment values of the play, but it lacks variety of scene and is executed too carelessly as to script and detail. The director has followed the spoken version in every scene with the result that a creaking comedy-drama becomes an ordinary picture. Without Holbrook Blinn playing his semi-lunatical rôle of the bandit, it would even look mediocre. However, we miss his grand vocal insolence, tho his pantomime is delightful to watch.

It’s a picture relying almost entirely upon sets and revolves around a melodramatic premise, that of a triangle situation. In other words, a youth is caught by the husband with the latter’s wife and it is the bandit’s opportunity to help his friend. The interesting moments reveal his struggle with the tenacious husband, having to kill him twice. The subplots are mostly in dialect, which is much more effective when heard than in cold type. We will say that it is well done in a technical way, but it doesn’t measure out...
the spontaneous mirth of the original. Two important comedy roles in the play are almost negligible here.

THE COUNTRY KID

Just a series of episodic scenes executed after the conventional form with nothing of consequence revealed. Wesley Barry has reached that awkward age where it is difficult finding suitable material for him. He is not mature enough for romance and much too old for the Coogan recipes. So they give him a decrepit straw hat to wear, a pair of overalls and plaster him against a rustic setting where he works as a horse boy and as the father and mother to his younger orphan brothers. It must develop that the guardian must spread misery for the boys and lug off the little tots to the orphanage so that he might gain title to the property.

It is weak and brittle—this story—and "peters out" long before its conclusion. The incident? It concerns a bit of play with mud pies and the riding of a U-shaped horse. Barry—now that his freckles aren't fully exploited—is overshadowed by the youngsters. Little Bruce Guerin steals the picture.

APRIL SHOWERS

Time turns backward in its flight in this one, which is cut from the ancient pattern that made Chamney Olcott a matinée idol. It even seems back farther than Chamney's day, in its revelation of Irish sentiment, Irish quarreling, Irish manners and Irish Barney. With an East Side atmosphere and a cop's home exposed, to say nothing of the starchy Irishness—on both of a boy—and a spirited colleen—one can see that all the familiar properties, ingredients and characters are on full display.

A slight little piece—this, one revolving around a tiff in an Irish romance—with the cop's son failing to get on the force and compelled to become a pugilist to save his erring sister from jail. The picture isn't well constructed and it's always obvious—and there isn't a sign of any novel treatments—aside from presenting the hero's being knocked out in the ring.

Kenneth Harlan dresses his hair like the barbers wouldn't have done if they could have their way. And Colleen Moore shakes her head and holds her hands on her hips—Irish fashion. The title? There is a slight rainfall. But it doesn't mean anything.

UNSEEN EYES

A primitive, crude, elemental melodrama is exposed here, a melodrama which stalks everything upon its backgrounds, and these manage to create an ocular ap- peal for the better part of forty minutes. But toward the conclusion the vast expanse of snow begins to pall. There is too much of it. And the much conflict between the meanest villain who has stalked across the screen this season—and his enemies. He begins to be ridiculous when he bugs the girl suffering from snow-blindness to a priest for the purposes of matrimony. Imagine any skulking brute such as depicted here obeying the conventions!

But leading up to this wholly arbitrary climax is an array of startlingly new and compelling vistas, vistas caught with an aerialperspective.

Lionel Barrymore seems to appreciate the plot shortcomings. He appears to be smiling occasionally. He has accompanied Seena Owen and the far reaches of British Columbia to rescue her brother—fast in the clutches of the human chetah—excellently played by Louis Wolheim. The latter makes his role positively un-
Would You Think from this Photo that I Ever Weighed 200 Lbs?

By Jessica Bayliss
(of Bryn Mawr, Pa.)

I had just about all the acrotypus 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 arche; 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 superfluous 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-fleshiness 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 158 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 farce. I shall not think that I might have remained indifferent to this method. Only a woman who has been over-whelmingly fleshly 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 in it.

What more can be said of reducing? Mrs. Bayliss' 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?

Photo by Drury

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Please send me FREE and POSTPAID for a week's FREE TRIAL the original Wallace Reducing Record.

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the village gossips—and the cracker barrels, signs, posts, et al. In the foreground is a youth—an itinerant tinker (see caption) happy with his horse and dog. The gossips start their deadly work when the heroine becomes the charge of the young vagabond. He is severely beaten when he refuses to confess to the crime of setting fire to the library. Enough.

We conclude with the information that the skinflint perishes in a bed of quicksand. It is artificial and second hand in every particular—with not a single scene which is real or novel or up to date. Thus it all Charles Jones tries to appear genuine, but the odds are against him.

**MEN IN THE RAW**

It's difficult enough listening to an imaginative Ananias in real life without being burdened with one on the screen. Just what induced the sponsors to project this single-track plot on the screen is a puzzle which only they can answer. But here it is—as an uninteresting a picture as may be imagined. The cowboy rides into camp and weaves his wild yarns—and the scenes flash to the holom of his dreams. Finally he tells a real story and is arrested by one of the listeners as a criminal wanted for murder. Then we have the drey pursuit and capture of the villain. No variety of incident is revealed. Should be prescribed for the insomniacs. Jack Hoxie should get on his horse and ride in pursuit of a story.

**THE RAMBLIN' KID**

The taming of a harum-scarum cowboy by a fair shrew is the idea behind this picturesque western—which has nothing in common with rustlers or cows, but concerns itself with an interesting rodeo and a deal of lively incident. The cowhand in question has a boystyle habit of "showing off." He would be mainly by appearing drunk and disorderly. And so the girl is disgusted—maybe. She is under obligations to him since he has rescued her from death. But he ignores her and "tends to his wild horses—one of which he tames for the rodeo.

The climax comes with a bit of a thrill, for the cowboy is drugged. He can hardly keep his mount, but finishes like Sande riding Zev. After punishing the villain who had drugged him for betting purposes, he persuades the fair Easterner to linger awhile in the West. A slight story, but enlivened with crisp incident and well-seasoned punch. Encore for Hoot Gibson.

---

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The ANITA Company, Dept. 232, ANITA Building, Newark, N. J.
A Thrill Every Minute!

That's just about the average in the March instalment of *Thistledown*, and if you never understood the psychology of Flapperdom, you will when you've read it—a psychology in striking contrast to that of Hi Daggett's impossible sister Julia.

It was his look, even more than his words, that gave the girl, just then, the deepest thrill that Hi Daggett had ever given her.

And her eyes were so bright and candid and sweet as to cover her secret shame, as she said: "You want so much to help me? Oh, you're good!"

BUT good heavens. Dolly has gone—vanished—a note pinned to a cushion tells him so. In a flash he is out of the house, into his devil car and stepping on the gas. He is off in a cloud of dust, to the ends of the earth, if need be, to find her—will he?

*You will be let in on this thrilling event, and several more in the March Instalment of "Thistledown"

By Dana Gatlin

in the

March Motion Picture Magazine

On Any Newsstand February First
How Wonderful it Feels

PROMPTING women in Personal Consultation, buy and possess
the theatrical profession give unequalled praise to Dr. R. Lincoln
Graham's prescription, NEUTROIDS, for flesh reduc-
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women. Dr. Graham has more
than 300 such letters on file at
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Neutroids, the prescription developed
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food to be digested and assimilated instead of
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tion from this 2 weeks' treatment.

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The Editor Gossips

(Continued from page 51)

instructed in music and languages. He has his little group of friends and his
weekly allowance does not exceed theirs.
Fifty cents is his limit with what he will.
All of this sounds very sane and pleasant.
Of course a child universally known
and loved must acquire some slight sophistication, but his constant recogni-
tion and adulation. But, more than
countercalibrating that, is the wealth which
it stores up for his maturity. He faces manhood in the same financial re-
sponsibility staring him in the face...
and his spirit is never to be worn or tried as
he trudges the treadmill of the business
world.

So...

Everyone had been recommending Sylvia
Ashton's restaurant-tea room to us for
weeks. So the other night we stopped at
the Goldenrod Inn, for dinner. Nor
were we sorry. We have paid twice the
dollar and a quarter which is asked and
fared far worse. Familiar people kept
coming in and everyone grew friendly
beneath the warmth of the Ashton genial-
ity and hospitality.

Alma Rubens came over to our table
for a minute. We were quietly
with her mother and her new husband,
Doctor Daniel Carson Goodman, before
going home to dress for her premiere.

We feel smug in “Under the Red
Robe.” Mr. Wingart who reigns over the
publicity department of the Long Island
Famous Players-Lasky studios was there ...
and we saw the little aloof where
they tell me Gloria Swanson frequently
dines with Mother.

Remembering Jean Yuletide, Mother
Ashton invited all the actors and actresses
she knew who were out of engagements
to have their Christmas turkey and stuffing
and plum pudding as her guests. And
while we haven't heard from, we're sure
the carousel-tiv Goldenrod was crowded
with a garrulous and motley assemblage
on Christmas day. And we're sure there was
a community "God bless Mother Ashton.

Musical Manhattan can once again
settle down to its bachelor case...
flaunt its plumed head and
and the confectioners can restock their
cases. For Constance Talmadge has gone
back to California.

Seriously, we never knew anyone to
evoke more devotion or more manifesta-
tions of devotion from the male than Con-
stance. We've still talking about the tea-
party she gave in her suite at the Am-
bassador. The best-looking and richest
men in New York were there... dancing
about the sleek gold of ber and someone
in a way that you wouldn't discredit if we
should attempt to describe it to you.
And Constance, busy passing tiny sandwiches
and little French cakes and salted nuts
and flipping a whiff of nonsense here and
there, gave them all bright smiles or some
tray to pass.

The room was filled with chrysanth-
emums of russet, gold, orchid and white
... and of such enormous proportions
that those beauties you see in the average
flattened-out window box, are nothing
but buttons in comparison. There were
jars of roses too.... white roses, red roses,
pink roses and yellow roses. And then
the same bell rang... and someone
opened the door... and in came a per-
fected procession of bell-hops, all carrying
flower boxes. There were two long boxes

---

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Come On Boys! The Baseball Season Will Be Here
Before You Know It. Get Your Outfit Now

It might be good and cold when you read this offer. Perhaps you will
be hugging the fire and summer will be farthest from your
thoughts. But don't you let a little bit of cold weather or snow either
for that matter, make you forget what is going to be expected of
you when you take your position on the nine next season. Now is
delayed too soon to be thinking and talking about the games you are
going to win and how you will size up against the other
teams in your League. Think of the cheer you'll get if you "bloss-
"mous" out this Spring in a brand-

Uniform, and glove, and bat

You Can Be

At The Bat In

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the bottoms of which were cut away to permit the stems of dozens of American beauties to extend some feet farther ... and there were two great corsages. And Constance looked panic-stricken when someone asked her where she was going to get vases to hold them and then set two young men, whose names are familiar to all who read society columns, to open the boxes and arrange the flowers ... somehow ... And that is how we remember Constance's tea. People ... interesting people ... talked to us and undoubtedly said witty things but we kept trying to compute the cost of the flowers in that one room and our head swam.

IN THE MOVIES
By Lillian Davidson

Who jumps from off a railroad train, and runs ten miles thru mud and rain, with snowy dress, without a stain? The Heroine. Who, when a girl's help beseeches with wild and high falsetto screeches Is always there, within her reaches? The Hero. Who always smokes a cigaret, and smiles with countenance cold and set, but has an eye for girls—You bet! The Villain! Who has a plump and rounded form, and honest poverty doth scorn, and makes folks wish he'd not been born? The Father. Who wears high heels, and low cut gowns, and scorns sweet maids from little towns, and helps the villain up and down? The Vamp. Who pays for all this glittering gold? Who packs the house, full as can hold? And goes home feeling nearly sold? The Public.

HUGH M. HUTTON

Ten Dollars An Hour For Drawing

Compare the illustrations shown above. The crude sketch on the left was made by Mr. Hutton before taking the Federal Course. The other he drew after completing his training. Mr. Hutton says: "One of my very first drawings was the sketch shown above. I am not proud of it. The other I made recently for a college publication. I drew it in five hours and got $200 for it. You can judge for yourself whether I have progressed. Whatever success I may have achieved as an artist I attribute to the Federal Course. I believe it is fundamentally right and that anyone who earnestly tries can learn to draw by studying it."

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Letters to the Editor
(Continued from page 59)

Dix, Bert Lytell, Conway Tearle, Lewis Stone, Harold Lloyd, Harrison Ford, Norman Kerry, and many others because they have always been sincere in their work, and have not shown an exaggerated ego or tried to pose in the limelight. I am glad to include Ramon Novarro in this list, but Rodolph does not qualify.

If, instead of extravagantly praising actors who have arrived, until they become conceited and vain, we, as in the case of Valentino, people would intelligently praise some of the sincere actors who really try to act, many unnecessary heartaches might be saved, and much useless discouragement removed.

Yours very truly,
Wanda Szatkowski
1801 Franklin St.,
Racine, Wis.

Regarding “Day Dreams” by Rodolph Valentino.

Dear Editor:

It seems, lately, that the contributors to your fan department have been writing about everything of interest concerning Rodolph Valentino except his recently published book of poems.

Each detail in “Day Dreams” from the orange cover lettered in gold, the black front pieces and the yellow ribbon bookmark, to the subject matter of its contents, is so typically Rudy. There is a splendid picture of the author on the fly-leaf and mysterious dedicatory initials under the title of practice. The poem save two called “You,” that make one wonder if they were not intended for the lovely Natacha Valentina.

The hardest thing about reading the volume is to realize the fact that Rodolph wrote it. To find a star with well-equipped characters to his credit who can turn out such verses as these, is indeed, a rare discovery—almost incredible, at first thought.

There is a simplicity and idealism about some of Rudy’s stuff that shows up a stranger order of only visible in flashes on the screen. But, then, again, a familiar subtlety renders the meanings of others almost enigmas, and a world-old sophistication that invested the portrayal of Julio reminds the reader of the screen Valentino.

My favorites are, in the first classification, “The Love Child,” “Glorification,” “Italy,” “Imperialism,” and “Radio,” and, in the second, “Suspicion,” “Accusation,” “Mirage,” the very clever “Kaleidoscope of Love” and both “You’s.” There is food for thought as well as a thrill or two within the covers of “Day Dreams,” and I hope the Valentino fans will read it, if for no other reason than to know the famous star a trifle better—perhaps, as he really is.

Very truly,
Thm. Kacenjohn
Box 1907,
Atlanta, Ga.

Chase Pain Away with Musterole

When the winds blow raw and chill and rheumatism starts to tingle in your joints and muscles, get out your good friend Musterole.

Rub this soothing white ointment gently over the sore spot. As Musterole penetrates the skin, the warmth of a sunbeam on the seat of a chair, you feel a gentle, healing warmth; then comes cooling, welcome relief from Old Man Pain.

Better by far than the old-fashioned mustard plaster, Musterole does the work without the burn and blister Grandma knew so well.

For croopy colds, sore throat, rheumatism or cough of all kinds, just rub on Musterole.

Don’t wait for trouble; keep a jar or tube on the bathroom shelf.

To Mothers: Musterole is now made in small bottles for babies and small children. Ask for Children’s Musterole.

Better than a mustard plaster.

Easy To Darken Your Gray Hair

Gray hair, however handsome, denotes advancing age. We all know the advantages of a youthful appearance. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray and looks streaked, just a few applications of Sage Tea or Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundred-fold.

Don’t stay gray! Look young! Either prepare the recipe at home or get from any drug store a bottle of “Wyeth’s Sage and Sulphur Compound,” which is merely the old-time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients. Thousands of folks recommend this ready-to-use preparation, because it darkens the hair beautifully, besides, no one can possibly tell, as it darkens so naturally and evenly. You moisten a sponge or soft brush with it, drawing this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, a natural color is restored and it becomes thick, glossy and lustrous, and you appear years younger.

Wyeth Chemical Co., New York, N. Y.

You can be quickly cured, if you

STAMMER


Skin Troubles Soothed

With Cuticura

of being herded like cattle which comes when the usher brushes you under those velvet ropes? There you are destined to stay until the picture is over. But the question is, are you going to stay there? An idea—the ability to make friends! Try it on the usher and a conversation is started. A few jokes are cracked, she laughs, which makes you certain that she'll let you duck under those ropes just as soon as someone gets up. Someone does get up but far down in front; nevertheless you dash out without the usher's permission to make a bee-line for that seat. It happens that some ungodly cuss, unsatisfied with his present seat, sees the same one you do and beats you to it. You are obliged to take his seat but find that the people in that row have been sitting there, each moved up one so that the vacant seat is now on the other aisle—and is about to be occupied by the fellow whom you shoved aside while under the ropes. You are stuck, bewildered and ashamed. You have a feeling that the whole audience is looking at you and sympathizing. This feeling is soon lost because the usher is now coming down the aisle to tell you in front of everybody, "Please don't be so smart after this!" Luckily, she does not pick this fellow for some conscience-stricken chap, who has probably seen the picture for the third time, has an idea that someone else is entitled to his seat and gets up. For you, you plug down in time to fool the usher! Here the audience laughs, but not at you—at the picture called "Hollywood" in which an old woman who has lost her hands with Chaplin while saying, "I want to shake your hand—I enjoyed your picture so much, Mr. Kerrigan!"

Everybody holds his breath while Ben Turpin, as usual, makes a girl who seeks to enter the films. "Schmitz," better known as Ford Sterling, pushes Ben aside and proceeds to make love to her.

"Oh Madge, I do wish they'd show Jack Holt. He's so nice, so manly."

"For goodness sake, Alice, you'd think you were going to marry the man!"

"I may some day!"

"You can't; he's married already."

"He's not!"

"He is!"

"He's not!"

While this was going on, Bull Montana came into view garbed as an Oriental. An old man in the next row drew near his wife and whispered, "That there fellow is Valentino. I can tell 'em even if they are disguised." To which his wife appended: "You took the words out of my mouth, Elmer. Next comes the chimp who received a diploma from some bunko school of scenario writing.

"Remember that?" says one fellow to another with a nudge of the elbow. "You bet your life; we were some damn fools, eh Peter?" It seemed as though everyone in the audience felt and expressed his weakness for some part in the movie. The Gestetner, or microphone, which saw nearly impossible certain ambitions were. But at this point Jack Holt was pictured carrying home a stack of his mail. He stopped long enough to let the camera man photograph one of his envelopes for the benefit of those who did not recognize this popular person.

"Madge, Madge, it's mine. . . ." came a joyful girl's voice.

"Shsh . . . for goodness' sake, don't be silly, what's the matter?"

"That letter, my handwriting—one I wrote it!"

Respectfully,

HOWARD R. NEWMAN
101 State St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE SECRET
OF DRAWING

WELL tell you the secret of drawing, right here! It is learning of correct principles, observation, practice, and perseverance.

Ask any successful artist and he'll tell you the same.

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Well-trained artists earn $50, $75, $100, $150 a week, and sometimes even more. It is thoroughly worth your while to train your ability. If you like to draw, for thousands of business firms pay millions of dollars annually for good advertising designs and drawings. 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.

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If you are in earnest about learning to draw, send 6 cents in stamps today for this book. 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. Fill out, mail coupon NOW, kindly stating your age.

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Please send me "Your Future" for which I enclose 6 cents in stamps.

Name: ___________________________ Age: ________

Occupation: ___________________________

Please put your address plainly in the margin.

America's Foremost School of Commercial Art

103 PAG1
Greenroom Jottings
(Continued from page 90)
as Romeo, still holds good, we understand, and
Mary Pickford's lifelong desire to put the youthful Juliet on the silversheet is also to be fulfilled. If Douglas Fairbanks could only bring himself to act the love-sick swain, the picture would have been started long ago.

"Romeo and Juliet" is not new to the screen. Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne appeared in a Metro production of the play some years ago, and at the same time Theda Bara starred in it for Fox. "Romeo and Juliet" is a spring epidemic and off the screen. The American productions will have for rival a foreign film of the story already completed but not yet landed on our shores.

Hollywood is a dull place now with the Hal Roach Studio filled to the gills with work. The directors were all out of town. But they will soon be back and the shadiness of the top floor of the Hal Roach Studio will at last be able to accommodate all the directors who have been in Hollywood for the last year. The directors are all out of town for the time being. The directors are all out of town for the time being. The directors are all out of town for the time being.

"Romeo and Juliet" is not new to the screen. Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne appeared in a Metro production of the play some years ago, and at the same time Theda Bara starred in it for Fox. "Romeo and Juliet" is a spring epidemic and off the screen. The American productions will have for rival a foreign film of the story already completed but not yet landed on our shores.

Hollywood is a dull place now with John Barrymore returned to New York, but at least the colony's flappers have "heartache for remembrance" they gave him a particular welcome. In fact, he was not only the ideal beau, but a "regular fellow" under the skin. Mr. Barrymore enjoyed his stay in Hollywood as much as the flappers enjoyed having him there, and he particularly liked playing the role of Beau Brummell, that scintillating dandy who won and lost the favor of England's Prince with whimsical nonchalance. Mary Astor is playing opposite him; others in the cast are: Irene Rich, Carmel Myers, Willard Lewis, Templer Sax, Alice Francis and other well-knowns.

The cat's out of the bag, the clerk in the marriage-button department is going to write it out. Hope Hampton and Jules E. Brulatour, New York representative of the Eastman Kodak Company, director of Famous-Players Lasky, and multi-millionaire are married. Mr. Brulatour first became interested in Hope when he arrived in New York, and determined to become a movie star, won her way into his heart by being as virile as the question. "Are you the Mr. Brulatour who is a millionaire?" Being satisfied that he was, she then begged that he help her to make good on the great dream. The result is that she is not only a movie star, but the wife of the millionaire, and the inspiration of the Hope Hampton Productions, of which her husband is president. She played the lead in "The Gold Diggers," her latest picture, and is now considering the filming of "Irene."

The lights of the movie houses have a way of coming up just when a fellow's surreptitiously knocking a briny tear from off his own four eyes. Thus it happened to David Warfield at the private showing of "Long Live the King," in which Jackie Coogan stars. Mr. Warfield was loud in praise of this small boy who can make a veteran of the stage, like himself, weep or laugh at will. And, incidentally, Jackie first came into notice by mimicking the distinguished actor. It was in a Los Angeles theatre four years ago. Annette Kellerman had finished her act and the audience gave a curtain call for the whole company. Coogan, Sr., happened to be among those present in the act, and Jackie among those present. Someone in the company took hold of Jackie and landed him in front of the footlights. There the smart youngster gave his version of one of Warfield's famous rôles. Charlie Chaplin happened to be in the audience—you know the rest of the story. 

SOME FOLKS INindle in hobbies THAT COST MONEY

But I Prefer My Magazine Business Because It Brings Me Pleasure and Money At the Same Time

We are glad to introduce to our readers, Miss Agathe Zimmer, whose remarkable courage and sunny disposition have gained for her a lasting friendship among a host of people—her customers in the Magazine business which she conducts.

Money alone did not induce Miss Zimmer to become one of our representatives. What she wanted most of all was something interesting to do—something which she could pick up or drop at will and still be worth while.

In her magazine business, Miss Zimmer has found employment for her spare time—work which is as profitable as it is pleasant. And she now sends this message to every woman who may have a need for more money—"The Magazine Business is the most profitable line to follow that I know of. If you have an hour or two a day or week to spare and want more money, take my advice and join the Staff of the Brewer Publications."

SPARE TIME OR FULL TIME

Some of our most successful representatives today are men and women who started as spare time workers. It is so easy to get on to and there are so many people to do business with, that practically all you need at the start is the "will" to get ahead. Why be satisfied with a small income when more money and a business of your own are within your reach? Join the magazine class by sending in the coupon below, today.
And now Charlie says that Jackie is doing better than he is. With Chaplin handling the megaphone, as a director of unusual talent and telling drama, and still flaunting his cane and shoes in filming his inimitable comedy, that's a debatable question. With Edna Purviance salvaged for feature parts, such as she played in 'A Woman of Paris' left, without a feminine lead for his comedies. Good news for the ladies!

And Jackie always brings to mind that other baby genius, Peggy, and racket versa. Baby Peggy was the wonder of Broadway during her vitrine-like talkie, and that's something. She's back on the Coast now in filming of "Captain January." The story deals with an old sea captain who adopted a child he saved from shipwreck. A lucky old sea dog, we say, to play opposite Baby Peg.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has registered a triumph on the screen with his first story, "Stephen Stops Out." The lad is jealous of his individual success and wants to earn his own. But we can't help rejoicing in the fact that he brings a new edition of the Fairbanks smile to the silversheet. He is but fourteen years old, slim, tall, and of fair skin and hair and bright blue eyes, so his coloring is not a hand-me-down from the elder Doug. Jr., hasn't reached the problem stage yet and vows he never will have a sweetheart other than his lady-mother, but—Meanwhile he has formed a working partnership with William Ellert's sister, and they are writing a script. It is said that it is going to be difficult to get stories suitable for this distinctive, youthful star and, evidently, he is making matters in his own hands.

As we go to press, the news of Allen Holubar's death comes to us and our deepest sympathy goes out to Dorothy Phillips, his wife. Mr. Holubar was numbered among the brilliant young directors, and was preparing to direct Blanche Sweet and Malcolm McGregor in "The Human Mill." When the sand ran low in his own hourglass.

Famous-Players Lasky have signed a contract with Cecil B. De Mille covering all his future productions. Mr. De Mille will resume active duty as director-general of the company, duties from which he asked to be relieved three years ago. This contract, without time limit, indicates the confidence that the company has in Mr. De Mille's ability as a producer and will allow him much latitude, the planning of pictures ten years ahead, if necessary.

The Paramounts are working a three-to-one gamble on "The Man Who Won," "The Grill," and "Kentucky Days," all virile, two-fisted dramas, while William has but a single picture for the current year—"The Honor Fighter," but the latter is said to be a hummer-dinger of the Golden West.

Alma Rubens and Dr. Daniel Carson Goodman are married. Cupid got in his work while Miss Rubens was rehearsing for "Thoughtful Women," which comes to the screen as "What's Wrong With Women?" Dr. Goodman is strong for the clanging-vine type, and we have been analyzing the characters that Miss Rubens has played to determine whether she fills the bill. We believe that time will prove that she does

Miss Rubens now has been signed for the feminine lead in "Blood and Gold,"
Your Figure

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can be cultivated just as flowers are made to blossom with proper care. Woman, by nature refined and delicate, craves the natural beauty of her sex. How wonderful to be a perfect woman!

Bust Pads and Ruffles

never look natural or feel right. They are really harmful and retard development. You should add to your physical beauty by enlarging your bust-form to its natural size. This is easy to accomplish with the NATIONAL, a new scientific appliance that brings delightful results.

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If you wish a beautiful, womanly figure, write for a copy of the treatise by Dr. C. S. Carr, formerly published in the Physical Culture Magazine, entitled: "The Bust—How It May Be Developed." Of this method Dr. Carr states:

"Indeed, it will bring about a development of the busts quite astonishing."

This valuable information, explaining the causes of non-development, together with photographic proof showing as much as five inches enlargement by this method, will be sent FREE to every woman who writes quickly. Those desiring book sent sealed, enclose 4c postage.

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Beauty specialists agree that nothing is so hard on the skin as hard water; also that nothing helps so much to keep the skin soft and dainty as water that has been truly softened. Sprinkle Bathasweet into your tub and wash bowl regularly for just a few weeks and inevitably you will notice your skin take on a softer, lovelier charm. And at the same time you will enjoy the luxury of bathing in water that is sweet-scented as a flower garden—the favorite luxury of fastidious women. Yet Bathasweet is so inexpensive, 25c, 50c, and $1 at good Drug and Department Stores.

BATHASWEET

CHARLIE CHAPLIN

By FAITH BALDWIN

Here Tragedy and Comedy may wear The part-colored motley of Despair, And joysy Hope; and Laughing's mimion Fades With wonder at his own amazing japes.

We watch him, skilful, stumble on the screen, And somehow fancy Life has ever been A Barrel-Organ, singing, day by day, The ancient tunes, the tunes both grave and gay. And he that turns the crank at such a pace Now masks him with the monkey's wistful face, Or now reveals the organ-grinder's soul And antics, earnest, in the dual role. The feat, unique; the smile that cloaks a tear, The deprecating shrug at blow or jibe, The eager hope beneath Misfortune's rule, And all the tricks of this Beloved Fool— That have, for us, around the weary earth Created harbors of astounding mirth, Tricks that display, for all their common touch, The brooding genius that has suffered much.
Marvelous New Spanish Liquid
Makes any hair naturally curly in 20 minutes

The Spanish Beggar's Priceless Gift
by Winnifred Ralston

FROM the day we started to school, Charity Winthrop and I were called the tousled-hair twins. Our hair simply wouldn't behave. As we grew older the hated name still clung to us. It followed us through the grades and into boarding school. Then Charity's family moved to Spain and I didn't see her again until last New Year's eve.

A party of us had gone to the Drake Hotel for dinner that night. As usual I was terribly embarrassed and ashamed of my hair.

Horribly self-conscious I was sitting at the table, scarcely touching my food, wishing I were home. It seemed that everyone had wondrous, lustrous, curly hair but me and I felt they were all laughing—or worse, pitying me behind my back.

My eyes strayed to the dance floor and there I saw a beautiful girl dancing with Tom Harvey. Her eye caught mine and to my surprise she smiled and started toward me.

About this girl's face was a halo of golden curls. I think she had the most beautiful hair I ever saw. My face must have thrilled scarlet as I compared it mentally with my own strangely, ugly mop. Of course you have guessed her identity—Charity Winthrop, who once had dull straight hair like mine.

It had been five long years since I had seen her. But I simply couldn't wait. I blurted out—"Charity Winthrop—tell me—what miracle has happened to your hair?"

She smiled and said mysteriously, "Come to my room and I will tell you the whole story."

Charity tells of the beggar's gift

Our house in Madrid faced a little, old plaza where I often strolled after my siesta.

"Miguel, the beggar, always occupied the end bench of the south end of the plaza. I always dropped a few centavos in his hat when I passed and he soon grew to know me.

"The day before I left Madrid I stopped to bid him goodbye and pressed a gold coin in his palm."

"Hija mía," he said. "You have been very kind to an old man. Digo por mi, señora, what is it you want most?"

I laughed at the idea, then said, "Miguel, my hair is straight and dull. I would have it lustrous and curly."

"Oyes, señora?" he said—"Many years ago a Castilian prince was wed to a Moorish beauty. Her hair was black as a raven's wing and straight as an arrow. Like you, this lady wanted her pelo rico (curly hair). Her husband offered thousands of pesetas to the man who would fulfill her wish. The prize fell to Pedro the dresses. Out of roots and herbs he brewed a potion that converted the princess' straight, unruly hair into a glorious mass of ringlet curls.

"Pedro, the son of Pedro, that has that sweet today. Years ago did I give him a great service. Here you will find him, go to him and tell him that I,

"I called a coche and gave the driver the address of Miguel who had given me.

"At the door of the apothecary shop, a funny-looked hawk-nosed Spaniard met me. I stammered out my explanation. When I finished, he bowed and vanished into his store. Presently he returned and handed me a bottle.

"Terribly excited I could hardly wait until I reached home. When I was to my room alone, I took down my hair and applied the liquid as directed. In twenty minutes, not one second more, the transformation, which you have noted, had taken place.

"Come, Winnifred—apply it to your own hair and see what it can do for you.

"Twenty minutes later as I looked into Charity's mirror I could hardly believe my eyes. The impossible had happened. My dull, straight hair had wound itself into curling tendrils. My head was a mass of ringlets and waves. It shone with a lustre it never had before.

"You can imagine the amazement of the others in the party when I returned to the bathroom. Everybody noticed the change. Never did I have such a glorious night. I was popular. Men clustered about me. I had never been so happy."

I asked Charity's permission to take a sample of the Spanish liquid to my cousin at the Century Laboratories. For days he worked, analyzing the liquid. Finally, he told me his theory, isolated the two Spanish herbs, the important ingredients.

They experimented on fifty women and the results were simply astounding. Now the Century Chemists are prepared to supply the wonderful Spanish Curling Liquid to women everywhere.

Take advantage of their generous trial offer—

I tried my cousin I did not want one penny for the information I had given him. I did make one stipulation, however. I insisted that he introduce the discovery by selling it for a limited time at actual laboratory cost plus post-age so that as many women as possible could take advantage of it. This he agreed to do.

Don't delay another day. For the Century Chemists guarantee satisfaction or refund your money.

No Profit Distribution of $3.50 Bottles

We are offering for a limited time only, no-profit distribution of the regular $3.50 per of our Spanish Curling Liquid.

The actual cost of preparing and compounding this Spanish Curling Fluid, including bottling, packing and shipping is $1.87. We have decided to ship the first bottle to each new user at actual cost price.

You do not have to send one penny in advance. Merely fill out the coupon below—then pay the postman $1.87 plus the few cents postage, when he delivers the liquid. If you are not satisfied in every way, even this low laboratory fee will be refunded promptly. This opportunity may never appear again. Min Ralston urges that you take advantage of it at once.

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Please send me in plain wrapper, by insured parcel post, a full-size 5 1/2 ounce bottle of Liquid Marcel (Spanish Curling Liquid). I will pay postage and handling, $1.87 plus few cents postage, on delivery, with the understanding that if, after a five-day trial, I am not elated with the results from this marvelous fluid, I may return the unused contents in the bottle, and you will immediately return my money in full.

Name:
Street:
Town:
State:

If not to be used when postage stamps, you may enclose 25 cents with coupon, and Liquid Marcel will be sent you postpaid.

107 PA.
Thistledown  
(Continued from page 34)

would have emerged upon them blinking, which seemed so lovely it was downright embarrassing, like a jeweled crown, the crest of the hill.

The lights of the cottage, in this spot, threw out an unexpected and incongruous glow, and Dolly walked on toward them trustfully; she walked straight on to the front door and, without a knock or a ring, opened the door and entered.

Nor did she appear surprised at the signs of a hand having made the cottage, the oil-lamps which made a mellow illumination for the Quantity low-ceilinged room, the simple, old-fashioned furniture which must have been original Colonial stuff, but surprisingly clean and in order, and the cheerful open fire which had been freshly replenished with logs.

The intrepid girl made herself quite at home; she flung her cape over a rush-bottomed chair and went and stretched out her hands to the grateful blaze; she glanced round her with a little sigh of content—her eyes held a missing look and now and then she frowned, but her lips half-smiled.

Young Toboggan on many counts would have been amazed could he have watched her.

But Dolly evinced no agitation when a step sounded and footsteps were entered.

The woman, who was elderly, wore the garb and the aspect of an unexceptionably trained maid, her tone was a blend of respect and reproach, as she said:

"Anna, been telephoned for, Miss Dolly—she said you left the inn long ago, and she was worried. She knew you didn't have the ear, and were walking." 

"What, Miss Dolly?" Anna demanded, "insists on her worry, the Leon assures her it's for her digestion!"

"Anna, not the only one that worries," said the elderly maid, rather severely.

"Why, Briggs, what've you got to worry about? You're sure of your salary each month—there was a many a time you weren't, and you were a peac, but it's pretty sure to know the money's coming in, isn't it?"

"Yes, Miss Dolly, money is nice; but—" 

"Oh, you and your 'buts,'" the girl broke in. "You and Anna are two of a kind and hopeless—now I must call her up and assure her I've not strayed or been stolen!"

Smiling at that, albeit a queer and complex little smile, Dolly moved toward the telephone which looked an odd intrusion upon an old-time table.

Briggs spoke again, her tone taking on an added austerity.

"There was another call, Miss Dolly—from the city. Mr. King phoned, Dolly, he'd booked his—" 

"Oh, and your 'buts,'" the girl broke in. "You and Anna are two of a kind and hopeless—now I must call her up and assure her I've not strayed or been stolen!"

"Yes, Miss Dolly, money is nice; but—" 

"Oh, you and your 'buts,'" the girl broke in. "You and Anna are two of a kind and hopeless—now I must call her up and assure her I've not strayed or been stolen!"

"Oh, and your 'buts,'" the girl broke in. "You and Anna are two of a kind and hopeless—now I must call her up and assure her I've not strayed or been stolen!"

"Yes, Miss Dolly, money is nice; but—"
only we mustn’t spoil it. You’d love it, then, wouldn’t you?

"I’d love it just as it is. Miss Dolly, if only you’d—"

Dolly interrupted her with a grimace.

"Well, what did Mr. King have to say?"

"He didn’t leave a message, he said he wouldn’t phone again. And Briggs’ influence was so vigorously dispelling the notions they had brought with them."

"You don’t care particularly for Mr. King, do you, Briggs?"

"No, I can’t say I care for those flashy gentlemen."

"He’s kind and sincere, Briggs—he’s been awfully kind to me."

"He’s flashy," repeated Briggs.

"Well," said Dolly, when he calls up again, I say I’m out. I didn’t come here up in the woods to converse with New York every day."

Her pocker of amanuken had returned. A sheaf of typewritten sheets was lying on the table, and she fingered the papers irresolutely. The ring on her finger flashed, and her face grew grave. She sat and read, rather idly, as if to put an offending object out of mind as well as out of sight.

But the ring on her finger still gleamed. A red ring, the ring, broodingly, as in a de bonair voice she called up old Anna to reassure her.

That night Dolly slept in one of the many beds of the De Bosse cottage. Before she blew out her candle she sat a considerable time at a domerine window, gazing out at Sound and at the stars. Her musings must have been far away, for now she would frown and now she would smile and now she would sigh: at times she looked very agitated, and at other times she seemed out loud, then looked around guiltily to see who had laughed. And finally her eyes took on the faraway dreamy look it is no rare thing to see in any girl’s eyes...

...that look which is visualizing some face—or some dream-face never seen; which is conjuring the sound of some voice—or some dream-voice never heard. It is a look that comes, some time or another, in almost any girl’s eyes.

But after she blew out her candle, Dolly went off almost at once into a sound deep sleep.

Toward morning she awoke suddenly out of a vivid dream—waking, she still felt the sensations of her dream; while, without a sense of wings thrumming in the air, and a dizzy sense of lightness within herself—a feeling as if something within her had suddenly found wings and was trying to fly away.

In her dream a young man had kissed her!—a young man with fair wind-tossed hair and caduceus blue eyes—and handsome. Then slowly, as she had felt no shame or anger, only that sense of thrumming wings.

Waking, realizing, she sat suddenly bolt upright. "For goodness sake!" she gasped, horror-stricken. Then she rubbed the back of her hand violently across her mouth, in a panic of wrath and shame.

And as she never had, eating breakfast, she once made the same violent gesture, apropos of nothing in particular. And no one was present to hear her, but except Briggs, she had seemed fiercely:

"I hope your own mouth stings worse!—I’m sorry I didn’t slap you harder!"

If it was Hl Daggett she was so vindictively addressing, a delighted, if only less, have been interested to hear the talk going on, at about that same time, at his own breakfast-table. For the tale involved herself—the young Hl, who was

---

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That was the news they brought him just a few short months ago. Then, he held an ordinary job working long and hard on small pay. Today he is a high-salaried Draftsman earning nearly $35,000 a year. Here are the facts:

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He first started one evening while he was sitting at home—reading. He saw the advertisement of the COLUMBIA SCHOOL OF DRAFTING in the New York Times—there was nothing saying, sure future. He sent in the coupon. Later he was called for the COLUMBIA course. Ten days later he was earning $20 a week, in an accomplished Drafting office. In three weeks he raised his salary to $25 a week. In a short time his salary was正 $35 a week, and now it is $35,000 a year. The Coupon Below Made $275 Extra in 3 Days. He received recently $75.00 for one drawing that he made in spare time in three hours.

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Chicago, Illinois
reticent in his domestic setting, did not remotely suspect it.

He had descended to breakfast in a dispirited mood which the somber Daggett dining-room did not help to enliven. The room was big to vastness, and the table so huge that it seemed two, seated at it, must sit like criminals and shield across the spaces. Everything in the room was in keeping—heavy, ornate and depressing. Young Hi had often begged to have the red-plush cushions—hangings—removed, but his sister voted down the sacrifice.

"Fairfield has too little atmosphere as it is," declared Miss Julia. "I shall not be one to destroy any part of it."

When Miss Julia's father had acquired the Colonial mansion on "the Avenue" for his family-seat, an earlier rich acquisitor had already had his sacrificed legions way with it, but to the elder Daggett, unhampered by tradition, its gold-and-crimson magnificence had appealed; and to Miss Julia, tho she longed to embrace the most ancient traditions of Fairfield for her very own, this magnificence had become of itself a cherished tradition. She loved every fold of every sumptuous plush curtain, every inch of every sumptuous carved cornice and pediment, every curve and curvature of every sumptuously padded chair.

She had the courage, too, to maintain her home along its own line of prestige. Miss Julia held her own force firmly. So the people said it was a pity she were not the son of the family; to control the business instead of irresponsible young Hi. She was many years the elder—nearing forty—her spare time she devoted to the highbrow cults and sessions patronized by many not-so-young ladies of means and leisure.

Despite her personal force and independence, Miss Julia could not forget that the Daggetts did not quite "belong"; she had a respectful adoration of the "best people" which meant of course the families more anciently rooted than her own—and Hi's indifference on this point was a perpetual grievance.

On most points, in fact, young Hi's attitude—or, rather, his lack of any definite attitude—was a grievance to his sister; and if affection and concern were at the bottom of her own attitude toward him, her purpose was frustrated—as so often happens!—by her methods.

"I see you have no appetite this morning," she commented at breakfast. "You haven't touched your eggs."

"No, I'm not hungry," pouring another glass of white rock.

"I suppose you were hitting it up again last night."

Another time young Hi might have "spoofed" his highbrow sister for her "lap into slang", but now his only answer was a listless shrug. His whole appearance was listless. His face and eyes looked lost by the absence of his genial smile—his mouth looked discontented in this repose and the clouded eyes looked sulky and at the corners of that mouth. And those eyes the morning light revealed tiny lines, almost invisible, but which should not have been visible at all in the face of a man.

Miss Julia regarded him sharply. She bore an evasive "family resemblance" to her brother, yet in a curious way did not resemble him at all. It was probably a matter of expression, and that subtle thing, "personality." She, too, was strongly, heavily built, but in her there was no restless quickness, plenty of energy, but nothing fluid; her coloring and her features were similar but, in her, dominance held the place of careless self-confidence, and an air of set predetermined-
nation held no place for impulse or spontaneous
Her look now said plainly that she already knew his answer would be something
unfavorable, as she asked:

"Where were you all yesterday a-
noon?"

"Why d'you want to know that?"

returned young Hi.

The temperamental boy phoned from the
factory twice—once about two o'clock and
again after I got home from the Friends
of Music, well after five. Simpson wanted to
know who you were."

"What 'd he want?"

"Something very important—a long-dis-
tance call, an important order.

"It's all right, I'll tell him about it this morn-
ing," said young Hi.

"Those things shouldn't be put off till
this evening. A man at the head of a
big business should be in his office—should
be where he can be kept in touch with, at
least."

Then, in that tone of ex-
pecting no good answer:

"Where were you?"

"I drove into the city with George loft," he
explained, with an air of patience,

"And we were speaking around with him
till two o'clock. That's why we weren't
home for dinner."

"No, I came—" Hi began, then sud-
denly checked himself; an arrested look
flashed across his face for a second, then
he gulped down his coffee without
finishing his sentence.

"May I have some more coffee, please?"

"I must get down to some work," young Hi
announced, in a stern, business-like
tone.

"Your hand is not steady," Miss Julia
observed. "You needn't tell me you had
nothing to drink last night!"

She smiled within, if half-expecting
some explosion. An out-and-out quarrel
was no rare thing between the two Dag-
ggets. It was queerly pathetic: the sister
in one corner, the brother in the other,
with little broomsticks of suks and of temper, yet over and over,
in her own fury of helpless concern, grimly bringing them on.

For a minute it looked as if Hi were
keeping his temper with an effort. Then
he half-grinned at her: evidently he had
decided to tease her, instead.

"Who said you had to drink last night?—I didn't tell you that, did I?"

"You don't have to tell me," snapped
Miss Julia, "not if you were with that
little loaf of a Loft boy?"

As she drew the coffee from the rococco
silver machine, she went on: "If you must
have wild companions, why don't you
chose better ones? He had the vision—why
least? Why must you run around with
that ordinary Loft boy?"

"Because I like him, maybe," more
good-humoredly, "and you should re-
spect his wealth; Julia; his father could
buy us out, I expect."

"His father—that plumber!" scornfully.

"Why should we count the money?—they're in money in plumbing these days," with
his wicked grin. "But you're exaggerating,
my dear Julia—Mr. Loft is a manufac-
turer's son."

"He's a plumber, Grandpa Daggett start-
sumptuous," quipped Hi. "He was a grocery-clerk,
was he?"

Your grandfather saved his money, and
he always had a vision before him," Miss Julia
explained. "As times changed and methods of
business became wholesale, he could visualize a new
industry—millions on millions of pages
of newspapers. He had the vision—no,
and the enterprise!—to carry his vision
through. He was a great man."

"I'm not denying that," said Hi. "Only
"They used to avoid me when I asked for a
dance. Some said they were tired, others
had had too much to drink. Even the young-
est dancers preferred to sit against the
wall and watch dances with me. But I
didn't wake up until a partner left me
standing alone in the middle of the floor."

"That night I went home feeling pretty 
lonely and mighty blue. As a social succes-
sion was a first-class failure; At first I
wouldn't believe that you could do it, Julia; I
had the idea that one must go to a dance class to learn. But I
figured I could manage it with a bit of help from my old teacher to teach me."

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it seems to me there are very few families in this country that can afford to be hygienic—not any of 'em if they look back far enough. Even the de Bosserts, who are your Bible—I guess because they're defunct—began as ordinary farmers.

"But they were not ordinary—they were of noble blood, true gentility; they could not help it because they started poor in this country. They—"

Suddenly she broke off, and exclaimed:
"Oh, that reminds me!"

It was so unusual for Miss Julia to exclaim, to show excitement, that Hi asked curiously:
"What reminds you of what?"
"Why, there's a tenant up at the de Bossert place—it was all the talk at the friends of music yesterday—everyone was most displeased!"

"Why on earth should they be displeased? And how could there be a tenant, anyway, unless it's a squirrel?—that old house has been a ruin for years."

It's the cottage. I mean—the little house back up on the hill.
"Well, anyone who'd undertake to live in that, back in that wilderness, deserves a medal, it seems to me."

He asked again: "What's the reason the local aristocrats are displeased—is it patent-medicine or castor-oil."

"It pleases you to be vulgar, Hiram."

But the tenant is the reason—she is a woman, and mysterious," darkly.

"A mysterious woman—that sounds interesting," commented Hi.

"Naturally it would interest you—I only hope to goodness you won't pick up an acquaintance with her and start hanging around there!"

"Mustn't put such ideas in my head. Julia, do, or I might follow 'em out."

"What's the mysterious woman like, and what makes her mysterious?"

"Well, no one has seen her close or met her—she seems to avoid making local acquaintances. Mrs. Blake thought it only her duty as a minister's wife to make one call, but a maid came to the door and very importunately said her mistress was not at home. And someone was playing a piano and singing at that very minute! that was enough for Mrs. Blake! But she said the place seemed to have been straightened amazingly for so short a time, the woman's been there only a week or so; there must be servants, and that's another thing. She must have brought them with her. She hasn't engaged a servant at any of the Fairfield agencies!"

"That was certainly unkind of her," commented Hi.

"It's her whole attitude of secrecy that looks bad," maintained Miss Julia. "And her going off alone to that isolated spot, that way."

"Maybe she's tired of people," suggested Hi. "That sometimes happens."

But Miss Julia shook her head.

"No, because she's had visitors probably from the city. Menira Abbott says she was out driving the other day when a big loud-looking car stopped her and a flashy dressed man asked the way to the de Bossert place. Probably there are many other such finding their way to the de Bossert place these days—carrying on there! The de Bosserts would turn over in their graves!

"Sacrilege!" murmured young Hi. Then he said: "But someone must have given the interpreter her tip—don't imagine she's trying out squatter's rights. Guess somebody's ascertained she's responsible."

No one seems to know. The place has been left just sitting there so long that everyone here has lost track of the de Bossert. No one even knows how the property's held or managed. No one
unpeace he would never have confessed. He would never have said, even to himself: "Now, you are a waitress, Thistle-down, and I am above your class. And we had better not—I told myself—any farther. It's not that I'm a snob, or even angry—but I think you're a good girl altoho you're impulsive — and that's why—"

It was not a change of heart that cut this argument short; it was a small and unexpected discovery when he climbed in his car that morning, to drive to the factory.

On the floor of the car lay a huddled little heap of filmy white—Dolly's apron.

He didn't want to carry such a telltale object to his room where his sister might find it, or to leave it in the garage to arouse comments—Hi jammed the trike in his car after that, morning, to drive to the factory.

But a maid's apron, however small, is nothing for a young man to carry around lightly. While Hi was dictating his correspondence that morning, he noted an amused smile on his stenographer's face. Abstractively reaching into his pocket for his handkerchief, he had drawn out the apron instead! Hurriedly he crammed it back out of sight.

But to weigh heavily in his pocket when, the stenographer's back was turned he tucked it quickly in a drawer of his desk hour later, he returned to the room after a brief absence to see old Simpson fumbling round the desk.

Simpson, the old superintendent, had virtually controlled the factory's activities since the elder Dagget's death; even young Hi had a wholesome respect for old Simpson's dignity—Hi had taken considerable pains to "smooth over" his trucancy the previous afternoon.

"Simpson," he cried, in alarm, "what are you doing there?"

"I'm looking for a letter from those Detroit people—I thought I put it in your file, but maybe it slipped into the drawer."

Hi noted with relief that the old man was running a wrong drawer, and that his face was flushed. He shot a suspicious glance at his stenographer's back.

"Did Miss Foley tell you to look there?"

"Oh, yes, sir—she ordered me to look."

Old Simpson mumbled, and Hi thought the girl giggled, and he himself felt like a fool.

Because he felt like a fool he said, rather peevishly:

"Well, everyone's always rummaging thru my desk—I can call no place my own."

Old Simpson looked up, surprised.

"Somebody's got to tend to these matters; and you're away so much, I've always been around your desk. I thought you wanted me."

"Oh, that's all right—no offense, and Hi got very happy discussing the letter which was opened. Simpson was not altogether pleased, however.

His confidence in the desk as a hiding-place was gone. At the first opportunity he transferred the apron to his pocket again. But it seemed to weigh there, guiltily. He resolved to toss it from his car later, to fling it to the four winds; but somehow this determination did not adhere, for he himself could hardly do it. He told himself such destruction would scarcely be fair—the poor girl, probably had to buy her own apron.

So finally, he decided to drive through Thistle's and restore it to its rightful owner; he told himself this was merely his duty. He did not tell himself that, at the same time, it would give him a legitimate excuse to see Dolly.

That afternoon Hi drove up the winding
ascent to Thiebaud's and entered the inn, unstentimentally carrying a brown paper parcel. He hoped for a glimpse of Dolly herself, but he was disappointed; and, as luck would have it, old Anna had found in the bar when he approached with a tentative inquiry:

"That new waitress of yours, Dolly—might I see her, a please?"

"For why should you see my waitress?" Anna asked back. "Is it that your sister desires to employ a new maid?"

Hi tried for a nonchalant and ingratiating grin. "I'll tell my errand to Dolly herself," he said, "that's always the best way, isn't it?"

"To me it seems the way of mischief, rather," Anna retorted. "When a young man's errand demands the private car of a pretty girl whom he knows so briefly."

Then, rapping the words out: "But this girl, you will tell her nothing."

"Oh, come now, Anna—don't misjudge me. I don't want to bother the girl. I only want to see her a second."

"Well, what if I come in when she's serving?" teasing a little, "you can prevent my looking, can't you?"

And it occurred to him what a simpleton he had been not to wait to encounter the girl in this more natural way; rushing in and asking the question as it looked queer. But old Anna's next words brought him up sharply.

"You will not look at her serving," she said, "for that girl will serve here no more.

"What's she gone?"

"Yes, she quit, that waitress."

Old Anna looked fiercely triumphant, and Hi found himself asking, rather blankly:

"You have dismissed her?"

"She is gone—that suffices."

"But where has she gone?"

"She is gone—that suffices." Old Anna seemed to enjoy her triumphant retraction.

There was nothing for Hi to do but turn and go as dejectedly as he might. No use to exhibit the apron, his excuse—that might be held further against the poor girl, if already she were in some disgrace.

But at the door he fortunately ran into old Leon, and he sang out:

"That Dolly of yours, Leon—where's she doing today?"

But Leon must have caught a look from Anna, for his eyes suddenly went expressionless and he shook his head.

Then, being too full of Hi—and perhaps, too, because the girl Dolly was safely gone—Leon let his eyes twinkle again, and wagged a reproving finger.

"Ts," he said, "too much you are concerned with it, Mr. Hi. That new traffic cop, he came in and chatted with me last night, and he informs me that he caught a young lady driving your car at the speed of sixty-one miles an hour."

Young Hi blinked, for a moment uncertain.

For a moment he thought of telling of it to the traffic cop, but Hi decided that, after all, it might do the girl less good than harm. So he said nothing, only laughed carelessly and called for a good-humored order.

Where the inn's driveway runs into the highroad he encountered his friend, young Loft. Young Loft had a bit of news for him.

"Remember that pretty waitress at Leon's?—guess you do, for I see you've just been up there with a grin. Well, I drove up to the mountains this afternoon, and while last night, and there was a pippin in the feature picture—a minor part, but she was a dead ringer for your waitress."

"Is that so?" said Hi, not taking much
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AM writing this from my uncle's plantation in the 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 severely lacquered hair, and I, too, have loads of hair.

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LOUISVILLE, KY.
The Answer Man
(Continued from page 76)

BASE—Yes, and there is one thing admirable in women, they never reason about their blameworthy actions; even in their dissimulation there is an element of sincerity. In the judgment of "Be- 
colled." Never heard of the company you mention, they must have failed.

THE OFFICE Cat.—Hurrah, poets are born, but orators are made. I will have to learn to write for magazines you want me to write for. Yes, Balzac's "The Magic Skin" is to be released under the title of "Slave of Desire." Bessie Love, Carmel Myers, George Walsh and Natalie Jensen in the lead. Write down a date sometime.

R. D. FAN.—You want to make every minute count. Man's time is his prosperity; it therefore, behooves him to improve it. Lloyd Hughes is married to Gloria Hope. The other players you mention are not married. Constance Talmaid in "Primitive Lover." Lloyd Hughes is twenty-four.

Boris ART. B.—How are you to-day? Clara Horton is with F. B. O. Ruth Roland is thirty-one and Pearl White is thirty-four. Don't mention it.

Hazel W.—Like all women, curious, I suppose. To awaken the curiosity is to make it easily pliable. No. Al Jolson is not playing in pictures. He was the one who said that the subways were made so that New York people could go to and from Brooklyn without being seen.

HELEN R.—Gloria Swanson is twenty-six, five feet three, and weighs 115 pounds. Yes, there was something the matter with her eyes, but I guess they are all right again.

FLORENCE MC.—Thanks a lot for your card.

L. B.—I'm glad to hear from you again. Sure I'd go "Swinging down the Lane" with you. Norman Kerry at Grand Asher Productions, 1438 Gower Street, Holly- wood, California. Yes, Houdini has made another picture "Haldane of the Secret Service," and right now he is playing in vaudeville.

JESSIE H.—Why Constance Talmaid is five feet five, weighs 120 pounds. Norma is five feet two, weighs 115. Gladys Smith is Mary Pickford's real name. Betty Compson is five feet two. Yes, the movies are the best business that is going to produce. It seems that Rudyard Kipling is willing to give her the picture rights to "Kim," providing that the lead- ing role is played by a boy and not a girl, and that the film is made in India. Out- side of that the coast is clear.

MARY B.—No vacancies. Sorry. Yes, I occasionally meet the players. Last night at the show, really a stage play, I saw Joseph Schildkraut and also Harry Kemp, the tramp poet. William Duncan and Edith Johnsen are playing in "The Fast Express." JENNIE O.—Hold on there, Jennie! You think I am somewhere in the nineties. Not yet, but soon. No, I am not French. Jack Pickford and Lucille Ricksen in "The Hill-Billy." W. D. C.—Thanks for yours, it was great. You know I live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breath; in feelings, not in figures. A deal. Shirley Mason is back in pictures after her temporary retirement, due to the death of her hus- band, Bernard Durning, and is playing in "South Sea Love."

VIOLA R.—I wish you luck. (Continued on page 119)
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The Answer Man
(Continued from page 117)

QUEEN TUT.—How's the King today? Harold Lloyd is working on his next picture soon to be released. Address Baby Peggy and Office, Principal Pictures, Los Angeles, California. Owen Moore has been engaged for the feature rôle in the next Maurice Tourneur Production "Torment.

BERTHA G.—You're right, Scandal, what one half of the world takes a pleasure in inventing, the other half in believing. No, Agnes Ayres is not married, but she has been married to Captain Frank Schuler. That will be all for this evening.

OLGA A.—Oh, glad you came over to see me. We had quite a tête-à-tête. I like to talk over old times with you. Let me see, how long has it been since you have been writing to me. Well, I won't tell.

BOBBY.—No record of the player you mention. Write direct to F. B. O., Mrs. and Misses Kirkwood are to co-star in "The Painted Woman" for Thomas H. Tree. Matt Moore and Wallace Beery also in the cast.

INTERESTED.—Thanks. I'll remember to send my rubbers and muffler when we go out. Oh yes, I always wear two suits. And yes, I think this is just a dull affair all filled with cubbyholes. Yes, all labelled and indexed. Yes, Constance Binney is playing in "Three O'Clock in the Morning." Madge Bellamy in "Do It Now."

SIX FEET SIX.—Well what makes life dreamy is the want of a motive. Mary Alden played the museet by her discovery in "A Birth of a Nation." Betty Compton is twenty-six; Ann Forrest twenty-six and Norma Talmadge twenty-eight. Colleen Moore in "Swamp Angel" and Gladys Hulett in "Hoodwinked Blind." Write me again.

MICKEY.—So you want to come to New York. Well there is plenty to see here and plenty of places to spend your money. Peggy Rice was in "The Rapids." Let me know when you leave.

HARRY.—So you are wise kraz. Wow! And a school-teacher at that. Watch out young lady, some day you might be the principal and then you won't be so tyrannical if I enjoyed yours. You have a delicious sense of humor. Keep it up.

YOUR FAN.—Thanks, I'm glad I have an admirer, and that is her real name so far as I know. And you want us to have another beauty contest. Wooppee!

BILL.—I'm glad you're not concealed. Conceit may puff a man up, but never prop him up. Yes, Cullen Landis in "Love in the Dark," and Wallace McDonald in the other two you mention. Married to Doris May.

MARION H.—That's right, Marion, but sometimes we may learn more from a man's errors than from his virtues. You can reach Mary Pickford at the Pickford Studios, Los Angeles, Calif. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., at the Famous Players Studio. Gaston Glass, manager of the Pickford Studios. Dorothy Mackail and Conway Tearle in "The Next Corner" also Lon Chaney.

MARIA.—Yes, I guess everyone feels the same way about the late Wallace Reid.

TING-ALING.—Titles of books—decays to catch purchasers. Yes, of course, Charlie Chaplin is only thirty-four. I think he will go back to comedies again after he has gotten such a big boost for his directing in "A Woman of Paris" that

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It is hard to tell. You write a very clever letter, and I hope to hear from you again. Good-bye.

Don't forget that our happiness in this world depends on the attentions we are able to inspire. Norma Talmadge weighs 110, Pearl White 120, Lila Lee 110, Ella Hall 112 and Bebe Daniels 120. No I don't mind answering questions.

Marjorie—How charming indeed. True politeness is a science not to be acquired in schools. Yes, William S. Hart was married to Winifred Westover and they have one son, Betty Compson was born in Salt Lake City, Richard Dix in St. Paul, Minn. The poor producers, you want, Jackie Coogan and Baby Bowden to play in a picture together. The picture wouldn't pay enough money to pay their salaries. You win the prize.

Robert—Thanks to, yes, Conrad Nagel is married to Ruth Helms. They do say that Richard Dix is engaged to Lois Williams and Edmund Lowe is soon to marry Lilian Trashman, of stage fame. Yes, that all.

Nellie B.—Thanks for the gum. With every chew I almost forget. I'll spare you that time. Glad to get the dollar I sent me too. Yes, Eric von Stroheim I understand spent too much money for Universal so he is directing for Goldwyn. His "Go" I still see. Robert Morey has a baby born. Kerry is six feet two. So you don't like Pola Negri, that's that. Yes, George Walsh has been selected for "Ben Hur." You better wait for the release.

Carolyn—No. I'm not very fashionable. I always remembered Dickens when he said "Fashions are like human beings. They come, they change, and nobody knows when, why or how; and they go out, nobody knows when, why or how. Everything is like life, in my opinion, if you look at it in the right light." Don't believe the story of Vernon Hoagland. Bill Hart is fifty-two. Milton Sills and Viola Dana in "Angel Face Molly.

Colorado Lassie—Yes, Charles de Rochef is not married as far as I know and you can reach him at Famous Players, 1520 Vine Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Peggy—No, I don't mind the cold. Of course, I'm always cold. Evelyn Murray is five feet, weighs 100 pounds, has blonde hair and blue eyes, also bobbed hair. Run in again.

Alice P.—Yes, we must be content sometimes with rough roads. Ethel Clayton is not playing in anything at this writing, Gladys Walton is with Universal. William the title of "Master of Men" taken from Hall Caine's novel has been changed to "Name the Man," with Conrad Nagel, Patsy Ruth Miller, Mack Sennett and Creighton Hale. Young Wallace Beery. Write me again.

Cake Eater—Je ne trouvai jamais. So you are in love with this magazine and Mary Philbin. Good for you. Mary is nineteen, and that is her real name and she is not married. She is with Universal. You expected your answer too soon. Remember one issue is always in the making. William Barry in "George Washington," Johnny Hines and Doris May in "Conductor No. 1942." So long!

Lashes—The pen of the tongue shall be used in the new edition of the I use a typewriter. You want to know where Mary Pickford purchased the beautiful comb. Probably in Spain when she was abroad. Here are some of the D's, Richard Dix, William Duncan, Elliott Dexter and Reginald Denny.

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THE CONFESSIONS of an INTERVIEWER

by Theda
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"Don't Call it Love"
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"West of the Water Tower"
Starring GLENN HUNTER, with Ernest Torrence and May McAvoy. Supported by George Paezett and Zasu Pitts. Directed by Rollin Sturgeon. Adapted by Doris Schroeder from the novel by Homer Cray.

"Flaming Barriers"

"The Heritage of the Desert"
An Irvin Willatt production, with Bebe Daniels, Ernest Torrence, Noah Beery and Lloyd Hughes. Written for the screen by Albert Shelby Le Vino.

"The Humming Bird"
Starring GLORIA SWANSON, A Sidney Olcott production from the play by Maude Fulton. Screen play by Forrest Halsey.

"Pied Piper Malone"
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Painted from a photograph by Morrison.

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J. W. Golinkin

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For Next Month

Do You Resemble a Motion Picture Star?

Have your friends ... and people you have met casually here and there ... ever told you that you looked like So and So or like So and So? If they have, you'll be particularly interested in an article Helen Carlyle has written which is in the form of a symposium of what the different representative directors think about such resemblances aiding and lessening a beginner's chances on the screen.

Exit the Flapper Heroine

Whether you are in sympathy or out of sympathy with the flappers and their radical march towards independence. Whether their ego and their rebellion against old-established traditions amuses or infuriates you, you'll find Harry Carr's article under the above title well worth reading. It is not only enlightening, it is amusing. For this last year has found the matrons of the screen scoring the greatest successes ... while curls and short skirts have gone begging.

Three Weeks

Elinor Glyn, so the story goes, came to America and invested thousands of her own dollars in order that her favorite novel be screened in the way she believed it should be screened. In the April number there will be a novelization of this production, profusely illustrated with scenes from the play.

The other features of the April Motion Picture Magazine are so numerous that lack of space alone forbids us going on indefinitely with our résumé of this issue. Order your copy now from your newsdealer.

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By Alois Merke, Founder of Merke Institute

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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”?

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Should a bricke tell her husband what happened and prevented?

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?

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What Every Man and Woman Should Know

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—how to win the girl you want,
—how to hold your husband,
—how to make people like you,
—why “petting parties” destroy the capacity for love,
—why many marries are unhappy,
—how to hold a woman’s heart,
—how to keep a husband happy,
—things that turn men against you,
—how to make marriage a perpetual honey-moon,
—the “danger year” of married life,
—how to handle love—how to know it flowering—how to rekindle it if burnt out,
—how to cope with the “burning instinct” in men,
—how to attract people you like,
—why some men and women are always lovable, regardless of age,
—are there any real grounds for divorce?
—how to increase your desirability in a man’s eye,
—how to tell if someone really loves you,
—things that make a woman “cheap” or “common.”

Do you know how to retain a man’s affection always?

How to attract men? Do you know the things that most irri-
tate a man? Or disgust a woman?

Will you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you MUST NOT DO un-
less 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 be-
come 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 courageously solves the most vital problems of love and marriage. She plans a magnifying glass unflinchingly on the most intimate relations of men and women. No detail, no matter how avoided by others, is spared. She warns you gravely, she sug-
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times be bliss, it is folly of the most danger-
ous 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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thing of such an unusual character generally is. But Madame Glyn is content to rest her world-wide reputation on this book—the greatest masterpiece of love ever attempted!

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Where, Oh Where, is the Happy Medium

It is just a few years ago that the critics and the public objected to the shabby sets which motion-picture producers used as backgrounds for homes of wealth . . . and to the country-dressmaker, bargain-counter creations both débutantes and dowagers wore upon the screen. We remember vividly dining-rooms in the homes of the cinematic Four Hundred which were replicas of the plate-racked, beam-ceilinged, colored glass-domed rooms in which The People dwell.

But how far the pendulum has swung in the other direction! No director would attempt to suggest luxury today without a dinner-dance as extensive and extravagant as the New Orleans Mardi Gras . . . with a swimming-pool embedded with jeweled lights and chaise-lounge gondolas as a climax. And few actresses would attempt to portray the daughter or mistress of a brown-stone front without a wardrobe which would, actually, cause our Best Families to gasp and marvel that there was so much fur, chiffon, velvet and ribbon on this mortal coil.

There are poor people on the screen, too, of course. They dine from cracked crockery upon wedges of rye bread and the meager remains of a quart of milk. And their tubercular children pine upon beds heavy with torn and soiled linen. But it is a rare thing to find the average American family shadowed . . . the family living in the suburbs, with a commuter father, or the family living comfortably in the city, with a stenographic daughter supplementing the family income. Yet such lives, as you witness them day after day, are rich in drama. Surely they form the bulk of life.

But where, oh where, is the happy medium? The exaggeration we see today is as far removed from the truth as the erstwhile conditions which were so harshly criticized. Can it be that the truth is so difficult to arrive at? Or is it that the pendulum, seeking it, swung too far and will gradually arrive at its central point?
"Bacteria and parasites, carried by dust into the pores of the skin, cause blemishes. To free your skin from blemishes use the special Woodbury treatment given below."

Blemishes are directly caused by infection from dust. Guard against them by the right cleansing treatment!

You know how easy it is to catch cold when you are tired or run down.

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Just before you go to bed, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes, then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

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A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder

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Cut out this coupon and send it to us today
For a time we feared that the exploitation of Mary Astor’s young beauty and slender years would lose her to the screen as a real actress. But this portrait study from “Beau Brummel” reassures us. Here she is possessed of an intriguing drama and a subtle color.
Much of Douglas MacLean's popularity may be attributed to the fact that he typifies all the clean, breezy and care-free things which the American man is supposed to be ... and too seldom is, these days, under the yoke of responsibility. His "Going Up" proved immensely popular, and now he is concentrating his attention upon "The Yankee Consul"
The career of May has been unfortunate. Her screen presence is too whimsical and delicate to be set in the average blatant and commercial production. Yet with time and thought given to the selection of her roles, she might easily add other portraits as rare as her Grizel in “Sentimental Tommy” to the shadow gallery. Now she is playing with Richard Barthel- mess in “The Enchanted Cottage”
Shirley Mason carries on. Her productions follow on the heels of one another in a steady and somewhat unvarying march. She has not known the inspiration of an opportunity to do a really fine thing now and then as so many of the stars have done. Nor does this blunt the edge of the enthusiasm which she seems to bring to her work . . . or to dull the edge of her popularity.
The photographer caught the fiery Bebe in a pensive mood. But there is no gainsaying the fact that, pensive or fiery, Bebe is endowed with "that indescribable something about which writers constantly talk. At present, Bebe is giving her professional attention to her rôle in "The Taming of the Shrew"
GLENN HUNTER

His new contract with the Famous Players to the contrary, Glenn Hunter is not worried about the recent depression in motion-picture production. For Glenn is playing "Merton of the Movies" on a Chicago stage . . . and the screen rights to this play have been purchased so that he may breathe sympathetic life into a shadow Merton when the studios open again.
As we go to the presses, it is definitely announced that George Walsh will play "Ben Hur" and he is scheduled to sail for Europe shortly. In the meantime, however, he may be seen in "Reno" the Rupert Hughes production which deals with the divorce laws.
RICHARD DIX

Richard Dix enjoys the distinction of being about the only honest-to-goodness bachelor in the California film colony. All this is strange, too, when you consider his romantic screen presence. "Strangers" finds him cast with Betty Compson and Lewis Stone.
TEMPERAMENTAL? John Barrymore?
His valet of nine years' association despaired over our suggestion. "Not him. He seldom says no. Temperamental folks don't work like him. When we were finishing up 'Beau Brummel' in California, he worked all day Saturday and most of Saturday night, then all day Sunday and most of Sunday night. He kept going with black coffee. We took the train on Monday and arrived in New York the following Saturday morning at nine-thirty. At ten-thirty he was on this stage rehearsing and he rehearsed all day and into Sunday morning. Then all Sunday and well into Monday morning so they could open on Monday night. There ain't nobody else could do that or would do that. In 'Hamlet,' too.

"See that telegram—it's from the gang at the studios wishing him luck. See those pictures, indicating two group photographs flanking the telegram which hung over the make-up-shelf, "Mr. Barrymore with the stage hands. Temperamental! No, sir. There's only one John Barrymore and after him there isn't any more."

Allow us, kind readers. . . . Paul, valet, secretary, buffer and Chief High Functionary to John Barrymore, a living contradiction that no man is a hero to his valet. And it must be admitted that to remain a hero after nine years of close association is an unmistakable mark of greatness. Such an association would rub the gold dust off many a star.

Out in front they were standing five deep. The thunder of applause had time and time again demanded curtain calls. It was quarter to six and the matinee was not yet over. Yet the evening curtain would rise promptly at eight-fifteen. And there are few more strenuous roles than "Hamlet." And fewer artists who give it the vitality and fire which Mr. Barrymore breathes into this Shakespearean villain-hero, never, it would seem, to be lost to the ages but to stand forth in literature effulgent in the light of appreciation . . . surely to be remembered henceforth in link with the illustrious name of John Barrymore, as Camille is remembered with the reverenced name of Sarah Bernhardt.

His valet had come to the stage-door and ushered us to his dressing-room to await the tardy final curtain. We invaded the sepulchral, uncertain shadows of the wings and passed toward a distant light. Our eyes, now accustomed to the dimness, discerned three crouched and hooded Danish figures waiting cues to go on as atmosphere. And, farther on, six musicians played a dirgeful measure without the benefit of music sheets which would have served them ill in the deep shadows. Above this came the Barrymore voice from the stage . . . rich in timbre, vibrant with fervor, and husky with passion in his denunciatory address.

So we went on . . . to the lighted space of his dressing-room . . . the same dressing-room where Pavlowsa veils her swan-like beauty when she transforms the creaking old stage of the Manhattan Opera House into the Palace of the Ice Queen. A few weeks before Pavlowsa had gone and the stage was now impressively somber with a Robert Edmund Jones background, but studded here and there with the brilliant scarlet, gold and royal purple of the players' velvets and satins.

There was a blare of trumpets. There (Contd. on page 88)
Everyone who saw the grace with which Norma Talmadge wore her crinolines and laces in "Smilin' Thru" will rejoice that "Secrets" brings her once more to the lovely basques and hoop-skirts of remembered years. She invests this page with the romantic charm of a lacy valentine.
Mae and the Early Days

D.W. Griffith glanced over at Mae Marsh and remarked: "Why, yes, she'll do. I'm using quite a crowd." In this highly complimentary manner was the young lady introduced into the Griffith fold.

By HELEN CARLISLE

Mae's ambition to become a screen actress dated from the day she saw Blanche Sweet come out of a saloon with tears in her eyes. Of course, you'll understand that Blanche was in a movie and Mae in the audience. (Mae is now playing in "Daddies").

There were far prettier girls on the old Biograph lot. Perhaps they, too, admired Bobby Harron. But he passed them all by for the little freckle-faced, red-haired girl who threw pebbles at him. And Mae says today: "I did my best work with Bobby... sometimes I think it is the best work I shall ever do."

EVERY now and then Mae would pick up a rock and heave it at Bobby.

And Bobby, just to show his deep respect and admiration for Mae, would return the rock, not infrequently with interest.

"You know how kids are when they like each other," reflected Miss Marsh musingly, going back in retrospect to those happy early days on the Griffith lot.

"I thought Bobby Harron was the most wonderful being in the world. He had such beautiful eyes. I didn't know how to get acquainted with him, but I did so want to attract his attention.

"So, when I'd see him hurrying around rustling props between scenes—he was property boy as well as actor in those days—I'd gather together a pile of pebbles, stones, rocks of all sizes, and shyly throw them at him. The better I liked him, the bigger the rocks."

Presently Bobby got to the point where
he divided his time between acting, rustling props, and throwing rocks at Mae Marsh. The young lady had won him over.

There were far prettier girls on the lot: Mary Pickford, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Blanche Sweet. Perhaps they, too, admired Bobby. But he passed them all by for the little freckle-faced, red-headed girl who knew that there is more than one way to a man's heart—and had chosen the method of direct attack.

After all, a man can't ignore a girl who shines rocks at him. He may be indifferent to her for a time, but sooner or later she is bound to make some impression upon him. Especially if her aim is straight.

Mae's ambition to become a screen actress dated from the day she saw Blanche Sweet come out of a saloon with tears in her eyes.

Of course, you'll understand that Blanche was in a movie and Mae in the audience. Never, says Mae, will she forget the pathos of that scene. The swinging door swung, Blanche emerged slowly thru it and drooped sadly and dejectedly out of the scene, tears streaming down her fair face. Mae has forgotten what the rest of the picture was about—whether Blanche had just seen the face on the barroom floor, or what was the matter. But she determined to weep the way Blanche Sweet wept, and on the screen, too. A few days later she went over to the Griffith studio with sister Marguerite. The older girl had been called for extra work, but a previous call from the Sennett studio prevented her accepting it. She asked Mr. Griffith if Mae might work in her stead.

Mr. Griffith glanced over at Mae and remarked, "Why yes, she will do. I'm using quite a crowd." In this highly complimentary manner was the young lady introduced into the Griffith fold.

Mae soon learned the ways of the studio. Tho everybody liked Mr. Griffith immensely, they were inclined to stand in awe of him, especially the eager extra people. When he passed a group and gave them a friendly smile, no matter what their number, they all smiled promptly back at him. (Historian's Note: This quaint custom is still widely observed in the motion-picture studios.)

One day Mr. Griffith passed Mae and another girl on the studio lot. He smiled at them. Mae's companion turned to her in a shocked manner when he had passed. "Why, you didn't smile at him!" she gasped.

"Why should I smile at him?" demanded Mae. "I don't feel like smiling, today."

"But you've got to smile when he does," her friend instructed her. "He's the director!"

Mae just couldn't help being different from the other girls, so it was inevitable that sooner or later she should attract Mr. Griffith's attention. He took her aside one day and asked her if she had ever seen Mary Pickford on the screen.

No, she hadn't seen Miss Pickford, but she had seen Blanche Sweet come out of a saloon weeping, and she wanted to act like Blanche Sweet.

Mr. Griffith shook his head. "You are more the Pickford type," he told her, and he gave her extra work to do in Mary's company. Presently, in a pretentious and heart-

(Continued on page 83)
I HAD almost completed the rough climb of the dilapidated old driveway, and the chimneys of the ruined mansion were discernible beyond the clearing, when suddenly his spirit of adventure was rewarded by the sound of someone singing—it was a forgotten bit of nonsense, sung in a high-pitched, sweet and mocking voice:

"There was I, waiting at the church.
Waiting at the church—waiting at the church—"

Hi halted his car and peered around.
"You’re looking in the wrong direction," called a familiarly mischievous voice and then, to his astonishment, he saw Dolly advancing thru the dry rustling leaves that carpeted the woods.
"How on earth did you get up here?" he asked.
"The wind blew me—I’m thistledown, you remember." And she went on with her song:
"When I found he’d left me in the lurch, Lor’, how it did upset me!"

"What are you doing here?" Hi demanded.
"This is my home," demurely. "I told you I lived in the woods."

Hi had been wanting to see this girl, and had gone to some trouble on that account, as we know; but now he frowned, and Dolly cried:
"You’re cross with me—is it because I said I lived in the woods? Oh, Mr. Daggett, please don’t be angry, for it’s really not a lie."

Her voice was meek and beseeching, but Mr. Daggett frowned the more.
"I had intended apologizing to you," he said stiffly. "I realize I acted like a cad and took a certain advantage of you. And I’d told myself that when I saw you again, I’d tell you—"

"Do you prepare your speeches in advance?" interrupted Dolly, interestingly. "That must make you a very brilliant conversationalist."

"I had another reason for wishing to see you," yet more stiffly. "Your apron," extending the package—"you left it in my car."

"Oh, yes," taking it. "It belongs to Anna—I must return it."

Then the recollection that the girl had lost her position stirred Hi’s sympathies, despite himself; he said, more kindly:
"I stopped at the road-house to give it to you, and they told me you’d gone. How did you lose the job so quickly?"

"It makes no great difference—I’m pleasantly situated here," with a casual backward nod.

"You’re employed at the cottage?" surprised. "You found a new situation in short order."

Stooping to tie a lace of her stout boots, the girl did not at once answer. She was not dressed as he had seen her previously, she wore a short tweed skirt, and a serviceable sweater buttoned against the October wind.

"I’m allowed to dress comfortably when I walk in the woods," she explained, noting his keen glance of appraisal. "She shows me unusual consideration—my present mistress."

"I’ve heard something about the new tenant up here—she’s created quite a mystery for Fairfield. What’s she like?"

"Well," said Dolly, "I don’t think I approve of her altogether—no, in many ways, I don’t approve,” shaking her head solemnly. “But I don’t think I should discuss my mistress, should I?"

"Perhaps not," agreed Hi. That phrase “my mistress,” on Dolly’s lips, had an oddly distasteful sound. Moreover
“Gee whiz!” he said, “but this makes a nice picture—the fire going, and you sitting here, with the firelight playing—this old room never gave me such a kick!”

He had already lost, somehow, the impulse which had carried him past that “No Trespassing” sign.

“Anyway, she’s pretty good to me,” Dolly went on. “She says I may spend my spare time in these woods.” She gazed around her. “These woods—in autumn!”

“They’re pretty at this time of year,” agreed Hi.

“Pretty!” and her eyes flew back to deride his adjective. “I wish you could see a spot I’ve just found—a bit of heaven!”

“Show it to me,” invited Hi, forgetting his recent exasperation.

“Didn’t you read the sign at the gate? And that’s not the only reason—”

“If I hadn’t trespassed I shouldn’t have found you, and I’d been looking for you for a long time.”

“Well, you’ve delivered the apron, and that’s why you were looking for me—good-bye.”

But as she spoke the dismissal, her eyes were so reproachful as to remind him of his real and unfulfilled motive; and he found himself blurting out:

“No the apron wasn’t the reason! I wanted to tell you how ashamed I am of myself. I was drunk, Dolly, and I wish you’d slapped my mouth off. And from the bottom of my heart I’m sorry, Dolly—will you believe that?”

It was an unaccustomed and difficult speech for young Hi Dagget, but his reward was the quick light in those wistful eyes.
“Yes, I believe you,” she said simply; and with her look gave him another picture to add to his mental gallery.

In his early twenties a man is as a harp, upon which feminine fingers may play. And the girl often understands no better than he the variations of the tune. She plucks the strings to her moods; but it depends upon her playing, as well as upon her instrument, how harmonious the result will be.

Dolly looked at him trustfully, and said: “Note I can show you my treasure-spot,” and led the way thru a short cut in the woods.

It was only a decrepit relic of a “summer-house” set at the lower edge of the mansion’s grounds, but it was guarded at the rear by a procession of firs which marched up the slope like sentinels; and in front of it the woods fell away as if in homage, a huge resplendent foot-tool of crimson-and-gilt. The air was lazy and golden, the leaves fell and made a big pattern, near things seemed far away—a mellow, shining peace hung over everything.

“Isn’t it nice?” breathed Dolly. “It’s a place to remember when you’re far away—peace . . . peace . . .”

The young man stared at her curiously. He made as if to say something, and evidently changed his mind. But he asked:

“Aren’t you as happy as you look, I wonder? Sort of funny thing to think about—peace,“

“Of course I’m happy,” she answered mildly; then she flashed him a direct glance. “Are you happy?”

And young Hi, strangely enough, did not jest or banter. He looked out across the crimson hills. “Happiness?—what is it? It’s a pretty elusive proposition, I guess.”

“People who hunt it too hard, as the main proposition, are apt to lose it, maybe,” said the girl, with a wisdom beyond her station and years. Then, with apparent irrelevance, she remarked:

“What a pity it is you’re rich.”

“Plucks the string to her moods,” he answered, and slightly confused. Then he laughed. “I thought everyone wanted to be rich—how have you been brought up, Dolly, to get such a crisscross notion?“

“In a crisscross way, maybe. You know I’m a servant—but you yourself said I was an extraordinary girl.”

“I haven’t changed my mind,” said Hi.

“I’m glad you don’t think me ordinary, at least,” she said gratefully.

Hi winced—he wished she hadn’t chosen that adjective. In the pause that fell between them, Dolly could remember she had duties elsewhere.

“I must get back to the cottage,” she said firmly. “Oh, don’t go yet! Let’s sit on these nice leaves awhile—”

“No,” firmly; “I’ve been gone too long already.”

“When will you come out here again? This time tomorrow?”

“Please come. If I get here first I’ll whistle—this’ll be my signal—” and he whistled a couple of bars.

“I’m not sure it would be right,” she said, retreating. But beyond the hedge, she paused to call back:

“But we do seem to have something in common, don’t we? Tho you’re only a rich—I mean tho I’m only a servant!”

Then she turned and sped swiftly thru the open grounds in the direction of the cottage.

As Hi was getting his car started back down the tricky old driveway, a man with a sack of nuts appeared out of the woods. He peered after the retreating car, and grinned.

The nut-gatherer, whose name was Schofield—not that his name matters—performed odd jobs around Fairfield as his profession, and spent his leisure hours in the public loafing places; he peregrinated a great deal, and talked where he moved.

That evening, in one of the garages, he narrated with considerable relish:

“Saw young Daggett’s bus up on the De Bossert property today—guess he’s making up to this dame who’s moved in.”

And the next morning, as he raked leaves on one of the residential premises, he confided to a maid dusting rugs:

“Young Daggett’s started calling on that dame up at the De Bossert’s already. Might know I wouldn’t take him long to get up there.”

“Maybe she’s one of his friends from the city,” conjectured the maid, interestedly. “Maybe he got her to come out here—he runs to pretty wild ones in the city, I guess.”

This suggestion Schofield took as his own and let his fancy embroider upon it.

One of the classic poets centuries ago, sang the fleeting and prodigious growing powers of Gossip, not only can it fly swiftly as the wind but it feeds upon itself as it travels and becomes something so big, and with such peculiar quick-born adornments, that it should amaze even itself. Within a week it was known in scores of Fairfield puritans that young Hi Daggett was an intimate guest at the De Bossert tenancy, that he was paying the rent, that the woman had her own good reasons for not thrusting herself upon Fairfield’s notice—these reasons, and all the interesting details of young Hi’s connection with her, were so numerous and diversified.

Dolly saw a tall female figure in the doorway, majestically hiding in a trailing robe. Miss Julia advanced haughtily sweeping her robes . . .
Thistledown
What Has Happened Before

In the rôle of waitress in the notorious road-house of old Leon, the Abattion, Dorothy Clarcombe of royal lineage meets young Hi Daggett, the multimillionaire owner of the village of Fairfield, Conn., and the old story of the chase begins. Hi buys Dorothy "Thistledown," to whom he modestly confesses that her name is Dolly Watt. Dolly has her own reason for the disguise—a wealthy suitor from whom she is seeking sanctuary. Young Hi, in free with hearts and drink, attracts her enormously, but Leon, apparently the keeper of her honor, turns her away, DISGUSTED. However, fortune and recklessness soon jace Hi. He is racing through Fairfield at a dangerous speed in his rouziere, a figure dashing from the sidewalk and standing immobile in the path of the car. He throws on the brakes. It is Dolly. She较好 him for his criminal recklessness, he her for her foolishness. Then a motor-cycle cop looms in pursuit. Young Hi is in danger of losing his license. He tells Dolly so, and she jumps into the car and takes the blame. The cop allows them to go free. They drive off into the dusk. The passion of their young hearts, and the inevitable bottle of whiskey for Hi, cause him to kiss Dolly furiously. She leaves her car at Three Corners, a lonely cross-roads in the woods. They part enemies, Dolly to go to her cottage on the deserted De Bossert estate, where her unwelcome fiancee has been trying to phone her; Hi to spend the night drinking, but neither can excuse the memory of the kiss. Hi later seeks Dolly at the road-house. She has left. His charm, Loii, tells him that he has seen Dolly on the silversheet, but he dislikes her. He recalls that his sister has said that a supposed fast woman is an interloper on the De Bossert place. He goes to the estate. Dolly uppermost in his thoughts, and ignoring the "No Trespassing" sign, drives boldly up the path to the house. And once when he shifted his position as he sat so that his sleeve, not actually touching her, brushed her arm, her heart made a strange movement as if it suddenly tried to turn over.
that's what I deserve, in place of the real thing.”
Her face had grown so moody that Hi roused himself from a prolonged abstraction to ask:
“What's on your mind, Thistledown? Anything go wrong on the job today?”
She shook her head and contrived a negligent smile.
He frowned and gazed off over the painted woods, before he said:
“See here—do you like this job?”
“Why—yes; it's a pretty good job. Why?”
“Oh, I was just thinking—I've done a good bit of thinking about this, Thistledown.”
He was fumbling, as if uncertain of his words and how to say them.
“You don't like to talk about yourself—but it seems a pity, a girl like you—couldn't you stay with your people at home, maybe?”
“No, I have to work away from home,” Dolly answered.
“Well, if you have to work, couldn't you find some kind that's—better? I don't know how much education you've had, but you seem to have had a surprising lot; and you're unusually intelligent—and with your personality—” He hesitated, ruminating thoughtfully. “Now there's office work—there's a big demand there, and big opportunity for a girl of your ability.”
“I've never had any business training,” Dolly murmured.
Then he faced her earnestly.
“See here, Dolly—I wouldn't want you to misunderstand this. But if I could stake you to some course in a business college or wherever they learn those things—well, I'd be tickled to death to do it—and with no motive but the pleasure it'd give me to help you a little.”
It was his look, even more than his words, that gave the girl just then, the deepest and dearest thrill Hi Daggett had ever given her.
And her eyes were so bright and candid and sweet as to cover her secret shame, as she said:
“You want so much to help me?—oh, you're good!”
“Pipple,” responded young Hi. “But it's straight stuff about wanting you to—I'd cut off my right hand if that'd help you, Dolly.”
But made her impulsively put out her own hand, and Hi caught not only it but its mate also; and then swiftly the moment became so dangerous that Dolly smiled her teasing smile, and said:
“I'll remember this sweet little moment—after we have quarrelled.”
“We'll never quarrel,” stated young Hi.
“Yes, we shall.” She wriggled his left hand free. “My ring's cutting my finger,” and she twisted her hand so that the bauble caught fire. “Maybe if I pawned this ring,” she said speculatively, “I wouldn't have to bother so much about work.”
Then she flashed him a sly glance. “You thought it was an imitation?” she asked.
“I'd rather think so,” said young Hi, who had turned grim.
“Well, it's not.”
“Where'd you get it?” he demanded.
“Now I'm sorry I told you it's genuine,” she said regretfully.
“Where did you get it?” he repeated.
“That I cannot tell you—anyway, what concern is it of yours?”
He started to answer hotly but bit off the words before they were spoken; and Dolly gave a little smile, then a sigh and said:
“You see we're quarrelling already. Well—I must be getting back to my duties.”
“What are your duties?—why are you so blamed reticent about everything? Sometimes I think you've something to conceal you're ashamed of!”
“Maybe so,” was her only answer to that. “Good-bye.”
And with an airy gesture of farewell she ran up the slope behind the hedge.
But in youth's halcyon song, discord is but a necessary part in the sublime octave, and making the notes of renewed harmony but the sweeter. A day or so later young Hi brought to the tryst a breath-taking notion.
“You've never seen where I live. Wonder if maybe you couldn't come down a little while this evening?—I could run up and get you after dinner.”
Dolly's eyes opened wide.
“But your sister—do you think she'd welcome me as a caller?”
Hi colored, and didn't quite meet Dolly's eyes. “She's not going to be home. I believe; but I thought—”
“Yes, I can imagine what you thought! You thought that while she—”
“Please,” said Hi, but it was his look that stopped her; he looked so hurt and embarrassed and eager and wistful, all at once. “What I was thinking,” he went on, “was how much I'd like you to see the place I live—I'd sort of like you to see where I live.”
“Would you?” asked Dolly.
“Yes.” Then: “I've got some things I'd like to show you.”
“Would you?”
“Yes.”
Another pause. Then Dolly made herself laugh—but not too much. “Well, no great harm in the mice (Continued on page 110)
The Confessions of an Interviewer

If you would like to know the stars as the magazine and newspaper people come to know them, read these observations

By HARRY CARR

The most difficult movie star I ever tried to interview was Dorothy Phillips; the easiest was Douglas Fairbanks.

In fact, Douglas interviews himself. He is like Major Rupert Hughes. He knows better than the average magazine writer what ought to be in an interview and he pours it out like milk from a pitcher. Douglas would have been a star writer—a master journalist.

The only trouble about interviewing Douglas is the strain on wind and limb. You start out by casually meeting him in the middle of the Bagdad set. He suddenly thinks of something to illustrate a point over in his art studio ten acres away and you try to catch him after him at breakneck speed. Then he thinks of a photograph he wants to tell you about in his dressing-room ten acres in the other direction. You come to the end of the interview gasping for breath and verging on a collapse—but you always get a "story."

Mary Pickford is easy to interview too. She always receives you in a charming little English bungalow over in the middle of the studio. It has an odd little air of toy formality—like a party in a doll's house. Mary is absolutely always late. Every interview begins with Mary's alibi for thinking that half-past two was half-past one. But she is so charming when she begins to talk that you forget all about it.

This will surprise you: Mary is very indiscreet. She talks so frankly and with so few reservations that you always have to protect Mary from Mary.

That is nearly always true of big brains.

The secretary of the village school board is shy and suspicious and wants to see what you are going to print before you print it. The Secretary of State says what's on his mind and trusts you not to print the wrong thing.

I once interviewed a great admiral who became so frank and reckless in what he told me that I was appalled and asked him if he thought he ought to be telling all these things to a newspaper interviewer.

It made the old sea-dog really angry.

"Well, you've got sense enough to know what you ought to print and what you oughtn't. My job is knowing how to run war-ships. Your job is knowing what ought to be printed,"

And that's how it is with Mary. She says what is on

I don't believe that D. W. Griffith really likes being interviewed, but once caught, he always takes the utmost pains to see that the interviewer gets a thrill. He always stages a good show and makes a point of saying something that will work up into a spectacular story.

When he is interviewed, Erich Von Stroheim is frankly bored to death. But when you get to know him—that is different. For beneath the sparkling veneer of his cynical indifference, von Stroheim is a tender, sentimental and devoted friend.

Lillian Gish is the delight of every scared little girl interviewer. She knows so well what they ought to ask her that she does the story up in a package and hands it to them. And Dorothy is quite the same.
Constance Talmadge doesn't think very much about it. But if she thought it was going to help you very much, she would walk the soles off her shoes to get herself interviewed. But I doubt if she ever reads what is written about her.

Her alert, keen, incisive mind and relies upon you to do the rest. Once or twice she has trusted in the wrong people—to her subsequent rage and dismay.

And I don't mean this as a dig to Dorothy Phillips. She is an able, brainy woman; but she is so bashful that it is absolute agony for her to be lined up by an interviewer seeking the secret of her soul.

Eric von Stroheim—interviewing him is an odd experience. He is frankly bored to death. He sits on the back of his spine and looks at his gold bracelet and then at you with an unsmiling cynicism. He suggests the old vaudeville song, "It hurts me but I do it." He never makes any secret of the fact that he considers the whole thing an absurd and tiresome waste of time. He answers questions with very little enthusiasm indeed.

But when you really get to know von Stroheim, Well now that's different. He is one of the most charming companions I ever met. Of all the directors, he is the most popular with newspaper men. He has humor, sparkling wit: a naive unguarded frankness. Also he is the most detached and impersonal soul I ever met. He sits there and watches the procession of life go by and one of those in the procession is Eric von Stroheim. Underneath the sparkling veneer of his cynical indifference, von Stroheim is a tender, sentimental, devoted friend.

Blanche Sweet is a little like that, too. When you sit down to interview her, you always face a young lady with the light of mockery in her eyes. And often it is not.
confined to the eyes. If you start asking her all those old bromide questions about her favorite part and her life's ambitions, she will begin to kid you without mercy.

"Oh for Heaven's sake—not that old bunk," says Blanche.

But, like von Stroheim, Blanche can be very charming if she thinks you are worth talking to. For some reason I can't imagine having a real talk with Blanche Sweet in any place like a drawing-room, sitting on chairs. My most interesting conversations with her have been sitting on the steps of the cutting-room or perched on the running-board of somebody's automobile. Blanche has read very widely and talks well if you really get her interested in talking. Her favorite topic is her husband, Marshall Neilan; and as that happens to be mine, also—

Corinne Griffith is charming to talk to but hard to get a real story from. She always seems depressed and distrait. If you hit some subject in which she is interested, she suddenly becomes animated and shoots a few flashing sentences at you.

She always impresses me as being ill at ease—not thru embarrassment, but as tho she were worried about this and that— There is a distinct note of sadness about everything she does. Petulance with the world rather than real tragedy however.

Norma Talmadge is the least impressed by publicity of anyone I ever met—man, woman or child. If Norma

likes you, she will rattle off anything that happens to be on her mind—discreet or otherwise. If she doesn't like you, she will turn you a cold shoulder no matter who you are. The biggest journalist in the world and the cub reporter on the Bingtown Evening Bugle look just alike to her. She is one of the most fearless characters I have ever known. As nearly without vanity as it is possible for any actress to be.

Constance doesn't think much about it—either one way or another. She is a merry light-hearted, unselfish, gay little flapper. If she thought it was going to help you very much she would walk the soles off her shoes to get herself interviewed; but to tell the truth, I don't believe she ever reads what they write about her. She is too busy with her giddy little Passage down the River of Jazz to bother either one way or another.

An interview with Louise Fazenda is a hilarious experience. She is so unexpected that she takes your breath away. One time I had an appointment to interview Louise and at the last moment she switched the meeting-place to a café to a dinner at which she insisted she should be the hostess.

"I think we ought to try to give the impression of great refinement," she said, "so we will eat here a while; then we will go to the café next door and eat a while, thus

(Continued on page 81)
Vignettes of the Studios

V. The Goldwyn Studios

By

SALLY STEELE

COME out to Goldwyn's on a crystal-clear day when the boulevard is crowded with motor-cars hurrying beach-ward, and the little town of Culver City, in which this studio stands, seems freshly washed and sparkling in a blaze of California sunlight.

For some reason, this much publicized sunlight seems always more vivid at Goldwyn's than elsewhere.

It beats down with the intensity of a spotlight on the administration buildings and star dressing-rooms that flank the grilled iron gateway. Never were lawns so green nor studio stages so white as these.

Goldwyn's is one of the finest motion-picture studios on the Coast. It has an air of solidity, of permanence quite different from that of many studios. No sun-bleached shacks for dressing-rooms, no crude unpainted stages here.

Thru the gateway one glimpses beautifully kept grounds—ten of the fifty acres comprising the lot are given over to lawn and flowers—with branching gravelled walks leading to the stages. Goldwyn's boasts, among its ten stages, the largest one in the world, covering an acre and a half of ground and accommodating fifty "sets" at one time!

The ocean boulevard flashes and scintillates with stars as a Goldwyn day begins.

Helene Chadwick, dark-eyed Patsy Ruth Miller, debonair Lew Cody with his uniformed negro chauffeur at the wheel, James Kirkwood, the golden Claire Windsor smiling a friendly morning greeting, Conrad Nagel, Edmund Lowe, daily while their pictures are in the making, whirl thru this gateway.

Directors and authors, too.
 Scarlett-lipped Elinor Glyn, the picturesque von Stroheim, Rupert Hughes and the irrepressible Mickey Neilan.

I would say that Goldwyn's is the motion-picture studio dramatized.

It is the famed professional in the hour that he holds the stage. It is the theater when the houselights are down and the footlights blazing.

Mantling it always is the glamour of the theatrical world.

Even at night, Goldwyn's holds the pose. From a far distance one sees it standing whitely aloof, bathed in effulgent rays from a score of concealed spotlights.

The blackness of the night-sky serving it as backdrop . . .

Goldwyn's is one of the finest motion picture studios on the Coast . . . Mantling it always is the glamour of the theatrical world. It is the theater when the houselights are down and the footlights blazing. It is the famed professional in the hour that he holds the stage.
The Latin Invasion

When the little child looked up and smiled,
Bill's eyes would fill with tears
And he'd save her from the coyotes wild;
His first good deed in years.

Home she went, without one cent,
Walking miles thru drifting snow
To fall exhausted on the floor
Of her father's bungalow.

Drawings and Verses by Eldon Kelley

The Bygone Bad-Man

Gone are the days with their wild, rough ways
When the films were in their youth
And cowboys yelled like fiends from Hell
With manners most uncouth.
When Roughneck Bill, who ran a still,
Escaped from the county jail
To kill a man named Terrible Dan
And rob the U. S. Mail.

When a little child with manners mild
Was lost in the desert sand
And Bill saw her there, by the bob-cat's hair,
As he passed with his outlaw band,
When the little child looked up and smiled
Bill's eyes would fill with tears
And he'd save her from the coyotes wild;
His first good deed in years.

When he'd flee from the life he'd led
And his years of indiscretion
To purge his soul and make it whole
With an unreserved confession
He would make amends. He'd quit his friends
Even leave them in the lurch,
Quit drinking rum and then become
The pillar of the church.

The Erstwhile Bucolic Maid

There was also a girl with numerous curls
And an utterly vacuous look
Who would live on a farm, protected from harm,
And would dangle her toes in a brook
Until out of the city—oh, what a pity—
Came a villain with pomadric hair
Who'd see the sweet miss, and humor his wish
To make her own, then and there.

So he'd lure her away from the cows and the hay
To some city quite gorgeous and bad
And there would betray the innocent babe
Thus proving himself quite a cad.
Then? Home she went, without a cent,
Walking miles thru drifting snow
To fall exhausted on the floor
Of her father's bungalow.

Her father would always turn his back,
Saying: "You're no gal of mine."
But up would speak the deserted Jack
And deliver him-self of this line,
"Nell goes with me; I'm her fiancé."
For he was the hero, no less.
And she, growing bolder, her head on his shoulder,
Would sigh with tenderness.

Such plots are now passé...
Dedicated to the Old Plots Which Are Now Passe in the Vogue for Latin Lotharios So Prevalent on the Screen

The Plot of Today

Now it's the vogue to feature the rogue
With wicked Spanish eyes
Who never forgets his cigarettes
And wins the bull-fight prize.
The bull spins round and paws the ground
While his horns wave in the air,
But this young hero stabs him dead
Without even mussing his hair.

To the ladies fair, he is debonair
And he twangs a wicked guitar,
He dances a tango or else a fandango
And does his love making on par.
His Spanish hat is wide and flat;
He wears a claylava complexion.
You write a book on his languorous look;
In fact, he comes close to perfection.

Now is this young fellow the swarthy Novello
Who shakes such a mean castanet?
It might be Moreno or else Valentino;
I'm sure that I always forget—
Novarro perhaps (forgive me this lapse)
He captures the young ladies' hearts:
Novello, Moreno, Novarro, Valentino,
I never can tell them apart.

Now it's the vogue to feature the rogue
With wicked Spanish eyes
Who never forgets his cigarettes
And wins the bull-fight prize.

Novello, Moreno, Novarro, Valentino,
I never can tell them apart!
It is curious, the number of sisters prominent on the roster of the screen. And Jane and Eva Novak are now to be seen in the same production for the first time... namely, "The Man Life Passed By"
A few steps farther on and you are far away from the Apache Paris. Here Thomas Meighan is being photographed in "Pied Piper Malone." And we think the tiny sketch of Tommy's head just above one of the best studies we have ever seen of him.

Several juvenile players are with Tommy in this picture. And if it is fair to judge by the sketch to the left, the Pied Piper of story-book lore never possessed more magnetism for the children than the kindly Meighan.

Always along the sidelines... puffing on well seasoned pipes... talking of mildewed Shakespearean laurels and dusty glories... or, if they are young, of unattainable dreams and ambitions... you'll find the extras. Those sketched above were engaged for "atmosphere"...
When Villains Meet

By

HELEN CARLISLE

ONCE," observed Adolphe from the armchair, "I was asked to play a cowboy part. Now, do I look like a cowboy?"

"Not particularly," I admitted, from one end of the lounge.

"Did you play it?" asked Lew, from the other.

"No," said Mr. Menjou, for it was indeed he. "I did not play it. I put on the outfit they gave me, but I tell you, when I got into rough, shabby clothes I completely lost my own identity. I was thoroly wretched, so I told them to get someone else for the part."

Mr. Cody sighed, raised one eyebrow in the peculiar, sinister manner so well known to luckless screen heroines, and regarded the end of his cigarette.

"I always have wished," he remarked elegantly, "to play a red-nose comedy part. I dont suppose I ever shall have the chance to, tho."

Life indeed is hard for the screen's suave villains.

"I hope," continued Mr. Menjou, "that they stop producing costume pictures, for a while. I'm tired of wearing costumes." This certainly was hardly the remark one would expect from a man who wears gilt braid and velvet capes so effectively. "When we made 'The Three Musketeers,' it was so hot I nearly died."

"Speaking of costume pictures—" began Mr. Cody.

"I have under consideration," continued his companion-in-crime, not heeding the interruption, "an offer to go abroad for a picture. The only drawback is that it would be so long in the making I'd be off the screen for six or eight months."

"Dont accept it," advised Mr. Cody earnestly. "I never accept an offer to make a picture abroad. They say," he added sadly, "that the moustache wax is awful, over there."

"But," I protested at this point, mindful of the fact that if one of them left Hollywood the other would have the field of polite villainy practically to himself, "isn't there such a thing as professional jealousy, between you two?"

"I should say not," declared the gentleman known as Lew. "Why, one day not long ago Adolphe drove clear out to the Goldwyn studios to show me some press clippings that were flattering to myself, and every now and then we go and call on the casting directors together, just for a laugh."

"Did I ever tell you, tho, Lew," asked his tried-and-true friend, "how worried I was for fear you were going to get the part of Rupert's cousin, in 'Rupert of Hentzau'?"

"You see, I had an idea that Tony Moreno was to be cast as Rupert, and you as the cousin, and I did want to play that part myself. Well, a few days before the cast was definitely settled upon, I ran into a friend just out from New York. He said that the last he had heard of you, you were up in the Maine woods, doing a picture. I felt certain you were out of the way then, and thought 'Here is where I get that rôle. Lew never will get back out here in time to play it.'"

"And the very next day," he added disgustedly, "I met you on Hollywood Boulevard!"

But as things turned out, Lew Cody played the title-
rôle, and Menjou played the part he wanted, after all. The above carefully recorded conversation took place in the living-room of the Menjou residence, on a quiet side-street in Hollywood. Now, it may or may not disappoint you to know that the fascinating Pierre Revé of "A Woman of Paris" leaves the gold-tapestried walls, the period furniture and the bowing butler behind, when he leaves the studio. Regardless of one's private emotions, facts is facts, and must be presented as such. The Menjou home's a neat stucco residence, similar to many others in the neighborhood. The room in which we sat was just a comfortable, homelike living-room.

To complete the picture of everyday American domesticity, Mr. Menjou observed that his wife was upstairs with her dressmaker.

Mr. Cody, on the other hand, does live quite as one might expect him to, in a picturesque Italian villa on a terraced hillside overlooking Hollywood. He reveals a passion for French-Canadian poetry, and composes music—really good music too. His "Lady of the Orchids" should be published.

I was rather taken by surprise when these two gentlemen offered to share an interview with one another. One seldom comes across such generosity in Hollywood. They are so different in personality and temperament, that one cannot but wonder at their close friendship.

But friends they are, regardless of the fact that on the screen they'd have you believe them the enemies of all mankind, as a rule. Occasionally, of course, they play kindly, well-meaning young men, but in the main they rush from one cinema crime to another.

Will you ever forget Lew Cody, in "Souls for Sale," murdering his poor, trusting wives for their insurance money, or Adolph Menjou in "The Three Musketeers," coldly driving his queen to distraction with his refined cruelty?

Do not speak of Mr. Menjou as a "heavy" tho, or you'll have him down on you forever.

"The reason I liked my rôle in 'A Woman of Paris' so well is because Revé was a real human being. He did the things that a man might naturally do under the circumstances. He wasn't a saint, but he certainly wasn't a villain, either."

The rôle is Mr. Menjou's favorite to date. Mr. Cody reveals partiality for no particular rôle. It is difficult to pin him down to a definite statement on any one subject. He's far too diplomatic.

Mr. Menjou is much more frank in stating his likes and dislikes. One is apt to get the impression, at a first meeting, of a high-strung, nervous, even irritable temperament. He assured me that he hated costume pictures, had just returned from a perfectly wretched location trip where he'd been up to his neck in water, considered Charlie Chaplin one of the greatest of directors, and didn't particularly enjoy working opposite women stars. And that was that.

Mr. Cody, one gleams, likes practically everything and everybody. His savoir faire never for a moment deserts him. Had he been present when Rome burned, he unquestionably would have seen to it that all the ladies had seats of vantage, from which to watch the conflagration, and then would have ordered tea served.

Mr. Menjou, although he revealed at times during our conversation a whimsical, dry humor, seems for the most part to take life quite seriously. One gains the impression that Mr. Cody, on the other hand, finds it a colorful and fascinating

(Continued on page 85)
The Rival of Strongheart

Rintintin is now competing with Strongheart for the canine celluloid honors. He belongs to Mr. Lee Duncan, who is pictured at the right... and it was "Where the North Begins" which placed him in the stellar ranks. We have no doubt that he now has a press-agent and a specially constructed motor-car.
That’s Out
According to
TAMAR LANE

Is Lon Chaney a Good Actor?

In recent issues we have seen fit to pin laurel wreaths upon the brows of players generally conceded to be interesting personalities but inferior actors and actresses. In this class are such favorites as Kenneth Harlan, Gloria Swanson, Marion Davies, etc., who we contend, notwithstanding all opinions to the contrary, have more than the average share of his-trionic ability. This month it becomes our duty to remove certain honors from the brow of a player, and the subject of our operation is none other than the popular but overpraised Lon Chaney. It is beyond our powers of conception how anyone can view this actor’s grimacing on the screen and then rate him a good actor. As a character man, as a make-up artist, Chaney probably has no superior in the matter of detail and the extent to which he will go to get a desired effect. But as an actor, as an expresser of subtle emotions, Chaney must take a seat at the foot of the class. Even his portrayal in “The Hunchback of Notre Dame,” while convincing so far as characterization is concerned, is largely overdone facial expression.

If Advertising Slogans Were Adopted to the Films

“What’s Wrong With the Women?”—Ask Dad—He Knows.

“Skin Deep”—That Schoolgirl Complexion.

“Don’t Ever Marry”—Eventually, Why Not Now?

“I’d Walk a Mile For a Valentino Film.”

“Down to the Sea in Ships”—A Whale of a Picture.
filler. "The Girl I Loved," will be standing just as brightly as ever in its niche in the photoplay Hall of Fame. The moral being that it isn't how much you put into a film as what you put into it.

THE LAY-OFF FIZZLE

If the big movie moguls are under the impression that by closing the studios and throwing the actors out of work they will bring about a reduction in the high salaries that were being paid to screen players, the magnates will soon have another guess coming. The high-salaried free-lance players—the Conway Tearles, the Milton Sills, the Beerys, the Barbara La Marrs, the Lon Chaney and the Anna Q. Nilssons who were drawing such fat weekly pay- enve- lopes are not a bit worried over the curtailment of production. These players are all independently wealthy and are making enough in real estate and other businesses to keep them in luxury for the rest of their natural lives. When film production is resumed, their services will be just as much in demand as ever and their salaries will be consequently just as large. It is the poor small fry who are being affected by the slump. And the joke of it all is that the low-salaried studio workers were not favored by increased wages during the recent boom.

ANOTHER PREDICTION

As an example of an actor who is being greatly underestimated by the producer who has him under contract, we wish to put forward Ricardo Cortez. This young Latin player has been given two or three small parts by the Lasky outfit but he has apparently failed to come up to their expectations. As Lasky continues to give im- portant roles to such second-rate actors as De Roche, it is not quite clear what their expectations of an actor are. Cortez has also received rather unfavorable comment

It is beyond our powers of conception how anyone can view Lon Chaney grimacing on the screen and rate him a good actor. Chaney probably has no superior in the matter of detail and the extent to which he will go to get a desired effect, but, as an actor, we must take the laurel wreath from him from certain reviewers. Nevertheless, we quite con- fidently predict that Cortez will one day spring a surprise on everybody by proving himself a strong personality and a splendid actor.

THE RETURN OF A GREAT ACTOR

It begins to look as tho Henry Walthall is not only doing a strong come-back but that he may soon take his old place among the great favorites of the silversheet. Starting with "One Clear Call," Walthall, by dint of remarkably fine acting, has been climbing steadily upward on the movie ladder and with each successive picture he is regaining his lost prestige and popularity. All he needs now is opportunity.

SOME THINGS WE HAVE YET TO SEE

A picture wherein the U. S. Cavalry arrives too late. A movie hero or heroine who could not reform desperate crooks simply by fiddling a sentimental tune on a violin.

A film wherein the great open spaces of the West failed to rehabilitate a man.

(Continued on page 84)
Across the Silversheet

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

WHEN an audience as sophisticated and hypercritical as that which crowded the George M. Cohan theater in New York for the premiere of "The Ten Commandments" bursts into thunderous applause and hoarse cheers, it leaves little for the critics to say. And this is exactly what happened, for this story of the Children of Israel and the lash of Pharaoh which Cecil B. De Mille has given the screen is one of the most amazing and overpowering sights that we have ever witnessed or ever hope to witness. It is not merely a gorgeous spectacle. It is infinitely more than that. For merged with its splendor is a beautiful story, related with sympathy and understanding. It is one of the most amazing and overpowering sights we have ever witnessed or ever hope to witness. The ten commandments, we are told, are not something we obey as a personal favor to the Almighty, but the laws by which people must govern their lives if they are to live together in harmony. That this is true, Mr. De Mille goes far in proving both in his Biblical story and the second half of his production, which is a drama of modern life.
Comment on Other Productions

By The Editorial Staff

Reno

Once again Rupert Hughes has found occasion to plunge into the matrimonial market, and it is in a scene from "Reno" that Carmel Myers and Lew Cody are shown above. This picture offers almost too much legal argument to sustain itself as a drama.

The entire Keaton family appears in "Our Hospitality," in which Buster is seen to the right. It has lots of fun in it, but may not be so good as his previous "Three Ages".

Bill Hart is the same Bill in "Wild Bill Hickok." It is a raw and rough melodrama, tempered with one of Hart's typical romances and we will have to catalog it as old-fashioned.

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O NCE again Rupert Hughes has found occasion to plunge into the matrimonial market—so that he can work out its problems and show us the errors of man-made laws. If we were to believe the facts which he establishes, they would constitute a real menace to the moral fabric of the nation. But Mr. Hughes must needs tell his story thru the subtitles—so that it takes on the form of a sermon with illustrations. These captions—many of which are reproductions of newspaper clippings, retard the action and often muddle it. Again we are shown digressions presenting the evils of a few of our divorce laws which detract from the central plot.

It features a young Benedict who, divorced in the morning, weds again in the afternoon of the same day. His rich aunt will give him money only on condition that he secure possession of his children from his divorced wife. He hurries to New York, kidnaps the kiddies, and flees South because the laws of Nevada do not hold in the Empire State. On the other hand, the divorced spouse remarries—and she also runs afoul of the law.

The picture is mostly a study in Blackstone—and offers too much legal argument to sustain itself as drama. The title will doubtless attract long lines at the box-office. But the spectators will be more interested in the colorful backgrounds.

Our Hospitality

Buster Keaton employs the feud formula as his newest burlesque. As is customary with this comedian, he stops at nothing to fashion a picture of invention. He will never resort to repetition in achieving his ambitions to present always a novel "take-off" of some colorful incident of history or character. The comedy does not appear to us half so funny as a previous conceit, "Three Ages." The feud in the introductory scenes is straight melodrama, but the tomfoley soon appears when Buster takes one of our earliest "choo-choo" trains to some point south of New York. The period is 1840—which gives him a chance to affect the proper costume.

But most of the fun is contained in the by-play of the train journey. The most conspicuous laugh is centered upon the dog who occasionally gets ahead of the train. Once Trenton is reached—the idea is taken up again—which shows a family of hot-headed
Paragraphs Which Are Guide-Posts to the Better Movies

Southerners unwilling to kill anyone who had been extended their well-known brand of hospitality. So long as he remains in the house he is safe. And when he leaves by various exits—the pursuit begins. It finishes when he weds the girl of the opposing faction—thus ending the feud. The entire Keaton family appears—and Buster, Junior, registers with screen personality.

WILD BILL HICKOK

Bill Hart has come home to his open country—and he has brought his two guns with him. He is the same Bill. He wears the same Stetson—and also the same expressions. His eyes narrow when he shoots to kill—and a tear or two causes them to glisten when he fails to kindle the love spark in the object of his devotion. So we have him in the typical tale—which doesn't vary in a single detail from the westerns which carried him to stardom several years ago. He has written his story around a real character who cut forty-six notches in his gun before he threw it away. Wild Bill Hickok lived in a day when lawlessness reigned in the frontier towns.

There is much gun-toting—much smoke—much killing. And the hokum is registered throughout. It releases several flaws. We would like to know how Bill can stand there in the square and pop off his enemies as if he had a machine-gun. He doesn't stop to reload—yet his artillery shoots fire at least twenty times. Again he has a habit of raising his guns to the sky just prior to pulling the trigger. Which would make him a healthy target indeed. It is raw and rough melodrama—tempered with one of Hart's typical romances. We will have to catalog it as old-fashioned.

PLEASURE MAD

It is seldom that the ancient theme employed here is ever worked out with any suggestion of humanity and reality. The husband who prospers and kicks over the traces leaving his wife to shift for herself and not caring much what becomes of the children in his gay philanderings with a gold-digger has developed into a perfect sap according to most directors. Here he prospers via the subtitle route—and his modest mariage is replaced by a domicile suggestive of the Grand Central Station.

The contrasts are sharply divided. His wife is as meek and uncomplaining and self-sacrificing as he is obstinate, weak, indulgent and selfish. It is far removed from truth. No one
need look beyond the arguments for divorce to discover its falsities. We dismiss it as a poor attempt to preach a sermon. An uneven story, poorly directed, and indifferently played.

**The Shepherd King**

Here is a picture which records some memorable chapters of the Old Testament—which upon the stage carried on successfully for several years. Adapted for the screen, it fails to prove entertaining—principally because the story is too remote—and it lacks sufficient color and movement. The action drags—and releases very little incident—and, moreover, it is weakened with a profuse supply of subtitles. In fact, it soon develops into a reading of the Bible—with illustrations served on the side.

We have David slaying Goliath with his slingshot—and the routing of the Philistines by the young shepherd. At other times there is a deal of mental conflict registered by the accursed Saul who fears the rise of David. The battle scenes are poorly executed—and there is no suggestion of making the characters real. It drags interminably because there is no variety suggested. And it is badly interpreted by Italian players who use excessive make-up and who also resort to exaggerated expressions. Some individual scenes are good—but so far as the atmosphere is concerned the picture could have been made in America.

**The Day of Faith**

This story, patterned after "The Miracle Man," never approaches life as did its predecessor. It is a weak and theatrical imitation—one endeavors to make capital of the faith formula—and is developed so melodramatically—that there is never a moment when it suggests naturalness nor any humanity. Its central figure has adopted a creed based upon the Biblical expression: "Love thy neighbor as thyself," twisting it around to fit: "My neighbor is perfect." She has seen violent death inspired thru her failure to act the good Samaritan—and so she tries to make amends by opening a mission, adopting the creed and restoring faith in the hearts of cynics and unbelievers. But it is stark melodrama in most of its action—here and there is woven a thread of interesting incident or byplay. There are some clever performances. Raymond Griffith makes a capital sketch of a young cynic—and Tyrone Power as
SEVERAL men and women of the screen have turned authors lately. Any number of biographies and memoirs have come from the presses. Samuel Goldwyn, the producer, is the latest to take up his pen . . . and we admit, with cause. The lives with which he has had contact are fraught with drama and with color. He has known celebrities as we know the young matron down the street with whom we play Mah Jong or as we know the stenographer in the next office. Charlie Chaplin, Mae Murray, Douglas Fairbanks, Pola Negri, Rudolph Valentino . . . in the pages of Mr. Goldwyn’s book we meet them not as glamorous or shadowy beings but as men and women with worries and some unattainable dreams. He writes of them without affectation.

And now that we have turned the last page of “Behind the Screen” we cannot help wondering why some other pioneer producer hasn’t told before of those early days of which Mr. Goldwyn has written with a glowing pen. It is fascinating to hear how the very photocratic motion picture of today was once a poor, weak thing, turned out in flickering reels . . . filmed in a livery stable, actually . . . with Cecil B. De Mille now a power in the studio world, recruited from the Belasco ranks at the then enormous salary of one hundred dollars a week.

He also writes of Mary Pickford when she was a little girl, struggling to take care of her family because she was the oldest. Doing, in another way, the thing she does today . . . accepting her job and doing it to the very best of her amazing ability. He tells of her later when Adolph Zukor, knowing her long-cherished dream of seeing her name in electric lights, took her and her mother to dinner. From the restaurant window when the dusk came, they saw the theater just across the street where her name loomed golden in the dark when the lights were turned on.

Our literary fare for the last year now has been biographies, letters and memoirs. We have been reading tales of kings and their pampered ladies . . . of laureled poets whose names are now inscribed upon immortal scrolls. But all of this didn’t find “Behind the Screen” wanting in interest as we read. For Mr. Goldwyn has

Remembered those bits of life which zealous press-agents ignored in their zest for extravagantly concocted stories. And, after all, if an author, given people with nothing like the interest Mr. Goldwyn’s people possess, writes sincerely, the interest of the reader is quite likely to follow.

Never in our life have we been more totally unprepared for anyone than we were for Nita Naldi. We had never met her until the other day when she gave a tea-party at one of the select Park Avenue restaurants and invited us to be her guest. Not that she didn’t fascinate us. No, indeed . . . not that! We doubt if the exotic graces and seductive wiles of her screen being ever pleased us half so much.

In the first place, she wears a wedding-ring like your mother wears . . . a broad, gold band. No diamond circles or platinum wires for Nita.

And no one ever crossed our frequented path with one iota of her honesty. She is more than honest verbally. She is honest mentally, if you understand. Most of us get to thinking in prescribed channels. Not Nita.

It has come to be quite the correct thing for stars to praise California and to look longingly Westward at the very mention of a rose-covered bungalow. But once more, not Nita. Someone mentioned the modest little rose-covered bungalows which, incidentally, have resulted in a gold rush of real-estate speculators. But Nita erased them and any pregnant comment on home-life forever from the table-talk by her reference to night-life.

She hailed Brooklyn as her birthplace, completely overlooking the atmosphere and color she might gain from a Russian background or an obscure parentage and a childhood spent soulfully under the minarets of India.

We mentioned her honesty. She smiled a broad, frank smile . . . a smile far removed from her enigmatic screen smile . . . and assured us that long ago she had decided to be comfortable and that anything removed from a complete and absolute honesty was unnecessary. That’s all very well. But there should be a luxury tax on an honesty as excessive as Nita’s.

(Cont. on page 97)
Martha Mansfield: In Memoriam

May it be that she has passed on to fields Elysian
Where she is happier even than she seemed to be
Here in the playhouse . . .
On the Camera Coast
The Latest News Related
By HARRY CARR

While Hollywood sits gnawing its anguished finger-nails in paroxysms of jealous rage, the Hollywood picture belles are going to be up in San Francisco dancing with rival swains. That's the frightful prospect at this writing.

The Hollywood girls are going to leave Hollywood flat, crushed, set upon and squelched; that's what.

It is a revolt that has shaken Hollywood to its foundation—both social and political.

Not to dwell on these tragic details any longer than necessary, a new "reform" Police Commission recently came into power in Los Angeles. The first thing it did was to dig up old forgotten city ordinances which forbade public dances to continue after midnight.

Therefore, when the Motion Picture Directors' Association gave its annual ball Thanksgiving night, a rude and ruthless policeman stopped the show just as it was getting a good start.

The next holiday ball on the program was to be the Wampas—the official organization of the press agents.

With cold and cutting severity, the F. A.'s announced that they would go to San Francisco—some five hundred miles away—to give their ball. At this writing, all Hollywood is getting ready to trek to the party. Two special steamers and a whole flock of special trains have been chartered. Virtually, the whole motion picture colony will make the long trip to the party.

Incidentally, it will mark the formal entrance of the motion picture people into politics. As a matter of self-protection, the producers and actors are forming a political party which may grow into something more than a mere local affair.

The biggest affair that Hollywood has seen this year was the opening of Cecil de Mille's "Ten Commandments" at the Egyptian Theater in Hollywood.
The entrance of the theater is set back about a hundred feet from the street, making the longest lobby in the world. Immense crowds lined this lobby so the celebrities, as their limousines disgorged them, had to run a long gauntlet of fans. I happened to walk down just behind Ruth Roland. As she swept along in a gorgeous fur coat, the crowd punctured her passage with remarks.

"Hello, Ruth," they said, "Where you been all the time?"
"Hey, Ruth! Cut out the real estate and give us some more pictures."
And Ruth only smiled and nodded like a good sport.
The big Famous Players-Lasky studio looks like the yard of a haunted house these days. Following Mr. Lasky's announcement, all production has stopped, save for Sam Wood's Company, which is finishing "The Next Corner."
Conway Tearle is about the only visible sign of life out there and Conway is an indignant young man. Some rash motion-picture "answer man" chronicled his age as forty-five sometime ago and now it has become an accepted fact. He says that some of his friends, like H. B. Warner, started out big five years older than he when they went to college together; but every time Warner has a birthday, they add the year onto his (Tearle's) age instead of Warner's.
Pola Negri's old director—the one she had in Poland, has arrived and will direct her in a story he wrote himself. The gentleman's name is beyond pronunciation, but it is spelled Minintti Buchowetzki. Pola is delighted at the prospect of having a director who will put her in a story where she does not have to be a goody-goody little girl.
In fact, it looks to the alarmed scenario writers of Hollywood, a great many of whom are out of work, as though there was too much relaxation of the immigration laws. Lubitsch has brought over his own scenario writer from Germany; Seastrom has sent for his from Stockholm, and now Pola has imported one.
Eric von Stroheim hasn't imported any as yet; but von Stroheim always "rolls his own" when it comes to stories anyhow, so he doesn't count.
Blanche Sweet is at work on a mysterious picture at Ince's—it's being made behind closed

(Continued on page 80)
She keeps the same perfection of clear smooth skin

In spite of icy winds, desert sands, or burning tropic sun...

They're everywhere—these women who travel—riding light-heartedly across burning deserts, frolicking in the shadow of eternal snows, enfolded in the beauty of vanished civilizations.

But the amazing thing about them is their easy way of coming fresh and lovely through journeys and discomforts. You'd think no complexion could stand the attacks of furious icy wind, the flying storms of sand and dust, the terrible tropic sun. Moreover, water is often a luxury and is likely to be brackish as well as scarce.

And yet these women have the most charming complexions. For the very hardships of travel have taught them the necessity of a perfect method of skin cleansing and protection.

To fulfill these two essentials of skin loveliness, cleansing and protection—the Pond's Method and the two famous Pond's Creams were developed.

Pond's Cold Cream spreads easily and sinks deep into the pores. It not only cleanses perfectly but gives the skin a youthful suppleness. Pond's Vanishing Cream protects the skin from the coarsening of exposure and holds one's face powder for hours.

Every night, and after severe exposure, cleanse your face and neck with Pond's Cold Cream. Apply it freely to the skin with fingers or a bit of moistened cotton. Then wipe off with a soft cloth or cleansing tissue. Do this twice. If your skin is very dry put on a little more cream for the night.

In the morning, freshen your face with water—use Pond's Cold Cream again if your skin is very dry. Then smooth on evenly Pond's Vanishing Cream. Your skin responds instantly with a fineness of texture, a clear fresh tone. This cream should be used during the day every time you cleanse your face, before you powder.

One traveler says, "I rode through the Valley of the Kings five hours in the white-hot glare of flinty rock. My skin, protected by Pond's Vanishing Cream did not even feel drawn."

Another writes from Pekin, "The water here is so hard and the climate so trying, I wouldn't have any complexion if it weren't for Pond's Cleansing Cream."

Use this exquisite method yourself. Buy both these delicious creams at any drug or department store. The Pond's Extract Company.

Every skin needs these two creams

Pond's Two Creams used by the women who keep their skin most and keep it loveliest

Mail this coupon with 10¢ today
The Pond's Extract Co., 156 Hudson St., New York
Ten cents (10¢) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every skin needs.

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City: ____________________________ State: ____________________

Page 62
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.

To print all the epistles which come in denial of the Reis letter would be impossible. Representative among them was the one we print below.

DEAR EDITOR: Can I use your column to answer I. H. Reis, who so harshly criticized Ramon Novarro in the December magazine?

What's the matter with you, Mr. or Miss Reis? Why say Novarro "imitates" Valentino by having his picture run with a silver chain around his wrist?

These young gentlemen are both of the Latin race, and, unless I am very much mistaken, the chain is not an affectation, but an emblem of their religious belief.

Then you say Novarro had his shirt open at the neck because Valentino did. Why don't you accuse Dick Barthelmess? His picture appeared not long ago, in this very magazine, with his shirt open at the neck.

Warren Kerrigan was an idol before Valentino was ever heard of, and frequently had his picture taken with his shirt open at the throat, but do you accuse your adored Rudolph of imitating him?

Antonio Moreno is a Spaniard, and a very popular player besides. I should think, then, you might bitingly inquire why, his name being Moreno, Mr. Guglielmo saw fit to change his to Valentino. They all assume stage names for the same reason—because their own do not seem to take well, or are hard to pronounce.

What makes you say, do you think Ramon should have adopted Murphy, perhaps, or Oleson?

Mr. Valentino is a fine actor, and need fear no rival. Why then such scathing criticism of a young man who—say this yourself—cannot possibly menace his popularity.

Ramon Novarro is as different from Valentino as day is from night. His appeal is not the same. He made his own popularity with the public by portraying in his own way roles and characters bearing not the slightest resemblance to anything Valentino has ever done.

If you don't like him, stay away from the pictures he appears in, but don't, for the Lord's sake, pan the poor kid because he happens to be dark, and unbuttons his collar when he gets warm.

You say the fans saw good pictures in the past without him, and could do so in the future. Maybe we could, but we don't need anyone to tell us what to enjoy and whom to admire.

May be we're broadminded enough to go see both, and admire each for his own individual qualifications.

Anyway, I don't think when it comes right down to brass tacks, that you know very much about Ramon, since you can't even spell his name right. It is Samaniego.

Sincerely,

NELLIE STEERMAN,
50 N. Delaware St.,
Indianapolis, Ind.

A suggestion that eulogies be evenly divided . . . and several suggestions of books which the producers would do well to film.

DEAR EDITOR: It is to be hoped the time will come when eulogies and praise will be evenly distributed. When things will be said about the other members of the "cast." Their conscientious efforts help to make the "leads" a success, but we seldom hear much about them.

In "Penrod and Sam," Ben Alexander gets all the encomiums. He certainly was wonderful, but the young boy enacting the part of Sam was wonderful too. I think I enjoyed his able support of Penrod as much as I did Ben himself, besides the other Critics made a satisfying background. It was quite a treat to see Gladys Brockwell again; her playing is always so natural and lifework.

I used to admire her in the old days and am glad she has come back to us. Rockcliffe Fellows was a very comic part, and he was quite as fascinating as Penrod in their numerous tête-à-têtes. Shall keep on the lookout for him as I want to see more of his work.

The former favorites, Edythe Chapman, Mabel van Buren, Mame Kelso, and Carrie Clark Ward are flashed on the screen, doing their parts perfectly. It always thrills me when they appear, unannounced. It is like meeting an old-time friend we love. I always feel like reaching out my hands to them and saying, "Howdy. I'm so glad to see you again!" I wish we could see them often.

Pugilism has always been repulsive to me but Reginald Denny has presented the sport to us in a way that has removed the stigma and helps one to view the game from a different angle. Besides, these contests do not horrify one like the terrible fights in "Tol'able David," and "The Flame of the Valley."

The opponents were not evenly matched. Believe me, it would be a calamity to miss a round of "The Leather Pushers!" They contain action, mirth and nothing to offend. Hayden Stevenson has meant nearly as much as the hero. His explanation of a fall of vim and meaning, delivered while looking at you from the screen, have promoted a sort of friendliness; besides, he can give a decisive punch when occasion requires. Hayden Stevenson, I salute you!

In the December number Anderson's letter expressed my views exactly in regard to the presentation of worth-while books on the screen.

Several of Dicken's books have been presented on the screen and it puzzles me why "Dombey and Son" has been overlooked with its good plot and splendid, vital characters. I can picture Ralph Lewis as the proud and unyielding Dombey, Gloria Swanson as the selfish and imperious Edith; Russell Simpson as the trusted but villainous Cars; Theodore Roberts as the brave but timorous Cap'n Cattle; Carrie Clark Ward as the intimidating Mrs. McGinty; Bessie Love as faithful Florence Dombey; Glen Hunter as Walter Gay; Robert Agnes as timid Mr. Toots, and some precious child as the frail little Paul. They could intensify the pathos, humor and dramatic incidents contained in this classic.

There was no appeal in Mary Johnson's books, "Prisoners of Hope" and "To Have and To Hold," but her Sir Mortimer! (Continued on page 118)
Superior Sedan
$795
f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

Prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich.
Superior Roadster - $490
Superior Touring - 495
Superior Utility Coupe - 640
Superior Sedan - 795
Superior Commercial Chassis - 395
Superior Light Delivery 495
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The Lowest Priced, High Grade All-Year Sedan

The closed car is the right type in a changeable climate, because it offers full-weather protection when needed, yet in summer with windows lowered is breezy and comfortable.

The Superior Chevrolet Sedan is distinctly high-grade in appearance and workmanship. It is so economical to operate and maintain that it is feasible for either one passenger’s daily use, or for the evening and Sunday requirements of the average family of five.

Recent improvements have added further to its remarkable dollar value. Larger brakes give increased ease and safety of driving. The front axle has been straightened and raised 1 1/2 inches to take care of deeply rutted or sandy roads. The improved springs are of chrome-vanadium steel, yielding increased riding comfort.

These and other less important changes have been made in line with our constant aim to maintain quality leadership in economical transportation.

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan
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Five United States manufacturing plants, seven assembly plants and two Canadian plants give us the largest production capacity in the world for high-grade cars and make possible our low prices.

Chevrolet Dealers and Service Stations everywhere. Applications will be considered from high-grade dealers only, for territory not adequately covered.
Making "Uncensored Movies," Will Rogers' recent burlesque of the different cinematic conceptions, must have been loads of fun. Above Will portrays The Valentino as the scion of England's grandest family ... the scion who appears a sheik until almost the fade-out and who races over scorching California sands, with the haughty heroine protestingly held in his arms.

The iner-mutable Bill Hart of a thousand crimes ... a thousand reformations ... and almost as many unrequited loves, comes to our mind, suggested by the always-touching episode pictured above. And to the left—Tom Mix, the son of our great open spaces—who rescues the heroine tho he and his mighty steed face a death-defying leap over a cliff in their gallant efforts.
FREE...mail coupon below to Ellen J. Buckland, G. N.

SCIENTIFIC FRANKNESS

On a subject known as woman's oldest problem

Now! Exquisiteness, comfort, immaculacy under all circumstances

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Graduate Nurse

THERE is a new way in personal hygiene. A scientific way that gives women new poise and peace of mind—new exquisiteness and better health.

Although but a recent discovery, 8 in every 10 women of the better classes already have adopted it. It is called Kotex. And this offers you an opportunity to test it—free. Simply mail me the coupon below.

FIVE TIMES MORE ABSORBENT

American nurses in wartime France first discovered Kotex, found that it solved woman's most distressing problem in an amazing way.

Made of Cellucotton—a newly-discovered super-absorbent—Kotex absorbs 16 times its weight in moisture. It has 5 times the absorbency of ordinary cotton "sanitary pads." And, in addition, two other secret advantages which I cannot mention here.

You can dispose of it easily, without embarrassment—a point all women will appreciate.

Hygienic immaculateness—that is Kotex. Ask your doctor.

NOW TRY KOTEX FREE

Kotex has become a health habit among all womanhood. And I believe every woman should at least be allowed to try it. So I have appealed to the Kotex laboratory. And they have consented—for a short time at least—that I offer women a trial of Kotex, without charge.

So do this now: Mail the coupon to me personally. A packet will be sent you postpaid, by return mail—in an absolutely plain, undistinguishable, unmarked wrapper. Tear the coupon off now before you forget.

Kotex is on sale at all drug and department stores simply by asking for Kotex. Two sizes: regular and super (extra thickness)

KOTEX

Charm, Exquisiteness, Immaculacy, under all and every condition EVERY day! Yet, under old methods the average woman spent at least 1/6th of her time in a state of discomfort, uncertainty, and frequently embarrassment.

Cellucotton Products Company, Chicago
Canadian Distributor, Harold F. Ritchie and Co., Ltd.
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FREE SAMPLE—Mail this Confidential Coupon

ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, G. N.
Care of Cellucotton Laboratories, Room 1420, 166 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

I want to accept free trial offer made by you, with the understanding that it is absolutely confidential.

Name
Address
City

M.H.M. 8-24
NEXT fall Merton of the Movies will in reality reach the great open spaces where a man's a man. There has been more angling and gambling and more money put up in securing the play than decorates the roulette table in Monte Carlo on a s. r. o. evening. Famous Players-Lasky is the lucky one that bet to win. Buster Keaton was among the numerous others who put their money on the wrong horse, or rather, put up money of the wrong color. Had Buster got the play rights, we would have had in him a "different" Merton, but with Famous Players-Lasky in possession Glenn Hunter will register his delightful version of the pathetic movie hero on the screen. Mr. Hunter is playing Merton to full houses in Chicago now, so it will not be until the end of the theatrical season that the story will be filmed, but they do say that the screen version will be better than that of the stage, since the screen possibilities are limitless.

Well, anyhow, Buster Keaton has secured a story on similar lines: "The Misfit." It tells of a projection machine operator, again a small-town hero, who goes to Hollywood to make his fortune and finally becomes a
Not a penny now. Just mail the coupon and Hartman, the Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World, will send you this splendid complete 32-Piece Aluminum Cooking Set, and with it absolutely FREE the 10-Piece Combination Kitchen Set and handy 9-Piece Canister Set described at right. When goods arrive make first payment of only $2 on the Aluminum Set. Pay nothing for the Kitchen Set or Canister Set—they are Free.

Complete 32-Piece Heavy Gauge Aluminum Cooking 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.

FREE! Both 10-Piece Shiny Kitchen Sets, 9-Piece Enamel Canister Set

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FREE! 10-Piece Kitchen Set and 9-Pc. Canister Set
Both sets free with Aluminum Set. Kitchen Set includes: Potato Masher, Mixing Spoon, Measuring Spoon, Ice Pick, Egg and Cream Beater, Cool Spoons, Vegetable and Pan Brush, Fork, Egg and Cake Turner, Wall Rack. All have white enamel handles and hang on wall rack. Canister Set includes: Largest containers for Tea, Coffee, Sugar, small containers for Pepper, Cinnamon, Allspice, Nutmeg, Cloves and Ginger, all colored in silver with black lettering illuminating contents. Only limited.

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FREE Bargain Catalog
Over 500 pages of values; includes all items depending upon copyright, price, and style.

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Book explains how you can get Glassware, Silver-ware, Jewelry, Table Linens, etc. Free with purchase. Sent today.

Handwritten Coupon

Name:_____________________
Address:_____________________

Occupation:_____________________

How long have you lived at present address?_____________________

PAG 71
Thomas Meighan is seen below with Marshall Green, the four-year-old son of his director, Alfred Green. Marshall is playing in "Pied Piper Malone," the story which Booth Tarkington wrote especially for Tommy.

Rex Beach's serial story, "Big Brother," has been adapted to the screen and, just above, Allan Dwan may be glimpsed directing a scene from this production. The men standing about behind the cameras are assistant directors...assistant cameramen and other production functionaries.

millionaire-producer.

Between the first and the last exposures appear many scenes of Merionish poignancy. In the cast are Buster himself and Kathlyn McGuire, an attractive beauty of the Mack Sennett tribe.

Note the name of the leading lady in "The Misfit." There are two sad reasons for her being there, and one very good reason, too. To get the bad news off our chest—Natalie Talmadge, wife of Buster Keaton, and sister of Norma and Constance, has retired from the screen. Marion Harlan, Mack Sennett beauty and young daughter of the veteran comedian, was to have stepped into the lead, receive a bowl of goldfish from Connie—in the play that says in symbol that says in language stronger than words: "You bore me; I'm thru with you."

Jack Pickford had good reason for commuting over to New York from Hollywood to see wife—Marilyn. Marilyn was having a small misunderstanding with Papa Ziegfeld, and a husband is a mighty comely person to have around when you're down on your luck. Papa Ziegfeld wanted Miss Miller to go on playing "Sally"—and Sally's three years old and everything—on one Main Street after another, but the lovely star said Ziegfeld had promised her a role in a new play and so she gave notice, packed up her little kit and walked out. Papa Ziegfeld said Marilyn was jealous because he gave the lead in his new play, "Kid Boots," to Mary Eaton, and that was all there was to it. We don't dare give an opinion; it's one of those family quarrels and we don't know who's right, him or her, but the outcome is that Marilyn will probably play in the Charles Dillingham production of "Pompadour."

Our heart goes out in sympathy to the mother and sisters of Martha Mansfield. In her tragic death, met while she was filming "The Warrens of Virginia," she will be
If a Jelly Fish Could Slap a Rat in the Face

he would do it. But he can't. He has no arms. Neither does he have a backbone. How much worse off is a man who was given a good backbone and a pair of arms—and won't use them.

No Excuse

We excuse the jelly fish. He never had anything to walk on. But there is no excuse for a flabby, round shouldered and flat chested specimen of a man. You were given a perfect framework for a body. You were meant to rule the world, but there is hardly an animal alive which does not show better sense than you do.

Cut It Out, Fellows

 Brace up and be the man you were meant to be. Don't try to imitate a jelly fish. Get some pep into you and make a real man out of yourself. Come on and let me help you. I'll shoot a thrill into you that will make your old spine quiver with excitement. I'll build up that chest, broaden those shoulders and give you the huge, muscular arms of an athlete. And that's not all. Your lungs will start pumping real oxygen into your blood, purifying your entire system. Those old cobwebs in your brain will disappear. Your eyes will radiate the life within you. You will have a spring to your step, and every move you make will show new life and energy.

It's Not Too Late

I don't care what your present condition is. The weaker you are, the more noticeable the results. All you need is a framework and enough ambition left to say "I'm ready. Let's go!" I'm going to put one full inch on your arms in just 30 days. Yes, and two inches on your chest. But that's only a starter. Then watch 'em grow. I'll put pep into your old backbone and build up every muscle on your body so that your own friends won't know you. This is no idle talk, fellows. I don't promise these things—I guarantee them. Come on then and make me prove it. That's what I like.

Send for My 64-Page Book

"MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

It is Free

It contains forty-three full page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Many of these are leaders in their business professions today. I have not only given them a body to be proud of, but made them better doctors, lawyers, merchants, etc. 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 physique.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
305 Broadway, New York City
reminded as a star who shone unselfishly, even unto extinction. Another name on the roll of honor.

We announced this much last month: that the moving picture production center was going to pick up its bed and board and walk eastward, and tho that exactly has not happened we are already somewhat vindicated, for the world's biggest production plant is to be erected on Long Island, twenty minutes from Broadway. The initial number of studio units is nine, each equipped with its own stage, carpenter units, offices, etc., and with a central heating and lighting plant and an exhibition theater. Supporting the enterprise are Arthur S. Friend, president of the Distinctive Pictures Corporation; R. A. Rowland, president of the First National, and Samuel Goldwyn, as an individual producer. But out Hollywood ways things are not quiet either. Harold Lloyd has bought a big tract in Westwood, midway between those recently acquired by William Fox and the Christie Brothers, who are planning to transfer their studios from Hollywood to this location. Mr. Lloyd's land fronts on Santa Monica Boulevard and takes in an old ranch house and hacienda. Lasky studio has opened up again, too, and Norma Talmadge has thrown her luck in with the Westerners. She has just bought eight acres in a garden spot in the Beverly Hills and will erect a palatial home there this summer. Helene Chadwick has also bought a new Hollywood home. In Chicago, the half-way station, the Popular Pictures Corporation is following the lead of Essanay and opening up to put the Windy City on the map again as a producing center.

Marion Davies has brought “Janice Meredith” to the screen. It is the Paul Leicester Ford story and was acted on the stage by Mary Mannerings some time ago. Laid in the Revolutionary period, the story introduces Washington, Lafayette, Franklin, Samuel Adams, John Hancock and Paul Revere. It will be a production more spectacular than “When Knighthood Was in Flower.”

Alma Rubens has finished “Blood and Gold,” but she is acting the runaway wife in Hergesheimer’s “Cytherea,” and so will continue to stir our blood, that’s what her director, George Fitzmaurice, promises anyhow. He says she is full of latent fire and that she will just about burn up the silver sheet for us. The deserted wife is played by Mary Alden; the male lead by Lewis Stone. The picture was filmed in the old Biograph Studio in New York, and in Cuba and Paris.

Writers have jumped into the (Continued on page 108)
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.

Mahogany Finish
Standard is 60 in. high, 3 in. in diameter. Highly polished French mahogany finish.

The Shade—
Made in Fifth Avenue design. 30 in. in diameter, of delft blue silk, shirred top, alternating plain and fancy art silk panels. Twelve panels in all, tinsel braid border, with four inch Chenille fringes. American beauty shirred lining. The harmonious color scheme gives effect of red light shining through a blue haze—a rich warm light. Shipping weight, 27 pounds.

Marshall Silky Fringe Pull-Cords
Also pair of Marshall silky fringe cords with 7/8 in. silky fringed tassel, giving an added luxurious effect.
For gas use, order by No. 66332NA.
For electricity, order by No. 66332NA.
Send only $1 with the coupon, $2 monthly. Try this Bargain Price for lamp and shade, $19.85.

Free Bargain Catalog
Shows thousands of bargains in home furnishings: furniture, jewelry, rugs, curtains, phonographs, gloves, dishes, aluminum ware, etc. All sold on easy terms. Catalog sent free, with or without order. See the coupon.

Floor Lamp with 5th Ave. Silk Shade

Here is something you have always wanted—a beautiful floor lamp with handsome and elegant Fifth Avenue silk shade—to add an extra tone of elegance and luxury to your home. On this generous offer you can see just how this floor lamp and silk shade will look in your home, without risking anything. Send only $1.00 with the coupon below, and we will send it complete to your home on approval, equipped for use with either gas or electricity. We take all the risk.

30 Days Trial
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.

$200 a Month
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 cash! Strauss & 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.

Price Slashed!

Decide now to see this beautiful floor lamp and silk shade in your home on approval on this price smashing offer. Think how the nickels and dimes slip away for useless things; save them for something worth while that will give satisfaction for years. Send coupon with only $1.00 now! Satisfaction guaranteed.

STRAUS & SCHRAM, Dept. 1523 Chicago, Ill.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

Enclosed find $1.00. Ship special advertised Floor Lamp and Silk Shade as checked below. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the lamp, I will send $2.00 a month. If not satisfied, I am to return the lamp and shade within 30 days and you are to refund my $1.00 plus any transportation charges I paid.

☐ Electric Floor Lamp No. G 6633NA, $19.85

Name.
Street.
R. D. or Box No.
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Post Office.
State.
Page 75
The Answer Man

JULY F. T.—Welcome—the more the merrier. Yes, and I am going to walk on the sunny side of the road as long as I can. It's pretty blowy out right now. I have met Richard Bartholmes, and he surely is all you think he is. Most of the players will send their best wishes to young folks to enclose twenty-five cents in stamps to cover mailing expenses.

CROON.—Of course I was interested in you. As Elbert Hubbard said, "It is a good thing to cultivate an interest in all people with whom we come in contact, not because they are interesting or attractive, but because they are people." Marion Doughvai is Marion Davies' real name. Address her at the Cosmopolitan Studios, 22 East 42nd Street, New York. She is five feet eight, a half, blonde hair and blue eyes. You're excused for not using ink.

SERGES.—So you have an idea that I am a giant. No, I am not so many. Great buildings are not always the best furnished; neither are large men the most intelligent. On with the dance! Ruth Dyer opposite Herbert Rawlinson in "Jack O'Clubs." Write me again.

ELIEN'S ANSWER.—So this is your debut. Charmed indeed. Elien Percy was with Universal last, and William Hart in "Singer Jim Meckle." No I don't mind walking these cold mornings if I don't skid.

WALLY MOY.—My cher ami, and how is gav Paree? So you dont like me in my radio scene. How would you like me in an aeroplane? So you want Ralph Graves on the cover. Warner Franklin wrote "Flaming Youth." And you say you liked May McAvoy better than Betty Compson in "Kick In." Yes, thank you, and as someone said, "If fame is only to come after death, I am in no hurry for it.

BEN W. LEVER.—Thanks for yours. It is letters like yours that make life sweeter for an Answer Man.

ORA VAN D.—All I can say is that the subject is during the last ten years the railways of the whole United States comprising 250,000 miles—have had accidents in which an average of 322 passengers per year were killed. Automobiles now kill about 850 people per year on the streets of New York City. Yes, Edith Roberts is married to Earle Snipes, a Hollywood automobile dealer. The marriage is the culmination of a romance which began in the schoolroom. Your letter was great, write me another like it.

DOROTHY B.—Robert Bridges, poet laureate of England, is at the University of Alberta now. Ramon Novarro is twenty-four. Right now he is in Egypt. Walter McGrail is not playing right now. Yes, Cervantes wrote "Don Quixote" in 1575.

CALIFORNIA PUPPY.—So you think I am a lonely-looking old man. Cheer up! I'm not so lonely as you think. Lewis Stone, Alice Terry, Ramon Novarro and Barbara La Mar in "Prisoner of Zenda." Bert Lytell, Elaine Hammerstein, Loyal Cady and Claire Windsor in "Rupert of Hentzau." Why Virginia Dare is supposed to be the first white child born in America. It is also the name of an interesting beverage.

MY IRISH ROSE.—But the most perfect pleasures in this world are always mingled with some bitterness. So you liked Douglas, Fr. He was born in California, and you can write to him at the Famous Players Studio, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, Cal. Beth Sully was his mother's maiden name, and he is fifteen. You will see him often because he has just signed up with First National.

ELIZABETH.—No, fear not, you can't bore me to death. Your friend is right, Rodolph Valentino did play in "Blood and Sand" with Wanda Hawley and Milton Sills in "Burning Sands." Theda Bara is going to play in "Restless Wives." She is thirty-four years old, five feet six and weighs 135. You knew didn't you that "Cynthia" was being filmed with Lewis Stone, Alma Rubens and Mary Alden? Some of the scenes were taken in Cuba.

J. DE V.—Yes, there is a machine in England which has just been invented that makes it possible for one man to lay from 300 to 600 bricks an hour. Pretty soon, you will be able to turn a crank and a house will be built. Yes, Theore Roberts is Aileen Pringle, Hatley Gordon, Eleanor Boardman and William Haines are making "True as Steel," the new Rupert Hughes picture.

ROXY'S ANSWER.—Why the greatest summer resort in the world is Coney Island, right here in New York City. Yes, that was Lloyd Hughes in "Tess of the Storm Country," Raymond Meekie in "A Blind Bargain." Yes, Wanda Hawley is with Warner Brothers.

ISA DAISY.—Then, I'm a Rose! Why they are so clean down South they wash their milk in water. Niles Welch and Julia Fay in "Stepping Out." Lloyd Hughes and Betty Ross Clark in "Mother O'Mine." Lloyd Hughes and Gladys George in "Home-Spun Folks." James Kirkwood in "The River's End." I should say your letter was interesting.

CAROLINE MORNING.—Cheer up and dry those tears, As Dickens says without a merry touch one dead body has a funny smell. Herbert Standing, father of Wyndham, Standing, died recently in California. He has four other sons and two daughters, all of whom are on the stage. Joseph Schildkraut is Austrian. George Walsh is not married now. And Margaret Landis is a sister to Cullen.

V. B. R.—No, I am not here to give advice, but to answer questions. Advice is like snow; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon and the deeper it sinks into the mind. Robert Agnew was born in Dayton, Ky., in 1899. He has brown hair and weighs 145 pounds. Colleen Moore in "Through the Dark," with Forrest Stanley.

JOANNA D. W.—Yes, it's pretty cold in my hall-room right now and I have my red socks, muffler and cap on. If it gets much colder I'm going South. Charles E. Mack was John in "The Daring Yeard." address him at the Griffith Studios, Mamaroneck, N. Y. Sare I like to get letters.

EVE B. IN.—Yes, Viola Dana is playing in "Revelation." Why don't you join one of the correspondence clubs?

EVELYN C.—And dont forget that a bachelor and his buttons are soon apart. Gloria Swanson is five feet three and weighs 112. Betty Blythe is 140 pounds and Lillian Gish was sixteen when she made her first picture. How did you like Leatrice Joy on the cover last month? She is playing in "Against the Rules" with Percy Marmont and Adolph Menjou.

CURLEW.—They're out of style now. Jerry Gendron in "The Near Lady." So I am the most popular person in your school. Probably not with the teacher tho. Zona Gale's "false Perfume" is being done in pictures, also for the stage. You say "rabbits multiply but it takes a snake to be an adder." Wow! This world.

SIBRE.—No I have never been to Tulsa. How is it? I should say you were about twenty. Right?

MARITA DE L. O.—Within a drop of ink may lurk that force that moves the world to better days. That's so you used a typewriter. Anyway, your letter was a peach in February. You say everything is divided equally—the rich man has his twin six and the poor man has his six twins. Corinne Griffith and Conway Tearle are playing in "Lilacs of the Field." Sylvia Deaner and Gissy Fitzgerald are also in the cast. Shoo fly, but come again.

RICHARD C. L.—So you think I am funny Dick, I wish I were. He cannot be complete in aught, who is not humorously complete in aught. His is the man that would have his funny bone. Which would you rather have a funny bone or a wishbone? Will Rogers' next will be "Uncensored Movies," burlesquing Rodolph Valentino in "The Sheikh." Never heard of the player you mention.
STOLEN BEAUTY

As the Pirates of Old Stole Beauty—
So May the Wrong Kind of Face Powder Rob Modern Woman of Her Complexion Loveliness . . .

OMEN will learn with amazement the recent disclosure now being made known in regard to their use of the indispensable face powder. A pains-taking, 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. Prettily 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, everytime 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 pity that rice powders—for the face at least—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 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 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!

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. 23, Chicago

Entirely FREE, send sample of Princess Pat, "The Only Powder with an Almond Base."

Name (Print) .............................................................
Street .................................................................
City and State ........................................................

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
MISS UNDERSTOOD.—Any relation to Miss Interpret? Yes, you refer to "Rupert of Hentzau." I can't help but agree with you. Really! Never despise small things, for we were all infants before we became men, and pupils ere we became teachers. Ta, ta!

M. FOSTER.—Good morning to you. So you have been reading my department for eight years. I am glad to know you by now. You know Mae Murray's husband, Robert Leitch, usually appears upon all stories that Miss Murray plays in. Right now Ibarra is writing a play for her, Ivan Novello and Nina Vanna are starring in "The Man Without Dreyfus," which is being produced by the Novello-Atlas Co., in London.

M. F. W. MAIDEN.—How's everything in Mass.? Thanks for your good wishes, but you better know me as you think you do. I'm really not all you think. Women are not aware of the extent of their coquetry. Do write again.

PAUL PANZER FAN.—So you dislike to think of the players getting older. You speak mainly of Maurice Costello and Paul Panzer. You know we are not standing still. Lew Cody is now writing songs—he has written "My Lady of the Orchids" and "Wait For Me."

CURIOUS.—Your conversation is the index of your intellect, and your actions show the bottom of your heart. I am watching you. Yes, Colleen Moore is married to John McCormack and Marion Davies is not married. Miss Davies played on the stage for a short while and then made "Cecelia of the Pink Roses" for the screen about five years ago. Here is "When Knighthood Was in Flower," and her next will be "Yolanda."

HOMER W. K.—All right, let's go. Cullen Landis was born in Nashville, Tenn., in 1905, and started his screen career with Universal and has five children. He did play with Margorie Rambeau on the stage for a short while. Helen Holmes is playing opposite William Desmond for Universal. Thanks, and come again.

ALL FOR PINS and Needles. But you should hear his voice. I saw him in "Elaine" on the stage and he was superb. And you think Valentino would make only Romeo. Well! Mary Queen of Scots was shot on December 7, 1542, and United States declared war upon Austria-Hungary on December 7, 1917.

ELAINE.—William Gardner—I have no record of him. What has he played in?

NORMA.—By Free Silver is meant unlimited coinage of silver. It's quite limited around these diggings. Bert Lytell is married to Evelyn Vaughn, is five feet ten and a half, weighs 155 and has brown hair and hazel eyes. Lila Lee is eighteen, married to James Kirkwood, five feet three, weighs 110 and has black hair and eyes. Betty Compson born in Salt Lake City, Utah, not married, five feet two, weighs 115 and has blue eyes and blue hair. You're welcome, I'm sure.

THE DUCHESS.—Some letter! You say after hunting thru books of knowledge, etiquette books, etc, for two days, you couldn't find how to address a man unknown to you. My dear child, was it so difficult? You did very well however, and you would like so much to know the answer in "Typhon."

FRANCES.—Maybe you will get your wish. Well the more originality you have in yourselves, the more you see in other people.

ERVIE.—My, what orange stationery. So you want Valentino to be on your letter thru the screen soon. Yes, Ben Alexander is splendid. I should say I did like Mary Pickford in "Rosita." She did some very fine acting. No I dont know of a reliable clar- voyant or psychic I could refer you to. I didn't know there were any.

DOROTHY.—I have long since ceased trying to be punctual. Consider the man who is always punctual. How much time he wastes waiting for other people. Yes, address Norma Talmadge at the United Studios, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif. Tom Mix and Gertrude Olmstead in "Ladies to Board."

PELL.—My dear friend, dont be discouraged. There are plenty of well-known writers who have received in their time plenty of rejection slips. You appear to be reading the right sort of material to lay a good foundation for an ambitious young writer. I always enjoy your comments on the plays and players, and am always glad to hear from you.

BON.—The two greatest railways of the world—the New York Central, with 13,024 miles of line and the Pennsylvania with 10,375 miles—all their greatest in New York City. Buck Jones and Tom Mix at the Fox Studios, 1401 Western Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif. Whatever we get past has gone, the best is yet to come. Selah.

PETE, CARSON CITY.—Yes, and every man who has a clever son believes in heroism. Dorothy Mackaill was a former member of Ziegfeld's Folies. Yes, Pauline Garon is reported married to Gene Sarazen, the tennis champion; Edith Roberts married to Earle Snokes, and Irene Castle married to Fred MacMurray. Everybody's doing it, and now our own Adele Whitney Fletcher has just taken the fatal step.

G. M. G., FROM FLORIDA.—How is the weather down there? You say those who could not write, or much too much to write, commonly become incapable of great ones. Surely, don't be afraid to write to me, I like to hear from our readers. Mary Alden has an unusual role in "The Fire Patrol." She usually plays a young woman of her own age.

BEATRICE P.—Yes, write to Jackie Coogan at the Metro Studios, 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Calif. He will be glad to hear from you.

FRANKUS C.—Well, persons who cannot write their names are required to use a substitute of the sign of the cross. Ancient kings and nobles used the same sign, but not ignorantly, as it was used by those who could, as well as by those who could not write, as a symbol to the truth of the matter to which he affixed. Reginal Denny is playing in features now, you know.

PATTY.—What beautiful stationery. A woman without a laugh in her is the greatest bore in existence. A good laugh is sunshine in a house. Life without laughing is a dreary blank. Yes that is Betty Compson's real name. Yes, he is with Famous Players Studio. He, Dorothy Gish was born in Dayton, O., and Lillian in Springfield, O.

PAIGE.—I was very glad to hear from a reader away off in Brussels. So Betty Compson is your favorite player, and you liked her in "The Little Minister." Yes, she was a favorite picture with Americans, but also playing in "The Stranger," "To Have and to Hold" and "Kick In." Right now she is at the Famous Players Studio, Los Angeles, Calif. Thanks, I was indeed pleasured by your yours.

BILLY B.—Go to it, but the men who succeed are the men who make history, but it is the men who do not succeed that furnish most of the romance. John Gilbert is twenty-eight, and he is with Fox. No, Katherine MacDonald is not playing now. Thomas Meighan is married, he does write again.

NANCY U. R.—I should say, toujours prêt. No, there are no pictures of me to he had anywhere: Helena Chadwick playing the lead in "Rene." Now it's not the kind of a picture you think it is.

SOMEBODY.—Mary Pickford is thirty. As Franklin says, "none preaches better than the ant, and she says nothing." Not some ants I know. Theda Bara is thirty-four. Charles Chaplin also thirty-four. James Kirkwood is forty. Yes, Anna Q. Nilsson is married to John Gummeron.

ROSE BREASV.—All the way from South America. How's the weather down there. All I can say is to get in touch with some of the correspondance clubs. Pauline Starke is playing in "The Arizona Express."

AGNES.—Watch your diet. We dig our gravis with our teeth you know. Yes, Cary Grant married Marjorie Red at 1214 Laurel Ave., Hollywood, Calif. Lionel Barrymore has signed with D. W. Griffith to play the role of Walter Butler in "America."

P. R. B.—Hands up! you say "If Cleo made Mark Antony the Mark he was, and Cesar made Brutus the Brute he was, then who in the dickens made Lydia Pinkham the pill she was? I refer you to the medical almanac. Yes, that was May McAvoy in "Kick In." Estelle Taylor in "A Fool There Was."

JAZZBOY.—They who never make mistakes seldom make anything. John Barrymore is forty-one, and married to Michel Strange, her nom de plume. Irene Rich, having finished her part in "Beau Brummel," was loaned by Warner Brothers for a leading role in "A Woman's Sacrifice."

PATTY.—Never argue in society nothing must be given, only results. If any person differs from you, bow, and turn the conversation. You've got me, I cant tell you what the sign is. It looks Greek to me, and I know very little of that.

BARBARA.—Yes, Edmund Lowe appeared on the stage in "The Son Daughter" and his first screen part was in Clara K. Young's "Eyes of Youth." He has just been chosen by Fox to play the title-role in "The Fool," from the Chirnig Pollock stage play. BARBARA Y.—Help, help! I want to write, but I cant. Will you send to you names and addresses of all the players. Give me a little time to take a little exercise.

LUBOTA.—See you later.

NO NAME.—What the matter? Weren't you christened? Well, we never know the (Continued on page 117)
The Beauty Aid of powder and rouge

By Mme. Jeannette

Why are there so many more beautiful women than there used to be? They have learned how to make more of such looks as the gods have bestowed upon them.

The trail of beauty is lightly traced in the careful use of vanishing cream and the deft handling of rouge and powder puffs.

Pompeian Day Cream, a vanishing cream, is made especially as a protective foundation for powder and rouge. Distribute it carefully over the face and neck; it will disappear as you apply it, leaving a delicate little film that is cool and firm to the touch.

Wait a few minutes so every particle of the cream vanishes—and you will find a most agreeable foundation for the smooth going-on of powder and rouge.

Pompeian Beauty Powder is an absolutely pure powder, and of the consistency agreeable to the average woman’s skin. It adheres with unusual tenacity—especially when used over Pompeian Day Cream. It comes in shades for all types of women—Rachel, Naturelle, Flesh, and White.

Pompeian Bloom is the rouge made to be used with Pompeian Beauty Powder. It is a rouge compact, and while it does not crack or crumble, it rubs off easily on your puff for use.

When properly applied, it brings as natural a coloring as though a little wind had flushed your cheeks. Made in Light, Medium, and Dark, and the new Orange tint. The latter tint harmonizes especially well with the Naturelle and Rachel shades of powder.

Pompeian Lip Stick should always be used when rouge is used, so the lips will not look pale by contrast. It is a natural shade of red for the lips, giving them a healthy color as well as keeping them in a soft condition.

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 52 x 73 in. For 10 cents we will send you all of these: The 1924 Beauty Panel, “Honeymooning in the Alps,” and samples of Day Cream, Beauty Powder, Bloom and Night Cream, Tear of the Clown now.

Pompeian laboratories, Cleveland, Ohio
Also Made in Canada

WINTER WAYS AT YOUR TOILET TABLE

The winter days demand almost as great a change in the manner of your use of powder, rouge, etc., as they do in your manner of dress.

The cold, tingling air of winter brings about very definite changes in the condition of your skin.

The skin should have more attention now than in summer. More cream should be used to soften the skin. Care should be given to patting the face perfectly dry after touching it with water, to prevent chapping or roughening.

The foundation for your powder

When the frost is in the air there is very special reason for you to use Pompeian Day Cream as the base for your powder and rouge. It is a disappearing cream that touches your skin as lightly as a kiss, yet it leaves a beneficial film of protection to which your powder will adhere for hours at a time.

Over this invisible layer of cream you may use your powder generously.

Powder protects your skin

Pompeian Beauty Powder certainly enhances the loveliness of your skin. Even if you neglect to put on your powder as often as necessary in the house, never go out into the winter weather without careful attention to your use of powder.

With your winter clothes you require pinker cheeks to give your eyes brightness, and to obtain that exquisite appearance of sparkle and glowing health. After powdering comes the application of Pompeian Bloom. This is a compact rouge that blends perfectly with your powder, and that adds a natural color. The new Orange shade is very popular.

Pompeian Lip Stick gives the delightful appearance of youthful freshness to your mouth. It comes in a dainty gift container, convenient for your hand-bag or your dressing table.

Tear off, sign and send

Pompeian Laboratories
2129 W. 6th Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for the 1924 Pompeian Art Panel, “Honeymooning in the Alps,” and the four samples named in offer.

Name
Address
City___State___
What shade of face powder wanted___
doors, so to speak; all the sets are boxed in and not even the studio employees are allowed to so much as feel.

Will Rogers has built a log cabin on his beautiful place near Pioneers' Hills just to give parties in. The first one was a Christmas party for his three children, Mary, Bill, Jr., and Jimmy. A local new-paper writer quotes Will Rogers as discussing an infant prodigy they saw together at the Orpheum the other day, "I've got a definition for an infant prodigy," he drawled, "It is: he knows as much as he ever will."

The most sophisticated and cynical cast of actors I ever saw assembled on one stage—also the wittiest and most charming—is that which has been assembled to film "The Ladies of the Field," which is, itself, not a Little Red Riding Hood type of story; among the cast are Corinne Griffith, a cynical young lady if one ever grew; the blasé Conway Tearle; Charles Gerard of the mocking tongue; Phyllis Haver, Anna May Wong, and several other sophisticates. It is directed by Jack Dillon.

Major Rupert Hughes has been decorated with the order of "Polonia Restituta" by the Government of Poland for his services as an intelligence officer during the war. He specialized on Polish affairs and wrote many articles making clear the national aims of that country.

Bert Woodcock, the veteran actor, was recently married to Mrs. Addie M. Sprague of Quincy, Ill., it being the culmination of a romance that began fifteen years ago when they were children.

The mayor of Los Angeles recently set aside a day to be observed as "Mary Pickford Day." From a platform in Pershing Square, Mary made a speech to an immense crowd. She warned girls yearning for fame to stay from Hollywood unless they were equipped with an attending mother; enough money to live on for a year and infinite courage. And Doug wrote an essay in which he said a lot of things and nearly broke the heart of the press agents by forgetting to mention the fact that Mary's picture "Rosita" was running at a local theater. Phew! and that's what the meeting was given for!

Rene Adoree is a lucky girl. After a week or two in a hospital following a terrible automobile accident, they took the bandages off and discovered that the accident will leave no scars on her face. As soon as she is able to work, she will take her place in the cast of Reginald Barker's "Cape Cod Folks."

Priscilla Dean's first independent starring picture will be a costume story called "The Pirate." After that she will return to another crook play. Priscilla admits that her soul hankers after crook stories.

Charley Chaplin who is locked up in his Beverly Hills home writing a comedy for himself, was disturbed the other day by a real estate feller who offered him $400,000 for the lot upon which his studio rests. Charley paid $50,000 for it seven years ago. If he can find another studio site, he will accept the offer.

Baby Peggy is starting out on a new starring career, under the management of Sol Lesser who first starred Jackie Coogan. Her first picture will be "Capitaine January," in which Hobart Bosworth will play the part of the old Captain. A light-house has been built for Peggy at Laguna Beach where she will live while...
The Confessions of an Interviewer
(Continued from page 34)

giving the impression of extremely polite appetites in both places." And she insisted upon doing this. Louise is the most brilliant talker I ever listened to. She sizzles epigrams and aphorisms. Not all word jugglery either. She has a remarkable imagination; sane penetrating analysis and a vivid way of speaking. Nobody ever really wrote a Louise Fazenda interview. Nobody could ever remember all she said. Oddly enough, she is really of an unhappy disposition. Her soul is in a torment of wishing she were on the other side of the hill most of the time.

EMMETT FLYNN

The most "up-stage" director I ever tried to interview is Emmett Flynn who affects a great weariness of spirit with the idea that the cruel world bothers him with fame and such. Underneath this blase attitude, I imagine that Mr. Flynn has much charm of character and disposition that will come out when he is older and wiser.

THE GISH GIRLS

Lillian Gish is the hope and delight of all the scared little girl interviewers in the world. Lillian is so calm and poised and sweet and she knows so well what they ought to ask her that she just does the story up in a package and hands it to them—as it were. Lillian has the broadest outlook on life of any person I ever met—the sanest and gentlest judgment. She is the only person I have ever talked to for five or six hours at a stretch and then gone away feeling that we had hardly started talking. Many times in the old Griffith studio, I have talked all day long with Lillian without a lag in the interest of the conversation.

Dorothy is the same. Underneath her witty, sparkling, airy little chatter, Dorothy is a smart, shrewd, interesting, well-read girl. She has the most withering power of assessing the elements of a given situation of any girl I know.

There is a wealth of good sound character and courage and loyalty in Dorothy that not many people know. An interview with her is a delightful experience. I have always felt that both Lillian and Dorothy could write and write well.

ERNST LUBITSCH

An interview with Ernst Lubitsch is a heavy and portentous affair—until you come to know each other. Herr Ernst Lubitsch fortifies himself behind a big desk with an interpreter to whom he turns with agony when his English fails him. He is, however, an interesting and vivacious talker, altho he feels that he is facing a difficult position and is very guarded in what he says. Sometimes when you ask him a question that is a little indirect, he says slyly, "Confidential ches?" and when you answer, "Yes, confidential," he will give some fascinating opinions as to the merits and demerits of American artists and directors—none of which he will ever allow you to print.

POLA NEGRE

Pola Negri has an inward contempt of interviewers, for which I do not blame her. She came from a country where the artists speak to the public—if at all—about art. Here they ask which are the hottest lips she has ever kissed and why she loved Charlie Chaplin. Pola receives inter-

THE HOSTESS' full measure of success comes not only from dainty methods of service but from what is served.

For instance, there is nothing more acceptable for a light dessert than Nabisco, the aristocrat of dessert wafers, with its two zephyr-like wafers enclosing a delicious creamy filling.

Then there is Harlequin with its triple layers of golden wafers enclosing delectable creamy fillers; and Festino, the sugar wafer which looks and tastes like an almond.
Gloria Swanson usually misses the appointment at which you were to have interviewed her, but she is friendly and frank. She feels that she has had ruthless treatment at the hands of the American papers—and this is true. Nevertheless, she is cordial and entertaining and has a shrewd half-humorous outlook on life that is captivating.

Gloria Swanson

With the exception of Bobbie Harron, who died two or three years ago, I never saw anyone who hated to be interviewed so much as Thomas H. Ince, the big producer. This is the more singular in that Ince is an excellent talker and a man of brilliant ideas.

THOMAS H. INCE

I don't believe that D. W. Griffith really likes being interviewed, but once caught, he always takes the utmost pains to see that the interviewer gets a thrill. You might not expect it of him but he gives the same attention to the kid reporter from the Farmers Almanac that he would to W. R. Hearst. Having been a newspaper man himself, he is keen enough to know that the newspaper business is a rapidly changing profession and that a green awkward reporter today may tomorrow be a big critic with your professional life in the hollow of his hand. So Griffith will always stop everything to be interviewed at any time—by anybody. He always stages a good show and makes a point of saying something that will work up into a spectacular story.

D. W. GRIFFITH

He is so charming to them personally that every writer always goes away from the studio D. W.'s devoted friend for life. The more so, because they always approach the throne scared down to the bottom of their souls.

Charlie Chaplin

The actor whom new interviewers usually dread is, as a matter of fact, among the easiest. This is Charlie Chaplin. Charlie always continues to give you the impression that it is a special concession that he wouldn't make for anyone else; but he is really very accessible and always gives you interesting and striking ideas without any coaxing. In fact, Chaplin is one of the most interesting and extraordinary conversationists I ever talked to. He has a certain shy charm that makes an alluring setting for his words and ideas. Most actors spill a dreamy lot of bromides about art and the uplift and so on but everything Charlie says is absolutely his own and absolutely original.

Mack Sennett

One of the oddest birds that anybody ever tried to interview is Mack Sennett. He always has to be led by the nose to the ordeal. His press department has to plead on bended knees and when you finally get in to see him he always has an air of saying, "What! You here again?" Then he sighs as tho he were saying "Well, we all have our crosses to bear and I suppose this is mine." But finally he begins to be interested in spite of himself—if you know how to ask questions. At that point, you are due for an intellectual treat. Sennett has a most unusual mind with a quaint sound, sane philosophy and an original way of talking. He has a withering power of analysis and a depth of feeling and vision that you might not suspect from the inventor of the Keystone Kops.

Mabel Normand

And lastly, Mabel Normand. She is a woman of unusual intellect and of vivid originality—but you might as well try to interview the March wind. If you ask Mabel about uplifting the drama, it will make her think of a story she heard once about a darky who found a rattlesnake in his bed. And before you can ask her anything she has seen someone going by in an automobile who has a wolffhound that she wants to buy and she rushes away, leaving you flat in your ruffled dignity.
Mae and the Early Days
(Continued from page 26)

stirring drama entitled "The New York Hat." Mae Marsh was given an important role, that of a haughty society girl who tried on hats galore while Mary Pickford as the shabby heroine gazed wistfully in thru the shop window.

From this difficult portrayal, Mae went to other equally trying roles. Her days of extra work were forever behind her.

Her first leading role was given her because Mary Pickford refused to play a part in which she must show her knees. It was a South Sea Island story, of something of the sort. The heroine was all to the grass skirt and beads, anyway.

"Let Mae Marsh play it," Miss Pickford requested Griffith. So Mae stopped throwing rocks at Bobby, and quite indifferent to her knees, donned the grass skirt and acted right out as a leading woman.

As a reward, Mr. Griffith gave her the lead in "The Sands of Dee" in which she proved herself worthy to be ranked with Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet and other leading members of the company.

Change came presently. Mary Pickford went back to the stage to play in "A Good Little Devil" for David Belasco.

The Griffith company moved from Los Angeles to Fort Lee, New Jersey, for the summer months.

Mary Visits the Studios

Mae was thrilled and delighted, one day, to find that Mary Pickford was coming over from New York to visit them. She wanted to show Mary just what a talented actress she had become since the grass-skirt days.

The opportunity presented itself, she felt certain, in some scenes to be taken that afternoon—scenes requiring some rather daring horsemanship. Mae was not so good as an equestrienne, but she felt that her ability as an actress would see her thru.

With Mary Pickford standing interestedly on the side-lines, the big scene got under way. Mae was rescued from something or other by a Northwest Mounted Policeman. On the scene galloped the M. P. resplendent in his red coat, swung Mae up behind him and dashed gallantly away. They passed the camera lines in nothing flat.

Soon a dark suspicion, and one not ungrounded, entered the mind of the leading lady. The M. P. didn't know much more about riding a horse than she did, and the horse was running away. She shut her eyes and waited for the end. It came presently, and painfully.

When she regained consciousness, Mary Pickford and the others were bending over anxiously over her. The M. P. completely hors de combat, lay not far away. The horse, at last reports, was still going.

Jack Pickford had to put on a red wig and double for Mae in scenes of prowess.

Sunny days, stormy days, happy days, those of that early Griffith company. The history of the motion picture parallels the history of its players. Like it, they have grown from awkward, angular immaturity to the poise and dignity of sophistication. The net occasionally and—"Do you remember this?" one will ask, and "Do you remember that?" Presently someone will speak of Bobby Harron, and the quick April tears spring to Mae Marsh's eyes.

The New Mae

In a manner she is gone too, the wistful, eager little girl of ten years ago. She is

One Box Free and Drug Departments Present Coupon

Be Careful
Lest the breath offend

Bad breath is one of the gravest social offenses, one of the most common. The offender is usually unaware, but it kills all charm.

Cigars or cigarettes may cause it.

Or decaying food between the teeth.

Or affected teeth or gums.

Or a stomach disorder. Or certain foods or drinks.

A mere perfume simply covers up bad odors, and everybody knows it. It suggests concealment.

May Breath combats those bad odors, whether from the mouth or stomach. It is an antiseptic mouth wash in tablet form, so it purifies as well as deodorizes. In the stomach it also acts as an aid to digestion.

Do not merely hide one odor with another. May Breath brings the scent of purity, the odor of spring.

Dainty people everywhere now carry May Breath with them—in their pockets or their bags. Before any close contact they eat a tablet and feel safe.

They know that their breath is inviting. It will add to their charms, not destroy them.

You will do this when you know. Let us buy a box to show you how much May Breath means. Cut out the coupon and present it. This is something you need and want.

May Breath is candy tablets, designed to deodorize both the mouth and stomach. Not a mere perfume, but an antiseptic purifier. Carry it with you.

GOOD FOR A 10c BOX

Present this coupon to any druggist or drug department for a 10c box of May Breath free. He will charge to us.

All leading druggists now have May Breath. If your druggist fails you, send coupon to us. Only one box to a family.

TO DRUGGISTS: These coupons will continue to appear. Redeem 25c per coupon, send to us as they accumulate, and we will pay you 10 cents each in cash.

MAY BREATH COMPANY
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Draw Me
and Win a Prize

Do You Like to Draw? Copy the picture of the girl on skis and send us your drawing—perhaps you will win first prize. This contest is for amateurs only (17 years of age or more), so do not hesitate to enter, even if you have not had much practice.

1st Prize - - - $100.00
2nd Prize - - - 50.00
3rd Prize - - $25.00 5th Prize - - $10.00
4th Prize - - 15.00 6th to 15th Prizes, Each $5.00

Free!

Everyone entering a drawing in this contest will receive a beautiful full-color reproduction (suitable for framing) of a painting by a nationally known American Artist.

If your great desire is to be a real commercial artist, try your hand now! Capable artists readily earn $50, $75, $100, $150 a week and upwards. Hundreds of ambitious young men and women have found their true work in life—often have quickly doubled and trebled their incomes—through the Federal Home-Study Course. A number of America’s most noted artists have contributed exclusive lessons to the Federal Course—such as Neysa McMein, Franklin Booth, Charles Livingston Bull, Chas. E. Chambers, Edwin V. Brewer, and others. It is these remarkable lessons, combined with the individual personal criticism which each student receives that has made the Federal Course recognized by authorities as America’s Foremost School of Commercial Designing. With proper training you should be able to duplicate the success of our hundreds of graduates. By all means enter this contest—see what you can do.

Rules for Contestants:

This contest open only to amateurs, 17 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible. Note these rules carefully:

1. Draw only the girl on skis, and background. Do not draw border or lettering.
2. Send one drawing only, making it exactly 5 inches wide, on paper 6 inches wide by 5 inches high.
3. Use only pencil or pen.
4. No drawings will be returned.
5. Write your name, address, age and occupation on back of drawing.
6. All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by March 1st, 1924. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Faculty members of the Federal Schools, Inc. All contest winners will be notified of the prize winners. Make your drawing of the girl now and send it to

Federal School of Commercial Designing
1468 Federal School Bld.,
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America’s Foremost School of Commercial Art

older; life has broadened, tempered her. One cannot imagine the Mae Marsh of today throwing rocks at a young man because she admired him, or for any other reason.

“T did my best work with Bobby,” she says. Sometimes I think it the best work I ever shall do. We understood each other so perfectly.”

As she speaks of him, that throat-catching smile—thin tears of hers, flashes across her face, trembles on her lips.

While that smile remains, we’ll not quite lose the little Mae Marsh of the early days.

And I doubt that we’ll forget her. Ever.

That’s Out
(Continued from page 50)

Another Rare Film

As another fine photoplay of power and suspense, mark up “Boy of Mine,” directed by William Beaudine, who also directed that little gem, “Penrod and Sam.” Ben Alexander is again superb in the title role, and Henry Wallich and Irene Rich do some of the best work of their careers. In spite of its unpretentiousness, “Boy of Mine” is a far superior piece of celluloid craftsmanship to such costly offerings as “In the Palace of the King” or “Ashes of Vengeance,” and a great deal more enjoyable. The screen needs more like it.

Judging America by Its Movies

All successful business men make poor husbands.

All bankers are distinguished-looking personages.

All clergymen are solemn and grave.

Bull’s Eye for Mae

While “Fashion Row,” Mae Murray’s latest film, is by no means one of her best, it is unique in that it gives her the opportunity to prove conclusively to all doubting Thomases that she is an actress as well as a dancer. Mae’s distinctly different characterizations of the two roles in “Fashion Row” will linger a long time in the memories of those who have contended that she is nothing but a manikin.

How to Judge the Films

If it is over your head and bores you, then you may rest assured it is a picture with a moral.

If you enjoy it immensely, then it is certain to be a lot of holism and sure-fire bank thrown together to make a box-office winner.

Dogmas of the Movies

All desert islands are beautiful and abundant with fruit and animals. Every young man who comes from the country to make his fame in the big city is eventually ejected by the cruel landlady for non-payment of rent.

All thrilling events take place on dark and stormy nights.

I Am an Optimist

I expect an Eric von Stroheim production to get by the censors without being cut to pieces.
When Villains Meet
(Continued from page 47)

ing experience. The most commonplace experience becomes vivid and dramatic in his recital of it.

The most like men in type on the screen that they are frequently up for the same role, off screen they furnish a most interesting contrast.

Lew Cody is so well known to film fans that a recital of the facts of his career would be quite superficial here. He is of French descent, his real name is Cote, just like the perfume manufacturer's, and as a matter of fact he was born in Pau, in the southern part of France, coming to this country with his parents when he was three years of age. He was educated at Culver Military Academy and Cornell University, where he was active in college theatricals.

His entry into motion pictures, after some experience on the legitimate stage and in vaudeville, came about in a rather interesting manner. A director friend of his suggested that he try for a certain part in a picture about to be made. Menjou, practically penniless at the time, he says, hurried to the film company's offices in a down-town building in New York. The cast was filled before he got there.

But going down in the elevator he was attracted by a crowd of extra people on another floor. He stepped off the elevator, got into line and was accepted for the night's work.

The director noticed him and gave him a bit that kept him working for several days. Other parts followed.

The war interrupted his career for a while. He became a captain and served for two years. After the armistice he returned to New York, to find things rather up in the atmosphere.

One night Lew Cody and some of his other friends over the dinner table suggested that he come West. The first picture in which he was cast out here, "The Faith Healer," established him on the Coast. Since then he has played in pictures too many to enumerate, the one most mentioned in passing, "The Sheik," "The Three Musketeers," "The Eternal Flame," "Bella Donna," "Rupert of Hentzau," "The Spanish Dancer," "A Woman of Paris" and his latest with Pola Negri, "Shadows of Paris."

"The thing that counts is to get good parts. That, and luck," observed Mr. Menjou frankly. "Isn't that right, Lew?"

"You're far too modest," I protested.

"It's true, tho'," they both assured earnestly. "Good parts and good luck. That's all there is to it."

"Before you go," added Mr. Menjou, as I indicated that the interview might just as well end with that last statement, "I want to show you my dogs."

His young stepson brought them into the room, a pair of raggedy-haired, bright-eyed little animals.

"They're Sedlyam terriers and quite rare," explained Mr. Menjou. "The pups are worth five hundred dollars apiece."

"Here's a good idea, Adolph," said the resourceful Mr. Cody. "Why not make presents of the pups to directors you'd like to work for."

"That's exactly what I do, Lew," Mr. Menjou assured me gravely. "They've paved the way for me many a time."

Which may or may not, of course, be the strictest.

$1 will equip your boudoir with a fascinating powder-and-rouge combination:

Bourjois JAVA Face Powder and ASHES OF ROSES* ROUGE
or ROUGE MANDARINE*
(Ashes of Roses Rouge is rosy and warm. Rouge Mandarine is lighter and a vivid orange)

Most American women use Java. If you do not, there is pleasure in store for you—that of finding perfect adherence, exquisite consistency, and all in a shade exactly suited to your complexion and type.

Java is made in White, Naturelle, Rose and Rachel, and includes the two new and already famous powders, Peaches* and Peaches-and-Cream.*

Ashes of Roses Rouge is, literally, incomparable. It blends with every undertone of the complexion, and its texture adapts itself to subtle effects. Rouge Mandarine* is chosen by women who prefer the orange. Each rouge is pure—beneficial to the skin.

A dollar invested in Java and one of these rouges is invested in beauty. Almost all druggists have them. If your dealer has not, ask him to order for you. If you are not in range of a dealer's services, send us a dollar, with the coupon, and the combination you choose will be mailed directly. Be sure and specify which rouge, and which shade of Java you prefer.

(Postal orders are safest)

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FACE POWDER

A. BOURJOIS & CO., Inc.
415 West 34th Street
New York

Send ruehine and powder combination checked below, for which ONE DOLLAR is enclosed.

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Bourjois JAVA and Rouge Mandarine
White
Naturelle
Rose
Rachel
Peaches
Peaches-and-Cream

NAME
ADDRESS

On the Camera Coast
(Continued from page 80)

the picture is being made. Eddie Cline will direct.

The shore line at Laguna is very abrupt and rocky. The other day John Griffith Wray was working on "Against the Rules," in which Leatrice Joy, Percy Marmont and Adolphe Menjou are being starred. A huge fake wave swept both Wray and his cameraman off the rocks into the sea. The cameraman, Sharp, cannot swim and only escaped drowning by reason of the fact that fifty Kanaka boys were working as extras in the picture and one of them rescued him.

Louise Fazenda is taking classic dancing lessons from Theodore Kosloff. She says the first thing they made her do was to put on a pair of rompers and try to touch the back of her head with her foot. "But," says Louise, "I can see right now that my foot is never going to be on terms of intimacy with the rear of my cranium."

Betty Compson, who has come home from Europe rawther English, is to be the star of a new producing company backed by capitalists of Oakland, California.

Pauline Garon, the little French Canadian girl who has been a member of the Hollywood colony for about a year, is engaged to be married to Gene Sarazen, the golf professional. The romance started when Miss Garon was taking golf lessons.

Anna Q. Nilsson got so interested in oil while working "Rebecca," "Floating Gold" that she and her husband, John M. Gunnerson, a shoe manufacturer, have plunged up to their necks in an investment in the oil fields near Los Angeles.

"If we hit, Oh, boy," exclaimed Anna. "And—if we don't—I'm bust."

Anna says that she has pawned everything but the family cat.

Norma Talmadge and Constance have postponed their intended trip to Europe on account of an event that sister Natalie (Mrs. Buster Keaton) is expecting. Norma is in the mountains of Bear Valley taking the snow episodes of "Secrets," and Constance is in the midst of "The Goldfish."

May Allison who says she is going to sue her husband, Robert du Bell Ellis, for divorce—says that first impressions are the hunches that should be followed in love affairs.

Says Miss Allison:
"I'm a great believer in first impressions—love at first sight if you prefer that frayed bromide. Well, our first impression was not favorable. Neither of us was attracted by the other. We both should have abided by that hunch. But we didn't."

"Bob" played leads in two of my pictures after this meeting. First it was merely a casual friendship. Then we thought we cared for each other. He left for New York to direct pictures there. Three times a week we told each other how great—how desperate—our love was. A Chicago telephone operator relayed the messages.

"A year ago we thought a deferred honeymoon—a trip around the globe—might smooth out the difficulties. We were away nearly six months and visited nearly every habitat country. But if the sunshine of California cant blossom love, one cant find it around the pyramids of Egypt."

The announcement of Miss Allison's marriage, after it had been kept a secret for some months, disclosed other hidden heart affairs in the screen favorite's career.

It then became known that she previously had been married to Col. J. L. Stephenson, a wealthy mining man, whom she met aboard the New Mexico, a ship of the Pacific fleet, at a dinner party given by Admiral Rodman.

Being a movie star is no simple matter. It necessitates innumerable things beside acting before the camera . . . for instance, many sittings for portraits. Colleen Moore who has recently been elevated to a star's estate has learned all about it.
Those Saxophone Blues

Drive away the blue devils, turn the world to gladness with an "Inspiration" Saxophone! Give your musical longing free expression with this king of instruments!

Easy to Play!
No other wind instrument is so easy to learn as the "Inspiration" Saxophone. You need no knowledge of music to start. You don’t have to sacrifice your other interests. A few minutes’ practice in odd moments—before you know it you’re surprising yourself and your friends.

A New World Open for You!
The result—a wonderful new popularity—companionship in hours of loneliness—constantly increasing earnings as you quickly qualify for orchestra positions. Above all, the satisfaction of being really able to "play something."

Of Course an Inspiration
Above all others in sweetness of tone, in easy playing qualities stands the "Inspiration." The rapt and buzz of inferior makes is totally absent! There is a purity of tone that is unsurpassed. Sturdiness is remarkably easy to accomplish. The action of the keys is delightfully easy and quick. An "Inspiration" is always in tune. The finish is unusually handsome.

FREE 10-DAY—Easy Terms!
Write for our FREE Catalog describing all the famous "Inspiration" band instruments. Many other types equally fine, all guaranteed quality—Cornets, Trombones, Trumpets, Mellophones, etc. Select your instrument. Then a week’s FREE Trial in your home! Easy monthly payments will make you the owner while you play it. Mail Coupon Today!

Dealers! Same Choice Territory Still Open—WRITE!

LYON & HEALY Inc.
Everything Known in Music Est. 1864 • CHICAGO
Clip and Mail For Free Book!

They Fight Film

On teeth, as millions now are doing
That’s how come the teeth you envy

Y01 see pearly teeth now—teeth that glisten—as you never did before. And you wonder, perhaps, how folks get them.

Those whiter teeth mean safer, cleaner teeth—a new era in tooth protection. Let us show you the way, and send you a ten-day test.

That dingy coat

That viscous film you feel on teeth is their great enemy. No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it. Under old-way brushing, much of it clings and stays.

Soon it becomes discolored, then forms dingy spots. Thus teeth become clouded more or less. Beauty is sadly marred.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs bred by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Dental science has long sought ways to fight film. A few years ago it found two of them. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation, one removes it without harmful scouring.

More careful tests proved these methods effective. A new-type tooth paste has been created and you may apply these methods daily. The name is Pepsodent.

Today leading dentists the world over advise it, and careful people of some 50 nations now employ it daily.

You see the results
You see Pepsodent results wherever you look today. You can see them on your own teeth. Make this simple test.

Pepsodent does more than fight film. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, which is there to neutralize mouth acids. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, there to digest starch deposits.

In all these ways this method means in your home a new dental era.

Protect the Enamel
Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combator which contains harsh acid.

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.

The results will amaze and delight you. As long as you live you’ll be glad that you know them. Cut out the coupon now.

10-DAY TUBE FREE

THE PEPSONDENT COMPANY
Dept. 106, 1194 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.
came a rumble of applause like the sea
when it is heard far off. Quiet. The
rumble again. Quiet.

The valet stepped to the door. "Here is
Mr. Barrymore," he said, and into the
room came a tired figure, in the black
doublet and hose of the melancholy Dane
with wrought silver chains and
medallions heavy about his neck. And
while he greeted us, we searched his eyes
and found there the dull weariness of exhaus-
tion. Let it be said to our credit that we
felt a Philistine. Here we were intrud-
ing upon this short respite with babbling
questions. It would seem enough that he
gives of himself every day... usually
behind the footlights, and all too rarely
under the Klieg lights. Was intrusion
such as ours, and all the others waiting
our exit, to be his reward.

However, we asked him if he was
coming more often to the screen.
"I want to," he said. "I hope it can be
arranged so that I can do both stage and
screen work at the same time and in a
few years ago. I am anxious for
that.

In his fever he seemed to have for-
gotten that this intense concentration of
effort had occasioned a severe breakdown.
... I might do Shakespeare on the screen.
His stories are full of every con-
ceivable dramatic event. That was a
good scenario writer. He stoke good
plots wholesale.
"Oh yes, everyone talks about the beauty
of his lines' being lost upon the screen."
He grinned. "I grant them a beauty even
after I have 'to be'd or not to be'd eight
times a week for Heaven knows how long.
But minus the music of his lines, his plots
are strong things."

There was an atmosphere of friendliness
in his joking, punctuated with slgmp.
After all, it is only the Demi-Great who
sit in aloof glory upon unapproachable
thrones of tired artistry and mock dignity.
Sarah Bernhardt or biographers write,
was the most human member of her com-
pany. And today we find Barrymore,
granted the laurels of artistry by all his
colleagues. He is the best friend of
the studio crew... and, so they tell us,
preferring to talk to the old doormen and
even during his sojourn in the studios,
because they knew funny tales of road
shows and impromptu actors.

We asked him if he would ever do O'Neil Wilde's "The Picture of Dorian
Gray" on the screen. It seemed a dual
role offering him almost a parallel to
Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

"Ah, yes," he announced. "I don't boast
of the author and I like the character less. I'll
ever do that. And I don't plan to do
"Debutan" as was announced, either.
There are too many great things I'd like
to do."

He thinks Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pick-
fy, Lilian Gish and Jackie Coogan off-
hand, are the greatest artists on the screen.

"You know how it is, tho," he said,
"when you give a list. It's like someone
announcing to you what ship you like to
drive and you say golf. Yet when you are doing
other things there are a number you enjoy
doing infinitely more..."

... and I think that fellow von
Stroheim is great. I use that word ad-
visedly. His approach is different from
anyone else's on the screen. His produc-
tions simulate with brilliances. I'd like
to meet that man. His mind fascinates
me.
I Weighed 170 Seven Weeks Ago!

Just think of taking off more than 40 lbs in about as many days! That's exactly what Mrs. Carpenter did—through a method anyone can use!

I weighed just 129 today—by the same scale in my bathroom that less than two months ago pointed to 170! This is what Mrs. Carpenter, a New Orleans lady, wrote Wallance about her experience with reducing records. It ought to convince anybody that superfluous flesh is as unnecessary as it is undesirable.

Reduced 41 Lbs With Ease

"I had long wanted a means of reducing, but being a business woman I had no time or money to waste on fads. I didn't dare deny myself the nourishment an active woman must have. I grew steadily stouter—then something told me to try Wallance records. Somehow, the method sounded sensible; the free demonstration seemed fair; so I started.

"Fifteen minutes each evening, I took the reducing movements to music. It was mighty interesting; I felt better from the start. But what thrilled me was this: I lost 6½ lbs the first week!"

"The second week I lost 8 lbs more. The following week I only lost six. But in seven weeks I had reduced to 129—not bad for my 5 ft. 5 inches!"

What You Can Lose By the Same Method

Mrs. Carpenter states that she made this wonderful reduction solely through Wallance reducing records; that she got thin to music and did nothing else—no Turkish baths, no patent foods or drugs, no punishing diet.

Compare your present weight with the weight for your height and age in the table below, and you'll know how much you can reduce. There's no theory about it—for results are guaranteed.

Here is what you ought to weigh, and can weigh:

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Free Proof to Any Woman Who Really Wants to Get Thin

Thousands of women (men, too) have reduced by use of Wallance records, all by themselves, with their own phonograph, at home. The reducing movements are scientific and certain. They can't harm; and they can't fail. It's a perfectly natural, normal and healthful way of correcting the cause of any amount of overweight. And proof is free.

Just fill out the coupon—you've seen it before—but this time make it out and mail it! You'll receive the whole first week's lesson complete, record and all, for a full and free trial. Let the results decide whether you want it.

WALLANCE
600 S. Walsh Ave., Chicago

Please send me FREE and POSTPAID for a week's free trial the Original Wallance Reducing Record.

Name

Address

MRS. ELLA CARPENTER, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

WALLACE
Flaming Youth

(Continued from page 43)

And Pat had difficulty explaining. With all the wisdom of her nineteen years she had decided that marriage was a failure. It destroyed romance. It made a mock of happiness. It took away your liberty, your very entity, and gave you nothing in return. There were her two sisters, both wretched because they were married. There was her own mother and father. For that matter, there was Cary himself, who had been separated from his wife for years, having lived together only three of their total of fifteen. Modern marriage meant nothing anyway. Nearly everyone Pat knew had gotten a divorce; were contemplating a divorce, or hopelessly longed for a divorce. The remaining few who hadn't weren't, and didn't, took lovers or mistresses as the case might be. She didn't see why they bothered to marry at all. She never meant to. She wouldn't face the inevitable disillusion and ghastly humdrum.

Cary was shocked but a little amused. "Nevertheless, my dear child," he said, looking Pat square in the eyes, "I shall spend the allotted time in Paris and when I am free I shall come back and marry you—whether you will or not."

"Oh, Cary," sighed Pat, not knowing whether to be thrilled or angered and feeling a little of both.

The girl closed her eyes and leaned back on the chaise-longue perched like a throne in the middle of a big studio-room. Tapestries covered the walls; deep toned thick rugs carpeted the floor. There were flowers in great profusion and their heavy sweet scent permeated to the far corners. There was an air of voluptuous languor about the room, an inexpressible sexual taint. There was very little light. Standing at the feet of the girl a pale young man stood caressing the strings of a violin which responded with utterly ravishing sounds. It was Leo Stanek, and the first time Pat had heard him was across the lawn that memorable night when she had given her first "white kiss" to Cary Scott.

Now Pat had been a little surprised when Cary had actually gone. And a little hurt. She had practically offered to become his mistress and he had refused. Well, she would never marry him, but she had loved him. Hateful old conventions! They stifled everything that was real and true and—and fundamental. Pat decided having just discovered the word. She wanted to be free, all in capital letters. Naturally she had been lonely after Cary had gone, and he had been gone a long time. Everyone else bored her to death. Her own crowd she had left flat. They seemed utterly void to her, which indeed they were. There had never existed any particular friendship between either her sisters or with her father, and Pat was too much an individual to have many real friends. She would watch her sisters impersonally, with a slight antagonism, as tho they were strangers. So she was lonely and bored and you know about Satan's finding mischief for idle hands to do...

She remembered one day, the young musician whose playing had so moved her. The desired convention did not hinder her here. She wrote to him and naturally he was flattered. He didn't believe in conventions either and, what was the more remarkable, really practised what he preached. She went to his rooms often and he played for her. Leo Stanek began to stand for something fine and from Pat's life, a symbol of liberty greatly to be
Children's Musteroles—Mild

Of course, you know good old Musteroles; how quickly, how easily it relieves rheumatic and neuralgic pain, sore joints and muscles, stiff neck and lumbar pain.

We now want you to know CHILDREN'S MUSTEROLES, made especially for use on infants and small children.

CHILDREN'S MUSTEROLES is just good old Musterole in milder form. Used for centuries it is the relief of croupy coughs and colds; it penetrates, soothes and relieves without the blister of the old-fashioned mustard plaster. Keep a little white jar of Children's Musterole handy. It comes ready to apply instantly, without fuss or bother. The price is so small—35c a jar—no mother can afford to be without it.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER
MILD
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

PIMPLY SKIN made WELL

When a few applications of this wonder working lotion has cleared faces of pimples, blackheads, acne, boils, and spots on the face or body, enlarged pores, oily or abnormally shiny skin, you can realize why CLEAR-TONE has been tested and approved over 100,000 times. The simplicity of the treatment, the wonderful results, how to apply CLEAR-TONE on yourself are all explained in my new booklet. It is free. Write for your copy today and learn of the results gotten by the women.

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A Shapely Foot is a Joy Forever

BEAUTIFY YOUR FEET

The Perfect Two Step
REMOVES THE ACTUAL CAUSE OF THE PAINFUL ENLARGED JOINT. Even at night, with ordinary application for one use.

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Straighten Your Toes
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Here you can keep your small prints safe and easy of access

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You can complete this simplified High School Course at home, or you can combine it with the High School courses at home or in the evening!

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AMERICAN SCHOOL

Art Corner Your Pictures—Album

Art School

For the trying March winds try Lablace—it's safe, soothing and clensing. Protects tender skin, beautifies the complexion. Fifty years a favorite.

Sure Way to Get Rid of Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just get about four ounces of plain, ordinary liquid arson; apply it at night when returning home enough to modernize the scalp and rub it gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get liquid arson at any drug store and four ounces is all you will need. This simplicity has never been known to fail.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, O.

You Can't Comb Out Dandruff

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The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, O.
She Came Back to Town
On a Magazine Cover!

Gertrude Follis Left Home an Ugly Duckling. Now New York Artists Pay to Paint Her Likeness and Her New Beauty Was Won in Three Months

"EVEN MY dear old Dad used to say my looks would never take a prize. My brothers frankly called me homely. No girl in Kingston had wished to win it. But that was back in Kingston, N. Y., when my features, face, and skin, and even my hair looked hopeful to today, illusory thoughts are supposed to be authorities on beauty, but we ask them for titles and pay well for them.

"For the encouragement it ought to be to others I will relate the whole story of how plain—

"When I first came to New York City to take a position I was too busy to give much time or thought to 'beautifying.' Besides all my efforts in the past had given me nothing. Complexion treatments? I had tried a score; and my pores had grown steadily coarser. I used to do everything anyone would advise for wrinkles and the wrinkles stayed. I knew loads of people who had had success with things for the hair—but none seemed to give my sparse locks any health or sparkle.

"But I soon saw that beauty counted in a large publishing office quite as much as at parties or dances. Within a year my employers filled three secretarial positions with women I knew were scarcely as well equipped as I—except in looks! Then I concluded I would make myself attractive in appearance if it took every dollar I earned. My first thought was beauty parlors, but a fortunate circumstance put a vastly better beauty plan in my own hands. I met a girl who told me of a woman who had devoted years to working out a regular beauty science. She worked on skin structure instead of on the surface; she did nothing to wrinkles themselves but changed the facial contours and the wrinkled condition disappeared. Her method with half a dollar a month, I realized it—and so on.

"I was elated even with the first week of my newly found beauty plan. I never have seen its originator to this day. She does not see anyone; just advises and directs hundreds who seek her direct methods of cultivating natural beauty. I wrote her, got her instructions, did as directed, and in a few weeks the altered glances of friends and associates confirmed what my mirror told me. I no longer needed to feel sensitive about my appearance! Then came the day Greiner, the artist, asked how I would like to sit for a 'head' on a magazine cover.

"I could scarcely wait for the Saturday when the picture of me would be published. When the magazine did appear, you can blame me for mailing several copies to my home town

rather closely, for the first time. He was standing before the mirror examining the part in his hair. He had taken his coat off and the intimacy of that flared into an acute resentment on Pat's part. He turned around and looked at her and smiled. Now, she felt quite sick—and frightened. He came toward her and terror rose in her like a flood. She had had other men approach her with that look in their eyes but this was different somehow. She knew the end would not be more or less harmless kisses.

"Don't touch me," she cried shrilly, backing away.

"Leo was honestly surprised and undoubtedly annoyed. "My dear lady," he murmured, "I—I can't stay," said Pat. "If you touch me, I'll die."

"Don't be absurd," objected Leo. "Don't tell me you're going to pull a fit of temperaturng at this stage of the game."

"Call it anything you like, but I must be put ashore," answered an almost hysterical girl.

"Ashore nothing! We are under way. It can't be done now. Come, come, I want the first—"

He literally grabbed the girl and she struggled like a wild thing. "You—you—she faltered, and then Pat finished, which was the most appropriately feminine thing she had ever done.

Stcnak laid her nose too gently on the berth and went for some water. Pat opened a wary eye, coast all clear. Then she unscrewed the heavy glass cover of the porthole, breathed a fervent, "Oh, Mother, Mother," and climbed thru. Down, down, down—taths deep in the cold clear water... roaring and rushing... breathless... choked... strangled.

"Oh, Cary, darling," said Patricia Scott as they leaned over the rail of a big ocean liner. "I thought I'd never want to see the water again after all that if they hadn't pulled me out and sent me home to you!" She moved within the circle of his arm. "But they did and you were back and oh, I love it now. I feel safe with you. I'm happy to be married. I'm proud of the plain gold ring. I'm glad we got married on shipboard. I love the ship's chaplain. I love everybody. I love everything. I love—love—"

"Dear little heart," said Cary Scott and held her tighter. "This is worth waiting for, and striving for, and sacrificing for."

"Yes," whispered Pat, her lips against his cheek, "but now that you've got me, as a husband, you'll have to be most awfully on the job as a lover—there are so many men in the world."

But Cary Scott was not afraid.
In the morning she was gone. Two days later Lee Clavering arrived in New York just in time to follow her to the dock and wave good-bye as she sailed for Austria.

The Ogletorpes were also on the dock. They had planned at the last moment to send the uncarnal Janet abroad but had missed the steamer.

Clavering rode home with Janet and let her cry on his shoulder. He couldn't understand why she was so upset over missing the steamer since she said that she hadn't wanted to go, or at the departure of Mary Ogden either.

But he thought that she was rather sweet in this chastened mood. Perhaps he would see her and try to do her some good for the family's sake.

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**Black Oxen**

(Continued from page 90)

I have had love and passion and adulation. I know them all. I know all that they can mean, how little and how much. You are an old story to me, dear, and only my senses, my artificial senses, have deluded me as they deluded me so often, thirty years ago.

"Yesterday an old dear friend of mine, Prince Hohenauer of Austria, came across the world to see me. He urged me to return to Austria, to listen to the call of power and duty rather than to the falseto pipes of Pan."

Mary Ogden leaned over and laid her slender fingers across the lines of pain etching themselves on Clavering's brow and about his tightened lips: "You are going to think this over and know that I am right, dear boy," she said, "if I loved you a little less... but because I love you very much... and because I am very wise... I am going to kiss you... like this... tenderly... for good-bye."

---

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Whether you are young or old, gray hair is unbecoming and absolutely unnecessary. My scientific preparation will bring back the original color easily and surely and keep it for the rest of your life.

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Hair Color Restorer

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Patented Trial Outfit Free

Mail the coupon for our special patented free trial outfit, which contains a trial bottle of the Restorer with full directions and explanations for making your convinving test on a single lock of hair. A trial package of my wonderful new Preparatory Powder is included with this outfit. This powder is the most recent discovery made in our laboratories, and I consider it admirable. It puts your hair in perfect condition for natural coloration as a time and antiseptic. Mail coupon today.

Fill out the coupon carefully, using X to indicate color of hair. If possible enclose a bit in your letter. When you have made the test which proves how easily and simply your gray hair may be changed to Permanent Addictive Black, you will decide whether you wish to order your Restorer. If you cannot supply your own, or offers you a rebate into pretention, write me direct and I will supply your needs.

Please print your name and address——

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100-Golden Days, St., Paul, Minn.

Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit, as advertised in your ed. X shows color of hair. (Print name plainly.)

Blond --- dark brown --- medium brown ---

auburn (dirt red) --- light brown --- dark blonde ---

light red ---

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The following articles tell you how it can be done

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Beauty all, the four foremost Follies' girls—the most beautiful—the most graceful—the most intelligent—the most popular—give their beauty schedules, rules and secrets. The article is illustrated with lovely and exclusive pictures of the girls themselves.

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In a charming article the Princess Machabelli, of Italy, tells the secret of the Italian woman's beauty. The story is illustrated by a gentle study of the Princess and by an informal picture of her taken in her castle garden.

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An amusing yet instructive discussion of college routine by a University of California junior—the first of a series on college topics.

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An article on the effect of color combination on the complexion, hair, eyes, figure and personality. It will help you choose your spring costume intelligently.

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An unusually fine short story that will touch the heart of every home-maker and of every lover, young and old. A mosaic of life.

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A portfolio of young women in the thoughtful twenties, looking at life with eyes half humorous with youth—half serious with maturity—and withal lovely.

Special Introductory Offer—5 Months for $1.00

Because we want you to know that BEAUTY is in reality the aristocrat of women's magazines, we will send you the next five big numbers upon receipt of the introductory price of $1.00. Put a dollar bill into an envelope and mail it right now before you have time to forget it.
The Editor Gossips
(Continued from page 61)

If Colleen Moore's name was as neutral as Mary Smith; and if there was no mischief in her hazel eyes; and if she didn't always have a shamrock on her Christmas cards, we'd know she was Irish. There's something about the Irish...Colleen has that something in abundance. If you don't know what we mean exactly, listen to this story.

One John McCormack was the publicity purveyor at the studios where Colleen most frequently faced the lens. And while the other girls who were competing with Colleen for prominence smiled coquettishly at the directors and laid awake sighs manufacturing subtle compliments for the stars, Colleen centered her attentions upon John. Now it may be that she liked him from the first. Anyway, John began to suffer from cardiac disturbances. And Colleen's name began to appear in the press notices that rolled out of the McCormack Underwood. And the next thing everybody knew, Colleen had a star painted upon her dressing-room door and a platinum band put upon the proper finger while Mrs. John McCormack was engraved upon her visiting cards.

John thinks Colleen is the smartest girl in the world. He told us the other day, at a very lavish luncheon given to Mrs. McCormack at the Ritz-Carlton by the First National, how she had acquired the chic black velvet costume she was wearing. It seems she went to Richard Rowland, Chief Executive of the First National, and explained to him that she really needed a great many expensive gowns and wraps now that she was to be starred in big productions. He gave her permission to go to one of the excessively costly modistes and order a screen wardrobe.

So the day of the luncheon when she appeared in the black velvet, white fur and silver lace, her honest husband scrutinized her and asked in a guarded tone if it wasn't one of the modiste creations. Colleen admitted innocently that it was. He explained to her that, in that event, the clothes belonged to First National. Whereupon Colleen asked: "Well, isn't this a First National luncheon?"

So...

The young McCormacks are treading Plessy's fields. They hold hands under the table...and Colleen looks adoringly at John...and John looks adoringly at Colleen...and Colleen starts to talk about frocks being worn shorter this Spring and lapses into a eulogy about John...and John starts talking about international relations and forsakes a conversational Hague for a conversational Colleen...and life goes on—blissfully for the young McCormacks.

A.W.F.
Your Figure

Has Charm Only as You Are Fully Developed

BEAUTY OF FORM

can be cultivated just as flowers are made to blossom with proper care. Woman, by nature refined and delicate, craves the natural beauty of her sex. How wonderful to be a perfect woman!

Bust Pads and Ruffles

never look natural or feel right. They are really harmful and retard development. You should add to your physical beauty by enlarging your bust-form to its natural size. This is easy to accomplish with the NATIONAL, a new scientific appliance that brings delightful results.

FREE BEAUTY BOOK

If you wish a beautiful, womanly figure, write for a copy of the treatise by Dr. C. S. Carr, formerly published in the Physical Culture Magazine, entitled: "The Bust—How It May Be Developed." Of this method Dr. Carr states:

"Indeed, it will bring about a develop-
ment of the busts quite astonishing."

This valuable information, explaining the causes of non-development, together with photographic proof showing as much as five inches enlargement by this method, will be sent FREE to every woman who writes quickly. Those desiring book sent sealed, enclose 4½ postage.

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HOLLYWOOD

By Faith Baldwin

One pictures a fantastic spot
Wherein the Every Day is not,
A modern Wonderland, a new
Land of The-looking-Glass, for thru
Its glittering and shining face
Creep Alcées from every place
Upon the globe and unafrraid
Proclaim their little fortunes made.

The very name must bring to mind
The Southern bloom, the Western wind,
The "cottages" and bungalows
Whereon there blooms the heady rose,
Of fencing gold-paved streets
On which the stranger, breathless, meets
A man, a pirate and a king
A Broadway Butterfly on wing—

This is youth's kingdom, gaily sung
By minstrels in the modern tongue,
A land of plot and counterplot
Of set and camera and lot,
A little world itself within
Of pictured romance, love and sin,
Of much, like any world, that's good
The Wonderland of Hollywood.

SHADOWS ON THE WALL

By Clarence E. Flynn

Coming, going, thru the play,
Flashing on the screen,
Do the actors take their way.
Briefly each is seen.

What are they—these shapes that move,
Forms that rise and fall,
Urged by hope, or fear, or love?
Shadows on the wall.

In the daily strain and strife
Shift and change appear.
On the larger stage of life
Mingle smile and tear.
Here our little race we run,
Then are vanished all.
What are we when all is done?
Shadows on the wall.
Are You in the Grip of an Ill-Fated Jinx?

DOLLY AND HI—THE YOUTHFUL LOVERS are the prey—circumstances the monster of ill luck that balks and breaks them. Dolly had a strange terrifying feeling that something evil overhung them, lurked in the murky air, might rush upon them any second. The fact that the feeling of premonition was unusual to her made it no less frightening. She tried to summon all reserves of courage and confidence and caution—but the jinx outwitted her. Bound by obligation to an unwelcome lover—trailed by an intriguing uncle—and—the story tells itself better than we can tell it.

SHE LONGED TO FACE HIM, but could not; she averted her head, and tingled with exultation—and fear and shame. Her hands were pressed twitchingly together. Ectasy and terror commingled in her as he came closer—and more close: "I'm promised," she said, "to another man!"

THEN HI LET GO HER HANDS wearily. "So this is the end of my pretty high-falutin little romance," said Hi with a harshly sardonic laugh. Dolly cringed at the sound; she would have given everything she possessed to shut out this sound, following so closely upon his ringing declaration.

Be Sure Not To Miss

"Thistledown"

By Dana Gatlin

in the

April Motion Picture Magazine

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FROM the little province of Barcelona in Spain, we bring you the master works of gemcraft in Pearls of Oriental splendor and luxury.

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IYAT illustrated with pictures from the film of Omar and our catalog.

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Across the Silversheet
(Continued from page 51)

the Children of Israel from their land of bondage. And the chariot race when Pharaoh regrets his dismissal of his slaves and orders his hordes to follow, is something which leaves you breathless. These scenes, reproduced in beautiful colors, and charged with swift action, we will remember as one of the most thrilling sights we have ever seen.

Next comes the pillar of fire in a graphic exhibition. And then, before your incredulous eyes, the tossing surface of the Red Sea rolls back into two huge walls of water so that Moses and his train of persecuted believers may pass thru. The chariots of the Pharaoh following are destroyed when the waters roll back in what appears an angry resentment. And your reaction to this is what your reaction would be when a miracle transpired before your unsuspecting eyes.

There will be all sorts of guesses and explanations as to how this photographic feat was engineered. Magazines will print different articles, purporting to be the actual manner in which this was executed. But we, for one, are content not to know but to accept this as a promise of the many awe-inspiring sights which the camera holds within its mysterious recesses ... and which the cinematographer will, from time to time, unearth.

Moses on the mount when the Lord delivers unto him the ten commandments is another sight which is inspiring and amazing. And Theodore Roberts is a noble and picturesque Moses.

If the performance of this actor can be criticized, it is for a lack of the fire which this character must have possessed in great quantity in order to stir up his people from their pleasure-loving life and bring them to his God.

Charles de Rochefort impressed us enormously as Ramses. He was the cold and inhuman man which the Pharaoh must have been. And we also have the highest praise for Estelle Taylor as the dark and human Miriam.

For the modern part of the story ... which might have been directed by another man it is so different in every way, we have, in comparison, small praise. It is the melodramatic story of two brothers ... one a God-fearing man and the other that type who gains the whole world and loses his soul.

Richard Dix was human as the God-fearing brother, and for this he deserves praise, inasmuch as such a role is difficult to handle in any masculine way. Leatrice Joy as the wife of the worldly brother, but beloved by both, gives a portrayal which she has colored more interestingly than anything else we have seen her do.

Edith Chapman was the inhibited and religious mother, and well chosen for her repressed role. But to Rod La Rocque as the second brother, goes much of the praise we have to offer this second part of the story.

He gives a vital and unaffected characterization of the man he is supposed to be. And if stars were being made in the way they were a few years ago, Mr. La Rocque, today would be deciding which contract to accept from the sources which would be tendered him. Nita Naldi is, of course, the disrupting feminine influence in whose veins the blood of the French and Chinese mingle ... and
whose voluptuous flesh is marked with the stain of a leper.

We admit frankly that we cannot weigh the second episode of "The Ten Commandments" without prejudice. For, coming after the epic first episode, it found us completely forgetting our presence as a critic and enjoying Mr. De Mille's production with all the zest and enthusiasm of a layman.

Once again human nature does the unexpected. For just when the humorists were finding in the De Mille tales of distorted society life ample material for their somewhat mordant jesting, he comes forth and blazes his name on the roster of the great.

Tiger Rose

For a long time, Lenore Ulric played the title-role in the Broadway production of "Tiger Rose," under the David Belasco management. Speculators found "Tiger Rose" tickets excellent investments. It was always one of the plays visitors from out of town put upon their lists. And New York its blasé self sought admission. Soon after month "Tiger Rose" played to capacity houses. It didn't seem to matter that it had nothing new or startling to offer. It held its own ... and more than that ... with the risqué plays, the profound plays, and the new-art plays in neighboring houses.

So much in preface ...

Now "Tiger Rose" has come to the screen with its suspense ..., its picturesque Mounted Police ..., its Canadian snows ..., and its original impetuous and naive heroine. And the screen, a glorious teller of tales, takes the story for its own.

Because the suspense of this production is almost entirely dependent upon the story action, it would be unfair to you to give any résumé, however slight, of the dramatic events.

Of all the cast, including the star, it was Claude Gillingwater who impressed us most. If we hadn't consulted our program we wouldn't have recognized the crotchety old Grandfather of Mary Pickford's "Little Lord Fauntleroy" ... or the kind and pathetic sea-captain of Jackie's "My Boy." For he is not Mr. Gillingwater as the Scotch factor; he is the Scotch factor. And Mr. Gillingwater is completely eradicated.

Lenore Ulric is richer a stage than on the screen. Now that we have seen her here, we realize just how much additional emotion her warm, rushing voice stimulates in her audience. However, you will perhaps fall captive to her shadowy Rose if you haven't known the spell of her stage-presence.

The hero looks exactly like a screen hero ... but hardly like any man you know. We couldn't imagine loving him that ardently. He wasn't either perfect or imperfect enough to warrant it. However, that may have been our personal lack.

Forrest Stanley does not at all agree with our idea of a captain of the North-west Mounted Police. However, he is a handsome Irishman and infinitely preferable, to our notion, to the real hero. Another thing that jars our sense of the eternal fitness of things is the fact that he does not get his man.

If you're on a plane where you are interested only in the subtly satirical, the artistically profound or the psychological ... and have forgotten the pleasure you once knew in your story-books, "Tiger Rose" won't interest you. But we're confident that ninety-nine and three-fourths per cent of the population will be interested in the heroic girl saving her lover from the relentless and mercilessly unromantic Law.

For a long time the stage production of "Tiger Rose" more than held its own with the risqué, the profound and the new-art plays in the New York theaters. It had nothing new or startling to offer, but that didn't seem to matter. And now it has come to the screen with Lenore Ulric again in the title rôle. It makes an interesting film.
March winds cannot blow off this Rouge

PERT Rouge gives a natural, velvety rosy look that lasts until you remove it with cold cream or soap and water. Unaffected by rain, snow, wind or constant powdering. Pert has a light, fluffy, cream base which is instantly absorbed by the skin, thus protecting it against the formation of enlarged pores.

At Last—a Pert Waterproof Lipstick to match your Pert Rouge. Made with wholesome oil of sweet almonds. Rouge and Lipstick obtainable at drug or department stores or by mail. 75c each.

Write today for samples of Pert Rouge and of Wine for darkening the lashes. Samples are sent free. Envelope Coins. ROSS COMPANY 243-B West 17th St. New York

Comment on Other Productions
(Continued from page 55)

The picture is weak in its humor; it shows little variety of scene—and it is told in a slow, methodical manner. The modern scenes are out of character—what with their gay philanderings. The players have not been wisely chosen. Ethel Shannon is not the wistful, romantic little creature that Peggy Wood made her on the stage—tho she strives to appear duly sentimental. No one of them have much opportunity to express any emotions. So we have pretty and heroic postures.

STEPS OUT

It is fortunate that in bringing the younger Fairbanks to the screen to make his debut, his sponsors had the foresight to entrust him with a likely story of an American youth who frolicks about in typical boyish fashion—trying to find expression—and developing his character at the same time. Hoots, hollers, possesses a pleasing screen personality. And he has a definite appeal. We rather like his modesty—in that he seems to realize that he is only a boy. And Pert having too hard to please—he scores easily and surely. Yet with this auspicious beginning, he will appear no longer under the Paramount banner. Who in rather isolation to understand—because he plays his role with creditable abandon—and is certainly the only disciple of youth we have, now that Jack Pickford has matured.

The story is mostly a conflict the hero has with his professor. He is flunked by a teacher who isn't afraid of the power of wealth. So he gets into some escapades—and succeeds in showing his history professor that he is made of the right stuff. It is a clean little comedy—drama, natural and unpretentious—and capitably sketched by Theodore Roberts.

THE VIRGINIAN

This story still wears well. Having been adapted for the screen—we pause to see if it still is able to sustain our interest. That it does is due to an excellent treatment of the plot and character development. Westerns may come and go, but Owen Wister's tale of love and cattle-rustling in the cow country will endure because it is rich in adventure, romance and atmosphere—and is not sketched with holism. This new screen version follows the original in all its salient points. It doesn't indicate much humor, altho the outstanding bit of mirth in the book—the exchange of the babies at the hussing bee—is flashed and it carries a spark. The characterization is real.

The lackadaisical cowboy, who looks indifferently upon love—who is deat to the plea of the girl to up killin' men, is portrayed as Wister wrote him. There is a vital note of pathos when he is forced to hang his best friend. The incident may appear old and the denouement may be anticipated, but it keeps the interest alert—because it is treated so naturally—without any suggestion of melodramatics. The background are impressive. It has one fault, however. It is told with too much emphasis—with the result that the action and incident often become tiresome.

THE MAIL MAN

It was to be expected that the mail man would have the view of the fact the policeman, the fireman and the street cleaner have preceded him. If the idea is kept alive—of showing the men who give us service and protection, we will
soon have the treat of saying “Hello!” to the milkman, the janitor, the baker and the candlestick maker.

The story which involves these characters is always the same. The protagonist here might as well be called a fireman or an engineer in so far as the theme is concerned. We are shown how the postman lives and of his devotion to his duty. It is served up as before melodrama—dealing in several of its scenes with fights and rescues at sea—when a derelict craft would hold up a mail ship. It is as lively as it is obvious—and offers some propaganda for Uncle Sam’s carriers.

**FLAMING YOUTH**

This picture has been made with all the pretentions which record success at the box-office. Being an adaptation of a sensation novel—set in the 13th Century—it is to—see if possible emotional “kicks” it might furnish. But it has been treated with discretion. It tries hard to be literary without being artificial—as it has been excellently staged with an eye upon its opulent appeal. There must needs be a disrobing scene at the end. No! the film is complete without it. Here the little butterfly emerges from her chrysalis, eager to live and learn. But lack of her wild impulses is in common sense. The picture will interest because of its settings and the extremely colorful acting by Colleen Moore. It is not so explosive as the last firework, merely sputtering. They have been depotted in the bathing pool.

**THE LOVE BANDIT**

Shades of the hectic gallery days when we hussed and dressed the hero! Look you toward a reproduction of an old Charles E. Blaney thriller—and look you toward Cecil Spooner who was used to be associated with the old timers. She is in the cast. It is a melodrama of the lumber camps and New York. But before the hero wins the beautiful heroine and makes the bad man bit the dust, take note of the dash from the bridge into the rapids to save the girl, the kidnapping of the heroine’s wife, the thrilling escape of a burlesque dancer and the girl thrown thru a hole in the roof to a neighboring tree, to the ground, to horseback, to a-floating log, to the old mill (the old mill!—yes we repeat it就此以来 until the wrongs are righted and love stalks back in the picture. We will state that the girl is saved from the revolving saw in the old mill—saved barrel in the nick of time.

It’s old-fashioned—and we hear that other films will be pictured. We welcome them as old friends. If we must have raw and ripe melodrama—let us have it served up as it was in the old days. It offers a lot of fun to see just what entertained the old folks in a day when Dad saved the picturesque of Della Fox; et al., that came in the boxes of “sweet caps.”

**BOY OF Mine**

This is another “Penrod and Sam,” written by Booth Tarkington—who, above all other writers, is able to catch accurately and surely the psychology of the childish mind. He has drawn the capers of a real boy who is understood by his mother, but who is a problem to his father. That’s like—isn’t it? It is simple in plot and treatment—a sketch peopled by figures perfectly comprehensible to all. One may miss the effervescent, spontaneous humor of “Penrod and Sam,” but on the other hand, one may stay to enjoy the fancies and impressions—the childhood tragedies—so unimportant to the matured—and of this youngster.
WHO CAN RESIST THIS REMARKABLE BARGAIN

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Samuel Goldwyn's Book
"BEHIND THE SCREEN"
Regular Price $2.50

and
12 Big Issues of the
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
Regular Price $2.50

"Hot Dogs" versus lobster, quail or turkey—which would you take? "No matter what Fanny Ward served her guests at dinner—lobster, quail or turkey, she herself invariably ate frankfurters." Furthermore Charlie Chaplin liked a mob scene of hot dogs. This is rather a personal thing to tell about a famous movie star, but beside some of the secrets told by Samuel Goldwyn in his new book, "Behind the Screen," the above quotation is tame indeed.

Nine years ago Samuel Goldwyn was a glove salesman. Today he is at the head of the big producing company which bears his name. When Goldwyn started, two-reel feature pictures were the vogue. It was through his efforts that longer and better pictures were made. He has grown up with the industry—the industry has grown up with him. And now he has written a book that is a "knock out." There's no other expression that fits it.

Everyone Should Read
"BEHIND THE SCREEN"

"Behind the Screen" is too wonderful a book for another set of printed words to do it justice. Once in your possession you will "burn midnight oil" in order to finish it—and then you'll want your friends to read it. First you laugh—then you cry—and then your eyes nearly pop out of your head while you say to yourself "can that be true?"

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"Which makes you feel the passions of the characters. He indicates by true expressions the exact natures of these figures. Not a detail is wasted—and if much of the early action carries too much plot—this courtroom scene is ample compensation. The story is worth producing on that account alone. Unfortunately, the director has not been able to bring out the spiritual quality because the principal players appear incapable of living the characters deeply."

DAVID COPPERFIELD

It isn't easy to recite the majority of Dickens' stories upon the screen. The author embellishes his simple little character studies with so much detail—that picking out the vital parts of his tales calls for considerable skill. A vast array of characters appear—which also is something of a task for the adapter to assemble the most vital of them. Fortunately this best story of Dickens has been excellently adapted and directed. A Danish importation, it indicates that the Scandinavians may be trusted with any novel. The picture often becomes tedious—which is due to the even sing-song development of the simple plot. But in its favor is a rich background of atmosphere—some clever sets and a very fine cast which has been selected which fits each figure with the single exception of the player who interpreted Uriah Heep. We are truly interested in this film, as there is nothing of surging drama in the story. The spirit and atmosphere of the original have been captured by the sponsors. Lovers of the novels need feel no alarm over this presentation.

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The titles are illuminating, in their pointed humor—and the interpretation is perfectly intelligible. Indeed Ernest Truex capitalizes the same mannerisms which he employed on the stage. You may miss his voice—particularly when he says: "Everything is going to be all right," but his delicate pranks are easily registered. There is a charming background—of bungalow life—and the plot unfolds, showing this young couple living beyond their means—all because the wife is determined to have a car. Stepping on the gas—and driving and entertaining parasites, brings temporary disaster. But everything comes out all right. It is expertly acted by the star and three players from the original company. There is not a scene wasted, nor a subtitle. It is compact, spontaneous and highly diverting.

The Man From Brodnee's

Patterned after his favorite formula is George Barr McCutcheon's story which Vitagraph sent to the screen. It belongs to the well-known "Graustark" school—and nothing happens in its plot development to carry it away from the obvious. It features the customary heroic American whose love for adventure places him in several tight situations—before the marines arrive and save the good, old flag.

The unusual intrigue in the court of a mythical kingdom is involved in the early scenes. Our fearless hero resents the advances of a strutting puppet toward the fair princess—and he has to flee for diplomatic reasons—but only after he has a bit of duel with the native son. He wields a wicked cane—which is more deadly than his opponent's sword. Then the picture switches to some island retreat—and tries to register a deal of mystery. Lots of hokum here. There is a mighty fight in the climax when the natives, in their uprising, attempt to kill the brave American and English visitor.

This picture is old stuff—the kind of stuff which was popular five and twenty years ago. But it is well told and boils over with action. The biggest credit to the gentleman of the title is too much the actor. Every gesture—every move is a picture. He never once appears natural. Alice Calhoun makes a charming princess, but has little opportunity to act.

The Red Warning

There is a sagebrush background to this—a background carrying lofty mountain ranges in the rear and considerable atmosphere of the plains down front. It is stock melodrama and very much like the dime novel in flavor—and it presents the usual pursuit of the rustlers. The vigilantes organize into a white sheet brigade—an ideal story and they burn the danger signal on a towering hill. But it isn't a fiery cross. The riders assemble according to the Griffith plan in "The Birth of a Nation," and the kleagle is Jack Hoxie who dashes into town a stranger and stays to rout the bandits and to win the girl whose father has been killed by the gang. All the players are dressed correctly except the heroine. Her riding habit is more suggestive of a city's bridge-path.
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(Continued on page 120)
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THIS appealing fragrance—which distinguishes the entire group of fine Mai d'Or toiletries—is truly different—different because it possesses a thrilling something that no fragrance ever before possessed. And in its very difference is its power to attract. In its compelling appeal for others lies the secret that perfumers have sought for hundreds of years. The appeal of Mai d'Or marks the most important step in the history of perfume. What wonder then that its fascinating secret is carefully guarded behind the massive, mysterious door that only Vivaudou may enter. And what wonder that Mai d'Or toiletries more and more are preferred. To make them your own is to realize what distinction—what daintiness—what compelling charm is made possible for you in the phrase—"more than merely a fragrance."

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Thistledown
(Continued from page 31)

playing while the cat's away—what time will you be up?"

So that evening about eight the young heir of the Daggetts might have been seen escorting a young woman up the front steps of the imposing Daggett mansion. On the porcito she stopped, and said: "What would your grand friends think if they could see you now!—what would your sister think?"

If she thought to frighten him, she dId not succeed.

"It does not matter much what they think," he answered. "Come on, Dolly."

But she drew back. "No—I think it'd better not after all. I'm welcome here, I'm sneaking in—I'm not coming!"

He took her by the arm then, rather violently. "We are coming! It's my home—you don't have to sneak in my home!"

And he marched her to the door, opened it, and half-thrust her inside, ahead of him. "Well, what a grateful place!" murmured Dolly, whose breath had quickened; she got very busy gazing round the crimson vastness of the hall, and at the farther vistas of magnificence glimpsing thru the crimson-curtained doorways. "It's a bit too grand to suit me," said Hi. "But I've fixed up a cozy fire in the library—that's the homiest room in the house, not so bad—"

"I really dont think—" she began again, glancing round her and affecting timidity. But Hi once more took hold of her arm, with a gesture at once masterful and protectively gentle; and conducted her thru two somberly resplendent caverns of drawing-rooms, thru a turning inner hall, and into a big book-lined room, huge and dignified and shadowy, but where the curious leather chairs invited because they were shabby, and where the books and the open fire seemed to offer tacit companionship.

"This is nice!" exclaimed Dolly. "You might like it, built that fire myself," said Hi, looking vastly pleased.

A portrait above the fireplace caught Dolly's eye. "Is that your father?" she asked, with inflection.

"Yes, that is my father."

"You look like him, dont you?"

"So they say; I'm like him—in looks."

A slight significance in the inflection of that last caused the girl to ask: "You dont resemble him in other ways?"

"I hope not," shortly. Then he quickly ameliorated: "Oh, dad was a great old boy—but sons sometimes get a cross-eyed slant on their old men, I guess."

He laughed, and Dolly looked interestedly at the portrait; yes, it was very Hi grown old—the same strongly formed features—but could the fluid impenituousity of this youth ever crystallize into that other expression, dogmatic to hardness? She hoped not—but what expression would Hi's face be taking on with the years? Strong traits, the seeds of strength, may be a menace instead of a boon; and self-will and stubbornness and wrong-headed, reckless daring.

"Come, let's forget the portrait," young Hi was saying. "You and I are the only ones invited to this party."

He drew up one of the shabby leather chairs for her and then, when she was seated, gazed down with immense satisfaction. "Gee whiz, but that makes a nice picture—the fire going, and you sitting here with
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Waves the hair with every stroke! Every strand—every hair—is encouraged to curl as it ripples through the waving rows of bristles in this scientifically formed brush!

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walked toward the inner hall when the voice was calling down a rear stairway.
"I thought I heard a woman," said Miss Julia's voice.
"It is a woman friend," said Hi.
"Then I'll be right down."
"You needn't bother, Julia." I'll be right down," forcefully. "As soon as I change into another wiggle."
Then Dolly, tho she was quaking—and for Hi's sake more than for her own—could not resist the imp of mischief that so often danced up within her. She herself moved toward the hall, in the face of Hi's alarmed expression; and tho he gestured at her imploringly she herself called out, in her sweetest tone:
"Dont bother to change for me, Miss Daggett—please dont bother!"
There came from above a muttered menny-hable which sounded unutterably like "Humph," followed by a rigidly authoritative: "I shall be right down."
Hi pulled Dolly back into the library.
"Now, you've done it!"
"Did you want me to run away, then?" with a dangerous spark in her eyes.
"No, but—oh, good Lord! It's you I'm thinking of. I'm used enough to her unpleasantness, but I don't want her to be impolite to you."
"I can stand it," said Dolly.
"You don't know Julia," bitterly. "I was sure she'd gone out. It was idiotic to take the risk. I'd give my right hand if I hadn't let you in for this fix."
Dolly felt honestly sorry for him, but couldn't forbear tormenting him a little further—and, perhaps, testing him a little further. She moved toward a window and pushed aside the heavy hangings.
"Perhaps I could jump out yet," she said. "Is it much of a drop?"
And then, to her chagrin, she heard not Hi's but Miss Julia's voice answering her:
"Yes, it's a matter of some five feet— I shouldn't advise jumping."
Turning sharply, Dolly saw a tall female figure in the doorway, majestically forbidding in a trailing robe: Miss Julia advanced, haughtily sweeping her robes, and added with a freezing significance:
"It's just as well, perhaps, I did not want to change," and her look was one a judge casts upon two guilty culprits.
Hi's air of trampled uncertainty would have been grotesque had it not been so pathetic; he tried to rally himself, and said, uncomfortably:
"This is my sister—Julia, let me present Miss Watt."
Dolly bowed, and Miss Julia frigidly inquired:
"Miss what?"
It was Dolly who quickly answered.
"Not What, Miss Daggett, but Watt—their sister!" she added, imploringly.
"Not Miss Watt or Miss Daggett—simply—Miss Julia."
"I'm sure I do not know," responded Miss Julia. "I never attend the Winter Garden."
"Miss Julia is a terrific high-brow, you know," interpolated Hi, striving for an easy, facetious smile which was a desperate grimace. Then he shot a mutely imploring glance at Julia, and Dolly, but the girl must have been blind, or mad, because she answered with that joyous recklessness:
"A high-brow—that must be wonder

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activities, Miss Daggett, I see your name so often in the Fairfield Bulletin." She had never visited of his; he was trying to
and, the other two had remained standing,
seated herself easily in the big chair at
the head. He moved toward her hastily,
but she sent an email so challenging
his perturbations as to bring him, also
albeit tentatively, into a chair; and to
cause him to say:
"Vind your name, Julia?"
"Thanks—I prefer to stand,"
Dolly proceeded, with her air of amiable
interest.

Young Hi's face assumed a feeble grin,
and he said: "There you are, Julia—
your noble, generous nature's being held up
to the light—"

"I half believe you're seething, Mr. Dag-
gett," said Dolly, viewing him reproach-
fully. "I don't think any man has a right
to belittle women and their impulses—
when he is so ignorant of his respect,
will say it, Mr. Daggett, and you needn't
kick me under the table."

"You seem to know more about my en-
terprises, Miss—er Watt, than I know
about yours."

"Mine are not so well worth knowing
about, perhaps," answered Dolly.

"Do you live in Fairfield?" the words
rapping out like the sound of a hammer.
"I can't imagine your being here—I haven't
lived here long," meekly.

"And what is the nature of your oc-
cupation, may I ask?"
It was not in his tone, as well as her
question, that brought Hi to his feet.

"Julia! I don't know whether you realize
you are insulting, I brought Miss
Watt as a guest to my house. Will you please—"

"I will ask whatever questions I please—"
in my house. I asked Miss Watt the
name of her occupation—she is un-
known, she is ashamed to answer it.
Presently I shall ask you where and how
you met her—likewise a simple and natural
question."

"We are not criminals on the witness-
stand," he began hotly; but Dolly inter-
rupted, rising from her chair.

"That is one, I have done nothing
wrong. And I'm willing and glad
to answer both your questions, Miss Dag-
gett—perhaps I can answer both in one:
your brother met me at Leon Thibaud's
inn, where I was waiting on table. But
I've left there now and am situated at the
cottage on the De Bossart place.

"The girl's meekness had vanished,
and her last hint of petulance; her eyes
weren't flashing, and her head was hold high like
a queen's. Young Hi gazed at her, spell-
held. There was a heavy hush; then
Miss Julia nodded her head elliptically.

"I thought as much," she said.
"I am making no apologies," said the
girl, still holding her head like a queen.
"This is too heavy a subject in having to
work for a living."

"No—nothing shameful in that," said
the other woman. Then she added, brat-
twisp:
"I believe young girls are quite re-
spectable, I believe."
Hi took a quick step forward, but the
girl waved him imperiously back and
addressed to the other woman, in a tone omin-
ously quiet:
"You presume to misjudge me?"

---

How I Became Popular

"They used to avoid me when I asked for a dance.
Some said they were tired, others had previous engage-
ments. Even the poorest dancers preferred to sit against
the wall rather than dance with me. But I didn't "wake
up" until a partner left me standing alone in the middle of
the floor."

"What about me, Julia?

"Thanks—I prefer to stand,"
Dolly proceeded, with her air of amiable
interest.

Young Hi's face assumed a feeble grin,
and he said: "There you are, Julia—
your noble, generous nature's being held up
to the light—"

"I half believe you're seething, Mr. Dag-
gett," said Dolly, viewing him reproach-
fully. "I don't think any man has a right
to belittle women and their impulses—
when he is so ignorant of his respect,
will say it, Mr. Daggett, and you needn't
kick me under the table."

"You seem to know more about my en-
terprises, Miss—er Watt, than I know
about yours."

"Mine are not so well worth knowing
about, perhaps," answered Dolly.

"Do you live in Fairfield?" the words
rapping out like the sound of a hammer.
"I can't imagine your being here—I haven't
lived here long," meekly.

"And what is the nature of your oc-
cupation, may I ask?"
It was not in his tone, as well as her
question, that brought Hi to his feet.

"Julia! I don't know whether you realize
you are insulting, I brought Miss
Watt as a guest to my house. Will you please—"

"I will ask whatever questions I please—"
in my house. I asked Miss Watt the
name of her occupation—she is un-
known, she is ashamed to answer it.
Presently I shall ask you where and how
you met her—likewise a simple and natural
question."

"We are not criminals on the witness-
stand," he began hotly; but Dolly inter-
rupted, rising from her chair.

"That is one, I have done nothing
wrong. And I'm willing and glad
to answer both your questions, Miss Dag-
gett—perhaps I can answer both in one:
your brother met me at Leon Thibaud's
inn, where I was waiting on table. But
I've left there now and am situated at the
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twisp:
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spectable, I believe."
Hi took a quick step forward, but the
girl waved him imperiously back and
addressed to the other woman, in a tone omin-
ously quiet:
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this reflection, and bounded quickly, resolutely, up the hill.

It was the first time he had penetrated so near the cottage—lights showed in the unhuddled windows at the front, and it was perhaps a natural impulse that slowed his steps as he passed those windows on his way to the door. And then what he had prepared for itself the most natural thing in the world to move closer to the window and peer within—an instinctively deliberate spy.

For he saw Dolly herself seated on a sofa, sitting there as easily as if she had a perfect right to entertain callers in the chief room, while, close beside her, sat her caller.

The man's looks were in harmony with that car parked below; he had a florid face and was going bald and was of stout build, he was dapperly tailored and sleekly groomed—a shade too dapper and too sleek, something about him called out that he didn't quite "belong"; and Hi, in his sudden dare, found time to recall the rumors of the "loud-looking" stranger who had visited the cottage's mysterious tenant.

But why wasn't the mistress receiving her visitor himself? Why was Dolly sitting there in that attitude of easy intimacy? Then a solution assailed him swiftly—of course—he had been a half-wit not to suspect it before—Dolly herself was the mysterious tenant.

Sarcely had this thought added itself to his jumble, and leaving him no time to ascertain whether it made him happier or unhappier, when developments within the room drove out his speculations and engrossed him utterly in rage and a sickness beyond comprehension.

The man had been leaning over Dolly, talking and gestuclating—suddenly he possessed himself of one of her hands. Hi seemed to feel the touch of that plump hand revoltingly against his own—but Dolly made no struggle, no demer. She was answering something, speaking earnestly, argumentatively, but let her hand be passively in his, it was the hand which wove the gleaming ring.

And then, as his gaze focused on that flash of fire, the fat man bent and laid his lips to her hand and to that ring!

*(To be continued next month)*

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The Answer Man
(Continued from page 78)
true value of friends. While they live, we are too sensitive of their faults; when we have lost them, we only see their virtues. Elliott Dower was playing in "Flaming Youth," and "By Divine Right." He was born in Houston, Texas.

Charles E., John Greenleaf Whittier was known as the Quaker poet. So you are in love with the Barrymore family. They sure can act. I think John Barrymore's is the finest work I have ever seen. Lion was married to Doris Rankin, but now he is married to Irene Fenwick, and she has a daughter, Elhel Barrymore's children are Ethel, Russell and John. Why the Lamb Club, New York.

Bozo.—No, don't go to church every Sunday, but I always believed what Emerson said: "A little consideration of what takes place around us every day, would show us that a higher law than that of our wills regulates events; that our painful labors are unnecessary and fruitless; that only in our easy, calm, spontaneous action are we strong, and by consenting ourselves with obedience we become divine." Yes, Marion Nixon was Dora in "Big Dan." Yes, I think she will send you her picture.

JACQUES, Oneida, Canada, is known as the Gibraltar of America. Cairo, Egypt, as the City of Victory. Sorry, but I haven't cast for "Little Women." Doris Kenyon in "Restless Wives." No, I haven't heard that Rex Ingram and his wife were going to play in a picture together. Will be done know I do.

MARIORIE D.—Egotism is suffering the private "I" to be too much in the public eye. Conrad Nagel is twenty-seven. Yes, I have cast him several times at the Algonquin. No, Rodolph Valentino has not been playing for the last year or so owing to a disagreement about his contract. He'll be back soon.

RUTH E.—No, I don't recommend coffee, it's poison, you know. But it does fill you full of pep temporarily. You remind me of what Dumas said: "The Bible says that woman is the last thing which God made. He must have made it Saturday night. It shows fatigue." No, William Jennings Bryan tells me that you might not know right now. I think Pola Negri will send you her picture. I should say Chaplin's "A Woman of Paris" did go big in New York. No, Dorothy Phillips is not playing—she recently lost her husband, Allen Holubar. MOVIE ADMIRER.—So am I. Douglas Fairbanks is forty. Address Alice Terry at Metro, 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal. Jean Acker was Mrs. Volintino the first. Ramon Novarro's name was Ramon Sambianyago. Do you blame him for changing? Los Angeles? Yes, it is the lunch-back and Patsy Ruth Miller was Esmeralda. Wesley Barry is fifteen. Address him at Warner Brothers, Los Angeles, Cal. Bebe Daniels is twenty-three and Lila Lee is at the Ince Studio, Culver City, Cal. Whew! Some questions, DINGA.—Yes, May Murray is with Metro.

C. AND JEAN.—Well, if you make a ministry of love, it will always be worth living. Gloria Swanson is twenty-six. She is five feet three, weighs 112 pounds and reddish brown hair and grey eyes. Guess again, I am not really Rodolph in disguise. No, girl, you have such long whiskers. Say it with whiskers. Thanks for the hairpin. I shall make good use of it. No, May McAvoy is not married yet.

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1117 PAG
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With apologies for the interested pre-supposition of Yours truly,
E. D. D., Redlands, Cal.

A letter from England with a decided point of view.

Dear Editor: May an English reader air his views?

Why is it no one ever writes the praises of Niles Welch? I think he is one of the finest juveniles on the stage and I have never forgotten him in "Stepping Out." I do wish he would do much more than he does.

I read in the December issue that Baby Peggy was becoming a rival to Jackie Coogan—how absurd! I can't see Baby Peggy at all. She doesn't even show a suspicion of talent to my idea. But Jackie Coogan! There is talent with a big "T." I think he is wonderful. As a rule, I can't stand child stars, but I take my hat off to Jackie.

Why is it that small part people who are really good seem to get such small chances to show what they can do. The one I have in mind is Niles Sargent— in "Just Around the Corner"—he was remarkable. I know some will say "such stuff will always get away from me, so but it can be made to blend—but Lewis Sargent made it live—his Noah Claypole in "Oliver Twist"—lived—here is an artist going to great things. I hope some live producer will give him a chance.

By the way, I am a great Valentino fan—just as keen now as ever, but I think I.H. Reis of New York City was rather unkind in his or her remarks about Ramon Novarro— for he is not a Valentino by any means; he is very good, tho. I do hope Rudy will be "Romys." Just a few remarks about photographs. I sent thirty-five cents to a well-known leading man for his photograph (I had previously written before that), that was nearly twelve months ago. I am still waiting—I am not foolish enough to let this prejudice me against his work, but it is very annoying.

On the other hand I have had such nice letters and photographs from others—Mary Pickford, Nola Constance, Talmadge, Flower Vidor, Frisellia Dean, and one or two more and such a nice one from poor Wally Reid. I should like to hear from American fans.

Yours truly,

Ray, Dustin Farnum and like celebrities, is giving "Here Goes the Bride," for Keith, and even Larry Samson is planning to burst into vaudeville. Bert Lytell, we are told, made a distinct hit with his vaudeville act, "The Valiant," Theodore Roberts, John and Lionel Barrymore, Nazimova, Petrova are about dividing the musical comedy screen, but there are so many of them who could go on endlessly.

Johnston McCulley, who wrote "The Mark of Zorro" for Douglas Fairbanks, has now provided an original story for Hoot Gibson, Universal's familiar cow-boy hero. Hoot will play the lead as the Cocopah Kid, the good-bad-man.
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If you can use $5—$10—$50 or $100 extra each month, we want you to write to us, for perhaps you are the one we are looking for. Representatives are wanted at once to collect renewals and solicit new subscriptions for the Motion Picture Magazine, CLASSIC and BEAUTY. And we stand ready to pay you liberally for either spare time or full time work.

In our booklet entitled "The Open Road to an Independent Income" will be found particular details of the work we have to offer you and examples of the progress others are making. This booklet will be sent to you absolutely free. Are you interested in having more money? Then fill in and mail the coupon below today.

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For you who want a superlative cigarette

here's the world's finest—at 20 for 30¢

Try them tonight for your Luxury Hour

—that easy chair hour when every man feels entitled to life's best

PALL MALL Specials
New size—plain ends only
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No change in size or price of PALL MALL Regulars
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Have you been on domestic brands so long that you've forgotten how good a cigarette can taste? A real Turkish cigarette that is blended from the finest Oriental tobaccos!

Take the famous red box home with you tonight, and after your coffee, when you've snuggled down in your easy chair to read, relax or chat—light up a real Pall Mall.

As the rich gray smoke curls from your lips, you'll wonder why you've ever denied yourself the luxury of these superfine Turkish cigarettes. It's the only smoke for the Luxury Hour—that treasured hour after the day's work, when a man's in the mood for Life's best.

And once you've tried Pall Malls for your Luxury Hour, you'll soon be smoking them exclusively for all hours.

You can enjoy Pall Mall, too, without strain on your pocketbook. For they come now in a special new size—20 cigarettes for 30¢. (Plain ends only.) Cork tips remain in the old size, at old price.

20 for 30¢

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EVEN more alluring than the visible charm of features, dress or manner is the invisible charm of perfume—when the perfume has been chosen, not merely for its fragrance, but because it breathes your own personality.

Florent, an exquisite bouquet fragrance, harmonizes with widely varying types of beauty—seeming to change its individuality with each wearer. And there are many other lovely Colgate scents from which to choose.

The famous Colgate Perfume Test shows you how to choose your perfume so that it will be a true expression of your own inner loveliness. For full instructions and materials for making the test, including three miniature vials of perfumes, send a two-cent stamp and your name and address to Colgate & Co., Dept. 14, 199 Fulton Street, New York City.
THE COMPLETE MANICURE

Send 12c for Special Introductory Set

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 3, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

Cutex Liquid Polish

Now another convenience for the smart woman’s manicure has been perfected by the makers of Cutex. A liquid polish with all the features the fastidious woman has wished for.

- Won’t dry in ridges
- Lasts a whole week
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- Gives a brilliance water won’t hurt
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Cutex Liquid Polish is just thin enough to spread evenly so the nails never look thickened or varnished. The brush holds just enough polish for one nail. When it is time for a fresh manicure the nails are still rosy, smooth and bright. You can get it at any drug or department store for 35c, or in the $1.00 and $3.00 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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Do You Resemble a Movie Star?

Read the symposium article in this issue telling whether not such resemblances help a beginner in the studios
What's Become of the "Homely" Girl?

Artists and beauty authorities say she is disappearing

Everywhere women and girls are learning to make the most of their looks.
Evidence of this is all about you. Adorable complexions, fresh and enticing, wherever your eyes turn. The homely girl is of a passing day. Artists and beauty authorities agree to this.
The modern woman knows how easy it is to have the charm of lovely skin, and no one can be "homely" who has it.

The simple secret
Skin gently but thoroughly cleansed—once every day—keeps its glowing youthfulness, its prettiness.
But pay attention to gently. Harsh cleansing hurts your skin, mars it, just as surely as the dirt it removes.
Palm and olive oils are the gentlest skin cleansers science knows. They have been used by beautiful women since the dawn of history.

Today women who keep complexion beauty, women who are admired, use these rare oils, perfectly blended, in their modern form—Palmolive Soap.
Wash thoroughly with Palmolive—massage the skin thoroughly with its gentle, soothing lather. Rinse the face. Then, finally, rinse thoroughly in cold water. If your skin is dry, apply a bit of good cold cream. Do this regularly and particularly at night before retiring.

Simple as it is, it is the most effective beauty treatment you can use.

Beauty remains
Skin thus cared for is not injured by dirt and grime, nor by the use of powders, or rouge.
And that soft, clear beauty of schoolgirl days does not disappear with passing years. Start with Palmolive today—it costs but 10c a cake. You will not wait long to see results that astonish and delight.

Palm and olive oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.
Note carefully the name and wrapper. Palmolive Soap is never sold unwrapped.

Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for only 10c
LAST call! This is positively your final chance to secure through these pages the complete, original $3.50 edition of the famous two-volume Book of Etiquette at the special bargain price of only $1.98.

Half a million men and women have paid the full publishing price of $3.50 for these two helpful volumes. Almost as many have taken advantage of the $1.98 bargain price. Now we are offering you for the last time—the original, complete $3.50 edition of the famous Book of Etiquette for only $1.98 during the life of this announcement. You must act NOW.

You have always wanted to own the famous Book of Etiquette. You have always wanted to have in your home the two remarkable books that solve every social problem, that protect from embarrassment, that prevent impulsive blunders. Here is your opportunity—your last opportunity—to secure the original $3.50 edition for practically half. Are you going to let the chance slip by?

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Why wonder when you can know? Why hesitate when you can be certain? Why be embarrassed and uncomfortable when you can be thoroughly at ease? Let the Book of Etiquette be your silent advisor. Let it tell you when to entertain and how. Let it tell you what to do, what to say, on every occasion of social uncertainty. Let it give you poise, ease, dignity, self-confidence.

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Thousands of people will take advantage of this last great opportunity—and you are urged to act promptly. When the present edition is exhausted it will not be reprinted. You must act at once, NOW.

No money is necessary. Just clip and mail the special coupon. But be sure to mail it at once, while you are thinking of it. Remember—this edition will never be offered in these pages at $1.98 again. This is the very last time!
If it's a Paramount Picture
it's the best show in town!

You have discovered by now that this is more than a slogan—that it means just what it says!

There are more good pictures today than ever before and Paramount welcomes them!

The more people there are who know good pictures, the more people there are who prefer Paramount.

Individual Paramount Pictures, such as James Cruze’s “The Covered Wagon” and Cecil B. DeMille’s “The Ten Commandments” may add a special lustre to Paramount’s fame, but a far prouder achievement is that today all America looks to Paramount as the largest perpetual supply of the finest screen entertainment.

Current Releases

Zane Grey’s

"THE CALL OF THE CANYON"
With Richard Dix, Lois Wilson and Marjorie Daw
Supported by Noah Beery, Ricardo Cortez and Fred Huntley. Written for the screen by Doris Schroeder and Edfrid Bingham. Directed by Victor Fleming.

"TO THE LADIES"

"BIG BROTHER"
By Rex Beach
An Allan Dwan Production with Tom Moore, Raymond Hatton and Edith Roberts. Written for the screen by Paul Osborn.

"FLAMING BARRIERS"
A George Melford Production with Jacqueline Logan, Antonio Moreno and Walter Harris. By Byron Haskin. Written for the screen by Harvey Thew.

"DON’T CALL IT LOVE!"
A William deMille Production with Agnes Ayres, Jack Holt, Nina Nahl, Theodore Kosloff and Rod La Rocque. Screen play by Clara Beranger. From the novel "Rita Coetvy" by Julian Street and play by Hubert Osborne.

GLORIA SWANSON in
"THE HUMMING BIRD"
A Sidney Olcott Production. From the play by Maude Fulton. Written for the screen by Forrest Hallay.

"THE HERITAGE OF THE DESERT"
By Zane Grey
An Irving Willard Production with Bebe Daniels, Ernest Torrence, Noah Beery and Lloyd Hughes. Written for the screen by Albert Selle Le Vino.

GLENN HUNTER in
"WEST OF THE WATER TOWER"

Kate Jordan's
"THE NEXT CORNER"
A Sam Wood Production with Conway Tearle, Lon Chaney, Dorothy Mackaill, Ricardo Cortez and Louise Dresser. From the novel and play by Kate Jordan. Written for the screen by Monte Katterjohn.

POLA NEGRE in
"SHADOWS OF PARIS"
A Herbert Brenon Production. Supported by Adolphe Menjou, Charles de Rochefeuille and Henry Gordon. Adapted by Fred Jackson from the play by Andre Picard and Francis Carco. Written for the screen by Eve Unsell.

THOMAS MEGHAN in
"PIED PIPER MALONE"
By Booth Tarkington. Written for the screen by Tom Geraghty. Directed by Alfred E. Green.

"THE STRANGER"

WM. S. HART in "SINGER JIM McKEE"
Supported by Phyllis Haver, A William S. Hart Production.

"ICE BOUND"
A William deMille Production of the Pulitzer prise play by Owen Davis. Screen Play by Clara Bingham.

CECIL B. DEMLLE'S PRODUCTION "TRIUMPH"
With Leatrice Joy and Rod La Rocque. By May Edgerton. Adaptation by Jeanne Macpherson.
The May Motion Picture Magazine

Movie Stars and the Income Tax. This special story which gives all manner of intimate and heretofore unpublished details is one of the most interesting articles we have ever printed. You'll be amazed at some of the deductions the stars are permitted to make from their grand totals. Their School Days was gleaned from an erstwhile high-school teacher of several of the stars. . . . How Do You Talk About Books is what one get-rich-quick star asked a professor of literature. The story of this young celebrity's inflation will fascinate you.
Waist and Hips Reduced in Ten Seconds With New Kind of Girdle


Look Thin While Getting Thin

Look More Slender At Once!

Think of it—no more protruding abdomen—no more heavy bulging hips. By means of this new invention, known as the Madame X Reducing Girdle, you can look more slender immediately! You don't have to wait until the fat is gone in order to appear slim and youthful! You actually look thin while getting thin! It ends forever the need for stiff corsets and gives you with comfort, Fashion's straight boyish lines!

Actually Reduces Fat

The Madame X Reducing Girdle is different from anything else you've seen or tried—far different from ordinary special corsets or other reducing methods. It does not merely draw in your waist and make you appear more slim; it actually takes off the fat, gently but surely!

The Madame X Reducing Girdle is built upon scientific massage principles which have caused reductions of 5, 10, 20 even 40 pounds. It is made of the most resilient rubber—especially designed for reducing purposes—and is worn over the underwear. Gives you the same slim appearance as a regular corset without the stiff appearance and without any discomfort. Fits as snugly as a kid glove—has garters attached—and so constructed that it touches and gently massages every portion of the surface continually! The constant massage causes a more vigorous circulation of the blood, not only through these parts, but throughout the entire body! Particularly around the abdomen and hips, this gentle massage is so effective that it often brings about a remarkable reduction in weight in the first few days.

Those who have worn it say you feel like a new person when you put on the Madame X Reducing Girdle. You'll look better and feel better. You'll be surprised how quickly you'll be able to walk, dance, climb, indulge in outdoor sports.

Many say it is fine for constipation which is often present in people inclined to be stout.

For besides driving away excess flesh the Madame X Reducing Girdle supports the muscles of the back and sides, thus preventing fatigue, helps hold in proper place the internal organs which are often misplaced in stout people—and this brings renewed vitality and aids the vital organs to function normally again.

Free Booklet Tells All

You can't appreciate how marvelous the Madame X Reducing Girdle really is until you have a complete description of it. Send no money in advance—just mail the coupon below and learn all about this easy and pleasant way of becoming fashionably slender. Mail the coupon now and you'll get a full description of the Madame X Reducing Girdle and our reduced price, special trial offer.

Thompson Barlow Co., Inc.
Dept. G-154, 404 Fourth Avenue
New York

Please send me, without obligation, free description of the Madame X Reducing Girdle and also details of your special reduced price offer.

Name. ..........................................................
Address. ......................................................
City. .......................................................... State.
25-Year Guaranteed
14-Karat Gold
Strata Vanity

This lovely little case is 25-year guaranteed gold strata. It is a permanent and beautiful piece of jewelry. It will be a charming and useful accessory for years.

Also in genuine solid Sterling Silver with the sheen of White Gold.

PARISIAN women of fashion discovered the amazing convenience and chic of these exquisite little round vanities. They found that the Zara Golden Vanity, worn on the wrist like a watch, was an essential accessory for the really well-groomed woman. Purses and pockets could be fashionably flat when it was no longer necessary to carry a bothersome, old-fashioned, fat powder case.

Of course, you, too, will want one of these lovely pieces of jewelry. They are suitable for every occasion and appropriate with every costume. Shopping, motoring, dancing—in your most swagger sport suit or ruffy party frock—it is so delightful always to have your Zara Golden Vanity with you. And you need never fear a shiny nose. In just a second, you can open the little round case and powder your nose with the diminutive, satin puff.

Send Coupon
Without Any Money

The coupon brings this Zara Golden Wrist Vanity—a masterpiece of the goldsmith's art. It is as beautifully constructed and finished as a high grade watch. It is a piece of jewelry that the most discriminating of women would be proud to wear. It is every bit as attractive in appearance as it is convenient to use.

You may select your Zara Golden Vanity in the popular green gold or in genuine sterling silver. Every case whether Gold Strata or Genuine Solid Silver carries our 25-year guarantee. The case contains a tiny cake of powder delicately scented with one of the smartest of this season's perfumes, a fine quality magnifying mirror and a dainty little puff. All for only $2.89. There is no additional charge for the trim, black, grosgrain wrist band or for the carved clasp in sterling silver or green gold to match the case.

Special Offer

To introduce the Zara Golden Vanity, a special offer of only $2.89 is made for a limited time. This is a remarkable opportunity. Just send the coupon. When the postman delivers your Vanity, pay him the $2.89 and a few cents postage. Order your adorable little Vanity at this special price.

Send Coupon TODAY

(If you live in Canada send post office or express order.
No C.O.D. orders accepted from Canada or other Foreign Countries.

Zaravan Company, Dept. 12-64, 311 River Street
Chicago, Ill.

Mail This Coupon!

Zaravan Company, Dept. 12-64, 311 River St., Chicago, Ill.

Will you please send me a 25-year guaranteed, Zara Vanity in the finish indicated below. I will pay the postman $2.89 and postage when it arrives.
(Please check finish desired)

Sterling Silver  
Green Gold  

Name
Address
City    State

If there is likely to be no one at home when the Vanity arrives or if you live in Canada please enclose post office or express order for $2.89. When you do this we pay the postage.
Use the Mellin’s Food Method of Milk Modification for Your Baby
In the Words of a Wise Movie Magnate

We never make our apologies and slip away after the demi-tasse at the press-luncheons where Richard A. Rowland, the president of the First National Pictures, is a speaker. For Mr. Rowland is one of those rare souls with the faculty of saying something well worth hearing. A particularly pertinent and interesting observation which he made not so long ago brings us to this editorial page wherein we endeavor to bring our readers' attention to the salient points in cinematic conditions month after month.

Mr. Rowland believes that every story should be adequately produced . . . indeed, that it should be very well produced. But he doesn't believe there is any excuse for the producers who inject lavish and extravagant episodes into a story when they are beside the dramatic point . . . simply for the sake of making it a bigger production.

A good story well told pictorially is a good motion picture. That's that. And the most poignant dramas remembered in literature may, in the great majority of instances, be portrayed without ostentation. Because some mother's son, in illustration of this point, enjoys high life, it is not at all necessary to have a flash-back of a spectacular Roman orgy. Yet how many instances of this kind could be enumerated. They are without number!

For some unaccountable reason many of the motion picture directors and producers firmly believe that their productions will find a readier market if they are enhanced by this sort of thing. Some day they will awaken to the simple fact that what the public does want is more intelligent treatment of theme and less flagrant display.

We endorse this belief of Richard A. Rowland's.
Poudres de Luxe
L.T. PIVÉR
Paris, France
(Fondée En 1774)

These are the Poudres that French Women Use—
And You know what that means!

More French women buy PIVER’S Poudres de Luxe than any other kind. They prefer them to all else that Paris offers because they are so exquisitely soft and clinging. You’ll understand if you have felt them just once on your face. And they come in such sweet shades! Of course, this perfection in poudres is possible because PIVER has made them for a century and a half.

Perhaps it is also for the exquisite parfums that French women love PIVER poudres best. Do you know the haunting blend of rose and jasmin that is AZUREA? And now it’s Spring, don’t you want the Flowers of May that French women adore? FLORAMYE—a veritable bouquet of Spring herself—heliotrope, jasmin, violet, and rose; LE TREFLE INCARNAT—expressing the freshness of sweet clover and carnation; POMPEIA—an exotic symphony, subtly seductive.

You can have them, as well as the many other alluring PIVER fragrances, in the charming Poudres de Luxe at almost the trifling cost that the discriminating French women or your friends in Paris pay. Get one of them today at your favorite shop.

L.T. PIVÉR, INC.
110 EAST 16TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY
OA’S BAZÉ, Selling Agent for U.S.

Poudres & Rouges Compacts

This model, Gold finished PIVER cases
POUDRES—Three shades—Blanche, Rose, and Naturelle—$1.00 each
ROUGES—Two shades—BLONDE—a soft Orange and BRUNE—a lovely deep Brown for allcomplexions. 95c. each

REFILLS in Poudres and Rouges, 40c. each
A few years ago Marie Prevost forsook the art of a bathing girl. And today, after a varied and often discouraging dramatic training, she enjoys high repute in Hollywood. She is a prophet in her own country. For Ernst Lubitsch, who cast her prominently in his "The Marriage Circle," proclaims her one of the greatest actresses he has ever known.
Huntley Gordon is the epitome of the gallant American man of affairs. He is a far hail from the languid Romeos who dedicate their days to love. However, his compounds are no less attractive... dependability and understanding are also the stuff of which romance is made. No wonder more and more casts find his name at the top... most recently the Rupert Hughes' production, "True as Steel"
When you ask people who have sojourned in Hollywood whom they liked best, they invariably include Enid Bennett in their list . . . frequently speaking of her as Mrs. Nible. She's that sort. Her popularity is not born of flamboyant gestures or exotic mannerisms. Nevertheless, in her conservative way, she has held her own while more striking personalities have appeared shortly to vanish again. "The Sea Hawk" occupies her attention at the present time.
Carol Dempster's friends will tell you that Carol dreams not of stellar honors on the screen but of an operatic career, for which she studies whenever she is not engaged with her screen work. But, in the meantime, David Wark Griffith has again selected her as his heroine. The film is the spectacle of "America," which has now occupied him for months.
Here Richard Barthelmess looks like nothing more than a determined and well-informed business man... and not particularly like a love-sick Romeo. And, after all, the former is what Dick often proves himself to be. All of which does not mean that we think he won't give the screen a Romeo which will rank with its finest portraits. Lillian Gish awaits him at Verona, Italy, in her Juliet robes.
This altogether charming camera study of Betty was taken during her professional stay in London ... before she returned to Hollywood, where romance now attends her, while her fiancé, Jimmie Cruze, anxiously waits for her to name The Day. The first picture Betty made after her return was "Strangers"
Anna May Wong symbolizes the eternal paradox of her ancient race. She reminds us of cruel and intricate intrigues, and at the same time, of crooned Chinese lullabies. She brings to the screen the rare comprehension and the mysterious colors of her ivory-skinned race... And Douglas Fairbanks insisted upon her in his cast for "The Thief of Bagdad"
RODOLPH VALENTINO

What can we say that is new about Rodolph Valentino? That we're glad peace between him and the Famous Players-Lasky has been effected, of course. And that his hundreds of friends, missing him thru the months of litigation, have not once forgotten him. Our mail bags prove it, without a doubt. Let them make haste with the release of his "Monsieur Beaucaire"
The Songs of Doris Kenyon

The Parting
The waters 'mid their lilies slept;
Wood-odors wrapt me, sweet
and wild;
Below, where trailing willows
wept,
A mirrored heaven smiled.
And as I watched the moveless tide,
Two birds met in the midmost blue
A morhent, touched, then circled wide
And from each other flew——
Flew far away, nor met again,
One winging east, one winging west;
And suddenly an ancient pain
Pierced my remembering breast.

Ghosts
It may be, ay, it may be, who can
tell?
That down these moss-grown crumbling bricks their feet
Still lightly fall, and round them, wild and sweet,
The perfume of the lilacs weaves its spell,
While the far ululations of a bell
Haunt the cool dusk with murmurs soft and sweet;
Ay, here upon this gray old garden seat
They listen to the thrush's ritornelle,
And while they watch the evening shadows fall,
They whisper the beloved names they knew,
Catch distant sounds borne thru the interval
'Twixt day and night—each dear, familiar clue
Leading them back, as fond, faint voices call,
And love breathes round them with the silvery dew.

Grotesquerie
Why is it that, after I have been with you, I see things
so strangely?
A boat in a mist at sea seems like a cloud that has grown
tired of hanging in the sky
And is resting on a wave.
A flash of scarlet berries—as tho my heart were held to
a mirror—
And were ready to be plucked——
Plucked by your hand, which seems gnarled with strength,
And yet clings to my mouth softly like nasturtium tendrils;
Is it that your mind is strange and affects me,
Or is it that I am startled by my own mind's reflection in
your eyes?

Links In a Chain
We two upon that mountain top alone,
While silence slept amid the lonely hills:
That tree of white,
That little blade of grass
in your white hand,
The bluebell in your hair,
the sky above,
Alike reflected in your limpid eyes;
That swallow skimming low into the West—
All this will I remember
and regret
When twilight came that we did lift our eyes
To see if Heaven held another gift.
A star.
You bound me first unto you by a look:
(Continued on page 84)
After Much Ado

Presenting New Camera Studies of the Hero and Heroine of the Much-Discussed "Ben Hur"

What will the motion picture people talk about? For the cast of "Ben-Hur" which was argued for months has eventually been decided. A hundred rumors have died. . . . George Walsh, the choice of June Mathis who discovered Valentino, you remember, is to be the hero. For, among other things, this hero must have the strength and skill to drive in a chariot race. . . . And the rôle of Esther brings Gertrude Olmstead to the cast.
The Virgin Queen

In "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," Clare Eames gives Queen Elizabeth her shadow being. And she brings to our memory those beautiful words with which Clemence Dane painted this great queen: "She grew old as an oak or a cliff or a cathedral grows old. There was no frailty of age in her."
Later, he sat at her feet and showed her pictures of his home, of his mother and father, of his dog, Pike. And the Lady stroked his fair head with fingers that were softer and tenderer than the moonlight had been the night he had first seen her.
Do You Resemble a Screen Star?

By

HELEN CARLISLE

Do you resemble some famous motion-picture star? Do your friends tell you that you’re certain to make a hit in the movies, because you look just like Mary Pickford, or Norma Talmadge, or Rodolph Valentino? Will your resemblance to some famous player aid or hinder you in attaining screen success? Will it necessarily affect your career at all?

Believing that many of our readers would be interested in knowing just what the leading producers, directors and casting directors of Hollywood studios have to say on this subject, Motion Picture Magazine has obtained from them honest, straightforward statements as to just how resemblance to a famous star may affect a beginner’s chances.

Thomas H. Ince, prominent producer, declares that “A resemblance to a star is a distinct liability to a screen aspirant.” Horace Williams, casting director for Mr. Ince, relates an instance, however, where a young actress who was fairly famous won her first opportunity before the camera because of her resemblance to a star.

Fred Niblo, one of the most noted directors, says that whereas physical resemblance to a star may prove a handicap, resemblance to type is a distinct asset. Cecil B. De Mille declares that “Facial and physical resemblance plays no part in casting a motion picture. What we search for are mental characteristics and eccentricities of movement in keeping with the particular character.”

It is interesting to note that some of our most prominent motion-picture players bear a remarkable resemblance to one another. Monte Blue and Rod La Rocque are frequently mistaken for each other, even in Hollywood where they both are so well known. Jack Mulhall might almost be taken for Eugene O’Brien’s twin brother. Zazu Pitts, despite her eccentric individuality, bears an unusual physical resemblance to Lillian Gish. Agnes Ayres and Alice Joyce, Barbara Bedford and Priscilla Dean, look remarkably alike.

Each of these players, too, has developed a distinct personality. And it is personality-individuality, that is invaluable to the young man or young woman who would win the favor of the film public.

Read what the men who are forever seeking new faces and new types for the great motion-picture producing companies, have to say on this subject on the next page.
According To:—

Thomas H. Ince: Producer

A RESEMBLANCE to a star is a distinct liability to a screen aspirant. The newcomer may get a head start of others of the unknown ranks who are seeking fame on the silversheet. The fact of a resemblance often brings immediate opportunity for "doubling" that seems an advantage. But the "double" takes the hard work while the star collects the glory and the pay-check of many ciphers.

"Something new" is the constant demand of the picture public. Stars come and go. Their names are in ascendancy for a brief period and then their brilliance wanes and they are consigned to the land of oblivion. The public has tired of them and turned its applause to the newcomer who brings the thrill of "something different."

Create a new type, new characterizations, new mannerisms of expressing, suggesting, repressing emotion, if you would win fame as a screen celebrity.

Frank Borzage: Director

RESEMBLANCE to a star will neither aid nor hinder the aspirant for screen honors. If the would-be screen player can act, has good luck in getting parts, and is able to sell himself or herself to directors, producers and, most important of all, to the public, no one will inquire particularly as to his or her resemblance to other stars.

Cecil B. De Mille: Director-General

of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation

I PERSONALLY have never signed an actor or an actress because he or she resembled a successful star. Facial or physical resemblance plays no part in casting a motion picture. What we search for are mental characteristics and eccentricities of movement in keeping with the particular character.

I know of only one instance where resemblance was a benefit to a player in securing a job of any importance. That was in a film where the leading man died in the middle of the production.

Horace Williams: Casting Director

for Ince Productions

O UT of the hundreds of girls who have had a real or fancied resemblance to a star, I have known only one case where the beginner was benefited. That was Doris May. We were looking for a double for Miss Pickford in "The Little American." Doris came in at the psychological moment made up to look like her. She got the job. Other girls have doubled for stars, but they have stayed in the doubling business. Success comes to the beginner who is interesting on her own account.

I recall only one man who attempted to get a start on his resemblance to a star. That was a young chap who really looked like Wallie Reid. I have not seen him for a long time.

So, unless the future differs from the past in this matter, the answer of experience will have to be—NO.
According To:—

Fred Niblo: Director

RESEMBLANCE to feature and resemblance to type are two entirely different matters. I think a person with features resembling a motion-picture star is decidedly handicapped so far as having a screen career of his own goes. But one who resembles a popular picture type and has aspirations of becoming a cinema player is fortunate.

Take the Pickford, the Talmadge, the Valentino types. Any person desiring to gain prominence, or I might even say entrance to the screen, will find similarity to any one of those types greatly to his or her advantage.

The only solution I can offer for not accepting “doubles” of feature, is that the public rebels at imitations.

After all, the most essential thing is real acting ability. That together with resemblance to a popular type makes much toward success when the proper opportunity is presented.

Herbert Brenon: Director

RESEMBLANCE to famous players on the part of beginners has absolutely no effect upon their careers. It is ability that counts. The only resemblance that may count for anything is the successful imitation of the technique which made it possible for the famous player to succeed. That is one form of resemblance which need not be suppressed.

To my mind we have passed the day when physical charm—especially in a man—is of paramount importance in an artist’s success. I do not suppose that Ernest Torrence or Lon Chaney will be offended if I say that neither is an Apollo. Yet both of these players have achieved outstanding successes in the motion picture world.

Eric von Stroheim: Director

WHEN are copies ever so good as the original, with the possible exception of blocks of wood or such things? If the personal element enters, the difference is more apparent.

When newcomers to the screen attempt to sell themselves on the grounds of being like more prominent figures, it means only one thing. It means aping. And when was aping never disgustingly obvious and obviously disgusting.

Aspirants that are called images of someone else are killed thru the kindness of their “friends.” It is the meanest thing that can be said of a newcomer. It gives him nothing of his own.

Marshall Neilan: Director

NEWCOMERS must stand or fall on their own. Leaning on the flimsy support of a resemblance, however slight, to some star of high-powered magnitude presages a toppling over. Or being set against such insecure stanchions by so-called friends is as practical as attempting to prop them up on air.

Alan Crosland: Director

INDIVIDUALITY is much to be desired, and a distinct personality is imperative. You cannot combine individuality and resemblance. They are the oil and water of expression. A distinct personality and personation are not analogous.

Should an aspirant happen to resemble some star, however, he or she should be given full opportunity to develop individuality. Only by this, combined with a personality peculiar to himself or herself, will real success be won.

(Continued on page 79)
Hollywood Needs More Like Him

By

LUCILLE GORDON

the chill, gloomy little publicity office of the studio to meet me, and the first thing he did was smile. The nicest, realist, warmest sort of smile I've seen in many a day.

Then he took me to lunch in a drug-store.

As you may suspect, he won me over completely. I began to wonder why I'd never seen the real Percy Marmont on the screen. Certainly I never have; tho the fault may be mine since I've not been a close follower of his pictures. In future I shall be.

He's one of the most likable, ingenious, laughter-loving persons I've met in many a day, and if this sounds like a "Merton of the Movie" interview, you may as well know that I don't consider Harry Leon Wilson the supreme critic of things cinematic anyway.

Now this drug-store in which we dined so sumptuously was not one of your handsome drug-stores with a mirror behind the soda-fountain and other elegancies. It was a shabby, helter-skelter little place where the proud movie stars grab a hurried sandwich when they're working at the Ince studio.

At a near-by table sat Adolphe Menjou,

NOW in regard to this Percy Marmont person, I may as well state frankly that I have ever been numbered among those who could take him or let him alone.

If Mr. Marmont happened to be in the cast of a picture I wished to see, all well and good, but I never trekked down to the Boulevard to see a picture simply because he was in it.

As I drove out along the Ocean Boulevard toward the Ince studio on the day appointed for my interview with him, I felt almost listless. Mr. Marmont would be very tall, very English, and, of course, very good. Always, on the screen, he is suffering and self-sacrificing for somebody or something. If Mr. Marmont's film sacrifices were placed end on end they would reach from Nizhni Novgorod to Altoona, Pennsylvania. I don't like self-sacrificing persons. They so seldom add anything to the joy of life.

But Mr. Marmont came into Percy Marmont is one of the most likable, ingenious, laughter-loving persons I've met in many a day. And if this sounds like a "Merton of the Movies" interview, you may as well know that I don't consider Harry Leon Wilson the supreme critic of things cinematic. In the scene at the right from "The Light That Failed," Mr. Marmont shows another complete characterization
“Gee!” said the photographer’s office girl. “He’s a swell guy—He certainly is a swell guy.”

Leatrice Joy and the director, John Griffith Wray. Around the soda-fountain clustered a group of half-naked Hawaiians, consuming malted milk, ham sandwiches and other native delicacies.

“We are making a South Sea Island picture,” thus Mr. Marmont explained their presence. “I am a missionary in the story. Whenever a director wants a good man without any sex appeal, he sends for me.”

If you could help liking Mr. Marmont after such a naive admission, you and I shall have nothing in common, henceforth.

I remarked that the plot of the story sounded like that of “Rain,” the Jeanne Eagels stage success, except that the missionary in “Rain” had a wife.

“Well, so have I,” declared Mr. Marmont, and indicating Mr. Menjou, “I have his wife,” he added unexpectedly.

I concluded later, tho, that the two stories were quite different despite certain points of similarity.

After lunch we went over to the set, evidently a native hut, and while the orchestra wheezed out “Marcheta” and

Mr. Menjou demanded his wife of a group of cowering Islanders, Mr. Marmont (who, of course, had the wife all the time) lounged beside me in a camp chair and talked of his experiences in this country and abroad.

He is a delight to the interviewer, for he talks easily and readily. By his entire lack of false modesty he reveals his lack of self-vanity. He does not seek to impress. I doubt that he ever questions whether one is going to like him or not. One senses immediately that he assumes one will like him, because, you know, this jolly old world is such a pleasant place and everyone in it is so charming, so interesting, so varied.

His conversation is threaded with abrupt, amusing remarks. In speaking of one of his world tours he observed, “We were on our way to Australia, but as we neared the Canary Islands the ship went down.”

(Continued on page 80)
Heard In Passing

This new picture of Priscilla Dean Moran, Jackie Coogan's adopted sister, reminds us of a story Mr. Coogan tells of her. On one occasion when Mr. Coogan scolded Priscilla for some disobedience, she looked up at him out of those soulful eyes, heaved a mighty sigh, and remarked bitterly: "Oh, dear. Everything was going along fine, and then this had to come up!"
HERE is the street where comedy walks, the street of the Big Shoes, the Baggy Pants, the Derby and the Cane.

Here, where La Brea Avenue cuts across Hollywood from the ultraexclusive Wilshire Boulevard to the sun-beaten hills that wall in the studio town to the north, is Laughter Corner.

Here a serious young Englishman with unsmiling grey-blue eyes and hair prematurely streaked with grey, manufactures merriment for the world, here translates laughter into terms understandable alike to Swede and Hottentot.

The Charlie Chaplin studio! Do not be misled into thinking that laughter trembles in the air, at Laughter Corner, that the red brick and white stucco walls of these quaint English cottage buildings rock with loud guffaws and boisterous glee.

The cloisteral quiet peculiar to the semitropics—where vivid green palms stand stilly in a downpour of white sunlight and the scarlets, blues, yellows of myriad blooming plants and flowers blaze with almost painful intensity upon the eye—dwells over the entire residence district in which this studio is located.

The Charlie Chaplin studio! Where laughter is translated into terms understandable alike to Swede and Hottentot. It is the prettiest studio and the least obtrusive. Were it not for the telltale skeleton framework of the stages in the background, one would take its office buildings for a group of modest homes.

The prettiest studio in Hollywood. The least obtrusive. Were it not for the telltale skeleton framework of the stages in the background, one would take its office buildings for a group of modest homes.

A five-foot box hedge marks its three-acre boundaries. The tennis court, adjoining the office buildings, is just visible in the photograph below. There's a tiled swimming pool, too, where Charlie, his friends and his employees enjoy themselves when they have time to play.

In earlier days of Hollywood's history, the studio ground belonged to the great McClellan estate. The home of the pioneer still stands within studio boundaries, a link between the past when miles on miles of olive and orange groves reflected back the sun glare, and the present, when miles on miles of celluloid spun thru ever-devouring cameras, reflect back as in a mirror, the tears, the dreams and the laughter of the world.

The laughter of the world! How lavishly has it been contributed to, from this odd "corner of a foreign field that is forever England."

Laughter Corner. The Charlie Chaplin studio.
Hi and Dolly Find They Are the Same as All the Generations Which Went Before Them, in the Fourth Instalment of

Thistledown

By
DANA GATLIN

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters on Page 97

TURNING from the window, Hi stumbled away with a sick, beaten feeling. He had thought he knew what jealousy could be, but he had never dreamed that to see a woman caressed by another man could be so terrible.

He stumbled down the hill which he had mounted in such blissful exaltation, climbed into his car, swerved vengefully round the gaudy roadster, and went plunging down the treacherous old driveway with a blind recklessness which should have brought him a broken neck, and swerved into the open road not caring where he went.

He kept telling himself to be reasonable, to be sane: any man might kiss any girl's hand, any day, and for negligibly plausible reasons—no crime in the mere act, no world-toppling affair! But jealousy is an emotion not founded on logic or reason. And his total ignorance about this girl he loved added fuel to his torments...

Who was she? Why had she played at masquerade?—if, indeed, it was a masquerade. And why that added bit of folly at Tha-ba-d’s Inn? Why all the secrecy, the mystery—and why had she come to this sequestered, off-the-road place? And where did she ride off to, in that expensive car of which the village gossiped? Who was the flashy-looking man who came to visit her, the fellow who was obviously on familiar terms with her—and who had kissed her ring?

All these were questions yet to be answered—if, indeed, she were the mistress and not the servant.

Curiously, his new uncertainties were immeasurably worse than that petty shame he had felt, when he left himself falling in love with a servant.

He was amazed at his own misery. And he took his misery home with him when, finally, he went home and to bed. And he woke up with it in the morning; with his misery and his uncertainty. For he did not know what he wanted to do—what he wanted to say to her, if he wanted to say anything; how he should approach her, if he dared approach her at all.

He longed to see her as he had never longed for anything in the world, and he feared seeing her more than he had ever feared anything in the world.

Meanwhile life had to be lived, meals must be faced, Julia must be met, the office routine observed. Julia made his worst ordeal—he preserved a stony silence against her attacks.

At the office old Simpson must jump him about a note due a bank; Simpson thought he could get it extended—so why bother him about it? Old Simpson pursed his mouth, and Hi felt sullen compunctions.
But he was in no mood for new bothers. He felt that he loathed the Daggett Paper-Box Manufacturing Company, and everything connected with it.

The afternoon of that endless day his boon friend, young Loft, dropped in at the factory to see him. George wanted to "plan something." He complained of Hi's defection the past few weeks.

"What've you been up to?" he demanded—"you know, I believe you've found something good, and are keeping it to yourself!"

Hi scowled. "I've been busy," he said.

"Busy!" jeered young Loft, as if that were a good joke. Then he said, assuming a confidential air:

"You know, I think we've both been letting a good thing get by. That dame up there at the De Bosserts! I hear she's a peacherino—we ought to scrape an acquaintance."

"Has the lady evinced any desire to scrape acquaintance with anybody?" somewhat stiffly.

Then young Loft guffawed, and gave his friend a poke in the ribs.

"Well, from certain things I've been hearing, the lady has. I've heard that a certain young gentleman of Fairfield has been seen headed that way more than once—and that his car has been recognized standing—"

Hi broke in curtly:

"Cut it out, will you? I always gave you credit for one who minded his own business."

Young Loft stared, then whistled. "Oh, that's the way of it, is it? I didn't realize it was you who put up that 'no trespassing' sign, but, of course, if you hold first privileges and insist on no poaching—"

"Cut it out," Hi said again, and in a tone that commanded silence, tho it made his friend stare the harder.

"Oh, very well," with a shrug. Then, grinning: "But you're certainly the lucky Lothario—first the pretty waitress at Leon's and then the fair—by the way, what ever became of that waitress?"

"Aah! Leon," said Hi, succinctly.

"I did," with a wry smile, "and much good it did me."

"Well, much good it did me, too," Hi admitted. "Leon told me no more than he probably told you."

He finally succeeded in ending this trying interview, but the mention of Leon put a new conjecture in his spinning head: should he, perhaps, try once again to "sound out" Leon? But he thrust the suggestion aside as futile; and moreover the plan was unworthy—whatever explanations he sought he should seek from the girl herself.

He wanted to see her, he wanted to see her!

The endless day dragged to an end, somehow; and the second night began, and passed; and the second day dawned to wear itself thru.

Towards late afternoon, at the hour he had so often adventured joyously to their tryst, the longing to see the girl—a sensation, too, as if she were calling him to come to her—became almost insupportable.

The sun was sinking low when at last he gave up and headed his car in the direction of the De Bossert estate. He had meant to go straight to the cottage and ask for her directly, but a last hesitancy, and a desire to look again on the trysting-place of dear, if mocking, recollections, prompted him to turn out of his path, toward the old summer-house.

And he found Dolly sitting there on the dying leaves. She had on a long black frock, and a wrap with a furry collar hiding her mouth, making her look much older. The moment she saw him she arose, and stood awaiting his approach, her hands pressed together.

"At last!" she said reproachfully. "I thought you had decided to come no more. But you have come," half-extending one hand and then quickly withdrawing it.

Perhaps it was that tentative gesture, perhaps her gravity and something wistful in her eyes—but something gave way in Hi. Doubts and jealousy and bitterness all went by the board; catching that timid hand in his he bent and kissed her—not so expertly as might have been expected of Hi Daggett, but very, very gently.

Now Dolly had been kissed before, but never just like this; she turned her face away and sought to pull her hand from him.

"You are trembling!" he said huskily. "Don't tremble, dear. Listen—I want to tell you something I'd have told you the other night if you hadn't slipped away. Something I told my sister—I told her I love you, and want you to be my wife."

"Yes—I know," still not looking at him. "I overheard a little—that's why I ran away—I was ashamed."

"Why were you ashamed?" he could not help asking.
then, his jealousy reviving. "Was it in any way because of—that man?"

"What man?" quickly. He thought her tone and look were alarmed.

The man you met up here just after leaving me. Oh, I didn't mean to play the spy— I was simply following you, crazy to see you—and then when I found you were already occupied—" He could not check the grim little laugh that exposed something of the pain which had gnawed him these intervening hours. Then: "Who was that man?" She did not answer at once, stood with averted head and shadowed eyes.

"Who was that man?" he repeated.

"Answer me—and answer honestly!"

Then a flicker of her old-time mischief returned; she flashed him a fleeting glance, and asked back:

"Since when have you taken command of me and my answers?"

"Since a moment ago," Hi replied, "when you let me kiss you."

The girl was silent, again drooped her head; and he added:

"Since I told you I love you, and asked you to be my wife."

Then she raised her eyes to his, filled with such a light as he had never seen.

"You would marry a servant?" she asked, wonderingly.

"I would marry you."

The girl drew a deep breath. "I must tell you something at once," she said. "I have deceived you—I am not a servant."

So much had Hi already gone thru in his mind that this declaration made but small impression; he merely answered:

"What of that?—it was not because you were a servant that I loved you."

There was a little pause—except that his hands twitched Hi did not move; and the girl stared unseeingly into space, trembling but sober and reflective.

"I have something more to tell you," she said at last. "But not here—I'd rather tell you at the cottage."

"Very well." He would have caught her hand, but she pulled it away—"not yet!" and he would have helped her up the rough hillpath, but she sped fleetly ahead.

At the cottage she opened the door and drew aside with an almost ceremonious "Will you enter, please?" and ushered him, with the same ceremonious air, into the living-room.

Then she said, with an outlqng hand:

"I am the mistress here—now you know who I am."

The oddness of his smile, at that, frightened her. His face was very pale, and his mouth smiled grimly, but in his eyes was an expression she had never caught there before; it was the expression that had dumbfounded his sister two nights earlier—a flame of vision, and of resolve, that Dolly did not yet know how to read.

"Are you telling me so much?" was all he answered.

"You suspected—already?" her tone quivering slightly.

"Yes, since two nights ago. But that doesn't matter."

"You mean—that since you know who I am?

"I don't know yet who you are, but that doesn't seem to matter, either. All that matters is that I know you're the girl I love."

He spoke quietly, but there was that in his voice that made Dolly's heart catch and then quicken. Now she could read the light in his eyes! Reading, she exulted; yet felt oddly humbled, too.

She had known something of love—she had seen much that was said and done in its name. She had seen it awaken selfishness and cruelty and passion, she had thought it something that made strong men weak—but was there a love, also, that could make weak men strong?

She longed to face him, but could not; she averted her head, and tingled with her exultation—and shame and fear.

"I've been thru hell," Hi was saying, "but that's all done with now. I admit I've played a pretty rotten game, and I didn't much care. But now I do care—for I know at last what really counts. I think I must have known it from the first time I looked into your eyes, Dolly. The thing I'd been so blindly hunting for—after a long, wrong search—oh, Dolly, it was when I saw your eyes I knew what happiness was, what home could be."

She still held her head averted, her hands were pressed twitchingly together. Ecstasy and terror commingled in her as he came closer—so close!—and said:

"That's all that matters, dear—that you're the girl I love, and that I'm the man you love. You haven't told me you love me, Dolly!—anything else you wish to tell me, you can tell me later."

But she shook her head sadly.

"How can you be sure you love me? You don't know who I am—so it's not the real you I love."

"That is exactly what I love—the real you."

Then, masterfully:

"Answer my one question, Dolly!"

Then she flung out her hands:

"Oh, if only you'll go away, now—" her voice catching on a sob, "if you'll go away and promise never to come near me again—I'll promise never to do anything again without first asking myself how right it may be in the end! I knew I was acting wrong—but I never dreamed I'd be punished like this!"

"What is it?" he interrupted harshly, "what is it you're trying to say?" He came and seized her two hands violently, "Whatever it is, say it straight and quick!"

"I'm promised," in scarcely more than a whisper—"to another man."

"The fellow who was here the other night?" jerking out the words. Miserably she nodded.
Then Hi let fall her hands, wearily, and walked to a window without looking at her.

"So this is the end of my pretty, highfalutin little romance," with a harshly sardonic laugh. Dolly cringed at the sound; she would have given everything she possessed—or had ever longed to possess—to shut that sound, following so closely upon that ringing declaration, from her future memory.

"If you had told me this at the beginning," he said bitterly, "maybe it would have been easier to bear."

"I didn't know it was coming out this way," forlornly—"I guess no one ever thinks ahead. And I thought you were like most of the other men I've known—it was only my face that caught your fancy, at first."

"It was never that—you should have known it!"

His tone was so emphatic that, wretched as she was, Dolly could not resist a feeble attempt to tease:

"Why, don't you think me pretty?" and then quailed under his look.

"So you can still amuse yourself at my expense, can you?" he said.

"Well—I shouldn't complain; you've given me plenty of such proof, previously, that you didn't care a whoop for me."

To have saved her life, then, she could not have resisted her desperate cry:

"Oh, I did!—I do! From the very first, I think—from the minute I knew what love was, could be. It was you who taught me that, Hi!"

With one bound he cleared the space between them, held her two shoulders in a vise.

"You mean that? You're not fooling with me now—you wouldn't do that!"

"What must I do to assure you?" smiling up thru her tears. "Must I say it over and over—like this—I love you—I love you—I love you—"

But his kiss on her mouth silenced her.

All the sweet speech he had fashioned in lover's anticipation two nights ago now, unneeded and futile, took flight. To hold her in his arms who loved him—this was enough.

But weently he said, huskily:

"Oh, Dolly, Why did you put me over the jumps? Why didn't you tell me straight off?"

"I didn't dare tell you," whispering and hiding her face. "I knew you would go away."

He laughed, a low, triumphant laugh.

"Well—you see me going away!"

"But you'll have to go—now."

"I will not!"

She lifted her face, and tried to face him bravely.

"Hi, I've acted like a cheap and frivolous thing—I despise myself, and deserve that you despise me, too. I can't take back the words I've said because they're true—I love you. But I've given my pledge—such as it's worth—and you must help me keep that pledge."

"I must not! If you love me you must marry me—to marry anybody else would be an unspeakable thing."

Then, before she could speak, he rushed on, vehemently, overwhelmingly:

"Oh, Dolly, I'll try so hard to make you happy! I love this life, but if it'd serve you in any way—oh, how glad I'd be to die for you, Dolly! Do you believe that?—it's true.

Then, more slowly, as if some deep and vital truth were sinking into his brain:

"But I'm going to live for you, Dolly—just give me the chance to prove what I can do. I'll prove I've got the makings of a man in me yet—I'll get down to work in earnest. I'll fix us up a home somewhere, not that gloomy pile down on the Avenue, but a real home—for us two—where I'll come home to you at night, and you'll be waiting for me—"

He broke off suddenly, his face earnest and ardent, to demand eagerly:

"Does that mean anything to you, Dolly?—does that picture mean anything?"

Her eyes, tho troubled, shone an answer she could not veil. And she glanced, timidly and half-unwittingly, around the room they stood in.

"This place—it would be sweet. The lamps lit, and the fireplace blazing—"

"No!" he interrupted, "we'll have some place that's our very own—no painful memories or associations—some place that belongs just to the two of us!"

His tone was so jaunty that she smiled, a tender and wistful smile, and her eyes seemed to lose their trouble in a pleasant dream.

"And there I could make things cozy and sweet for you," she murmured. "The songs you liked best—I'll sing them to you of evenings. And the things you liked
At just that instant the telephone rang and Dolly, as if grateful for the respite, hurried to answer it; and almost at once after speaking into the instrument she turned and said:

"It's long distance—Hi, may I frankly ask you to wait in the other room a few minutes?—I'd rather be alone while I talk."

She looked perturbed, distraite. Of course it was straightforward of her to ask him to leave—but why should she fear his presence, what had she to say across that wire that he should not overhear?

Hi tried desperately to throttle his revived suspicion—must he be always building up his high faith to see it topple again? He strove to feel and to live all his noblest utterances of this past hour. But doubts came creeping back over him, ugly and dread.

And when she called him into the room at last, he was conscious that a change, also, had taken place in herself.

"I am tired," she said—and, indeed, she looked tired. "Let's not talk any more now. I want to go to Nan—to Thiebaud's Inn. Will you, maybe, drop me there in your car?"

"Not talk any more now!" he exclaimed indignantly. "Such a subject cannot be dropped like that!"

"I, must be dropped—for the present," in a weary, but firm voice. "Perhaps we can talk tomorrow—I'm not sure, I must think. I'll let you know."

"Tomorrow! You'll let me know! Perhaps!"

"I'm trying to do what's best, Hi—you must take my word for that. I've made one mistake thru thoughtless impulse—I'm trying not to make another. Well, will you drive me to Thiebaud's—or perhaps I'd better go by myself."

"All right—I'll take you," he said then, grimly. He wondered why she should wish to go to the road-house—but his hurt pride and wounded love forbade, now, even that simple question.

Outside it had grown dark, and a light mist was falling. But despite the obscurity and the treacherous road-bed of the old avenue, Hi sent his car plunging down thru the woods in a way that made Dolly sit tense and taut; her nerves were unwontedly on edge, she felt jumpy, and felt her knees trembling.

When they were safely out of the wood and on the slippery highroad, she asked, tentatively:

"Would you please let me drive a little way?"

"Are you afraid?—think I'm going to ditch you?" His laugh sounded sardonic. By the headlamps of another car, which passed them by a shave, she could see the stubborn set of his jaw, the grim compression of his mouth, and a reckless shine in his eyes that alarmed her.

(Continued on page 97)
Exit the Flapper Heroine

Even Mary Pickford is growing up. There seems to be a revolt against youth in the studios. Is it the influence of the foreign directors? Or have the audiences demanded bigger stories with real life?

It looks very much as tho the sign on the movie door reads:

“THIS WAY OUT FOR FLAPPERS”

Almost every big success this year has been made by a screen actress who has grown beyond the sweet-little-girl age. Most of the real hits have in fact been scored by married women. And in nearly every case, women who have been on the screen for years.

This year might be called “The Revolt Against Youth.” This change has been brought about partly by the influence of foreign directors; partly by the fact that the movie audiences grow more mature and perhaps a little more intelligent every year. They demand bigger stories with real people.

A few years ago, the movie audience seemed to insist upon Pollyanna little girls with little curls and an atmosphere of white innocence, and these little girl stars in turn insisted upon what they called “sympathy.” They would only play parts that had “sympathy.” This is to say every story had to be about a poor little picked-on Cinderella who was noble and good—and everybody was mean to her until at last they realized her goodness and self-sacrifice when she lay upon a bed of pain after she had almost sacrificed her life to save a mean lady whose house was on fire.

Many expert critics in Hollywood film circles consider Leatrice Joy to be the finest actress that has ever been on the screen. She is a little younger than the others I mention, but she is a married lady and has had several years of hard plugging in the films. And Norma Talmadge, whose work in “Secrets” promises to be one of the triumphs of screen history, is still young tho she has been married for some time and is not in the baby ingénue class.
No story that showed the heroine as having any human qualities had a chance to get within a thousand miles of the screen.

The foreign screen artists used to complain bitterly of our pictures. They said that it was impossible to find real drama on our screens for two reasons:

The insistence of the producers on "happy endings" made dramatic suspense impossible because you knew that no villain had a ghost of a chance against any hero. No matter how tight the predicament in which the good people of the play found themselves, you knew they were sure to get out. So what was the use of telling about it.

The other fault they found with our drama was that the heroines were just little schoolgirls.

With considerable philosophy they argued that it was impossible for a sixteen-year-old girl to have any real drama in her life.

The most dreadful thing that could happen to her would be to get a "run" in a silk stocking at a party. The most dreadful villain which her imagination could conjure up would be another girl who wouldn't lend her a lip-stick after a swimming party when her lips looked blue.

It was a long siege but the foreign directors finally broke thru the barriers and had their way.

The success of such pictures as Lubitsch's "Passion" and von Stroheim's "Foolish Wives" showed them that the movie audiences do not insist upon stories that concern sweet little Snowdrop heroines; neither do the movie audiences any longer regard an actress as in the evening of life and too old to be any longer interesting when she is twenty-five. In fact, the producers found to their astonishment that they do not even demand that the heroines be beautiful.

Every notable movie success of this season would have been rejected as impossible two or three years ago. Would never have "got by" a single producer in America.

And, as I have said, most of the big hits have been scored by married women with years of experience behind them.

One of the truly great performances of the year was Blanche Sweet as Anna Christie.

Five years ago, the strongest producer would have felt at the idea of a love story built around a girl of the streets—a professional prostitute and a roughneck lover from the stoke-hole of a steamship. Blanche Sweet herself would not have been thought of as a possible heroine of a screen romance in the days when the heroines were all little girls in white-lawn dresses and white-lawn emotions. Blanche is still a young woman; but she is in the late twenties and she has been married for some time.

In fact, Blanche and most of the other girls I am going to mention have all arrived at the time of life when girls think of marriage—not as being kissed under the apple blossoms by a nice boy with slick-em on his hair; but as a serious and responsible partnership.

Altho the picture itself was not a riotous success, Renee Adorée gave a very notable performance in "The Eternal Struggle." Renee Adorée herself is a married (Continued on page 89)
That's Out
A Fearless and Pertinent Review of Things Cinematic

By
TAMAR LANE

Illustrations by Harry Taskey

Samuel Goldwyn has got himself into a kettle of hot water by declaring that there are only thirty good actors and actresses in Hollywood. Fifteen hundred indignant players are now demanding that the producer name the thirty. And Goldwyn has hired Bull Montana to protect him.

Another Forecast
Casting directors being too busy playing golf and tacking pictures up on the walls of their offices to bother about uncovering and developing the acting talent which they claim (in stories to the press) to be in search of, I wish to call their attention to a young actress by the name of Barbara Bedford. In the giving out of the important roles during the past year many have fallen into the laps of incompetent and unqualified damsels, while this pretty and talented young player has been practically neglected. Barbara Bedford, in the few parts that she has essayed, has shown herself to be an actress of power and subtlety. Will some discriminating and intelligent producer kindly give her an opportunity to prove that I am right?

Speaking of Good Actors
Reverting to the interesting topic of the peculiarities of the public taste, what can account for the apparent comparative unpopularity of Henry B. Warner? Here, surely, is a man of attractive personal appearance, here, is a player of poise, refinement and dignity; and again, here is an unusually fine actor. Surely, that person is lacking a sense of values who did not appreciate his superb portrayal in “Zaza.” A fascinating personality, Henry B. Warner; yet I hear no reports of producers chasing after him with fat contracts.

Scenario Rule No. 364
Only couples of the most upright and moral tendencies may be shipwrecked on desert islands. It is difficult enough to get even scenes of these past the censors. Couples with natural human emotions and inclinations must go down with the ship, lest they shock Ohio and Pennsylvania. To say nothing of New York.

Maybe He's Right?
SAMUEL GOLDWYN
has got himself into a kettle of hot water by declaring that there are only thirty good actors and actresses in Hollywood. Fifteen hundred indignant players are now demanding that the producer name the thirty, if he dare. Goldwyn has hired Bull Montana to protect him.

Scenario Rule No. 364
Only couples of the most upright and moral tendencies may be shipwrecked on desert islands. It is difficult enough to get even scenes of these past the censors. Couples with natural human emotions and inclinations must go down with the ship, lest they shock Ohio and Pennsylvania. To say nothing of New York.

I am an optimist. I believe that a slap-stick comic will some day be made in which the right person will be hit with a lemon meringue pie.

Scenario Rule No. 364. Only couples of the most upright and moral tendencies may be shipwrecked. Couples with natural human emotions must go down with the ship lest they shock Ohio and Pennsylvania. To say nothing of New York.
An Ode to the Worth While

In all probability, in the years to come, it will be written on the pages of screen history that one of the finest early achievements of the silent drama was a film called "The Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln." This photodramatic gem, which towers over such films as "The Ten Commandments" and "Scaramouche" because of its sincerity, simplicity and reality, was produced by two obscure young men known in the film business as "the Rockett Boys." In making this picture the producers, the director, and the scenarist strove for a fine ideal, they sacrificed for a principle, and refrained from any attempt to cheapen the picture with the common touch of sure-fire effects or box-office appeal. Neither did they give great concern to financial remuneration. And lo—when "The Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln" is released to the screens of the world—what will be the result?

You, Al and Ray Rockett, will find untold wealth pouring in upon you from the purses of those who will journey to view this masterpiece; you, Philip Rosen, will find fame sitting on your lap because of having directed it; and you, Frances Marion, will learn that work done from the bigness of the heart often returns more in riches and glory than that done for immediate gold.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

The movie carousel spins 'round and 'round, sometimes slowing down, sometimes speeding faster, but inevitably spinning over the same old course—the circle. Many months ago we predicted a big slump in the film industry. It came—a little ahead of schedule—but it came, filling the studios with cobwebs and throwing the studio workers into a state of panic and dismay. Actors and actresses for the past two months have been quoted at about sixteen dollars a car-load lot, F.O.B. Hollywood. Idleness is everywhere. The movie carousel has slowed down almost to a stop. But wait! It will soon start up again. Gradually, at first, it will gain momentum until it is spinning 'round and 'round again in a dizzy whirl of extravagance. The mad scramble for players and directors will be resumed. Salaries will mount to even higher levels. Production of films will go on at a great pace. There is no use trying to resist...it is the inevitable circle.

Famous Days in Film History

April 1st, 1908. On this day was invented the non-reloading revolver, which allows of perpetual firing, and without which no Western movie company could operate.

Not So Good for Mary

Those persons who have looked forward expectantly to the second Universal production featuring the exquisite Mary Philbin—in hopes of her duplicating her portrayal in "Merry-Go-Round"—will be sadly disap-

historical subjects, someone should give the screen a film version of the life of one of the most interesting figures in all history—Napoleon. We are pleased to note that a producer has acted upon our suggestion and that the "Little Emperor" will soon be sporting upon the screen.

I Am an Optimist

I expect to see a funny Larry Seman comedy.

I believe that a slap-stick comedy will some day be made in which the right person will be hit with a lemon meringue pie.

I hope sometime to avoid viewing the same news weekly at three different theaters.

Famous Remarks

Maurice Tourneur: "Who said the public doesn't appreciate art. Look at the great success of my picture 'The Brass Bottle.'"

Best Laugh of the Month

"Two Wagons, Both Covered," a Will Rogers satire on "The Covered Wagon." See Will burlesque Ernest Torrence and Warren Kerrigan in a dual role, and then admit that he is one of the screen's best actors.

It Should Make a Splendid Film

A few months ago we commented upon the fact that while the producers were filming so many}

Which Reminds Us

It is agreed by all the critics, the professors and the press, that "Anna Christie" is a very fine photoplay. Now (Continued on page 88)
The Editor Gossips

As we not infrequently remark to our friends...

Life is fluid.
The impossible and improbable of today is the casually accepted thing of tomorrow. And all of this preamble brings us right to Gloria Swanson's tea-party. At it the twain of movie people and the intelligentsia met. They danced together to the stringed orchestra of negro musicians. And they teed together at the little green tables, tables like those seen outside the boulevard cafés abroad, which stood invitingly about on the studio green-sward.

It was an occasion

For the motion picture people, first of all, who awoke this day to find the heretofore aloof literati in their "commercial" midst. And for the intellectuals themselves we have no doubt. Tea-parties as lavish as Gloria's are a long distance between. The caterer's men were deferentially insistent with their cool drinks, form ices, thin sandwiches, petits fours and cigarettes. And ever and anon, during the tea hours, gorgeous floral offerings would arrive for Gloria. Nowhere in this world will you find more magnificent gestures than those made with a free hand by the people the movies have made rich.

The reason of all this celebration was the house-warming of Miss Swanson's bungalow, which was a gift to her from the studios. It was not the shingled, rose-covered brand so popular in Hollywood. Instead it is a small room built on wheels so that it can be readily moved to whatever stage on which Miss Swanson is working. And its complete practicality is enhanced by its beauty. Inside it is attractively finished in French gray panels, with a dressing-table shelf extending across one end, while, opposite this, is a grey silk upholstered couch. There is also a reading-lamp and an easy chair provided against the irksome waits between scenes. And the exterior is finished in broad panels of beautiful veneer. It has a doorway, of course... and two windows which are hung with fine net curtains.

With the help of her secretary and two or three of the pressmen of the Famous Players-Lasky, Gloria looked after her numerous guests. With a genuine charm of manner and an easy grace, she moved from one table to another, stopping for a word here, with Charles Hanson Towne or John Farrar, the editor of The Bookman... or stopping there to talk to Fannie Hurst and Rebecca West, the novelists.

She wore a frock of a pale coffee silk, appliquéd and embroidered about the skirt in a flamboyant design of soft colors. It had a semblance of the mellowness which age brings without remotely suggesting shabbiness. No frock can do more than that! At her waist she wore orchids and lilies-of-the-valley. And when she danced with Milton Raison, the young poet, or with Burton Rascoe the erudite literary critic, we were fascinated in watching her tiny gold slippers appear and disappear under the voluminous folds of her skirt.

Adolph Zukor, the film magnate, was also there. And while Gloria talked to him in a cordial and friendly way, we realized how little she has come to need him. More than that, how little she now needs anyone in a business way. And a comparatively short time ago how thrilled she would have been if Mr. Zukor or any other of his cinematic prominence had stopped to speak with her.

Then, to get back to the tea-party, later in the afternoon when some of the guests had already made their departure, William de Mille came over from the next stage where he had been working with his company... and Richard Dix and Lois Wilson in their "Ice-bound" costumes were a far ball from the other dancers on the floor, and there was much whispering about them, for more and more their names are being linked together.

It was a novel tea-party, outside of the fact that Gloria's guest book was inscribed with names strange to the studios... and it came at a time when we had about de...

(Continued on page 111)

This photograph of Gloria in the doorway of her bungalow shows her in the frock she wore of pale coffee silk, appliquéd and embroidered about the skirt in a flamboyant design of soft colors. It has the semblance of the mellowness which age brings without remotely suggesting shabbiness. No frock can do more than that!
FRANK HAYES died December 28th, 1923.

Thereupon a great spirit passed on to other spheres. Frank Hayes was one of the world’s funniest men. He was a real comedian and first came to the screen as one of the original Keystone Comedy cops. But the supreme desire of his life . . . the hope that he hugged to his heart . . . was that some day he would play tragedy.

* * * * * * *

When I gave Frank Hayes the rôle of Old Grannis, the pathetic, in “Greed,” his dream bid fair to come true. For Old Grannis is one of the most tragic figures in all literature. He is a lonely old man who has never experienced the love of a woman. And he needs it so badly and could return it so fully. Year upon year, he lived room next to room, beside Miss Baker, a spinster whose life had never been colored by the love of man. He came to love her deeply. . . . But his shyness forbade him speaking and he nursed his worshipful love silently. . . . Frank Hayes, the comedian, became Old Grannis, the pathetic.

I gave Frank Hayes this rôle because I believe in the axiom that in all clowns there is a broad streak of pathos lying beneath the surface. He justified my choice and his lifelong desire to a surpassing degree. For it is no exaggeration to say that his performance will be marked down as one of the outstanding character portrayals of all time. He has made Old Grannis live. . . . really live. . . . truly live.

For the dream that Frank Hayes dreamed thru the slapstick comedy years was a brave dream. Not once did it fail in the face of obstacles . . . not once did the slim, slim promise of its ever knowing fulfillment blur its glory. It was a dream born in an artist . . . and nurtured in the conviction of an artist that, given the opportunity, he could prove his right to his dream.

Then, finally, girded with his opportunity, the erstwhile Chief of the Keystone Police proved himself one of the most poignant characters imaginable.

In his own life he never knew what loneliness meant. He was continually surrounded by a group of lively people. Most of them were youthful. He drew youth to him. For he had the spirit of youth and the spirit of fun. All of this because he was one of the most convivial spirits with whom the world has come in contact. The mellowness of his accumulated years did not blunt the edge of his spirit. He seemed an emissary of the God of Gaiety.

He was beloved, too, by a wife and family . . . which love he returned to the deep extent of his nature. And behind the funniest face the Molder has ever placed on man, there was in Frank Hayes a rare sweetness and charm.

The eagerness and comprehension which he brought daily to his work cannot be measured in words. He was always on the qui vive and impatient to see the daily rushes which did not go very far in telling him how great a performance he was giving.

That he should have died before he really saw himself in a rôle such as he wanted to play all his life, is one of the little and poignant tragedies upon which the ironic curtain of Life rolls down every day.
Across the Silversheet

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

THE program of "The Courtship of Myles Standish" told us that this is the most ambitious production of Charles Ray's career. That is all well and good; and we believe the word ambitious to have been used advisedly. But with the second statement of the program, that it is also his greatest achievement, we quarrel. His "The Girl I Loved" was an infinitely greater artistic triumph, for in its simple fabric truths were woven. And in its universal appeal it proved itself a human document.

When we first heard that Charles Ray was going to characterize John Alden we voted it a wise choice. John Alden, that husky swain of Colonial history, scented a mold into which Charles Ray might pour his screen personality and with pleasant success. We thought his production would concern itself with the human triangle of John Alden, Myles Standish and Priscilla Mullins in those trying pioneer days of privation and hardship. But, in his determination to make a spectacle, Charles Ray seems to have lost his perspective.

Fully half this production deals with the voyage of the Mayflower. There is a potential mutiny aboard. And it is the meek John Alden who intimidates the piratical crew... and again it is the meek John who rescues one of the praying Pilgrim Fathers from the angry sea, which occupies hundreds of feet of film dashing over the frail craft. This does not blend with our preconceived notions of Longfellow's hero. And we must say that he had not even the courage to refuse Myles Standish when he sent him to plead his cause with the Priscilla of John's own heart.

However, John's acquiescence to this unusual request may only indicate that he is a noble and altruistic soul who passes our very human understanding and not in any way be indicative of a meek spirit.

There were several incidents which amused us even tho that was not their purpose. William Carver, the leader of the Pilgrims, for instance, dies of exposure and starvation. But with his dying breath he tells of his dream and a vignette of the Capitol at Washington as it stands today is screened. A sentimental sop thrown out as bait to whatever hypersentimental souls happened to be in the audiences. And again when John and Priscilla fled from a horde of Indians, outnumbering them five to one, we could no longer control our mirth. John fired the bravely redmen with every shot from his blunderbuss, which he fired as rapidly as an expert marksman fires today with modern firearms. And when his ammunition gave out, he resorted with amazing success to his fist. It was these things obtruding that divested the production of whatever imagery it had succeeded in creating.

On another in spite of itself amusing occasion John Alden and Captain Myles Standish hewed giant trees wearing full suits of armor. At first we thought it may be a picture of Indian arrows—but in the next scene they walked thru the woodland in leather doublets. So...

Without wishing to be unduly discouraging, we advise Charles Ray to center his future attention upon hisostentious pictures. There can be no doubt that he does not reach up for laurels in vain. When he compounds a character from the lovable frailties and inconsistencies of the naïveté from which humanity itself is made. And the reverse is equally true when he attempts to swath-buckle in a spectacular film.

Enid Bennet is the demure Priscilla Mullins...
Comment on Other Productions

Rouge of Paris. She meets a young Englishman who is called to the colors. When he suffers a loss of memory thru an injury to his head he is unable to recall anything of the past. The girl had been kind to him. Then she sees him in a stage box and in their meeting it is revealed that he is the father of her nameless infant.

The story reaches a dramatic climax when the officer's wife takes the baby, while the little dancer dies from a broken heart. Miss Compson scales the emotional heights in her portrayal of the dancer. She extracts sympathy and admiration. The picture is emblazoned with good atmosphere, and aside from a slow introduction carries interest all the way.

The Great White Way

Thorly in character with the spirit of Broadway as exemplified in its sporting and theatrical and bright-light atmosphere is this picture—which comes to the screen a distinct novelty. The plot may lack inspiration in so far as building toward an unconventional ending, but it is crammed with illuminating incident—and sketches in keeping with Broadway—and is moreover interpreted by players and personalities who have contributed no small share in putting the big street on the map.

The idea of "The Love Master" might be called a pot-boiler. But it releases such sharp incident ... such eloquent dog character ... that it will be remembered when more pretentious pictures are forgotten. In the picture which Betty Compson made in England, "Woman to Woman," and from which the scene to the left is taken, Miss Compson scales the emotional heights in her portrayal of a dancer of the Moulin Rouge. Below is a pictorial episode from "The Great White Way." This production comes to the screen as a distinct novelty, for in it nothing has been neglected which paints this big street in all of its familiar colors. The principal parts are well played by Anita Stewart, Oscar Shaw, Hal Forde and T. Roy Barnes.

The Love Master

BLENDING perfectly with its vigorous, picturesque settings is this canine story, which demonstrates again Strongheart's marvelous intelligence and adaptability for the camera. It isn't the plot which carries this by; rather it is the crisp episodes and the backgrounds and the clever sub-titles. The idea might be called a pot-boiler. But it releases such sharp incident—such eloquent dog character—that it will be remembered when more pretentious pictures are forgotten. No ridiculous moralities here. On the contrary a rugged sketch of a devoted dog who knows the difference between work and play.

He plays at love—does Strongheart, and wins Lady Jule away from villainous, wolfish suitors. And at the end she rewards him with a family. Meanwhile follow the dog-race and catch a thrill; meanwhile follow the atmosphere and backgrounds and be transported. These settings are truly awe-inspiring. Strongheart is vigorous in his interpretation—yet he is always natural—a quality that escapes many of the human breed. The dog's technique should be studied by a quota of our leading men.

Woman to Woman

When Betty Compson went to England some time ago she made a picture which is certain to linger in the memory because of its tragic "épilogue." What transpires in this plot is recognizably real. It suggests one of the unwritten chapters of the consequences of the war. Here is a pleasure-loving, big-hearted girl of the Moulin Rouge of Paris. She meets a young Englishman who is called to the colors. When he suffers a loss of memory thru an injury to his head he is unable to recall anything of the past. The girl had been kind to him. Then she sees him in a stage box and in their meeting it is revealed that he is the father of her nameless infant.

The story reaches a dramatic climax when the officer's wife takes the baby, while the little dancer dies from a broken heart. Miss Compson scales the emotional heights in her portrayal of the dancer. She extracts sympathy and admiration. The picture is emblazoned with good atmosphere, and aside from a slow introduction carries interest all the way.

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Paragraph Guide-Posts to the Better Pictures

There is rich comedy exploited by a press-agent who is hired to build a following for a pugilist. He is also the p. a. for a musical-comedy dancer—and he seizes his opportunity to link their names together for their profit and his own. And in building the romance which culminates in a prize-fight as the pugilist knocks out the British welter-weight champion to win the girl, the spectator is treated to a true replica of newspaper life. He will see a vivid fire and will be excited over a steeplechase. He will take in life behind the footlights with the Ziegfeld chorus rehearsing.

It is kaleidoscopic in its array of scenes and moves vigorously and compellingly to a logical climax. Nothing has been neglected to paint the big street in all of its familiar colors. The incident far outweighs the conventional twist of the plot. One may laugh at the villainy. It is not so important after all. There is a dash about it which keeps the spectator interested all the way. He will be introduced to a carefully chosen cast, the principal parts being performed by Anita Stewart, Oscar Shaw, Hal Forde and T. Roy Barnes. They all contribute effective work. And for good measure there is a galaxy of girls from Dr. Ziegfeld’s emporium. They are in charge of Ned Wayburn. Other celebrities are Tex Rickard, Arthur Brisbane, Nell Brinkley—and a host of cartoonists. They all have their places in this novel film.

It is a picture excellently directed and finely staged. It is well titled and played with good dash and spirit. Indeed it is the closest approach to the song-and-dance atmosphere of Broadway ever flashed on the screen. Don’t miss it.

The Song of Love

It isn’t an easy task trying to find something meritorious about Norma Talmadge’s newest expression. This “sheik” and “desert” picture is not suggestive of the atmosphere of the Orient. Indeed the mechanical story carries a distinct studio flavor about it, noticeable in the settings and the detail. These Sahara pictures have come too thick and fast to carry the irresistible charm of the first one—presented two or three seasons ago.

Here we have the uprising of native tribesmen, the wooing of an Arabian dancing girl by a French spy—and the latter’s rescue by the dancer when she offers herself to the sheik. The outstanding touch is Arthur Edmund Carew’s study of the villainous sheik. Joseph Schildkraut is often out of character as the French spy—a rôle filled with inconsistencies. A mechanical story this—mechanically told. The star is not particularly appealing as the dancing girl.

Fashion Row

The Russian motif seems to have lost some of its flavor on the stage, but on the screen it just seems to be coming into its own. The latest to try her hand at the Muscovite idea is Mae Murray who flies her native steppes, becomes an actress under the guise of a princess and marries the scion of a wealthy family. When her little sister appears on the scene she is disowned, but the heroine jumps to her rescue from a brutal Muscovite. The actress is mortally wounded and the sister is adopted by the husband’s family.
Nothing much of consequence in this story—which has nothing in common with its title—evidently tacked on to lure patronage for the star—who as usual, bedecks herself in bizarre costumes. Her acting is not marred here as it customarily is, by a restless movement of gestures and expressions. The best features? The settings and detail.

**Big Brother**

A most accurate slice of New York gangster life is presented here—one produced with painstaking care to detail and atmosphere. While there is a note of propaganda involved—one pertaining to the Big Brother movement, it is so crammed with realistic incident—and so deftly embroidered with human touches, that it arouses instant attention from the first scene—and the interest is never allowed to sag. There is contained all the earmarks of gang life—the cheap dance halls and the saloons and back-rooms. And the figures moving thru this vital melodrama are genuine.

The idea is simple, merely involving a gang leader’s protection of his dead pal’s little brother—a youngster who grows to idolize him. The boy arouses a spark of regeneration—which burns brightly even when the clouds look their darkest. It is when the judge takes the youngster away thru the belief that his guardian is morally unfit to take care of him—that the picture soars to its highest point. The boy’s “sassy” talk to the judge is both comic and pathetic—and the little toughie is accurately drawn by Mickie Bennett, one of our most precocious juveniles. He is every inch the typical kid of the East Side. Allan Dwan has constructed a moving picture—which is embellished with remarkable atmosphere. And in giving Tom Moore the role of the gang leader, he has made an excellent choice.

**West of the Water Tower**

It all depends on whether you have read the book. If you have, the picture version will likely make you agitated and up in arms against a treatment which leaves this story emasculated of all its dramatic quality. Even if you haven’t read the novel you can’t help observing that it represents mostly a series of animated illustrations. It certainly is not a dramatic presentation of the plot and theme—told in terms of moving drama. Perhaps thru fear of the swooping censor and his shears the director was compelled to alter the situations.

A mock marriage is played up—with the central character receiving the scorn of the native villagers, tho he believes he has married the girl in good faith. In the book he is not painted with such virtuous qualities. In fact, he has an affair with another girl—a girl almost neglected in the film. In its favor is a highly appropriate atmosphere—and considerable touches which emphasize the average small-town life. The youth sounds all the hope, suffering and gallantry which the small-town boy (and girl for that matter) carries in his soul, reared as he is in an atmosphere of bigotry.

Glenn Hunter is an ideal choice as the hero, playing his part adroitly and with keen understanding for its demands. May McAvoy acts...
This is the skeleton work of one of the buildings in the City of Ramses which was erected at Guadalupe, California. It is the largest set ever built and about three times the size of the sets which Douglas Fairbanks caused to be built for his "Robinhood," and these sets were, heretofore, the seventh wonder of the California colony. The men working on the building seem pygmies.

Above is another view of the tent city... a close-up in which the players in their biblical robes can be seen chatting in groups in one of the company streets. And, on the right, is a photograph of the actual production unit. Cecil DeMille stands beside a camera on the first landing. He holds a megaphone in his hand and wears an aeronautic head-dress. The other people are assistant directors, camera-men, property-men and continuity clerks. This picture was also taken in the desert at Guadalupe where the entire company was quartered for nearly a month.
“Ah, Señor . . . the pictures!” the waiter said. “What picture is best to see?” asked Bill, jingling his pockets. Money talks all languages, believe me. “Ah,” says the waiter, beating his breast. “The Last Judgment.” “By Griffith?” Bill asked . . . But the waiter said it was by a fellow of the name of Mike Angelo. He must be some dago producer.

Travel Is Cert’nly Educational

By

A MOVIE FAN ABROAD

YES, we’ve just been across. No one goes to Europe nowadays, you understand. They simply run across, tho the results when the water is rough are much the same. They say that lemon juice in hot water is a help, and some say a pinch of soda taken before meals, but when you don’t eat any meals to take anything before, why that doesn’t do any good, does it? There’s no use my telling you what to do when you’re seasick—you’ll do it of your own accord anyway.

Of course we took the children. Travel is so educational, and besides there wasn’t anybody we could leave them with, tho all our friends said they’d have loved to have the little dears only they were going to have the house redecorated and everything would be upset for months. Even Aunt Emma that lives on a farm in Vermont was going to have the house redecorated.

So naturally the first thing we did when we landed in Hamburg, and got rooms at a hotel and several bushels of German marks in exchange for a five-dollar bill, was to hunt up a movie theater. And then we got the surprise of our lives, tho at first we didn’t understand what was the matter on account the poor ignorant people in Germany cant speak anything except only just German. They even call their movie places “Licht-spiels” which I dont know what it means, but sounds like catching a severe cold when you try to say it.

Well, after they turned us away from the fourth picture place, I said to Bill, “Bill, you cant fool me, they dont want us in there.” I said. So we went back to the hotel and asked the waiter, because waiters can mostly always speak some English, tho they usually cant get very far off the subject of food. And he told us that children weren’t allowed in picture theaters in Germany on account they think that murders and robberies and girls (Continued on page 86)

One afternoon we were going to a museum called the Louver but that day it rained. And luckily right next door to the hotel they were showing a Charlie Chaplin picture. Only they call him Charlot. People in France are so uneducated they cant speak anything except French.
Imagine having your picture taken without your pretty new dress when it has a blue sash and everything! No wonder Peggy Jean Montgomery cried great salt tears. Such poses may be all right for wee, tiny babies, but you'll have to admit they are uncorking to the stellar dignity which Peggy took over not so very long ago

Peggy's Tragedy
On the Camera Coast

With

HARRY CARR

ALMOST everyone in Hollywood feels sorry for Mabel Normand in this affair of the shooting chauffeur. Of all those who had any remote connection with the affair, Mabel was the only one who seems to have been absolutely innocent; but, for some astonishing reason, she seems to have been elected to be the goat. This is a familiar situation for Mabel. The trouble is that Mabel always blurs out the frank truth to the reporters, whereas the others maintain a discreet silence.

The frank truth in this case seems to be this:

Mabel had a chauffeur—a young and romantic boy named Greer. Like all Mabel’s retainers, he adored the ground she walked on. I have never, in all my life, seen anything like the slavish devotion that comes to Mabel Normand—everyone from her attorneys to her cooks—they all try to mother her.

This boy knew that Mabel was facing a severe surgical operation and, along with her retinue of secretaries, companions, and cooks, tried to keep her away from a gay life. They were succeeding beautifully until the day after New Year’s when she received a “You-must-come-over” invitation to the apartment of a young social butterfly named Courtland Dines. Edna Purviance was also calling on Dines. So Mabel went and her chauffeur went after her; and in a mix-up that nobody seems to know the head or tail of, shot Dines twice.

One of the amazing features of the case was the connection of Edna Purviance. Dines’ bed, crying, “Courtland, don’t die; there like a stone statue without visible emotion. But when they let her go, she rushed to the hospital; threw herself on Dines’ bed, crying, “Courtland, don’t die; I love you; I love you.” Afterward she said that she and Dines were not engaged, but that “there is an understanding between us as to our friendship”—whatever that means.

It seems a great pity that just as Edna’s career was opening up so wonderfully, she should have thrown it away on a waster like this Dines whose only claims to distinction seem to have been a rich father and two divorces.

The last thing I saw of Mabel was in her hospital where she was crying over the pile of bitter letters of denunciation she has received. On the other hand, many well-known people—among them Carl Sandburg, the poet—have flown to Mabel’s defense and have written her wonderful letters.

Mabel is the stormy petrel of Hollywood. She has an appetite for trouble like a hound puppy that smells liver. Nevertheless, no one can deny this: that she is without doubt one of the greatest creative minds in the history of screen acting. There isn’t a comedian on the screen who does not owe something to Mabel; it was her alert intelligence that paved the way.

Perhaps the most interesting announcement in months is the news that Mary Pickford’s next director will probably be Charles Chaplin. “I suppose,” said Mary, “that he will make me do every scene over forty or fifty times and that we will be clawing each other’s eyes most of the time, but I think it will finish my education as an actress. Charlie’s picture ‘A woman of Paris’ was the best directed picture ever made.”

Meanwhile Charles has begun making his first comedy since his adventure into tragedy. It is to be a burlesque on the Alaska gold rush. He announced that Edna Purviance was to be leading lady, but since the Dines shooting, Charles is reported as looking for a brunette lady as being perhaps more of the required type.

His picture with Mary will be after she returns from a vacation abroad. It is possible that it may be made in England. Mary is to play the part of a half-starved London Cockney girl.

Bob McGannan may think Farina agrees with him about her next scene, but we have our doubts. Above we find Jackie after a trip he enjoyed with Jack Coogan, Sr. The birds are his father’s game—for Jackie’s gun is missing several necessary parts. And, Virginia Valli on location for “Wild Oranges,” consults King Vidor about her coiffure . . .
Charlie Chaplin Will Direct
Mary Pickford In Her Next
Story, Which Casts Her as a
Half-Starved London Cock-
ney Girl

The period of the
doldrums having
passed, production is
beginning to hum at
Famous Players-Lasky
studio. The chief fea-
tures of interest are
the determination of
Mr. Lasky to make a star out of Patsy Ruth Miller and
the reverential passing up of Pola Negri by all the
American directors in favor of an imported
The chances are
about fifty-fifty for
Patsy Ruth Miller. She
is an alert, sensible,
peppy, intelligent girl
who will have the good
luck to have an excel-
lent director in Herbert
Brenon; but who, on
the other hand, will
have the handicap of
making pictures under the new economy régime with a
limit of $100,000 by way of production costs.

Speaking of the young starlets, the one who
is looked upon as the most promis-
ing "find" of the year is
Norma Shearer. She is a
Canadian girl from
Montreal.

Unlike most young
girls in the films, she has
absolute poise and self-
confidence that bespeaks
a trained society girl.
She looks more English
than Westminster Abbey
and everybody seems to
believe that she is a
great actress in the mak-
ing. The only picture
of any note in which she
(Continued on page 76)

Photograph by Richee

Thomas Ince con-
gratulates
Blanche Sweet
on her univer-
sal triumph as
Anna Christie.

Above, Alice
Davenport takes
charge of Billy
and Betty Reid,
while their
mother and her
daughter, Dor-
othy Davenport
Reid, is on tour
with "Human
Wreckage." To
the right, Helen
Jerome Eddy
at the door of
her dressing-
room.
In criticism of the liberties taken with the screen version of famous and popular novels.

Dear Editor: In reading over some of the fan letters of the October issue of your magazine, I notice that quite a few mention the placing of "dumb-bells" in a cast, to the exclusion of real talent. That may be well and good, but it is not to "hash" over old stuff that I am writing this, but another matter that I do not think has ever been mentioned in your magazine before, the not being a regular subscriber, I may have missed the number in which it had been commented on.

Reference is made to the filming of stories of famous authors in so far as the scenes described in the story are concerned. You know that after reading an author's description of a particular place, or person, if the author has the proper gift of describing his characters, on reading it a person forms a mind picture that seems to place the whole scene before him, that it seems as tho one really lived the story.

All right, take that same story after it has been transferred to the screen, and what is it like? The scenes and people no more fit the book than I would fit your job. There have been several famous stories screened I passed up, just because to have gone to see the film version of them would have spoiled the mental picture that was photographed on my mind at the time of reading the book.

This letter was prompted by seeing an advertisement of the filming of "The Virginian." The moving-picture industry could never give a proper presentation of that great, and to my way of thinking, the greatest "Western Story" ever written. In the first place, the story is much too long to enable it to be shown altogether, and can you imagine trying to photograph the Virginian getting the best of Trampas, with that little story of the frog farm?

It is my humble opinion that the "Virginian" as a picture will be a sad disappointment to those who have had the enjoyment of reading that "All American" novel of a day that is gone from the West forever.

Very truly,

Roland Vermont
408 23rd St., Altoona, Pa.

Bouquets for Motion Picture, criticism of some letters to the editor, and praise, in particular, for Gloria Swanson, Norma Talmadge and Conway Tearle.

Dear Editor: Greetings on this first day of the New Year! May you prosper as never before, and the Motion Picture Magazine become the guide of theatergoers. Selah!

I am doing what I have long promised myself to do—namely, to offer a contribution to your own niche of the Motion Picture. This is my first attempt (probably the amateur note is not lacking) and perhaps you will wish it to be my last. Quien sabe?

I always thoroly enjoy your magazine—it breathes always such a spirit of fair play. I like the news of the stars—intimate things that make one tenderly reminiscent of that star's last picture or favorite scene.

The gallery of portraits is invariably compelling—not only the pictures themselves, but the way in which they are labeled—the foot-notes, as it were.

Your Answer Man is witty and wise, with his modicum of philosophy, of intelligence, and good advice. Clever, clever Answer Man!

The "Letters to the Editor" are—shall one confess it?—sometimes very amusing. Occasionally they are so intolerant as to be contemptible. Oh, there are times when anyone would like to burst the bonds of restraint and shout from the horsetops his or her disgust. But a little self-control, of tolerance of another's views, will make one calmly smile—superiorly, perhaps—but one has a right to superiority when one has controlled a hasty impulse. Really, if the writers of those angrily, almost incoherent letters would only stop to think, they would realize the futility of such childlike attitudes. No matter how much you may rant and rage, dont forget that the stars in their courses sail serenely on. And the other party may think you as big an imbecile as you think him. How you must thank the Gods, this intelligent letter that comes your way. In the February number, Trix MacKenzie's letter is a delight, and Howard Newman's is deliciously clever. Letters like that are decidedly worth while and highly to be recommended.

It rather looks as tho Valentino hadn't been forgotten, hasn't it? The battle of pros and cons is as fierce as ever. But then, a man is not great who has never been worth a struggle. Twas ever thus. Myself, I admire every time I read anything written by him about him. (Calling names is ever so childish.) I think Valentino as an actor has few equals—none in his type of work. A man, he is a gentleman, utterly well bred, highly intelligent, and quite sincere. But this letter was not meant to be a laudatory effort for Valentino.

Another much more-sinned-against-than-sinning star is Gloria Swanson. I like her—I know I should like her if I had the honor to know her personally—and I certainly like her as an actress. It is soothing to the optics to watch her, and if critics say now she cant act, I'll say, "How about 'Zaza,' and the verdict of Lubitsch?"

I hied me to the theater one day last week to see "Ashes of Vengeance," and right now I am haunted with crooning love strain of clashing swords. Norma Talmadge, gentleman! Oh, there is an actress for you! Cold and haughty—as unapproachable as a distant mountain peak. Who can imagine fire and dash whose promise is fulfilled under love's melting and mellowing influence. And

(Continued on page 103)
Cutex Liquid Polish is the last step of the famous Cutex manicure. First you must shape the nails. For this Cutex has fine emery boards. Then to soften the cuticle and remove all the dead skin you need Cutex Cuticle Remover and a Cutex orange stick. Then for the brilliance that makes the nails wholly lovely 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 for the special Introductory Set containing trial sizes of all these things. If you live in Canada address Dept. M-4 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

**THE COMPLETE MANICURE**

*Send 12c for Introductory Set*

Cutex Liquid Polish is the last step of the famous Cutex manicure. First you must shape the nails. For this Cutex has fine emery boards. Then to soften the cuticle and remove all the dead skin you need Cutex Cuticle Remover and a Cutex orange stick. Then for the brilliance that makes the nails wholly lovely 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 for the special Introductory Set containing trial sizes of all these things. If you live in Canada address Dept. M-4 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

**Cutex Liquid Polish**

When the nails are groomed and brilliant your hands are free from embarrassment.

It keeps its even brilliance for days and days

The fastidious grooming of the nails demands that they be always gleaming with a lovely brilliance. So Cutex has prepared a wonderful liquid polish that meets every requirement of the most particular woman.

With it your nails look for days and days as if they had just come from the daintiest manicure. Its glistening lustre brings out the full beauty of the soft smooth cuticle and the carefully shaped nail long after most polishes have begun to dim or look spotty.

Cutex Liquid Polish spreads over the nail smoothly and evenly. It is never gummy, so it flows easily and cannot leave brush marks and little thick places. It is easy to put on, too, because the little brush holds just enough polish for one nail. And it dries instantly. Almost before a second nail is done, the first is so dry you cannot mar the surface. It is tinted the fashionable new rose color that brings out all the pink of the skin under the nail.

This careful perfection of detail gives a polish that is unsurpassed. A smooth, firm brilliance, a rosy glisten that is bewitching. And until you are ready for a fresh manicure Cutex Liquid Polish keeps its lustre. Water will not dim it—it never cracks or peels or comes off at the edges.

Needs no separate polish remover

The final convenience of this marvelous polish is that it does not need to be removed by a separate polish remover that often roughens the skin and makes the nails brittle. To remove the old polish all you have to do is to put a little fresh polish on the nail and wipe it off while it is wet. Every trace of the old comes off, leaving the nail smooth and clean.

Cutex Liquid Polish comes in a smart little bottle with the soft brush attached to the cork. It is 35c at drug and department stores in the United States and Canada. Or ask for the complete Cutex Manicure Sets. Sets are 60c, $1.00, $1.50 and $3.00.

**MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12c TODAY**

| NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. M-4 |
| 114 West 17th Street, New York |
| 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 |

65 PAG1
Greenroom Jottings

Paragraphs of the Latest News in Personalities and Productions

Another society leader has come to the movies seeking her fortune. She is Thelma Morgan Converse, known in social circles as Mrs. James Vail Converse. And her twin sister, Gloria, is Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt. It is "A Society Scandal," Gloria Swanson's next picture, which brings her to the screen.

Helen first feature social. Helen Mrs. Edwin to Mrs. Claire the. New Hedda one good "Simon Fort abroad. filming

Bon Voyage! Movie stars are always either sailing or returning from a pleasure trip or a location trip abroad. Here is Claire Windsor snapped on the upper deck of the steamer which took her across the Atlantic, where she will join the Edwin Carewe company that is filming "A Son of Sahara" on the native soil.

THE pendulum has swung back in regard to production, and movie studios are opening up and producing at a rate that far exceeds the shutting down that occurred a few months ago.

Col. William A. Brady, after making the announcement that he would return to motion-picture production, lost no time in reopening the old Paragon Studios, in Fort Lee, New Jersey. He will film plays that he has successfully produced on the stage. The first of these will be "Simon Called Peter," by Goodman Eckert; others to be filmed are: "Chains," also by Mr. Eckert; "Forever After," by Owen Davis; and "The Things That Count," by Laurence Eyre, which will be made by the original cast headed by Helen Gahagan. Alice Brady will not return to her father's company for the present.

Whitman Bennett has reopened his Yonkers studio too, and is deep in filming "Virtuous Liars," his fourth production of the season. This is the screen version of "The Truth About Wives," Edith Allen, whose screen name will henceforth be Hedda Lind. . . Hedda because she's three-quarters Swedish and Lind because the delectable song-star, Jenny Lind, was an intimate friend of her grandmother's—will be the feature player. She had the second feminine lead in "Scaramouche." Others in the cast are: David Powell, Naomi Childers, Dagmar Godowsky and Burr McIntosh. Big melodramas dealing with society and city life will be the order of his pictures.

Madge Kennedy is one of the brightest stars on Broadway this season, in the title role of "Poppy," the musical comedy which has proved to be a good buy for all the ticket speculators. Here she is having tea in her dressing-room at the theater with the designer, LeMaire, who conceived all the beautiful clothes she wears in this operetta.

From the West comes word that Universal will increase its output of Universal-Jews from twelve to thirty-six a year. The plans will entail additional expenses of $5,000,000 and the productions will be of the standard of "The Merry Go-Round," "The Darling of New York," and "The Lady of Quality."
What one of Society's twelve most beautiful women says about the care of the skin

"The woman who achieves loveliness must be exquisite at all times. Her skin should be so perfectly cared for that every situation finds it the same—smooth and transparently clear—unlined by fatigue, showing no trace of exposure. And this I believe any woman can accomplish with the careful use of Pond's Two Creams. The skin responds instantly to their delicious texture and fragrance."

Of course if one did nothing but recline upon a chaise longue in a foam of Venise lace and chiffon, such terms as fatigue and exposure would be unknown.

But the woman who is active in society leads a life that is as active and vigorous and often more wearing than that of the housewife or professional woman. Moreover she is invariably an enthusiastic sportswoman and a strenuous day of skating, riding, or golf is often followed by a night of dancing.

But sports and late hours combine in an insidious attack upon woman's dearest possession—her complexion.

For wind and sun are bound to dry and coarsen the skin and post-midnight dancing will show next morning in faint lines of fatigue.

But—"exquisite at all times" is the society woman's code, as Mrs. Biddle Duke says. And exquisite at all times she is. For long ago she discovered a sure and simple method of skin care that keeps her skin as clear and fresh and delicate as society has always demanded.

Exquisite women use this Method

Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing—is a deliciously soft pure cream that not only cleanses the skin thoroughly, but restores its natural satin suppleness. Dip your fingers into its fragrant softness and rub an ample amount on your face and neck. The fine oil in it sinks deep into the pores to dislodge all of the dirt, excess natural oil, and powder that invisibly clog those tiny cells. Now wipe it off with a soft cloth and don't be ashamed if the cloth is black. Do this twice. How clean your skin is, how soft and velvety and above all how fine! That is because the tiny pores now have a chance to breathe and function normally.

Pond's Vanishing Cream is now smoothed on. This light delicate cream is used after every skin cleansing, leaving a new fresh loveliness that prepares your skin perfectly for the necessary finish of powder. Smooth on only a little.

There's a pearly glow to your whole face—and how extraordinarily young you're looking! The powder will go on more smoothly than ever and will last almost indefinitely.

Remember, that transparent clearness for which the fashionable woman is distinguished is the result of daily care. Begin this method at once, the method that the younger women in society depend on, and you will see the same loveliness reflected in your own mirror. Pond's Two Creams may be had at all drug and department stores. The Pond's Extract Company.

Generous tubes—mail coupon with 10c today
The first film to be shot at the reopening of the Paramount’s West Coast studios was “The Dawn of Tomorrow,” taken from the story by Frances Hodgson Burnett, and in play form, a Broadway success. Jacqueline Logan has the role of Glad, a London slavey, which was played by Eleanor Robeson (Mrs. August Belmont) on the stage. Others in the cast are: David Torrence, Ray Griffith, Roland Bottomley, Harris Gordon, Guy Oliver, Temple Piggott, Mabel Van Buren, Margaret Clayton. Cecil B. De Mille has also started the filming of “Triumph,” and James Cruze has returned from Natchez, Mississippi, where he has been shooting the exteriors of “Magnolia,” and is now doing the interiors.

And the Western Vitagraph studios are hitting it up, too. Commodore J. Stewart Blackton is filming “What’s a Woman Between Friends,” written from Robert Chambers’ story, “Between Friends,” with Lou Tellegen in the leading male role. Mr. Tellegen later will do “The Clean Heart,” an A. S. M. Hutchinson story with the Commodore still in command. Mrs. Blackton and their two children, Violet and Charles, accompanied the Commodore, and, as he will produce indefinitely in the West, they have established their home there.

Is the glorious Fourth in danger? The Yale University Press which has been digging up facts in regard to “The Declaration of Independence,” one of its stories in the “Chronicles of America” series, has discovered that the document of Independence was signed on July 2, 1776, instead of the 4th, and that the tooting, and bell ringing, howling and joy-raving, did not take place until July 8th. However, the Yale University Press is a stickler for tradition, so we think July 4th will stand. The selection of a cast is another delicate matter on the boards, as the characters include: John Hancock, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Adams, John Adams, John Dickinson and other signers of the Declaration. The lots for the picture are being built at the Vitagraph studio on Brooklyn, and Kenneth Webb will direct it.

D. W. Griffith has been having a hard time of it in the making of “America.” Mr. Griffith has had the searchlight turned on numberless Americans in hopes of finding one who never told a lie and who could act also the role of George Washington. Arthur Dewey has been elected finally. We’re not crowding him with too many questions—
on the subject of veracity. This is not all, the snow has refused to fall on scheduled time for the shooting of the picture, and furthermore the exterior sets, half of which had been erected out-side of the Mamaroneck Studio, L. I., which borders the water, floated off into the Sound on the same stormy night on which the Shenandoah tore loose from her moorings and tooted across the country. Lucky was Mr. Griffith that his actors were merely marooned, and didn’t slip into the Sound themselves.

Franklyn Furnum has already completed two big Western features, “The Two-Fisted Tenderfoot,” and “Across Trails,” and has begun “The Man Who Never Laughed.” The location of the last-named story is along the Mexican border and we are wondering if the company will get additional color and excitement when the Mexican Federal troops pass thru Texas. Alyce Mills supported Mr. Furnum in the first stories made, but as she is now working in the East on “The Social Code,” another ingenue will take her place.

But the cast of “Sundown” will probably get the master-Mexican thrill. Accompanied by air service, cavalry, motor transport, signal corps, medical detachment, commissary and a battery of cameras, the First National Company will cross-over into Mexico, and on the Palomas-Ranch will film the opening scenes of “Sundown” in which

You may wonder what a picture of Jeanne Gordon, the contralto of the Metropolitan Opera House, is doing in a movie magazine. It is simple. Jeanne Gordon, a few short years ago, made her first appearance singing in the Rialto and Rivoli motion-picture theaters on Broadway. In this way she gained the attention of operatic powers and rose to her present fame.

Photograph © by Minkin, N. Y.
Why You, too, Can Have Beautiful Hair

How famous Movie Stars keep their hair soft and silky, bright and fresh-looking, full of life and lustre.

BEAUTIFUL hair is no longer a matter of luck.
You, too, can have hair that is charming and attractive.
Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the way you shampoo it.
Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp. After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up the lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

You will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be soft and silky in the water. The strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can, and finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy, and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone. You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children—Fine for Men

Mulsified
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo
All photographs by
International News-
reed

John Barrymore
is on tour in
"Hamlet." This
picture was taken
by the newsmen
outside the White
House after he had
paid a formal call
on the President
and Mrs. Coolidge,
who, by the way,
had seen him as
the melancholy
Dane the night
previous. He
plans to return to
the studios soon.

75,000 head of cattle make a stampede. With an adobe
building as the center of the movie community, a tent
city will be laid out for the company. Laurence Trimble
will direct. Roy Stewart has been announced as the
male lead.

The first episode of Pathé's serial version of Emerson
Hough's novel, "The Way of a Man," has been released
under the title of "Into the Unknown," apt enough, since
it opens with a murder. The principals of the cast are
introduced in the initial release. They include Harold
Miller, "Bud" Osborne, Kathryn Appleton, Lillian Gale,
Chet Tyan and Allene Ray.

"We've heard mammoth fish and water stories, but
how is this for a landlubber boast? Albert R. Rogell,
who is directing Fred Thompson in a series of six pictures
for the Monogram Pictures Corporation, raises his right
hand and asserts that seventy per cent of the scenes in
"North of Nevada" have never been shot before by a
camera—not even a Brownie! No one has yet arisen to
cry the statement down. Are all the camera fiends
dead or dumb?

Hold the thought, and you'll get your dearest
wish. It always works, especially when you've been
a good girl. Louise Lorraine has been working
steadily for two years making the "Fighting Blood"
series, at the F. B. O. studio, Hollywood. Miss
Lorraine decided it was time for a vacation. She
thought her pocketbook might take her East or to
Europe, but it was the dream of her life to go to
Bueno Aires, the Paris of the Western world. She
counted her pennies over and over again, and looked
doubious. Then, at the psychological moment, came
an offer from a South American movie company
offering her a lead similar to that of Lois Wilson
in "The Covered Wagon," in a story glorifying the
pioneers, who settled the big country. Miss Lorraine
is on her way now with a companion and her maid,
and will be gone three months.

Wanted a watch-dog! Peter Patch, Douglas Mc-
Lean's little wire-haired terrier, is everything that
a wire-haired terrier should be, but after all, he's
only a patch—the insurance agent insisted he is.
McLean, in the act of getting himself insured, was
told that if he had a watch-dog he could get a
rake-off on the rate. "Sure, he had one," he said,
and forthwith produced Peter Patch and his bag
of tricks. But Peter Patch failed to register bull-
dog qualities and McLean paid in full.

At last the hatchet is buried down to the hilt be-
tween Rudolph Valentino and Famous Players-
Lasky, and the beloved sheik, in his inimitable way,
is to bring "Monsieur Beauregarde" to life on the
silversheet. This is the first of the two pictures he
will make for his old employers before taking up
work with the Ritz-Carlton Company. Ruddy
brought so many handsome clothes and elegant
effects back with him from Europe, that he decided
to swear that he is not a "resident of the United
States at this time," rather than to pay duty on
them, which is all O. K. for the time being, but—a list
of the articles has been taken and if Ruddy lingers too
long on these happy shores, the customs officers will be
around to pay another call.

Viola Dana has been engaged by the Metro Corporation
to star in "Face to Face," the Edwin Lefevre story that appeared in the Saturday Evening Post.

We wonder if the native sons of California will ever
let Irene Rich set foot on their precious soil again. Miss
Rich is thrilled with New York, says there is something
(Continued on page 116)
Fits the Finest Homes
or Most Modest Incomes

Consider the evident high quality of this all-year family car, and its remarkable price—then you can understand why it has been necessary for us to double our production facilities this year.

Many families already owning the highest priced cars, also own a Chevrolet Sedan or Coupe. They find it not only consistent in style and general quality with their social position, but also astonishingly economical to operate.

Those of more limited means take justifiable pride in the ownership of this distinguished car, which is nevertheless so easy to buy and maintain.

Thousands of pleased owners will tell you a Chevrolet offers the best dollar value of any car made.

Your own requirements for economical transportation will determine your choice of models.

Any Chevrolet dealer will explain their many points of superiority.

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan
Division of General Motors Corporation

Prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Model</th>
<th>Price</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Superior Roadster</td>
<td>$490</td>
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<tr>
<td>Superior Touring</td>
<td>$495</td>
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<tr>
<td>Superior Utility Coupe</td>
<td>$540</td>
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<td>Superior 4-Passenger Coupe</td>
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<td>Superior Sedan</td>
<td>$795</td>
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<td>395</td>
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<td>Superior Light Delivery</td>
<td>$395</td>
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<td>Utility Express Truck Chassis</td>
<td>350</td>
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Superior Utility Coupé

$640
f. o. b. Flint, Mich.
Jane S.—Glad to hear from you. I love to make the acquaintances of young people; because, in the first place, I don’t like to think of myself as growing old. Antonio Moreno was born in Spain in 1888 and he is married to Mrs. Daisy Canfield Danziger. Address him at the Famous Players-Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

A. Silverman.—Speaking of politics, the Secretary of State ranks at the head of the President’s cabinet. Ruth Roland played in “The Red Circle.” Ruth is fond of circles, she makes the trip from San Francisco to New York in circles.

Parlevozky.—Yes, me too. So you liked “The Hunchback of Notre Dame.” It had quite a run in New York. Try Universal for Jerry Gendron. Yes, there has been some talk of Charles Ralston and tonsils, for the stage. Alice F.—Now, now, you know I don’t send pictures of myself to my readers, so don’t bribe me. John Gilbert is twenty-nine and married to Lettie Joy. Cullen Landis is twenty-nine. Luitz and Golliwog is right and not married. Eric von Stroheim is about to direct two more pictures for Goldwyn.

McDonald.—Good old-fashioned name. Of course, I would have my tonsils out. What good are they if they trouble you. Yes, I still have my appendix and tonsils. I’m all there in those respects. Yes, send along the pictures from Australia. Norma Talmadge is still married to Joseph Schenck. Guess she is very happy. Barney Sherry is playing in “Robert E. Lee.” You will see a very interesting letter. Let me hear from you again.

Heleen Mc.—Why Rudyard Kipling obtained his first name after a lake by that name which is in Stafford. The first meeting of his father and mother occurred on the shore of Lake Rudyard and that led to the eldest Kipling’s being given the name Rudyard. I see, so it is Percy Marmon you like. He is playing in “Sourvenir” with Agnes Ayres, also as the husband in “The Shootings” of Dan McGrew. Yes, he was educated in England. Six feet tall and weighs 150 pounds and has blonde hair and blue eyes. No, I don’t seem to mind the cold weather with my long beard. M. D. New Britain.—I don’t like to talk about dying, but it was Abraham Lincoln who said “How hard it is to die, and not be able to leave the world any better for one’s little life in it?” No, that’s a card, I am pleased to be a member of your club, also an inactive one.

A. Jellie Bean.—So you think it is quite exciting to write to me. It is more exciting to read some of these letters. Sometimes I get so excited that I wish I had some hair to pull. And you think you are a mystery. Some day, you might be acting on the stage now. Pauline Frederick in “Let Not Man Put Asunder.

Dundee, Flapper.—So you have the flapper craze in New Zealand, have you? Maude Adams, thru the Guide Made Pictures, Inc., will produce pictures in color, the first being “Aladdin.” Miss Adams’s association with the Guild does not interfere with her plans for the independent production of “Kim,” the picture rights to which she recently bought from Rudyard Kipling. Glad you like William Russell, Buck Jones and the rest of the Fox players. Yes, they are popular over here too.

Avery.—I want to thank the person who sent me the drawing of Lillian Gish as “Diana of the Folies.” I believe I answered you thru the mail also.

One Who Knows.—So you say that Louis Wolheim was not a professor at Harvard, but is a graduate of Cornell. Perhaps he was.

Freckles.—Well, it isn’t what you endeavor to do, it’s what you do. That’s how you estimate a man. Irene Rich does not give her age, but she was born in Buffalo, and she is five feet six, weighs 133 pounds. She has dark hair and brown eyes and has two daughters. Gloria Swanson is playing in “The Society Scandal,” and some of the scenes were taken in Brooklyn. So you will see the City of Churches. Run in again some time.

Ramon Navarro’s Best Fan.—I think you do very well with your English. Yes, you ought to refer to Famous Players and resume the making of pictures. His first picture will be “Monsieur Beaucaria,” which will be directed by Sidney Olcott. And of the 2,500,000 wag-carners in New York City, 691,000 are women.

Mary M. M. H.—That’s all right, but moonlight and propinquity are responsible for more engagements than any other dozen of causes. Herbert Rawlinson, Jack Hoxie, Louise Lorraine, Laura LaPlante are all Universal. Yes, I think they will send you their pictures. You might write them anyway.

Carl E.—No, I have never been in love. A typical old bachelor. Loving too much is a reason more pointed than tragic; than not loving enough. No, I haven’t the height of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. You can address him at the First National Pictures, 333 Madison Avenue, New York City. Rex Ingram says upon the completion of “The Aral” he is going back to capturing.

D. M. Australia.—You say you don’t know which is better, to be hard-boiled—or half-baked. Well, I should say I would prefer being well done. Yes, of course, May McAvoy did her own dancing in “Her Reputation.” She is four feet eleven and has blue eyes and dark-brown hair. Yes, she does resemble Jacqueline Logan now that you speak of it. Thanks, but I don’t need to try the Wallace “daily dozen” method for chest expansion. Do you? Young Australians.—Well, it’s not only the moon that’s on its last quarter, but your friend the Answer Man. And you didn’t like Anita Stewart in “The Lover Piker.” She is playing in “The Great White Hunter” with Fairbanks United Studios, Los Angeles, Cal., for both Enid Bennett and Sylvia Breamer. No, I haven’t dark hair, neither have I a David Powell mustache. I have several mustaches at all in one.

Kitty E.—No, I am not the artist? I’ve got all I can attend to just being the Answer Man. Milton Sills is married to Gladys Wym. Write Lou Chaney, Famous Players Studio, Los Angeles, Cal. So you have been dreaming big things, have you—well, in order to make them come true. We can’t all be stars.

A. L. G. New York.—Yes, I read in the Los Angeles Times, where Edwin Markham, the poet, says that Henry Ford is another Lincoln. Possibly a poet can be more different than a Ford and a Lincoln, but any garage man can. It is rumored that Glenn Hunter will play in “Merton of the Movies” for the screen.

Marla G. Harlem.—Thanks for the fee. I’ll buy me some buttermilk. Well right now I’m reducing too. So you want me to coax Marguerite Clarke back to the screen. Wish it could be done. So you liked “Potash and Perlimutter” very much. Didn’t see it.

Gail.—Take from men ambition and vanity, and you will have neither heroes or patriots. Robert Gordon is his real name. He is married to Alma Francis. Educated at Los Angeles Polytechnic Junior College, played on the stage for a season with Hollywood Community Players, and started his screen career with Paramount in “The Yarmint.” Is that all? Write me as a.

Louieb.—You have made my burdens lighter to bear. No one is useless in the world who lightens the burdens of it for anyone with very close associates.

In New York, educated at St. John’s Military Academy, in Annapolis. He is six feet two, weighs 180 pounds, has dark hair and
The Inside Story of Princess Pat

By the Only Woman Who Witnessed the Discovery of the Complexion Tint that Duplicates Nature

"Now Watch what happens!"
You could have heard a pin drop as the analyst’s words caused all eyes to gaze intently at my face. Science had solved an old and perplexing beauty problem with a new, mysterious tint. The moment had arrived for demonstration.

Two years of hard work led up to this hour of triumph. There had been day and night testings of rouges—of every conceivable color. Whole weeks devoted to first one shade then another in an effort to overcome that common fault of all the old-fashioned rouges—the purplish, artificial look which makes their use so obvious. Then the day when the right tint was found! It is an interesting story.

How the True Tint Came to Light
When a new use of ingredients produced this first “true” tone it was regarded curiously; no one realized its full significance; so different was the color, it was fortunate we even tried it. But the rule was to test everything on the face. So for the thousandth time a new tint was applied to my cheeks.

The first demonstration of this marvelous new color brought one surprise after another. It was first believed to be just a particularly happy choice for my complexion—or for skins the same as mine. But tests quickly followed on every conceivable type of skin from darkest to lightest—with the same miraculously natural result. Then came the thought that perhaps only sparing use could be made of the new tint. So to the tiny amount that had achieved the perfect color, more and more of the tint was applied. The coloring merely deepened; there was no sign of artificiality.

Next came the question of lights and exhaustive light tests made the triumph complete. Even old-time rouges were acceptable in the kindly gleam of lamp or candle light, but the Tint called Princess Pat stands the severe test of a brilliantly lighted room, or glare of noonday sun. The new tint becomes and appears your color from the moment applied. Nature varies it on your face and unfailingly produces exactly the right degree and tone to give the color you should have.

That is why you are not aware of the numbers all around you who use this new natural tint. The color is too natural to permit detection. So women who never used ordinary rouge have taken joyfully to Princess Pat.

Really Waterproof
Since the day Princess Pat tint was introduced many thousands have made its acquaintance. It is the identical tint today as when the first tiny bit was produced and tried; and it brings the same color charm to any cheek. You'll be glad to know it's been made waterproof—completely so. Profuse perspiration will not affect it—not even surf bathing—yet a bit of cream, or soap removes it.

And remember: there's only one shade! No "matching"—no need to; for this true tone blends with any complexion. Science thus gives you the means of imparting natural color to your cheeks—to any degree desired. A color that's perfectly natural—color you can control—a gentle glow of color that has no beginning or end—a tone blending with your features. Why use an obvious rouge? Try Princess Pat!

Avoid Imitations
The success of Princess Pat Tint has called for many so-called "orange rouges." But these lack the secret which causes Princess Pat Tint to change color when applied—and without this secret Nature cannot blend the color to exactly meet the requirements of your individual need.

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[Advertisement for Princess Pat Tint]
hazel eyes. Playing in "True as Steel" for Goldwyn, Wallace and Nash Bean are brothers. No, the others are not related.

MAYBE.—You want a picture of Niles Welch on the cover. I'll speak to Miss Fletcher.

G. F. B.—Oh, Joy! You made me lift! Harry Carey is with Evelyn T. Hart, and Pauline in Vitragraph. "A Touch of the Circs," from a story that Ilahzé wrote especially for her. Some of the scenes will be taken in Southern France and others in Hollywood. Oh, I'm always sincere, even tho it should cost me.

RAMON NOVARRO'S BEST FAN.—Cheer up, in whatever part of the world you are, you will have something to suffer. Address Ramon Novarro at Metro, 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal.发送 for good wishes.

Co-Ed.—Well, I am glad you wrote to me, anyway. Much dearer the things which come thru hard distress. Yes, Bert Lytell is married to Evelyn Vaughn. He lives in California, and has been playing for the last seven years, and in Broadway productions before that. He has brown hair and hazel eyes.

PAULINE GARON'S ADMIRER.—You refer to Swift's description of the gossip. "No, do they trust their tongues alone, but speak a language of their own? Can a word be a note, a song, a story, a frown, a look better than a printed book; convey a libel in a crown, and wink a reputation down; or by the tossing of the fan, describe the lady and the man." Pauline is twenty-two, you know. William Hart in "A Lighter of Flames," portraying the character of Patrick Henry.

THE GEMME GIRL.—Is that what your beau calls you? Lois Weidner, who is representative of Alabama in Universal's Beauty contest. Pearl White is still abroad. Oh, I love my work. I'd rather answer questions than eat. Pretty cold for butter milk these days, isn't it?—You will have to figure it out for yourself!—Swift said, "No wise man ever wished to be younger." and Byron said "Once more who would not be a boy?" Pauline Garon is French-Canadian, born in Montreal. She has blue eyes and blonde hair, five feet tall, and educated at Sacred Heart Convent. She played with Dorothy Gish in "Remodelling a Husband" as her first picture. Write me any time, Bob.

FLORENCE Mc.—Don't forget that men only blame themselves in order to be good to Pauline Starke in "The Courage of Marge O'Doone." They are all Answer Men so far as I know. Wish I could be more sociable, but I wish you could see my desk. No, Waterbury is not my name. It's R. S. I wish I did have a fireplace in my hall-room. You always see a face in the fire. The laborer, looking into it, purifies his thoughts of the dross and carthness which they contained and assimilated with Vitragraph. All I can look into is the electric heater. No, Matt Moore is not married. Never have been. You ask if I think that the actors and actresses understand more about the deep things in life than any ordinary individual. Well, yes.

CURIOSITY.—And the difference between the philanthropist and miser is this—the former lives to give, but the latter dies to give. C 2 K stands for "Curious to know." Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in Vitragraphs. Rose is five feet four, and educated at Fair Mont Brown in "Welcome Stranger." Blanche Sweet in "Those Who Dance." Irene Rich in "A Woman Who Sinned." Have I satisfied you?—Peggy M.—I'm sorry, but I would have to have a little more information before I would answer you.

JOSEPHINE AND ADELE.—A ton of water contains 224 gallons. Pauline Garon is five feet tall. There was an Adele de Garde and a Josephine Hill in pictures. The latter is now the wife of Jack Parnell. I guess Norma Talmadge Miss Dupont is playing in "What Three Men Wanted." Some title!

SMILES.—Well, there is an old saying, "Strength of mind is an attaching as well as a ruling power; all human creatures, women especially, fall in love with those who have power over their own minds." That must be a very old one because the present women don't become attached, they have minds of their own, and use them too. Gloria Swanson has reddish-brown hair and grey eyes. She is five feet three and weighs 112, and is twenty-seven. Born in Chicago.

WILLARD.—My what a fancy letter-head, and home made, too. Thomas Meighan is with Famous Players, Lillian Gish with Inspiration. Write me any time, Harry Carey and Claire Windsor in "High Dawn."

MILDRED T.—A woman always feels herself complimented by love, tho it may be from a man incapable of winning her heart or her esteem. Barbara La Marr, Corinne Griffith, Ben Alexander, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Sylvia Breamer and Colleen Moore are all First National stars.

JUST MARTHA.—Joseph Schildkraut was born in Austria. He is twenty-nine. Marie Lasky and David Roselle in "Hallelujah, It's a Dream," are going abroad with her illustrious husband to spend about six months vacationing. If they find a congenial story in which they can participate, they will produce it and you will be wonderful.

MISS CUMM.—Of course, I look like my picture up above. And you think I am the gold fishes' wrist watch! That's going some. Ramon Novarro is with Metro. No, he is not married. Harrison Ford, Pauline Galloway and David Powell in "The Average Woman." Lew Cody and Viola Dana in "Revelations."

M. A. E.—Welcome to the throne. Yes, I think Gloria Swanson will be glad to hear from you. You know Valtira said, "God created woman only to take man." Write to me again, your letter was a jewel.

HELEN K.—Dined with Jack Dempsey, eh? You better not get rough with him. No, I have never met him, but I heard him fight over the radio. George Walsh will play Ben Hur.

TESS.—Wrinkles on the brow are Time's endorsement of the note for borrowed trouble. Buck Jones is married. Milton Sills married to Gladys Wynn and they have a daughter. Hoot Gibson married to Len Johnson. Buck Jones was born in Vincennes, Ind. Educated at Minnesota University, and has five feet eleven and three-quarters. Betty Ross Clark and Lloyd Hughes in "Mother O'Mine." Wallace Reid died January 18, 1923.

REEL ENTHUSIAST.—She is like the wife who preaches in her gown, and lectures in her night-dress. Yes, Alice Terry has done-right. Pauline Garon, born in Montreal, Quebec, is five feet four. Cal. Helene Chadwick is with Goldwyn. Edna Flugrath, Shirley Mason's sister, is to play an important part in Shirley's next picture, "Love Letters." Edna and Shirley will portray sister roles in the picture. I'm always here.

P. S. T.—Anna Nilsson is Mrs. John Gunnerson, and she is five feet seven, weighs 135 pounds. Goldwyn are going to produce the sequel to "Potash and Perlmutter" with the well-known Bernard-Carey team in it.

L. S. H.—Yes, E. H. Sothern played in a Vitagraph picture some six or seven years ago, entitled "The Challed" with Peggy Hyland in the lead.

KASSEN.—No, I have never been to Paris. Gay, giddy, happy Paris, where life is a pastime, and the only reality death. Ann Corin with Warner Brothers. John Harron opposite Mildred Natwick. Who will star now. Remember her in the old Biograph days. Thanks for the picture. That's some pineapple-tree you have in your front yard.

E. G. C.—Well, shaping our own life is our own work. It is a thing of beauty. It is a thing of fame, as we ourselves make it. We lay the corner and add joint to joint, we give the proportion, we set the finish, it may be a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Give us freedom if we perish our life from putting it on its app. We will give you. You can reach Irene Rich at Warner Brothers, Bronson Avenue and Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, Cal. Pauline Starke with Fox last. Joline was played by Nazimova, Paul by Charles Bryant and the Prior by Frank Currier in "Revelation." These are all stars whose pictures you can get. After all a star's private life belongs to her. Carmel Myers has been signed for important parts in "Poisoned Paradise" and "Ben Hur." She has just completed work on "Slave of Desire" and "The Council." Norman Kerry in "True as Steel." Write me any time.

DONELLY E.—You write a beautiful letter. No, I dont mind reading letters. Write to me as often as you like. Milton Sils at the United States, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. Harry Carey was born in New York, 1880, but he is a real cowboy. He is married to Olive Fuller Golden and has two children. He is six feet and weighs 180 pounds. Has blonde hair.

EDNA B.—Some men need a push every now and then. Few things are impracticable in themselves; and it is for want of application rather than of means, that many fail of success. You will have to write to the companies direct for pictures. Pola Negri in "Men," and after that "Montmartre."

PEARL AND CLIP.—What's this, a duet? And there are times when the mysteries of life seem greater than the mystery of death. Monte Blue is with Warner, and it is said he is part Indian. No, he is not married now, six feet and weighs 185 pounds, brown eyes and blonde hair. Cassie Ferguson born in 1891, five feet eleven and weighs 135. Brown hair and blue-grey eyes. I ought to be color-blind after writing these descriptions. Run in again. (Continued on page 110)
Woven and Dyed by the Famous "Masland" Process

"Masland" process rugs have been famous for 25 years for wearing quality and for their fast colors, which are "steam boiled" into the fabric after weaving and go through to the back. They have heavy, all-wool face; close, strong weave and extra weight. Read Hartman's guarantee below.

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Only by seeing them can you appreciate these wonderful "Masland" Seamless Tapestry Rugs. Hartman guarantees that they have more wool on the face, more strands of wool in the inch, greater weight and better wearing qualities than any other rugs that can be sold elsewhere for the same money. Beautiful Brussels effect in a rich tapestry design in exquisite colorings of red, blue, brown and tan. Colors go clear through to back and are guaranteed not to fade or "bleed." This is positively the world's greatest rug bargain.

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You can pay for the 9x12 ft. rug on 30 days' free trial. If you keep them beautiful "Masland" Tapestry rugs, pay for the large one on our easy terms. Not a penny to pay for the small one, which comes FREE.

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Over 200 pages (of which 60 pages are in actual color) of the world's greatest bargains in FURNITURE, rugs, carpets, sewing machines, silverware; also farm implements and accessories, etc.—all sold on our easy monthly payment terms and 30 days' free trial.

FREE GIFTS

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Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World
On the Camera Coast

(Continued from page 65)

has been seen thus far is "Flaming Passion," which was a film version of "Lucrezia Borgia." In which connection, a bit of gossip. It happens that, at the minute, the star scena-
rio writers of Hollywood are Sada Cowan and Howard Higgins, who work in col-
aboration. Their artistic eyes having been offended by "Flaming Passion," I am
told that they insisted on having their names taken off the screen. Whereupon
the picture staggered on without them and got some of the best newspaper notices
of the year. The truth is, the picture merited neither the soul agitation of Miss Cowan
for its faults nor the good notices.

I saw a wonderful picture the other day
—that no one else will ever see. It was
the unslashed version of Eric von
Stroheim's "Greed." It was a magnificent
piece of work, but it was forty-five reels
long. We went into the projection-room
at 10:30 in the morning; we staggered out
at 8:00 that night. I can't imagine what
they are going to do with it. It is like
"Les Misérables." Episodes come along
that you think have no bearing on the
story, then twelve or fourteen reels later,
it hits you with a crash. For stark,
terrible realism and marvelous artistry, it
is the greatest picture I have ever seen.

But I don't know what it will be like when
it shrinks from forty-five to eight reels.
Von Stroheim is imploiring the Goldwyn
people to make two instalments of it and
run it on two different nights.

Could any other director in the world
have gotten away with this? One of
the best love scenes in the picture is played
with the lovers sitting on an outfall sewer
pipe down which the body of a dead cat
has just drifted. And I give you my word.
it is a tender, beautiful and romantic love
scene.

The other Teuton fiddling around, try-
ing to get started. Lubitsch wants to make
a screen version of "Manon Lescaut," but
he can't seem to find an actress for the
 heroine or get started. I saw him out at
a Hollywood party the other night and he
was biting his nails and walking up and
down like a caged tiger.

Herr Kraely, his imported scenario
writer, was there with his wife who spoke
no English but seemed to find glee in the
occasion. She giggled back of her hand-
kerchief until Mrs. Lubitsch apologized by
saying, "Excuse her, please; but she has
never before seen an American social
gathering." Which seemed further to
complicate the case. We couldn't under-
stand why we were so funny.

Victor Seastrom is also going after im-
ported talent. Johan Bojer, the Nor-
wegian novelist, is in Hollywood, studying
the screen, presumably at Seastrom's invi-
tation. One cannot but sympathize with
Seastrom's desire to send somewhere for
an author. For his first American picture,
they set the task of making something in-
telligible out of one of Sir Hall Caine's
maudlin melodramas. "Name the Man," is
a beautifully directed picture in spite of
their handicap.

For the past week the home of Douglas
Fairbanks and Mary Pickford has resem-
bled a fort. It has been under armed
 guard on account of the threats of the
most desperate bandit to infest California
since the days of Joaquin Murietta, who,
unfortunately, was the hero of Douglas' picture
"The Mark of Zorro." This fellow is an
ex-convict named Dunlap. During the
past few months he has assaulted thirty-
two women in Hollywood and committed
at least two murders. Doug recognized
him as a man who applied to him for a
job in a bandit part, frankly confessing
that he was a crook and gunman. He left
vowing vengeance and, upon his recent re-
turn to Hollywood renewed the threat in
a letter to Doug.

June Mathis and other members of the
Goldwyn technical staff are, by now, on
the way to Italy to begin "Ien Hur." This
picture will be the means of bringing
Francis X. Bushman back to the screen, as
well as giving George Walsh the big
chance of his life. Some jester in Holly-
wood commenting upon the selection of
Charles Brahm as director said that Gold-
wyn was probably afraid to ask Dickie
Nelan to direct, for fear that, in the midst

The Hollywood Fashion Parade—presenting Conrad Nagel, William
Haines, Edmund Lowe, Raymond Griffith, George Walsh and Hobart
Bosworth in a humorous moment
Choosing your own kind of beauty

By Mme. Jeannette

It is one of the fascinating miracles of today that pretty women become beautiful—and quite plain ones become really attractive—through the simple arts of the dressing-table.

But much depends upon the kinds of powder and rouge that you choose, and upon the skill with which they are applied. Too many women make the mistake of using miscellaneous cosmetics.

It is far better to stick to one maker's products throughout, for when a chemist develops a new rouge, he naturally "tries it out" with his own powder, and vice versa. Thus, one maker's powders, rouges, and lip sticks will always harmonize better and blend more closely with one another than with other kinds.

Pompeian Beauty Powder comes in a sufficient variety of shades to meet every complexion tint, also, to provide for those whose skins require powders of different tints under daylight and under artificial light.

These powders have been developed for naturalness of effect and for adhesiveness. A powder that stays on means a face always properly powdered, rather than one that is alter-}

ately powdered, unpowdered, and repowdered.

Pompeian Bloom is the rouge especially prepared for use with Pompeian Beauty Powder. It can be had in the new Orange Tint or the regular shades.

It combines two advantages rarely found in the one rouge—it will not break or crumble, yet it comes off easily and readily on the puff.

Pompeian Day Cream is a vanishing cream, and disappears under your finger-tips as you smooth it over the surfaces to be powdered. It is a protection to your skin, and forms a proper surface for the even application and blending of your powder and rouge.

Not only do powder and rouge "go on" better over this foundation cream—they adhere much better, staying on for hours with their original clear loveliness.

"Don't Enter Beauty—Use Pompeian!"

**DAY CREAM (vanishing)** 60c per jar
**BEAUTY POWDER** 60c per box
**BLOOM **(the rouge) 60c per box
**LIP STICK** 25c each
**FRAGRANCE** (attar) 25c each
**NIGHT CREAM** (cold cream) 60c per jar

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The newest Pompeian art panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," done in pastel by a famous artist and reproduced in rich colors. Size 28 x 14 in. For 10 cents we will send you all of these: The 1924 Beauty Panel and samples of Day Cream, Beauty Powder, Bloom (rouge), and Night Cream.

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If you would have a flower-blossom skin all summer, you must be a good caretaker in the spring!

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This cream is exceptionally well qualified to feed and refine and cleanse the skin.

Its fine oils free the dirt secreted in the infinitesimal folds and pores of the skin, making for exquisite cleanliness.

The softening effect of certain of these oil-attributes refines the skin, making it soft and delicate.

To obtain the greatest benefit from this cream, you must use it regularly—this month at least once every day. The best time, if you use it but once a day, is at night just before retiring.

Begin a gentle massage. Start at the point of your chin, using firm, light finger-tips. Move your fingers in little circles, gradually working upward and outward. After a few minutes of this treatment, pat your face and neck with smart little blows till some, or all, of the cream has become absorbed. Wipe off all remaining traces. And finish this treatment with a brisk dashing of cold water.

Pat in the moisture, and you should find your skin firm, smooth and soft to the touch; or, if your skin still feels dry, rub in just enough cream to relieve it of the drawn feeling.

Mme. Jeannette

Specialiste en Beauté

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2129 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (or 25c, if preferred) for 1924 Pompeian Art Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and the four samples named to offer.

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Address: __________________________
City: _____________________________
State: ____________________________

What shade of face powder wanted?
of the chariot race, a little freckle-face like Wesley Barry would come from behind one of the chariots and win the race on a scooter.

Lew Cody and Adolphe Menjou were recently making a personal appearance at an inland town in California, and Lew rashly offered to answer any questions that the audience wished to ask. "Who is your favored actress," came the prompt demand. The two actors looked at each other in dismay; retired for a moment's conference, then came back with the diplomatic announcement, "Babby Peggy!"

Norma Talmadge has closed her studio for a couple of months in order to go to Florida on a yachting trip with her husband, Joseph Schenck. They will be guests of Irving Berlin. Norma's next picture will be a flapper drama called "The House of Youth," by Maude Ral-

ford Warren.

Altho Rex Ingram was expected to be in Europe for a long time—perhaps forever—it has been announced definitely that when he finishes "The Arab" in North Africa, he will return to Hollywood to film "The World's Illusion" for Metro.

George Melford's wife got a divorce from the director last week. She said that, while she still loved him, that he had fallen in love with Jacqueline Logan. The court sent for Mr. Melford, who denied any but a friendly interest in Miss Logan, the leading woman of his company. He stated that he had just simply ceased to love his wife and wanted to "live his own life."

First National executives gave a big banquet to Samuel Goldwyn last week and made it the occasion to announce a produ-
cing program which will total more than $6,000,000.

Percy Marmont will play the lead in the production of "Babbitt" to be directed by Henry Beaumont for Warner Brothers.

The original of the boy who played the piano in the saloon in "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" turned up at the Metro studios just as they were beginning to shoot the picture and was engaged by Clarence Badger, the director, to play himself.

Virginia Fox was married, the other day, to Darryl F. Zanuck, a scenario writer.

INTIMATE THINGS
When a man is in love he's likely to show the kinks in his disposition. If you want to know how Glenn Hunter acts since he became engaged to May McAvoy read

THE EDITOR GOSSIP
It's an inside story, just as all the stories are that appear in this monthly department of chatty news, humor, and intimate things.
Do You Resemble a Screen Star?
(Continued from page 33)

According To:

Louis M. Goodstadt: Casting Director
Famous Players-Lasky Studios

Resemblance is a distinct bar if the possessor exploits that fact.
Imitation never can be successful, particularly in motion pictures where distinct individuality is a definite stock in trade.
It will pay any beginner who happens to resemble a star to forget that fact, to go after success purely on his own merits.

Robert McIntyre: Casting Director
Goldwyn Studios

The success of a newcomer depends entirely on an individual personality.
It is this individuality we are looking for most earnestly among the newcomers to the screen, presupposing talent, of course.
If persons are recommended to me because they are a second edition of some notable artist, I am immediately prejudiced against them.
These newcomers may be acceptable in their own right, but they come to me a blank so far as peculiar personality is concerned. And I don't think this is a narrow point of view.

Jerome Storm: Director

It is a mistake for anyone to come to Hollywood with the idea of getting into pictures just because of a superficial resemblance to one of the established stars of the screen.
To encourage either a girl or a boy to come to Hollywood because he or she looks like some famous star is pernicious. It, on the other hand, a boy or girl has genuine theatrical talent, tried out on the stage or in amateur theatricals, he or she will find upon arrival in Hollywood that resemblance to a star will not hinder the aspirant in achieving success on the screen.

What Charm Excels Pearly Teeth?

Combat that dingy film
What adds so much to charm and beauty as pearly teeth?
You see them everywhere today. A new way of teeth cleaning has come. Millions now employ it. This offers a ten-day test, to show you.

They now fight film
Teeth are clouded by that viscous film you feel. It clings and stays. Soon it forms a dingy coat. Then teeth lose their luster and beauty.
Film holds food substances which ferment and form acid. The acid causes decay. Germs breed by millions in it. With tartar, they are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

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You will prize these benefits. You will want your family to have them. Clip coupon now.

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The SULTAN . . . $25
to $100 according to length and clasp. In magnificent jewelled case.

Hollywood Needs More Like Him

(Continued from page 35)

Without bothering to explain how he escaped, Watrey grave, he picked up the narrative in Australia, and continued from there!

Old London Days

Dear old London itself was his birthplace, and he was educated there and in Surrey at St. Anne’s College. The theater claimed him when he was quite young, and he received his theatrical schooling under such artists as Sir George Alexander and Sir Beethoven Tre. With Tree, at His Majesty’s Theater in London, he appeared for four years in Shakespearean repertoire and modern plays.

Later he was with Cyril Maude for two years at the Haymarket, and at famous old Drury Lane he appeared for several seasons in those jolly little Shaw and Ibsen dramas so dear to the elect. He created the leading male role in “The Eternal City.” When not appearing in London, he was touring around in all sorts of odd and interesting places. Sydney and Algiers are as well known to him as Hollywood Boulevard and Times Square.

It was his quaint fancy to enter our country by the back door, landing at San Francisco five years ago with the intention of remaining among us for just three weeks. He was having a short vacation from Shakespeare and the rest of the boys.

He dashed across the continent to New York, but right then there America, in the form of Miss Elsie Ferguson (may she pardon the figure of speech), grabbed hold of his coat tails and refused to let him continue on his way back to London. She Need a leading man for “Rose of the World” and, the Mr. Marmont knew little of the mysteries of the silver screen, he agreed to an initiation.

He was not, as he expresses it, “too awful” in that picture, and did the following Ferguson picture, “The Lie.”

Frohman then decided to lure Mr. Marmont back to the legitimate stage. This he did giving him a leading role in “Three Bears,” a play later filmed under the title “Three Men and a Girl,” in which Marmont also appeared.

Following came a season with Ethel Barrymore in “Camille,” after which he again returned to the screen, appearing with Geraldine Farrar, Marguerite Clark and since then, goodness knows, almost everybody else.

“I like America,” he said it sincerely, not in an effort to please. “Why shouldn’t I? You have been wonderful to me here. I wish I had come out twenty years ago.”

He is not very enthusiastic over picture-making abroad. “The European studios lack the equipment you have here. It is possible to make good pictures there, with American directors and technical men, but without them it is almost impossible. The British people, I know, will not go to see a film advertised as an ‘All British Production.’ They prefer American pictures, every time.”

“I enjoyed going back home to make ‘If Winter Comes.’ I hope to be able to do a picture over there occasionally, but this country has become my real home. I’m building, in Hollywood.”

After which we talked real estate as do all good Californians, be they from London, England, or Spokane, Washington. Mr. Marmont, I might add, is married and has two little daughters.
Marmont and Torrence Are Friends

He and Ernest Torrence, our great plainsman from Edinburgh, have been friends for many years. Every Sunday morning they get together on the links at one of the country clubs, indulge in the ancient Scottish game of golf and talk about the days before they discovered America, when they were, respectively, just one young Englishman and one young Scotchman trying to get along, and "frightfully hard up all the time, you know."

Mr. Marmont seems frankly pleased with his success in this country, but he considers the public, not himself, the leading factor in that success. If he possesses the slightest trace of self-consciousness he certainly has me fooled, and I've known too many actors to be misled often.

One thing has him puzzled. He gets a great deal of fan mail addressed to "Miss Ediee Percy Marmont" and he hasn't the faintest idea, you know, what to do with it. He is not acquainted with Miss Percy, he says, and hardly considers it the gentlemanly thing to be reading her mail. Certainly the Americans are oddly careless in their correspondence, sometimes, but he likes us. Rather.

He took me out to my car, later, and smiled a nice, friendly "good-bye."
"I'll go back to my missionary-ing, now," he said. "Tell the truth about me, won't you?"

"He's a Swell Guy"

I drove into Hollywood, stopping at the photographer's for the pictures reproduced with this article.

"Gee," said the photographer's little office girl. "That Percy Marmont is a swell guy. He was in here for several sittings, and he certainly is a swell guy."

"Yes," I agreed, remembering the almost boyish ingenuousness of his manner and his pleasant friendliness. "We could use a few more like him in Hollywood. He is a swell guy, all right, all right."

Which, I trust Mr. Marmont understands, is a decided compliment, in America.

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Three Weeks
(Continued from page 30)

of life is before you. Life in your England, safe and full of daily joys, Work, Family. You are so young, those words were a caress. Paul felt the implication and a slight tremor shook him. He tried to speak, but the Lady stopped him with a gesture: "I shall hurt you very much, Paul," she said. "If I give you your soul, it will be a soul to sacrifice, but it will be, also, a soul to suffer. Never again will you see things quite as you see them now. Never again will the little joys be sufficient for you. It is a tremendous step... Paul...

"You must never seek to discover who I am. Nor where I come from. You and I... I for you... you for me... that must be the boundary of our world... Within that world..." The Lady stretched forth her arms and Paul thought the moonlight filtered in thru the half-drawn curtains as if to get within her circling arms... "All around me..." Lady resumed, "are blood and tears and cold steel... are these fit things... for love...?"

Paul came near to her and dropped on his knees. He took her hand and covered it with kisses, ardent and warm. What did blood and cold steel matter to him if he could hold that hand that was once his own by love like this? What were life and death but trivias to a greater thing than either one of these?

He tried to tell her so, in a voice that broke and faltered from overweight of emotion.

The Lady took a tuberose from her breast and crushed it into his hand so closely clasping hers.

"Go, Paul, and dream of me," she said, "I must be alone... and remember... there is Tomorrow..."

On the morn, just as Paul was writing Isabella a difficult letter breaking their engagement, the Lady's servant, Dimitry, came to him with a summons from the Lady.

Paul found her resting on the royal tiger skin he had sent her in the morning. He found it while walking with rapid restless steps about the village near at hand. It had seemed to him like the Lady. Magnificent, Wild. Tender. A fit playmate for her to rest, who, he knew, could never really rest.

When he came to her he knew that she loved it. That she knew why he had sent it. And when she called her to and, for the first time, she held him in her arms, close to her beautiful, throbbing breast, Paul knew all things beautiful and strange. All things holy and high. All things mystical and merciful. He knew, too, that underneath the light of her eyes were the dark tears she had warned him of. That underneath her satiny skin was the threat of cold steel. That underneath the tumult of their hearts was the blood that might any day be spilled... Their lips met... worlds raced past them... life and death were never again more than words to Paul...

Later, he sat at her feet and showed her pictures of his home, of his mother and father, of his dog, Pike. And the Lady, unwontedly quiet, at peace, stroked his fair head with fingers that were softer and tenderer than the moonlight had been when it fell upon him the night he had first seen her... Days and nights... Nights and days...
Sun and moon and stars.

Love.

The Lady opened worlds within worlds to Paul. His soul, heretofore dormant in his healthy, unawakened body, quickened and was alive. As Undine was awakened by a kiss, so was the soul of Paul awakened by the Lady. He had never dreamed that love could be like this—a supreme thing, transcending human experience... more divine than desire... more precious than passion... blent of them both, of them all. Now, no matter what, no matter where, nothing again could touch Paul's soul or heart. Love like this could never die, never abate. It was intrinsic. Past the boundary of the human mind. Held against her heart, listening to her voice, Paul knew the secret essences of the worlds past and to come... precious and perfect and enduring... Over them, at all times, making their love more poignant, more fiercely precious, was the deathly sweet breath of the tube-roses... They foreshadowed an ultimate end about which, as yet, Paul dared not even dream... to dream of separation now was to dream of a death more dreadful, more not-to-be-borne than any death the body could ever know.

The first definite warning came when the Lady decided that they should leave Lucerne for Venice. Paul did not know, and his Lady did not want him to know, but Dimitry had warned her that the spy, Petrovitch, had been seen near the Hotel—and the Lady felt the cold foreshadowing of the colder steel.

In Venice their love waxed again and the Lady said, “As the moon waxes, so shall our love wax, my Paul...”

And Paul said, very slowly, “And when it wanes, beloved?”

The Lady held his head between her two hands, the tender hands; “Love never wanes, my Paul, when it is true,” she said. “No power on earth can change it and Death must make us more perfect. I want you to remember this... afterward. Now I want you to remember only me... only that we are together... utterly together... this little while...”

A banquet for two, with the sun-flooded wine the Lady loved.

Never had she been more beautiful, more tender.

And afterward she led him to a couch of roses, soft, breathing their beautiful, dying breaths as if conscious of the beauty of their several goings.

That night Paul knew the transcendent heights of what great love can mean. That night his Lady talked to him... of other things... of the force she wanted him to be in the world when he should go back to England again... the big man she wanted him to be... Love, she told him, should build beautiful, towering structures, not work havoc and destruction... Love was of the soul as well as of the body... and the work of the soul should be to build monuments to a love that could never die, having no beginning and no end.

“But if you should ever leave me...!”

Paul cried out.

“I shall never leave you,” the Lady said, “when we are apart shall we be alone. Never again will you be alone. This is the thing you must know. This is the precious cement I would spill at your feet, my love, my love.”

In the morning she was gone.

Paul awakened from a sleep too heavy to be real. The breaths of the roses were dying, too. The night had died and was shrouded in early mist-violet and old gold.
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shot with bands of umber pain. And she was gone.

On the first syllable of her voice Paul fainted.

Long days of weakness and convalescence in England. Long dreary hours of pain and languor, not to be borne. Utter indifference to the dragging of the days, the leaden-footed passing of the nights. Efforts not to be impatient when his mother and father, and even the still-solicitous Isabella, tried to minister to him...to divert him.

His Lady...his Love...efforts to hold on to what she had told him about never being alone...ah, but her arms...her lips...the precious beauty of her words...

Then the letter, containing a baby curl and the command to come to Constantinople where Dimitry would meet him...

The wild joy...the utter joy of that trip, knowing that he was going to her...and to their son...

Their meeting. Their meeting.

"You must go on," the Lady told him, again, "you must go on, my Paul...if I can do this for you...it will never be lonely...never be in pain...you have been ill, now you must be well...some day...somewhere...again. This had not been for nothing. Will you believe me?"

Six years later Paul came, at last, into his own. Into peace. Into a sense of power. Into a knowledge of what his beautiful Lady had meant in the last words she had ever said to him, before the King had stabbed her...before she had died breathing Paul's name in Paul's arms...

He had come again to the Kingdom of which she had been Queen to witness the coronation of her son—and his.

Standing there in the throng of spectators while the crown of Sardalia was placed upon the baby head, crowned with curls as fair as Paul's own, Paul felt, again, the pressure of her dear arms about him, heard her low voice breathing, "Love like this can never die" and on a broken, breathing sound had answered "I know...I know...I know..."

The icebergs of loneliness and bitterness broke away from his heart. He would never again be alone. Love.

The Songs of Doris Kenyon

(Continued from page 23)

A fleeting cry came to me from those eyes: And then by word and deed you held me fast

Until my heart cried out to loose the bond.

I flung you from me and alas I found

That parting chained me to you endlessly.

Love, our flower-white moments

Have burned into black hours—

Leaving only charred ashes...

And my sighs.
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Page 85
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April, 1921

Travel Is Cert’nly Educational

(Continued from page 56)

getting ked away from home and other regular movie subjects aren’t good for their morals! Those foreigners certainly have got some queer ideas.

So there we were without anything to see except only cathedrals and museums and like that. On the billboards Germany covered with pictures of Fatty Arbuckle being kicked by a mule or hit by a custard pie. They don’t have any of that nonsense in Europe. And Walt Disney hasn’t got any say what people shall see outside the three-mile limit. Right here was when we began to understand what people mean when they talk about the hardships of travel.

It was different in Paris, tho the picture shows there are so long, with three five-reel features in each bill, that it doesn’t give a tourist much time to see anything else. But, as I told Bill, you can always buy picture post-cards of Notre Dame and the Eiffel Tower, which is just the same as seeing them besides saving a lot of time for more important things. There were four picture houses within a block of our hotel so we were right in the center of Parisian life.

Of course, while we were in France we thought we ought to see some native filmines—the real French business. So we went to two or three in which the plot was that the lady’s husband was such a brute that the poor girl had to live with some other man to save her self-respect. They have a habit in France of stopping the picture without warning every few minutes and turning on the lights so the people when have just come to can find a seat, which is not so bad when it is a French film because mostly nothing is usually happening anyway but when they kept turning off “The Two Orphans” just as Lillian Gish was being abducted or abused or executed why it did annex my Angora.

We were going to a museum called the Louver the last afternoon but it rained, and luckily they were showing the seventh chapter of a Pearl White serial right next door to the hotel. There was a Chaplin on the same hill—only they call him Charlot. People in France are so un-educated they can’t speak anything except French.

A friend who has often been to Europe’s wife told me to be sure not to miss the Riviera. She said Nice made such a stylish postmark on letters home, and besides there was a beauty shop on the Promenade des Anglians where you could get a henna for only fifteen American cents. No one who goes to Europe should miss the Riviera—there is a movie theater in the Casino at Nice where they change the pictures every day, so there’s no reason getting bored. A queer thing about the French movie houses, the high priced seats are all in the back and in the gallery because you can see better there, instead of like we have them on the ground floors because we can see better.

“I’ve been wondering where those famous French gowns was” says Bill, “but we surely be in the Greatest Bargain in the world to go there for our expense. Only if placed, send in $50 worth of Brevetted for a Free Dictionary and 75c. All Bargain Book pictures thousands of Bargains. Address Dept. 792.

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When Grandma Was a Girl

(Continued from page 56)

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"M. Hohner, New York" for a copy. Hohner
Harmonicas are sold everywhere—50c up.

That's Out
(Continued from page 46)
Let us see how much of a box-office success
it is and how much more money it makes
than "Three Weeks" or "Why Girls Leave Home."

THE "ART" OF THE MOVIES
Poor girl starving to death in million-
dollar apartment.
Close-up seat of man's pants after hav-
ing been placed on a red-hot stove.
Scene in Italy, auto in background with
California license.
Royal Mounted Hero who will sacrifice
the girl he loves for the sake of duty.

FAVORITE PRESS-AGENT YARNS No. 68
The one about the screen beauty who is
"in real life" a little home body, loves
to do her own washing and cooking, and
in her spare times reads Shaw, Bacon, James,
Addison, and all the highbrow classics.

Animated Cartoons
By FAITH BALDWIN
Across the screen they ape man's woes,
A frieze of marvelous grotesques,
And weave, upon their inky toes
A shifting maze of arabesques—
So real they seem! So mad as gay,
A living, breathing fantasy.

These acts in a whirling play
Of loves and hates, of tears and glee—
Some are fantastic, furry beasts,
Wise dogs and cats miraculous,
Who upright, walk to casual feasts
To fights or fancies ponderous.
I love them well! I will not think
A blotter could destroy their life
That they were born of pen and ink
To brevities of mimic strife.

Peyton Place
For book review, see page 42.

Hohner Harmonicas
Made in America at the Hohner Factory
in Wabash, Indiana.
Exit the Flapper Heroine

(Continued from page 44)

woman with years of struggle and bitter experiences behind her. She has been a circus rider, a professional dancer, and had to fight her way thru all kinds of obstacles to get a chance in the movies.

Norma Talmadge, whose work in "Secrets" promises to be one of the great triumphs of screen history, is still young but she has been married for some time and is no longer in the baby ingenue class.

In fact, all the fine work on the screen is her baby who are you young enough to have romantic appeal but who have lived long enough to know what life is really about.

Pola Negri, for instance, is just at the height of her power and at the high tide of her life. Her producers have all but wrecked her American tour by trying to make over all her heroine parts into pure white flowers.

They made "Bella Donna" ridiculous by trying to make us believe that the lady wanted to be as good as good can be, but was under the spell of a naughty influence of some kind; nobody could quite figure out what it was.

Pola, being a sensible, clear-minded woman, has now set her foot down with a thump. She absolutely and firmly refuses to play any more heroines who are beautiful and sweet-sweety and "all white" as she calls them.

When Pola first came over, and when Lubitsch came soon after, they were both surrounded by anxious producers who told them that the American audiences want this and that and the other thing; and that everything must be chemically pure.

For a minute foreigners were stopped in dismay. But they had the good sense to realize that the American audiences are pretty much like all other audiences.

So Lubitsch, left to choose his own players for Warner Brothers after Mary Pickford’s “Rosita,” picked out a satire called "The Marriage Circle.”

The theme would have brought goose-flesh out on the producers years ago. It is considered to be the all-around best acted play on Broadway in public; with your husband or your smart-looking tender friends, you can laugh out of your new hopes. Perhaps it is your bust, your thighs, or your arms that you want to re- shape may be only one or two rolls of fat have lately appeared. Whatever your case may be, if you want to remove only certain parts of your body or if you are 100 pounds too heavy or 100 pounds, you owe it to yourself to investigate this plan which has resolved from 150 pounds to 130 pounds in eight weeks and greatly improved my general health and appearance.

From experience, I know how many worthless things you have tried in the past, and in the effort to help you regain slenderness with- out being again disappointed, I have decided to send ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE to everyone who uses the coupon below, full de- tails about this new discovery, together with an oil that has been developed to reduce 20 pounds.

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The new “Washburn” Banjos bring new pre-eminence to a name famous above all others for many years. To the other unsurpassed Washburn features, has been added the “Air Cushion Resonator,” the most advanced improvement in banjo history. Not only does this new feature increase Tone Volume, but it imparts a resonance and mellowness found in no other make.

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The famous Style A Tenor Banjo, pictured above, none of the most popular of the Washburn line. Others, equally unsurpassed standard banjos, tenor banjos, mandolin banjos, plenum banjos—range in price from $300 for the 24-plated $35.00 down to a low as $29.

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"I urge everyone with grey hair to send for Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. It contains a trial bottle of my famous hair color restorer. Test as directed—ours for yourself that you can't have grey hair at any age.

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The Cream Base of this

PERT Rouge has a light fluffy cream base which is instantly absorbed by the skin, thus protecting it against the formation of enlarged pores.

And Pert lasts! It's becoming, natural rosiness remains until you remove it yourself with cold cream or soap and water. Wind, warmth or even constant powdering do not affect it.

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At last—a Pert waterproof Lipstick to match your Pert Rouge. Made with wholesome oil of toasted almonds.

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Send a dime to-day for a generous sample of Pert Rouge. For another dime, you will receive a sample of Wax for darkening the lashes.

ROSS COMPANY
243-B West 17th Street New York

he has seen in America. And Gloria, altho still safely in the twenties, is not a child. She has found and discarded two husbands.

Many expert critics in Hollywood film circles consider Leatrice Joy to be the finest actress that has ever been on the screen. She is possibly a little younger than the others I have mentioned but she is a married lady and has had several years of hard plugging in the films.

One of the most notorious instances of the change of thought in picture producing was seen in Charlie Chaplin's "A Woman of Paris." Altho not a flapper any longer, Edna Purviance could have made herself look almost any age. She deliberately chose to let herself look a little mature and more than a little experienced. The heroine that she showed us was one who had lost her illusions; but who was old enough and disillusioned enough to know that illusions do not matter much. No disillusions.

When von Stroheim insisted upon building the sodden love story of "Greed" around Zaza Pitts, the Goldwyn folks had one last agonized qualm. They wanted him to use a famous screen beauty; but he refused to direct the picture without Zaza.

And so it goes.

Bessie Love is the only unmarried girl I know who is rising very rapidly in the screen world. And she is a veteran of several years' hard and bitter struggle.

Patsy Ruth Miller, Mary Philbin and Lucille Ricksen might achieve something big some day—it's a fifty-fifty chance.

But the girls of real promise are all girls with either a lot of experience in real life or many years of experience on the screen.

Look them over.

Mabel Normand, Mae Busch, Carmel Myers, Mary Pickford, Corinne Griffith. And those I have already mentioned. It all goes to show that you cannot tell to other people what you have not learned yourself and the lessons are tough and hard.
Sh-h-h! Don't tell, but Miss Norma will bare the secrets of a wife

Joseph M. Schenck presents

Norma Talmadge in "Secrets"

The screen's most popular actress in her most delightful drama since "Smilin' Through." A story of a wondrous love, written by Rudolf Besier and May Edginton; based on the Sam H. Harris play, "Secrets." Directed by Frank Borzage

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RICHARD WALTON TULLY
presents his screen version
"FLOWING GOLD"
The Famous Novel by Rex Beach
With Anna Q. Nilsson and Milton Sills
Directed by Joseph De Grasse

THOMAS H. INCE
presents
"GALLOPING FISH"

Corinne Griffith Productions, Inc.
presents
"LILIES OF THE FIELD"
featuring
Corinne Griffith and Conway Tearle
. From the Novel by William Hurlbut and
Directed by John Francis Dillon

M. C. LEVEE
presents a
Maurice Tourneur Production
"TORMENT"
with Owen Moore and Bessie Love
Personality Directed by Maurice Tourneur

Inspiration Pictures, Inc., Charles H. Duell, President presents

RICHARD BARTHELMESS
in "The Enchanted Cottage"
A John S. Robertson Production
Written by Sir Arthur Wing Pinero

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Comment on Other Productions

(Continued from page 53)

Comment on Other Productions

(Continued from page 53)

carrying on its scenes and incident in depth fashion. The book has excited a wide demand—and the film seems destined to attract audiences—particularly feminine audiences, because of its theme founded upon the search for the psychology of romance, captivates a young writer, played with little spark by Conway Tearle. He begins his pursuit in a collection of badly designed settings. These are not so noticeable at the start because the attention is held by the bravery of the would-be ingénue in telling her sixty-year-old girl friend how she has succeeded in keeping a perfect thirty-six.

Too much effort has been put into this picture to make it interesting to the end. The jazz element often irritates because it is obviously introduced. The story is uneven. But we must consider Corinne Griffith who commands attention because of her charm and simplicity of manner—even if her sixty-year-old representation is often out of focus with reality. The best performance is contributed by Kate Lester. Clara Bow is given to exaggerated expression in her attempt to make the flapper genuine.

It is a sumptuous production—and as mentioned above, is certain to excite patronage. The sale on the book and Miss Griffith's personality will draw the crowds—and they nothing of the original theme—which everybody has heard about.

The Renews

Just what Marshall Neilan was driving at here, it is difficult to determine. He has spent considerable time and money—which might better have been employed on some more timely material. The story starts nowhere and finishes nowhere—merely being an orthodox—or, rather, a hopeless conventionally romantic between a Russian girl and an American soldier in the war touched up with melodramatic devices.

There is a brutal Siberian wolf-hound of the human species present to embarrass the heroine and lend vividness to the theme. One may realize that it mostly concerns romantic conflict.

The finish is in all ways the same. What sparks it furnishes are found in Sydney Chaplin's performance of an OF Bill type of English soldier—and some fair-to-middling action. It does not satisfy the emotions and the picture left us cold. The bad points overbalance the good points. In the cast is Lucille Ricksen, who may be called most promising ingenue, even if she is not a good selection for the role of the Russian girl.

The Man Life Passed By

Hectic and thoroughly false to life—telling a sordid, morbid tale of the ups and downs—mostly downs—of a gross simper who permits a rich scalawag to force his way to the depths of despondency, sharply emphasizing the crude contrasts of poverty and riches, touching all the theatrical devices of Blaney's style—this picture is about the poorest attempt to make capital of characterization that has been revealed in a year.

There is nothing lifelike about it. It
rushes frantically thru its scenes, paying little heed to sequence, but carrying on its
total story with all the convenient tricks
long since discarded by discriminate
authors and play-doctors. The young
inventor extracts little sympathy in his
downward journey. His invention is stolen
from him—and he becomes a drg of
society. Then he sees the light in a
mission—meets the rich scalawag's two
charming daughters, falls in love with one
of them, saves the other from the usual
fate—and is helped back to his erstwhile
position by a contrite enemy. It tries to
strike a note of faith, but the incident is so
false, so crudely melodramatic—that the
humanities are never expressed. Percy
Marriott strangely escapes to play the role
genuinely, but his poise and understand-
ing are incapable of overcoming the exag-
erations.

THREE MILES OUT

The rum fleet—or rather one of its
runners, anchored beyond the three-mile
limit of the Jersey coast—is on view here,
furnishing a background for a crazy yarn
of a shanghaied disciple of virtue—and
his sweetheart who in an unguarded
moment has found herself at sea with as
helpy a bunch of cutthroats as ever sailed
the deep—and this goes to the Pirates of
Penzance as well as for Cap'n Kidd's
picturesque crew. This girl, sitting on a
jury, had succeeded in winning over the
eleven men in acquiring the man under
indictment. She lingers in the court-room,
 ostensibly to powder her face, but in
reality to extend sympathy to the man.
Result? A romance.

What follows is the frenzied action
aboard the rum boat. It is a wild, but
mercy tale—one ridiculous in the extreme,
but shot full of brimming comedy. Ran
Linow, heretofore a wrestler who never
threw anyone of consequence, easily
throws this plot for a count of an hour's
continuous laughter. His huge bulk, his
grinning countenance which occasionally
leers with an expression of wolfish cunning
—these marks of his personality make him
ideal for the villainous rum-hound. The
Emerson-Loos team contributes some
capital titles. Madge Kennedy makes a
wide-eyed and wistful fool for the leerig
and bircous Linow. A mirthful hour
will be enjoyed here.

GENTLE JULIA

Both Tarkington doesn't have any
trouble disposing of his stories of adoles-
cence. Every time he dashes off a tale of the
"young teribles" there is a producer
awaiting to capture it for the flickering
 drama. His "Gentle Julia" carries on with
the same romantic urges and pretensions
—telling a simple little tale of a spirited
young charmer whose most faithful ad-
mirer is an awkward doil of seventeen who
lives across the way. The usual characters
are in their accustomed places—including
the childish irrepressible who sticks up for
the ardent swain. Her precocious insight
into character is valuable in the end. Julia
dashes off to Chicago—to be disillusioned
by a city chap who regards her as a tender
fledgling, the while he is pursuing bigger
games.

The picture is best with its incident
which is faithful to Tarkington and any
Main Street town. It is delightfully
played by Mary Arthur as the child teaser
—never pretending mutually to make her
the property of the author. She steals the
picture away from Bessie Love and Harold
Goodwin, who play the young romancers.
It is sketchy—this picture, but fairly
bright.

How do you carry your
Beauty-Aids?

To carry one's powder, rouge and lipstick
separately is really a clumsy habit—not a
bit fashionable or dainty.

TRE-JUR—the triple combination compact —supplies all three in one convenient case
that is as beautiful as it is practical.

Powder of caressing fineness is scented
with an enchanting new odor. Rouge and lipstick
nestle in an ingenious sliding drawer. The case
opens without a struggle and carries
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HOOK AND LAGER

Except for some illuminating comedy which registers a bit of slap-stick, this picture doesn't contain anything of consequence. It follows another acting as set to a herd of short-horns afoot of the law, but escapes by attending a fire in the city to which the train has taken him—and bedecked in a fireman's coat and helmet. He gets into the fire department and plays the booby—and the good points feature him taking a course of sprouts—jumping into the net and sealing a ladder.

There is a sly romance tacked on—permit the booby to register love with the battalion chief's daughter. But irrelevant episodes intrude which spoil the comedy hokum. For instance, there is much planting of a romance, with a climax showing the girl trapped in the home of the boss—a home which has been set on fire by the villain. The booby fireman rescues her from the flames. Hoot Gibson injects plenty of color into his work—but much of his work is spoiled by the half-baked melodrama.

THE WHISPERED NAME

As the title suggests, this picture is concerned with blackmail. It starts out to prove that the girl is a captive of her soul, but soon develops into divorce entanglements. When the country swain who has lured her to the city under promises of matrimony is found out, because of being exposed by an eavesdropper to their conversation, the girl and her benefactor are compelled to be witnessed by the latter. They take a light snapshot in the heroine's home room.

What follows is the conflict between this hush-hush and warnings. Circumstance occasionally establishes the romance. The girl—without a bit of training—gets a job in the "sob sister" editor of a paper—and falls in love with the managing editor. His chief subordinate operates a scandal sheet and he sends the girl to interview the wive. Which brings on the climax. The story is larded with so much divorce it isn't satisfying with its scenes and incident. Moreover, it is not well acted. There are too many convenient touches to make it vital.

THROUGH THE DARK

Tricky melodrama is on view in this Boston Blackie story—which is more consistent and well-cameraed. Among the late entries of the colorful crook who has brought its creator, Jack Boyle, into the limelight. This author is occasionally buried in fashionable his stories—so that they lack the plausibility which might have been registered had he had time to do his work properly. Apparently Boyle has given plenty of time to create this photo-play—which is unusually well written and carries on with satisfactory action and suspense—two elements that must be incorporated in this type of plot to gain appeal.

Blackie is shown again the way to go straight—but in giving him his halo, the sponsors have worked in topical fashion. The crook escapes from San Quentin, aided by a boarding-school girl whose father was given away in this mishap. These brother crooks are devoted to crime. Before his regeneration is effected, the specter is treated to a fulsome quota of thrills and suspense and, at last, personal and eternal incorporation which will please the mass mind. The picture is acted competently enough by a cast chosen for its adaptability, the Forrest Stanley's personality is hardly in keeping with the rôle of the crook.

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The Exiles

A turbulent story, this—one which has been produced to keep the imagination on the qui vive, but which fails because of its dime-novel pretensions. To begin with, there is introduced a far-fetched mystery element—with an innocent girl involved in the law to such an extent that she dashes off to Tangiers—to become an exile. Which inspires the prosecuting attorney to follow—to make amends. And he succeeds after scenes of the mere last word in rushing melodramatic hokum. There is conflict of the usual order—and a pursuit over the hot sands. It offers glaring errors of commission. The picture is played in frantic manner—in keeping with its knockabout action.

The Printer’s Devil

Hokum in its wildest form is dished up in this cracking story—which carries a production comparable to those made in the days of three-reelers—and that is many years ago. Wesley Barry has lost his ability to charm the screengoer. He cannot capitalize his freckles any more—because there are a few freckles—down-streeters (not as yet in long trousers), who carry more iron in their system. Mickey Daniels for example. Barry isn’t old enough for romance—and he has not mastered the tricks which appeared him to have stepped into adolescence. He is very camera-conscious now.

The plot? The old bung of the village newspaper’s being put over on a country simpleton who starts in to make a success of it. He is assisted by the printer’s devil,” a type long since passed out of the picture except in remote hamlets. Harry Myers tries hard—very, very hard to inject some comedy. But the4 k AUk and the absurd plot against him there isn’t a convincing note in it. The staging is bad—and the acting, aside from Myers, mediocre.

His Mystery Girl

Making over a woman-hater is the idea behind this picture—which for purposes of action and suspense is veiled with a thin veil of mystery. So frenzied is the plot that one wonders why it was crammed with so much incident in view of its obvious elements. The theme might have touched the high spots had it been developed along farcical lines. Instead it is treated seriously—with emphasis placed upon rushing action. Consequently the players are never at ease. A woman-hater stumbles upon a jazz party and becomes shocked—so much so, that his irresponsible brother takes it upon himself to make his relative over. The girl, selected, leads him a merry chase—leads him squarely to the altar—but before the thing is over, there is shown considerable feeling on the part of the characters. Herbert Rawlinson, a nervous actor, is right in his element here. There is no need of poise in such a harum-scarum piece.

Her Temporary Husband

Wholly irresponsible in its plot, but thoroughly enjoyable because it does not try to balance its high jinks with false and irrelevant dramatic threads, this picture comes as a welcome relief in a month of attractions when even the phoniest is padding along serious lines. There is not enough fun in our screen entertainment. And comedy or farce can be made just as effective as the visualizations of life’s serious plaititudes.

This number begins as a conventional light comedy, but develops into a most boisterous farce—one capitalizing the hokum attached to exaggerated chivalry.

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There is some uproarious—call it silly, if you must—brusque, capitaly executed by Owen Moore and Sydney Chaplin. On the other hand, what dull moments it offers are found in Sylvia Breamer's portrayal of the much-pursued wife. Having no sense of comedy value, she makes a mess of her study.

Cupid's Fireman

There is a faint impression of heart appeal in this offering—which will please the sentimentalists—since it exploits a doting mother who refuses to grant her permission for her son to become a fireman. The tale was adapted from Richard Harding Davis' "Andy McGee's Chorus Girl," and is rather ancient in theme and treatment. It follows a conventional groove and is always obvious—and the spectator may expect nothing which will excite him except for an orthodox climax featuring the rescue of the actress from a burning house by our hero in the fireman's helmet.

The mother, having died, the son has no obstacles to overcome in joining the department. These obstacles arrive later when the actress's brutal husband locks her in the burning house. It is said for the humanity of our hero, he also tries to rescue the brute, but fails. A convenient premise for the sake of romance. The particular bright light is the heroine. Charles Jones is the smoke-eater and his restrained style of acting is effective here. But why the insipid title?

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Thistledown

(Continued from page 42)

But because she was alarmed she canceled it.

"I know how you can drive," she quibbled, "but I can drive pretty well, too. And I'd like to drive—won't you let me, just a little way, please?"

For answer he speeded up, swerved round a curve and skidded toward a telephone pole which he missed by a half-foot.

"I feel like going fast tonight," he said.

"I'll drive fast," she promised. Then she added, "They'll never show you what I can do on slippery roads."

Hi shook his head stubbornly then, shooting her a glance, seemed to change his mind.

"All right," he agreed, tho not too complacently. "The cop's out of sight, and the traffic's light—nothing can happen."

The words were not out of his mouth when something happened.

A roaster overtook them from the rear swung out to pass, just as a heavy truck came swerving round the corner from a side street. The truck skidded as it took the turn, and Dolly would have smashed into the lumbering monster head-on had she not been going slowly. As it was, the truck grazed her left tender limb off barely. He deflected so abruptly that her car shot up on the curb and struck a lamp-post, splintering the windshield.

"Did the glass hit you?—are you hurt?"

Hi cried, as he grabbed the wheel.

"I'm all right—but look at the others!"

What Has Happened Before

In the role of wistress in the notorious road-house of old Leon, the settlement at Wabash, the novelist Dorothy Claborn of the village of Fairfield, Conn., and the old story of the Chase begins. Hi toss Dorothy "Thistledown," tho she modestly protests that her name is Dolly Watt. Dolly has her own reason for the disguise—a wealthy fiancé from whom she is achieving sucrose in a manner, but Leon prevents an affair. Later, however, Dolly meets Hi in Fairfield and, in an attempt to punish him for reckless driving, brings the wrath of the boy upon him; then penitent, takes the blame herself, and drives off into the dust with him, their hearts aflame. They, Hi, promises her insatiably. She leaves his car and returns to the De Bossert place, while Hi spends the night in drinking. But neither can efface the memory of the kiss. Hi seeks Dolly at Leon's, only to find her gone. Rumor has it that Dolly has been seen on the silversheet, but he disregards it. Rumor also has it that a fast woman is an interloper on the De Bossert place. Intuitively, Hi drives there, Dolly uppermost in his mind. He finds Dolly in the woods and apologizes for insulting her. Then follow many rendezvous. They no longer quarrel with love, there are in love. Still accepting Dolly as a servant, Hi takes her shamefacedly to his home, believing her a spinner, sister away. She surprises them and insults Dolly. Hi declares his intention of marrying Dolly, but meanwhile Dolly has shipped out of the house. He follows her to her cottage and peering then the window, discovers two things: that Dolly is mistress of the place, and—that she is accepting the cores of a low-looking stranger.

amibly; he was scowling as he slowed down for the exchange of places.

And that was how Dolly happened to be in the driver's seat when the thing happened that was to change her life. Her nerves still were jumpy and her knees trembling—and she had a strange, terrifying feeling that something evil was out to get her. A horse, she'd be swept away by a car. The track-driver, climbing down from his seat, was sweating and muttering.

"Anybody hurt?" Hi called, and was starting to climb out when Dolly caught his arm.

"Wait a minute," thinking rapidly—if nobody's hurt, maybe you'd better get mixed in this. It wasn't our fault—and we were doing barely sixteen—but you might be made sort of the goat. There's an old grudge against you, you know.

"Yes, they'd like to catch me with something—they'll probably lay the blame on me on general principles."

"They can do that anyway—I was driving, you see. That' what made whatever blame there is mine."

At this new angle Hi frowned thoughtfully; then: "They're still muttering and swearing at each other, guess nobody's much hurt—let's shoot ahead! Here, slip over."

But Dolly shook her head. "It's my job—let me finish it." The motor hadn't died—she cleared the lamp-post expertly, pressed hard down on the speedometer which had leaped to thirty. "The old cows isn't hurt, hit in her vitals!" she exclaimed jubilantly.

"Lord, but you've nervied," said Hi, who had to admire, too, her resourcefulness and quick head. For answer Dolly pressed her foot down

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again, and the speedometer leaped to fifty; he could not know how her knees were shaking.

All of this had taken less time than the recounting. As they sped away behind them, but Dolly paid no heed. She sent the car roaring ahead until the entrance to Thiebaut's came into view, then abruptly slowed down, and halted.

"I'll get out here—you'd better drive on a little way and get lost until the fracas back there...

"I'll do nothing of the kind! I'm going to drive you up to the inn, at least!"

But she opened the car door and jumped out. "Don't be silly—hit 'er up! Good night."

"But, Dolly—"

"I mean it, Hi—it's best all around. Good night."

So much had happened to Hi in so short a time that he scarcely knew where his emotions stood or what they were. Fear of his own pursuit wasn't one of them—his fears were all bound up in this elusive, tormenting girl—and above his miserable doubts, and pinching pride, he heard himself asking:

"But when will I see you—"

"We can talk about that later," she cut in, firmly. Then, losing some of the firmness, she advanced a step and, as if against her will, murmured in a small, wistful voice: "If you never saw me again—would you miss me so much?"

At that he started to climb out of the car. But the girl's resolution seemed to come rushing back.

"No, no! I cried, almost desperately. "Good night!"

And, turning, she ran up the driveway and became a fleet shadow swallowed into deeper shadows.

And Hi, scarcely heeding a pain that tried to make itself felt in his foot as he stepped on it, climbed back into the car and drove grimly off into the murky darkness.

After he returned home from that solitary ride, the next morning, he was to encounter developments that gave his face an even grimmer look.

Dolly, meanwhile, in the sanctuary of Anna's little sitting-room in the inn, was sobbing out her heart on the old Alsatian woman's bosom.

The girl's looks when she appeared had so alarmed that alert and industrious proctor, he had at once deserted the dining-room at its busiest hour.

"What is it, Miss Dolly?" she cried anxiously, when they were alone. What has happened to bring you with such unexpectedness? And with the look in your eyes of one who has seen a ghost!"

"Perhaps I have," said Dolly, smiling sadly. "But it's a ghost of something that never was—that never can be."

Then suddenly her tension broke, and she flung her arms round the old woman's neck. Anna murmured endearments and stroked her protectively, and, as if that tender sympathy unbarred all her flood-gates, the girl gave way to a long shuddering tremor and the sobs came, hard and wrenching.

"What is the trouble—what is the big trouble?" Anna beseeched.

But the girl could not speak at once; then as suddenly as she had broken down she checked her sobs, she lifted her face, and dabbed at her eyes with her handkerchief.

"I feel better now—how a good cry does relieve one! Silly, isn't it, Nanny?" and she essayed a smile through her tears.

"You were never one to cry—even as a small child you did not cry!"

She didn't mean to cry, Nanny—I'm amazed at myself. I promise not to do it again," contritely. "I guess it's that I (Continued on page 100)
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Thistledown
(Continued from page 98)

was sort of worked-up, overwrought——" surveying the wet square of her handkerchief with a rueful expression.

"But what is that which worked you up? Is it that Mr. King has been troubling you—or your Uncle Percy, perhaps?"

The girl shook her head.

"No, it's not Uncle Percy. Mr. King—yes, partly." Then, frowning back her head and trying to look Anna in the eyes but not succeeding entirely: "What would you say, Nanny, if I were to tell you I've fallen in love with Talmadge?"

"Miss Dolly," Anna cried in consternation, "you haven't fallen in that love with Mr. King?"

Again the girl shook her head, mournfully. "That wouldn't be so unseemly, would it? No—it's Hi Daggett I find myself in love with."

"Oh, Miss Dolly," in even more consternation, "not that young man!" Then: "How ever did you come to know him so marvelously to come to this discovery?"

"He has called on me nearly every day this past month," demurely.

"Briggs has mentioned to me nothing of this," Dolly replied Anna, her tone denouncing the delinquent Briggs.

"Briggs knew nothing of it—you see, I received him down in that old summer-house beyond the hedge.

"Oh, Miss Dolly—is it not of a piece with your thoughtless prankslihood! And in keeping, too, with that Mr. Hi?"

"He thought I was a servant," Dolly explained, "just as he thought I was a waitress here. It was really out of consideration for me he never came to the cottage. But nevertheless, with considerable pride, he asked me to marry him."

"Ah, what a wild, presumptuous madness!"

"It would be the mad, presumptuous thing, wouldn't it, for a servant girl to marry such a rich young man." Dolly affected raffishness, but there was a sober look in her eyes.

"Marriage with that bold, bad young man's—oh, Miss Dolly, surely you do not contemplate such a risky, sort of affair?"

"I've heard you mention his boldness and badness before," Dolly answered. Then, musingsly: "It's queer what love does to one, isn't it? When you are in love you seem to prefer the faults they point out to you over all the virtues they cannot find.

Then she looked up at old Anna with misted, shining eyes. "There's a little verse, Nanny, that's awfully true——" and she softly quoted:

"They came to tell your faults to me,
They named them over by one by one:
I laughed aloud when they were done,
I knew them all so well before—
Oh, they were blind, too blind to see
Your faults had made me love you more."

"Ah, what can I say in the face of such talk?" old Anna said, deponently.

"I don't know, Nanny," the girl answered in a tone nearly as mournful.

"But why can you love him, then, if you so perceive his faults?"

"I don't know," the girl again. Then, very gently: "Yes, maybe I do—I've looked into his eyes. I've seen a little boy looking at Nanny, who seemed to need his mother. It wasn't a bad, wicked little boy at all—and he seemed puzzled and sort of frightened, Nanny, because folks thought him so bad. And the queerest feeling came to me, Nanny—I wished /
could be his mother, and comfort that little one.

Tears stood in the girl's eyes, and the harried-featured old woman, looking at them, blinked her own.

"Oh, I do not know what love is," Dolly added, "and cannot figure out just why it comes. But I know, anyway, I can't help it!"

Then old Anna went and clasped the girl's two hands tenderly in her own.

"Oh, my little Miss Dolly—what does it matter what it is, or who he is, when you cannot deny your feelings?"

The girl looked up eagerly, then, and asked with visitful eagerness:

"Oh, do you really believe that, Nanny?—it seems so much more difficult to believe it—what the heart cannot go wrong!"

Then her lips began to quiver, and her eyes went piteous and scared.

"But I'm afraid of myself—of this thing called love! It's a terrible thing—a flame that blows too near. It's dear and sweet, but it makes you think of things that are frightening. I'm afraid of myself, for my happiness—I'm a coward. And I'm afraid of Hi, and for him—a coward again."

Old Anna murmured comforting endearments, but the girl went on, despairingly:

"Besides there's Mr. King—naturally I must see him before I could even think of—He's penned just a little while ago—"That fat and vulgar man!" Anna cut in, losing her tenderness in hard hostility.

"That man, he has no right to claim upon you—you must not permit him to have a claim!"

"Yes, I must, Nanny," dolefully. "He has a claim—you know it. He's worked so hard and faithfully for my career."

"That career! Almost I wish that your Uncle Percy—"

"Oh, please may you to know Uncle Percy's on my trail," the girl interrupted, on a note of bitterness. "That's what Mr. King phoned about—it seems that Van Reeves saw some photograph in some photograph magazine and recognized it. I don't quite understand it all, but of course Van buttin' in—he and Uncle Percy've always been at war, with Mr. King. Uncle Percy hinted he's on my scent here at the cottage!"

"What, then, will you do?" cried Anna, much excited.

"I don't know. I must see Mr. King—must see him, anyway." Then, slowly, and as if speaking to herself more than to the other woman, she said: "He is kind, and has been so patient. I'm honestly fond of him, and I respect him—more than any man I've ever known. At any rate he'd be always a solid and dependable anchor against—"

Then suddenly she broke off, shuddering, and covered her face with her hands.

But the world seems such a jungle—everything dark—you feel so lost. You don't know which way to turn to get to the light."

The girl stood there trembling, her face covered with her hands as if she could not face the hopeless maze she was wandering.

Perhaps some would not have pitied her, this girl who could be a dozen women in the hour, and all made of impulses so swift she herself could not catch whence or why they came or whether they led. Dolly had been swayed this way and that way, restless and seeking for long before she had encountered love; and there had been many bitter tears. But it would require a stony heart to withhold sympathy from one who suddenly discovers what love is—only to glimpse it a moment before it must be given up.

(Continued on page 103)
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**SEA PICTURES**

By Faith Baldwin

These shadows shapes that show the changing sea
In all her wilful moods, her majesty,
That show her crested waves and opal ways,
And tall-spurred ships that on her highways roam,
Were made. I think, to break the hearts of men
Who love the sea and live beyond her ken.
Condemned to live within four walls, and know
That, out beyond, the sea winds ceaseless blow.
Here on the screen, a clipper-ship is swayed
By tide and wave, is harried, and is bayed
By storms that lash across her salt-scarred decks
That drive her near the rocks, where warning wrecks
Are driftwood on the waves; and men there are
Who watch with anguish, and whose hearts are far
From theater aisle and from the city street
And with the tides and storm in knowledge beat.

**RETROSPECT**

By Le Baron Cooke

While I sang pastorally,
You were pleased,
But at the thunder of my passion
You covered your ears,
Crying, "Things that are violent are vulgar-
And I, because of my worship,
Keyed myself to the measure of your appreciation.

God, how I hate you now,
You with your half-gestures
And Stilled ciquette . . .

---

**THE PICTURE'S LAMENT**

By Clarence E. Flynn

They take great liberties with me,
Nor ask me yea or nay.
I'm just as weary as can be,
From prancing on a screen all day.
I've dug, and climbed, and laughed, and wept,
Loitered, and danced to make a show;
And not a moment have I slept.
They keep me always on the go.
No choice is mine, I must needs move,
Swiftly, obedient, silently.
No fields of freedom do I rove.
My course is parcelled out for me.
But this I cannot quite forget
—If I can wake some old refrain
Or still a rush of wild regret,
I shall not then have toiled in vain.

---

**TO AN ABSENT LOVER**

By Mary Carolyn Davies

A little gift you sent to me;
A little thought you lent to me.
Oh, what the token meant to me! You cannot ever guess.
The little gift I'll wear for you
And just because I care for you
I'll always keep a share for you Of all my happiness.
The little gift speaks clear, of you.
The world holds never peer of you! And oh, but it was dear of you To think of me this way.
The wee gift like a golden kiss
Brings thoughts of many an olden kiss.
And so, your gift I'll hold and kiss;
I'll wear it every day.
So, tho' the cant be near to you
And bring each hope and fear to you,
I know that I am dear to you
The parted, dear as when
My heartbeats were a song for you.
Oh, I'll be brave and strong for you,
I'll dream of you and long for you,
Until we meet again.

---

Valentine has returned to the studios and is now well started on his characterization of "Monsieur Beaucaire." Here he is seen with Adolf Zukor signing the peace treaty which their lawyers effected between them.
Thistledown
(Continued from page 101)

Anna, aching with pity, strove for words of comfort and counsel. Poor old Anna, so foolish to be so wise! For every human heart must ask and answer its own questions, must live its own lessons to learn them. And Dolly must learn that love never attains its true fulfillment as a selfish reward, but must travel the road of glad sacrifice for others, and service, and prayer. This must be the condition of her gaining, if at all, the glowing, valiant crown which all true lovers wear.

Cruel as Dolly found her dilemma, H\1 Daggett was to awaken, the next morning, to complications and tangled circumstances, and blind embitterments that seemed more cruel renewed.

With renewed doubt, and that ensuing flood of bitterness, Dolly pressed her way to crowd upon him until he visited the De Bossert cottage, later in the forenoon; but the complications, which at first Hid did not take too seriously, began when he heard his sister knocking excitedly on his door, and crying: "Hiram! Hiram! The sheriff's deputy's downstairs, and he's got a policeman with him! They demand to see you—tell them you're going to arrest you!"

(To be continued next month)

Letters to the Editor
(Continued from page 64)

with it—all such poise—such old-world charm. A wonderful woman, Miss Talmadge, one feels it instinctively. I enjoyed Conway Tearle very much in this picture. His portrayal of the proud young man whom his enemy thought to humble, was indeed splendid. One's heart and thought and mind were with him completely. Wallace Berry was enjoyable, too. His insolence was of such daring that one could only smile. Earl Schenck, as Blaise Blas, deserves a bit of credit. He was the Captain of his sister's guard to perfection. His slight swagger as he joins Carlote to confide in the latter is thoroly in keeping with his ability to wear a sword. You know, those Vandyeke beards were very becoming, and of very much aid in the costume value.

To return to your Motion Picture Magazine. Another department I always enjoy is the review of pictures. I like to see a production, and then compare my views with those of the critic. It gives me a start, sometimes, when I see how much alike those views are.

And now, as I do not wish to wear out my welcome, I think I should close. I trust I have not been too peimisalting, but I have had all this in mind for some time. Most people are usually too busy or too interested in themselves, to listen to another, so let us be thankful that we have an outlet in the form of writing-paper on which we may pour rivers of ink—and cascade our thoughts.

Yours most sincerely,

T. Binghamton, N. Y.

In regard to Valentino's right to his name and in praise of his book of verse "Day Dreams."

DEAR EDITOR: In the February issue of Motion Picture Magazine, one of the fans tells us that Valentino has no right to the name he is using. Does the young lady know that Mr. Valentino's full name is Rudolph Alfonzo Raffaello Pierre Filibert

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Guglieni di Valentino D'Antonguola? Therefore, I think that he really has more right to his name than Mr. Novarro has to the one he is using.

Also, I would like to tell her that Mr. Valentino is the least conceited of anyone I know. I saw him when he was on his tour for the Mineralava Company, and I think that he is far from being the most charming person I have ever had the pleasure of seeing.

Oh, Trix MacKenzie, how I should like to know you! Certain that all these so-called "Valentino Haters" could read "Day Dreams." I do not say that they would be converted, but I do say that they would not be so very sure of themselves. Everybody has dreams, but it is few people who can put them into words. The exquisite tenderness of 'You' is处处 everywhere and remembered for the wonderful paths that it holds.

In closing, I should like to say that one of my greatest pleasures is in reading the "Letters to the Editor" each month in the "Quality Magazine of the Screen."

Yours truly,

Russell F. Edmunds,
21 Portage Street,
Buffalo, N. Y.

Some interesting gossip with a motion-picture background.

Dear Editor: Under the caption "Letters to the Editor" you publish some very readable stuff. I do not wish to infer that the balance of your output is flat. It is really good. In fact, to my mind, yours is the most consistent of the many monthly magazines published. Got a pretty good staff, I guess, or maybe ye editor knows what to throw out and what to print. Both perhaps.

Did you ever sit at your window after a violent storm and look at a beautiful rainbow, noting the many colors that go to make up the whole—the warm shades, the cold shades, and even those that suggest tenderness? Rudolph Valentino's characterizations are like that. He is fire and he is ice. He is Antinous and Winter, and Spring, and Summer. He is anything he wills himself to be. "The Sheik" is actually worth all its hallyooing. It has everything to make it intriguing, but "A Sheik's clean-shaven jaw!" It is the first time in motion picture history that an Arabian gentleman without a mattress on his face has ever reached the screen, and for this we are indebted to Rodolph Valentino.

Elinor Glyn has beaten Cecil De Mille at his own game, and, on his own ground. "The Great Moment" has as many marriages, divorces and annulments as could be desired, nor is the lavish ballroom scene with bathing beauties missing. Gloria Swanson's acting is as good as Milton Sills's is bad. The picture has one great moment and several beautiful costumes. I do not care for Gloria Swanson's Miss Glyn, but I did enjoy considerably "Under the Lash." In this picture she does a role almost (2) beyond criticism, but you can't help but admire her when Milton Hamilton makes love to her with a collarad expression. And Russell Simpson as the Boer husband wears a hax for a beard, but I think we are not very familiar with the real Glyn. Cecil De Mille's "The Affairs of Anatol" was a fairly good picture as pictures go, but, with the "The Sheik" we had to believe it contained. Almost the entire retinue of Lasky Famos-Players were kissed in this spectacular production. Care was taken to make Anatol, or one peculiarly, was collecting Kisses from

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strange women got most of the fun, of course.

"Doubling for Romeo" with Will Rogers in tights! Now it is easy to see why he stayed five years in the Folies. Don't laugh at his legs—they need encouragement. The story is as thin as nickel plating, but sparkling subtitles, a laugh in every one, make you forget even if the left hand make locked with the cast in.

"Everything For Sale," I really believe the above plot was fried out of moth holes where it was interred before May McAvoy was born. May is too sweet a little lamb to be burdened with exhumed plots about heroines who got sold into drawing-room slavery.

Even the censors themselves ought to enjoy Charles Ray in "The Old Swimming Hole," cause they can’t find fault with the titles, as they are

"Twin Beds" was another of those comedies that profit not—but neither do they bore. Carter De Haven is not, to me, gifted with true comic spirit. He is lively and eager to be amusing, but the effort is always conscious effort.

There are few directors of pictures you can depend upon for sane, sensible and spirited productions. Allan Dwan is one, "The Forbidden Thing" is a simple tale, told as only Allan Dwan could tell it. Dwan is always interesting he invariably makes his characters living and human beings. Father Griffith seems to feel that he should apologize for "Dream Street," and that is why it always looks so dull. In the program he writes "We do not make any great promises one way or another; we have done the best we could." I’ll glad you said that, Father Griffith, it will help you better to hold your coveted place as the eighth wonder of the world.

"The Daughter Pays." How these women suffer, particularly Schirnke heroine Poor Elaine Hammerstein is imposed upon in every picture. Just because she is attractive is no reason why she should be saddled with a story such as this. If you want to see acting, real acting, see Marjorie Rambeau in "The Fortune Teller." If you want to see a beautified woman, see Norma Talmadge, she is high drag queen, actress, and draws the largest patronage. Out West, here, I am told her fees cost forty dollars more than some of the others, who are supposed to be far greater stars! Of course, they cost more than calico. Still—with all the films we have seen we miss something, what is it? The Human Voice, words, that is it.

As a certain song writer has so ably put it in the first verse of one of his songs:

"Smiles mean most anything,
Eyes never tell a thing
Words like flowers of May,
Their fragrance forever stay.

I have found by previous experience that the fans were not myths who found their way be saddened with the supposition, as hundreds of them answered my letter of year or so ago. I promised to answer every letter I received, and if there was a fan who dare to come forward and contradict me, let him come, I’ll knock him out in the first round.

I want to hear from all fans—please write me. I will write you back with every letter, just try me. Those who live in foreign countries need not enclose stamps.

And, now, dear Editor, in closing I wish you success and long life, and prosperity.

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105 Page
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"And to think, Mary, I owe it all to you. I might still be drudging along in the same old job at the same old salary if you hadn't urged me to send in that C. S. course.

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Bau Brumell

(Continued from page 60)

the wine but you must bring the ladies. Ha! Ha! Beau attracts the ladies like a magnet! All but Lady Hester. Eh? She responded to his royal passion. A beautiful woman, Beau—

"Excellent wine makes all women beautiful—Wales," ventured Brumell, and George was so delighted with the bon mot he overlooked the jibe later.

Now it will be seen that Beau was living a princely life on a far from princely income. Indeed, he had no income at all, the come here. Be so good, Wales, as to ring for my coach.

The next day in the Mall all of London's fashionable society, and some not so fashionable, was assembled to see what would happen when the two Georges met. Beau stood chatting gaily with Lady Moira and Lord Byron when the Prince appeared on the scene. For once in his life Beau conceded discretion a point and started to walk away.

"Surely," said Lady Moira with a sug-
Take Beauty by the Forelock

Time is the thief if you let it steal upon you unawares, but if you take time by the forelock and build in each age for beauty in the next, you also take beauty by the forelock and can carry her docilely thru the seven ages. BEAUTY, the Aristocrat Among Women's Magazines, shows you the way. You cant afford to miss reading it.

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An article that informs you how best to help the girl—changed almost overnight from a child—to gain an orderly view of her future life.

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A portfolio of beautiful women of all ages—youthful, mature—you are to decide for yourself which representative has reached the Dangerous Age.

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An illustrated article in which three well-known women tell what they admire in men, and three well-known men tell what they admire in women. You'll enjoy their opinions, they're both amusing and enlightening.

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The first instalment of "Disguise," a true story, written anonymously, will appear in the April issue of Beauty. Intimate and charming, the heroine takes you thru experiences that you will like to share.

Penelope Knapp gives a lesson in facial exercise. We exercise our faces every minute of the day, but—how?

How much "Excess Baggage" do you carry in your wardrobe? Learn the value of restraint. The story tells how.

A favorite of the footlights and one of the screen lights tell the secret of their make-ups. Take heed—

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Massage, like exercise, effects its benefits thru circulation. "To Reduce" tells how massage brings down weight.

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Money cheerfully refunded if not fully satisfied. A. J. Hahn, Mgr., 333 S. Grand Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Beau Brummell
(Continued from page 106)

"You are vulgar, Mortimer," said the great Beau with a still majestic gesture, "you may go."

Now, George sat on the throne of England, King; Lady Margery Alvanley was mercifully widowed; Lady Hester Stanhope with her compliant husband were both gone. Beau had never been better. He was once known as a tactful wife, recovered of her unfortunate infatuation, and Beau was old and poor, making holes in the fashion in an obscure corner of the parish. It was there that Lady Margery went to him, worn out with waiting, desperate with longing. And Beau received her with all his old gallantry, wrapped in his frayed old dressing-gown, last remnant of his former splendor.

"You must let me help you," the woman said in a trembling voice.

"Madame, for you but to live and be yourself is enough."  

"It has not seemed to be enough—for you," Margery went on. There were many women, Beau shrugged his shoulders but made no answer.

"There was Lady Hester Stanhope."

"I was horrid and I humbled me."

"And the Duchess—"

"I was lonely and she was kind."

"Oh, my dear," cried the woman, and the man seized her in his arms and pressed a long, long kiss upon her upturned lips.

"You must go," he said brokenly, gallantly forgotten. "I am not worthy now. I could not accept the sacrifice. Our happiness can never be, Murray."

And the woman pleaded in vain, and finally had to go away from the little sea-port town with her heart left behind her. Mortimer still sighing over food watched the departure mournfully, particularly since it also included Kathleen. Beau even refused arrogantly, aid from the King, then on one of his rare trips to France, and in whose entourage Lady Alvanley was. And the fortune almost stopped at his place at this last display of pride, and this misfortune was averted only by the fact that Beau finally discovered that he too must care and that when one's heart screamed aloud for food, one's cravat, coat, breeches, vest and collar, really did not matter.

His last snuff-box, of which he had had an almost priceless collection, was turned over in all humility to Mortimer. "Here, friend," he said to that astonished worthy, "take this and sell it, and we'll go back to England, where I shall dismiss you from my service—and you can marry your Kathleen."

"Oh, you don't know what to say, sir," stammered the man.

"Well then, say nothing," answered Beau, and less of that."

Back in England in a mannered lodging than Beau had ever had, and took up his life again, and for the first time in his pampered career, he was forced to serve himself. He did it badly, and many said that his mannered bearing that had supplied the fiber to his days. But there was still another depth and he must drink the drugs.

"Out you go," said an irate landlady at the end of several months without a cent from her still gallant partner. "No money, 

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Made from pure oil of mustard, it is a clean, white ointment good for all the little household ills.

Keep the little white jar of Musterole on hand and bring it out at the first sign of tonsillitis, grippe, neuritis, rheumatism or a cold.

To Mothers: Musterole is also made in convenient sizes for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole. 35c and 65c jars and tubes; hospital size, $3.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

**Sage Tea Turns Gray Hair Dark**

Gray hair, however handsome, denotes advancing age. We all know the advantages of a youthful appearance. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray and looks streaked, just a few applications of Sage Tea and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundred-fold.

Don't stay gray! Look young! Either prepare the recipe at home or get from any drug store a bottle of "Wryth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," which is merely the old-time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients. Thousands of folks recommend this ready-mixed preparation, because it darkens the hair beautifully, besides, no one can possibly tell, as it darkens so naturally and evenly. You moisten a sponge or soft brush with it, drawing this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, your hair is as dark as the first day, and it becomes thick, glossy and lustrous, and you appear years younger.

Wryth Chemical Co., New York, N. Y.

**Pimples Can Be Removed**

If you suffer from pimples, acne, blackheads, broken pores, etc., all I want to send you my simple home treatment under plain wrapper. It gives you a smooth, radiant complexion, and healed thousands of men and women from these pimple failures. Simply send name for generous 10-day free trial offer of my secret home treatment.

W. H. WARREN, 329 Gray Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

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The wonder-writer, who in WRESTLING INTO THE PAST, a wonderful journey to wrestle a classic from Farmer Burrs and Frank Gitch, in case you are in any way interested in wrestling or athletic athletics, I will send you my free Wrestling Book (WRESTLING INTO THE PAST). If you wish, I will send you a free Wrestling Book. Please write for free Wrestling Book today. State your name, address, and title. Free Wrestling Book, Reseda, California.

**Do You Need a Bust in the Nose?**

Before you start to fight? Do you need this kind of treatment to bring you to your senses? If you are one of a kind of fellow, the chances are strong that you are going to get it.

**THE MUSCLE BUILDER**

That's what they call me. I don't claim to cure disease, but I do observe it to make a strong, limber man out of you. If you wait until some one else gets the doctor in, only one can save you—but come to me now and the doctor shall come to you next. I'll put you better than solid muscle in your arm in just a day or two if you take my advice. I'll put you back and then have you on your feet in the same length of time. But (that's only a starter). I'll put an armful of muscle over your body and build up the walls in and around every vital organ. I'll build up your lower back where you sit and your legs where you walk and to your step and a flash to your eye that will radiate life and virility wherever you go. And what I say don't just mean to me. Are you with me? Come on. Let's go. Send for My New 64-Page Book

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It contains forty-three full-page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Many of these are leaders in their business and professional fields today. I have not only given them a body to be proud of, but made them better doctors, lawyers, merchants, etc. Some of these have come to me with the usual weaknesses, trusting me to help them. Look them over now and you will marvel at their present positions. This book will prove a real inspiration to you, as I am in the very center of the field of the future, happiness hired for you today—fight now before you forever.

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510 N. HALL ST.

THE HOUSE OF QUALITY

"The Answer Man"

(Continued from page 74)

DESIBUS.—Yes, just write to the studios, and be sure to enclose twenty-five cents.

DOUG AND MARY FAX.—There are lots like you. Estelle Taylor is playing in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." You want a picture and Doug can get the cover. Antonio Moreno is in "Flaming Barriers" and now playing in "Bluff." James Cruze is directing "Magnolia," the Booth Tarkington drama.

BIG BLUE EYES.—Richard Dix is with Famous Players. Shirley Mason with Fox and Gloria Hope is not playing for any one company. Mr. and Mrs. Sessue Hayakawa expect to remain abroad for several months. He is making pictures, you know.

Co-Ed.—You were again. Well I want you to feel as tho you were writing to an old friend. Mary Philbin is with Universal. No, I am always trying to get ahead. To be satisfied is to come to a standstill.

RICHARD AND CLAIRE.—You say there is too much nonsense here. Sense must be very good indeed to be as good as good nonsense. Yes, we have used several pictures of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Watch for the big fight in "Flowing Gold."

W. R. MC.—Marie Prevost, Florence Vidor, Monte Blue, Richard Dix, Adolphe Menjou, and Creighton Hale in "The Marriage Circle," which is being directed by Ernst Lubitsch. I believe the pictures you mentioned suggest mine, and I have no record of same.

SCARMOCHE.—No, I have never been married, but am willing to be if I can find a girl to support me. Nita Naldi is about thirty. Standing five feet eight. Jackie Coogan with Metro. He is nine. Thanks for your kind wishes, but my birthday won't be until January 5th, next year.

Peggy.—You don't believe that I am an old man. All right for you, Peggy. No navigator has yet traced lines of latitude and longitude on the conjugal sea, says M. Baltzer. Yeates Marion Davies is with Cosmopolitan. Mary Miles Minter is not playing now.

ELIZA.—Ricardo Cortez with Famous Players, you know.

Wau, B. R.—All I can say is, don't believe all you hear. So you liked "Little Old New York" better than "Robin Hood." Why F. B. O. are producing a series of shorts. From a book by Washington Irving. Alberta Vaughn. The stories will be released as "The Telephone Girl," and "F. B. O. are planning a national campaign in which 250,000 telephone operators will participate.

Bere.—Viola Dana is with Metro. Considine and Norma Talmadge at the United Studios. Milton Sills also with United. Cullen Landis with Famous Players-Lasky. Is that all?

Margie and Steve.—Glad you are having a nice time. Your letter was most interesting, but no questions.

Florida Lassie.—Well, when two friends part, they should lock up one another's secrets and interchange their keys. Los Wilson is playing in "Icebound," with Richard Dix. She has brown hair and hazel eyes, five feet five and a half and weighs 120 pounds.

Inquisitive.—Clare Windsor is five feet six and a half and she is not married now.

Lyra.—You write a mighty interesting letter. So Leatrice Joy is your permanent idol. She has black hair and brown eyes. Laura LaPlante is playing opposite Hoot Gibson in "The Cocopah Kid."

Every Movie Fan Should Have a Copy of This Book

Order Now and SAVE $1.50

Do you know what an "adhesive relative" is? Do you know the name of the actress who tore up a contract worth $250,000? Have you any idea of the amount of Mary Pickford's salary when she first entered the movies and what her present income is?

Nine years ago Samuel Goldwyn was a glove salesman. Today he heads the big producing company which bears his name. Most of the stars have worked for S. G., and he knows them, perhaps, better than they know themselves. And he has written a book of reminiscences which is as interesting as anything else, and as piece of fiction you ever read.

Don't fail to read Samuel Goldwyn's "Behind the Screen." You can get it at any book store for $3.50, or for $2.50 you can have the book with a year's subscription to the Motion Picture Magazine.

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The Editor Gossips
(Continued from page 47)

cided that every kind of original tea and
luncheon had been given. How we
maligned the ingenuity of the movie
press-agents!

One of the social events of the passing
cinematic season was the premiere of
Cecil B. DeMille's 'The Ten Command-
ments.' The audience was one of the most
celebrated we ever seen and seemed
evidently impressed with the occasion.
The women, passing up and down the
aisles, were as beautiful and as beautifully
costumed as the maikinians in a fashion
parade. There were heavy furs... spark
ing head-dresses... shimmering satins... brilliant jewels... Society
mingled with the professions. Debutantes
whose photographs and activities are head-
line material for the society columns
talked tea-dances in the foyer and ac-
tcepted introductions to the stars with
rapturous excitement.

Mr. DeMille made a speech in response
to the tumultuous ovation accorded him.
And in the lobby and in the foyer the
different members of the cast who had
come to New York for the opening were
receiving the sincere praise and congratula-
tions of their friends.

Nita Naldi wore some indescribable
brocade metallic cloth.

Richard Dix, in a Lois Wilson whom
we glimpsed slouch demurely up at him...
and Rod LaRocque was almost a half
hour getting from the theater to the curb
where his car waited him. The crowds
milled about him under the theater
marquee. Above them you could see Rod's
young head, his eyes shining with excite-
ment and happiness and his silk hat
set jauntily on one side.

In the lobby during the interval we
saw Jeannie Macpherson for the first
time. If we had seen scores of pictures
of her every month for years, we would
never have believed that she was the ex-
tremely brilliant and intelligent young
woman who furnishes the perfect found-
ation for the Cecil DeMille productions...
and that Famous Players-Lasky have just
signed her under a new contract, the
figures on which have been kept secret.
She is the furtiest item imaginable from
the severe, spectacled, stout shod, high
collared feminists which the cartoonists
used to draw. No one there looked much
younger or any fresher than Miss Mac-
pherson. Her gown was slightly boul
taine and sprigged with dresden flowers, while
she carried an old-fashioned Victorian
bouquet in her tiny white hands.

Surely a woman of her metal deserves
the wealth she has earned and the laurels,
too. It is easy to drop the charm of femininity and the consideration of
dress in the pressure of the commercial
race.

Mother Ashton was there in a gown of
white sequins. By theater time her Gold-
eard Inn has pretty well thinned out and
she is able to leave the stragglers in the
capable hands of her Japanese servants.

A number of writers were there. We
remember Rita Weiman as the hostess of
one box party... and Fanny Hurst in a box
across the street And Lillian Laufert, known as a writer of short
stories, but more universally under her
nom de plume of Beatrice Fairfax, was
accompanied by Daniel Freeman.

We met Richard Dix for the first time
last month and forthwith put our pre-
conceived notions of him away in moth-

She Found A Pleasant Way To Reduce Her Fat

She did not have to go to the
trouble of diet or exercise. She
found a better way, which aids
the digestive organs to turn food into
muscle, bone and sinew instead of fat.

She used Marmola Prescription
Tablets, which are made from the
famous Marmola prescription. They
aid the digestive system to obtain the
full nutrition of food. They will allow
you to eat many kinds of food without
the necessity of dieting or exercising.

Thousands have found that the
Marmola Prescription Tablets give
complete relief from obesity. And
when the accumulation of fat is
checked, reduction to normal, healthy
weight soon follows.

All good drug stores, the world over sell
Marmola Prescription Tablets at one dollar a
box. Ask your druggist for them, at order
and direct and they will be sent in plain wrapper.

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are unlike anything you have ever seen before. The very
essence of the flowers themselves, made without alcohol. For years the
favorite of women of taste in society and on the stage.

The regular price is $15.00 an ounce, 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.

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Send 25c (stamps or silver) with the cou-
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colored and most costly perfume ever made.

Your choice of odors:
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Rose, Violet, Roman-
ta, Lilac or Crabapple.
Twenty cents for the world's most precious
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□ Romanza □ Lilac □ Crabapple

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D. $...

Remembet, if not pleased your money will be
returned.
At lunch that day Richard Dix told us a pleasant story about Ruddy Valentino. He had visited him before in his home. He said he had first met Valentino when he was an extra, suffering all sorts of privations and disappointments, trying hard to get on in Hollywood. At that time Dix was leading-man in a Los Angeles stock company. On several occasions when they had met, Valentino had asked him if he would advise him to try the stage. The poverty he was experiencing had about turned his back on the studios.

About this time Dix left California and when he returned, to find an engagement in motion pictures, Valentino had become the vogue. "Forevermore," "The Book of the Apocalypse" had been released and the name of Rudolph Valentino was the byword in the world of the Klieg lights. When Dix returned to Hollywood and gave his name to the studio manager on his first day at the studios, he planned to go right on, not expecting that Valentino would recognize him. After all, their acquaintance had been slight and casual. But Valentino did recognize him and excusing himself to the men, he came running over, both hands extended in a hearty greeting. Dix saw there was a warmth in Valentino's manner that day, and on the days to come, which he will never forget.

Now that Rudolph has returned to the studios after the law-suit which branded him as selfish, temperamental and up-stage in the daily press, we are glad to print this story which came out unsolicited from him and from one of his colleagues. Praise from your own country is rare praise indeed.

The other morning someone in our office called an interesting observation to our attention. Have you, by chance, ever noticed that Cecil胛reta's last name is spelled with a W, while that of William Hepplis de-Malle with a small D. In this tiny affectation you have the difference between the two brothers not only as men but as producers.

We had a typical story of Glenn Hunter the other day. And now that his engagement to May McAvoy is definitely announced, it is more interesting than ever.

It seems that Glenn, Betty Compton and one of the firm of Cartier's, Fifth Avenue's exclusive jeweler, were at tea in one of the hotels. Betty brought May McAvoy's name into the conversation and, asking Glenn if he knew her, offered her a preview. Glenn modestly said he knew her and affirmed that something of this sort transpired several times. Always Glenn acquiesced to the pleasant things which were said about Miss McAvoy, but now, once he is married and Betty, completely unconscious that he was engaged to May, went serenely on.

When Glenn was about to leave, he turned to the gentleman from Cartier's and requested that the diamond he had selected be sent to his hotel as soon as
it was set. Then, he added, that it would be perfectly all right to tell Miss Compton about it, and departed.

We can't help contrasting this finesse with the blatant boasting so many would have employed. We can hear any number of stories to whom success came more slowly than it did to Glenn Hunter loudly proclaiming, under similar circumstances, "I know her. Well, indeed I do. Going to marry her." But not Glenn. So far success has not taken the toll it so frequently takes, that of the certain modesty and charm, without which human beings become unendurable.

Everyone in motion picture circles, stage and literary circles are buying and reading "Right Off the Chest," the book which Nellie Revell wrote when she was confined to the hospital with spinal trouble, in daily pain... facing operations and, perhaps, after her years of invalidism, life as a cripple. The book which has an introduction by Irving Cobb and numerous illustrations by all of the generous well-known illustrators, was actually written on her chest, for she was unable to move.

Miss Revell was the first woman press agent. And her last work was done at the press desk in the Talmadge offices. Norma has not forgotten the woman who once gave her days to exploiting her pictures, for when she and her husband, Joe Schenck, were in New York they both bought hundred dollar copies of "Right Off the Chest," and a score of the two dollar and fifty cent edition for the members of their staff, some of whom worked with Miss Revell before her accident.

It does our heart good to see the way the professional people have stood by in this instance. Benefits which made thousands and thousands of dollars were given in her name. And whenever a call for help for Nellie Revell went up from one of her friends or colleagues the response was never lacking or even indifferent. True enough, she is an extraordinary woman and her spirits never failed her when the future looked darkest. It was never a chore to visit Nellie. But we cannot help feeling a sense of pride in the profession of which we are a part in the way it rallied to the cause.

A Life for a Life

This is the theme of the most revolutionary photodrama ever produced. It is revolutionary because in the words of Thos. H. Ince, the famous producer, "it marks the dawn of a new era in motion pictures—a 100 per cent. successful effort to find and develop new film writers." This picture is

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A PALMER PHOToplay PRODUCTION

Here is a romance of sorely tried hearts—Scenes laid in the great city's most notorious gambling house and in an old-fashioned New England countryside—Based on an astounding episode in the lives of acquaintances—Written by a Pittsburgh housewife—who was discovered by the producers of her story and induced to write for the screen—And who was paid

$1,000 CASH AND FIVE-YEAR ROYALTIES

This picture now in the current releases and distributed by Film Booking Offices of America, is destined to work a profound change in the character of motion pictures. It is the first of a series which will bring the real dramas of life to the screen for the first time. These pictures are not written behind studio doors by professional scenarists who are out of touch with life. But they are written by talented men and women engaged in everyday pursuits, who know life from daily battling in it.

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THE SPIRIT INCARNATE
(To Alice Calhoun)
By Don Homer Travis

From whence dost thou, here, roam...?
I think it must be from some garden in
old Crete.
Some garden of myrtle, where thy san-
daled feet
Outsped Diana's in the chase at dawn.
There is about you such divinity and grace.
I cannot think but that some trysting
place
Of dancing satyrs, eerie nymphs and fauns...
Was thy first home.

What dost thou here, this day...?
Perhaps thy task is but to aid our failing
dreams,
To strengthen our belief in godlier
schemes
Than credence warrants in the modern
mind.
The shadow’d beauty of old faiths in
your eyes,
Your lips, with forgotten flames the while...
Bring peace to care-full hearts, help them to
find...
...God’s simple way.

YOU SAID IT!
By Lucia Trent

She makes you think of a dance in June,
Of a violet kissed with dew.
Of a butterfly that fled too soon,
On its shimmering wings of blue.
She makes you think, in her glittering
gown,
She’s the sweetest thing you’ve seen,
But wouldn’t the family portraits frown
If I loved a movie queen!

CAPTIONS
By Jane Cuthrell

Who writes the average caption, he
Has much to bring him black remorse.
How deep the pen that trots upon
The old, accustomed, rutted course.
"Day dawns upon a soul in pain."
He writes, and we who read it know
The Heroine is suffering
Because the Hero’s somewhat slow.

"Night falls," he blurbs... (it always
does)
"Two loving hearts are now at peace,"
He babbles, when the play is thru
And all the shifting shadow’s cease.
What makes him think that peace is theirs
Or in said hearts shall ever tarry.
The author made it plain to us
That their intention is to marry.

Chicè and tortured language... we
Beneath its heavy weight are bowed
(He writes, in surety, that)
Who reads these anguish’d throngs aloud
But he who writes the captions knows
That simple speech would move to
mirth
Without these wearied, belizened words
We would not get our money’s worth.

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Greenroom jottings

(Continued from page 70)

You marvelous in the air, something that helps you to "be yourself," and makes you say you are going to do just the things you must want to do. All of which is apropos of Miss Rich's refusal to return to Hollywood to make a picture for John Stahl, because the character would have required her to bob her lovely chestnut locks. Anyhow, Miss Rich is in love with New York and would like to stay on a while. In her acting, she plays the "Loretta Lombard," "Boy of Mine," and other films featured on Broadway this season, she has made a great hit with New York as New York has made for her. Her next film was played just six years ago in "Stella Maris," in which Mary Pickford played the leading role. Her last picture with Mary was "Rosita," and Miss Rich said it was just like going "home" to play with her again. Between the two pictures there stretched a long road with a weekly salary beginning at the first, and a two-year contract to support, but ending happily at her present salary of $1,000 a week.

Burning greenbacks, the old barroom grandstand ploy to register unbounded wealth, is not half so spectacular as the new one. It is conducted burning money. In the production of "Flowing Gold," the Rex Beach story of the Texas oil wells, the Richardson-Jell Company burned an oil derrick to the ground and then proceeded to fire real oil wells in the La Brea district, which they had bought for the purr of $10.00. Hollywood citizenry rushed to the scene to put out the fire and stayed to add fuel to it.

The lost sheep is found—so it said. Derek Glync, English musical comedy star, who disappeared from the Music Box Theatre in London, after the closing night of "Sally," about a year ago, has been discovered as one of the extra players in Corinne Griffith's initial starring vehicle, "Lilies of the Field." Glync said musical comedy was "quite-all-right," but he was tired of it all. He has been doing the "extra man" for a year, and says he wont return to Broadway; he wishes to make his way into pictures. A sporting Englishman. Good luck to him.

Sunday, January 13th, was a jinxy day for the motion picture men of Jersey City. These public benefactors wanted to test the validity of the Sunday law in regard to the movies, so they announced that their theaters would be wide open. Then they dressed their best, spread themselves over the place conspicuously, placed a large-mouthed basket in the lobby marked "For summonses only," and waited for a free ride and free speech on the subject. Sunday's crowd attended the show, but not one a policeman, so after waiting until midnight the picture men went home with their tongues in their cheeks, and not a bit wiser.

But the Boston Sunday laws are rich and raging racy. It seems a picture shown there can be quite insanely wicked six days in the week, but if released on Sunday must contain a Sunday-school lesson. Corruption is more or less a local question there, and an old blue law can always be brought to the fore. "Woman to Woman" thus ran amuck in the Hub City. Taking up play, by Michael Morton, in which a French girl has an illegitimate child by an American soldier. For a week the picture ran without a ripple, but when Sunday arrived the exhibitors were told the sold must be
made to marry the girl, or the picture could not be shown—Sunday was sacred. Some keen cutter created—nothing less—a subtitle that said the soldier and the girl had been married, and the picture was allowed to go on. Their Sunday morals were safe. Soon a writer of Sabbath-day titles will be carried along as excess baggage.

And now we want to know who’s going to censor When a Woman Reaches Forty, the screen play written by Royal A. Baker, motion picture censor of Detroit, and produced by Preferred Pictures. To begin with, we believe forty is about the most a woman can reach, and we fear that Mr. Baker, knowing that censbers take great pleasure in cutting out the most thrilling scenes, will not want to disappoint them, and so has filled his story with possible “cuts.” Just suppose there is honor among censors and they pass the story in toto—what will become of the morals of our countrymen?

Sweets to the sweet, but none for Nita Naldi; not because she lacks any saccharine qualities, but because in the Paramount production, “Don’t Love Me,” Miss Naldi appeared too buxom. All the world loves a slim loverette, therefore, by order of the powers that be, Miss Naldi has gone on a diet since the “woods” before she stars for the screen again.

If you know the language of jewels, maybe you can tell us what the wearing of an expensive sapphire ring means. Mae Busch is sporting one that she says was given her by her dear friend—he denies that it is an engagement ring—but there is no telling what tricks a sapphire can turn when worn in the moonlight in spangles. Mae Busch has a prominent role in “Name the Man” and we think she might do it and let us into the secret. And Mary Miles Minter comes to the fore again. This time she is reported to be engaged to Dr. Mixell of Pasadena, who is said to be most prosperous.

“The Perfect Flapper!” Guess who? Little Colleen Moore and no one is less like the type-flapper than Colleen, in real life, especially in her figure—she is not slim. But she registered so completely and satisfyingly in “Flaming Youth,” that the First National has purchased “The Perfect Flapper!” and Colleen is elected for the title-role.

A pot pourri of husband and wife stories continue to be fed to gormandizing cameras; Florence Vidor has been signed by Vitagraph to play the lead in “Borrowed Husbands,” the duct of husband—yet named: Mildred Harris, Charlie’s ex-spouse, will make “The Unwanted Wife” for the same company; Charles Elton is completing “One Law for the Woman,” and it would seem that the wrath of heaven had descended upon the law, for two of his biggest sets were destroyed by fire.

Some actors are born but others are literally made—that is, made to act—thru necessity, a bet, a dare, or what not. Robert Edeson and his successful career built on a bet. The latest asset won to the studio was a young girl, and you will discover, if your eyes are keen, doubting for the leading man in the dog-racing incidents over snow-clad wastes, in the forthcoming “Skijor.” He was the only one, among those present, who could handle the team, and now he’s a sworn-in thespian.

The juveniles have it and there’s no gainsaying it. Baby Peggy’s face has

How the Shape of My Nose Delayed Success

BY EDITH NELSON

I HAD tried so long to get into the movies. My Dramatic Course had been completed and I was ready to pursue my ambitions. But each director had turned me away because of the shape of my nose. Each told me I had beautiful eyes, mouth and hair and would photograph well but my nose was a "pug" nose—and they were seeking beauty. Again and again I met the same fate. I began to analyze myself. I had personality and charm, I had friends. I was fairly well educated, and I had spent ten months studying Dramatic Art. In amateur theatricals my work was commended, and I just knew that I could succeed in motion pictures if only given an opportunity. I began to wonder why I couldn’t domesticate myself and employment as hundreds of other girls were doing.

FINALLY, late one afternoon, after another “disappointment,” I stopped to watch a studio photographer who was taking pictures of Miss B—, a well-known star. Extreme care was taken in arranging the desired poses. "Look up and over there," said the photographer, pointing to an object at my right, "a profile—" "Oh, yes, yes," said Miss B—, instantly following the suggestion by assuming a pose in which she looked more charming than ever. I watched, I wondered, the camera clicked. As Miss B— walked away, I carefully studied her features, her lips, her eyes, her nose. "She has the most beautiful nose I have ever seen," I said, half audibly. "Yes, but I remember," said Miss B—’s Maid, who was standing near me when she had a ‘pug’ nose, and she was only an extra girl, but look at her now. How beautiful she is.

In a flash my hopes soared. I pressed my new-made acquaintance for further comment. Gradually the story was unfolded to me. Miss B— had had her nose reshaped—yes, actually corrected—actually made over, and how wonderful, how beautiful it was now. This change perhaps had been the turning point in her career. It must also be the way of my success. "How did she accomplish it?" I asked irreverently of my friend. I was wrong, Miss Triley, a face specialist of Binghamton, New York, had accomplished this for Miss B— in the privacy of her home.

I THANKED my informant and turned back to my home, determined that the means of overcoming the obstacle that had hindered my progress was now open for me. I was bubbling over with hope and joy. I lost no time in writing to Miss Triley for information. I received full particulars. The treatment was simple, the cost so reasonable, that I decided to purchase it at once. In a few weeks the nose was reshaped and I was able to begin treatment. At last it arrived. To make my story short—I five weeks my nose was corrected and I easily landed a position with a producing company. I am now climbing fast—much happier.

ATTENTION to your personal appearance is nowadays essential if you expect to succeed in life. You must look "your best" at all times. Your nose may be a hump, a hook, a pug, flat, long pointed, broken, but the appearance of M. Triley can correct it. His latest and newest nose shaper, "TRADOS," Model 25, $1; Patent, corrects now all ill-shaped noses, without operation, quickly, safely, comfortably and permanently. Disused cases excepted. Model 25 is the latest in nose shapers and surpasses all his previous Models and other Nose Shaper Patents by a large margin. It has six adjustable pressure regulators, is made of light polished metal, is firm and fits every nose comfortably. The inside is unobstructed with a fine chamois and no metal parts come in contact with the skin. Being worn at night it does not interfere with your daily work. Thousands of unedited Testimonials are in his possession, and his fifteen years of study and manufacturing nose shapers are at your disposal which guarantees you entire satisfaction and a perfectly shaped nose.

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been insured for $250.00. The policy covers blindness, scars and any facial disfigurements, which might prevent her from carrying out that movie contract of fancy figure. Royalty sacred reserves has been insured, with an eloganted number of ciphers after the first number...business men who hold responsible positions are insured in two of their companies because their loss would mean reorganization and loss of time and business. The lives of ministers have been insured by their congregation, and even the hands of beauty specialists have been so protected, but this is the first time we have heard of baby eyes and juvenile dimples being rated at such a figure unless the whole chubby form were thrown in for good measure—but then Peggy's smallest dimple would be good measure.

Mickey Bennett, the up-and-coming youngster whose partner Brother, has signed a contract to make phonographs for Berlin & Snyder. Mickey not only sings but fiddles and his first release will be a song entitled "Big Brother." Papa Coogan has taken a stand in the lineht that there is a reason for this. He feels that Jacket will make but two pictures a year. The rest of Jackie's time will be put in like any ordinary, freckled-faced, barefoot, hungry American boy. Furthermore if two pictures a year interfere with this delightful program, only one picture a year will be made. Jackie's present contract entitles him to receive pictures a year, but that contract is half completed with the filming of "The Boy of Flanders," and in other contracts a stipulation of "two a year" will be in order.

Two luscious juveniles—Peaches Jackson and Frankie Lee, are included in the cast of 'Poisoned Paradise. Frankic took part in "The Hawk." Metro casts for year pictures a year, but that contract is half completed with the filming of "The Boy of Flanders," and in other contracts a stipulation of "two a year" will be in order.

Not to be outdone by a kid, Lew Cody is not only singing but has composed two songs, words and music: "My Lady of the Orchids" and "The Orchid." It is the Orchids.

Now, let's talk about the girls. It must be that opposites inspire, it was while Lew was filming "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model," that the nurse worked. It would be difficult to top the beauty of the girl, but when they were filming "The Orchids,"—he plays the clarinet, the saxophone, the violin, and the oboe.

Oh, the lazy film stars and the parents who make capital of their p-o-or little innocent children. Here's one dad—Will- loughby—character of the films, and father of a husky lad, who drew a pay envelope for fifty-five weeks out of a year of fifty-two. Impossible at all. Dad double-dipped on himself and often worked in two or three productions the same week.

George Beban is giving the fans another such thrill as he gave them in his vaudeville act "The Sign of the Rose," which he staged in connection with the film. The new combination stage-and-screen story, "The Greatest Love of All," was written for George Beban and produced under his management. At the most exciting point in the film story the light fades to the scene and the action is continued with the face hidden in flesh and blood without loss of a single motion or a moment's time. Mr. Beban takes the place of Joe, the iceman, who goes to Ellis Island to meet his unknown mother. The old Italian woman who plays the role of his mother was selected from Little Italy, N. Y. C., and she cannot speak a word of English. Miss Hol-
comb is Trina, Joe's screen sweetheart, and Arthur Earl, the shyster lawyer, who defends the mother in a court-room scene.

Roland West, author and director, has been signed with the Truart Film Corporation for a period of six years. It is likely, therefore, that "The Unknown Purple," which is also one of his plays, being the pièce de résistance which won him his contract. His productions will number only one a year and will be made from stage hits and best sellers. Truart stars and directors include: Elaine Hammerstein, Richard Talmadge and Larry Semon.

Max Reinhardt, German stage and film director, who has staged "The Miracle," the enormous and inspiring pantomime set to music, has been engaged by Cosmopolitan to direct Marion Davies' productions, at a fabulous salary. The name of her first picture under his direction has not been announced but it will be made as soon as Miss Davies has finished "Janie Meredith."

There is no telling just what tests directors use in casting a picture play. It is certainly giving us quite a treat to see brought out with a little bag of instruments tapping knees and the elbow joints, and taking blood-pressure, yet somehow they get a line on the subconscious and cast accordingly. When the Rocketts chose Ruth Clifford for the role of Ann Rutledge in their production of "Abraham Lincoln," they probably knew that Ruth was just about the most home-loving little person on the screen, and therefore the perfect type for the girlhood sweetheart of Honest Abe. An admirable picture Clifford lives with her Aunt in Hollywood and has been away from home only twice, once to film a picture in Porto Rico, and the other to attend the premiere of the Lincoln picture in New York. She was so homesick in Porto Rico that she went with joy when she returned home, and while in New York she rented an apartment for a year and set up housekeeping, instead of residing at a hotel, to prevent another such catastrophe. Miss Clifford has grown up with the screen. A tender little girl with yellow curls and schoolbooks under her arm, she carried about the lots on her way to school until one marvellous day, UINTY. The director saw her and her little playmates a pair of wings and a chance to be angels for the nonce. Henceforth, Miss Clifford's golden head was seen property.

Following the lead of Charlie, the veteran elephant of the movies, that had been executed because he ran amuck, turned over flimsy villages, and killed humans, Joe Martin, the star orang-outang of the screen, has turned temperaments. He was formerly gentle and kind, but now it is no longer safe or sane to work on the same set with him. And he's a good actor, too; he was, that is, the dirty work in "The Merry-Go-Round." His last picture is "Down in Jungle Town," perhaps he got too near to cavemen in filming it. But while poor Charlie is under the sod and the dew, Joe has been condemned to a glorious fate—he has been voted a member of Al. C. Cedars Club and is now one of their leading attractions.

"Two Wagons — Both Covered," a travesty on "The Covered Wagon," done in Will Rogers' best style, has made such a hit that he has decided to make a series of burlesques on leading plays and players. The next victim to his scintillating humor is the...
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The will be Bill Hart, the bad man of the screen and Rogers' very good friend.

The movie triumvirate—Charlie, Mary and Doug—may cement their friendship into a business triangle. It is rumored that Chaplin will direct Miss Pickford in one picture. We're waiting with bated breath—won't it be a wow!

And speaking of laws within laws, expectant divorces residing in Reno who wanted to see Rupert Hughes' film, named for the famous divorce-town, had to drive another city to view it, according to rumor. The Reno-ites were afraid the film would corrupt their morals, we take it.

Do you know what a Scofflaw is? Somebody who was never out of his tent inventing the word. Well, he's the modern drinker, who scoffs at the law and drinks his rum just the same, and it's feminine as well. A great thing is Scofflaw Magazine says so. They have already started production of "The Adorable Scofflaw," a story of a young flapper addicted to the cocktail habit. Kenneth Harlan and Clara Bow will take the leads. And by the way, do you know that Clara's complexion is of such a texture that she doesn't have to make up for the screen—her little flapper, she can almost scoff at anything.

There are phases of news that, like the poor, are always with us; divorces, and accidents and illness among the stars, and now extended to agents and officials. Mrs. Nellie Myers has been granted a divorce from Harry Myers, film actor. The husband originated the suit, the wife countered, and was granted alimony and the care of their children. Evelyn Kenyon is suing her husband, Albert G. Kenyon, scenarist, for divorce, and has named Rosemary Cooper for a divorcee. And then, there is the two-million-dollar separation suit brought by Mrs. Harriet McKenzie Cronenweth against Edwin Cronenweth, official of Tiffany Picture Corporation, in Los Angeles. Mrs. Eloise Goodale Metzger, who took a minor part in the production of a picture a year ago, is sued in connection with her ex-husband's wife.

But the near-divorce suits interest us still more because they have the happy ending. Sometimes it helps a lot to serve notice and get all the things you want to say off your mind. Then you can try for a divorce. Robert Edeson (Mary Newcomb) has found this sufficient. Some time ago she filed divorce papers against Robert Edeson, but since that time she has had her child, and can be seen in public together, apparently as good friends as ever. And Mae Allison has dropped her suit for divorce against Robert Ellis, film actor. It seems there was some irregularity in the serving of the subpoena on her husband, and it was discovered just as the decree of divorce was about to be entered. This gives Mae Allison a chance to change her mind, and as Mr. Ellis promised to be less trying, she was sensible in using a woman's prerogatives and decided to withdraw the complaint.

As to the casualty list: Clara Bow was painfully cut and bruised in a fifteen-foot fall over a cliff while filming "Parodied Paradise," Anna Q. Nilsson was similarly injured while trying to lift Milton Sills, weight 190 pounds, in the filming of the Rex Beach story, "Flowing Gold"; Richard Barthelmess was hurt in the filming of "The Enchanted Cottage," to be operated upon; Mae Busch took a turn at grip; Julanne Johnston at pneumonics; and Mae Busch in Kleig eyes; but now they're all well and registering high spirits on the screen.
For a day and a night
love had sung to him,
played with him and lifted
him to the high land of
dreams: but now it had passed,
leaving him only mockery for
farewell—

"It depends upon how he
comes thru, whether
you'll come up for man-
slaughter, Mr. Daggett," said
the deputy, "And I saw who
was driving the car," broke
in the cop, "the young lady
who can do sixty-one miles an
hour. I guess she's due an
invitation to this party."

He saw Dolly, a prisoner
at the bar, with drooping
head while the judge
harangued her wrathfully—
then he himself seemed to be
on trial and the jury was
multitudinous and hostile.

And meanwhile Dolly,
for another compelling
reason, had taken shelter with
Sam King, the millionaire
producer who had promoted
her screen stardom, and who
had asked her to wed him. But

Dana Gatlin
has told the thrilling inci-
dents in language of a
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"And she, too, has fallen in love. She cried and laughed with the
telling. She loves Mr. Hi with such a love as one reads of in books.
But she has run back to that Mr. King. So full of indecision and woe
was she that you would scarcely have known her. Ah! you cannot reckon
on Miss Dolly, so impulsive and so stubborn in her misguidedness."

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May Motion Picture Magazine
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THE BOGEY-MAN of the STARS
A Story of the Income Tax and the Stars on page 28
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Hollywood Has Married and Settled Down

... is a Feature Story in the June Motion Picture Magazine

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Consider these outstanding points of excellence. (1) Solid Oak throughout that has been thoroughly kiln-dried and air-seasoned. (2) Strong, Dependable Construction. (3) Finely Upholstered Full Length Backs and Seats covered with a fine grade of Rich-Looking Brown Spanish Artichoke Leather, and luxuriously padded with comfortable, rest-giving, sanitary upholstering materials. (4) Wide, roll arms on Arm Chair and Rocker and Sturdy Posts on all pieces (5) Every piece large, full size (6) Artistic Period Design with unusually Graceful Lines. Suite comprises the following pieces. **Library Table 22 x 42 inches; with True Italian Renaissance Design. A table of striking beauty. Rocker and Arm Chair—both 37 inches high and 54 inches wide; seats measure 18 x 20 inches. Sewing Rocker is 34 inches high and 17 inches wide. Side Chair is the same size. All chairs have the Renaissance Back; and on all chairs the upholstery on back is extended all the way down to the seats—making the chairs more elegant in appearance, more comfortable and serviceable. The combination book trough and magazine rack is 18 inches wide and 54 inches high. Taborette is 16 inches high, the top measures 11 x 11 inches. Foot Stool is 15 inches high, 16 inches long by 11 inches wide. Waste Basket is 14 inches high and 10 inches long by 10 inches wide.**

You have your choice of two finishes: Nut Brown Fumed Oak or Highly Glossed Golden Oak. Be Very Careful to State Your Choice of Finish in Ordering. Complete 9-Piece Suite, Order No. RA658. Price, $44.95. Terms: $1 with order, balance $3.00 monthly.

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If you will send your order for the library suite quickly, I will send you absolutely Free a Handsome Table Scarf. This eaver is very appropriate for the Library Table. It is made of good quality Veilour. The Color is a rich blue, decorated with handsome Tapestry ends and a wide Gold Edge. Measures 32 x 13 inches. large size.

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Guaranteed for a Lifetime

This beautiful 24-inch necklace of genuine ZARA PEARLS is permanently guaranteed. Should these genuine ZARA PEARLS crack, peel or discolor at any time we will replace them free of charge. ZARA PEARLS are absolutely indestructible. You can drop them, step on them, dip them in boiling water or scrub them and they will still be as exquisitely perfect as they were the first time you saw them gleaming in their satin-lined box.

FREE Furthermore, should the silk cord on which these ZARA PEARLS are strung break from any reason whatsoever, if returned to us, we will restring them free of charge. When you buy ZARA PEARLS, you are not purchasing some novelty that you will wear for a few weeks or for a few months. We guarantee that your ZARA PEARLS will be one of your most treasured pieces of jewelry all your life.

This lovely 24-inch necklace of ZARA PEARLS comes in a beautiful jewel case lined with rich, heavy white satin. There is no additional charge for this case.

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No woman who loves beauty can resist the allure of ZARA PEARLS. They are the most bewitching ornament for women of every type and every age. The vivacious school girl — the adored debutante — the charming young matron — the stately dowager — all realize that ZARA PEARLS are not only smartest but the most becoming of jewelry. Each Pearl in a Zara Necklace is a work of art made by hand by a master craftsman. The Opaline base of the Pearl is mined in Russia just as precious jewels are, and is indestructible. And ZARA PEARLS with their rich, creamy lustre have all the satiny sheen and melting color of the most priceless Oriental gems. Every necklace is finished with a guaranteed silver Safety Clasp set with sparkling genuine brilliants. ZARA PEARLS are enchantingly lovely with every costume. You will be proud to wear them and proud to show them to your friends.

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In order to introduce these bewitching ZARA PEARLS to you, we are making you this wonderful special offer for a short time only. You would have to pay more than double this remarkably low price for pearls of such exceptional quality if you purchased them any place else. You do not have to send any money with the order. Just mail the coupon today. When your ZARA PEARLS arrive in a few days, pay the postman only $4.83 and a few cents postage. If you are not absolutely satisfied you can return the pearls within 3 days and your money will be refunded. Take advantage of this unusual opportunity. If you live in Canada send post office or express order. No C.O.D. orders accepted from Canada or other foreign countries. Send the Coupon NOW.

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Link after link

FRANKLIN plucked a zigzag of lightning out of the sky. Bell linked it with a bit of wire and gave the human voice more power than the thunder. Now scientists, discarding the wire, hurl one voice—undiminished—in countless radii across the world.

Each day the ingenuities of men are bettering, strengthening yesterday's progress. In foods, clothing, house-furnishings, inventions, minds are adding link to link—trying to lift you closer to contentment.

Records of this progress flash in advertisements before you. They are personal, timely messages of products that will please.

The advertisements suggest not only the new—but the best; spread them out honestly before you so that you can conveniently choose. They show you highest values at sensible cost. They help you to live better—and save.

Read the advertisements to learn of the latest ways you can make your life more pleasant.

* Keep up with the advertisements to keep apace with progress *
Music and Motion Pictures, Incorporated

Music, until some manner of phonofilm is perfected, must remain indispensable to the motion picture. Thru the ear it reaches the same emotions that are being aroused by that which the eye is recording. This is, of course, when there is a well-done synchronization.

Just a few years ago a musical score was an unheard-of thing for any motion picture. D. W. Griffith was one of the first producers to give the music accompanying his pictures his personal attention. When you see his "America," notice the love motif which accompanies every scene between the young lovers. And notice further how it suggests her thoughts and her conflicting emotions when he is nowhere about.

Douglas Fairbanks, too, realizes the importance of a musical score. The one which accompanies "The Thief of Bagdad" is the most complete score ever conceived for a picture.

And Lillian Gish went so far as to take the musician who will do the musical score of "Romola" to Italy with her. There he is working out the musical accompaniment as sequence after sequence of the story itself is filmed. Perhaps Miss Gish hoped, too, that some of the lovely native Italian arias would sing themselves into his heart and into his melodies.

Today even the lesser cinema efforts, those branded "program pictures," frequently enjoy some manner of musical score.

We shudder to think how many varied renditions of "Hearts and Flowers" have brought us to the enjoyment of this present synchronization. Some of us remember the tin-pan piano, never without several silent keys. It belongs to that almost forgotten era when our cinema palaces were reconverted grocery stores . . . where "One Minute Please to Change Reels," frequently flashed upon the screen . . . and where Mr. Jones was wont to advertise his pickles or whatever his product chanced to be, in brilliantly colored slides during the length of this interruption (always in excess of a minute, however). The aforementioned "Hearts and Flowers" was the pianist's pièce de résistance. She played it regardless of the scene because she knew it by heart and could watch the picture without giving much heed to her keyboard.
Twenty is gone before you know it—and then you are twenty-five! And next, with hardly a breathing-space, a woman is in her thirties.

Once, the number of her birthdays used definitely to fix a woman's status. Today, physicians say that the number of years has little to do with age—it is almost entirely a matter of physical condition.

Keep your skin young by keeping it in good condition. The world will not say of you that you are beginning to look old, so long as you can keep a fresh, clear, beautiful skin.

Perhaps the only trouble with your complexion is just—lack of will-power

ALMOST anyone can make a great effort of will—once.

But it takes an unusual person to repeat even a small effort of will day after day, week in, week out.

That is why so many women fail to keep a lovely skin after they have passed their twenties.

A beautiful skin means—daily care!

Not hurried, perfunctory attention—but the whole of one's thought and will, for a few minutes out of every busy day, centered on keeping one's skin in the best possible condition.

Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies and new takes its place. Begin, now, to give this new skin the special care it needs—and see how soft and smooth you can make it—how quickly the faults that have worried you will disappear.

Perhaps, almost imperceptibly, the pores of your nose have become enlarged, so that they are a noticeable fault in your complexion. You can overcome this defect. Use, every night, the following special treatment:

WRING a cloth from hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in very gently a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive. Then finish by rubbing your nose for a few seconds with a piece of ice.

This is only one of the famous skin treatments contained in the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Special treatments for each different skin need are given in this booklet.

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ANITA STEWART

“The play is the thing...” In recognition of this Shakespearian fact, Anita Stewart is no longer interested in long-time starring contracts. She has reached that Utopian state where her future is financially assured... and hereafter she will choose her roles carefully. Rumor has it that a cinematic “Never the Twain Shall Meet” is to mark her next celluloid appearance.
Achieving a great success entails a great responsibility. Now that Ramon Novarro has found acclaim through his work in "Scaramouche," he must maintain this high standard... So this winter he has been working hard and earnestly under the inspired direction of Rex Ingram. They have been in Tunis, Algeria, filming the exteriors of "The Arab," in which the young Novarro is colorful in the robes and burnoose of the title role.
HELENE CHADWICK

Helene Chadwick is another of the fair ladies who form the cast in which Valentino's "Monsieur Beaucaire" is to be so lavishly set. She will share honors with Lois Wilson and Bebe Daniels. Helene is now out of the Goldwyn fold, a freelancer. (In the motion picture vernacular, a free-lancer is someone who has no definite connection, but plays here . . . there . . . and everywhere . . . wherever a rôle is to his liking.)
No one looking at the sophisticated young person in this portrait would doubt that Lucille Ricksen has grown up in an astonishingly short length of time. Recently she was Jack Pickford's heroine in "The Hill-Billy." And now her name is prominent in the cast of "The Galloping Fish"
DOROTHY MACKAILL

Dorothy is going right ahead and proving that all the extravagant things said about her screen presence and her acting ability are the truth...the whole truth...and nothing but the truth. She is, without any doubt, one of the most interesting personalities that has come to the screen in many a month.
Certainly after seeing "The Ten Commandments" we would fail editorially if we did not give Charles de Roche conspicuous mention. As the selfish and cruel Pharaoh he left nothing to be desired. In itself, this performance eradicates the stain which blurred his name when he was hailed as Valentino's successor. Now Mr. de Roche is playing opposite the temperamental and fiery Pola ... in "Shadows of Paris"
LILLIAN GISH

Juliet, Shakespeare's tragic, lovelorn heroine, is at last coming to the motion picture screen. And Lillian Gish is the actress who was finally chosen for this immortal rôle. Now she is playing in "Romola," in Italy. Upon its completion she will go at once to Verona, the native heath of the Montagues and Capulets... and here Richard Barthelmess will join her as Romeo.
CARMEL MYERS

Carmel Myers is the latest motion picture player whose personality has undergone a metamorphosis. There's a far hall between this new portrait and the Carmel we used to know. However, whether you have seen her in "Beau Brummel" and "Broadway After Dark," or whether you just judge from this picture, you cannot gainsay that Carmel's new personality stirs your interest.
Stars have been known to be stars in name only. And this has frequently been the case when the eminent name of Lewis Stone was also in the cast. He is an intelligent actor who invariably walks off with the honors. He has never deliberately set about to capture that illusive thing called popularity . . . but has enjoyed it now for years by the very virtue of his never failing artistry. "Cytherea," the Hergesheimer love story of married people, occupies him at the present
"See America First"

When we hail your interest with the famous slogan which we have used as a title for these pages, we do so in all sincerity. For "The Sacrifice," the first of a series of motion pictures which D. W. Griffith will make chronicling America's history, is well worth seeing from a patriotic, dramatic and artistic viewpoint.

The surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown is a thrilling scene which will stir patriotic quivers in the most blasé American. Arthur Dewey, a dominant and humane George Washington, is seated upon the white mount.

Carol Dempster is Nancy, the heroine of the love story upon which Griffith builds his historical events. The Tory seen with her in the silhouette above is Lionel Barrymore as Captain Butler.

On the left, Nancy is presented to George III... and on the right is Neil Hamilton, whose Nathan Holden is one of the most likable heroes we have seen on the screen in many a moon...
The Battle of Bunker Hill is one of the most thrilling episodes of the picture... excelled only by the inspiring and breath-taking ride of Paul Revere. It was during this battle that the human toll was the greatest.

A review of this epic film appears on page fifty-three of this issue. And if these illustrations don't interest you sufficiently to see "America," we refer you to the editorial comments. Below is one of Captain Butler's off-moments...

With the hero a Rebel and the heroine the daughter of a Tory and the sister of a Rebel and, therefore somewhat confused in her sympathies, the love scenes are frequently enacted under great physical difficulties. Witness the Romeo and Juliet episode on the left.
Impromptu

By

GLADYS HALL

An interest in things I probably had never heard of. Remoteness. Mystery.

When, some time ago, I heard that she was married, I said, "That's not as it should be." When I heard she had had a baby, I said, "That's worse. Why WILL people do things that don't FIT them?" But when I heard that she was to play in von Stroheim's picturization of Norris' "Greed," I said, "That's somehow right."

This last may not seem particularly complimentary when you see the young lady's corporeal "charms" in "Greed," but I guess you'll know what I mean. Anyway, Zazu is artist enough to be thrilled to death about her rôle in "Greed," despite the fact that she thinks it may lose her her husband when he sees it.

All of which leads me to my meeting with Zazu. I had been saying to the editor regarding talking with cinematic charmers, "From blonde ingénues and 'funny men,' from slinky sirens and grandes dames à la mode, good Lord deliver us . . . and give us Zazu Pitts!"

Well, the good Lord gave me Zazu Pitts, but He didn't wholly deliver me from ingénues,altho I will admit that I was remote from slinky sirens.

There is nothing of the slinky siren about Zazu.
An Impression of Zazu Pitts

As a matter of fact, the nearest I can come to describing her to you is by taking the words out of Glenn Hunter's mouth: "Doesn't she somehow remind you of the Gishes?" he said, "I don't know...it's her manners...somewhat..." As Zazu played the role of "Dessie" with Glenn in Homer Cray's "West of the Water Tower," Glenn knows whereof he speaks.

Zazu is ever so slightly rounded and plump. She isn't curious and she hasn't half so much to do with the moon and the mist and fays and fables as she has with baby's pinning blankets, baby's snapshots and handsome husband—Tom Gallery.

These are Zazu Pitts's enthusiasms: her baby and her husband—and Eric von Stroheim.

It was this rather oddly assorted trinity that we discussed during the hour we spent together. Zazu told me how von Stroheim had seen her in the studio just before he started casting for "Greed," how he had never seen her work, but simply recognized a type in her face, asked her to have some screen tests and took her on the spot. She says that Eric is a much-maligned man, saving by those who work for him and with him, and these adore him. He is the one man she knows who will recognize types and talent no matter whether the names have ever been heard of before, or not. He works over these new recruits, she told me, indefatigably, patiently, and thoroughly. He is a devoted husband, an adoring father, a brilliant student, a charming and most polished man and altogether perfect.

It was rather pleasant, Zazu's glowing appreciation of the man she feels has given her her "chance" to prove that she has a side other than the comedic. Gratitude fired with enthusiasm marked all her words of him.

Then husband—Tom Gallery—came in and I had to see all of baby Zazu's snapshots forwarded from Chicago where the adored youngling was staying with her paternal grandparents while Zazu made "West of the Water Tower" in New York. And "doesn't she look just like Tom?" and "Oh, the precious lamb!" carolled both young parents at once.

It was Zazu's first visit to New York and she was particularly captivated by the Bowery and Grant's Tomb. But one could see that Zazu's hopes and longings were to be on the westbound train, via Chicago, there to snatch up the precious Zazu Junior and speed on toward "home."

"I want at least four children," she told me. "I love 'em!"

Thus Zazu:

Where I had expected Aubrey Beardsley I got Jessie Wilcox. Where I had looked for Baudelaire I got Montessori. Where I had thought to find remoteness and faint chill, I got burning enthusiasm and wholesome felicity.

One never knows...
On An Algerian Hilltop . . .

... Rex Ingram paused for this picture to be taken. This side of the camera’s lens were the other cameras and motion picture paraphernalia with which Mr. Ingram has invaded the old city of Tunis, shown in the background. Here the exterior scenes of “The Arab,” with Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry heading the cast, are being filmed. The vestments adorning this brilliant director do not subtly hint that he is forsaking the megaphone for sheik honors. They are merely a concession made in the general fitness of things . . . a supplement to the ancient and colorful city in the distance.
The Talk of the Boulevard Is
Rod La Rocque Who Is

A Very Odd Young Man

By

HELEN CARLISLE

Rod La Rocque, the gentleman who smashed Cecil De Mille's Ten Commandments so thoroughly, sat beside me smoking gold-tipped cigarettes and leaning on a silver-headed cane. He was immaculately, one might say extraordinarily, well dressed. He wore what is, I believe, known as a walking suit. Also white spats. Three rings circled the little finger of his right hand. On his wrist was a gold chain bracelet. On the third finger of his left hand was a heavy signet ring with, he said, his family crest upon it.

From time to time he drew from the pocket of his white vest a cigarette case. It was the most expensive-looking cigarette case I've ever had the privilege of gazing upon, except from the wrong side of a jeweler's window.

"I don't know," he remarked, 

Flicking an ash gently from his gold-tipped Dimitrino, Rod La Rocque remarked that there is just one thing which he considers absolutely unforgivable - 'that is a display of emotion, at any time - off the screen, of course "whether all this indicates affluence or decadence." He was referring to the suit, the vest, the spats and the cane, however, for the jewelry he wears all the time.

We were watching Cecil De Mille put Leatrice Joy and several other players thru their paces, for a scene in "Triumph." If you read the story, you know it's all about love in a can factory. Mr. La Rocque plays the rôle of the factory owner who loves his forewoman, and goes thru all sorts of vicissitudes before he and she are happily united.

Our conversation was interrupted frequently by the noise of a machine turning out tin cans briskly before our very eyes.

Now Mr. Rod La Rocque is a very odd young man.

You probably know as well as I do that he has been on the screen for a good many years. And you probably know nothing else about him except that suddenly, in "The Ten Commandments," he came to life and gave a remarkably good performance.

He's a bit of a puzzle, a mystery, even in Hollywood, where everyone knows everyone else's real name.

He never is advertised as being one of our Very Good Young Men, tho he could line up alongside Richard Dix and Conrad Nagel any day. He doesn't have his picture taken with his mother, yet I concluded from what he said that he is most devoted to her. He does not say that he
is looking for his Ideal Girl, tho he is one of the film colony's most eligible bachelors.

And in spite of all his jewelry, he is decidedly masculine. There is nothing effeminate about Rod La Rocque. He seems absolutely indifferent to public opinion, that's all. If he made up his mind to wear an ankle bracelet, I'll bet he'd wear one and let the headlines shriek.

Yes, he's a very odd young man, and of all the poses I've run across in Hollywood, his is the most unique.

"There is," he remarked, gently flicking the ash from his Dimitrino, "just one thing that I consider absolutely unforgivable. That is to show emotion of any sort, at any time. Off the screen, I mean," he added.

"I had an uncle who received news one morning that his entire fortune had been wiped out on the stock exchange. He finished his breakfast as tho nothing had happened. If hero worship were possible to me, I would say that I idolized that uncle of mine."

Mr. La Rocque speaks slowly, hesitatingly. Frequently he seems to be groping for the best word or phrase with which to express himself.

"Why should one grow excited over anything? Or enthusiastic?" This in reply to my remark that he didn't seem particularly joyous over his success in "The Ten Commandments."

"My success, if you wish to call it success, in that picture does not mean necessarily that I will be liked in other rôles. I cannot understand why a motion-picture actor should be hailed as a find, and a discovery, simply because he has gone over well in one particular part. An actor brings to a rôle an entire lifetime of training and experience. It suits his personality, perhaps, and then it is said that he was 'made overnight.'

"He may never make a like hit in another picture, and if he does not, the public soon forgets. I have been on the stage since I was seven years old. No one knows better than myself, how unstable public favor can be.

"Cecil De Mille deserves all the credit for 'The Ten Commandments.' It was decidedly a gamble, on his part, when he gave me one of the leading rôles. I was a stranger to him. He did not know but that I would fail him. I found, tho, that he understands me better than anyone I've ever known. Often he reads my thoughts before I can express them."

Mr. La Rocque said all this quite gravely, interrupting himself frequently, tho, to speak to (Continued on page 82)
Alice and Her Loves

If you have wondered why Alice Joyce comes to the screen so infrequently these days, let this family group be your answer. There are two charming reasons, namely, little Peggy of two summers, and Alice, the eight-year-old. This portrait, taken in the Regan town-house, shows Alice with the soft straight bob she recently affected.
At this season of the year, Hollywood gnaws its nails and calls down the curses of high Heaven upon the man who invented income taxes.

The motion picture colony is one of Uncle Sam's chief meal tickets—altho a very unwilling one.

From the very rich city of Los Angeles the government collects approximately $23,400,000. Of this, the movie people, comparatively few in number, have to pay more than $4,000,000—seventeen per cent, of the total tax collected for this district.

One of the chief victims is Harold Lloyd. Two years ago, I know that he had to pay $113,000, and his tax has been going up ever since.

Probably the heaviest income tax in Hollywood is paid by Cecil De Mille. He draws $6,500.00 a week salary from the Lasky Company to keep him in spending money and this is probably the smallest item of his income. He gets a large royalty from his film plays, in addi-

Several actors are following the example of Jackie Coogan and forming themselves into holding companies. This results in a splitting of the income tax, in that the salary goes to various stockholders instead of just to the star alone.

This authenticated article proves that the income tax comes upon the motion picture people with more crushing cruelty and injustice than upon any other class of people in the world.

The life of a star is very limited—they have to work at least half of their golden years for the tax-collector.

Last year when Bill Hart had been idle practically the entire twelve months he had to pay Uncle Sam over $300,000 on his income for the previous year.

Strange to say, one of the big income taxes of Hollywood is paid by Bill Hart.

Bill has had some strange adventures with the tax man. Last year when his matrimonial adventures and other worries had interrupted his screen career and he was earning no money to speak of, Uncle Sam came down on him for something over $300,000 for the income he had earned the year before. This year when he is making money by the quart, he will have a small income tax to pay on account of his inactive year.

Conway Tearle is said to pay an income tax on something over $150,000 a year income. Barbara La Marr earns about the same sum.

Tommy Meighan is the recipient of a salary in excess of that and is under the additional disadvantage of having to pay a New York State income tax as well. So are all the actors who make their homes in New York and make even a part of their pictures there.

In California, however, they face something worse. Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford are now in the midst of a dispute with the government, the outcome of which all
Hollywood awaits with bated breath.

Under the California State law, the husband has control of all community property and by community property the law means all the money earned by either husband or wife during the period of their married life.

The contention of the government officials is that if Doug can control the property, then it must be his. Consequently then he should pay income tax on both his income and Mary's.

When you get up to million-dollar incomes, the tax is something terrific—$5,000%—$550,040 tax on an income of a million dollars.

If Mary and Doug and other movie people who are married to each other have to yield to this interpretation, they will find at the end of the year that they have worked for the tax-collector and not for themselves.

On modern clothing the government allows a reduction of fifty per cent. of the cost. This is a considerable item to girls like Gloria Swanson who literally live at the dressmaker's

Another deduction permitted is that of fan mail. Mary Pickford, for instance, spends nearly $50,000 a year buying photographs and mailing them.

There is probably no class of people in the world upon whom the income tax comes with such crushing cruelty or injustice.

The life of a star is very limited—ten years at most. Usually not more than five. They have to work at least one-half of their golden years for the tax-collector.

It often happens that an actor will have a great season; then have a lean year. Sometimes this is due to bad luck only. The dates will not happen to fit.

The tragedy of the actor's life is being told by the casting director. "If you could get thru this other picture by the tenth of the month, I have a good part for you. As you will not be thru until the fifteenth, I will have to find another actor."

This is the cause of many a lean year following a fat year. And a lean year following a good one means

Mary Miles Minter and several other stars, it is said, have tried several times to enter in the cost and maintenance of beautiful and expensive cars as advertising—splashes made for the dazzling of the public. Conway Tearle, like Barbara La Marr, is said to pay an income tax on something over $150,000 a year.
that you have to pay a big income tax when you haven't any money.

There is a movement on to try to get Congress to make some provision for the fact that a movie girl must make her entire life's fortune in a few short years.

The government permits oil men, for instance, a big allowance due to the fact that many of their oil wells do not pay out.

The plan is to induce Congress to regard an actor as a machine that is gradually running down. If the average girl only lasts five years at the top of her career, then—so the actors contend—she should be allowed to enter one-fifth of her year's income every year as deterioration. The reason actors have won so few concessions thus far is because they have never made any concerted action.

The government does, of course, allow them all kinds of special deductions not common to other professions.

About this time of the year the income-tax experts reap a harvest trying to invent new twists to these deductions. I know several actors and writers who employ tax experts by the year. Every transaction, every sale of property, and every contract is examined by this expert before it is entered into. In some instances, stars have their books kept right along by tax accountants.

Actors are allowed a special deduction on wardrobes actually and exclusively used in a picture which they have furnished. On ordinary modern clothing they are allowed to deduct fifty per cent.; on period costumes, the government allows them to take off the whole amount.

The deductions for clothes are based upon a recognition of the fact that a movie girl is under far greater expense than a stage actress whose clothes are regarded as a capital expenditure not liable to the same deductions.

A stage actress, having equipped herself with a good wardrobe, can usually stick to the garment until it is worn out. A motion picture actress can seldom wear a conspicuously fine gown in more than one picture. Girls

(Continued on page 84)

One of the chief victims is Harold Lloyd. Two years ago he had to pay $15,000, and his tax has been going up ever since

Tommy Meighan is under the additional disadvantage of having to pay a New York State income tax as well. So are all the actors who make their homes in New York and make even a part of their pictures there. Dorothy Gish deducts about the same as Lillian, $10,000 a year, for the mailing of fan photographs

Cecil De Mille draws a weekly salary from the Lasky Company of $6,500. This is to keep him in spending money and is probably the smallest item of his income. He gets a large royalty from his film plays, in addition to which he is one of the chief real-estate and oil operators in California. His tax must run into hundreds of thousands a year

The government contends that under the California State Law, Doug can control Mary's property, so it must be his. Consequently, then, he has to pay income tax on both his income and Mary's. If this interpretation is yielded to, Mary and Doug and other married movie people will find they have been working for the tax-collector—not for themselves.
The Motion Picture Magazine offers a solution of that long and loud-voiced question of who shall play Romeo—and who indeed for Juliet—in the screen version of Shakespeare’s immortal love tragedy. We herewith present the balcony sequence of “Romeo and Juliet, Junior”

The Cast
Romeo ........................................ Jackie Coogan
Juliet ........................................ Baby Peggy Montgomery
How Do You Talk About Books?

By BURDETTE KINNE

Illustrated by Eldon Kelley

We were sitting at one of the side tables in Frank's, Hollywood's real French restaurant, and our position had been consciously chosen because it gave us a comfortable view of the entire room. The only table we could not watch, one immediately behind me against the wall, was occupied by a girl of the "sweet" type, dressed in a graduation dress, and a boy whose face we could not see, but whose apparel, a race-track suit and tan shoes with fawn-colored cloth tops, proclaimed the man. They were, at a glance, not enjoying one another and were, therefore, not interesting. We paid no attention to them. We had come to Frank's at my insistence because it was my first evening in Hollywood, and with the voracious curiosity of the newcomer, I had hoped that by some celestial magnanimity the stars would decide to dine as a colony at Frank's that night.

My companion, The Lady Who Knew Everybody and Everything, settled herself at the table and attempted to begin a conversation on D. H. Lawrence, whose "Sons and Lovers" we had just read, and about which we disagreed heartily. She was unsuccessful. I was so preoccupied with watching the diners as they came into the room, like an alert dog watching the front door for the entrance of his master, that I did not make an effort to do more than answer with frankly ill-mannered "Mmns" and "Uh huh's." It was beginning to dawn on me that there wasn't a star in the room, and the darkness of a starless night settled upon my spirits.

"Well," I said, "where are the stars, famous or otherwise?"

"My dear, how do I know? And even if I did I probably wouldn't dare tell you."

"Why not?" I really didn't understand. It was my first evening.

"Why not?" she echoed, laughing and imitating my naiveté, "in the first place you'd dash off to wherever they are, leaving me here in embarrassing isolation, and in the second place I don't think you ought to go where they are, no matter where they are. If you're known as many of them as long as I have, you wouldn't be so eager...and besides..." here she drew herself up and tossed her lustrous black bobbed hair, "...here you are with me, and am I not a star?"

"Indeed you are!" I assented with genuine sincerity. "You are my star, but, as you say, I've known you so long...and..."

Here I was interrupted, and we were both silenced by the sound of a high-pitched, scratchy voice which came from the youth sitting back-to-back with me. The Lady permitted herself a furtive glance just out of bounds, and smiled knowingly at me. Before she could whisper just what I wanted to hear, I said smartly:

"That's either a goof or a star!"

"Both," she came back promptly, and then softened. "No, I don't mean that, he's really not a goof, but there is only one voice in the world like that..." Thereupon she leaned toward me and uttered the name of one of the stars whom I had come to Hollywood to see. The voice had gone on all this time and we now heard, rather whiningly:

"All right, dear, invite her if you want to, but she
wont come, you know she wont. she never has and she
never will. . . ."
There was an unintelligible answer from the sweet
young thing in the graduation dress, and then the voice
went on . . .
"Yes, dear, I know, merely another of those polite
notes, and I'd rather they'd slap us in the face and be
done with it . . . ."
"Now is your evening perfect?" from The Lady, was
the only thing that kept me from deliberate staring.
"Yes, that's it," and she repeated the magical name.
I had first seen him years ago in a picture in which his
name had not been mentioned, but in which he had made
such an unqualified "hit" that new publicity had after-
wards been sent abroad in the land and his name had been
starred. It was that part which had either made him, or
ruined him, just as you looked at it, for he had done the
same type of thing ever since.
"Since he's one of your pets, I suppose you know all
about him." The Lady was again preventing an ill-man-
ered stare.
"No. Why? What about
him?"
"You choice thing!" ex-
claimed The Lady, "You
know very well there's noth-
ing in the world I'd rather do
than tell you Hollywood gos-
sip. Yes, that's his wife, and
my dear, it's a real romance.
that is, it's the sort of thing
that's supposed to be romance
in the movies. He came to
Hollywood years ago, when he
was a mere child in his teens,
from some little town in the
Middle West. Sort of front-
piece for 'Main Street,' as it
were. He started out like all
the rest, prop boy, worked like
mad day and night, and waited
his chance. It finally came, in
the well-known fashion: he
was discovered accidentally,
and overnight his name was
made, at least with the direc-
tors. But it was still a hard
pull, you know how it is, and
it was literally years before
he had succeeded. Then he
sent for her, his small-town
sweetheart who had waited
for him, and they were mar-
rried. That was six or seven

years ago. Soon afterwards he was made a star.
The thin, rasping voice had kept up an intermittent,
tantalizing accompaniment to The Lady's recital, and as
she stopped to allow herself a bite of luscious alligator
pear, we heard the star say:
"Dearest, I don't think they ever will. I don't think
there's any hope. We gotta face it, they don't like our
kind, they're prejudiced, and we might just as well . . . ."
There was a note of wistful discouragement in the voice
which made me look at The Lady as tho to say: "Rather
pathetic, isn't it?" The Lady leaned toward me.
"Yes," she said, as if in answer to my unspoken remark,
"isn't it too bad. They're having their troubles. Soon as
he began to make money they became ambitious, and
decided they wanted to be somebody, to be in Society. So
they ordered a home, honestly, I'm not joking, they
ordered it. Didn't you know that's the way many wealthy
people do. They go to one of these professional architects
(Continued on page 83)
He Has Come Back

The Cast of "Ben Hur"
Finds Francis X.
Bushman as Messala

Cinematic circles were surprised when Francis X. Bushman was announced as the man chosen from the large aspiring ranks to play Messala in "Ben Hur." True, Mr. Bushman returned to the screen where he was one of the first premiere matinée idols, over a year ago, but this is the first prominence he has enjoyed since his return. The two illustrations find him as Messala.
Icebound

That's How Ben Jordan Described His Severe, Intolerant and Inhibited Family When He Returned to the Bleak New England Farmhouse After Months As a Soldier in La Belle France

By
JANET REID

Ben Jordan spent his days in dreaming over colorful romances and most of his evenings in Judge Kimball's barn, drinking and playing cards with the judge's two sons and a neighbor boy.

He had been like this ever since the war. Ever since he had come back from France.

Before the war, it hadn't seemed so bad, so ugly, so bleak and bare and chill. Habit had dulled the frost-bitten edges and made unthinking the harshness and sterility.

But after the war, after France with its picturesque, songful, gay home life, hotel life, boulevardier life; after the French girls with their bared bosoms, warm hearts and debonair philosophies, life on the Jordan farm in frozen New England was insupportable, not to be borne.

Ben hated the New Englanders, with their pinched, narrow faces, their narrow, pinched souls. He hated their codes and creeds, admitting no ray of warmth, no heat of tolerance. He thought of them, thought of them all, as icebound. Congealed. He thought contemptuously that if the ice should perforce ever melt away even their liberated souls would be warped and wan, pitiful enough affairs.

He didn't know how he was going to stand it. The household at the Jordan farm consisted of his mother and her stepniece, Jane.

Ben had always had a reluctant, slow-moving sort of fondness for his mother. Some deep instinct in him made him realize that an equally deep instinct in her made her love him, and in her grudging, undemonstrative way, understand him. He often thought that if his mother had been born out of New England she might have been a vitally forceful, even a colorful sort of person, in a forceful, dark way. The inhibitions of her unbroken ancestry, the long back-stretching traditions of hard farm life, had encased her in an impenetrable armor of austerity and reserve. She would never be able to cast the congealing mantle off. Only Ben and perhaps Jane suspected that perhaps she had deep moments of wanting to.

The very struggle going on between Ben and his mother was of the stuff of repressed emotion. The mother pleaded with Ben to farm the land as so many generations of Jordans had done before him; and Ben, roused from his romances and his rebellious dreams, resented in bitter words the suggestion that he should spend his living years...
in "this hard tomb." His forefathers, he said, meant less
than nothing to him. They were dead now, and they had
been dead while living, or they could never have endured
the sullen land, the dreary monotony, the grey slipping-
away of the hard days. Some one of them, he said, would
have protested, would have flung over the landlock with
a gesture, furious and free. His own life, he told his
mother, the years to come, what the years might bring of
woven texture and bright interwoven threads, music and
sweet women and light and laughter, these meant more to
him, oh, infinitely more, than the thin-lipped ancestry that
had so inadvertently produced him, Ben, a rebel.

Mrs. Jordan had no command of words to stir her son
with. She was not in the habit of stirring talk. She shook
her head over him. He couldn't be made to see.

The fact was that Mrs. Jordan and Jane were all of a
piece with the farm to Ben. He couldn't separate them
from it. He was hungry for warmth and music and light,
the tender things. To him Jane Crosby, sitting with his
mother by their fireside, Jane holding the yarn for his
mother in a patience and resignation that angered him
unendurably, was a part of the grim icebound Jordan
farm. Because he hated the farm he persuaded himself
that he hated them.

He hated the entire family: the roof and timber of the
house itself, the arid fields, locked in their entombing snow
mantles by winter and covered with vegetation wrung,
he thought, from the thin blood of his people, in the
season. He hated his brother Henry, with his suavelling
air of churchly, New England virtue, his look of pseudo-
religious resignation when he spoke to him, Ben. And the
way in which he hounds his mother for financial aid,
which same the mother obdurately and frigidly refused to
give. On one such occasion, Ben, overhearing the all-
too-familiar dialog, broke into peals of somewhat violent
laughter, the first he had given vent to since his return
from France. Henry sprang into the room where Ben
was sitting and a snarling battle of words, bitten off and
repressed on Henry's part, profane and vituperative on
Ben's, ensued. Neither one understood more than half of
what the other was saying.

Now and then Jane tried to talk to Ben. She had a
habit of watching him with a droop to her pretty mouth
but some sort of light in her eyes: almost a light of
hope, it seemed. But Ben didn't seem interested in what
she had to say. Occasionally, after an especially long and
dreary day, he would launch forth and talk himself, of
France and the theaters there, of the countryside and the
pretty girls with their gay and delectable frocks, their
warm kisses, their eager laughters, their bright eyes and
intriguing ankles. He would tell her of evenings made
merry with the wine of the country, with the dance and
with girls to whom this grim New England would have
been a prison house of pain.

But all the while, Jane felt that he did not even know
that she was there. He couldn't hear the warm beat of
her heart, answering his words. He couldn't see the
waves of color that touched her patient little face to an
inquiring loveliness. He saw her, dun and drear, in her
close homespun frock, a dreary part of a dreary whole; a
sort of handmaiden to his mother who personified the
Jordan tradition; a grey little object of a thin charity,
too colorless and spiritless to adventure forth and win
red trophies.

He thought she didn't care.

He didn't know that Duty can be born of blood, can
be embroidered in rich colors worn inside out. No, he
never thought of turning the inside out. And she couldn't
tell him the way. That much, at least, she owed to the

"I set fire to the judge's barn. We were in there
playing poker and the judge's girl came in to
warn us the judge was on his way over—She's
an awful pretty girl . . ."
stern New England that ran in her own veins. That much she had to suffer in order to pay her heritage; she could never dare to show him the way, as those girls in France might have done, with a kiss, with a caress.

And so, slowly, painfully, in the way that suffers long and endures much, Jane came to love him.

She thought that no one guessed her hard-borne secret. But Ben's mother knew. Love recognizes love, however deep it runs in the graven New England channels. Ben's mother loved him, too, better than any of her offspring. She secretly loved him with a secret passion, not half-knowing why.

Not half realizing that she loved him because in some far-back ancestor, spring had sung a little while. And both of them, both of them all but inarticulate, had to endure the semblance of his hate. His despising.

One night he told Jane that France had taught him how much finer a rouged face may be than a sanctimonious countenance masking a warped soul. "Over there," he said, "they wear paint on their lips. But their lips laugh and make you happy. They blacken their pretty eyes, but there is a light in their eyes a man may warm his soul at. They laugh and sing in the very teeth of death, but that is courage . . . raw courage . . . red . . . not this-shriveled thing we know here . . ."

Jane was gentle with him. Oddly enough, she felt that what he most needed was gentleness. That is, he needed gentleness if he could not have the flaring, red-hot thing he seemed to crave. She could give him that, too, if he would ask it of her, patiently . . . And tonight he was in particularly black a mood. He was always worse, Jane thought, when Henry had been to the farm.

"Isn't courage," she said, "a warm thing at root, everywhere, no matter how or where it . . . it blooms."

"Nothing is warm here," Ben said, chafing his hands as if against some cold, "nothing but sin . . . and that you have to manufacture out of ugly stuffs."

Jane remembered that speech when, later that very night, Ben came home having manufactured sin "out of ugly stuffs."

It was midnight. The homestead was in darkness, save for the lamp on the "center table" which Jane had creaked down and lit for Ben after Mrs. Jordan had gone to bed. Mrs. Jordan would have considered it sinful waste, counting it as no reason at all for Ben to be out "when decent folks are abed."

But Jane wanted, more than anything, to have some little spot of warmth for him in the "ice-bound regions" and she wanted, still more, to make this warmth for him herself, in such little ways as were open to her.

She couldn't have been sleeping, for she heard him come in, with a sort of rush to his footsteps, which were customarily so sullen and reluctant.

Forgetful of everything save the fact that Ben must be ill or in trouble, Jane discarded New England modesty to the extent of throwing a wrapper over her night-dress and running down the stairs to where he stood, leaning against the door, white-faced, quickened out of his scornful lethargy. Jane thought, swiftly, "Why . . . he's only a little boy . . . in mischief . . . frightened . . ."

She said, "What is it, Ben? What has happened?"

"I set fire to the judge's barn. We were in there playing poker and the judge's girl came in to warn us the judge was on his way to the barn to clear us out. She's an awful pretty girl . . . we'd been drinkin' some stuff we had and I grabbed for her and kissed her on her mouth . . . one of the judge's boys swooped for me and in the excitement we turned over the lamp. The old tinder-box caught in no time and burned like all blazes. I got the horses out into the pasture and beat it for home. Here I am. 'Spect they'll be coming after me presently."

"But they mustn't get you, Ben!" Jane's alarm was poignant. She could feel, really, for the first time, the grim arms of New England, without mercy for youths' foibles, without comprehension of youths' escapades, closing in upon Ben's slight body, mauling it, crushing it . . .

Mrs. Jordan came slowly, sternly down the stairs. She betrayed by her face that she knew what had been going on, had overheard it all. In her hand she held something tightly wadded. "I heard you, Ben," she said, "and you got to away, I know the judge. He'll have you put between bars or know why. It's arson that you've done and that's a sin, punishable by law. I can't have your father's son . . . in jail. Take this and get away."

Ben's stern young face broke a little. Admiration welled up in him for the woman who was his mother; who stepped forward at the crucial moment, with no words of sentiment, with scarcely a reproach, merely stating a fact and offering him the wherewithal of escape.

He walked over to her, a trifle unsteadily, and tried to take one of her cold hands in his. "You've been a brick, mother," he said, "I . . . I just want you to know that I think you're . . . you're marvelous . . ."

But Mrs. Jordan pointed to the door. "Go," she said. Ben stared at her for a moment longer. He had thought to see some of the vital woman he suspected her of in her eyes at this dramatic moment, but all he saw was the Jordan tradition, mantling her, cloaking her, icy and impenetrable. She loved him, or, as proof positive, she would never have given him the money so rigidly denied Henry, but never would her love be shown in any way save a Jordan gesture.

He walked over to her a trifle unsteadily, and tried to take one of her cold hands in his. "You've been a brick, mother," he said, "I . . . I just want you to know that I think you're . . . you're marvelous . . ."
It was Jane who accompanied him to the door, touching him tentatively with her slight hand, whispering encouragement to him, un-Jordan-like words enough, as he was one day to realize. "I'll let you know if anything happens here," she whispered, just as he was about to go, "if you'll let me know where you are . . . you could write general delivery. . . ."

And then he was gone.

When they searched the house a while later, Jane and the truth-telling, stern-faced mother sternly affirmed that they had not seen Ben since he had left the farmhouse early in the evening. It was, to Jane's sure knowledge, the first lie Mrs. Jordan had ever told. Jane felt nearer to Ben's mother than ever before, that night. They shared Ben's secret between them. They shared a lie, and, before Jane went to bed that night, they shared a confidence, for Mrs. Jordan told Jane that the only thing that would save Ben would be a woman, a woman neither cold nor repressed. "He's fighting the Jordan blood," the mother said, "he's what the book-fool call 'a throw-back' and he won't be happy till he meets his mate."

And Jane, crouching near Ben's mother, whispered her own love for Ben, and her hopelessness. "I'd like to see it," the mother said, brightening. "You got the Jordan soul, somehow. Jane, and that's a good thing to have, for it's upright and faithful. But you got other things, too, that we Jordan women never had. And that's good, too, for Ben."

Mrs. Jordan never got out of her bed again. When, the next morning, she told Jane she thought she'd "lie a bit," Jane knew that the worst was at hand. For never before in all of her severe, ill-portioned, hard-working, rigorous life had Miranda Jordan ever "laid abed." To her it was one of the contemptible vices, not to be tolerated. Cold or hot, winter or summer, in sickness or death, whatever was at hand was to be done by Miranda Jordan.

A week from that first morning of illness the entire tribe of Jordan were gathered together in the parlor of the Jordan farmstead. The parlor was never opened, much less used, excepting on such occasions as a birth, a death, a wedding or Christmas day. Henry said that mother would "take a fit" if she could know that they were sitting all around it. But Sadie said, weeping dryly, that poor mother was "beyond carin'."

The whole family consisted of Henry and his wife, Emma, with her daughter by a former marriage, Nettie, Sadie, a widow, and her son, Orrin, and an unmarried Jordan, Ella. Judge Bradford, as a friend of Mr. Jordan, was also waiting with the family group. He was doing more than waiting. He was giving what counsel he could to each separate member of the family who wondered what mother would do with the old homestead. "I suspicion," Ella said, sneezing (Ella had spent the major portion of her life suspicioning and sneezing), that this Jane will come in for a likely slice. She's been pussy-footin' it about Ma Jordan now for land knows how long. She's just the kind."

"Oh, nonsense, Ella," said Henry's wife, Emma, "Ma wouldn't go to do a thing like that. She's always looked up to Henry, and Nettie's been a prime favorite of her's for ever and ever s' long. I c'n remember when Nettie was the only one Ma would ever let get into the cookie jar."

Sadie spoke up: "It's Ben Ma always had a bankerin' after," she said, "it was the one funny thing about Ma. Ben was a sight of trouble to her from the days when he wouldn't teeth like a proper baby and still, I dunno, but I always suspicioned she had a warmish feeling for him . . . mebbe because he's the baby . . . ."

Upon this doleful scene appeared Ben. Ben appeared

Ben appeared upon the doleful scene and threw the Jordan family into contortions of unwanted agita-

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Ben appeared upon the doleful scene and threw the Jordan family into contortions of unwanted agita-
When Jane went to look for the party-dress she had made, she discovered 
Nettie wearing it... and Ben very evidently admiring her

close upon the departing heels of Judge Bradford, and threw the Jordan family into contortions of unwonted agitation. They felt what they didn’t say, that if Ben had only been an hour longer Ma would have “passed away.”

Now, as it was, just in the last, sentimental moments, here was Ben, the baby, the erring one, come dramatically home again. Just like Ben. And who knew what might happen in an hour... even more?

Henry tried to forestall an emergency by telling Ben that a warrant had been issued for his arrest, and that he had better make haste and get away again. But Ben violated the Jordan parlor by some such comment as “Warrant be damned!” and “Get out of here, the lot of you!” and burst out of the room in the direction of his mother’s chamber.

But he didn’t reach her. Jane met him at the foot of the stairs and heard of his mother’s death from Jane. He heard it very gently.

Down in the parlor, after a “decent” interval of sobbing and silence and furtive glances from one Jordan to another to see when the actual business was to be got under way, Sadie broke the ice by saying that now, no doubt, Henry would assume the position of the head of the Jordans and that, of course, Emma and Henry and Nettie would inherit the old homestead and Jane would have to leave. This dictum was in process of being discussed when the judge returned with Ma’s will and the revelatory fact that at Mrs. Jordan’s death, Jane came into all the property. Jane, who wasn’t, properly speaking, a Jordan at all.

It would be too difficult a matter to follow out the lines of the various Jordan indignations. For once, however, they all diverged into a scathing detestation of “that interloper, Jane.”

Jane alone was concerned with other things than indignation. She had Ben to consider. And when, shortly after the funeral, the sheriff came to the Jordan farm she offered to pay his bond if he would agree to obey her, stay on the farm, and make of it what his mother had given the long years of her life to begin. Ben, pressed, agreed to remain. The other alternative was jail.

The one thing Ben had, and Jane knew it, was courage. She had seen his citations for bravery gained in the war. He wouldn’t be routed by the enemy he hated, the Jordan land. He would meet work as an enemy, but if he routed the enemy might he not come to love him?

Jane remembered Ben telling of a German lad he had taken prisoner and afterward nursed back to health and friendship. Might he not nurse the enemy land, the enemy New England, into warmth and love?

Jane knew that she had to help. And the way to help would be to make the days warm with color and laughter, to erase the grimness.

It was bitter sledding for Jane. For there was not only the Jordan farm to reckon with, there was Nettie. Nettie, Henry’s stepdaughter. Nettie was “laying her (Continued on page 92)

“Jane,” he said, “do you believe that a man could love a girl for a long, long time, down at the roots of his being, and never know it until... now...?”

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When A Feller Needs a Friend

(Our Apologies to Briggs)

Actually acting before the camera Ben Alexander doesn't mind. It's the other things which fame brings that rub Ben's bovish soul the wrong way. Piano lessons and the rest of the sissy accomplishments are not popular with Benjamin—Baseball, that's the stuff.
THE EDITOR’S NOTE.—Below is the seventh article of a series which depict the California studios. They are word pictures written by a writer who knows the studios from daily contact—who is a habitue of the great glass buildings. And we find that these studios are as widely different in atmosphere and appearance as they are in the films which are photographed behind their “No Admittance” signs.

The Pickford-Fairbanks lot. Mary’s talent and beauty, Doug’s high courage and unflailing enthusiasm have made possible this visionary city within a city, this never-never land which takes no cognizance of a harsh every-day world.

Because the real atmosphere of the studio cannot be caught from the street, we’ll fly over the lot and look down upon it from an airplane.

Before us, Bagdad, silver in the rays of the late afternoon sun. Here Doug, in satins and jewels, fights for his Oriental princess. Crowded off to the left, a wall of the medieval castle used in “Robin Hood” still stands, grey in the shadows.

The great barnlike structure is the closed stage in which interiors are filmed, and between it and the entrance drive—

(Continued on page 81)

The Pickford-Fairbanks lot! Here, in Hollywood's ugliest corner, romance breathes her spell and weaves her tales of exquisite imagery. Here brave knight rides forth to do battle for his true love, here virtue triumphs over wrong and all ends well.
Italy itself is the stage upon which the characters of George Eliot's "Romola" are working out their dramatic destinies before the motion picture cameras. To the left is a lookout who from the crow's-nest sights a fleet of pirate galleys bent on attack. On the right, Director Henry King is snapped in action. These pictures were taken before either Lilian or Dorothy Gish began her work.

This barque looks as tho it might be the one which brought Christopher Columbus to our shores. It is called the Lilian and is important in Romola's story.

The panel shows an historic Italian stronghold which Director King is using as a pirate island in the story. Note the ancient castle and watch tower on the cliff.

The Italian Stage of "Romola"
The Editor Gossips

THOSE of the motion picture do well to pay homage to Thomas Alva Edison. Thru his invention of moving pictures they have inherited no mean portion of the wealth and fame of the world. So, on the day of his seventy-seventh birthday, they gave him a luncheon-party at the Ritz-Carlton, New York City.

The pleasantest things so often come to you unexpectedly. It was so this time. Anita Stewart was leaving for California the following day and we were to have luncheon together. She telephoned us at the last minute, asking us to go to the Edison luncheon with her instead of meeting as we had previously planned. That was how it happened.

Our table was right beside the speakers' table and John Emerson and the diminutive Anita Loos helped us occupy it. Other tables were surrounded with many of the most prominent people from every branch of the motion picture profession. Adolph Zukor, Jesse Lasky, J. D. Williams... movie magnates were plentiful.

Will Hays, acting as toastmaster (if that word is permissible in spite of the recognition of the Volstead act), sat upon Thomas Alva Edison's right. And Eastman, the film man, sat upon his left. Others at the speakers' table were Rupert Hughes, Edward Edwards, erstwhile governor of New Jersey and now a Senator... Hudson Maxim, inventor and poet... individualist... Mary and Douglas Fairbanks.

It was altogether fitting and proper that the speeches were eulogistic. Few men greater than this inventor have come to this mortal coil. He has given so many benefits to humanity that space and inaccurate memory forbid their enumeration.

His is the atmosphere of greatness which is rarer than greatness itself. How many prominent people are disappointing when you meet them. And he does not tell of his seventy-seven industrious years in his appearance. His flesh has been firmer, perhaps... and it may be his eyes, keen and intelligent, are faded in their depth of color. His bearing is the faculty which has been first to go. This has failed him to such a great extent that it was impossible for him to gage the tone of his voice sufficiently to make a speech. So his secretary read that which he had written in acceptance of the tribute being paid him by the motion picture profession.

He took this occasion to advise those of the motion picture, "the greatest power for good or evil in the world," to dedicate their efforts to doing those things in which they held a steadfast belief. Forget monetary gain, he admonished, and it will come in commination with your effort.

Thru the speeches he sat quietly with a pleased and contented smile, satisfied, no doubt, that superlative praise was being offered in his name. But when Mary and Doug spoke, he cupped his ear with the master's hand, eager to hear them.

Once again we come completely under the enchantment of Mary's spell. That day we were impressed with the quiet surety with which Mary rose to speak before the most celebrated and brilliant men of the motion picture and publishing world.

She and Douglas had come almost directly from the train that had brought them into New York in order to do honor to the distinguished inventor. She wore a frock of soft grey, and under the mushroom brim of the grey felt with its bright silver leaves, was the shining weight of her gold crown. She was sans make-up. And in her eyes and voice were the tears; the impressive speeches had given birth to in her impulsive Irish heart. As we remember it, she said:

"Both Douglas and I feel it a great privilege and honor to be here today in celebration of the seventy-seventh birthday of this great man. I have come here with reverence and admiration in my heart. And as I have been sitting here I have been thinking that the Great Creator must have felt most kindly disposed towards mortals when He gave them Thomas Alva Edison."

"I shall keep faith with the trust put in the magic black box he has put into our hands in his..." (Continued on page 108)
H

I leaped out of bed, muttering a little exclamation of pain as his foot struck the floor. Miss Julia, who had thrust open his door in her excitement, saw the bandage round his ankle.

“What’s the matter with your foot?” she exclaimed.

“Cut it.” He didn’t tell her that when he got home the night before he had to soak his shoe and sock free of the coagulated wound—a fragment of the splintered windshield had stuck him just above the ankle. But she saw the swollen discoloration above the clumsy bandage.

“How did you cut it?” she demanded.

“Oh, my windshield bumped into a lamp-post last night. You’d better clear out, if I’m to get dressed to greet my callers.”

Somewhat dashed by his nonchalance, his sister commented witheringly: “It must have been quite a bump, to bring out a sheriff.”

Hi merely grunted and grinned. In fact, this swift visitation of the law acted as a tonic upon his mood. He had no doubt of the officers’ mission—they had somehow got a line on his participation in that mix-up and, of course, wanted to haul him over the coals. Probably thought they could make him the goat—but not this time! The handicap of involving Dolly was removed, he’d show these old fooluums up for their pains!

He found he could not get a shoe on his swollen foot and must wear a bedroom slipper to the august conference, but he entered the gloomy drawing-room cheerfully. He purposed having some fun, and was almost sorry Julia decided to remain invisible.

“Good morning, gentlemen. What can I do for you at this early hour? May I offer you breakfast?—I’ve not yet had my own.”

“We haven’t come for breakfast,” one of the two visitors said shortly. “I’m deputy to the sheriff of this county.”

“I’m aware of that fact. I’ve seen you frequently in Fairchild,” amiably: “your name is Voights, I believe?”

“It is.”

“...And I think I recognize this other gentleman, also.” Hi went on, unabashed. “We met up once, didn’t we?” smiling on the “other gentleman,” who wore the uniform of a traffic policeman. “One evening about dusk, when you stopped me for—a little chat?”

His tone was pleasantly casual, but the traffic cop fidgeted.

“Hadn’t we oughta read him the warrant?” he suggested to Mr. Voights.

“In a minute,” said the deputy sheriff, a stocky and pompous man. He impaled Hi with his glance. “No use beating about the bush. Mr. Daggett, we’ve got serious business with you. We’ve got some questions to ask you—how did you get that smashed windshield and crumpled fender on your car?”

“Oh, so you paid a call at my garage before calling upon me? Well, I don’t mind satisfying your curiosity, Mr. Voights; if you remember, it was slippery last evening—I skidded into a lamp-post.”

“Indeed?” commented the deputy, sarcastically. Then he shot out: “What happened to those other two cars?”

“Don’t know.” Hi answered lightly. “I didn’t wait to see.”

“I know damn well you didn’t. You rich young law-breakers think you can commit murder and get away with it. How dared you drive away at such a pass?”

“Well, I guess I didn’t realize it was ‘such a pass,’ as you say, Mr. Voights.”

“Why did you run away?—answer me in a word.”

“In a word!” in reproachful surprise. “It can’t be done. Of course there was a simple reason why I didn’t hang around, but, then, also—well, we generally have a lot of little side-motives which influence us to a certain degree, don’t you think?”

Mr. Voights snorted his exasperation. “I’m trying to give you a chance, Mr. Daggett, to make your own explanation of your share in last night’s work.”

“Last night’s work—you have a flair for melodramatic language, Mr. Voights.”
Mr. Voights took a step forward.

"Mr. Daggett, when you went speeding off last night, do you realize you left a severely injured man in that smashed roadster? He's now lying in the Fairchild hospital, yonder—his condition's dangerous—it depends on how he comes thru whether you'll be up for manslaughter, Mr. Daggett."

The smile slipped from Hi's face.

"Oh, that's bad! I didn't know a man was hurt, or I'd have waited, of course."

"Well, you didn't. You made a getaway. But luckily the victim recognized your car before the smash—your bus is pretty well known. He's just made his affidavit—his condition's dangerous— it depends on how he comes thru whether you'll be up for manslaughter, Mr. Daggett."

"I'm sorry he's hurt," Hi said, "nevertheless I don't see how he can make any affidavit that will seriously involve me. My car was the least responsible of the three—the only thing I hit was the lamp-post. You'll be able to figure it out for yourself, once you get the lay of the ground."

"Maybe—but the others claim differently. The driver of the truck charges that you were driving in your usual reckless fashion, that you came swooping down on the cross-street like a wild steer."

"I've been waiting to tell you," Hi said, "that my car was going less than twelve an hour."

At that the deputy laughed, and looked meaningly at the policeman. "Hear that, O'Sullivan?"

"I heard," said the cop, grinning. "Perhaps you didn't notice me on the landscape, Mr. Daggett, when you roared down on that officer at the far end of the village street last night. But I was that officer—and I saw who was driving your car, too. The young lady who can do sixty-one miles an hour!"

When Anna didn't speak, Hi went on. "I don't know where she's gone... or where she came from, or who she is. But I loved her and wanted her to be my wife"
Hi stiffened to sudden attention, his eyes focussing sharply; and the deputy asked:

"Where's this young woman, Mr. Daggett?"

"Why do you want to know that?" parried Hi, who was trying to think rapidly.

"I guess she's due an invitation to this party. Leastways she's got the right to answer a few questions."

Hi frowned out the window a second; when he turned to the officer, one would never have known he could be a flippant young man.

"See here, Mr. Voights, I'd rather not have a woman involved if I can help it—you can surely see that. I'll accept whatever summons or warrant you may have for me; but until this mess clears itself up—until I can see my lawyer, at least—can I take the responsibility alone?"

"You'll take plenty of responsibility," assured Mr. Voights, "but we want the woman, too. Who is she and where is she?"

Hi shook his head. "I'll agree to everything you want me to do on my own account—strikes me that's enough to do."

As he was following the two officers to their waiting car, Miss Julia waylaid him in the hall.

"Oh, Hiram! what're they going to do to you?—put you in jail?"

"Of course not! There was a motor mixup last night, but for once, strange enough, I wasn't at fault."

"They said something about a man in the hospital!" cried Miss Julia, who, tho she had not appeared, was not above minding her own business at the keyhole.

"Yes," he admitted, "and there are some disagreeable technicalities—I must go downtown now, and see about a cash bond, I believe."

"A cash bond!" There was a quality of shrill in Miss Julia's voice. "That means it's serious!"

"Don't worry—I'll still be at large and home for my three meals a day." His grin was a blend of reassurance and the old wicked teasing.

But Miss Julia wrung her hands.

"Such a disgrace—and you can laugh! And it's all mixed up some way with that servant girl! I heard them say a woman was in your car—I know it was that terrible, terrible girl!"

His grin vanished.

"Hush!" he ordered sternly. "The men are just outside."

"I don't care—I've a good mind to tell them. We might as well publish our entire disgrace."

Hi slammed the door. He limped down the portico steps, still wearing a bedroom slipper on his injured foot, to join the officers of the law.

Hi Daggett had been brought to account for motor violations before, but this promised to be an entirely different matter. His morning's experience was in no wise a comfortable one. Even his own lawyer—a shrewd, owlish old boy, who handled the Daggett Company's legal affairs, and who had been a friend of his father's—listened to him skeptically, and with not too much sympathy.

However, Judge Light, the shrewd old boy, managed things pretty deftly and, together with old Simpson at the factory, produced the required bond. "Manslaughter!"—it was unthinkable that such a charge might ever be brought against him, but old Judge Light and old Simpson were so stilted and solemn that he found the solemnity getting on his nerves. And old Simpson, as usual, must make a whine about the scarcity of cash, to make him feel more than ever like a scoundrel. Then he hustled back to the factory, while the Judge tried to hand out some final advice:

"You're foolish trying to shield this woman, whoever she is, Hiram. She's the only corroborating witness you seem to have."

"I prefer not dragging her in, Judge."

"You're acting like a fool." Then, wheeling suddenly to fling the question: "Who is she?—that woman up at the De Bossert place?"

Hi blinked, but asked back, coolly:

"What do you know about the woman at the De Bossert place?"

"Gossip," succinctly. "But even if these stories are true, Hiram—it you've been hanging round up there for the past month—that's no reason for you to continue playing the fool."

"Listening to you makes me think my father's still alive," Hi commented, wryly.

"It's because he's not alive that I'm taking all this trouble: I don't particularly relish pulling you out of such needless scrapes, Hiram. Now, for Heaven's sake, try to observe some discretion—until we see where we're standing, at least. Above all things don't go gallivanting, in secret, up to that cottage."

Hi took the magazine Miss Julia held forth disinterestedly. But the instant his eyes fell on the opened page they riveted. For there, looking back at him, was the pictured face of Dolly.
But his lawyer's last warning was the first thing young Hi proceeded to ignore; as soon as he got a minute to himself he hired a car and headed for the De Bossert place, to warn Dolly.

An empty car blocked the entrance under the "No Trespassing" sign. It was a handsome and imposing looking sedan, but Hi promptly jumped into it, to back it out of his path.

He was in the midst of accomplishing his purpose, when two men, a small dapper gentleman, who looked neither very old nor very young, and the other in a chauffeuse's uniform, came walking down the driveway.

"Hey, there!" called the dapper gentleman, irascibly, "what're you doing with my car?"

"That should be perfectly apparent," Hi returned. "I'm getting it out of my way."

"You're going into this place?"

"One might imagine as much."

"Who are you?"

"Well, one good question deserves another—who are you?" And Hi climbed out of the stranger's car, and into his own.

He started up his motor. The stranger glared at him, irritable, but uncertain. Then, in his high-pitched, carefully inflected voice, that matched nicely his small dapper person, he asked querulously:

"Are you a friend of Miss Claiborne's?"

"Never heard of the lady," answered Hi.

Then, what is your business, entering this estate?"

"What business is that of yours? Are you, perhaps, a detective?"

The little man looked as if he might explode from indignation.

"No. I'm not a detective—but I warn you to be careful about driving into this property! Can you read that sign?"

"As well as you could, doubtless, before you entered the premises." Hi sent his car lunging over the rough ground between the empty race posts. "Sorry I can't linger for more conversation. I'm in a hurry."

The little man shook his fist after the lurching car. "Your hurry will do you no good," he called in petulant anger, "not unless you have business with the rabbits! There's nobody else at home!"

But Hi, for the noise of the car, did not hear him.

He wondered vaguely who Dolly's visitor might be, but was too centered upon his problems, and his immediate need of seeing Dolly to waste speculations on the peevish little man.

There was no sign of anyone afoot at the cottage; everything seemed preternaturally quiet, no smoke arose from the chimneys, the shutters at the windows were closed.

"That's queer," Hi thought, and he felt a sudden queer depression.

Even before he knocked at the front door he had a feeling the knock would not be answered.

He went round to the back door, and knocked. Then he began calling:

Hi betook himself of Dolly's car, but the little shed, which showed evidence of having been used as a garage, was empty.

Finally, he found a window whose latch wasn't fastened. The downstairs rooms were chill, and showed disordered traces of packing . . . Dolly was gone.

He sank into a chair in the deserted living-room. His foot was throbbing fiercely, but he scarcely felt the pain. His arrest and legal predicament were forgotten. Dolly was gone.

He had not realized how much he had counted on seeing her, if only for a moment. He had meant to bid her slip away, until this mess was straightened out—but already she had vanished; and he didn't know where, or why.

Where was Dolly? . . . all of a sudden nothing else mattered, nothing at all.

Sharp, imperative knocking roused him from his stupor of loss.

Opening the front door, he saw Voights, the deputy sheriff, and two or three men, who didn't matter—none of them mattered.
"Ha!" said Mr. Voights, "thought I might find you here."

"What d'you want?" Hi asked, surly.

"I want to see the lady who lives in this place."

"There's nobody here but myself."

"None of that now! Where is she?" shouldering his way in.

"She's not in this house, at all events," Hi answered. Voights shot him a probing glance. "Has she made a getaway?"

"She's not in the house," Hi repeated.

"Well, I'll take a look." And the deputy sheriff went tramping thru the rooms, banging doors, moving heavy objects which might offer concealment—from the living room Hi could hear him.

"Well, the bird seems to have flown all right," he said when he returned. Hi shot another look. "Did you tip her off?"

"I'd have tipped her off if I'd had the chance, right enough—that was my purpose in coming here."

"Well, where is she?" the officer snapped.

"I don't know any more than you do," Hi answered warily. "Not that I'd tell you if I did."

Voights took a step forward.

"See here, young fellow, you're not in too pretty a fix, if you could only realize it. You may be a Daggett, but your name and your money and your influence ain't going to protect you. It's time such as you get their comeuppance in this community, and I reckon this case'll serve to show rich young smart-alecks that law and justice ain't the bywords they seem to think."

"Oh, hell," answered Hi. "Why don't you clap me into jail and shoot me at sunrise and be done with it?"

The officer's expression said plainly this was what he would have liked to do; but, could he have worked his malevolent will, he could scarcely have made Hi's next few days more wretched.

That afternoon the doctor told Hi that his injured foot, clumsily bandaged, had become infected; he reprimanded him for his careless treatment, and ordered him straight home and to bed.

But Hi did not go home. From the doctor's office he drove straight to Thiebaud's, and limped in to see Leon and Anna.

"Ah, Mr. Hi," the old inkeeper cried sympathetically.

"I have heard the report of your misfortune. They made the arrest, did they?—but do not trouble: there are those who say the sick man is not so sick as they claim, and that your lawyer is of such a shrewdness—"

"I'm not troubling that," Hi cut in. Then abruptly:

"Leon, you're the only person I know to ask about Dolly. She's disappeared and I don't know where she is, and I'm worried, because I love her and have asked her to be my wife."

Leon's eyes popped into two little round worlds of wonderment, but Anna's quick tug at his elbow commanded silence.

Hi turned his gaze on Anna.

"You two seem to have some connection with her," he went on. "She wanted to come to you last night, and I brought her here. And I haven't seen her since—the place up there's empty as a grave."

Anna didn't speak. He went on:

"I don't know where she's gone—or where she came from, or who she is. But I loved her and wanted her to be my wife."

Anna nodded then.

"Yes, I know," she said.

Hi took a quick step forward.

"She confided in you? She was upset and undecided, when I brought her here. She wanted to see you—if she confided in you, she must have said whether—"

"I may not repeat any decision at which she may have arrived," Anna said in a firm tone, as he faltered. Then, more kindly: "Moreover, I do not know: these are matters which one must decide for oneself."

He hesitated a moment, then: "I'm not asking inquisitive questions, Anna, but to have her suddenly vanish at such a time—leaving me no word—it bothers me. Can you tell me where she is?"

"If I could I would not," Anna answered. "If she has vanished, as you say, she has her own good reasons for so doing. And I, Anna Thiebaud, must not interfere with those reasons."

"Will she return?" he persisted. "She left things so—up in the air."

Anna locked her lips for answer. He knew her well enough to recognize the hopelessness of further questioning: but he could not hold back a further question:

"Can you assure me, at least, that wherever she is she's safe and happy? Everything's so mysterious—it's hellish!"

"I pray the good God that no evil befalls her," Anna answered solemnly.

Poor assurance, certainly, for a distracted lover. Hi turned shortly. "Well, good-bye," he said, and went limping toward the door.

"Ah, your lameness!" old Leon lamented sympathetically. "Wait just one minute, Mr. Hi, and I shall (Continued on page 112)
Their Erstwhile School-Teacher tells of Several of the Stars

When They Went to High School

By HARRY CARR

A school teacher lady told me what they were like when they went to high school. She taught a lot of them who are now movie celebrities—Carmel Myers, Bessie Love, Louise Fazenda, Marie and Margery Prevost, Helen Jerome Eddy, Juanita Hansen.

She said that in the course of some twenty-five years as a high-school teacher she had one star pupil; that was Carmel.

"Her father was a cultured Jewish Rabbi and she had been brought up in an atmosphere of learning from her earliest childhood. She was, beyond all comparison, the most brilliant scholar I ever taught.

"In those days we all thought that Carmel was going to be a writer, like her father. She was one of the few girls who ever made much of a record on the school paper."

Carmel laughed when told she was undoubtedly the most brilliant scholar she ever taught. Louise Fazenda, on the other hand, was a storm petrel—bright and clever enough, but extremely temperamental.

Carmel Myers, the daughter of a cultured Jewish Rabbi, had been reared in an atmosphere of learning from her earliest childhood, and her teacher says she was undoubtedly the most brilliant scholar she ever taught. Louise Fazenda, on the other hand, was a storm petrel—bright and clever enough, but extremely temperamental.
I asked her about her journalistic career. She said she had a brother who adored her. He was on the school paper and got her on—to the great disgust of the other boys. She insisted on writing editorials—very profound editorials; also very stinging and crushing. Her brother’s feelings may be imagined when the school paper came out with a withering screed from her pen, denouncing football and calling upon the authorities to abolish it.

“I had one of those marvelous brothers who loyally insisted that whatever I did was just exactly right,” said Carmel, “but I shall have to say that his devotion staggered under this blow.”

Carmel, who is now rated as one of the most beautiful girls in pictures, says that in her high-school days every girl kept a “trade-last” book. In this tome every compliment was solemnly inscribed. Carmel said she was looking thru her’s the other night. She found tributes to her kindness, sweetness, generosity, intelligence, etc., but she looked in vain for any one who even distantly intimated that she was good looking.

Carmel’s great pal was a tiny little bit of a girl who they fancied looked like Mary Pickford. At least they told her so often that she began to wear her hair down in front of her ears in Mary Pickford curls. The little girl’s name was really Juinita Horton; but they always called her “Billie.” The motion picture world knows her now as Bessie Love—a name that D. W. Griffith gave her.

The high-school teacher told me that little Billie Horton was very bright and obedient and learned her lessons and behaved herself.

She said—and Carmel corroborates this—that both Carmel and Billie Horton were very shy of boys.

Carmel said that they blushed every time a boy spoke to them and always ran for their lives when they saw one coming.

And now Carmel is accredited the champion vamp of the screen and Bessie Love the screen’s star sweetheart.

Carmel said the most terrible thrill they ever got in their lives was when Billie got a job at the Griffith studio and came to school to paralyze them with the information.

The teacher told me that one of the finest students in the school at that time was Helen Jerome Eddy. She came from a cultured, highly educated family, and she proved to be a star student.

Helen was always very quiet and timid and had little to say.

Marie Prevost was not among the shining students. Her mind was on other things. She wanted to get into the movies. Mack Sennett’s swimming-tank was the only body of water in which she displayed the slightest interest.

Louise Fazenda was in school somewhat earlier than these girls.

Louise was a stormy petrel—very bright and clever, but extremely temperamental. Even in that day Louise was a

(Cont. on page 80)
Risking one's money in a production to be directed by a chap who has never handled a megaphone before! What foolishness, murmur the Hollywood producers. While it may be true, they admit, that Bell is a very intelligent and gifted young fellow, and acquainted with film production, still, the fact remains—he has never directed a picture before. To the wise men of Hollywood, renowned for their towering imagination, their great brilliance, their keen foresight, this spells sure disaster.

But if producer Rapf is foolish, he is going daffy in a very intelligent manner, and in a fashion that could be emulated with profit by other producers. The programs of Goldwyn, Paramount, Universal, and other companies are filled with celluloid lemons which cost hundreds of thousands to produce—and they were all made by men whose chief recommendation was simply that they had "directed before." Investigation into the records of these men would reveal the fact that practically none of them had ever directed a first-class film during his career. Yet they are being constantly re-engaged. With Monte Bell, producer Rapf has at least a gambling chance—Bell is an unknown quantity. With the other directorial flavers, it is known in advance that only by a miracle could they bring forth a first-rate film.

To Harry Rapf, we wish to present a laurel wreath for his courage and good sense in introducing new blood into the directing profession, and say that "Broadway After Dark" can hardly be any worse than the product of some of our "master" directors—and, in all probability, will be a whole lot better and more successful.

FAMOUS DAYS IN HISTORY
April 1st, 1911. On this day the first film was made wherein a comedian (?) demonstrated eight different ways in which to eat spaghetti without using a fork.

THE BEST PICTURE OF THE MONTH
Fred Niblo's "Thy Name Is Woman." Here is one of the most human and absorbing photoplays of a twelve-month. No more fascinating figure has ever been viewed on the screen than that presented by Barbara La Marr as the wife of the old smuggler. She is a revelation of beauty and artistry—and she does it all without the aid of fine feathers. "Thy Name Is Woman" is one of...
To give Conway Tearle more salary.
To give Eric von Stroheim his own way.

Sure-Fire Comedy Gags No. 34

The one where the comedian falls asleep on the sidewalk with his hat in his hand, and awakes an hour later to find his hat has been filled with coins by sympathetic passers-by who have taken him for a poor beggar.

The Screen's Best Bets—No. 3

Lucille Ricksen, whose work in "Rendezvous," "Judgment of the Storm," and other films, shows her to be a little miss with a big future.

This Looks Like a Dirty Dig

A correspondent in Chicago writes in to bawl me out for something I said in a recent issue. Apparently she doesn't like my ideas. For among other things she says:

"You wonder why the masses like Milton Sills? Did it ever occur to you that there might be considerable grey matter in the so-called masses? It has not all been concentrated in a few movie writers and critics. More people have a speaking acquaintance with intelligence than you seem to think."

Perhaps, we may be wrong in our estimate of the masses. However, we doubt it. Anyway, they have a very peculiar way of showing intelligence. With what our correspondent says about writers and critics, we heartily agree. They are a very inferior lot, mentally.

What Makes for Popularity?

As a case in point against the masses we might mention Madge Kennedy, a very clever comedienne and a charming

(Continued on page 87)
Across the Silversheet

"Yolanda" and "America" in Review

By

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Once more we are confronted with the question as to what makes a motion picture greater than other motion pictures. Story? Cast? Photography? Production? . . . Something besides these is needed, for "Yolanda," enhanced by all of these things, is not a great picture.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars have evidently been spent in the recreation of Burgundy and France in the fifteenth century. The backgrounds are as beautiful as old tapestries woven with the romantic tales of armored knights and turreted castle walls. The cast, too, is one of the most celebrated ever assembled.

In retrospect the thing which interests us most in "Yolanda" is the characterization which Johnny Dooley, the vaudeville comedian, gives of Charles, France's feeble-minded, lack-wit prince. His portrait is fraught with the pathetic. No one could have played this silly Prince with more poignant finesse. He moves with the loose motion of the feeble-minded, as tho his muscles were not definitely dominated by or co-ordinated with his will. He does many of the things which bring him laughs from his vaudeville audiences . . . but because his atmosphere in doing them now is different they are not, for a minute, funny. And we realize again how kindred comedy and tragedy are.

Holbrook Blinn is Louis XI of France. He will soon have as many imperial traits to his credit as those royal actors, Emil Jannings and Wallace Beery. Mr. Blinn is unquestionably one of the most masterly actors upon the screen of today. His own personality seems a fluid which he can pour at will into a great variety of rôles.

Marion Davies' portrayal is quite uneven. There are times when she screens beautifully and acts with understanding and sincerity, and other intruding episodes where she does neither of these things.

In "Yolanda," which has many of the composites of greatness and is still not a great picture, Marion Davies gives what might be called an uneven performance. There are times when she screens beautifully and acts with understanding and sincerity and other intruding episodes where she does neither of these things.

We bring generous laurels to "The Sacrifice," the first episode of D. W. Griffith's "America." This interested us infinitely more than most productions we have seen which have had their fiction in no way hampered by a necessity for facts. On the left are Lionel Barrymore and Carol Dempster.

(Continued on page 89)
Comment on Other Productions

To show you how the director obeys the conventions, take heed of the rich girl's party. The poor youngsters arrive in burlesque attire. As if they didn't know any better! A most theatrical device which never fails to bring a chuckle. Follows a series of scenes where the children become famous—one as an actress, the other as a playwright. Then for melodramatic purposes the rich youth, who had never patronized the girl, fawns upon her with eyes of desire. And he is given a beating on the parlor rug. An orthodox story in every department—one unconvincing and unnatural. Colleen Moore's performance leaves us cold.

**THE MARRIAGE CIRCLE**

Comparable to Chaplin's memorable picture, "A Woman of Paris," is this sparkling light comedy—which has been approached by Ernst Lubitsch with the same economy of effort, the same deft suggestions, the same indirect treatment that the king of comedians displayed in his production. It is a story easy to penetrate; in fact, there is scarcely any substance to it, but it sparkles with illuminating touches and shows that the screen can become a true medium of farce-comedy. It is a story which could have been maltreated by writing into it the customary moralities. Lubitsch never employs the orthodox touch. Not once are the conventions obeyed.

We look upon a typically Viennese tale—one which does not make heavy drama of domestic infidelity. We see a flirtatious wife trespassing upon the sacred hearthstone of her best friend and charming the husband as the serpent charmed Eve—so many, many years ago. We also gaze upon the outraged wife carrying on a mild liaison with the silly husband's professional partner. Meanwhile husband number 1 (played ever so deftly by Adolphe Menjou of the lifted eyebrow) is seeking a divorce. He doesn't become emotional. He merely raises an eyebrow as if to say "So?" And the merry farce is on—a farce tempered with capricious by-play—a farce.

"The Man From Wyoming" is the same hackneyed Western story which was baptized in the celluloid back in the early days when Broncho Billy wore a Stetson.
Concise Reviews by the Editorial Staff

thoroly intelligible to anyone endowed with a sense of humor. The subtleties are everywhere; the suggestions ever being expressed.

Truly the picture stamps Lubitsch as a versatile director—one equally gifted in projecting comedy as well as tragedy. It is likely that he saw the Chaplin opus—and profited by it. Certainly it was about time that "A Woman of Paris" began to show its influence. In many respects it surpasses its model. It doesn't measure out such sentimentality. Its humor is just as keen, just as subtle—and its interpretation just as natural. It is a picture which pricks at the conventional theory that one must not trespass beyond the boundaries of wedlock. And Lubitsch uses the sharpest rapier in showing us a gay, sophisticated, charming, mirthful moving caprice.

It is the most perfect light comedy ever wound around a camera spool. It is as light as moon dust, but much more brilliant. Hail to Lubitsch! Hail to an ideal interpretation as turned in by Menjou of the lifted eyebrow, Monte Blue, Florence Vidor, Creighton Hale, Marie Prevost and Harry Myers!

THE MAN FROM WYOMING

Nothing is added, nothing is taken away here. It is the same, hackneyed Western which was baptized in celluloid back in the days when Broncho Billy wore a Stetson. To prop it up with suspense, the director has shrouded it with an element of mystery. A mysterious character must be incorporated to emphasize the chase. But leading up to this unexciting climax we are introduced to the customary hokum—the escaped convict (whose innocence is always established), the feud between cattlemen and sheepmen, the conventional romance lodged in by the ranchman's daughter who saves her hero from a necktie party—and the very crude effort of the ponderous bad man to force the girl to flirt with death—or—or—or worse. He attack-

"Flaming Barriers," in which the above scene shows Antonio Moreno and Jacqueline Logan, is another story old in theme. And its director has sacrificed reality to exaggerations. "Daddies" stars Mae Marsh. It is a sugar-coated picture... shallow but interesting if you are of the Pollyannas

Flaming Barriers

This picture was pointed to flash one of those thrilling climaxes—and aside from a vivid forest fire it hasn't much to offer. True, it was written by Byron Morgan, who dashed off those automobile yarns for Wally Reid, but he has discarded his debt comedy touch to frolic in fields of hokum. There is the customary manufacturer present—but not the delightful crochety figure that Theodore Roberts portrayed.
This character makes fire-fighting apparatus—and the plot revolves around a slicker trying to embarrass him so as to win the daughter.

Old of theme? Surely. And rather ancient in treatment. Small-town atmosphere is exposed—and some of it doesn’t belong. The director sacrifices realities for exaggerations. Then we are embraced by the climax which features the flames sweeping down a mountain—and the motor fire-truck rushing to the rescue of the imperiled tourists. The action is too hurried, too pointed, to permit the players to act natural. A fairly effective melodrama, offering nothing of consequence until the climax. The contrast is too sharp at that point. Robert McKim, who has a fairly good grasp upon subtle villainy, is adequate enough here.

DADDIES

Baby hands, baby prattle, and the patter of little feet are irresistible in their conquest of stubborn bachelors. Their reluctant march to the altar has inspired more than one playwright. Come to think of it—here is one of the favorite formulas (pigeon-holed as Number 17). It is haggled forth to cast a spell of sentiment over the sentimentalis. On the stage it carried the sting of being a ripe, rollicking comedy. On the screen it is not so good. It might have carried a real sparkle had Lubitsch been given the script. As it is we view an orthodox pattern which never exposes any dramatic substance—a pattern woven around a group of bachelors who band together into a "Never Marry" club only to have their ranks shattered in their adoption of war orphans.

Here was opportunity to make some digressions from the original; here was a chance to exploit it with subtleties and suggestions. Instead it is a shallow little piece—which will carry weight among the Pollyannas of both sexes. We are disappointed in Mae Marsh, who suffered in the close-ups. The part cannot be distinguished because it is colorless. The three bachelors are played by Claude Gilliswater, Willard Louis, and Harry Myers—and of the three, Mr. Gilliswater, because of his skill at characterization, gives the best study. A sugar-coated picture, this—one which is too conventional in its treatment to appeal to the imagination.

SPORTING YOUTH

Byron Morgan, who was not so inspired when he dashed off "Flaming Barriers," comes into his own here—with a story reminiscent of those sparkling six-cylinder tales which brought popularity to Wally Reid. The author introduces a slight variation in not
flashing a conflict between a lowly employee and an auto manufacturer. The central character is a chauffeur for a wealthy man who has no daughter to suppress. When the figure of finance is ordered to California for his health, he sends the chauffeur ahead in the car. And the latter is mistaken for a celebrated English driver. Instead of explaining things, he remains silent. The result is the plot builds its usual complications.

A society girl becomes deeply interested; a jealous rival tries to embarrass them—and then to the climax featuring a thrilling auto race—which to all appearances is the real thing. Thoroly enjoyable is this little story—one colored with adventure and romance. It is played with good abandon by Reginald Denny who, while he is not a Wally Reid, succeeds in projecting a likable personality. Laura La Plante's dental smile is attractive enough to seduce any man into a game of hearts. A compact light comedy carrying a deal of spontaneity.

**The Humming-Bird**

A spiritual glow hovers over this simple tale of regeneration—a spiritual glow generated by the war—when homes were torn asunder—when separated sweethearts found sanctuary and peace in the solitude of their souls. It is a compact, stirring little drama—one told in straightforward fashion, clearly outlining its characters and unfolding its plot with poise and precision. Maude Fulton's play makes a picture which is keen and penetrating in its human attributes. It might have been easily ruined under less skillful hands, for it is easy to see that some unimaginative directors would have pointed it toward too much conflict—emphasizing points which are more eloquent by being merely suggested.

It is the best picture which Gloria Swanson ever had—and apparently she appreciates it by giving her best performance. A different Swanson, surely. We extend her sympathy in her colorful, but pathetic rôle of the gay, saucy apache who finds her soul in her sacrifice. Sacrifice? Yes, indeed. She leaves the gutter, the severs, the grottos of Paris—and leads her criminal flock straight to the colors. There is inspiration for you! Look upon that scene and we defy you to accept it coldly. Look upon Miss Swanson waving to the marching soldiers behind her prison bars and deny that this picture lacks a soul. The sentimental flourishes are few. Mr. Olcott seeing to it that it has a romantic adventure to tell. But it soars with vitality. The war scenes are sufficient to give it balance. They bring forth admirably a real motivation of plot.

(Continued on page 101)
Perhaps you read about it in the newspapers—when Jean Talley was making diving scenes in the Bahamas, she discovered a Spanish treasure chest filled with Spanish gold, which the Nassau branch of the Royal Bank of Canada estimates as worth $50,000. This is the story which comes to us from Metro, the company for which "The Uninvited Guest" is being filmed.

Buried Treasure

One Scene Brings Star Fifty Thousand Dollars When She Discovers Old Chest

Here is a happy picture of the pretty Jean Talley with her treasure which was, it is believed, brought out of the sand by recent dredging operations.

At the top of the page is the barge used in filming the submarine scenes. A flexible metal tube, large enough to allow operators to pass thru, is lowered into the water. At the base is a roomy steel chamber with a thick glass window, making photography possible. These particular scenes will be in natural colors.
No Bob for Betty

Nowadays nearly everyone favors short tresses . . . there is the curly bob, the sleek bob, the boy bob, the shingle and any number of other varieties. Therefore this new camera study of Betty Compson is almost as unique as it is attractive.
Telling of "Roxey" and His Gang Who Broadcast From the Capitol Theater Studio

By

HAZEL NAYLOR SHELLEY

S.

L. ROTHAFEL, a short, plump man who could very easily have doubled for Napoleon had he not been modishly clothed à la New York nineteen-twenty-four instead of Paris à la eighteen hundred, wanted Finkey.

"Finkey," he called, "I want Finkey."

He paced the floor, and fiddled with the radio set which occupied a prominent corner of his office but only a few discordant squeaks and grunts emanated from the loud speaker. He sniffed one of the La France roses that graced a silver vase on his huge desk.

Finkey not appearing, he good-humoredly collared a man whose name obviously should have been Fitzpatrick.

"Listen, Fitz. How is this for an opener?"

"A policeman noticed an Irishman hunting for something under a street light."

"'Why, Pat,' said he, 'what have you lost?'"

"'Oh,' says Pat, 'I lost my pocketbook down the street a ways.'"

"'For the love of the Lord, why don't you hunt for it down the street then.'"

"'Sure,' said Pat, 'It's lighter here.'"

A trill of silvery laughter vibrated thru the sedate office of the director of the Capitol Theater, New York's truly magnificent cinema palace, and a girl danced into the room so sylphlike that we thought she had actually been conjured from the air.

"That is great, Roxey old dear," she laughed, clapping her hands.

Whereupon, Mr. Rothafel, the Napoleon of artistically presented pictures and the man who inaugurated broadcasting the Sunday night concerts from the Capitol Theater, introduced us.

"Evelyn Herbert, whom you have heard every Sunday if you listen in on our radio concerts."

Evelyn's silvery voice-with-the-smile-in-it had been one of our favorites but Evelyn in a sea-foam gown fashioned with a tight bodice and full skirt edged with chinchilla fur looked far lovelier than we had ever pictured her. She had Nell Brinkley hair as golden as the leaves of a sunflower, a classical profile, but her posture was Jazz, captivating, compelling, joyous, American Jazz. She pirouetted about the room, stole one of Roxey's roses and pinned it over her heart.

Roxey's eyes gleamed and we knew instinctively that another joke was imminent. "Do stand still," he said with a proud paternal air.

"Now I say to you, 'Evelyn, how's your aunt,' and you say to me 'I haven't any aunt,' and I say 'Thank you.'"

At least that is what we got out of it, our humor con-deser apparently not being tuned in finely enough, for Evelyn's peals of laughter must have rocked high Olympus.

Anyway they rocked Finkey to us. Finkey who turned out to be Mr. Rothafel's radio secretary. In case you wish to know what a radio secretary looks like we hasten to explain that the radio secretary was feminine, brunette as to hair and eyes, and garbed lusciously in black velvet with sweeping sleeves of real lace. She, too, possessed the requisite New York pep and dash.

Under her arm she carried dozens of fan letters sent from all over the United States and Canada to Roxey telling him how much joy his idea of broadcasting the concert of the Capitol Theater symphony orchestra and his artists brought to the world.

Finkey held also the tentative program for the evening. But it was only tentative, for everything Roxey says is extemporaneous.
We were interrupted by a flurried man who announced, "You will be on the air in one moment, Roxey."

"Dont worry. I could conquer the world in that time," he jested. Nevertheless we betook ourselves to the studio which is directly above the theater. There most of the singers were already assembled.

The long room with its crimson carpet and innumerable chairs possessed the tense atmosphere of a theatrical first night behind the scenes. There was a fervent kissing game going on among the women arrivals as if they had not seen each other just the week before. One of the sweet little dears whispered to the Grande Dame, "I see you haven't your make-up on."

"No need making up for these radio concerts yet. Altho they have promised us for some time to perfect that invention so that listeners in can see us as well as hear us."

"Lord forbid," remarked someone with a sense of humor.

A young man entered with a high pompadour.

Sibilant whisper, "Another tenor, my deah"

Roxey took his place before two standards surmounted by two round disks (the broadcasting apparatus is more simple in appearance than the telephone).

The piano player gave a last second twirl to his stool. A red light flashed on over Roxey's head.

"That means the concert is finished in the theater," whispered Finkey.

A green light blinked on next to its little red twin while a gentleman with a radio phone over one ear poked his head in, then nervously, "Gamby," as you probably know, is Mlle. Gambarelli, the ballet mistress and prima ballerina of the Capitol. Her inimitable delivery of Italian patter songs makes her one of the favorites of Roxey's popular gang.

"You are on the air, Roxey, go ahead."

There was a general clearing of throats by the singers as Roxey spoke calmly into his instrument, as if indeed he were in the presence of very old and very dear friends.

Madame Straha, a large woman in a red dress, then challenged the Heavens with "Life and Death Ecstasy." Apparently she won out, for the W. E. A. F. man appeared and frantically motioned Roxey to coax her farther from the machine. Roxey gently but firmly backed her away from the broadcasting device, thus her voice was not too loud to register correctly.

About this time Daddy Jim Coombs, and all radio fans know Daddy Jim, started getting nervous. He massaged his neck and worked his mouth in queer gyrations. Apparently Daddy Jim takes his work very seriously. Why shouldn't he. He is a big, kindly, serious man of dignified years and a bass voice.

But no matter how much he scowled or cleared his throat, or tugged at his collar, Evelyn Herbert, Gladys Rice and Doug Stanbury insisted upon giggling at Roxey's jokes and enjoying themselves precisely as if they were the audience.

Yes, radio fans, your Sunday night Doug was there and while he is neither short nor tall nor yet so thin, still he has the most whole-hearted laugh in the world and an entrancing profile and he sang "She's My Daisy" as if he meant every word of it.

By this time, Daddy Jim's collar was off and he was glaring about the room which had become (Continued on page 89)
In one episode of "Secrets," Norma Talmadge plays an old lady of lavender ribbons and lace kerchief and cap. And here he is rehearsing a scene with her director, Frank Borzage. While just below, Director Schertzinger consults Jane and Eva Novak about some bit of "business" in the script of "The Man Life Passed By."

Photograph by Shirley Vance Martin

On the Camera Coast

With

HARRY CARR

Domesticity has become fashionable in Hollywood.

It wasn't so many years ago that every married actress hid the children under the bed and kept her husband out of sight—not exactly like a disgrace—more like a blemish or a scar that ought to be covered up as a matter of good taste.

Now that they live in Hollywood bungalows, instead of hotels, husbands and wives are on display.

Conway Tearle never sends out any publicity in which his wife is not mentioned. Just at present it seems, according to the L. A., he is learning to play the piano in order to play accompaniments for his fave, who is Adele Rowland, the vaudeville star.

Tony Moreno is another sheik who is much married. All Tony's parties are home-made ones at his beautiful Spanish hacienda on the Silver Lake Hills.

Pat O'Malley's favorite press-agent story is that he practises all his studio love scenes on his wife at home and accepts her coaching for proper fervor.

Malcolm MacGregor has publicity pictures taken with his small daughter and heir, thereby closing the door of hope in the faces of the world's flappers.

But even in the face of this new frankness, it rather dazes one to find the press representative of a girl like Claire Windsor, who is the acknowledged belle of Hollywood movie society, sending out announcements about Claire's small son, who is now with her on location in North Africa.

She has a lively souvenir of a disastrous adventure in matrimony, and b'josh, she doesn't care who knows it.

It is the influence of that same Hollywood bungalow, by the way, that it is leaching all efforts to move the movies out of Hollywood back to New York. Many efforts have been made before to close the studios here, but never such a determined and concerted one.

Already Hollywood production has been reduced from about ninety per cent. of the total to between sixty and seventy-five per cent. It looks as tho the rest will stick.

The chief crusader against Hollywood is Richard Rowland of the First National Exhibitors.

Mr. Rowland says it is nonsense trying to operate a studio three thousand miles from headquarters for no reason that he can discover.

In so far as possible he will take all the First National activities back to New York.

Unluckily for Mr. Rowland's plan, the chief producing unit of First National is Joe Schenck, who controls the destinies of Norma and Constance Talmadge and Buster Keaton.
An Interesting Résumé of Activities in the California Studios

They wont go back. It is odd that Norma, who used to hate California like poison, is now the sheet anchor for Hollywood.

The inducements in her case are the immense real estate and oil interests of herself and her husband in California.

The Famous Players-La-sky people are to do at least forty per cent. of their future producing in Long Island. Hearst will make practically all of his pictures in New York. He does not believe in Hollywood as a producing center.

Fox, on the other hand, is building a new studio in Hollywood's new studio center at Westwood. The Universal, Warner Brothers, Mack Sennett, Harold Lloyd, Hal Roach and other producers are absolutely sold to California as a producing center. Sam Goldwyn, who had California an eternal farewell last year, with the intention of producing part of his pictures in New York, and part in Europe, has returned to Hollywood, bag and baggage.

The press-agent to the contrary, notwithstanding, I understand they had a terrible time making "The Eternal City" in Italy. Hereafter when Brother Goldwyn wants a European scene, it will be made to order right on the lot.

Joe Schenck says the reasons they can never move the studios away from Hollywood are the homes the actors have bought here. A trek to New York would mean financial ruin to half the actors on the screen.

Nita Naldi says that if people like to see her beaten up, the picture she is making now under the direction of Herbert Brenon is going to be the champion prize of Hollywood.

"My husband has already beaten me, and my tough brother has beaten me, and a couple of miscellaneous gentlemen have beaten me, and the picture is only half over. I suppose the rest of the cast will take a swat at me before it is done," The picture is from a story by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Nita says if they keep on sending her back and forth between here and New York she is going to join a medicine show and be done with it.

Mat Moore, who is playing the lead in the picture, has received the first copy of the article written by the indigent poet, Sadikichi Hartmann, about the movies.

As I related in a previous letter, Mr. Hartmann, who is half Japanese and half German, retired somewhat precipitately from Doug Fairbank's picture "The Thief of Bagdad." He went out to Beaumont on the edge of the desert and proceeded to sharpen his deadly pencil and simply efface the wicked movies from the map.

(Continued on page 76)
Letters to the Editor

Every reader of the "Motion Picture Magazine" is invited to write to the editor. This page belongs entirely to the readers. It is an open forum. However, we cannot use any letters unless the writer's name and address is given. And if it is desired that only the initials be used in publication, this is quite agreeable if the writer requests that the letter be printed in this way.

Exception is taken to the criticism of Lon Chaney's hunchback—and his performance is rated as one of the foremost portrayals of the year.

Dear Editor: In reading the December issue of the Motion Picture Magazine, I came across Miss Fletcher's criticism on "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," on which picture I wish to take exception to several views expressed by the author in the letter in question. Having just recently seen this wonderful production, paying particular attention to the characterization of Lon Chaney as Quasimodo, I feel justified in making the following comments.

Miss Fletcher tells us that Chaney so exaggerates in his make-up that he is actually repellent. Does he, I ask? Having read Victor Hugo's book bearing the same name as the picture, I do not hesitate a second to answer in the negative, no—absolutely not. Does not Hugo describe Quasimodo as being a hunchback—lame and terribly ugly, possessing an enormous hairy chest, scraggy hair, and teeth which would be more suitable for a dog than a human being? I believe, does not Chaney's make-up agree in almost every detail with that of Hugo's Quasimodo? It seems to me it does. While it is true that this character is one of a repellent nature, the manner in which Chaney portrays it is so artistic that he unquestionably appeals inwardly to those who really appreciate good, clean-cut acting.

I am of the opinion that he gave one of the most artistic and most spectacular performances seen on the screen this past season, a performance which should rank him with the greatest living stars on the screen today, May I ask, who, among the thousands and thousands of moving-picture actors, could have handled this role as admirably, as artistically, as realistically, as successfully as Lon Chaney has done? I honestly think there is not a single one who could have interpreted this wretched individual as well as Chaney has done, and do themselves and the picture due justice.

Without a doubt, Chaney has proved to the world that he is not merely a movie actor, but that he is also an artist—an artist of very high standing. I have been fortunate in seeing him in every picture in which he has appeared since his performance in "The Miracle Man." In this film, altho seen only in a minor role, he was undoubtedly the outstanding star. Then again, do you recall "Shadows"? His interpretation of the Chinaman in this splendid production, to my way of thinking, was the most picturesque and most illustrous in that actor's broad repertoire. This colorful characterization will probably linger in one's mind for years to come.

I beg you to write me, if possible, your opinions of some of the other readers of your papers on this screen celebrity.

Yours very truly,

Kenneth Mason,
6 Brevoort Place,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Letters to the editor are read carefully by the stars, writes Wallace MacDonald, who ought to know.

Dear Editor: I am sure your fans would like to know that their letters to you, which you publish, are eagerly read by the majority of the stars in Hollywood for tips. Tips on what the fans prefer, Clothes, Manners. Whom they'd like to see this or that star play with. (Because many are free-lancing now and can pick their positions. Also the stars can give reference to the leading man or leading lady engaged if there is sufficient demand made by the fans.)

Also, the thinking ones are on the lookout for complaints as to story and cast, so that the error may be corrected promptly.

Your many letters are a great help. No star is big enough to "buck off." If all the fans suddenly laid off of this or that star and wouldn't go to see any picture in which he appeared and said so at the boxoffices, this or that star would disappear from pictures in a short time.

Business men have the reins of management and it isn't good business to displease the millions of fans, so you can see who has the strange hold and can understand just how wise is a star who watches the comments of the fans as published in your column and who tries to cater to them.

The fans made Valentino. He knows it and he will cater to them to the best of his ability. The fans are behind Meighan and Fairbanks and Miss Pickford. Miss Talbot and the two laugh purveyors want to please them more than Harold Lloyd and Douglas MacLean.

So, on with your knocks and criticisms. They'll be taken in the right spirit. And on with your boosts and appreciation. The Lord and the movie player lovethe cheerful fan.

Sincerely,

Wallace MacDonald
Hollywood, Cal.

Praise for several players, Ramon Novarro last but not least.

Dear Editor: A short time ago you honored me not only by printing, but also by agreeing with a letter I wrote in praise of several of our old "standbys." Since then, a few letters have appeared in this column, wondering why May MacAvoy was omitted from my list.

The only reason for such an omission was that I devoted my letter entirely to the male sex. Had I added the feminine players I adored, the length of my letter would have commended it to the waste-basket, rather than to the column. So, may I be permitted to write this letter "to the ladies"?

I agree entirely with the praise accorded Miss MacAvoy by several of her admirers in and... rereading the letters that appeared in the December magazine, realize that they have left nothing unsaid in favor of one of our most talented actresses. They champion her far better than I could.

But these are the actresses I want to see in more and better pictures: Ethel Clayton ... Elsie Ferguson ... and Bessie Barzowska.

It is a profound mystery to me why Miss Clayton is not seen oftener upon the screen. She possesses a rare personality... beauty... and is an actress of power and understanding. I have seen her in innumerable

(Continued on page 92)
THE COMPLETE MANICURE

Send 12c for Introductory Set

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-5, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

Cutex Liquid Polish

It gives the nails a lovely rose brilliance

This new Liquid Polish won't peel off

The most famous manicure house in the world has perfected the ideal liquid polish—as good for a lasting brilliance as Cutex is for soft smooth cuticle.

One that won’t peel off!

One that was especially formulated to spread smoothly and quickly and leave no ugly ridges or brush marks.

Try this perfect new liquid polish at the end of your very next Cutex manicure. You will be delighted with the lovely rose brilliance it gives your nails.

A brilliance that lasts and lasts, even a week’s housework or dishwashing will not make it crack or peel or cause little dull places in the smooth glowing surface.

The dainty brush that comes with each bottle holds just enough polish to make one nail evenly shining. The liquid dries almost instantly. It is tinted just the rose shade everyone wants for her nails nowadays.

No separate polish remover needed

And another special convenience of Cutex Liquid Polish is that it needs no separate polish remover. When you are ready for a fresh manicure just put a drop of the polish itself on each nail and wipe it off before it dries. This makes the nail smooth and clean, ready for the new application of its week-long lustre.

You can get Cutex Liquid Polish and all the other Cutex preparations for 35c. And it comes in two of the complete manicure sets. Sets are 60c, $1.00, $1.50 and $3.00.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12c TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. M-5
114 West 17th Street, New York
I enclose 12c in stamps or coin for new Introductory Set including a trial size of the new Cutex Liquid Polish.

Name

Street

(or P. O. Box)

City State
The Ambitions of a Juvenile Movie Star

By

WALT
LANTZ

Oh boy—if I could only direct my director in a comedy—just once!

And this is what I think of censors

I'd like to drive my own car to the studios at one hundred miles an hour ... and have Charlie Chaplin and Doug Fairbanks do tricks for me.

And, above all things, I'd like to get even with my governess.

It must be great fun to ride home on the back of an ice wagon ...
The Way to Skin Loveliness  
according to Mrs. Hoyt

"The active woman today is expected to appear always fresh, always youthful, always exquisitely groomed. And the same loveliness of clear, smooth skin may be acquired by any woman through the daily use of Pond's Two Creams."

Mrs. Hoyt's studio with its exotic blue greens and vermilion is an almost perfect setting for her dark beauty.

The door was opened by an impeccable butler, but another voice—a rather thrilling voice—said, "Come up to the studio, won't you, it's much easier to talk," and there was Mrs. Hoyt—unbelievably lovely.

The studio is a perfect setting for Mrs. Hoyt's startling beauty. Her small head—with its contrasts of dark eyes and hair and creamy magnolia petal skin—fairly shone against the subdued but brilliant color of the exotic room.

I asked her what she thought the most important factor in a woman's beauty. "Her complexion, by all means," she declared emphatically. "It is the first thing you see. No matter how exquisite a woman's features, they count for nothing if her skin is not radiantly clear and smooth."

"And what," I asked her, "what produces a lovely skin?"

"Cleanliness," was the immediate answer, "is the first essential. Select first a soft pure cream that melts on the face and goes into the pores to clear away all impurities. Then, of equal importance is the proper finish—a preparation that provides a soft, fine surface on which the powder will go evenly and stay."

When Mrs. Hoyt says that rejuvenating cleanliness and an exquisite finish are the foundations of skin love-

No content with her brilliant social success, Mrs. Hoyt has turned to the theatre, where her loveliness and artistic gifts are rapidly winning new laurels.

Pond's Two Creams—used by women who must be exquisite at all times.

all the impurities. Wipe the cream off after a minute with a soft cloth—with it will come the dust and excess oil, the rouge and powder you have used during the day. Do this twice. Your skin looks fresh and is satiny smooth and supple again.

After every cleansing, before you powder and always before you go out, use Pond's Vanishing Cream for an enchanting finish. Smooth it in very evenly, just enough for your skin to absorb. Notice how smooth and velvety your face feels. And how incredibly young you're looking! The powder, moreover, will cling for hours.

When you get up in the morning, after a dash of cold water, rub in this cream. It will keep your skin fresh and untired for hours.

Learn from the distinguished women who have—and keep—lovely skins. Begin today to give your skin this exquisite cleansing and protection. The Pond's Extract Company.

MAIL COUPON WITH 10C TODAY

The Pond's Extract Company  
143 Hudson St., New York  
Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your introductory tube of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each for two weeks' ordinary toilet use.

Name ____________________________

Street __________________________

City ____________________________ State ________
O S T, One Movie Congress! The grand assemblage of all the reform associations and organizations on the national calendar, that were called together for February 12-13, in Washington, for the purpose of whitewashing the movies, seems to have faded out even before it got itself flashed on the Good of the Public Screen. In fact, rumor has it that its place of exhibit was invaded only by Dr. Charles Scanlon, who called the congress, by Cannon Chase, and by a lost sheep of a man who wandered in out of a snow-storm, to complete the eternal triangle ever present in the movies. And that the congress was to have been graced, so 'tis said, by Will H. Hays representing the producers, Sidney Cohen the exhibitors, Mary and Doug the players, and various other notables. Possibly the reformers decided to retreat rather than to reform.

Lucy Stone Leaguers take note! Mary and Doug are on the New York Hotel registers as Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks. Also Mary's not going to let the Mrs. title on her passport cheat her out of her European trip. In fact, such a thing wouldn't enter Mary's head, and she's ready to tell the world so. They sailed immediately after attending the premières of their respective pictures: "Dorothy Vernon," and "The Thief of Bagdad," Doug, who is as much America's athlete, as is Mary. America's sweetheart, will not only attend the world's Olympic Games in official capacity, but has been asked to be the guest of Ireland during the Irish Olympics. Later he and Mary will visit France, Ireland, Sweden, Denmark, Soviet Russia, China, Japan and probably Australia, returning to America late in the summer. And Mary said she and Doug will not do "Romeo and Juliet." It costs Mary something to be America's sweetheart: America would never expect her sweetheart to grow melancholy and take poison, any more than they would countenance Doug's mooning around in the garden below her balcony, when with one small leap he could reach the fair Juliet. Certainly Mary and Doug will do a picture together, if they can get the right kind of a picture, but they are not going to step out of character and shatter ideals. "Now, Lillian Gish,"

During the filming of "Icebound," Lois Wilson discovered a musical prodigy in little Marie Louise Bobb, who appears in the French episode of this story. Marie gave a recital at Carnegie Hall and was praised by Paderewski. Here we find her entertaining the company between scenes. Lois Wilson is on the left of the piano and Richard Dix stands in the foreground in a soldier's uniform.

Mrs. Richard Barthelmess under her maiden and stage name of Mary Hay, is one of Broadway's idols this season. She plays the lively name rôle in that musical comedy, "Mary Jane McKane." On the right are Natacha and Rudy Valentine with the pride of their household. Rudy brought the lovely animal home with him on his return from abroad.

Greenroom Jottings

Photograph by Murray

Photograph by International Newsreel
for Economical Transportation

Fits the Finest Homes or Most Modest Incomes

Consider the evident high quality of this all-year family car, and its remarkable price—then you can understand why it has been necessary for us to double our production facilities this year.

Many families already owning the highest priced cars, also own a Chevrolet Sedan or Coupé. They find it not only consistent in style and general quality with their social position, but also astonishingly economical to operate.

Those of more limited means take justifiable pride in the ownership of this distinguished car, which is nevertheless so easy to buy and maintain.

Thousands of pleased owners will tell you a Chevrolet offers the best dollar value of any car made.

Your own requirements for economical transportation will determine your choice of models.

Any Chevrolet dealer will explain their many points of superiority.
said Mary, "will make a charming Juliet, and one that the public will indorse—they are accustomed to seeing her in tragic rôles."

Shooting Stars—Betty Compson and Lois Wilson swap places in the movie firmament for the space of a picture—Betty to appear in "The Enemy Sex," for Paramount, and Lois to film "Another Scandal," for Hodkinson. It is a particularly happy arrangement for Betty, since James Cruze, her fiancé, will direct the filming of her picture. Incidentally, it will save quite a small fortune in telephone bills for Miss Compson and Mr. Cruze to be on the same lot, for while Miss Compson was in Florida making "Miami," and Mr. Cruze was in Hollywood producing, they talked across three thousand miles of wire nightly. Mr. Cruze and Miss Compson expect to be married this coming fall in the little town of Frisco, Utah. The town itself is said to consist of some old shanties, a few cabins, and, by courtesy, a street or two, but it is Betty's birthplace and so chosen for the important event. Afterward, Betty will return to reign over the Cruze estate and the rambling Spanish house in Flintridge, California, that she has already christened "The Hacienda." There are on the place the usual tennis-courts, swimming-pools, golf course, greenhouse, and billiard-rooms, with the distinction that comfort and good taste overrule exaggeration in luxuries. At one end of the billiardroom is an iron door opening into a barbecue oven, so that guests can dine à la barbecue indoors, or on the canopied tables outside. The special feature of the living-room is an arrangement that allows of its being speedily turned into a projection-room. Mr. Cruze believes in taking his theatrical recreation in domestic surroundings.

Reversing the order of things—Ethel Shannon set a new pace recently when she discarded the wedding costume, in which she was robed for her rôle in the filming of "Maytime," and put on miffies to elope to Santa Ana where she was married to Robert J. Cary. Miss Shannon made her bow on the silver-screen as leading woman to William Hart in "John Petticoats." Her most recent appearances have been in "The Hero," "The Girl Who Came Back," and "The Daughters of the Rich."

Pearl White has flashed her last thrill—on the silversheet—now she is reaching out for the ultimate goal of the screen star—directorship. On the completion of "Terror," which was made in France, she decided to give some young and lovely actress a chance to build such a name as she now enjoys, and to do the directing herself. She will produce in France where she now lives.

Idle and pleasure-loving, so they say of the screen folk, but we ask you what t. b. m. can show the end of a more perfect day than can John S. Robertson. While he was (Continued on page 78)
Marvelous New Discovery

Grows bobbed hair back to normal — in half usual time

Milady! If you are tired of your "bob," but hate to think of waiting an eternity for your hair to grow out again—here is wonderful news for you—straight from America's leading dermatological laboratories.

Science has discovered a new liquid that will grow your bob back to full length again in an amazingly short time—giving you softer, curlrier, lovelier hair than you ever had.

But this news is not only for "bobbed heads." It is for all women who would have gloriously beautiful hair, whether long or short.

If your hair is unruly and hard to keep in curl; if it is straggly, scrubby, brittle and dry; if it is dull, discolored, streaky or lustreless—do not despair. This new liquid will revitalize your hair as if by magic—giving you practically a new head of hair.

From the very first day, when you start to spray your hair and massage your scalp with this delightful liquid, you will see and feel new "life," new vitality in your scalp and hair. Hair growth will be apparent surprisingly soon. And if you have a "bob" to lengthen, you will find your hair extending down your back in an almost unbelievably short time.

These results are guaranteed. I want that understood. For it is only on such a guarantee that I can show my unbounded faith in this remarkable discovery.

Where There Is a Need, Science Finds a Way

Probably the women of America never needed any beautifier so suddenly and so urgently as they needed this one, for Paris has decreed that long hair must prevail.

Science has answered woman's call with this amazing liquid called Nitrox. Although Nitrox is so pure that you could drink it, it is the most powerful hair-growing product Science has ever known. As its name suggests, it is a fusion of Nitrogen and Oxygen combined and liquefied by a formula of my own. I have simply gone directly to nature and boiled her ozone and sunshine by a secret process of my own, mixing them with delightful balms and emollients. The result, I firmly believe, is the most wonderful hair grower and beautifier the world has ever known.

In addition to promoting hair growth, Nitrox rids the scalp promptly of all dandruff; flushes out dead and listless hair, and gives it a wonderful light and sheen.

One week after you have started the use of Nitrox, rubbing it into the scalp for five minutes each day, at bed time—your new hair will differ from your old hair as day from night. No more straggly, loose hairs blowing every which way. Your hair will stay in place perfectly, with that delightful, natural lustre that can come only from perfect hair and scalp health.

Not For Sale But Sent to You Direct

McGowan's Nitrox is not offered for sale through drug or department stores, for the vital elements in this remarkable liquid evaporate when kept standing for any length of time. I distribute this wonderful product direct from laboratory to user, shipping, in every instance, the same day the liquid is compounded.

At first, we contemplated selling Nitrox through personal treatments only. But that method would confine the product to a very limited market. And since Nitrox is the greatest achievement of my laboratories, I am anxious to make this discovery known universally. It is no trouble to apply it. Indeed, it is very simple and delightful to use.

So I have decided to retail the first 25,000 bottles at only enough to pay the cost of production, handling and advertising—which I have figured down to just $2.47 per bottle, plus a few cents postage.

Whether your hair is bobbed or long, if you want to control its length and add to its splendor, don't delay another minute. There is no formality for you to go through. I do not even ask that you send any money. Just sit down and fill out the coupon and send it in you can pay the postman $2.47 plus a few cents postage, when he delivers the package.

McGowan
President

McGowan Laboratories
780 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 515, Chicago

Dear Mr. McGowan: I am willing to let you prove to me, on your guarantee, that Nitrox will grow my hair at twice the normal rate of growth. That it will thicken, soften and beautify my hair, ridding it of any dandruff or scalp troubles. You may send me a full size bottle and I will deposit $2.47, the special introductory price, with the postman on its delivery. (plus a few cents postage). This is with the understanding that, if I am not delighted with the results from the very outset, I can return unused contents of the bottle, within five days after its receipt, and you will refund my money.

NAME

ADDRESS

If you expect to be out when postman calls, enclose $2.60 with your order, and Nitrox will be mailed postpaid.
The Answer Man

This department is for general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, a list of film manufacturers, etc., must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. All inquiries should contain the name and address of the writer, and, if it is desired that a fictitious name be used in answering, it should be written in the upper left-hand corner of the letter.

TIFFIE THE TOILER.—That's the way to get there. You see I did receive your letter. That was Ralph Graves in "Kindred of the Dust," Charles de Roché is thirty-six years old. Norma Talmadge is working on "The House of Youth," a thriller story with Frank Borzage directing. Eugene O'Brien will be one of the lovers.

EGNAT.-Well I am fairly contented, but to be satisfied is to come to a standstill. So you recognized Carmella Geraghty in "Tillie the Toiler." Clara Bow was quite a little flapper.

DOROTHY E.—That's impossible. Yes, I still have my whiskers and it will soon be time to put them up in camphor, so the birds won't build their nests. Corinne Griffith in "Lilies of the Field," shortcomings is the woman's portion.

AN ADMIRER—Thanks for all the kind things you say about this department. But the greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none. Why, Kate Price was playing in pictures not so long ago. Pret. For see Lloyd, "The Girl Expert" has been changed to "Girl Shy." Write me any time. I'm always at my desk.

TEXAS SIRIUS.—I thank you on bended knee, but as Emerson says, "A great man is always willing to be little." The only chance for an extra is to be at the studio, and be there regularly. No, don't believe everything you hear. Write to Metro for a picture of S. O. S.—Well, it is not well to leave too much to the imagination of woman. It is likely to carry her to extravagant lengths. You know that Martha Mansfield was burned to death while on location.

John Bowers, Marguerite de La Motte, Robert Frazer, and George Hackathorne in "When a Man's a Man." You know Harold Wright's novel by that name had a sale of almost one million and a half copies.


WILDCAT—I know, and the average man would rather have the hair of his kingdom than apologize. Richard Talmadge, Tru-art Pictures, 1540 Broadway, New York City. Dorothy Dalton in "The Moral Sinner." None can do a woman worse despite than to call her old.

ASO.—So you liked "The Covered Wagon," and James Warren Kerrigan is your favorite. He is thirty-six and not married. Do you remember him when he used to play with Pauline Bush back in the American days? Yes, Sylvia Breamer in "The Woman on the Jury," to be made by First National.

GERTRUDE L. H.—Come, cheer up, it may not be as bad as you think. Jealousy is an excellent fuel to passion's flame and it is well to remember that too much of any fuel is apt to smother the flame. Corinne Griffith is with First National. Yes, you will see Rudolph Valentino in "Menace to War." How glad he is coming back? Eleanor Boardman in "Three Wise Fools."

CHARLOTTE S. C.—But to forgive a man's shortcomings is the woman's portion. To forget them, the man's. Oh, it would be out of the question to give you all the addresses you wish. See the list of manufacturers we sometimes print or send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of producers.

POET.—Well, you surely sound like one. Thanks, indeed, for the verse. "When Steps Out" was his first picture. Address him at First National Pictures, United Studios, Los Angeles, California. Gloria Swanson is twenty-six. Jack Hoxie in "The Red Warning." Write to me again, I like to receive mail.

DUMPS.—Cherio! The more a woman disapproves of a man, the more she wants him to admire her. Jane Mercer is her real name, and she is not playing in anything as far as I know. Tom Mix's next picture will be "Mixed Manners." Claire Adams, who has played in several of Mr. Mix's pictures, is again his leading lady.

HOWARD L.—She'll come back. So you like flappers, do you? No, I don't know what has happened to Lucy Cotton. She is not playing now. Myrtle Stedman is her real name and she has a grown-up son. John Gilbert and Renée Adorée in "A Man's Mate" for Fox.

Ander.—When I was a little boy, I remember someone once saying, "Look not mournfully into the past; it returns no more; wisely improve the present, and go forth into the shadowy future without fear and with hope." Valentine.—For several years ago. John Bowers is six feet. Jack Holt in "A Gentleman from Indiana. Bessie Love in "Gentle Julia." Glad you liked "Strangers of the Night." VIRGINIA.—Yes, Hope Hampton and her husband, Jules E. Brunlaut, have sailed for a three months' cruise in the Mediterranean. No, I have no record of Bebe Daniels or Elaine Hammerstein's ever having lived in the Gondolier Hotel. Coraline Temple. United Studios, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

PATTY AND NUTTY.—You sound like the Gold Dust Twins. Of course I drink buttermilk. The season is about on again. Try B. P. Schulberg Productions, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, California. Wesley Barry is with Warner Brothers, and Cullen Landis with Famous Players last.

SUNXIE.—Ben Alexander is twelve, Wesley Barry sixteen, and Douglas Jr., fifteen.

B. B.—The best way to win a woman's heart is to let her think she is reforming you, whether the preceding is needed or not. Mlle. Andrée Lafayette, who played "Trilby" in the picture of that title, has completed work on "Why Get Married." Jack Gilbert is with Fox. Aileen Pringle with Goldwyn. Monte Blue is with Warner, Irene Rich is also with Warner. Is that all?

ANNIE.—Hello! Why a man can so seldom be good without being "goody-goody" is one of the most inexplicable things of life. John Bowers is six feet. Eddie Clayton and his six Hawaiian dancing girls are in "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." The girls have been dancing in Hawaii for two years and have only recently returned to this country.


FRED C. S.—Yes, Gabrielle d'Annunzio is an Italian poet, novelist and patriot. I showed your letter to Miss Fletcher many years ago. MISS DENVER.—And just about one-half of the world's supply of sugar is produced in Europe from beets. No, no, Marion Davies is not married. Her right name is Marion Dourcas. She is twenty-seven.

Shirley Mason's name was Leonie Flugrath. Agnes Ayres was Agnes Henkle. And Alice Terry's name was Alice Rodier. Anyway, what's in a name?

KATHERINE C.—Yes, Bebe Daniels opposite Rudolph Valentino. Marion Davies has bobbed hair, and Barbara La Marr has been married four or five times. I don't know which.

FRED W.—Keep busy and you won't get in trouble. A single silkworm has been known to spin four-thousand yards of thread. No
Your complexion needed the one thing you could not give it!

"Pore Control" was lacking—
but now Princess Pat Twin Creams supply the need

A NEW factor in gaining complexion beauty has been discovered—a fault remedied. Science discloses this weakness in present methods—that after cleansing or nourishing, all known creams have so far left the pores wide open! Now a five year search by Princess Pat chemists finds the way to retain the benefits of creams and add pore control! Princess Pat Twin Creams, alone of all complexion methods, leave the skin with pores normally contracted at all times.

Pore control advances complexion care to an exact science—in accord with Nature. For all of us have to coarse pores. It banishes the menace to your skin of dust and dirt and infectious air germs.

Pore control is no new fad. It simply abandons outworn ideas—as does nearly every important discovery. Princess Pat chemists were free to think independently. They did not have to defend old fashioned creams established by custom, but unsupported by merit. They could be merciless in disclosing faults—and they were. But let the facts speak for themselves—first about disappearing creams. The "Rubbed-in" Powder Foundation and What It Does

If open pores are a danger—as admittedly they are—what about the pores discarded, pores forced open and held open for hours? Almost, the question answers itself. But Princess Pat chemists experimented for months and made the answer conclusive. Women were induced to make tests lasting days, using scores of disappearing creams. These creams vanished right enough from the skin surface, but the magnifying glass disclosed pores choked and gorged. Day by day, such pores weakened. Finally they lost power to contract normally. The inevitable result was coarse pores.

So much for disappearing creams. Princess Pat chemists discarded them—sought for and found a base for powder which not only leaves the pores closed but nourished throughout all the hours powder is used.

Why the Usual Creams So Often Disappoint

Next, all the familiar creams that cleanse and nourish were classified, analyzed and studied to discover virtues and faults. Practically all had merit—but only up to a certain point. They contained cleansing, soothing and nourishing oils which benefited. But without exception such creams had to open the pores to do their work—and left them open. Consequently whatever touched the skin thereafter easily entered the pores and found lodgment. Princess Pat chemists considered this a grievous fault, of incompleteness. To it they logically traced complexion ills mysterious and unexplained. Such creams were not condemned—far from it. For countless complexion—from least temporarily—reap the benefits and escape the dangers of old fashioned complexion care. But what a wonderful achievement for science if the pores could be closed and there be no dangers to escape; always positive benefits instead!

Pore Control Solved by Princess Pat Twin Creams

Almost at once the chemists were faced with a problem which seemed insurmountable. The indispensable oils for nourishing and revitalizing the skin relaxed and opened the pores. And every ingredient that could be added to close the pores acted first, offsetting the cleansing and nourishing. Then came enlightenment: the double effect could not be secured in one cream. It would take two, each formulated separately but planned to combine on the skin!

Thus Princess Pat Twin Creams came into being, bringing beauty possibilities beyond the fondest dreams of women, or scientists. And the use of these two creams that give pore control is so simple—and delightful. One is called Princess Pat Cream—the other, Princess Pat Ice Astringent. Princess Pat Cream is applied first and left on temporarily! Right over it, you apply Princess Pat Ice Astringent. With the application of this second cream, there comes a most delightful sensation of coolness and freshness. The pores at once contract and become normally invisible! They are controlled, closed against dirt, dust and germs.

That is the whole treatment! You then wipe all cream from your face—and find the skin as soft and pliant and clear as that of a child. You have not rubbed or massaged, because that is unnecessary. You have spent not to exceed two or three minutes. A remarkable feature of pore control is the fact that the nourishing action continues throughout the day. Closing the pores does not arrest it. So your skin never ceases to benefit during the entire twenty-four hours of day and night. The result is marvelously rapid—and permanent—complexion beauty.

As for powdering—you are ready without further preparation. For the exquisite softness and naturalness of the skin itself is the best base for powder ever discovered.

FREE!

Until the shops have been sufficiently stocked with Princess Pat Twin Creams (Princess Pat Cream—and Princess Pat Ice Astringent), to meet all calls, we shall take pleasure in sending to individuals a 10 days' supply without charge. Use coupon promptly.

PRINCESS PAT LTD.
2701 S. Wells St., Dept. 32, Chicago

 Entirely FREE, please forward me postpaid, a 10 days' supply of the new Princess Pat Twin Creams.

Name (Print) ..................................................
Street ..........................................................
City and State ..............................................
record of Lloyd Whitlock’s whereabouts. Of course I think Gloria Swanson is wonderful.

RICHARD B. FAN.—Yes, and money orders paid at the New York post-offices average one hundred and twenty thousand a day, and thirty boys handle them. Dorothy MacAndrews and Twenty-one” with Richard Barthelmess. Mildred Harris and Robert Frazer will have the leads in “The Dollar Man.”

HERRIETTA N. H.—Madge Kennedy you mean. Wallace MacDonald in “Leave it to Susan.” Ah, for one to admire a woman merely for her beauty is to love the building for its exterior, but to love one for the greatness of her soul is to appreciate the tenets for its intrinsic value. Thank you, I’m on my way out.

KENNETH P.—Reginald Denny in “The Spice of Life.” William Desmond and Laura LaPlante in “Perils of the Yukon.” William Desmond and Dorothy Lorraine in “Coward of the Mount.”

MUMPS.—Well, being the mother to the exclusion of the wife has wrecked as many homes as “the other one!” No record of Lewis Dayton. Edward Burns was born in Philadelphia in 1892, and he has dark complexion, hair and eyes. Weights 135.

A Hello Girl.—Wires busy, please! That was Walter McGrail in “Suzanna.” That was a clever letter. Well, I don’t know, but when we get so assiduous that we can give reasons for our emotions it’s mighty little enjoyment we get out of them.

MISS MAFFO.—Ann Luther, Maurice Costello, Naomi Chidlers, David Powell, and Dagmar Godowsky in “Virtuous Liars.” So you like Douglas, Jr. Beth Sully is his mother. See his address above. Wrong about W. C.

STATION W. X. Y.—Of course I eat spaghetti. One of my favorite foods. Hartford Ford is married to Beatrice Prentice. He’s quite a Merton with Marion Davies. Betty Blyth in “The Recoil” for Goldwyn.

S. C. H.—You will have to write to our Circulation Department for the back numbers you desire. Thanks for your very interesting letter. I certainly appreciate all the nice things you say about me. Here’s my hand, shake!

MOINE FAN.—Don’t say that’s fate. Fate and opportunity are the most conventional and abused words of any language. You know that Mary Tealre is married—to Adel Rowland. He is forty-four. George Walsh is thirty-two and not married now. Tom Moore is forty and not married now. Write me again. I am always here in my ball-room.

FULLA PAPP.—I’m with you. Just been out skating. On my feet, too, and not on my bald head. Oh, I always pin my whiskers so that I won’t get icicles in them. That is May McAvoy’s real name.

H. Y. C. B. LONDON.—All I can say is that “Whispering Corus” was made by Artcraft some time ago, with Kathryn Williams as Jane, Raymond Hatton as John, Elliot Dexter as George, Tully Marshall as H. P. Chunley, and Edythe Chapman as Mrs. Tennyson.

ANNIE MC.—Thanks for the card; I appreciate it. I’ll have to get a new word.

SARAH G.—Oh, I always wanted to be an Answer Man. I can remember nineteen years ago—oh, what’s the use? No man can ever rise above that at which he aims. Mary Philbin is with Universal. Allan Forrest was Nikky in “Long Live the King.”

Ralph Balcom, who is supposed with “The best drop in the world I do not mind; Cognac’s a noun I never yet declared.” All you have to do, Rose, is be natural. A natural rose. Mahlon Hamilton was the original “Daddy Long Legs.” George Walsh was Don in “The Trail.”

HAZEL P.—Mamains quoit means “bad taste.” Gloria Swanson in “Manhandled” and “A Society Scandal.” Thomas Meighan is married to Frances Ring, and he is about forty. Charles Jones in “The Vagabond Trail.”

LEONARD P. R.—Well, I always pay as I go; then I don’t get into trouble. If you pay what you owe, what you’re worth you’ll always know. Here are a few of the addresses: Mack Sennett Comedies, 1727 Glendale Boulevard, Los Angeles, California; Century Comedies, 6100 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California; Hal Roache Comedies, Culver City, California. Christie Comedies, 6100 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California. You might try them.

TOMMY D.—Too great an advantage in success is the likeliest to prevent it. Ben Alexander is playing in “Boy of Mine.”

R. C.—The speech of flowers exceeds all flowers of speech. Yours is a very good one but I did not nearly always get a woman in their reaping. Roscoe Arbuckle is helping Buster Keaton with his scenarios.

Write to First National for a picture of Conway Tearle. Charles Chaplin at 1420 LaBrea Avenue, Los Angeles, California. Sweet mother! You say “Conway Tearle is to me the embodiment of sophisticated manhood.” Rise, Conway, rise. Selah!

SILAS.—Just Loretta Young in “Ladies Love,” maiden fair, but when choosing a husband, see to it with surety that he loves you. Douglas Fairbanks is forty-one. He was born in Denver, Colorado. Brown hair and eyes, and at present working on “The Thief of Bagdad.” Richard the Third’s got it now. George O’Hara in “Listen Lester” from the musical comedy.

E. L.—Of course Mary Pickford is a citizen. Anyway, a foreign woman becomes a citizen if she marries an American. Myrtle Stedman is playing the part of Clotilde, but Harry Crane Griffin’s “Lilies of the Field.” Ann Cornwall in “The Arizona Express.”

MARGARET.—Yes, and when a man asks your advice, he generally wants your praise. And you didn’t like Monte Blue’s wig in “Orphans of the Storm.” He is six feet and two inches tall, and was born in Indianapolis.

MARGARET E.—The F. B. O. Studios are at 780 Gower Street, Los Angeles, California.

CURS.—Read, read, read. An orphan is not the person who has lost his father, but he who has neither wisdom nor a good education. Mae Murray is married to Robert Leonard. Corinne Griffith was in her first National Pictures. Blanche Sweet is married to Marshall Neilan.

LASHES.—No, Richard Dix is not married. Maude George has an important part in the film. “Formentor,” which stars Owen Moore and Bessie Love.

J. A. D.—The activity and soundness of a man’s actions will be determined by the activity and soundness of his thoughts. Address Valmonte at Famous Players Studio, Astoria, Long Island.

JAMES S.—Cher ami. A woman can more easily forgive a great wrong than constant little discourteous. So watch out. Pauline Frederick was with Vitagraph last. The cast for “My Man” includes Dustin Farnum, Patsy Ruth Miller, Niles Welch, and Margaret Landis. It was made under the working title of “A Tale of Two Roses.”

LOUISE E. A.—No, I don’t know Fred McLean. Mahlon Hamilton is playing right along in an occasional picture. He’s abroad now, you know. Madge Bellamy, John Bowers, Francelia Billington, and Hal Cooley are in “Unguarded Gates.”

FRANCES B.—Pola Negri is thirty and not married now. Address her with Famous Players, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, California. Lila Lee with Ince, Culver City, California.

ETHEL R.—Ivor Novello, the English player, is starring in the stage production in London in “The Rat.” Thomas Meighan in “The Condemned Man” with Pauline Lord. There were reviews in June, 1920, issue, September, 1922, and May, 1919, Classic with Percy Marmont. I think he will send you his picture. Why don’t you send me a note first?

MULLY.—Of course I answer all the letters I receive. Do you think I am a fake? Wish you could see the letters all piled up on my desk. I doubt whether “The Four Horsemen” will be revived. Will you find the story?


TILLIE THE TOILER.—Oh, yes, the Lee children are back in vaudeville. One of them recently had the measles. Colleen Moore is married to John McCormick; not the singer, the publicity man. Lila Lee is married to James Kirkwood, and her name was Augusta Appel.

H. B. NEW YORK.—I should say I was glad to hear that you were down on the Mexican Border for nine months with Squadron A. No, you can’t take me to lunch. Thanks just the same. Mary Philbin is not married, and she is nineteen. Address her at Universal, Universal City, Los Angeles. Playing in “Fool’s Highway.” No, I don’t think Mary Philbin has ever been on the stage.

MRS. F. J. C.—Curtis Crane was Templeton Druid in “Pleasure Mad.”

Lee.—Mary Philbin is nineteen, and she played Margaret Schofield in “Penrod and Sam.” Sorry, but I haven’t little Ben Alexander’s birthdate, but he is twelve. Artie Auerbach is a man playing with Rudolph Valentino in “Monsieur Beaumarch,” and you can write him at (Continued on page 300)
Do you know how to use powder effectively?

By Mme. Jeannette

The foundation of a successful beauty toilette is the correct and effective use of powder. It is of first importance to select just the correct shade of powder for your particular skin—and then you should know how to make your powder adhere properly.

Many women seem to completely disregard the fact that there is no such thing as an actually white skin. Therefore, if you are seeking for a natural effect a pure white powder should never be used in the daytime.

After determining the shade of powder that best blends with your skin, it is wise to give your powder a proper foundation. Pompeian Day Cream is a vanishing cream of rare delicacy. It is particularly designed to act as a powder-base for normally oily skins. If you have a dry skin, use Pompeian Night Cream instead of the Day Cream.

The only correct way to powder is to use plenty of it. After you have completely covered the surface, take a clean puff or a bit of soft cotton and dust it off lightly and evenly. After applying your cream-and-powder foundation, you blend over it your Pompeian Bloom, selecting the shade that best harmonizes with your skin—in the rose tones are Light, Medium, and Dark shades, while the warm red-gold of the Orange tint is exactly what is required by the ivory and the olive types.

Pompeian Lip Stick gives such a natural color to the lips that it cannot be detected. It also has a slight pomade quality that softens and heals lips that may be dry or rough, and prevents chapping.

**“Don’t Ever Beauty—Use Pompeian”**

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<td>(Also in the new thin-model compact for purse or handbag. Price $1.00.)</td>
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<td><strong>LIP STICK</strong></td>
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<td><strong>FRAGRANCE</strong> (a talc)</td>
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Get 1924 Pompeian Panel and Four Samples for Ten Cents

The newest Pompeian art panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," done in pastel by a famous artist and reproduced in rich colors. Size 28 x 13 in.

For 10 cents we will send you all of these: The 1924 Beauty Panel and samples of Day Cream, Beauty Powder, Bloom (rouge), and Night Cream.

**Tea off the coupon now**

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Also Made in Canada

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**IS YOUR SKIN DRY OR OILY?**

These are two generally accepted classifications of skin character—the dry skin and the oily skin.

**A Dry Skin**

The very fine-grained skkins are the ones most liable to excessive dryness. The wind, the sun, or applications of drying lotions exaggerate the dry condition.

A dry skin needs quantities of cream to replace and supply the lacking natural oil.

Pompeian Night Cream is the ideal cream for a dry skin. It is excellent as a cleanser, skin-softener and as a powder base.

If the skin seems unusually dry, "pat" small quantities of Pompeian Night Cream into the skin till most of it is absorbed.

Pompeian Night Cream is also an ideal cream as a powder base for the "dry" skin before applying your powder.

**An Oily Skin**

An oily skin needs two creams. An oil cream for cleansing—a vanishing cream for a powder base.

The natural oil in abnormally oily skins sometimes becomes hardened in the pores and clogs them. The counteracting oil found in Pompeian Night Cream prevents this, and so prevents the real cause of blackheads. Use it generously, rubbing it vigorously about the chin and nostrils where greatness seems to be acute. Then rub off thoroughly, and finish with a dash of cold water or a quick ice rub.

Pompeian Day Cream should be used on this type of skin before powdering. It is a vanishing cream that disappears as you apply it, leaving the skin smooth and clean, and removing shine. It is the ideal base for powder if your skin is oily, and forms a protection against sun and wind.

**Mme. Jeannette**

Specialiste en Beaute

---

**TEAR OFF, SIGN AND SEND**

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2129 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen, I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1924 Pompeian Art Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and the four samples named in offer.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City ____________________________ State ____________

What shade of face powder wanted? __________________________

©1924, The Pompeian Co.
On the Camera Coast
(Continued from page 63)

The piece he wrote is printed on four pages and is entitled, "My Experiences in the Douglas Fairbanks Studio." The sum of the outrage seems to be that they made him wear a pair of red boots that didn't fit; cut out all of his finest and most eleganteinus gestures; that they wouldn't let him act the way he knew a real Chinese prince ought to act, but insisted upon the inefficient, base-born notions of a director whose ideas about Chinese princes were simply beneath contempt. Lastly some one in the studio made him a present of some poison bootleg hooch, thereby wrecking both his dignity and his tum tum.

Mr. Hartmann significantly closes his rightful blast with an advertisement of his forthcoming lyric drama—which seems to be as much as notifying the movies to step right out of his life.

When! Walter Hiers is leaving the Famous Players-Lasky ranks this week to sail out on the troubled waters of free-lance comedy. Thus endeth the last attempt that will probably ever be made to create a star by advertising. The producers showed themselves gluttons for punishment in this regard; but they probably will never try again.

Stars can't be made by anybody except the public. Walter was rushed into the breach when Roscoe Arbuckle removed himself from the movies. Walter was a nice boy and funny; but apparently not funny enough. His pictures did not make money.

Rob Wagner, the artist and magazine writer who was drafted into a directorship to help Walter Hiers make the world laugh, is now directing Will Rogers.

His latest Will Rogers picture was shown the other night at the Writers Club, and Hollywood is wondering with some curiosity if it will ever be shown anywhere else. To tell the truth, the movie colony was shocked to the edges of their shingle bobs. The comedy proved to be a savage satire on the movies—at times more cruel than funny.

In it, Rogers plays the part of a ham Shakespearean actor, "induced" into the movies. He becomes a director and finally retires by getting his whole company out on a raft and drowning them. As he is leaving Hollywood, he meets a hand-organ grinder with a monkey on a string. He presents his movie contract to the ape as one admirably fitted for movie success. The Writers Club thought this was hardly clubby.

It looks as tho a new scenario genius had been developed out of the Writers Club. Willis Goldbeck, formerly an associate editor on the staff of the Brewster Magazines, is regarded as the writing "find" of the year. He left magazine work to go with Rex Ingram as a publicity man; but was pressed into service by Rex as a scenarist. He did such fine work on the script of "Scaramouche" that Lasky's drafted him when Rex Ingram went to Europe. He is now adapting a James Oliver Curwood Alaska story for one of the Lasky directors.

Paul Bern seems to have been entrusted with the responsibility of chauffeuring foreign genius. Having been scenario writer for Lubitsch, the German, and Victor Seastrom, the Swede, he is the scenario advisor to Dimitry Bukovitzke, Pola Negri's new Russian director.

I have never seen Polo so happy since she has been in Hollywood.

"Nineteen twenty-three was the most miserable year I ever put in," she said. "Rotten pictures, cruel criticisms in the papers, and an unhappy love affair. I know it will be different this year. I have at last found my milieu.'"

If by "milieu" she means her new (Continued on page 90)

There was a family party at the Pickford studio the day they filmed the last scenes of "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." Charlotte Pickford brought little Mary Pickford Rupp over to see her own mother, Lottie Pickford Forrest, and her own beautiful Aunt Mary, in their beautiful costumes.
Is Your Personality Negative?

If it is, you leave a bad impression wherever you go—
Learn to be magnetic; to develop a personality—
You will be told how in the

May Beauty

Getting Fit
You will be shown how to gain beauty thru health in a series of illustrated articles on practical physical culture by Mildred Smelter, Physical Training Director in the Public Schools of Washington, D. C. Beginning in this issue.

Every Matron’s Business
An article for the older woman who is letting herself “slump.” It will help her to Stop-Look-and-Reform.

About Roses
Four of the most beautiful of English girls, who came to this country with Charlot’s Review, tell how they acquired and preserve the delicate texture of their skin and the rose-petal bloom that make cosmetics unnecessary.

Pavlowa’s Time-Clock
An article in which the famous dancer gives her daily regimen for beauty, health and grace.

A Portfolio of Mothers and Children. “A woman attains perfect beauty only thru motherhood.” Champions of the unmarried sisterhood might take issue with the statement, but the lovely mothers pictured are a challenge to their “Nays.” The children, too, are exquisitely lovely and sweet.

Pertinent and Impertinent. A Southern sports editor, male, writes a satire on the bobbed and the unbobbed. Illustrated by Eldon Kelley.

Bargain-Counter Hound? An economic article, “The Wolf in Sheep’s Clothing,” shows how bargain sales often bar gain to the fair purchaser.

On News-stands April 15

Special Introductory Offer — 5 Months for $1.00

Because we want you to know that Beauty is in reality the aristocrat of women’s magazines, we will send you the next five big numbers upon receipt of the introductory price of $1.00. Put a dollar bill into an envelope and mail it right now before you have time to forget it.

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.

Name
State

St. and No.

City.
Are the Heavenly Twins

Fashion’s requirement for lovely nails

If you want lovely nails with just the sheen and lustre that fashion asks, use Glazo.

Glazo comes in those adorable twin sister bottles. There is Glazo, the Liquid Polish, which brings instant nail beauty without harmful buffing; gives nails that fashionable shell-pink finish everybody wants.

Then there’s Glazo, the instant Polish Remover so essential to the successful liquid manicure. In a trice it whisks away last week’s manicure and prepares the nails for fresh loveliness.

GLAZO BRINGS NAIL BEAUTY WITHOUT BUFFING

No need at all for the tiresome old buffer when you use Glazo! As you know, buffing is often injurious to nails, makes them thin and brittle. Glazo is a liquid polish—applied with a brush. It protects nails, preserves their natural beauty. And joy! Its lustre does not crack or peel.

Stop at your favorite counter today and ask the man in the white coat for Glazo. Then once and for all you never running troubles will be ended. You will have fashionable lustrous nails, the kind you’ve always wanted. Glazo, including instant Polish Remover, 5¢ at all counters.

ARE YOU PROUD OF YOUR NAILS?

GLAZO KEEPS NAILS POLISHED LONGER—NO BUFFING

This coupon and 10¢ good for 1 Trial Size Glazo Manicuring Outfit

The Glazo Company
23 Blair Avenue
Cincinnati, Ohio

I enclose 10¢ (or stamp) for which please send me one real self Glazo Manicuring Outfit.

Name

Address

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Greenroom Jottings
(Continued from page 70)

The Queen and the King of the screen! Marion Davies and Rodolph Valentino were awarded loving cups and this distinction at the Hotel Astor in New York after winning a recent contest.

Photograph by International Newsreel
that the fairyland that will be created for Peter to enter into from Never Never Land will be exquisite beyond imagination.

In "Worldly Goods," a serial by Sophie Kerr that appeared in The Ladies' Home Journal, Leatrice Joy reaches the elevation of stardom. Her rise has been along the slow, hard road of persistence and endeavor—not the meteoric path of Lady Luck. Born in New Orleans, she was the victim of one of the fly-by-night film companies that from time to time have sprung up like mushrooms in the Crescent City. She later braved California, and won with the usual extra-girl discouragement. Finally, she secured a part in a stock company of San Diego, which gave her a valuable experience, and won for her small parts in the films. She first attracted the attention of George Loane Tucker, and later that of Cecil B. De Mille. Her genius was established by her work in "Manslaughter," and thru her acting in "The Ten Commandments," she was assured stardom.

And Tommy Meighan gets the lead in James Oliver Curwood's thriller, "The Alaskan," to be produced immediately on the completion of "The Confidence Man." This will be a new departure in roles for Mr. Meighan and will mark his first all outdoor picture in the open spaces of the Northwest. Undoubtedly Tommy will fit.

Oh, ye picture fans, extend the glad palm to the radio stars—Dr. Lee De Forest has invented a phonofilm, a process whereby the voice is recorded simultaneously with the taking of the picture. The invention is a clever device attached to the camera which records sounds by waves of light at the same time the picture is taken. The experience is, in one of the New York theaters with great success; the feature consisting of sketches from the life of Abraham Lincoln. J. Searle Dawley, who directed this talking picture, is now preparing a musical story-picture to be produced by the De Forest Phonofilm Company. Details were not to be had, but it is supposed that music, voice and action will be combined in the making of the feature.

If the screen stars take the advice of George Melford, who is at present making a picture for Lasky on the Coast, they'll all talk in voice culture. Mr. Melford holds that as talking pictures become perfected, stars of the footlights will be culled upon to replace those screen stars who cannot make their vocal chords register, whereas screen stars who can both act and talk will be raised to yet a higher place on the salary books.

Robert Edeson has thrown Broadway into the discard. He's bought a home in Hollywood, and says he won't play on the Great White Way any more, so long as the sun shines in sunny California. For the past twelve years, he has spent most of his time on the New York stage, and only a part of each year in pictures, but at last the screen has wound her silver mesh securely around him. He is engaged in making "Triumph" at the present time.

The screen seems to have the fascination of a silver-span, spider's web. According to Cosmopolitan Corporation, it has caught Princess Marie of the Royal House of Bourbon, and the first cousin to King Alfonzo of Spain, a favorite at the Court of Madrid. For the past two years she has made her home in America, and in "Janice Meredith" she will play the role of Marie Antoinette.

The Great Foe of all teeth is that film

HERE is something all should know and that children should be taught.

Teeth are coated with a film—that viscous film you feel. It clings tenaciously, and no ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it.

That film is the tooth's greatest enemy, the cause of most tooth troubles. It soon becomes discolored, then forms dingy coats. Then teeth become clouded and are constantly unclean.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Also of other serious troubles, local and internal.

Ways to combat it

Tooth troubles were constantly increasing. Very few escaped. So dental science sought for film combatants. After long research, two were found. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

Able authorities have proved these methods by many careful tests. A new type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

Leading dentists everywhere advise this method. Now millions of careful people of some 30 nations employ it every day.

Also acidity effects

Certain people, it was found, are notably immune to tooth troubles. The reason was traced to the eating of much acid fruit. So Pepsodent embodies this principle of mild acidity. Every use multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, which is there to neutralize mouth acids. It multiplies the starch digestant in saliva, which is there to digest starch deposits on teeth.

These combined results are bringing millions a new dental era.

This test will tell

Pepsodent proves itself, and quickly. Send the coupon for a ten-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 know in a week why everyone should use this method daily. Then tell the facts to those you teach.

Cut out coupon now.

The scientific tooth paste now advised by leading dentists the world over.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Pepsodent

REG U.S.

The 10-Day Tube Free

The Pepsodent Company

Dept. 842, 1104 S. Western Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day tube of Pepsodent to:

Only one tube to a family.

CUT OUT THE COUPON NOW

The scientific tooth paste now advised by leading dentists the world over.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Pepsodent REG U.S.

The 10-Day Tube Free

The Pepsodent Company

Dept. 842, 1104 S. Western Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day tube of Pepsodent to:

Only one tube to a family.

CUT OUT THE COUPON NOW

The scientific tooth paste now advised by leading dentists the world over.
Broadway catches its breath — Lillian Gish is rumored engaged to one Pierre Frois, the second son of the Conte Rose, on which the Gish sisters sailed to Italy to film "Romola"—but as denial of the rumor is as quick to come as the water Broadway breathes—again. After all, it seems to have been a case of a charming girl, a handsome debutante youth, Italian skies, laughing waters and time to play at hearts. Anyhow, Broadway prefers to believe that Miss Gish will favor Charles H. Duell, motion-picture producer, with whom she has her present contract, and who accepted a divorce last month in Paris, presumably to marry the star. Broadway can better visualize Miss Gish as wife of the wealthy film magnate than of the dashing Pierre Frois, who since the Gishes sailed, has resigned from the ship to take charge of an antique shop in Venice—Lillian dusting antiques in real life would be too absurdly romantic.

Now would you like to be this poor little rich girl? Alyce Mills was recently engaged for a picture to be taken in the Maine woods — atmosphere — ice, snow, zero weather and Arctic winds whirling down the spinal column. By the time Miss Mills had bought all the Navajo blankets, sealskin coats, and sweaters in sight, the producer changed his mind and decided to shoot his film in Florida—history doesn't say whether the story was rewritten—it only tells how the poor little rich girl has to make bathing suits and dance frocks out of blankets and skins before she arrives at those exacting Palm Beach hotels.

We are glad May McAvoy hasn't said anything about retiring upon her marriage to Glenn Hunter—we are not yet hard-boiled enough to be always off with the old star and on with the new. Miss McAvoy is now being featured in the William de Mille production of "The Inside Cup," an original scenario by Clare Beranger. Following this feature, she will appear in the lead of the Samuel Goldwyn production of "Tarnish," the stage success to be directed by George Fitzmaurice at the United Studios.

An acknowledged fact—Corinne Griffith and Oliver Morosco have admitted that they were recently married in San Diego. And more astonishing still, in the light of modern marriages, Mrs. Morosco has declared that she will make only three more pictures and then will retire to enjoy full measure of domestic happiness.

We friends never borrow, we friends never lend, that is unless it's first hand. For the past year Irene Rich, under contract to Warner Brothers has been loaned to several other producers. She has now come to the conclusion that she can lend herself around quite as efficiently as any one can lend her, so she has announced herself a free-lance and open for engagements at the completion of "Cytherea," the George Fitzmaurice production in which she has an important rôle.

And after Lincoln, Roosevelt. The filming of the life of Theodore Roosevelt in episodic form, much as the story of the life of Abraham Lincoln has been told, has been begun and will be released before the end of the present season. The incidents will include Roosevelt's earliest school days, his college life, his political life as the Police Commissioner of New York City, Lieutenant Colonel of the Rough Riders, Governor of New York, President of the United States, and finally

(Continued on page 97)
Vignettes of the Studios

(Continued from page 41)

way can be seen the long row of dressing-rooms facing outward to the street.
To the right of the driveway similar small buildings house the executive offices of the two companies, while behind them, carefully shielded, the Spanish street sets for Mary's "Rosita," draw one back from the boulevard again, into the land of romance.

The Land of Romance. However, grab the surrounding country, which seems so eager to encroach, life remains picturesque and fascinating here.

But could life seem otherwise, I wonder, where Doug and Mary walk?

THE HERO

By FAITH BALDWIN

Oh, if a Super-man there be.
Of high, or low, or now, degree,
He is the Hero, dark or fair.
Who thrives upon the Screen's thin air.

A Galahad—but not too good,
A Lancelot—misunderstood,
A Samson, with his locks unshorn,
A Romeo, but not forlorn.

A dash of deviltry, a hint
Of principles, as hard as flint,
A monk, a rake—but no excess,
A business wizard for success—

The perfect Lover, debonair,
He thrives upon the Screen's thin air.

ONE DOLLAR

buys one of these two beauty-creating combinations:

Bourjois JAVA* Face Powder and Ashes of Roses* Rouge
Bourjois JAVA Face Powder and Rouge Mandarine*

(Ashes of Roses Rouge is the red of the heart of a rose. Rouge Mandarine is orange, oriental in effect)

Each in full size

The American woman knows JAVA. The House of Bourjois, for fifty years, improved JAVA until it is the synonym for perfect adherence and consistency. JAVA is made in White, Naturelle, Rose and Rachel and includes the new, already famous Peaches* and Peaches-and-Cream* powders. The American woman knows Ashes of Roses Rouge as the best made and the purest. When she prefers a brighter, oriental effect she chooses Rouge Mandarine. A dollar bill for JAVA and one of these rouges—is invested in loveliness.

Almost all druggists have them. If your dealer has not, ask him to order for you. If you are not in range of a dealer's services, enclose one dollar with the coupon below, send to us, and the combination you choose will be mailed directly.

(Postal orders are safest)

BOURJOIS PARISIAN

JAVA

FACE POWDER

A. BOURJOIS & COMPANY, INC.

PARIS 41 ½ West 34th Street

NEW YORK


NAME

ADDRESS
Your Perfume Should Be "Becoming"

You choose a hat or frock for its becomingness. You select it because its style exactly suits you—brings out your best features—makes you appear more charming. Your perfume should be as individually becoming as your loveliest gown. You should select it just as carefully. Clothes are soon forgotten, but a perfume may linger in the memory for years.

Floriant, an exquisite bouquet fragrance, has a happy way of blending with widely varying personalities—seeming to take on a new meaning with each wearer. Or you may find your favorite among other lovely Colgate scents.

It is easy to select the right perfume with the Colgate Perfume Test—aaid of fun besides. Full instructions and materials for making the test, including three miniature vials of perfume will be sent you for a 3c stamp. Address Colgate & Co., Dept. 11, 199 Fulton Street, New York City.

A Very Odd Young Man

(Continued from page 26)

whoever happened to pass near where we were sitting. He is most meticulous in this. Carpenters, stenographers, electricians, each and every one got a greeting and by name. One feels that he would not, for worlds, be thought up-stage, tho' his air was not that of the jolly good mixer. Distinctly it was noblesse oblige.

He did not seem particularly interested in revealing the pertinent facts concerning himself and his career, tho' of course his pose of indifference would not permit him to appear interested in anything or anyone—even himself.

He was born in Chicago, he told me, in a tone that seemed to add "one must be born somewhere, you know," and is of French and Irish parentage.

He has been "on the stage a good deal" and "in a lot of pictures," he added for my further information, his film experience starting with Essanay, when he was fourteen years of age. During recent years he has appeared in several New York stage successes, including "Anna Ascends," "Thy Name Is Woman" and "Nice People." The he didn't say so, I fancy that he rather prefers the legitimate stage to pictures. There seemed to be a bare flicker of interest in his melancholy black eyes when he spoke of these plays.

Now if the Boulevard is to be believed, and not infrequently it proves itself a worthy prophet, Rod La Rocque is to be one of the most-talked-of personalities of the screen year. He's much discussed out here just now, and the consensus of opinion is that he's going over big, if I may use that typical Boulevard expression.

He revealed himself, in "The Ten Commandments," to be an actor and a profoundly good one at that.

I'm inclined to agree with the Boulevard. I don't believe he's a one-picture man. Following the De Mille feature he played a small part in "Don't Call It Love," and practically walked away with that picture. He has his every chance to distinguish himself in "Triumph" and I believe he'll take advantage of it.

No longer is he just a tall, dark-eyed youth, walking rather listlessly thru his roles. A change has come over him. What caused it I don't know. Possibly it's the De Mille influence. Or it may be merely that he's really grown up at last. He has been on the screen so long that we're inclined to think of him as being considerably older than he is. He's still in the early twenties.

"Whatever you do," he requested, "don't say I'm in love. Success usually is attributed to the inspiration of love, you know." His tone was slightly sarcastic.

Hastily I reassured him. "Marriage is a risk these days," he sighed. "I have my mother and sister with me. No one could take better care of me, in my home, than they do. Why should I look for happiness anywhere else?"

I had no answer for that one.

Mr. De Mille, surrounded by his aides and assistants, drew near as I was leaving. I gathered that a discussion was under way regarding the altering of a certain sequence in "Triumph." La Rocque joined the group, greeting De Mille with "Hello, papa.

"I don't want a restaurant," decided Mr. De Mille. "As soon as the people in the audience see a restaurant on the screen, they'll hold up their hands and say, 'What,
another one. But how about having the action take place in a barber shop?"

This idea went over well.

"Yes, a barber shop," mused the czar of the Lasky plot. "The kind of a barber shop in which Solomon might have entertained the Queen of Sheba."

I shall look for that De Mille barber shop in "Triumph."

And for the dark-eyed Rod La Rocque, who, off screen, is determined to be so very, very indifferent to the haphazard fortunes of life. If he clings to his pose tightly enough, it at least will never be said of him that he's "just an ordinary every-day man."

For which I promise I shall praise Allah, with many deep salaams.

There are enough ordinary, every-day people in the world already, goodness knows.

How Do You Talk About Books?

(Continued from page 33)

(by professional I mean not particularly artistic!) and order a home. He takes the order, and delivers the home so many months later. And that's about all the owner has to say about it. That's the way they did." And The Lady indicated ever so slightly the star and the graduation dress.

"Then the fun began. They knew nothing about architecture, of course, so they had to leave everything to the architect, and pay for his knowledge. And they pay for it, my dear. Then came the interior decorator. I happened to hear your Star telling the decorator what he wanted. I want the very best thing in every room, nothing wrong, understand, I want to be sure that the most refined and cultured people will know I have the very best. And so on. I felt sorry, but there was nothing to be done about it. His Royal Starness was amazed and delighted, when it was completed. He was delighted, too, with his grounds in which the landscape architect put every conceivable kind of flower, fruit, terrace, bird's bath and sun-dial that will live in the California heat."

Chairs scraped the floor behind us, and The Lady whispered to know if I wanted to meet them. I signaled that I did. The Lady looked up and smiled, they stopped, introductions, the waiter brought the extra chairs, and . . .

"My, wife and I," said the scratchy voice, "have just been arguing about something, and I want to put it up to you." He turned to The Lady, but it was obvious that I was by no means excluded. I felt that he would have said the same thing had I known him for years. "You see the little wife wants to get into the Woman's Social Club here in Hollywood and they have a rule against 'movies,'" he indicated by the inflection of his voice that he was quoting. The Lady broke in:

"My dear," she said, turning to the little wife, "you wouldn't like it at all. Here's something much more exciting right beside you, this is a Professor, and she marked me for life. A change which I could never describe came over them both, as tho a new liquid had started running in their veins. And then the Star turned to me and said in all seriousness: "Professor, you're just the man for me, I want somebody who can teach us how to talk about books."

They're all delicious

And they're all different. Yet in many respects they're all alike.

All "Uneeda Bakers" varieties taste good because all contain only the purest and best of ingredients.

Obtain the best by asking for biscuit—
"What a whale of a difference just a few cents make!"

— all the difference
between just an ordinary cigarette
and—FATIMA, the most skillful blend in cigarette history.

**Are You Reaching for the Truth?**
I will tell you Under which Zodiac Sign were you born? What are your opportunities in life, your future prospects, happiness in marriage, friends, enemies, success in all undertakings and many other vital questions as indicated by ASTROLOGY, the most ancient and interesting science of history?

Were you born under a lucky star? I will tell you, free, the most interesting astrological interpretation of the Zodiac Sign you were born under.

Simply send me the exact date of your birth in your own handwriting. To cover cost of this notice and postage, include 12 cents in any form (coin preferred) and your exact name and address. Your astrological interpretation will be written in plain language and sent to you securely sealed and postpaid. A real surprise awaits you! Do not fail to send birth date and to enclose 12 cents. Print name and address to avoid delay in mailing.

Write now—TODAY—to the
ASTA STUDIO, 309 Fifth Ave., Dept. 132, New York

**The Bogey-Man of the Stars**
(Continued from page 30)

like Gloria Swanson literally live at the dressmaker's. Every picture means a complete new wardrobe. These girls take one look at the part they are to play; then make a headlong dive for the modistes. There results a more than normal deterioration. In some cases, the gowns are sold at second-hand dealers; in other cases they are turned over to the studio to be ripped up and made over into new clothes, salvaged for the cloth.

In the case of period costumes, of course, the loss is usually total. They are allowed the cost of grease paint and all make-up; also the total cost of wigs.

In some instances they are allowed to figure in the salaries of valets and maids and secretaries — only, however, in the event that these employees are used solely as adjuncts in the business of acting. In other words, the government will make no deductions for house servants, but permits deductions for servants used on the sets as helpers in dressing for the scenes before the camera.

There is usually a grand row with the tax-collector over the provision whereby the actors are allowed to deduct the cost of advertising and publicity.

The actors always try to run in all kinds of expenses as necessary advertising. I have known cases where the tax-collector allowed deductions for trips to New York on the ground that the actor was slipping in the eyes of the public and needed to be seen in the big centers as a fame-restorer. It is getting more and more difficult, however, to get such allowances.

Mary Miles Minter, Roscoe Arbuckle and several other stars, it is said, have tried several times to enter in the cost and maintenance of beautiful and expensive cars as advertising — splashes made for the dazzling of the public. Every year the government is more strict in such matters. The cost of maintaining one car is now allowed if it can be shown that it is absolutely necessary to the business of getting to the different studios.

Commissions paid to agents are allowed as deductions. These commissions, being usually ten per cent. of the salary, are a main reliance of income-tax payers. Another big deduction is that of fan mail. This includes both the cost of the photographs and the cost of handling it. In the case of very popular stars, this adds up to a terrific figure. It costs Mary Pickford nearly $50,000 a year to handle her fan mail; Mary sends out unusually fine photographs.

The Gish girls' fan mail is said to cost in excess of $20,000 a year. Several actors are following the example of Jackie Coogan in forming themselves into holding companies. No doubt this results in a splitting of the income tax in that the salary goes to the various stockholders instead of just the star alone, thus slicing down the tax.

There is a probability of a change in the provisions of the California State law whereby wives and husbands will be permitted to render separate returns, dividing the family income between them. Also there is an effort being made to secure a ruling from the government to the effect that, in the past, the government has wrongfully collected the tax as a whole from the husband instead of allowing the wife to claim half of the family revenue. Should this ruling be given, it will involve the return of millions of dollars to the suffering California taxpayers — including the movies.
Wrinkles Wiped Out in a Few Minutes With New Spanish Cream

Spanish Chemist's Discovery Smoothes Them Away in a Few Minutes' Time Gives You Immediately a Glowing Complexion That Your Friends Will Admire

TINY crow's feet, ugly deep-seated chin wrinkles, disfiguring lines, caused by arching brows or frowns can now be wiped away within a few minutes' time by a pleasant, harmless vegetable cream called "Onamor."

This wonderful preparation is the discovery of the well-known Spanish chemist, Jacques Romano. Mr. Romano has lectured before many scientific bodies throughout the world and first made his remarkable cream for the society women he had met in his travels and who had begged him to give them a preparation that would quickly wipe away their age-revealing lines.

New Method of Treatment

Onamor is entirely different from anything that has ever been produced before. It gets at the real cause of wrinkles. With faulty circulation, the skin on the face and neck becomes flabby and takes on permanently the wrinkles caused by frowning, laughing, worry or care. Onamor stimulates the blood circulation, vitalizes and builds up the living tissue so that the skin becomes smooth and firm without regard to age.

See Your Wrinkles Go

You can feel Onamor bring the healthy blood to the surface with the very first application, and best of all; you can actually see your wrinkles go. You'll marvel at the wonderful freshness and peach-like glow of your complexion from the first application.

Onamor is highly beneficial to the skin and eradicates blackheads and quickly heals all blemishes. It tends to close enlarged pores and generally refines and beautifies the skin.

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Twenty-four-hour service, which is the standard set by the Bell System, is the exception in the service of Continental Europe. An emergency may occur at any time. Continuous and reliable service has become a part of the social and economic fibre of American life.

When They Went to High School

(Continued from page 50)

theatrical star and took part in all the school plays.

“We now realize that she knew more about acting than we did,” said the high-school teacher. “But we didn’t think so then and the battles were fast and furious. “I remember one day that Louise was to take the part of a Gypsy girl. We wanted her to use an old costume which we had on hand; Louise insisted on having a new one. The conflict lasted a week. Finally Louise went to the principal of the school in tears—and won. Her tears were too devastating to be resisted by any man school-teacher. Nevertheless, Louise was a very clever girl—as smart as a whip and very shrewd.”

“Juanita Hansen was a very dazzling beauty over whom the boys were all crazy. Juanita took no interest whatever in school. She was frankly bored by tears by her studies. Of course in these circumstances—it was not possible to teach her much.

“Another girl who was not among our shining students was Marie Prevost. Marie Prevost was a clever girl, but her mind was on other things. She wanted to get into the movies, and she was more interested in the swimming-tank at Mack Sennett’s than in the Rubicon which Cesar crossed.”

Carmel told me that Marie came a little before her day and Billie Horton’s. But Margery Prevost was there and she used to patronize them all in a fearful manner on account of her sister’s being in the movies.

Sometimes they all come back to school for the big anniversaries and so on. Every year the old high-school paper gives a banquet and Carmel never misses one.

She calls them all by their first names and kisses all the babies, and is just the same gay little girl as in the days when she almost wrecked the family reputation by that dreadful football editorial.

In spite of their intimacy and in spite of the fact that they have both been in the movies all these years, Carmel and Bessie Love had never been in the same picture until last summer when Carmel was the vamp and Bessie the tootiful sweetheart in a picture made at Goldwyn’s from Balzac’s “The Magic Skin.”
That's Out
(Continued from page 52)

actress. Yet, on the screen she has been a comparative failure, while actresses of less attractiveness and ability have known great popularity. Will some bright member of the masses kindly explain this?

A SUGGESTION TO PRODUCERS

Why not give Shakespeare another try on the screen. Think of the money that could be wasted on it. To any producer wishing to make a venture in Shakespearean photodrama we wish to suggest "The Merchant of Venice" as a play that should make very interesting screen material.

A PLACE IN THE SUN

For Patterson Dial. This young ac-
tess, in the Rupert Hughes film "Reno," showed signs of dramatic fire, which merits the attention of directors and producers who are searching for talent capable of being developed.

STEALING HAROLD LLOYD'S STUFF

Some screen comedians are apparently under the impression that the only acquire
ment necessary to make themselves uproariously funny is a pair of horn-rimmed glasses. This is no reflection upon Sydney Chaplin, who uses them to good effect in "The Galloping Fish." Syd, by the way, is doing great work in his silver-sheet come-back and if he can give us some more portrayals such as the old British Tommy in "The Rendezvous," he will be a very distinct asset to the silent drama.

PUTTING THE HALLMARK ON SAM DE GRASSE

When we recently classed Sam de Grasse as one of the screen's finest actors, our statement was greeted by much dis
approval. Now that no less a personage than Mary Pickford herself has come forward and announced that Sam is one of her favorite actors, we suppose that makes everything all right and justifies our opinion.

WHY DO THEY DO IT?

The silent drama has progressed a great deal in the past few years, but movie charac
ters are still able to write lengthy epistles in three or four seconds, and im
portant notes and telegrams are still crumpled up and thrown on the floor where villains can find them.

FAVORITE PRESS AGENT YARNS NO. 24

The one which relates of how the young star's make-up was so real that even the gateman and the star's own mother didn't recognize her, and yet to the spectator of the film it was very plain exactly who she was as soon as she entered the screen.

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America's Foremost School of Commercial Art
Voices in the Air

(Continued from page 61)

very full of performers and a crate of oranges. Whole-heartedly, Daddy Jim and a quartet sang "Merry Heart." Then as if the world had rolled from his shoulders, Daddy Jim replaced his collar while the fair Evelyn sang, "If My Thoughts Had Wings." "Evelyn Herbert is in Fred Stone's 'Stepping Stones,' at the Globe Theater," Finley informed us, "but she wears a black wig over her own beautiful hair, isn't that a shame?"

We agreed but experienced difficulty in keeping our attention on the singer, for the doors kept popping open every second to admit green velvet-jacketed musicians from the theater orchestra downstairns, or a famous cellist or yet another brilliantly clad singer.

The room was rapidly reaching its capacity when in breezed a little girl in a green gown. Her locks were bound by a broad silver ribbon and pink roses pinned over either ear. We recognized the pink roses as having been, shall we say, 'plucked from Mr. Rothafel's silver vase.'

She was Mlle. Gambarello, Primadonna of the Capitol Theater and a sprite of spring if ever we saw one. Roxey announced her enthusiastically to his calm machine.

"Now folks, here's Gambry. She will sing for you."

Gambry drew her delicious little pink mouth into a pout and shook her silver-wreathed head, "no, no, no, Mr. Rothafel, I want to tell them a poem, just a wee bit of a poem, but, oh, so sweet."

No more male could withstand the accent she put on that "sweet," so Roxey made amends by announcing that Gambry would recite.

Gambry did. Someone in the room suggested that she better stick to singing. So Gambry sang one of her native Italian songs with a whoop at the end of it, and the same facetious person intimated that she had better stick to her dancing.

But Gambry was game and was received with real applause by the other performers. We reminded us that just because the beauty of Evelyn and Gambry was so intriguing, the profile of Doug so fascinating, and the collar of Daddy Jim so dramatic, we must not forget Wee Willie Roberts, a tiny chap who lifted his head high and sang his soul out to two unresponsive round instruments; a truly beautiful voice, that of Wee Willie's.

The red light and the green light flashed out on Roxey's Ford joke and the room became a bedlam of congratulations, and orange tossed back and forth to the performers. Oranges which Wee looked at suspiciously and perhaps a bit hopefully at first, but which we learned came from an admirer in far-off Florida for the hitherto unknown Voices in the Air.

When Valentino returned to the studios he gave his entire company a luncheon party.

Read what he said to them about the rumors of his unpleasant studio personality in The Editor Gossips on Page 43 of this issue.
Across the Silversheet

(Continued from page 53)

well that the thing to do was take advantage of their star who cries so expressively.

Leon Errol of Ziegfeld fame is amusing in a humorous role.

Ralph Graves, it seemed to us, was an unsympathetic hero. Not for one minute did we believe he was Prince Maximilian of Styria. He had the atmosphere of a modern. And, if you lack sympathy with the hero of this story, it negates most of the action.

The plot concerns itself with Princess Maximilian (Lois Bandle) to marry Maximilian of her heart and not the half-wit Prince Charles of France with whom her father seeks an alliance for reasons of state.

So far as expenditure went, nothing was spared to make "Yolanda" a great motion picture. We think, first of all, that it suffered in the cutting. Frequently we were aware of lapses in continuity. Here and there it interested us, but it failed to stir us emotionally enough to inspire us even slightly. All those material things which wealth bought for this production lie more or less ineffective because they are not illuminated by the vitalizing spark of what we call imagination, for want of a better and more descriptive word.

* * *

We bring generous laurels to "America's" first episode, "The Sacrifice," the latter days of critical retrospection. For we doubt if any director other than D. W. Griffith would have had the courage to present with force, as Griffith, a series of skirmishes and battles strung upon a comparatively unimportant and slim love interest. We are quite sure no other director could have done this with more effect.

Griffith plans to chronicle America's history upon the screen in a series of episodes. This, the first, deals with pre-Revolutionary days and those terrifying days of warfare itself. Robert W. Chambers, the famous Mr. Griffith, with the story, and we admit freely that it interested us infinitely more than most productions we have seen which have had their action in a way hampered by a necessity for facts.

Unfortunately for Mr. Griffith's dramatic construction and for his usual and never-failing formula of a race for life in the last reel... with the victorious outcome shadowed in the very fade-out itself, history has managed to be horribly anti-climactic. The ride of Paul Revere is the most thrilling episode in this production. His cry "To Arms! The British are coming!" as his horse's hoofs strike sparks in the moonlight on the streets of village and hamlet, still stirs our memory. It is one of the most thrilling things we have ever seen.

Then follows an almost uninterrupted series of battles. Ordinarily, battles bore us unspeakably. We rest our eyes until some kind friend tells us they are over. This time, we say "Amazin'." In the first place, the perfectly beautiful and unexcelled Griffith photography with the distinct exalting, confusing everything but the central character and with soft tones always... is not a strain to behold. Outside of that we actually enjoy the battle sequences. A whose acumen and intelligence we respect mightily insists that we enjoyed the battle scenes because seventy of our ragged forefathers stood up against twice that

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Try the gloves five nights next. 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 don't make your hands more beautiful than you ever dreamed possible, don't keep the gloves. Return them to us and you won't be out one cent for the free trial. You are the judge.

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PAGE 29
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Pictorial Features

Sheiks All—
A page of sheiks, depicting three movie stars who have played this crushing rôle.

Celestial—
A group of screen stars done in cartoon from the peak of Decker’s comic pen.

Rhythm—
A double-page spread of dancers, the lightest, the loveliest on fantastic toe.

Allurement—
A full-page photographic study of Irene Bordeni, who slays with her dark eyes.

“Out, Damned Spot!”
A story on the curse of the studio—Kleig eyes—by Dorothy Donnell, author of “Fortunate Misfortunes.” No one is immune from this plague of light that carries waste and suffering in its wake.

“Love Has a Tide”
Lewis Stone writes most unexpectedly on love, showing that, after all, the tide must change.

from star to star—Helen Ferguson interviews charming Barbara La Marr.

A Society Scandal—The fictionization of Gloria Swanson’s latest screen vehicle.

many well-drilled and well-armed British soldiers...and that that in itself is thrilling. Maybe...

We think our interest was born in another reason. Griffith made those rebels human beings before he made them soldiers. He showed them to us as family men. One would drop his picket in the hayrick to shoulder his decrepit market...another would wave a regretful good-bye to children who toddled after him to fall in their frightened haste...another would wrench himself away from the restraining hands of a wife or sweetheart, anxious to follow the sounding life and drum. This is what directors invariably fail to do...and the neglect for which we are eternally offering criticism. A few fragmentary shots suggest that the numbers of a mob are individuals. It’s a pity to leave them puppets. When they are left so, the consequences of the drama are of no matter.

The story is born of the love of Nancy Montague, daughter of an old Tory and sister of a Rebel, for one of the most rebellious rebels of them all. Of course there is a villain...Captain Butler, under whose command the savage Indian warfare was waged in the latter part of this war. He covets the fair Nancy. All of this is as it should be, for the dramatic purpose of the story and history permits Captain Butler to be painted black enough to suit any novelist’s plans. Hence we have lacked any sympathy whatever for Carol Dempster. We have always granted that she was frequently lovely to look at and probably possessed of good-bredning. But that is hardly enough to carry the star part in production after production. Moreover, her Nancy Montague frequently comes close to our heart...we thought her infinitely improved.

And while we think Neil Hamilton’s “Nathan Hafen” will bring him an early fame, we believe that by far the most artistic portrayal in the picture was contributed by Charles Emmet Mack as the dandy Tory son, whose bejeweled and manicured hand was steady on his sword, and whose life was gladly laid on the altar of the Rebel’s cause. His work shone with the brilliancy of a masterly cut diamond. Lionel Barrymore was a thoroly disagreeable and sinister Captain Walter Butler, which is, in itself, praise.

Louis Wolheim was so frightful as one of Butler’s subordinates that we doubted his realism...and Arthur Devey created a George Washington who would have dominated more of the production if he had been permitted to do so. As one New York critic aptly and caustically remarked: “George Washington is sacrificed to the wiles of Carol Dempster.”

The stars find the answering of their fan mail a gigantic undertaking. There will be a specially illustrated article about this phase of a stellar existence in the June number.

MAY

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ICEBOUND

Told in short-story form, by permission, from the Paramount production of the scenario by Clara Beranger, adapted from the stage play by Owen Davis.

Directed by William B. de Mille. The cast:

Jane Crosby. Lois Wilson
Ben Jordan. Helen Dubois
Emma Jordan. Vera Reynolds
Sadie Fellows. Mary Foy
Orin Burns. Frank Conroy
Ella Jordan. Ethel Wales
Mrs. Jordan. Alice Chapin
Henry Jordan. John Garfield
Hamnah. Edna May Oliver
Judge Bradford. Frank Shannon

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Paris Toilet Co., 305 Oak St., Paris, Tenn.

Icebound (Continued from page 39)

cap for Ben,” despite the family protestations. And Nettie had little tricks that were not of New England and that seemed to Ben so many bright oases in a dreary desert.

Jane knew that Ben went to see Nettie; that they met stealthily; even that Ben fancied himself in love with the girl. And she knew, of course, that nothing could happen to Ben would be to marry Nettie. Ben needed a lamp, a torch. He needed the fine, sleeping thing within him running downstairs to see if she could possibly have left it by the ironing-board when she had pressed it in the morning, she beheld Nettie wearing it—and clasped in her arms.

When they discovered Jane, Nettie ran over to her and said that she was only "trying it on," and would take it right off. "I am too jealous to wear, Jane shook her head before she turned to go up the stairs again. "You may have it, Nettie," she said, "I—I won't need it any more. And will..."

Icebound

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Hamnah. Edna May Oliver
Judge Bradford. Frank Shannon

It must have been ten o'clock when Jane heard the closing of the door and the list of the Jordan footsteps going down the walk. Her bag was packed and she supposed that Ben had gone the rounds to see if the stock was all right.

But at the bottom of the steps Ben was standing in his eyes aching to see her. "Where are you going?" he said, and Jane had never heard his voice like that before.

"Away," Jane said. "I—to my father's cousin over in Mexico ville was in tonight."

Ben appeared to disregard this; "I told them tonight," he said, "that for your birthday you had given me the Jordan money and farmed it as belonging, so you said, 'rightfully to me' and also that you had arranged for me not to have to go to prison in any event. I told them that you explained to me that you were really only 'custodian of the money ' till such time as I should have learned to work, and that I was, now, not only a free man, but a wealthy looking up at her.

Jane was giving a party. For her own birthday. But really she was doing it for Ben. She had festooned the parlor, now opened and made cozy and habitable, and she had, secretly, made herself a frock with lace at breast and sleeves. Such a frock as Ben had once described to her on a French girl he had met.

The night of the party came and Jane was ready to dress. The dress was gone... you act as hostess at the party? I... my head hurts so... it’s funny..."

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letters to the editor

(continued from page 64)

pictures, and I can remember no instance when she was not vividly natural.

Too seldom do we see Elsie Ferguson on the screen. She has given us many exquisite portrayals, and I trust we will soon again see her fragile beauty and deep understanding reflected in the Shadows.

Bessie Barriscale! Who remembers her? It is only a few years since she left the screen. I never heard about her. I have missed her vividly human characters from the screen.

Ever so many magazines assure us that the screen is demanding new faces. Perhaps that is so, but I feel for none of the new faces that have come upon us as a deluge, the admiration and affection I felt for those I have already named, and Marguerite Clark, Pauline Frederick, Dorothy Phillips, the Talmades, and the wonderful Gishes.

Naturally, there are always exceptions to every rule, and in my case, they are Lois Wilson... and Pola Negri... whose genius was so great that it even shone thru the smeared fabric of "Bella Donna" and "The Cheat." There need be no other proof as to her greatness.

In conclusion, as refutation to the unjust criticism of Ramon Novarro, I think I am only one whose critic, who reviewed "Searacouche," wrote, "Ramon Novarro has developed into an actor of power and charm." He is ideal for the role. Praise of him in this production means even more because he is playing opposite such a splendid actor as Lewis Stone. To one that has seen Mr. Novarro in more than one picture, the suggestion that he is merely an imitator, is absurd. And that's all there is, there isn't any more.

Rose M. Revere,

3836 Boulevard,
West Hoboken, N. J.

Are the screen stars really stars?

DEAR EDITOR: Are the screen stars really stars?

This question has been the discussion of many of my acquaintances for some time past. Unfortunately, being a staunch advocate of the screen and its people, I was shown where there was wrong in many instances by answering "Yes" to the above question.

My friends based their arguments on the comparison between stage and screen. On the stage, they explained, one does not get by on his good looks and charming personality alone as he does on the screen.

On stage, they explained, one does not get by on his good looks and charming personality alone as he does on the screen. Eight times out of ten, he must prove, while on the stage, that he is a real artist, a finished product, a graduate of the School of Life. He must possess the power of drawing his audience to his particular role, whether good or bad. How? Not as the screen idol does, with soulful eyes, passionate close-ups, and heroic gestures. The man of the speaking stage cannot be undisciplined. He must be well versed in the language, have a command of the tools at least as strong an orator and expression.

And whilst I listened to these truths, I began to weaken. They went on to say—"Fit the average leading man of the screen into the principal male role of any drama and we would soon learn how long he would retain his alias..."

A brush for waving hair!

Waves the hair with every stroke! Every strand—even every hair—is encouraged to curl as it ripples through the waving rows of bristles in this scientific formed brush!

If you want wavy hair—that really waves, with a real, natural wave—use the new brush that brushes in waves. Free proof, on your own hair; see offer.

For years women have done everything and anything to make waves in their hair—only to brush them out! The hair brush with straight rows of bristles straightens the soft hair; how could it be otherwise?

But now, those who wish wavy hair may have it. Your hair will be straight if you brush it straight; it will wave if waved in the brushing.

Any hair brush waved... with ease

All hair requires ten to fifteen minutes daily brushing to keep it healthy, or even clean. So the brush-wave means no extra time nor trouble; all you need is the right brush. It's ready in limited quantity now—it is called Wavex—costs no more because of the waving feature—a fine quality, genuine pig-bristle hair brush that will be a delight to use.

You need no preparation with this scientific brush—there's no mystery or "magic" in this discovery. No skill in using, just brush your hair—and Wavex will coax to curliness in a perfectly natural and beneficial way.

At New York's beauty show Wavex was a sensation. Women were shown and convinced on the spot. Every brush was soon gone, and scores of others left orders. A thousand Wavex brushes are reserved and ready for this first published announcement; you are assured a Wavex brush if you act promptly. Just your name and address brings the brush, and you need not send any money unless you want to.

If you want wavy hair, give Nature a chance. All you'll ever require for hair that ripples and falls into soft curl is the right brush. You'll soon have an effect that all the dressings ever made for hair could not duplicate.

How to get a Wavex

Soon the stores will be supplied with Wavex brushes, but you need not wait for yours. We will forward one brush to any address. Then you may look for yourself what a marvelous beauty aid has been found in the curling hair brush. What you save in beauty parlor fees makes the cost of Wavex insignificant. Send for yours now—pay the postman when you get it.

Notes: Everyone needs, and should use a good hair brush and the Wavex is a quality brush with genuine pig bristles hand-set in its strong, graceful handled wood block. The introductory price is three dollars! So, the wonderful waving feature really costs nothing.
Watch Your Eyes

Are they sparkling and alive, or dull and unattractive? The beauty of the face is largely dependent upon the EYES. Through them glow youth, personality, magnetism. Many women, by neglect or improper care, allow their EYES to grow lusterless, dull and lifeless. EYES carefully cleansed and cared for should assume new lights and loveliness.

Never overstrain or abuse your EYES. And, after exposure to sun, wind and dust, remove irritating particles with Murine. Use this beneficial lotion night and morning to cleanse, brighten and refresh your EYES. It positively does not contain belladonna or any other harmful ingredient.

Our attractively illustrated book, "Beauty Lies Within the Eyes," tells how to properly care for your EYES, Brown and Blue, and thus enhance their beauty. Send for a copy of this helpful book. It's FREE.

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Dept. 35, Chicago.

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Physically fit means calm and steady of nerve—athletes find the use of Beeman's"a sensible habit"

BEEMAN'S
Pepsin Gum

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So writes an enthusiastic, grateful customer. In like manner testifies over 100,000 people who have worn it. Conserve your body and life first.

The Natural

Body Brace

Overcomes WEAKNESS and ORGANIC AILMENTS of WOMEN and MEN. Develops an erect, and graceful figure. Brings restful relief, comfort, energy and pep, ability to do things, health and strength. Does away with the strain and pain of standing and walking; replaces and supports misplaced internal organs; reduces enlarged abdomen; strengthens the back; corrects stooping shoulders; develops lungs, chest and bust; relieves backache, curvatures, nervousness, ruptures, constipation, after effects of flu. Comfortable and easy to wear.

Costs You Nothing to Try It

Write today for illustrated book, free, with full information and measurement blank. Address HOWARD C. RASH, Pres., Natural Body Brace Co., 117 Bush Building, SALINA, KANSAS.

AMERICAN CHICHE CO.

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AMERICAN CHICHE CO.
do truly admire, but that same grudge is against them, too.

That's my only kick against the players. I know they're all good fellows, and they do their best for us. I enjoy every picture I see, and think Marion Davies and Mary Pickford are wonderful, great, etc., etc. Only, please, Mary, give us another little-girl part—just one more, won't you? And Marion—there never was, and never will be a picture again, as wonderful and beautiful as "When Knighthood Was In Flower." That was supreme. To my notion anyway. I don't know about the rest of the fans.

Forgetting grudges too—I love every screen star.

Yours very truly,

HELEN GILLETT
986 E. 52nd Place,
Los Angeles, California.

A letter from a boarding-school—

DEAR EDITOR: No doubt you will wish very fervently that I hadn't added one more "blah" note to your already over-flowing mail bag, but that can stop me from expressing my very deep-seated convictions.

I have watched your columns for a long while, and it seems to me there is a decided lack of letters from young girls in boarding-schools. (You very probably get them, but don't publish them—quite sensibly, too.) Therefore, I felt myself spoken to for thousands of movie-struck girls.

To begin with, the most popular men (in boarding-school circles) are, without a doubt—Richard Dix and Rod La Rocque—the former leading with quite a large majority. Mr. Dix is popular because he is so delightfully real, so absolutely possible. He is charming, attractive, a bachelor, therefore, the object of many a young girl's dreams. By the way, cant someone prevail on Mr. Dix to try blossoming out a little? He must be stunning in a dinner coat—won't he please try a role where he can appear once or twice in civilized clothes? Everyone is sick of shirt—brown woolen ones, especially—when worn as the outer apparel of a good-looking man.

Mr. La Rocque is popular because he is so attentive in manner—has such a fascinating profile—and is so well built. (Gentle hints to Richard Dix.) Mr. La Rocque wears a tux sometimes.)

Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, Mae Murray, Viola Dana, Constance Talmadge, and possibly Alice Terry, are the most popular of the women—with Marion Davies leading the field since "Little Old New York."

Tom Moore is loads of fun—or rather looks as if he were—and is so jolly and good-natured that very few people can resist him. I'm very sorry that his matrimonial ventures have been so unsuccessful.

That's about all—except that the Valen-tino craze is almost dead—he shouldn't have left the screen as he did.

In closing I'll prove that I'm only sixteen by saying that Richard Dix is my absolute ideal—a positively adorable, big-brotherly sort of person, who gives me thrills up and down my spine whenever I see him—even on the screen. He must be simply wonderful in real life.

Sincerely yours,

J. S. K.
Boston, Mass.

Regarding Marion Davies, Harrison Ford, Anna Q. Nilsson and Douglas Fairbanks.

DEAR EDITOR: With two pictures, or rather one picture and one characterization

Ten Minutes Will Show You, Too, The Only Sure Way to Beauty

So that you can easily understand how to gain and preserve a clear, attractive complexion, Mr. Ingram has devised this interesting, educational test you can make in your own boudoir.

In no other way can you learn so quickly and convincingly, the real secret of a beautiful skin. In addition to clearly showing you the causes of complexion faults, the Dermascope will show you how and why Ingram's Milkweed Cream, unlike any other, destroys these almost invisible dangers and builds the firm, clear, youthful skin that you should have.

The One Cream Perfect for Every Use

Ingram's Milkweed Cream, used over thirty years, is a real beauty cream and the only one you need use to develop and keep a clear, soft, smooth skin. It is heavy enough to be a thorough cleanser and yet light enough in body to form a comfortable and effective protection and foundation for powder. But it has an exclusive feature—certain remedial properties that relieve redness, roughness, tan, blotches and slight imperfections. No other cream is like it. No matter whether you use it as a cleanser, a protection or a powder base—it's nourishing and healing properties will bring fresh beauty and new life to your skin.

Buy a jar today and see the immediate improvement it brings. $1.00 and 10c jars at all drug and department stores—the dollar size contains three times the quantity.

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Frederick F. Ingram Co.
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Ingram's Milkweed Cream

Ingram's American Blush Range
Applicates so evenly and smoothly, its effect can only be a natural, healthy glow. It does not clog the pores and because its coloring matter cannot be absorbed it is recommended particularly for a delicate and sensitive skin. In this metal vanity box with mirror and pad—$1.00. At your dealer's or by mail from us. Next time you are careful to get Ingram's American Blushes, the Deluxe Range for the Delicate Skin.

Send for this interesting test today

Mail coupon below with 15 cents for new Beauty Purse containing Ingram's Dermascope, a liberal sample of Ingram's Milkweed Cream, two filled purse packets of Ingram's Face Powder and Rouge, instructions for using Dermascope, and valuable hints for the care of the skin.

F. F. INGRAM CO., 121 Tenth Street, Detroit, Mich.

Coupleurs: Enclosed find fifteen cents. Please send me Ingram's Beauty Purse including Dermascope described above. Please print name.

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arms, legs, bust or the entire body with

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Rubber Garments
Reducing Curtains. In dark
and cream colored rubber.
For abdomen, hips, shins and
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No Diets—No Dangerous Drugs
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No one can ever convince me that I looked new in 200 pounds. Those are the times I knew me then and not myself. I look ten years younger—never could not get clothes to fit me. My friends called me FATTY, and even my own family thought I was a most invalid person. It is not at all surprising that I have had to remain fat. NOW THE THING to do is to get rid of the FAT in a way that I will not feel or look better. I have given out our secret to hundreds of people who have obtained the most astonishing results.

If YOU have tried everything known to man and have not succeeded—if YOU feel so discouraged that you have decided to remain fat, NOW THE THING to do is to get rid of the FAT in a way that I will not feel or look better. I have given out our secret to hundreds of people who have obtained the most astonishing results.

MAIL COUPON NOW

MADAME ELAINE, Dept. 207
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Please send me Free of Charge confidential information about what diet to diet for.

Name______________
Address________________________

If you care, enclose 5 cents in stamps to help cover expenses.

Try This on Your Hair 15 Days

Then let your mirror prove results

Write today for FREE TRIAL OFFER.

All hair will grow faster and more be powerful and size and thickness be increased immediately. This is the only offer in the world for hair fast and effective. It is the best value for the money and will give greatest satisfaction. It is the only offer in the world for hair fast and effective. It is the best value for the money and will give greatest satisfaction.

A Perfect Looking Nose
Can Easily Be Yours

Trados Model No. 25 corrects now all ill- shaped noses quickly, painlessly, permanently, and for a fraction of its price. It is the only offer in the world for hair fast and effective. It is the best value for the money and will give greatest satisfaction.

A Perfect Looking Nose
Can Easily Be Yours

Write for free booklet, which tells you how to obtain a perfect looking nose.

M. TRILETT, SPECIALIST
Birmingham, N. Y.
as explorer of the African and South American jungles.

Enter Monsieur Victor Varconi—an other Cecil B. De Mille find, who will make his first appearance in "Triumph," adapted from a Saturday Evening Post story by May Edington. Varconi, the Hungarian, is said to have the same oyster technique as that of Sessue Hayakawa, the popular Japanese star. No lost motion here, the burden of expression is placed upon the eyes and the mouth.

Willard Louis has been selected by the Warner Brothers to play the part of George Babbitt in the Sinclair Lewis novel "Babbitt." Mr. Louis won his laurels in the production of "Beau Brummel," as the Prince Regent, afterward King George the Fourth. And his interpretation is said to be second only to that of John Barrymore. He also registered strong in "Hidalgo," and if the character in "Babbitt" will be that of a typical American business man. He will be supported by an all-star cast.

They're off—"The Fast Steppers," a series of race-track two-reelers on the order of Cecil B. De Mille finds, who will be filmed by Universal. The stories are being adapted from Gerald Beaumont's turi stories titled the "Information Kid Series," and concern talmage of enthusiasm and a gambler. Most of the track scenes will be taken at Tia Juan. Billy Sullivan, the actor-fighter who succeeded Reginald Denu in the "Leather Pushers," will play the lead. "The Empty Stall" will be the first story filmed. Duke R. Lee will play the part of Red Murdock, a redoubtable gambler.

His brother's keeper—that's what Syd Chaplin has been for a number of years as executive of Charlie Chaplin's organization—they had agreed that there should be no conflict about the Chaplin name. Now Syd has requested such a hit in "The Galloping Fish," "Her Temporary Husband," and "The Reno," because it is rumored he will soon star in his own company. Syd Chaplin acknowledges that he has had an offer from the Ideal Film Company of London, and from Vitaphone, Mr. Chaplin does not say whether his answer has been yea or nay, but he vows that he will not tie himself down with any sort of a permanent make-up, as he knows his famous brother has found such a trade-mark costume has its drawbacks.

And now Baby Peggy's Mamma, Mrs. Montgomery, is broadcasting the fact that she's bought a beautiful new home for the young star in Crystal Canyon, California, in order that she might have plenty of space in which to play. She also wants it understood that Peg of the Movie Fan's Heart has plenty of time to play and never acts on Sunday—censors take note. Baby Peggy's second feature play will be a picture of "Helen of the Babics," by John Hackett. It is that delightful story of humor and human vicissitudes, that has withstood the onslaught of best sellers for seventy years, and is stil cruel and shoulders above many a lady who has milled enamoured directing "Daddies," will put the Baby thru her rollicking pace.

The tableau form in everything is the twentieth-century complex. Now the

(Continued from page 80)
Mary Eaton

Cinematograph and Brown Beauty

Maybelline Co.
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Having tried many forms of eyelash beautifiers, I unhesitatingly recommend "Maybelline" as the best. It is harmless, easy to apply, looks natural and the instantaneous beautifying effect is truly remarkable.

Sincerely,

Mary Eaton

On Sale Everywhere

Maybelline
Darkens and Beautifies Eyelashes Instantly
On the Camera Coast (Continued from page 76)
director, then a milieu is a little fat man with snapping quick eyes and beaming grin.
Buckowitzke is one of the most intellec-
tual men who have ever come to Holly-
wood. He has a background of culture and
education that so many of our own
directors lack. His people in Russia have
been connected with literature for many generations. Most of
his motion picture work was done in
Berlin, where he directed "Danton."
"Let's go up the Great," "Saphire and
"Othello" and many other great pictures.
Frankly, I think they were all worried
lest he should be too high-brow for the
American film industry. His first picture
with Pola, however, which is now being made,
is "Men," in which she plays the part of a
waitress in a tough café on the French
water front. There will be no height to
the brow of this one.
Buckowitzke is a very frank admirer
of Rex Ingram, who, he thinks, is the
most director America has ever pro-
duced.
Pola says that if they will not let her
put on real stories this time, she wants
to throw over the whole movie business
and go on the stage.
"I don't want them to try to make me
beautiful or what they call 'sympathetic.'
But I want them to let me interpret real
stories from life. I would like to do
something like 'Rain,' or Knoblock's
'Lady Liberty.' If they are going to make me
do these pussy-cat stories, I want to quit
the whole thing and go on the stage.
By the time this appears in print, Mary
Pickford will be on her way to Europe
with Douglas Fairbanks and a retinue of
servants, including a cook. They have
colonized in New York, London and Paris,
and will forswear hotels.
Mary's plans are all up in the air. She
has finished "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon
Hall" for Miss Lubin's direction, and it is reported as being a fine picture.
She is due to make another picture with
Lubitsch, but I doubt if it is ever done.
The ideas do not jibe well enough.
As a sort of farewell tribute to Mary,
the Writers Club showed her old picture,
"Villa Marie," in all of the week's pre-
view. At the time, "Stella Maris" was one
of Mary's few failures. It was made
three or four years too soon. It would
be a success if it were made now.
Cecil de Milke planned to give himself
a near vacation by picking out an easy
picture to follow "The Ten Command-
ments," so he picked out "Triumph," a
story from the Saturday Evening Post.
The result is he is having more trouble
and grief than he had in "The Ten Com-
mandments." He has had about a million
re-takes.
Hal Cooley and Kathryn Crawford
are building a new subdivision on
the market in Beverly Hills. Thus, H.
Ince has just finished what is admitted
to be the finest home in Hollywood. It
is in the Spanish style, is built with
Spanish architecture, and is said to have
cost $300,000. Carl Miller is also build-
ing a home in Hollywood, and is insisting
upon having it right in the planning stage.
Winifred Westover (Mrs. Bill Hart)
is bringing suit against the six-gum star
to set aside their divorce settlement,
where she is alleged not to do any more
screen acting.
She says she has a screen offer.
Mignon Le Bruin Landis is suing Cullen
Landis for divorce.
-Barbara La Marr's matrimonial

Lovely Photos Prove Nestle
Invention A Marvelous Success

Dainty Home Outfit Safely Transforms Straightest Hair Into
Charming Permanent Waves, Curls and Ringlets

Sent Everywhere on 30 Days' Free Trial

Photo Six Months
After Waving
"In rain or shine, hair curls around my
face now like naturally
curly hair," writes
Miss Margorie Mac-
donald, 914 Goodrich
Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

So Simple and Easy
"My husband waved
my bob without a lot
of trouble," writes
Miss G. A. Bright-
well, 32 Norfolk St.,
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Illustrated Booklet
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R. NESTLE'S recent invitation
to his delighted and enthusiastic
customers, to submit photo-
graphs actually showing what
his wonderful Home Outfit
had done for their formerly straight,
dull hair, brought us hundreds of curiously
photographed by the
their luxurious, lasting wavy.

Gentle—Safe—Quick
One joyful mother writes, "My sister,
children and myself enjoyed our lake camp
last summer more than ever before, because
our water sports only made our LANOIL-
waves curl up more prettily."

So simple, safe and comfortable has Mr.
Nestle's LANOIL discovery made permanent
waving that it is the latest word in the world
of wave-making. It proves that your hair can be
made to look just as pretty as any bone wave
maker can

LANOIL-Waves
"There simply isn't
enough can be said in
praise of the Home Out-
fit," writes Mr. F. E.
Frank, 316 Division St.,
Portland, Ore. "It is
such a joy to have nat-
urally curly hair."

Illustrated Booklet
Sent Free on Request

Water Beautifies Her
LANOIL-Waves

Even Salt Sea-Water Cannot Spoil
LANOIL-Waves

Although in the past 21 months, this in-
vention has gone to every purchaser on 30
days' free trial, it is already in over 70,000
homes TO STAY. Radiant happiness follows
it everywhere. Entire families and their
friends get naturally curly hair through a
single application. Nearly a million waves
have been given with the dainty apparatus.
And every letter is brimful of ecstasy with
our customers' new freedom from nightly
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The Colgate habit is a health and beauty habit, easy to form and safe for a lifetime.

Large tube, 25c—at your favorite store.

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Established 1806

The Answer Man
(Continued from page 74)

Famous Players-Lasky in Astoria, Long Island.

ANNA.—Yes, Winifred Greenwood was Mrs. Guy in "To the Last Man." Richard Dix is playing with Lois Wilson in "Icebound."

BUDDY B.—I'm afraid there's nothing I can do about it. Lilian Gish is scheduled to play Juliet to Richard's Romeo. I think you mean Edward Burns and not Ben Lyon in "The Humming Bird." Harrison Ford is married to Beatrice Prentice, you know.

STIFFY & MR.—Yours was very interesting, and I hope you'll write me again. Gloria Swanson is twenty-seven. Edward Phillips was Joe.

The stars are no longer frequenters of cabarets and other midnight restaurants. They spend their spare time studying real-estate and oil-well conditions. Read "Hollywood Has Married and Settled Down" in the June Motion Picture Magazine.
Comment on Other Productions
(Continued from page 57)

The idea is obvious, to be sure. It has been done a score of times, but never more deftly nor with more directness. We peer into a little drama of a soul in conflict—and in the broad background of the war, regeneration molds her character. A fascinating drama? Oh, most assuredly.

JACK O' CLUBS

Ripe with the vintage of 1890 comes this cracking story, featuring a one-character plot built around a fighting Irish cop. The simplest formula known is that which revolves around a figure who has his fun where he finds it and fights his way to the top. This frail little idea has been stretched to the breaking point—and nothing is forgotten in coloring it with the paints from the hokum brush.

Look back. Did you ever see this type of hero out of character? Wasn't he always courageous? Didn't he face danger with a smile? Wasn't the girl a product of the neighborhood who only needed a comforting word and a strong arm to lift her to romantic heights? Wasn't there a tough gang for the hero to fight—and didn't he conquer them—one and all? And wasn't there a pot or three of geraniums on a tenement window-sill for atmosphere? Well, these characters and plot threads are all true to the author. Hoyle and the Bowery melodramatists of yesterday, Herbert Rawlinson is out of his part in the title role. Still he is more of a Lambs Club policeman than one from the West 47th Street station-house. The trust type is the roughie played by Eddie Gribbon. The picture is sketchy and very much "studio."

FIDEL PIPER MALONE

Just because Thomas Meighan went on a sentimental cruise several months ago, with a picture called "The Bachelor Daddy," which was pronounced fair-to-middlin' entertainment by discerning writers, there is no reason why he should continue to frolic around with a flock of floundlings. Yet here he bols up with a parental complex in a thin, spineless story written by Booth Tarkington—a story said to be the author's first attempt in writing directly for the screen.

The Indiana novelist has adopted old Dr. Hamelin's idea, but examining it closely the resemblance stops with the title. The children follow Meighan at a respectful distance and their idolatrous worship compels their elders to relent in their persecution. He is ostracized for being painted drunkard; he is advised to leave town hurriedly because he helps an elderly inebriate home from a "blind tiger," just at the moment that the church is releasing its congregation. A most foolish thing to do—and which destroys the logic and runs the only outstanding scene in the picture.

It is so frail, so devoid of balance that the obvious is always emphasized. Mr. Malone impresses us as insincere. He is not so busy about these floundlings as the author would have him. He is not a playboy, nor does he pause to indulge in their childish pastimes. Evidently Tarkington tries to establish the w. k. e. fact that the juvenile brain with its snap judgment is able to read character correctly. If the kids idolize him—well, he can't be so bad after all. Isn't it possible, tho', that these same kids would be forbidden by their elders to associate with him? Yet, they strut forth in their Sunday best—and

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ARMAND has searched the wide world over for the secrets of Beauty and has discovered hidden treasures of happiness. With the Week-end Package comes the "Cred of Beauty," a little book that relates the romance of Armand's achievements and tells you how to travel along the highway of happiness.

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She did not have to go to the trouble of diet or exercise. She found a better way, which aids the digestive organs to turn food into muscle, bone and sinew instead of fat.

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Sage Tea Keeps Your Hair Dark

Gray hair, however handsome, denotes advancing age. We all know the advantages of a youthful appearance. Gray hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray and looks streaked, just a few applications of Sage Tea and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundred-fold.

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Look like a millionaire, pay only a few cents a day. We pay insurance on our customers' investments. There is no risk. Send 3 coupons to-day. One dollar for samples.

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Sure Way to Get Rid of Dandruff

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You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get liquid arnica at any drug store and four ounces is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, O.

You Can't Comb Out Dandruff

No Paring—End Them

Don't let the agony of dandruff destroy your comfort. Apply Blue-Jay—and instantly the pain vanishes. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Does away with dangerous paring. Get Blue-Jay at any drug store.

Blue-jay

ment, the Monte Blue tries to suggest repression.

When a Man's a Man

Harold Bell Wright has always been known as a writer who makes capital of the obvious. His vast army of readers need not expect to find him exploring in original fields of composition. He may appeal to the shallowest country, but these are the people who flock to circuses, too. In other words, they are the people who live up to the conventions. Which leads us to state that this story will interest the average filmgoer. It will even interest many who do not place him in the same class with Hugo, for the simple reason that it tells the story of a tmisdirected man who goes to work to win a girl's respect. You inform us when this idea has failed to command attention.

It is a straightforward story—one embroiled with crisp incident—and it doesn't capitalize the heroics. The modest rider hops off a westbound train to see a rodeo—and remains to become a cowboy. He falls off a horse as easily as H. R. H.—he takes his knocks and comes up smiling. Consequently, the girl must discover him on the ranch and register the fact that she never really cared because she is attended by her husband. And after he has been for a while suspected as a cattle rustler he rides away into the dying sunset.

Mr. Wright surmises with this finale—it is so unconventional. Pero has performed several sacrifices—and because of his modesty he inspires sympathy. But John Bowers is wofully self-conscious in the role. Ham is written all over his performance. The picture is much better than the average western. It releases a deal of human values—and carries balance in the bargain.

George Washington, Jr.

Even with Wesley Barry at the gawky stage, his latest adventure in the films is a vast improvement upon some of his recent efforts. George M. Cohan may not have had a youth of his stripe in mind when he conceived the character (Barry plays the title role), but all things considered he is not very far out of character. Of course in its development it is plainly seen that the sponsor is really the original—and the we call it bokum, it suffers in rounding the possibilities of an audience. For high jinks we are presented with a warner carnival, the episode of the cherry tree—brusque, rather amusingly—and some incident of a political character. It is indicated that Junior has to deviate slightly from the truth. Fairly lively—and likely to interest the children.

No More Women

Some may regard this innocuous little excursion into romance as all 'apple sauce.' It is all of that if one wants to analyze it. It is so slight that it scarcely holds together—and its tiny bubble of plot is punctured early. Yet because it is developed with represion the picture takes on a value which will please the romanticists. Now what is it? Merely a fine silken tale centering around a girl determined to win a bawhish woman-hater. It is amazing how the director, Lloyd Ingraham, has kept the thread from breaking. In this same film Ingraham knows how to dovetail comedy incident. He demonstrated his talent in "Going Up."

The youngsters find themselves "babes in the woods," with a pair of wily rascals for spectators. She feigns illness; he feigns indifference. They eat their lunch.
and travel back to the altar. When it shows signs of faltering, along comes a sparkling title—and some capital "business" introduced by Matt Moore and Madge Bellamy. It's a nursery yarn put in celluloid—but there is a charm about it.

ROULETTE

They've crowded this picture with one of those "all star casts," in order to give it the ring of the box-office. But since it is a story with one situation—and very little characterization—the parade of the "all star cast" looks out of place. Several of the players do their stuff as atmosphere and then disappear. And their personalities are valuable in projecting any form of emotional talent. Among those who come on the set and walk right off again are Flora Finch, Henry Hall, Diana Allen, Dagmar Godowsky, Effie Shannon, Mary Carr and Montagu Love.

The real story (a weak one, at that) is enacted by Edith Roberts, Norman Trevor, Walter Booth and Maurice Costello. The title gives it away. A gambler and a son of wealth play the game—the stakes of which are the girl. The typical poker face comes into expression time and again. Everyone is tense—and unnatural. A lurid melodrama of a sweet young thing who avenges the death of her father at the hands of the uncanny gambler. You'll have a better time at home in a game of your own.

THE BREATHLESS MOMENT

There are very few directors able to record small-town impressions. Most of them labor under the idea that village life is governed solely by hokum exaggerated to the breaking point. The figures must be caricatures—and the things they do must be burlesqued a la Sennett. "The Breathless Moment," is the newest sample of aiming at small-town character and setting. It is a poor choice. This is a story which suggested at the start a mystery melodrama, but after the crook is advised to hit the tall timbers and settles down as a clerk in a general store, it loses all its vitality and becomes an absurd slice of outraged hokum. The crook must needs have a foil—a foil who overplays, and Albert Hart is a poor choice, as he looks like an oldtimer doing a long stretch. The customary villagers group themselves for atmosphere. And the romance lits up its pretty head.

There is but one surprise. William Desmond does not reform because of the love spark. He was on the straight road long before he found mud on his shoes. There was opportunity to make this picture human and humorous, but the director has spoiled it.

PHANTOM JUSTICE

This crook melodrama might have kept its illusion if the dream situation had not been employed. When an author or director becomes entangled in his own skin, he resists to this ridiculous premise to find his way out. The idea is plausible enough until the protagonist wanders into dreamland. And the good effect established is utterly spoiled. Being a criminal lawyer, he surprises us with a conscience. He sleeps—and then he dreams what a mistake it would be to free all the criminals he defends. But in putting him to sleep the author lugs him to a dentist's chair—and the gas, strangely enough, makes him a moralist. He dreams a whorish tale of nightmare—one in which he discovers a body buried in his back yard, that his sweetheart is shot—and that the long arm of the law has slapped him.

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"Please print these pictures for the benefit of fat folks. I want the world to know what Wallace did for me. In only seven weeks your records reduced me from 191 to 133, and I am sure grateful!"

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Mrs. Woods' quick reduction from unwieldy weight to the trim proportions shown in her second photograph was accomplished by the famous "music method." She made daily use of Wallace reducing records, taking off the superfluous fat by day, pound by pound, so there was no flabby, "reduced" look.

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VAUDEVILLE

O n the back as much as to say: "Go to your cell!" It’s a fairly original idea up to a certain point. We will accept the orthodoxy of being a lazy writer by employing the dream situation—or the director as lacking in im- agination. They have worked the easiest way. Instead of sending the Sawyer up the river to join his crooked chums, they send him into dreamland. It serves in planting a code of ethics, but not good melodrama. Played, but with a certain abandon by Rod La Rocque.

HERITAGE OF THE DESERT
The sale of Zane Grey’s books has reached figures which sound like bills tendered for services rendered when the lawyers for the Tea Pot Dome crowd get together. It is one of the most extraordinary facts in modern literature. The plot of this Grey story—which carries us again into the vast, open spaces. It is Zane Grey at his orthodox best. It is a tale of the old-time hardy settlers to exist in the Tonto Basin of Arizona—in spite of the machinations of fund pirates who would control the water supply. It is one of the up-to-date melodramas—a picture of sharp contrasts and conflicts. It is a picture of leering expressions and vivid vocal cords. The old west and Ernest Torrence and Noah Beery at their venge- ful best.

It is all very obvious—but it is also very much outdoors. And the background—highly picturesque—offer a perfect setting for Mr. Grey’s puppets. He pulls the strings and presto! Torrence, the man of righteousness, triumphs over the swarming Beery. The kidnapping of a girl brings in the inevitable pursuit. A picture rich in atmosphere and characterization. The melodramatic setting enhances its melodramatic value. We pronounce it one of the better westerns.

NOT A DRUM WAS HEARD
Damon and Pythias in the guise of cow- boys are on view here in a story which travels its efforts without raising any undue excitement. It looks like a flop, as the sponsors, took liberties with Ben Ames Williams’ magazine yarn, since the author includes a story of his own—ending as though what is flashed on the screen. The cowboys play the “Alphonse and Gaston” act—each being willing to sacrifice romance and everything else that the other man might be happy. So when the girl chooses the more educated one (not the hero), the latter steps gracefully aside without wearing a hurt look.

When the husband, in an attempt to cover a financial embarrassment, steals from the bank where he is employed—with his buddy holding up the cashier to cover the theft, the picture develops a melo- dramatic vein which is unconvincing. This is captured—and a court trial is subsequently held, for the unscrupulous banker has been killed. He willingly offers to sacrifice his life—and perjures himself in order to pull the wounded weakling who won the girl stumbles into court and makes a dizzy confession. A rather queer way of bringing the logical lessons together, but it makes an easy gags—and spoils the story. Heroes, who would perform the great sacrifice, are becoming a trite passé.

On Thomas Alva Edison’s birthday the motion-picture industry gave him a party at the Ritz-Carlton. All manner of movie people were there. Read about it in “The Editor Gossips” on Page 43.
SCREEN MOTHERS
By Jane Cuthberr
Two types: the one the poor and burdened one who moves
Thrust out the tale, a patient slave of love,
Who in the story's general routine
Protects her child from Father's drunken spleen,
And weeps, arms flung across the bed, or prays—
(A flashback proves she has seen better
days.)
The other, stately, diamonds on her hands,
White, marcelled hair, an eye that understands
Its power, clothes from Paris, and cold ways,
With liveried butlers—yet she, too, is pitiful,
With streaming tears, for errant child or spouse,
And sets the tear ducts itching thru the house.
Two more; the mother, country born and bred,
Cheerful and fat, a mob cap on her head,
Or dry and thin—a light hand for a cake
(The audience can almost smell them bake)
And given like the rest to fervid prayer,
And happy endings in biblical air.
The other, cruel and grasping, sells her child,
(A girl of course) to some rich Ancient, wild
With greed... a match for grim, material ways,
We tremble—yet at last, she also prays
For pardon, and our hearts are light once more.
Screen mothers being sisters at the core.

THE VILLAIN
By Hugh Elsworthy
Alas, the villain in the plot,
Who stalks his prey across the screen;
Brief triumph only is his lot,
In palace or in peasant cot,
Immaculate and lean.
He smokes his tobacco, and, with impassive features, slacks
His thist for villainy; coquettes
With sudden death; and, careless, sets
His very soul as table-stakes.
Alas, the villain of the show,
For whom our hearts in terror beat,
That cultured, polished, mustached foe
Of innocence; of whom we know
That he must soon attract defeat,
As trees the lightning; he must fail
A victim to the author's whim,
And sink away, bowed down and small,
Which is not real life, after all!
Alas, the Villain! pity him!

BEBE DANIELS
By Lucia Trent
You love to frolic, laugh and sing.
To be a child at play,
A pretty bird high on the wing
That flashes far away!
But then again the shadows steal
Into your tender eyes,
And that's when I begin to feel
I've come to Paradise!

Be Careful
Lest your breath offend
In every close contact be sure of
sweet breath. Many a cause may
make it offensive. And a foul breath
kills every charm.
Combat it, whether the cause is
the mouth or stomach. You want
a pure breath—a breath like spring.
A May Breath tablet instantly
overcomes bad breath. It combats
the odor of cigars or cigarettes. It acts
to deodorize when the mouth or stomach is at fault.
Dainty people when they eat a
tablet to be safe. Then they know
that a spring-like breath greets those
who talk with them.
Try this once and you will make
this ideal way a habit.

May Breath
A modern mouth wash in candy tablet form. Designed to deodorize the breath. Carry with you. In 10-cent and 25-cent boxes at all drug stores and drug departments.

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DIMPLES!

Please print your name and address
Mary T. Goldman
165-J. Goodman Bidg., St. Paul, Minn.

Send your name and address, and a judge for the contest to
DOLLY DIMPLER, 71 S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

DOLLY DIMPLER
"Many of the noted film stars get their dimples from
DOLLY DIMPLER, the maker of the world's
famous DOLLY DIMPLER. Our creations include:
DOLLY DIMPLER... "She who has dimples
is never blue!" Have your dimples invented
by DOLLY DIMPLER! Women's scalloped
DOLLY DIMPLER... a wonder for the nose.
DOLLY DIMPLER'S face powder is something
besides a face powder. It's a thing of beauty. It
keeps your face looking white and red.
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for face washing. It's a thing of beauty. It
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invention of the motion picture. And I shall remember, always, his advice about dedicating your effort to those things in which you believe.

As Mary stood to make her speech, everyone in the large gathering rose as one man, thus silently paying homage. And almost before she was thru with her sincere and direct address, Mr. Edison left his place of honor in the center of the long table. As he bent a trifle to take her hand, Mary raised his hand to her lips in a gracious and impulsive tribute. It was a charming tableau which everyone of us felt privileged to have seen. Youth and Age so evidently impressed with a mutual admiration. Then on Mary's menu-card the Great Inventor wrote: "To America's Darling, Thomas Alva Edison."

It was about four-thirty when Anita Stewart and the Edison birthday-luncheon, but we had a few minutes to gather together in the smoking lounge before we had to go our separate ways. Certainly Anita has no excuse for excusing me if I want pictures that are worth while. I don't want to sign any starring contract. I don't want to do good work in good pictures. I'm not coming into this film world hoping to play in the Peter B. Kyne story. "Never the Twain Shall Meet."

Her trip to California is for the purpose of selling some property . . . and particularly to visit the acres of oil lands she owns at Ventura with an authority on such lands. To Anita fluttering about the lounge of the Ritz, beautiful, charmingly feminine, stopping to greet an acquaintance . . . now a movie magnate . . . now a Thelma Morgan. Come away from the screen with screen aspirations, . . . you would not be apt to credit her with business acumen. However, she is granted to understand things in a manner by which she knows her. And there is something splendid to us in a woman who manages her own finances, with gain.

Rudolph has come back! Let those who traded upon his enforced absence from the screen, come made in characters imitative of Valentino turn pale. But let those other Latin Lotharios who have established their personalities with definite and definite setting, that their credit continue without fear or qualms. The screen is a broad field and has room for everyone with sterling things to give.

The cameras are actually grinding in the Famous Players-Lasky Long Island studio. "Monsieur Bercour" is in the making. Little scheme between this organization and The Valentino is now only a reality on the legal records. Naturally the studios here in a state over its preservation. Studios are chaotic gossip factories anyway. And all manner of rumors of the Valentino temperament and "up-state" attitude had percolated from the California lots. The Valentinos were not insensitive to

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four to eight hours, then rinse and wash.
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A new discovery bleaches dark teeth instantly!

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Thistledown
(Continued from page 48)

fix up a little something that shall help that poor foot like magic.

But as quick as old Anna’s headshake came Hi’s own, he retorted:

“No, thanks, Leon, I don’t need anything. Good-bye.”

He did not yet obey the doctor’s injunction and turned to go. But as he bade him the last of the De Bossert place, now deserted and forlorn. Possibly he hoped to find some overlooked token, some little message or farewell note.

But at the familiar try-stone-place he found no beauty but desolation and gory memories. The chill November wind sang a mournful song of the drowned. The birch-trees and the pine-trees grew thick on the hill, but they were sad and spectral, and held no companionship.

Big and smoky red the sun dropped in the west, without warmth, and stabbed by naked boughs. The rustling carpet of leaves lay colorless on the ground. And up on its lonely ridge the shut doors and shuttered windows of the cottage muttered its dreary emptiness.

Why is it the remembered touch of one girl’s hands can claim ascendancy over whatever throbbing present in which she does not share? Other problems claimed Hi’s interest. Surely—yes, and other girls, just as pretty, grew thick as violets and close at hand!

But what are the many if we lack one?

The gloomy dusk, closing down over the flitting bright day, seemed symbolic of himself, symbolic of life. Life was as brightened with its illusions, aspirations, dreams. Life was crude and stark, and drear. Illusions were fallacies. Aspirations turned into dead fruit. Dreams became mockery.

When he returned home, Hi was in a poor mood to meet his sister. He did not yet know the turn in his affairs, which, already rumored, was setting more than one dinner-table in Fairfield agog that night; but he saw at once that his sister, even for a little while, was curiously agitated.

“Well, you’re not in jail, at least,” she greeted him. “If it weren’t for outsiders, I shouldn’t have known even that much.”

“Sorry, Julia—I’ve had a good deal on my mind.”

“It had nothing to do with your business, evidently. Simpson tells me you haven’t been at the office all day.”

“Hi’s been in touch with you; he told you things are being taken care of. He and Judge Light got my bond fixed up O.K.”

“I know,” tartly. “Well, after getting you and your bond fixed up, Simpson found rather important need for seeing you. He has been trying practically to reach you. A special director’s meeting was called this afternoon.”

“I guess they didn’t miss me particularly,” said Hi, who contributed little to these dull official sessions beyond his physical presence. “What was up?” he asked apathetically.

“Plenty up. Something terrible’s happened! Some notes of some kind held by the Chemical Loan and Trust Company—I don’t quite comprehend it, but anyway they’re going to foreclose those notes. Simpson says it means disaster—the beginning of the end.”

She spoke broken, excited phrases, and Hi gave a sharp whistling intake of breath.

He knew how disastrous would be a foreclosure on those notes. But why had the Chemical Bank taken this sudden,

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Her advent, though awaited, seemed to bring a moment of awkwardness. Rising from his chair, Mr. Van Antwerp Reeves advanced to shake hands with her, but in his face was that look, peculiar to some men, of having been treated with wax, with its stiff, emotionless expression, and the stiff precision of its little movement.

Dolly carelessly touched his proffered hand and then, with her light, vibrant movement as of wings invisibly ajar, walked to the table and perched on a corner of it.

"Well, what's all this row about, old dear?" The atmosphere strikes me as a truly electric. You haven't changed much, Uncle Percy—you look as if you were about ready to explode."

"Now, now, Doris," the small dapper gentleman splutterd, "I haven't gone to all this trouble to find you to be patronized by you! Have you no conception of the worry I've given me—the thousand-and-one conjectures?"

"I wrote that you had no occasion to worry, Uncle Percy."

"But you didn't let me know where you were—" I wanted to say something —but I was too much absorbed in the notion that you were coming."

"That's what I didn't know myself, Uncle Percy. Not at first. I only knew I wanted to do something—must do something—that wasn't utterly silly and useless."

"Nonsense!" snorted Uncle Percy.

"Oh, I know you want to understand," with another restless gesture, "but I was sick of trying to act rich when I was poor, sick of the tedium of spizeling. If I was anywhere in the world at all, I could earn a decent living somewhere. And earn some self-respect, as well!"

"I scarcely see the need of these melodramatic statements," said Uncle Percy, with thin acidity. "You were never in any dire want that I know of; I spent my own money on you, and more than I could well afford. Moreover, an esteemed friend of mine, stood ready to gratify your various, luxuriant whims."

Mr. Van Antwerp Reeves' countenance, at this point, flushed savagely through his emotionless veneer. He shifted his feet uneasily, and in the act of reaching for the table he could not hold down the cageriness from his voice:"

"I still stand ready to do that, Doris. I'll forego you for your undid treatment— it is not yet too late. I've assured your uncle of as much. Give up all this nonsense—we'll forget about it—and I promise you shall live like a princess."

The girl looked at him.

"No," she said, shaking her head, "I'm not as bad as that!"

Her answer seemed to startle her hearers. There was a little hush. Then Uncle Percy broke it, violent in his angry dyspeptic moment, for he had greatly desired this match.

"Well, anyway," he shouted, "I forbid your going on with this movie business!"

"I'm of age," the girl said calmly.

"I forbid your using your name—my name—for such notoriety!"

She stood up down from the table and moved over beside Sam King and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"I haven't hurt the family dignity, Uncle Percy— my life. I've been under the guidance of Mr. King," Sam King reached for her hand, and she went on: "This is as good a time as any to tell you Mr.
When Grandma Was a Girl
—and Now!
The Modern Woman Needs More Money
—and Gets It!

The modern woman needs more money than her grandmother did. The demands of her every-day life are far more complicated, involve expenditures undreamed of "when grandma was a girl." And, unlike the women of past generations, the modern woman can—and does—go after whatever it is that she wants.

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How much more interesting and enjoyable life is when bring color and variety into its prosaic routine, by indulging an occasional whim. Yes, of course, whims are apt to cost money. But that need not worry you.

To show you why it need not, we have taken the time and space here to tell you about a little booklet called "The Open Road To An Independent Income," which will tell you how you can easily earn from as little as $5.00 to as much as $100.00 extra each month.

We can use representatives at once to collect renewals and do new subscriptions for the Motion Picture Magazine, Classic and Beauty, and we stand ready to pay you liberally for either spare time or full time work.

The Motion Picture Magazine is one of the most firmly established magazines in the country, and now has a serial novel in addition to all its other splendid features. Classic, which has been combined with Shadowland, offers a more diversified and cosmopolitan appeal than ever before. Beauty is the only magazine published which caters exclusively to this subject, so all-important to women, and because of its unique appeal, is acclaimed with enthusiasm everywhere.

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Greenroom Jottings

(Continued from page 97)

Edward-Small Company, in association with Lewis & Gordon, booking agents, announce that they will produce a series of tabloid dramas and comedies in which motion-picture stars will be featured. The productions will be fast and work their way East. Robert Edeson will stage the plays.

Johnny Fox, Jr., is thinking of having his freckles insured. They are his jewels, and have just won for him a contract to play leading parts in educational juvenile comedies. Johnny needs no make-up; in fact, he can be made up, as freckles are most difficult to imitate, so free as a bird without even a grease paint, he sails thru his parts. He's been in pictures three years, and his hobby is -freckles, legs and dogs, that's Johnny Fox, Jr.

A doggone honeymoon — that's what Strongheart thought about his recent stay at the McAlpin Hotel, when he brought Lady Julie on to attend the Dog Show in Madison Square Garden, and incidentally to be present at the premiere of his play, "The Love Master," just like the other stars. He'd much rather have spent the time on the ranch and he plainly told you so with his thundering bark and those expressive and pleading eyes of his.

William Farnum and Adolphe Menjou have been bagged by Jesse L. Lasky, for long-term contracts. Farnum is considered a sure pull for box office receipts, and Menjou's work on Charlie Chaplin's "A Woman of Paris," and other recent releases, in which he has shown subtle art, pulled the contract for him. Accompanying Mr. Farnum is Edward Peple, author of "The Littlest Rebel," one of the actor's most successful stage vehicles, and also it is not said what will be Mr. Farnum's first picture under the new contract, the type can be guessed. And speaking of the stage, Mr. Farnum's contract allows him to appear part of each year in legitimate productions on Broadway. The comedy-drama, "The King," in which Leo Ditlevich, appeared on Broadway in 1917, will be one of Mr. Menjou's vehicles.

King has done me the great honor of asking me to be his wife." Mr. Reeves gasped, and Mr. Claiborne ejaculated:

"Great Scott! You refused Van because of some tommy-rot about love!—do you mean to say you're in love with that fat old fish?"

He expected his niece to fling back some cutting rejoinder, and her bitterness, and the sudden look in her face, was far more startling. Over her face flamed a tide of color so rich and so beautiful that all he could do was stare.

Dolly's hand flew up to her check as if she were aware of that hot flaming and sought to arrest it; she looked helplessly down at Sam King, who had turned very sober and who again reached for her hand.

And at this juncture the door burst-vehemently open, and a healthful Hiltsband entered, pulling old Leon in after her, and hurling backward expletives at an office-urchin who sought to detain her.

"Ah, there you are, Miss Dolly! Once they told me you were here they could not retard me!" she cried victoriously. (To be continued next month)

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TO LEATRICE JOY IN JAVA HEAD

By Blaine C. Bigler

Oh, little lotus blossom from the land of
far Cathay;
You came to dreaming Salem town all
on an autumn day;
You brought the gleam of China silk, the
hure of China gold;
You brought the spell of Chinese life—
of customs ages old.
You came to dreaming Salem town all
on an autumn day;
You felt the lure of shaded streets where
flitting shadows play;
But not for you the harbor nor the wharves
so bare and brown;
You've gone unto a fairer place than
even Salem town.

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
To swarm the shades of Sherwood once
again.
Thru all the quitted countryside they
throng
Avery beauty we have never known
Life's truth for beauty we would gladly
trade
If beauty could fulfill this promise made.

RIGHT THIS TIME

The girl stood in the babbling brook
Chad only in her nightie,
The moon shown down on her bosom
brigh-

-CENSORED.
COUNTRY MAIDENS
By Diane Green

Either
A slender witch with bare, pink toes,
Sunbonnets, gingham, and a rose
Tucked deftly in one golden curl,
An innocent, enchanting girl,
Who flies the City-Rake's bold charms
And seeks the Sturdy Farmer's arms.
The tossed and tempted, simon-pure,
(‘Close-up of haystacks: Girl, demure.)

Or
A lanky maiden, splay of feet
Who gapes upon some city street,
Who leads a tame duck on a string.
Perhaps a pig—or anything,
Who visits in the Gilded Town
And wears a high-necked nightgown,
Whose hair is tortured off her brow,
(‘Close-up of Fords, bewildered cow . . .)

SCREEN ANIMALS
By Faith Baldwin
I wonder what they think, the clever dogs
And silken cats that move across the screen,
Part of the plot or setting, dogs have such
Play-sense, stage-presence always; they have been,
Versed in the make-believe of childhood.
but a cat
Is such a scornful creature, is so wise
In ancient guile and reticence, one reads
A green contempt beneath flat lidded eyes.

I wonder what they think, wild creatures, that
Are prodded to their parts, the jungle crew;
Lions, with padded paws, that stalk and snarl
Theatrically, to thrill the crowd anew.
How strange it seems, with safety bars and whips
To make an actor of a tawny king,
To give him grease paint scent instead of blood,
And tame his threats to stagy simpering!

"Keep your secret treasure behind your mysterious door, if you must"—

Beautiful Barbara La Marr found that this fragrance added a new note to even her exquisite personality

"My dear Mons. Vivaudou:
"I have tried so long to find what you have discovered! Mai d’Or—definitely possesses the power to attract others!
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Sincerely,

Barbara La Marr

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—It guards the most fascinating secret in the world

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—BUT THESE SCREEN AUTHORS DID IT!

ETHEL STYLES MIDDLETON
Author

“JUDGMENT of the STORM”

The three authors whose photographs appear in this announcement demonstrated that “It Can Be Done.”

Friends and relatives said, “You are foolish to dream of writing for the movies. Only professional writers with a pull can succeed. You aren’t a professional writer, and you have no pull. You will just be wasting your time.”

But creative imagination, not mere writing ability, produces photodramas. These authors had creative imagination. What they needed was knowledge of photoplay construction.

Through the co-operation of Palmer Institute of Authorship, that knowledge was obtained.

The result was another defeat for the skeptics who say “It can’t be done.”

Today the authors pictured above are accepted photodramatists. Their plays produced by Palmer Photoplay Corporation and distributed by Film Booking Offices of America, are being shown in thousands of theaters throughout the United States and Canada. They accomplished what skeptics said could not be done.

Many other men and women are today similarly successful because of Palmer training. Through Palmer co-operation they have learned how to harness imagination and to teach it to express itself in dramatic terms. And they have learned in spare time study in their own homes. Their work is in demand. They form a trained body upon which the motion picture industry, as a whole, is leaning more and more.

Screen Plays by Palmer Authors

Photoplays now on the screen, in preparation or purchased for production, written by authors succeeding through Palmer cooperation include:


Announcing

THE PALMER SCHOLARSHIP

The Palmer Scholarship

Palmer Scholarship Foundation has been established by Palmer Institute of Authorship for the purpose of giving recognition to men and women whose fresh and virile stories might otherwise be lost to the screen and general publication field, but who need only training in the new technique of authorship in order to succeed.

Two Major Awards, each carrying a prize of $500 cash and the Palmer Medal of Honor, will be made by the terms of the Foundation to the authors of the best short story and the best screen play, respectively, submitted each year.

Forty-eight Free Scholarships will be awarded annually upon a basis of earnest effort rather than originality or brilliance. Thus both Genius and Industry receive equal opportunity to share in these awards.

RUSSELL DUNLOP
(Founder, President)
Chairman, Committee Short Story Awards

FREDERICK PALMER
(Palmer Photoplay Corporation)
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Almost without exception every person ambition to write is faced at the beginning with ridicule and discouragement. Many struggle long years unguided before eventually gaining the heights. But how much smoother the path would have been, how much more quickly the heights would have been scaled, if the writer could have had, at the beginning, the guidance and encouragement of someone who knew.

Such guidance and encouragement Palmer Institute of Authorship provides. Palmer Course and Service teaches photoplay writing, short story writing, and dramatic criticism. Instruction is individual, confidential. The student studies at home. Each receives the personal guidance and supervision of a member of the Advisory Board, a brilliant staff selected for its experience and reputation in the field of photodrama. Ability. When the student’s creations become good enough for sale the services of the Sales Department are placed at his command for marketing both screen plays and short stories.

New Literature, New Methods

Palmer Institute of Authorship recognizes the arrival of a new day in American literature. The screen has become a test for dramatic action and strength of plot. This has reacted upon the magazines. There has come into being a new technique and new times demand new methods and Palmer training is worlds away from outworn methods of instruction.

It is abreast of the current and growing demand of the screen and magazines for stories written in the modern dramatic technique. Just as photodramatists find that Palmer co-operation helps them to recognition and success on the screen, so do fiction writers find that Palmer training aids them to success in the magazines. More than three hundred authors of recognized standing have been or now are enrolled. Letters from many attribute their first success in the magazine field to Palmer training. Their success carries conviction.

Imagination is king. World thinkers like Wells voice the growing realization that imagination and not will-power is the basic moving force of life. Palmer Institute of Authorship bases its training on that fact. It develops imagination just as certain forms of training develop the muscles of the athlete. It teaches the imaginative how to harness their imagination and put it to work—profitably.

It indicates that facility of expression which one must possess before he may hope to play an important part in social or business life. It imparts the habit of thinking creatively—an ability that carries men and women to the most envied positions in the world’s affairs. It encourages and revitalizes the mind and generates the power that leads to greater success in all lines of human activity.

For those who lack confidence in their own abilities and wish to ascertain whether they possess natural talent for writing, Palmer Institute offers the Palmer questionnaires, a test for determining the presence or absence of creative imagination. It will be sent free on request.

Free—“The New Road to Authorship”

But for those who believe in themselves and who want to know more of the revolutionary Palmer methods, a fascinating book has been prepared entitled “The New Road to Authorship.” Success stories of many men and women who have won recognition on the screen and in the magazines through Palmer co-operation are contained in it. A bulletin, likewise, has been prepared containing full details of Palmer Scholarship Foundation and its broad and unique service to writers. Mailing of the bulletin below will bring “The New Road to Authorship” and the Scholarship bulletin free.

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PAGES
But underneath everything that was said, or wasn't said, seemed a thrumming of wings. The air was so thick and a-flutter it seemed hard to breathe. "Am I falling in love?" she wondered, and was terrified.

**Are You Fooling Yourself?**

Are you one of those thousands of girls who run away from home each year—or who want to run?

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What Dolly really wanted was the same thing you want—adventure—excitement—young love.

Dolly got all she was angling for, and more—then she found out—she was soft and weak inside.

She had missed the greatest thing in life—she tried to turn back. But wasn't it too late?

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"Thistledown"

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"Let's Both

Keep That Schoolgirl Complexion"

The lovelier the mother, the more she rejoices in the beauty of her baby girl. How anxiously she guards this budding beauty, fostering it, protecting it with tender care.

Her first concern, of course, is the little one's skin, that the exquisite texture of infancy may be retained through girlhood days. That this proper care is based on mildest, gentlest cleansing she has learned from her own experience. For most young mothers of today were brought up on Palmolive.

Protects natural beauty

Palmolive plays the part of protector when used as baby's soap. It soothes while it cleanses, through the gentle action of its mild, lotion-like ingredients.

Baby's delicate, roseleaf skin is kept smooth and perfect, protected from all injurious irritation.

The smooth, creamy Palmolive lather develops this beauty year by year, until it bursts into the bloom of a radiant schoolgirl complexion.

Rare oils the secret

The emollient qualities of the Palmolive lather is the secret of its beautifying action. It is the scientific blend of palm and olive oils—the same rare oils that Cleopatra used in the days of ancient Egypt.

These cosmetic oils, so lotion-like in their action, make Palmolive the mildest of all toilet soaps.

Thus, while it is a favorite "beauty" soap, it's the best of all baby soaps, too. For certainly your own finest, mildest complexion soap is most suitable for baby, for the same reasons.
Hollywood Has Married and Settled Down

The Business of Fan Mail
Now, women grow young—not old
Certainly, the middle aged woman is disappearing, in this golden age of youth.
To be fading at 30, middle aged at 35, old at 40—no longer does this dreary prospect confront womankind.
The reason?—simply that women have learned that age is judged by appearance, not by years. If you want to be at your best in maturity, just keep that schoolgirl complexion!

How this is done
Most surely by protecting the beauty nature gave you.
Girlhood's skin is fresh and smooth. Learn how to keep this smooth freshness.
Simple cleansing is the secret—cleansing which is thorough without harshness. The problem is—which cleanser? Solve this by using Palmolive.

The excellent soap
Palmolive is blended from palm and olive oils, the lemon-like, cosmetic oils discovered in ancient Egypt.
They impart their soothing, healing qualities to the mild, creamy Palmolive lather. Its action is so gentle, and as mild, as the royal oils themselves.

Use Palmolive freely, and with confidence. It makes washing your face a real beauty treatment. It penetrates the minute skin pores, removing all accumulations of dirt, excess oil and perspiration. But never does it irritate or dry the skin.
If your skin is very dry, apply cold cream after washing. This supplies the lack of natural oil.
Then—your favorite powder, and perhaps a touch of rouge. Modern cosmetics are perfectly harmless when applied to a clean skin.

Cleopatra washed her face this way
Cleansing with palm and olive oils in crude combination was the great queen's beauty secret. Certainly she kept her youth for a lifetime. She was at the height of her fame and power when other women were considered old.
But—palm and olive oils kept her skin fresh and smooth throughout maturity. And so will they keep yours. To attain the beauty, the radiance of girlhood days, through the years of womanhood, you need the help of Palmolive.
Since Palmolive is only 10c a cake, you can afford to use it for every toilet purpose. Remember that complexion beauty extends to arms and shoulders, and increase yours by bathing with Palmolive.
that knows how to take from its environment the wherewithal to build the body of the organism it animates. From the little seed you place in the ground this something sends roots into the earth, blades or branches into the air, and takes from the earth and the air that with which it builds.

Within the egg this something is wooed to life by the warmth of the brooding mother’s breast.

CHIROPRACTIC

teaches that this something knows the secret of converting food into flesh and blood, and carries on all the processes of life, in the human body, by means of impulses sent over the nerves. It teaches that when a nerve is impaired by a vertebra becoming misaligned, these impulses do not flow over the nerves normally, and the result is what we call dis-ease. To get the dis-eased member to function again it is necessary to adjust the vertebra that is pressing on the nerve, to normal alignment, thereby permitting the normal flow of impulses over the nerve.

To adjust the vertebra to normal alignment is the work of a competent chiropractor.

A trial will convince the most skeptical of the correctness of these principles.

Write for information regarding Chiropractors or Schools to the

Universal Chiropractors’ Association
Davenport, Iowa, U.S.A.
T he label or price tag on a watch may claim that the watch is gold, but the shrewd buyer looks for the carat mark.

The title of a Picture is its label, but the carat mark is Paramount, authorized by the greatest number of the greatest pictures. Two recent examples are James Cruze’s “The Covered Wagon” and Cecil B. De Mille’s “The Ten Commandments.”

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Ethel Chaffin is the modiste of scores of motion picture stars. She knows them behind the scenes of their professional and social life. She knows the personalities towards which they strive thru their clothes. She knows stellar dispositions when a fitting is long and trying. Helen Carlisle has written an illuminating article, “The Confessions of a Modiste,” of which Madam Chaffin is the heroine. Look for it in the July Motion Picture Magazine.
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Rubber Stamp Pictures

There is such a thing as motion picture lore. The directors who depart from it are the exceptions rather than the rule. And this, in spite of the fact that its traditional premises are foreign to life.

For example: Heroines must be as pure as the new-fallen snow, molded in a pleasing form and compounded of sterling qualities. Villains? They are mustached foreigners, minus one human instinct. And mothers are never-failing in their sacrifice and nobility. They are as tho poured from an angel mold.

So it goes. . .

But life is not so. It is varied. Contradictory. Paradoxical. These are the only inevitable things about it. If people were cataloged by types and circumstances, labeled by unmistakable signs, then living would be simplified indeed. But, alas! Heroines are sometimes not the perfect golden creatures. Villains have been known to be direct antecedents of our presidents with grandsires who signed the Declaration of Independence . . . one hundred per cent. Americans, clean-shaven. Mothers are sometimes unworthy of the high estate they enjoy. And social outcasts have been known to possess hearts of the purest gold. You never can tell about life.

Surely it is more interesting and infinitely more dramatic this way. Yet in their zeal to agree with motion picture traditions, directors are wont to let life pass them by without stopping to heed the lesson it has to teach them. The lesson of the good in the worst and the bad in the best. The lesson of the law of average. The lesson of the eternal paradox.

Charlie Chaplin was a crusader after Truth with his "A Woman of Paris." He loosed some of the binding shackles when he threw all preconceived notions into the discard and dared to portray human human beings . . . a hero who was fifty per cent. a villain, and a villain who was seventy per cent. a hero. There are other directors, too, with vision . . . if that name is applicable to common sense and an observation of life. But the additional names we might enumerate are all too few.

Let the voice of the multitude be raised against rubber stamp pictures. Let the cry of the people be for the Truth. Then, and only then, will the truth be given to us.
"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."—The rest of this treatment is
given in the second column below.

Blackheads can be overcome
by the right cleansing method

Two boys, just out of college, were
riding down Fifth Avenue on a bus
top. They were watching the stream
of women—women of every age,
every type of costume and appearance,
who fill that brilliant thoroughfare
at four o'clock in the afternoon—
the fashionable hour.

"They look all right from up
here," remarked one of the boys,
"but get down on the sidewalk, and
just about one woman in ten really
has a good complexion. With the
rest it's a matter of make-up."

These were real boys—and a real
conversation.

There is no way of success-
fully disguising a poor com-
pexion.

But by using the right hygienic
methods, you can overcome its
faults!

Each day your skin is changing;
old skin dies and new takes its
place. If you give this new skin
the right treatment, you can gain
a complexion so fresh, clear,
radiant, that there will be nothing
you need to conceal.

To free your skin from blackheads
Blackheads are a confession that
you are not using the right clean-
sing method for your skin. Use
this treatment, and see how quick-
ly blackheads will disappear.

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 treat-
ment. Then protect the fingers
with a handkerchief and press out
the blackheads.

This is only one of the famous
skin treatments given in the book-
let, "A Skin You Love to Touch,"
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Facial Soap lasts a month or six weeks.
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For the enclosed 10 cents—Please send me a miniature
set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:
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Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You
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LENORE ULRIC

... heretofore an infrequent guest in the studios, may come to the camera more often in the future. This is because of two things. First, her "Tiger Rose" has been universally popular... and, secondly, David Belasco, whose professional protégée she is and to whose stage productions she has given most of her effort, threatens to abandon production entirely with the Equity holding sway in the world of the theater.
another star who now combines her business acumen with her acting. Miss Dean has formed her own company and, by the time this appears in print, she will be at work on her first picture under her own banner and supervision. Just what this will be has not yet been announced.
who isn’t doing anything just now ... anything, that is, comparatively speaking. Her days are spent mothering her adored little Mary, paying social obligations as Mrs. Louis Arms, and searching for another screen story. Everyone rejoiced when Mae came back to the screen in “The White Rose,” and just recently in “Daddies.” There never was another Mae, or anyone else quite so sensitively sympathetic and so wistful.
who is charmingly frank about her years, which are falling into maturity. She has the good taste and intelligence to play matrons, thus finding herself in demand and her name invested with praise... while other actresses of her years, in a frantic endeavor to remain young heroines, have gone down into obscurity. Bravo, Myrtle Stedman!
stepping from one characterization to another with little or no time in between to readjust herself—and with a far hail between the portrayals to which she gives shadow life. "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" and "Broken Barriers" are the next vehicles which bring her to the screen
AGNES AYRES

... whose beauty acquires a new note—cameo-clear—framed by the high Elizabethan ruff. At present Miss Ayres is busy in a screen version of the Pauline Frederick stage play, "The Guilty One," having recently completed her work with Antonio Moreno in "Bluff"
BLANCHE SWEET

... a name of which the screen will boast perhaps in dim, future days to come. Her Anna Christie is one of the finest portrayals given the drama of the shadows in a long, long time... Now she is creating the name part in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," which her directorial husband, Marshall Neilan, is producing.
VIRGINIA VALLI

... who returned to California to begin work on "K," the Mary Roberts Rinehart story of hospital life. Miss Valli came to New York recently, ostensibly for a holiday. But when the cinema lords knew she was here they besieged her with offers to make pictures ... until she succumbed to one of them and played opposite Thomas Meighan in "The Confidence Man."

Photograph by G. Maillard Kesslere
MILTON SILLS

... a name which has survived all manner of cataclysmic things, cinematically speaking—shutdowns, readjustments, Latin vogues and all the other upheavals and exaggerations to which the celluloid drama is prey. That is praise which needs no emphasis. Now he is playing in the Sabatini story of "The Sea Hawk," for which great laurels are prophesied.
It is a fetching picture of Bebe Daniels at the top of the page... Bebe in her role of the Princess de Bourbon-Conti. And the little, informal group sketched between the two pencil studies of Valentino, show Bebe accompanying a studio musician while Lois Wilson, cast as the Queen of Louis XV in the story, sings an old French ballad to their soft music. Below is one of the early scenes in the story...
Rodolph Valentino, for over a year the prodigal son of the cinema, has come back. The months of legal warfare have been forgiven and forgotten. And the fatted calf, figuratively speaking, has been killed in his honor. For all the extravagances of production which movie potentates ever dreamed of are being employed to make "Monsieur Beaucaire" a screen classic.

Sometimes in a white wig—and sometimes in a black wig—but always in gorgeous silks, laces, velvets and jewels, and always gay and romantic and debonair, Valentino is playing Beaucaire. He reaches the studios at something like seven o'clock mornings so that he may have his fencing instruction before getting into his make-up and costumes.

On the left is a kingly head of Lowell Sherman as Louis XV... the Louis of whose beautiful ladies, Du Barry and Pompadour, the latter of which is also in this story. And on the right is Bebe or the Princess de Bourbon-Conti, whichever you will, for it would be difficult to disassociate them these days.

"As you will," grants Rodolph with a grandiloquent gesture, when Director Sidney Olcott and Natacha Rambova Valentino make a decision regarding a bit of byplay.

Mrs. Valentino, by the way, is constantly beside the cameras. During their holiday in Europe this winter, she did much research work for "Beaucaire" and her chair is always beside the director's. Incidentally, see the clever way in which our artist has caught her beautifully individual features in the simple line by which he suggests her nose...
Above is one of the scenes in the French court sequence showing Valentino, Bebe Daniels, Lois Wilson and Lowell Sherman in a highly dramatic moment.

If you read the Booth Tarkington novel or saw the stage play of this story, you'll remember that the Monsieur was once a barber. And here, to the left, is Valentino in the costume he wears as the person of that humble station.

Last season, Mr. and Mrs. Valentino saw Lowell Sherman in the title rôle of "Casanova," on the New York stage. They were so impressed by his portrayal of the philandering gentleman of that era when men affected frills and furbelows . . . and so impressed by the natural grace with which he wore the costumes that they immediately thought of him for the similar rôle of Louis XV. On the left the artist has caught him as he stood in majestic dignity before the grinding cameras. And, on the right, as he enjoyed a plebeian Camel between scenes . . .
Miss Taylor Believes the Trouble With Our Young People Today Is That They Have No Vision. They Have Ceased to Worship and Revere. Today is Enough for Them... Tomorrow Doesn't Matter

THERE are so many people who are nearly great. Gods with the well-known feet of clay. The little-big.

There are a great many people who have not even the vision of being great. They go along, these unenlightened ones, amoeba-like, dividing and sub-dividing among themselves, unaware, never reaching out. . .

Nietzsche once said that "beyond pain there is pleasure," and also, beyond fame there is greatness.

Laurette Taylor is reaching out beyond Fame. She may be said to have that. But, for her, it is not enough.

She has the vision. . .

I talked with her while I was in Hollywood. Before I talked with her I saw her a couple of times; once at the premiere of De Mille's "Ten Commandments" in a party inclusive of her husband, J. Hartley Manners, and Charlie Chaplin; another time at the Montmartre dancing. And looking, as young, if not younger, than she looked ten years ago.

I thought: She must have something. A secret. She has that look in the eyes, that calm covering passion that one sees in the face of a very few.

Well, she has. Her secret is that of a vision. Of groping. Of striving to attain what the merely mediocre would be content without, or would call the unattainable.

I saw her in her dressing-room at the Metro Studio where she is making the picturization of "Happiness." She makes pictures, she told me, more for the sake of having a perpetual record of her plays than for any other purpose. The fact that she gets treble the money she does on the stage is rather an irritation to her than otherwise. It isn't fair, she thinks.

I found her changed. That is, I found her changed from what she had been when last I talked with her some three or four years ago. That time, four years ago, I had a sense of constraint with her. She bordered perilously on the verge of being what is commonly referred to as "up-stage." At that time, while admitting her indubitable charm, I thought: She knows that she is great and is proud of it. She has a superiority complex and hasn't learned to hide it.

But now, her horizon has widened and stretched away. Limitless. And one is lonely when one stands on the edge of a far horizon. Lonely. Humble. And a little bit afraid.

"It seems to me," she said, in her dressing-room at the studio, "that the trouble with our stage and screen today, our young stage and screen, and with our people, our young people, is that they have no vision. They have ceased to worship and revere. Today is enough for them and tomorrow they are content to let it be problematical, if that. . .

"I must have a symbol to illustrate what I mean. Greatness . . . well, Bernhardt was great. I may never be a Bernhardt, but I should like to be. When I die, if I should die tomorrow, I should be only one of many fairly competent actresses who have come and gone. Merely that. But at least, now, now that I have begun to revalue myself, at least I have a goal in view. What matter, really, if I never attain it, so that I have glimpsed it? It is what we know in our hearts that matters, really. Isn't it?

"You see, Bernhardt was not merely an actress, an artiste. She was world wide. She was identified with a city. She was Paris. She is become a legend, a tradition, an artistic and tremendous religion. She was a gigantic personality. A great human being. All that is so much more than being merely an actress, identified only with the stage.

"In the case of Duse, when Duse came back, out of her seclusion, she came on to the stage, there in New York, little, pitiful, mutely asking for pity. Bernhardt defied pity. She flung scorn into the teeth of possible defeat.

"Perhaps it is largely a matter of vitality. Or will-power. But to be so very great one has to give so much of one's self. That is what Bernhardt did. Not only in her work. She had wide and catholic interests. She not only met things, but she invited them. She was dauntless. In her last years, with her poor, maimed, still splendidly untired body she gave more of an illusion, more of a sense of great adventure than any other actress half her age can give today."

"Do you mean," I said, "that you have to live all things in order to portray them?"
Laurette Taylor makes motion pictures for the sake of having a perpetual record of her plays. Her appealing heroine of "Happiness" is depicted to the left, and on the right is a new portrait.

"Perhaps not. Not necessarily. But you have to be open to all things. You have not to be afraid. Of anything."

"Do you think that an actress is born, not made, as the saying goes?"

"I think that the germs of greatness are born in one, but that the courage of cultivation is a matter of conscious effort. The instinct of self-preservation must be, in a measure, killed, and the sense of giving substituted for it."

"Have you any specific ambition?"

"I believe that I should like to have a repertoire theater in New York, comprised of some six of the best actors and actresses of today! I should like to do the thing on a fine and worthwhile scale, or not at all. It would be a means toward the end of reviving the fine old traditions of the theater, of doing something that would survive, that would rebuild dramatic tradition. Each artist would do the thing that would make the production on hand the most worth while. Of these several elements a great whole might result. But this is merely projectual and in my mind."

"And the screen," I said, "has that nothing to do with your ambition?"

"Ah, yes...yes...if I wished to look at it from the mercenary aspect, which, after all, cannot be denied in the world we live in, I might say that I have ambitions of wealth in connection with the screen. But to do myself the justice I am so fond of, that is not it. I said when you first came in that I am interested in making pictures because they give me a perpetual record of my plays. 'Peg O' My Heart,' 'Happiness'...they will not fade away in the potpourri of the memorized mind...not now. They will live on. They have the splendid chance of immortality. And so have I."

"It is one thing, and a great thing, to have one's name immortalized. But it is even greater, is it not, to have one's visual self, all one's gestures, all of one's actual dramatic achievements there before one's eyes when one grows very old."

(Continued on page 93)
The Two Generations

A rarely lovely camera painting of Louise Fazenda and her mother

Photograph by W. F. Seely, L. A.
I remember that Mammy and I were bathing Baby when the phone rang. I had been feeling so happy as I watched her kick and laugh in her tub. She was so perfect and so ... baby-pink, you know. Her bath was always one of the high lights of my days.
Ah, those were landmarks of filmdom's earlier days!

One night a week, at practically every one of these places, some motion-picture celebrity presided as "host." A silver loving-cup was presented to the couple winning the dancing contest, the feature of the evening's entertainment, and usually the star felt called upon to give a presentation speech which was applauded in lively manner.

At The Ship was a table known as "the Captain's table." It stood alone, the most conspicuous spot in the room, and the film stars of those earlier days fought to reserve it. Fame was something rather new and wonderful. One quite enjoyed being stared at and pointed out, and one's frock and jewels showed to such advantage there.

A privilege accorded the male film stars in those days was that of substituting for saxophone players and drummers in the orchestras of these dancing places. The efforts of these amateur musicians at syncopation did not always please the ear, but the dancers applauded and cheered them on, showering them with coins.

It was a golden harvest for the musicians, themselves. At the end of each brief encore, the leader would shout out across the crowded room, "That'll be all for this time, customers." Fifty-cent pieces, silver dollars, even gold pieces would then rain down upon the musicians' platform from the always open wallets of the motion-picture people, so liberal with their sudden riches, and the music would start again.

"Poor Butterfly," "Allah's Holiday," "Japanese Sandman," "Dardanella," these were the favorites!

Toward morning the cars, those green, yellow, (Continued on page 87)
May McAvoy: the Starry-Eyed
A Dour-Looking Baby

Is How His Wife Described
Ernest Torrence to
Grace Halton

Observe the excellent Mr. Ernest Torrence, sitting upon a creaky camp-stool that seemed far too frail to support his mighty frame, and following the progress of a scene in which, for the moment, he had no part.

I lounged stylishly beside him in a very good chair. It had arms, this chair, and no creaks. Painted across its canvas back was the name, Mr. Ernest Torrence. It was his chair. But gentleman that he is, he insisted upon my occupying it while he sat upon the camp-stool.

The scene under way was for "Magnolia," a Booth Tarkington story, released under the title of "The Fighting Coward," and James Cruze in a handsome golf outfit was directing it.

Mr. Torrence was all dressed up, too. He wore a ruffled white shirt, a blue vest and striped trousers. (The period of the story is about 1840.) As a final delicate touch, he adjusted a black patch over one eye.

"You'll kindly notice that my hands are whitened," he remarked, exhibiting them. "I play a killer in this picture—but a refined kind of killer," he added pleasantly.

"When I signed my recent contract with Lasky, it was with the understanding that I'm not to be confined to one type of thing. I want to do some comedy, and some heavy roles. And I told Jimmy Cruze the other day, 'but it is possible that Mr. Torrence said this tongue-in-cheek, 'that sometime I was going to walk out in front of the camera in a dress suit.'"

We are due to see the screen's super-villain in a variety of roles, it would seem, and, if he adds a dress suit to his wardrobe the flappers will all desert Valentino, probably, to rally 'round the new sheik. Well, girls, I'll lead the way.

Mr. Torrence enjoys doing comedy very much indeed. How well he is suited to it he revealed in "Ruggles of Red Gap." For many years on the musical comedy stage he played comedy only, as you probably know.

"When my friends first saw me on the screen, as a villain, they refused to take the picture seriously," he said, referring to his initial screen appearance in "Tol'able David," in which he was a wicked lad indeed.

"My wife went home and cried. She said everyone would hate me and she couldn't bear it."

Now Mrs. Torrence is a charming lady,
but a poor prophet. Instead of hating her husband, critics and movie fans alike fell for him with one resounding bang, and last year he startled and amazed them again with his performance in “The Covered Wagon,” scoring the greatest personal hit of the screen year.

“The only sort of rôles I don’t like to play is that of a mean man,” he says. “For a bad man there is hope, but for a man who is petty and mean——” he shook his head.

One paints him with sweeping strokes, this Ernest Torrence. A giant of a man, with a great amount of magnetism. Someone has aptly said that “where Ernest Torrence stands is the center of the screen,” and off screen he loses none of his individuality. Rugged of features, he is, with fierce black eyebrows and intent, compelling brown eyes.

But a man of remarkable personal charm. Sincerely Kindly.

I asked him if he ever felt that he’d like to return to the stage.

“No,” he said, “I was on the stage, in comic opera and musical comedy for twenty years, in this country and in England. Possibly some time I may wish to return to it, but not now.

“I was stranded once, right in Los Angeles, too,” he added. “My wife and I came out here with a musical comedy company and one night, in the middle of the performance, the star was taken ill and the show closed. A fine place to be stranded it was, three thousand miles from New York. No, I can’t say that I long to return to the stage.

“It’s possible for me now to have a home. I love Hollywood.”

He was called for a scene, and when he returned his thoughts were on that new home which was recently completed.

It goes without saying that when Ernest Torrence built a home, after twenty years of wandering around the globe, he built a beautiful one. No pink stucco Spanish-Egyptian residence for him, such as dot the Hollywood hillsides. His new home is of English architecture, dull red brick and cream-colored cement, many windowed and sunny.

There is a garden, walled in, in the English manner, tall eucalyptus trees that have stood for many years in this part of

(Continued on page 89)
Vignettes of the Studios

VIII. The Fox Studios

By

SALLY STEELE

AND this is Fox's!

No photograph can give more than a suggestion of its atmosphere.
It lines both sides of Western Avenue, one of the main arteries of travel between Los Angeles and Hollywood, for the length of two city blocks. It advertises itself thru a succession of enormous bill-boards. It climbs toward the skies on stark, towering scaffolds. It spills into Western Avenue.
Oh, you can't miss Fox's.
This is one of Hollywood's older studios, and like the others of its time was built for film manufacturing purposes only. No catering to public taste here. No blending of studio architecture with that of homes in the neighborhood. No putting up a good front. Fox's is a film factory and doesn't care who knows it.
I fancy that the Hollywood newcomer finds Fox's a rather harsh experience. Gate-men and office boys waste no time on courtesy. State your business and make it snappy. If you haven't any business, you'll find yourself back on Western Avenue in record time.
When Fox's is going full blast, tho, it proves a great boon to the extra people. Ten or twelve companies working at a time require a good many five and seven-fifty-a-day supers.
Western Avenue, then, at the noon hour, resembles a carnival thoroughfare. Street-cars clang as they force their way thru the colorful throngs. Motor-cars start and stop, crawl forward cautiously, as they dodge cowboys and bathing girls, fat men and dwarfs, ingenues and stars on their way to the near-by cafeterias and lunchrooms.
Hollywood in the rush of its growth has swept up around Fox's. The studio now stands near the center of the film town, tho ten years ago its thirteen acres of territory were laid out in lemon and orange groves on the estate of Thomas Dixon, the author. The Dixon home now serves as a scenario office.

(Continued on page 89)
Attention, June Brides ... and Everyone Else Who Loves Beautiful Clothes!

Leatrice Joy's suggestion for a wedding-gown would cause any woman to yearn for the wedding-circle and the Lohengrin march. It is fashioned of white crepe chiffon ruffles over a flesh-colored metal cloth slip. The front of the skirt is caught with clusters of rose-buds. And the bodice of shimmering white satin is edged at the neck with smaller crepe ruffles. Her head-dress is a cap of orange blossoms and a Russian coronet effect from which a soft lace veil drops in folds to a spider-web train. Her slippers are white satin and her hose of white chiffon. And the shower bouquet she carries is a profusion of orange blossoms and orchids.

The traveling suit is always a consideration. Miss Joy's choice is one of the two-piece models in henna charmme. The sleeves are embroidered gayly in shades of henna, rose and green. The collar of the jacket is cut out so that the soft white collar of the frock underneath stands out in bold relief. With this costume, she wears a small felt hat of an almost tailored simplicity. Then when the weather grows warmer the frock of this suit may be worn with a fur scarf and a small white felt hat, perhaps. The scarf shown here is of the soft platinum color.

All Photographs by Richee
A négligée . . . for the lingering honeymoon breakfasts in sunny windows . . . and for the afternoon siestas with a new novel. Delft blue, a pretty color, and so rarely used in this age of newfangled tints and tones, solves the color problem of both the underslip and the overslip. Tiny shirred ruffles of the same webby crépe decorate the flowing sleeves and the slashes in the skirt . . . while underneath you glimpse medallions of pastel beads.

Leatrice Joy in Several Trousseau Suggestions

The evening gown is rather a creation. Its chiffon is tinted from a pomegranate to a flesh color and it is gracefully threaded with beads and sequins of corresponding hues, while panels of pomegranate chiffon fall from the semi-fitted waist at either side. Her wrap is ermine, bordered with the cooly tails and lined with a flamboyantly embroidered crépe.

However, most of us ordinary mortals would be pleased to use the dinner frock Miss Joy suggests for almost every occasion. There is an indescribable charm in its soft black folds and its inserts of spider-web lace which permit a glimpse of the yellow crépe slis worn underneath. The inserts, like the graceful neck and tiny puff sleeves, are edged with tiny widths of black velvet ribbon . . . while there is a graceful sash bow of black crépe chiffon to fall at the left side.
A Foursome

Pale gold hair ... bee-stung lips ... flashing, dancing limbs ... and there you have Mae Murray. She is reminiscent of no one ... and a cinema law unto herself.

A black wig and flamboyant Spanish shawls to fling in fiery abandon ... these are the things Renee in "Mademoiselle Midnight" brings to Mae.

Another sequence of her new story sent Mae scurrying around for a Godey's Lady Book before she set about designing the quaint, demure gowns and wraps of forgotten years.

In truth, the moods of Mae make a lovely and picturesque foursome.

... of the Moods of Mae
The Sixth Instalment
of the Dana Gatlin
Serial

Thistledown

Synopsis of What Has
Gone Before

In the rôle of waitress in the notorious road-house
of old Leon, the Alsatian, Dorothy Claiborne,
royal lineage, meets young Hi Duggeit, the
millionaire rounder of the village of Fairfield, Conn.,
and the old story of the chase begins. Hi tags
Dorothy, “Thistledown.” Dolly, as she calls herself,
had her own reason for the disguise—a
wealthy fiancé from whom she is seeking surescase.
Dolly accidentally meets Hi in Fairfield and brings
the wrath of the law upon him for speeding, then
penitent, takes the blame herself, and drives off into
the dusk with him. Tipsy, Hi kisses her insultingly.
She leaves his car. Hi later seeks Dolly at
Leon’s, only to find her gone. Rumor has it that
Dolly has been seen on the silversheet, but he disregards it. Rumor also has it that a fast woman is a
interloper on the De Bossert place. Intuitively, Hi drives there. He finds Dolly in the woods and apologizes for insulting her. Then follow many rendezvous. They are in love.
Still accepting Dolly as a servant, Hi takes her to his home,
believing his spinster sister away. She surprises them
and insults Dolly. Hi declares his intention of marrying
Dolly, but meanwhile Dolly has slipped out of the house.
He follows her to her cottage and peering thru the window,
discovers her accepting the caresses of a loud-looking
stranger. Hi leaves furious, but after many days returns.
Dolly confesses her love for him but tells him she is
affianced to another, and begs him to drive her to Thie-
band’s. He knows now that she is the mistress of the
De Bossert place. Desperate with love and despair he
drives like a demon. Dolly takes the wheel. There is a
smash-up. As luckily no one is hurt, Hi and Dolly drive on.
Dolly tells Nanny secretly of her love for Hi, but
adds she must go to Mr. King, her fiancé. Hi is surprised by a summons for arrest on the charge of man-
slaughter. A victim is dying. Dolly, too, is sought. Hi
secures bond and hastens to warn her. She has escaped
already. He inquires at Thieband’s but gains no news of
her. He returns home—Dolly gone—his firm faced with
bankruptcy. Infection sets in in his foot, a result of the
smash-up. He becomes delirious. But Leon and Nanny
have befriended him. They trail Dolly and find her with
Mr. King, her uncle, who has at last traced her, and the
millionaire, that her uncle wants her to marry. As Leon
and Nanny arrive, Dolly is telling her uncle that Mr. King
is not only responsible for her success in pictures but that
he is her affianced husband.

Simultaneously Dolly and her uncle cried her name, “Nanny! Why have you followed me here?” cried the girl, in reproach mingled with alarm. And Uncle Percy shouted:

“Anna Thieband! You dare look me in the face?”

Old Anna eyed the angry small man with extreme
dignity. “It is no wish of mine that I do so, but why
should I not?”

“You abetted my niece—you helped her to defy me!”
shaking his fist.

Old Leon started forward, belligerence in his eye, but
Anna halted him with a “I shall speak, Leon.” Then,
coldly, to Uncle Percy:

“Do you think by such a noise to frighten me? It is
not that I am in your employ, Mr. Claiborne, or under
your domination.”

“You are an ungrateful woman! Is this the way to
repay my dead sister who showered you with indulgence
and trust?”

“For your brother’s wife I hold naught but devoted
and reverent memories,” answered Anna, crossing herself
piously. Then, sternly: “But for yourself, you may
shout and stamp as you please; you will succeed in
frightening only those young women who sit at their
desks outside, wondering whether it is a madman in this
room.”

Mr. Claiborne glovered, shooting his glance from old
Anna to his niece. Mr. Van Antwerp Reeves fidgeted
uncomfortably. Old Leon blew his nose. Sam King
sawed his throat twice as if to speak, but said nothing.

It was the girl who spoke first. “Nanny!” she asked
again, “what has brought you here?” Her voice was
imperious, yet it was strained, too, as if some unnamed
fear were clutching her by the throat.

Anna went up to her and tenderly took her two hands.
Over the girl's head old Anna shot a singularly triumphant glance toward the uncle and toward Sam King.

"There, you see!" it seemed to say.

"Oh, my little Miss Dolly," she said, "I have come to take you back home—you are needed at home."

If any of the persons present noticed any incongruity in that word "home," the girl was not one of them; her face went white and her eyes looked frightened, beseeching.

"What has happened—it is Hi—has anything—" she faltered.

Over the girl's head old Anna shot a singularly triumphant glance toward the uncle and toward Sam King. "There you see!" it seemed to say. Old Leon again started forward but again Anna said, "I shall speak, Leon"; then to the girl, very gently:

"Mr. Hi is suffering much trouble—they have made an arrest for a grievous motor accident which occurred the night you came away; a man is like to die, and Mr. Hi's car was recognized, and Mr. Hi himself is held accountable altho it is said a woman was seen driving his car."

"Nanny, I was that woman!" Dolly cried. "They mustn't hold him—oh, why hasn't he told me of this?"

"Is Mr. Hi such a one to put his troubles upon the shoulders of a woman, you think? And how could he find you, even if he wished, when you vanished from him with such abruptness?"

The girl pressed her hands tightly together, and Anna continued:

"Moreover, Mr. Hi could search for no one, not now. His business is threatened with a bankruptcy, that big Daggett Company; and Mr. Hi is himself confined to his bed, with his injury and his sickness."

"Injured—sick! Oh, Nanny, what is it? Is it—dangerous?"

At that imploring, terrified cry Anna shot a second glance of triumph toward two of the listeners.

"Who is this 'Hi' person?" Uncle Percy broke in. "I demand to know!"

It was Anna who answered, briefly: "He is the young man who loves Miss Dolly and who is in return loved by her."

Then Sam King spoke.

"Dolly—is this true?"

What could Dolly answer then? Her hands were trembling and her eyes were piteous with a secret she could not conceal.

Sam King said to her:

"This morning we were to announce to your uncle—our betrothal."

Then she answered him, trying to meet his eyes.

"I have not broken my pledge to you, Mr. King. When I found out that—he and I loved each other—I came straight back to you. I know I must have acted wrong. But I tried to do right—in the end, I decided not to tell you—it seemed best. But now—"

Suddenly she seemed to calm herself, she lifted her eyes square to his and said with a strange, direct simplicity:

"But now I see I mustn't go on with it, Mr. King. I must go back to him. He needs me, and I must go back—it's the only thing to do."

Sam King rose and came and stood facing her. He had a singular dignity, the plump and sleek little man; the others were as remote spectators of this little drama.

"You love this man so much?" asked Sam King.

But the girl needed not to answer; her face was her answer.
The Bad in the Best of Us

That is the theme which Henry Albert Phillips has taken for his new serial, "The Girl Who Couldn't Be Bad," which begins in the July Motion Picture Magazine.

In every woman, however circumspect and virtuous, there is some slight strain of the siren...it is a composite of woman's make-up...it is as old as Eve in the First Garden.

Mr. Phillips is one of the new novelists. His "Other People's Lives" has just been published by Boni and Liveright. Therefore, we take pleasure in announcing the first instalment of his serial in these pages next month.

THE EDITOR

Dolly's own voice!—warm and pulsing for a ghost! But he mustn't let himself be too hopeful.

"But maybe you're going to blow away again," he said, cunningly. "You're like that—you're a will-o'-the-wisp. And I'm in a fever—I know; if I'd shut my eyes a minute, when I opened them again I expect you'd be gone."

"No, Hi. I've come to stay—if you want me to stay."

"Then come closer—let me take your hand."

He took her hand, it was throbbing flesh-and-blood, not a wraith's hand. But he clung to it tightly, as if fearing it might dissolve from his clasp. Holding her hand he went off to sleep. And from the hour of that deep and restful slumber he started to mend.

Dolly came to the Daggett mansion every day for nearly a week. Miss Julia suffering the visits with a mute repulsion that did her great credit, and Hi accepting each bright hour for the radiance it held—too weak, and too weakly timorous, to press the future.

Once he said to her:
"Dolly, God bless you for coming back—but you shouldn't have come back just now. There was a motor accident—a kind of mess. Till I get better, for heaven's sake steer clear of that deputy sheriff, Voights."

"Oh, I've been to call on Mr. Voights," Dolly answered happily. "And he didn't even hand me a summons. That man in the hospital has kindly decided to get well."

There finally came a day when Dolly was granted by the nurse a private interview. It was November, but the outside air was thick with lazy golden sunshine and a bar of it entered and stole across the carpet toward the girl, like a blessing, as she told her story.

"There are a lot of things I want to tell you, Hi," she began. "I should have told you while I was up there," modeling in the direction of the De Bossert estate.

"I should have told you all about everything at the first—I blame myself terribly." She was speaking hurriedly, as tho she would crowd a lifetime into this short recital. "My name is Doris Claiborne—the name of Claiborne may mean nothing to you alotho at one time it was one of the rich families of New York. But my mother was a De Bossert—she was the last of her family, which had owned that old estate up there for so many generations."

Hi gave a little gasp, but Dolly rushed on:

"The De Bossert money was gone and the place up there was going to ruin even before my mother inherited it. Uncle Percy wanted her to sell it, but she could never forget it belonged to the De Bosserts and that she was the last of the De Bosserts. Uncle Percy was my father's only brother, and he took care of my mother and me after my father died. If it hadn't been for him, I suppose we'd have starved. It wasn't too easy for him—we lived as tho we were rich, but we were not rich—oh, it's miserable and mean! The debts and the duns, the uncertainty and petty intriguing, of trying to live up to a position!"

Her voice had gone passionately hard, but she softened it as she continued:

"I try to remember that Uncle Percy did the best he knew, and was unselfish according to his lights. He sent me to an expensive school after my mother died. He saw that I was well dressed and that I had all the advantages of the girls of my set. He saw to it I could speak three languages, and dance and swim and ride. I had my coming-out party, and he even managed a trip to Europe. You may say I owe everything to him."

"He seems to have been quite kind to you," said Hi, who would have preferred disliking Dolly's uncle, because he saw she herself held something resentful.

"So kind," Dolly returned, her voice going hard again. "That he claims the privilege of choosing my husband as a reward of his kindness."

"It was because I had a pretty face he spent his money on me," she proceeded bitterly. "He considered me a good investment—he finally told me as much. In his charity he had been moved by no pity for his orphaned niece, never showed sympathy or affection. Once when I was quite small I fell off a horse, and he was terrified lest a cut on my cheek would leave a disfiguring scar; and my last year at school I had a bad fever, and my hair fell out and I was thin and ugly. When Uncle Percy came and saw me he couldn't hide his disappointment.

"'You've lost your looks!' he cried, and he sounded absolutely terrified.

"But you didn't lose them—you became beautiful again," said Hi, without the intention of paying a compliment.

"It was from that time, I think," Dolly continued, "that I began feeling hard toward Uncle Percy. I got sort of bitter inside—and restless."

"Then, not so long after that, he began talking about the necessity of my making a 'suitable marriage,' and it developed he had arranged a match in his mind, elected my husband. The man was a crony of his, belonged to the same clubs and all that; of impeccable family, criminally rich—and old enough to be my father.""

"That couldn't be Sam King!" Hi interjected, because he couldn't see the sleek little producer in the rôle of Uncle Percy's club crony.

"No, it wasn't Mr. King—I'm coming to him later. No, I'm fond of Mr. King, but this man I wasn't even fond of—I detested him. Uncle Percy couldn't see that the way I

(Continued on page 83)
The Business of Fan Mail

WRITING letters to the film stars has become the favorite indoor sport of the nations. Everybody plays the game—Chinese, Japanese, Filipinos, take the pen in hand to tell Mary Pickford what they think of her, quite as readily as do the Americans, the British, the French, and the Germans.

A snow-storm of mail descends upon each of the Hollywood studios daily. The Tal-madge sisters receive as many as eight thousand letters a week! Mary, Doug, and Charlie Chaplin employ three or four secretaries each to keep from being snowed under with the rainbow-hued missives from their admirers.

Hollywood is every photographer’s Mecca, for the movie stars order fan photographs in thousand lots. Where once the artistic triumphs of Charles Dana Gibson and Harrison Fisher adorned the boudoirs of young ladies of school age, portraits of Pola Negri, Claire Windsor, The letters the stars see first are those containing intelligent criticism, whether flattering or adverse . . . also those suggesting stories for future production. Begging letters are ignored in most cases; to grant their requests would soon dissipate fortunes

Investigated

By

HELEN CARLISLE

Harold Lloyd, Colleen Moore and a score of other stars now meet the eye.

The girls aren't the only ones. A young man of eleven years took me to his room one evening, when I was calling at his home, and showed me his gallery. Every one from Anna Q. Nilsson to Baby Peggy smiled out at me as my young friend swung wide the door. The effect produced was of one dazzling smile, stretching from corner to corner of the room, and liberally splashed with “yours trulys” in every imaginable sort of penmanship.

“But haven’t you any particular favorite?” I asked, wondering if my young friend was developing sheikish tendencies.

Many stars find it necessary to employ three or four secretaries to keep them from being snowed under with the rainbow-hued missives from their admirers. Here is Monte Blue taking an epistolary haul home from his letter-rack at the studios.
"Oh, sure, Norma Talmadge is my favorite. But I write to all the others," he added largely.

That, I discovered, looking over the fan mail of one of the motion picture stars, is what everybody else is doing—asking not only for photos of their favorites, but for those of every other film celebrity as well. "I am making a collection of movie stars' photos" is the unflattering manner in which most of the writers prefaced their request.

Perhaps you are numbered among those who have written, or have contemplated writing to the motion picture stars. If you are, you probably wonder what per
fans behind the ribbon counters," sometimes occur in your letters. Persons suffering from an inferiority complex, that often demonstrates itself in an effort to wound or humiliate those whom the sufferer considers superior to or more fortunate than himself, occasionally send letters of a vindictive or sarcastic nature to the motion picture stars.

The stars' secretaries recognize such letters at a glance, and toss them into the waste-paper basket, unread.

Every film player of prominence employs one or more of these secretaries. A secretary with a knowledge of many languages is sometimes employed by stars receiving a heavy amount of foreign mail. In some cases a member of the star's family acts as his secretary. Harold Lloyd's father answers his mail. Carmel Myers' mother attends to hers, as does Betty Compson's.

It is the secretary who determines what letters the star shall see, and it may interest you to know just what type of letters she sets aside for the actor's personal attention.

The letters that the stars see are first, those containing intelligent criticism of their work, whether flattering or adverse, and those suggesting various books, stories or plays as being particularly suited to their talents.

Letters from invalids almost invariably receive the attention of the stars. Letters of a general form, if they are exceptionally intelligent and well worth reading, also are placed in their hands.

Begging letters are ignored in most cases. Every star receives hundreds of these each year, and fortunes would soon be dissipated if the requests contained therein were granted. Many requests are sent in for articles of wearing apparel worn by a star in a certain production. These, too, are necessarily ignored.

Requests for photographs are granted by every star with whom I came in contact while assembling material for this article.

(Continued on page 92)
These new pictures of Pola as Cleo in “Men” encourage us. They suggest the temperamental star of “Gypsy Love” and “Passion.” Buchowitzke was her director in this production—is it his Continental influence?—or has Pola defied the threats of our censors and dared to be her old self once more?—Is the old Pola coming back to us?...

We brought Pola Negri to America because there was a universal appeal in her elemental fires and passions—We hailed her as a great actress. Then we proceeded to temper her abandon—to whitewash her passions... and to make her neither the emotional, sophisticated woman nor the simple, trusting Pollyanna——

Is the Old Pola Coming Back To Us?
That's Out
By
TAMAR LANE
Illustrations by Harry Taskey

There are no reasonable grounds for one to expect, or even hope to pick up the paper and read as a headline: C. B. de Mille to Make Film Without a Bathroom Scene... or Charlie Chaplin Reported Engaged to Baby Peggy. Another favorite press-agent story is the one which tells how the star took a sentence of three weeks in jail so as to be able to give the proper realism to the rôle of the convict she is to play.

Flood scenes clipped from the Pathé News.
Big Outdoor Drama—features several smooth-shaven cowboys from the Times Square district.
A Masterpiece—fairly good.
A Sensation—not so good.
A Triumph—Terrible, but must be sold.

A CANDIDATE FOR THE HALL OF FAME
There are very few producers who are consistently giving the screen first-rate photoplays, and there are a great deal fewer who are earnestly trying to make a more worthwhile form of silent drama. It, therefore, gives us great pleasure to nominate for the filmland Hall of Fame a young producer by the name of J. K. McDonald, who, during the past few months, has presented the silver-sheet with two outstanding photoplays which are to be classed among the best pictures of the year—"Penrod and Sam" and "Boy of Mine." The latter film is one of the finest and rarest photoplay gems that has ever flashed its brilliance from the screen, and the odd part of it all is that Mr. McDonald is a newcomer to the film business. Yet during his brief career in the studio he has turned out a tandem of photoplays which has not been surpassed by any of our self-heralded master producers. The silent drama needs more producers like J. K. McDonald.

A GLOSSARY OF PRESS-AGENT TERMS AS APPLIED TO THE MOVIES
A HUMAN Document—Any film in which a poor old mother is deserted by her children.
A Classic—has two good actors in the cast.
Turning Them Away—even the complimenteries can't get thru it.
Superproduction—over 150 extras used.
Dashing Juvenile—any actor under 40 years who measures less than 35 around the waist.
A Gigantic Spectacle—any film that is long on costumes and short on story.
A Stupendous Drama—any foreign film which the distributor has bought cheap.
A Revelation—six reels and not a single close-up of a jazz hand or baby.
A Smashing Success—has scenes showing villain breaking chair over hero's head.
Million Dollar Production—any film that cost over $147,000 to produce.
Big Special—has some good fire and

PLAYS OF THE HOUR
"Dangerous Curves Ahead," featuring Calvin Coolidge.
hit the nail on the head when he recently remarked
"Acting ability, while in itself something to be strived for by every actor or actress, will never get a player into the front rank of favorites." While the public appreciates fine acting to a certain degree, its heart goes out more fully to the actor or actress of charming personal mannerisms and quaint individuality. The ideal, of course, is a combination of acting ability and personality, and, while we are on the subject, it might be mentioned that Bertram Grassby himself has these two qualities to a marked degree. Producers are overlooking something in not giving Grassby some of those big roles which require an intelligent player.

While the public appreciates fine acting to a certain degree, its heart goes out more fully to the actor or actress of charming personal mannerisms and quaint individuality.

How to Succeed in the Movies in Five Complete Lessons

Lesson No. One—For Heroes.
Before even attempting to make a success as a film hero you must take a complete course in athletics. Don't bother about acting ability. The streets are filled with good actors, but it is a difficult matter to get good athletes. Hire a dress suit and riding outfit—never mind.

(Continued on page 90)

Play of the Hour... The Eternal Three, featuring Mary, Doug and Charlie
One of the most interesting behind-the-camera stories we have ever heard is the story Jesse Lasky told us about "The Covered Wagon." From sacrifice, privation, quarrels and worries... and high hopes in a common purpose the picture was born. Its story below is almost as thrilling and inspiring as the drama of the wagon train itself.

**The Editor Gossips**

The things which happen behind the cameras are many times fraught with drama and interest. And one of the most interesting behind-the-camera stories we have ever heard is the story Jesse Lasky told us one day last month about the making of "The Covered Wagon." To us it seems almost as thrilling and almost as inspiring as the drama of the wagon train itself.

They planned to make just another motion picture from the Emerson Hough novel. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars—a mere bagatelle in cinematic currency—had been appropriated for its production.

Mr. Lasky, back from Europe and on his way to the California studios, read the scenario as his Pullman flashed over the long-effaced trail of the pioneer caravan about which he was reading. Looking over the infinite stretch of barren waste to where it met the vaulted dipping sky, he visualized covered wagons in a mighty train and it came to him that the picture, "The Covered Wagon," might be infinitely more than they had planned for it to be.

So, when he finally reached the Western studios, he gave the star and the director who were to do this story something else to do, and then he sent for Jimmie Cruze. He asked him to read the story overnight and report to him the next morning.

"I knew," Mr. Lasky told us, "that Jim was the man for that tale. He has some fraction of Indian blood. He knew the kind of people who shuttled the threads of that story. Sometimes I think Jimmie Cruze might have been born to direct this picture. It would have been an artistic crime to let anyone else touch it. They would have veneered it and it is a story of stark reality."

And so. The next morning Cruze came into the Lasky sanctorum sanctorum.

"It's a darn fine yarn, Chief," he said. "One hundred and fifty thousand isn't much. That's too bad. But let me have one hundred Indians and one hundred wagons and get started."

At this point in the story, Mr. Lasky admitted that he had enjoyed the rôle he was playing.

"No, Jim," he said, "Not one hundred Indians. Jim... three hundred! Not one hundred wagons, Jim... three hundred! Not one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, Jim... three hundred thousand!"

Then the work began. From sacrifice, privation, quarrels, worries and high hopes in a common purpose "The Covered Wagon" was born. For weeks the company camped on location. At day the sun beat down upon them in the desert sands. At night cold winds beat under their tents. Sometimes the rough drivers of the wagons would imbibe too much whiskey and revolt. Sometimes they threatened to use their guns in escapes not in the scenario. It finally became necessary to install a military régime. But the director had fired every man and woman with his dream of making this caravan chronicle one of the great motion pictures. They worked unceasingly without thought of self.

It was weeks after the last scene was shot that the cutting and titling was completed. Then Jimmie Cruze was ready to show the Powers his finished product in the projection-room at the studios. When they filed in, there was evident skepticism and doubt. And if it dispersed immediately it was only to reappear at the final fade-out. For the original scenario of "The Covered Wagon" ended where the train parted, some setting off for Oregon and others turning their horses' heads towards the gold fields of California.

It was Mr. Lasky who decided that what was a mighty and stirring story fell flat because the pioneers were never seen entering their Utopian wilderness. He was determined that there was more to the story and that it must be filmed.

By this time the company had disbanded. Ernest Torrence was with the Fox Company... J. Warren Kerrigan was with Universal... and Lois Wilson and Tully Marshall were busy in other productions. And every single, solitary wagon had been dismantled.

Their vision gave them resource... Cruze knew a location which would serve his purpose.

(Continued on page 116)
Everyone was surprised when the marriage of Corinne Griffith and Walter Morosco became known . . . for they had managed to enjoy their courtship without benefit of excessive publicity . . .

But recently, before beginning work on her next picture, she and Mr. Morosco sailed for the Hawaiian Islands, where they spent many glorious honeymoon days. David Kanokawai, regarded as a perfect physical man, and the brother of Duke Kanokawai, is seen here with them on the most famous of beaches—Waikiki. In his honor, Corinne wears a native skirt and the festive lai.
The Movies Outdo Barnum

And Poor Pictures Make Money Because of Clever and Extensive Exploitation

While Good Pictures May Fail Thru Lack of It

By

LAURA KENT MASON

In his day Barnum may have been right in his estimate of the birth-rate of fools. He may have done his best, too, in concocting fairly good publicity features to fool these one-born-every-minute members of the human race. Yes, in his day, Barnum got away with a lot. I'm glad he isn't living, now. He'd have to hide his head in humiliation and chagrin when he saw how far ahead of him others had got in the matter of getting away with almost everything when it came to publicity. Once again—the movies have done it. They already have Barnum beat, and they are just about getting full steam ahead.

Why do you go to see a particular picture? Is it because the picture is playing at a neighborhood movie-house, and your beau wants to go? Is it because you always go to the movies a certain number of times each week, no matter what picture is being shown? Or, do you go to see a particular picture, or a particular star? If you do go to see a particular picture, it is quite—well, at least, possible, that the latest publicity stunt about that picture has got you—that you have fallen, in some slight measure, perhaps, for some of the vastly clever things that the movie companies are constantly putting over.

Few people, outside of those actually connected with the film industry, realize how immense the actual popular-ization of pictures has become. It is an industry in itself. First of all, you who are interested in the picture “from the outside,” that is, as mere audience, as onlookers, probably take it for granted, as a matter of course, that after a picture is finished, it will get a certain amount of publicity, that it will be written about in the papers, that your favorite motion picture magazines will have stories about the picture and interviews with the picture’s star. You even take it for granted, these days, that your local stores will have “tie up” advertising, that there will be displays in front of the motion picture theaters, that special stunts will be arranged to give the picture publicity, and to give you amusement and, of course, to encourage you to go to see the picture. None of these things would happen if it were not for carefully arranged publicity. The picture would go silently into town, unheralded, and unknown, and—would probably go out again the same way. Everyone would lose—the star, the motion picture exhibitor and, not at all incidentally, you who enjoy good pictures.

Until three years ago, the motion picture companies were satisfied with the usual press-agents, like those the theatrical companies employ. Then, suddenly, one of the companies thought of a special exploitation stunt, a
feature that required more work than the average publicity writer could devote to it. Other companies followed suit. The result is, today each company has a fully equipped and elaborate exploitation department, whose whole duty it is to invent queer stunts, queer methods of attracting your attention to the picture. When you see an interesting street display, you needn't say to yourself, "How clever of Mr. Jones, our local movie-house manager!" No, indeed. Mr. Jones probably had very little to do with the display. It was probably all thought out for him by the exploitation manager back in the home office of the film company.

Exploitation is really circus ballyhoo, tho lately it is getting a bit more refined, and is even adding dignity. It is the sort of publicity that Barnum tried to do—tho he did not succeed in doing it nearly so well as the movie companies.

The way exploitation works is like this—and, here is a secret for you, so that, in future you may understand all of the clever publicity stunts which you will meet. Each of the big film companies employs a large exploitation department. At the head of it is a man wise in the ways of people, of newspaper work, and of the film industry. He is usually a man who has succeeded as a newspaper writer, or as a publicity man. His salary is large. The best known exploitation man today probably is Harry Rickenbacker, whose weekly salary is said to be in four figures. Other exploitation men are making large names for themselves, too.

Under the exploitation manager are a number of lesser employees, tho these men are clever, and highly paid, too. Some of these men stay in New York, or in Los Angeles in the home office. Here they spend all of their time thinking up clever exploitation stunts for the pictures that they are featuring, or putting these same stunts into actual practice. Now, each film company has a number of exchanges to handle the films for them. These film companies have men in "key cities," that is, large cities centrally located, and in each of these key cities there is an exploitation man to take care of the surrounding territory. Thus, if a film is booked in one town, the exhibitor is able to get in touch with the exploitation man who is in the key city nearest to him, and the exploitation man will come to the town and put on various exploitation stunts which will make the film succeed.

So, when you see a picture that is being cleverly advertised and exploited in a new way, you will know that it has taken the combined efforts of the publicity department, the exploitation department and the advertising department of the film company, as well as the help of the local motion picture exhibitor.

The great idea in new exploitation is the "lying up" of local advertising with the film. Each company has its own way of accomplishing this, and all of them are clever and amusing—and all of them need the co-operation of the company’s exploitation department with the local picture-house manager.

(Continued on page 78)
Across the Silversheet

"The Thief of Bagdad" and "Secrets"
Pass in Review

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

It is one of the most wonderful and beautiful pictures we have ever seen, "The Thief of Bagdad," Douglas Fairbanks' latest contribution to the cinema stage. It is magic . . . photographic magic in an Arabian Nights fairy story that moves across the screen in an uninterrupted sequence of pictures so fantastic and so beautiful that they might readily be one of the lovely Rackham or Dulac illustrations come to life, sans their brilliant colors—toned down to soft browns and blues and greens, for it is seldom during the story's course that the screen is pictured in the flat photographic colors.

However, long before the picture had unreel'd its legendary and allegorical story of the thief of old Bagdad who discovers that he may filch everything but happiness with his nimble fingers, we were optically satiated. And satiety is deadly. Our eyes refused to accept the new beauties constantly offered them. Our emotional nature asked for interest and this was wanting.

We believe that "The Thief of Bagdad" is the beginning of new motion pictures, but it failed to thrill us or inspire us except for slight esthetic thrills born of its sheer beauty.

Never was there a more perfect picture for children. It will spell a fantastic paradise to them when the handsome prince and the beautiful princess sail thru the sky on the magic carpet . . . while the twinkling stars of the night spell "Happiness Must Be Earned." They will be thrilled when the thief overcomes all manner of allegorical monsters in his journey towards happiness. There is the colossal dragon with the fiery nostrils in the Valley of Fire . . . there is a titanic sea monster that attacks him as he searches for the starry key in a chest fathoms under the sea. And how they will adore the winged white horse that flies with the thief thru the air to the beautifully fantastic Palace of

(Continued on page 94)

Norma Talmadge has not done any work in a long time to compare with her Mary Carlton in "Secrets." We have fulsome praise for her four widely varied portrayals. As for the picture itself, it is far from being great. But it has the sentimental charm of an old daguerreotype

It would enhance the rarely beautiful bag of tricks in "The Thief of Bagdad," the new Douglas Fairbank's picture, tenfold to see it with a child. In it all the old fairy miracles come true. However, it leaves the adult optically satiated when the dramatic interest wanes.
Comment on Other Productions

By THE STAFF

The Fighting Coward

In screening this satirical Booth Tarkington story of ante-Civil-War days along the Mississippi, James Cruze has contributed another notable achievement to the screen, already enriched by his "Covered Wagon" and "Hollywood." A delightful, satirical picture is given of the hot-blooded young Southern gentleman who is ever defending family tradition and woman's fair name. Cullen Landis renders the portrait doubly pleasing and the director's treatment of the character is superb.

The backgrounds of the story are quaint and interesting. The romance is well attended to, as it is in all Tarkington stories. Mary Astor upholds her end of it with a charm that is sweetly fragrant. Ernest Torrence presents a humorous characterization that is a lineal descendant of the gentleman he played in the "Wagon" and almost as funny. And Phyllis Haver continues her dramatic career.

A Society Scandal

It is written in the records that Gloria Swanson flashed a real emotional talent in "The Humming Bird," displaying a gift for characterization that established her as something else than an animated "clothes-horse." We had hoped that she would continue to portray colorful figures—such as the gaminé of Montmartre. Her newest essay will not carry her to the heights—for she assumes a rôle which could be played by any actress of poise who knows how to dress herself becomingly.

This excursion into smart society—telling a story of divorce gets away from the conventions. Indeed it is one of the cleverest pictures of its kind ever revealed. There is much ironic humor expressed in the subtitles—and the director has admirably taken care of the mechanics of the production. But the story is artificial in its development. The husband, suing for divorce, has a lawyer who believes in the sanctity of the marital vows. He tears the defendant's reputation to pieces. Yet the evening of the day when he wins his case, finds him falling for the charms of the heroine. An artificial touch, indeed. An unconvincing story—but excellently staged and directed.

Here we have Mr. and Mrs. James Kirkwood (or Lila Lee, if you prefer it so) in "Love's Whirlpool," which is a picture packed with erudities and the redeeming note of a fairly lively plot.
Critical Paragraphs Which Serve As Guide-Posts to the Better Pictures

**Love's Whirlpool**

The long arm of coincidence and the equally long arm of convenience play a game of checkers here. They pilot a group of puppets over a checkerboard of weird and wild situations. It is a crook melodrama of redemption—with the making over of the hardened criminal, saved for the final soppy finish. His is a plan of revenge directed against a banker who refuses to lend his aid toward saving the crook's weakling brother from prison. The boy had "stuck up" a bank depositor in a ridiculous scene. Imagine getting away with that stuff in any up-to-date bank! So the crook with the aid of his sweetheart plots to effect his escape.

The coincidence enters when the crooks save the banker's daughter from a watery grave and use her for the purposes of blackmail. They open a chiarvoyant parlor—and the hokum comes right out in the open and stays there. There are several gaps in logic and action—and were it not for James Kirkwood's sincerity and his effort to make the rôle convincing, the story would look terribly bad. As it is, it insults the intelligence in a number of its scenes. It is packed with crudities—the redeeming note being a fairly lively plot.

**Thy Name Is Woman**

If any doubt remained as to Fred Niblo's genius as a director, "Thy Name Is Woman" dispelled it, for here he has sustained interest in an eternal triangle theme, and sustained it at a great height, for ten thousand feet of celluloid, certainly an extraordinary achievement. In doing so he has been aided by the dramatic skill and remarkable appeal of Barbara La Marr, the romanticisms and boyish emotions of Ramon Novarro and the utterly finished ability of William V. Mong.

The action takes place on the mountainous border of Spain and France but the director seldom reaches out for atmospheric charm and such digressions from his theme. The walls of a simple setting provide most of the backgrounds, but it seems that "Thy Name Is Woman" could have been played before black velvet or cheese-

"My Mamie Rose," with Mary Philbin in the title rôle and Pat O'Malley opposite her, is a story of the old days on the Bowery. In this respect it is fairly accurate, but it is a picture which carries little in substance. And we can understand why the scenes were not filmed on the exact locations and not built in the studio. It would have been better

Ramon Novarro and Barbara La Marr are starred in "Thy Name is Woman," in which they are shown at the top of this page. There are minor faults in Fred Niblo's direction of this eternal triangle theme, but he has made a picture which pulses with life. "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model," has come to the screen from the ten, twen' and thirt' days. It has everything crammed into it, but still it has a spirit to it. And Claire Windsor in the title rôle lives up to the adjective expressive of her charm.
cloth and been just as gripping. There are minor faults in Niblo's work, but he has made a picture that pulses with life.

**Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model**

Time has turned backward in its flight and out of the musty plays of yesteryear comes this ripe, old melodrama—which has been thoroly modernized to fit the atmosphere of New York as we know it. Nellie has grown up in poverty, reared by a benefactress who took her away from a cruel father. When the benefactor becomes ill, she gets a job as a model in a shop conducted by her mother's dissolute nephew. The rest of the story features Nellie's troubles in circumventing the plans of this bad boy who would seek the Horton fortunes.

The original play was of the ten, twent', and thirt' days and had everything calculated to make the gallery gods excited. As a picture, everything has been crammed into it—such as a fire, an auto crash, several fistic encounters, and the railroad scene when Nellie is saved from death by a hair's breadth. Hikum? Most assuredly. But there is spirit in it—and the element known as "punch." Claire Windsor plays the title-role, and succeeds in living up to the adjective expressive of her charm.

**Fools' Highway**

The Owen Kildare story, "My Mamie Rose," has a meaningless title in its new screen version—and the story itself is not so pretentious as its sponsors would have us believe. It has been said that the author wrote the tale around his own experiences on the Bowery in the early nineties. In this respect it may be called fairly accurate. But it is a picture which carries little substance.

Its chief ingredient is a sweet flavor of sentiment—which exudes a fair fragrance. But the plot takes considerably long to tell—and in its telling we are presented with a few colorful characters who are true to the type of the period—such as the ward-heeler, the Bowery ruffian who rules by his fists—and the winsome Irish maid who makes him over. We have some fights for atmosphere—and far too much romance. The backgrounds are appropriate enough, but they could have registered more accuracy had they been taken in the actual locations instead of in the studio. We see the "L" trains driven by steam power—and the saloon looks genuine. Ditto the Bowery characters attired à la vintage of 1890.

The picture will cast a sentimental spell if accompanied
by the old songs such as "The Sidewalks of New York," "Sweet Rosie O'Grady," etc., and it is picturesquely played by Pat O'Malley as the Rowery toughie and Mary Philbin as the wistful colleen. William Collier, Jr., is in character as a humble Jewish youth.

**Beau Brummel**

This is a personal triumph for John Barrymore, who plays the dashing, debonair Brummel with easy grace and charm, lending a portrait which fits right into the popular conception of the English dandy. It is a portrait as compelling as his dual study, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. The story guides the famous fop thru his youthful escapades when he wins the friendship of the Prince of Wales up to his death in a Paris almshouse—a decrepit parody of his former self. The transitions, the shadings, are equally as great here as those which Barrymore expressed in Stevenson's morbid story.

While the characterization is everything here, one is also mindful of the fact that it must be set off in a most appropriate atmosphere. Therefore the production is rich in color and detail. We will even say that it is a work of surpassing beauty from every viewpoint. The settings are magnificent and the technicalities—such as lighting and composition—are in perfect harmony. Barrymore's study is so colorful, faithful and absorbing that everyone who sees him will become Brummel—and climb to glory and to defeat with him.

The screen takes on again a suggestion of real art here. An absorbing story, vital characterization—and a fitting background—these coupled with splendid interpretation make "Beau Brummel" deserving of high honors.

**The Enchanted Cottage**

Here is a picture which takes rank with the best the screen has to offer. Its glow of sentiment free from any saccharine coating, its fine sensitiveness, its surging song of love that carries the illusion which colors drabness with beauty, its convincing logic that a lover can find loveliness and charm in his mate when transported by the divine song of the heart—these qualities make this a most vibrant romance.

Here is a perfect love story peopled by two unfortunates—living symbols, so to speak, that real beauty lies in the soul. Each finds a sympathetic bond in the other—each transcends earthly things in a perfect concord of expression. They see each other as beautiful, and a sightless comrade aids in weaving the charm of illusion. They have an inner

(Continued on page 100)
VIOLA DANA has discovered that it is no use trying to be a Miss John D. Rockefeller unless you have a heart of ice.

Until recently, Viola never thought anything about being a Rockfeller; but about a year ago she was bitten by the real-estate bug. Her attack took the form of buying a big garage on Hollywood Boulevard. She didn't want the garage but she knew that the land upon which it stood was a bargain. So she bought it and waited for it to "jell."

Having a garage on her hands, she had to do something with it, however, so she decided to keep it going until the land price went up. She installed her chauffeur as manager and her secretary as auditor.

She got a whacking big offer the other day for the land. But she turned it down in silent misery. "It would have made me a young fortune; but how can I disappoint Walter, just when he has got everything going so beautifully." ... Walter being the aforesaid chauffeur-manager. So the Viola Dana garage will remain on the job.

Viola is about to buy a big apartment house which she says will soon be filled up with insidious relatives. "I know," says Viola in a discouraged tone of voice, "that every time a family moves into my apartments, the husband and bread-winner will proceed to die and leave the widow on my hands; she will never pay her rent and I will never have the nerve to put her out."

It is certainly tough when you want to be hard-boiled and your heart persists in going soft at the wrong moments. But now that we are on the subject of Viola Dana, let us relate this further astounding fact. Viola never sees her own clothes or her own hats until she owns them. The lady who runs the shop picks them all out; has them fitted to a "double" and sends them to Viola in a box. So Vi never has to bother about styles and try-ons.

All she does is to pay the bill and the efficient managers of her garage dig up the money to pay the bills; so there you are.

She has gone back to comedies again, with Eddie Cline as director, after her brief flirt with serious drama in "Revelation."

To their mutual delight, Ernst Lubitsch is going to direct Pola Negri again. Altho it has not been formally admitted, I dont believe that he will ever direct Mary Pickford in another picture. "Rosita" was too far removed from Mary's own "stuff." The Pickfords realize that, altho Mary must inevitably resign herself to be "grown up," the public does not like her in European settings or high-power emotional plays. There is something about a Mary Pickford picture that is distinct as the taste of cloves. She realizes that she is
All the features women want

Won't peel off
Won't dry in ridges
Lasts a whole week
Gives a rose brilliance
Water will not dull
Needs no separate polish remover

The greatest authority on the manicure has perfected the ideal Liquid Polish with all these qualities. Try it at the end of your very next Cutex manicure. You will be delighted with the smooth, rosy brilliance it gives your nails.

Cutex Liquid Polish and the other Cutex preparations are 35c at drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and chemist shops in England. Or you can get it in two of the complete manicure sets. Sets are 60c, $1.00, $1.50 and $3.00.

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THE COMPLETE MANICURE
Send 12c for Special Introductory Set
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 with 12c today for the special Introductory Set containing trial sizes of all these things. If you live in Canada, address Dept. N 6, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

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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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PA65
Glimpsing "His Forgotten Wife"

Once again a layman has written the story for a Palmer Photoplay production. Will Lambert, a mechanical engineer, is the author of this new story which is soon to reach the screen. Mr. Lambert believes that the main thing for a person with writing ambitions to study is the psychology of the whole human family.

First, says Mr. Lambert, a writer finds a knowledge of the Three R's tremendously handy. But many writers have failed because they did not possess what might aptly be called the Three S's. They stand for sympathy, simplicity and a sane perspective of life.
How the younger women are caring for their skin

She whirled gaily through a crowded day, yet there is no end to her buoyant enthusiasm, her electric energy.

Look at her smiling over her morning coffee. She played eighteen holes of golf in yesterday afternoon’s wind and danced until four on top of it.

But her creamy skin hasn’t a trace of roughness or coarsening. There’s not a line at the corner of her mouth or eyes—no lifeless look to tell of a skin improperly cared for.

For these lighthearted girls know how important a clear, fresh, smooth skin is, and they realize that their strenuous manner of life seriously threatens to destroy its fragile loveliness.

So everywhere they have now definitely adopted the new method of skin care—the method devised by Pond’s and based upon the two fundamentals of skin perfection—Rejuvenating Cleansing and a delicate Protective Finish.

How the Younger Women Stay So

First—the all important cleansing that leaves the skin immaculate, supple, lustrous. For this, Pond’s Cold Cream on the face and neck every night, and after any exposure. Rub it in generously, with the tips of the fingers, or on a piece or moistened cotton. The fine oil sinks deep into the pores to remove the impurities, the tiny particles of dust and powder that clog them.

With a soft cloth wipe off the cream—you will marvel at the dust and dirt that come with it. Your skin is deliciously clean and supple—and the tiny cells have a chance to breathe and function normally.

Next—the delicate finish that protects. Smooth a little Pond’s Vanishing Cream into your face after every cleansing—just enough to rub in easily. This exquisite, pure soft cream is absorbed instantly, giving a fine, normal texture, a smoothness and an enchanting pearly tone. Now with this perfect foundation, notice how evenly your powder goes on—and it will cling for hours.

After any exposure Pond’s Cold Cream is especially soothing. Just feel your face relax as you rub the soft delicate cream in after a long drive or a morning of golf or tennis. The hungry cells drink up the oil they lack, the feeling of strain disappears, and the skin is soft and supple again. Follow this, of course, with Pond’s Vanishing Cream before powdering.

If you are entertaining or going out in the evening, use Pond’s Cold Cream followed by Pond’s Vanishing Cream for a smooth, clear loveliness.

Try the Famous Method that Keeps the Skin Young

With Pond’s Two Creams and a little care every day, you will be astonished to see how clear and smooth, how soft and velvety your skin looks. And it will keep this charm of freshness and youthfulness for years longer than one would suppose possible. Buy Pond’s Two Creams in jars or tubes from any drug or department store. The Pond’s Extract Company.

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Our
Reporter's Note-Book

Retailing the Gossip of
the Studio Greenrooms

outside interest to keep her from becoming bored.

But Dagmar Godowsky doesn't seem to have solved the riddle so pleasantly—her career comes first, she says, and she and Frank Mayo, her husband, have no intention of letting the old ties hold. He is working on the Coast, and she has the feminine lead in "Meddling Women," in which Lionel Barrymore is being featured in the East.

It doesn’t seem as if being separated is helping Mr. and Mrs. Cullen Landis to get back to Lovers Lane either. Mr. Landis has answered his wife’s suit for divorce by a countersuit charging her with being infatuated with another screen star, and with trying to ruin his career by false reports. The average seems to be two matrimonial wrecks against one rehabilitation.

And the William S. Hart separation parleys continue—Mrs. Hart’s lawyers have asked for an interpretation of the clause preventing her from working until after the termination of the present agreement by divorce on either side or death. It is believed that the two-gun man will stand pat on his trust fund settlement of $103,000 on his wife and $100,000 on his son, plus the stipulation against work. It promises to be a case long drawn out with red tape.

M ATRIMONIAL vacations are becoming quite the vogue—some more men in writing of them has suggested that the duration of such should be fixed according to age and looks, the younger and better-looking the wife, the shorter the vacation—you understand. Thyla Santer Winslow, the short-story writer, has stipulated the flat rate of a year, and is experimenting on it herself, but along comes Mae Allison and says a year’s too long, anything might happen in a year to make it a life time. And Miss Allison should know, she went to the brink and peeped over, and if she and her husband, Robert Ellis, hadn’t each lost a mother within a week they’d each have been going it alone by now. Not that they had taken a vacation. The trouble was that they hadn’t taken one separately in the three years of their married life. They had lived too close, stepped on each other’s toes too often, as it were, and what they needed was a wee small vacation. This they got while they were making arrangements for divorce, then the day before the trial they decided that they didn’t want a divorce. As an antidote for future matrimonial breakers, Miss Allison will take up her profession again, and will go on the stage in musical comedy. Retiring, she said, was a mistake. A woman needs an A conference during the filming of "The Enchanted Cottage." Director John Robertson, standing . . . his wife, Josephine Lovett, with her hat shading her face which is, however, reflected in the pier glass (Miss Lovett wrote the scenario of this whimsical drama . . . and Richard Barthelmess and May McAvoy, in character. While, right, Ramon Novarro in the name role of "The Arab" which Rex Ingram recently filmed in Tunis. Ramon is not a sheik . . . he is a dragoon. We understand there is a great difference

Mary and Doug never find a vacation in New York any rest. Nowhere in the world is there a quiet corner where you’re not swamped with telephone calls, telegrams, letters and engagements. This photograph was taken at the Fairbanks suite at the Ambassador, where they were installed with several members of the family and a retinue of servants.

Photograph by International Newsreel
Why Any Child Can Have Beautiful Hair

How to Keep Children's Hair Soft and Silky, Bright, Fresh Looking, and Luxuriant.

YOU see children with beautiful hair everywhere today.

Beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck.

Any child can have beautiful hair.

The beauty of your child's hair depends almost entirely upon you—upon the way you shampoo it. Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your child's hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

When the hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, their fine young hair and tender scalps 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 mothers, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your child's hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

You will notice the difference in the hair even before it is dry. It will be soft and silky in the water, and even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, squeeze it as dry as you can, and finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to use a certain Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Mulsified
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo
Another house of cards seems to have fallen down—that of Ouida Bergere and George Fitzmaurice at Great Neck, N. Y. Their home, once the gay rendezvous of film folk, is for sale, and Ouida Bergere who was wont to write the scenarios for the stories that George Fitzmaurice, her husband, produced, has gone to Europe, declaring that she is heartily sick of writing scenarios and will never do another; she will visit Russia in search of material for a play which she will write when she returns. Mr. Fitzmaurice meanwhile has gone to Hollywood to produce "Cytherea." It was the scenario of this story that Miss Bergere worked last on, and which was scrapped as unsatisfactory to all concerned.

And Ann Luther and the famous Mr. Gallagher—Mr. Shean's side partner—have separated, but there will be no divorce, or so she is said to have said when she visited Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Chaplin on the Coast.

The art of persuasion—Griffith has at last fallen for it, and has gone to Italy to confer with a syndicate of Italian financiers for an elaborate motion picture production to be made in that country. The conference was arranged by Comm. C. Andrea Serrao, K.C.B., a government official of Rome, thru the services of his young nephew who lives here, and inasmuch as many syndicates of many countries have sought Mr. Griffith in vain, the accomplishment is considered quite a coup. The object of the undertaking is to rehabilitate the motion picture industry in Italy which was all but annihilated during the war. It is believed that Griffith, with financial backing assured, and with an American cast and perfectly appointed studios, can do just that. No story has been decided upon but it will be something as elaborate and enormous as "Faust," "L'Aiglon," "The Last Days of Pompeii," and "The Quest of the Holy Grail." And apropos of genius rewarded, Griffith has just been awarded honorary

(Continued on page 112)
The pledge of the printed word

FRIENDSHIPS in ancient days were formed by pledges of blood. Medieval knights won mutual aid by pledges of the sword. But modern business forms friends in every corner of the world through the pledge of the printed word.

Advertisements are pledges made especially for you . . . pledges that advertised goods you buy are exactly as claimed.

When you buy an advertised phonograph, you buy one of established workmanship and tone. It has been tested by thousands before you. Its dealers, sure of its worth, invite the testing of millions more.

What is not advertised may be worth buying. What is, must be!

Read the advertisements to know which goods are advertised.

An advertiser’s pledge can be redeemed only by your entire satisfaction
The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, a list of film manufacturers, etc., must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. All inquiries should contain the name and address of the writer, and, if it is desired that a fictitious name be used in answering, it should be written in the upper left-hand corner of the letter.

Estelle B.—Spring is indeed here. Have you gathered any mayflowers yet? You want more pictures of Billy Sullivan and Art Acord—less of Ramon Novarro. Billy Sullivan, you know, is playing in "Fast Steppers."

Mary—How’s the old room? So you think I look like Bell Montana. Wish I had his pocketbook. Pola Negri is playing in "A Woman of the Night." Her next picture after that will be directed by Lubitsch, her former director.

U. R. C.—You must be some pumpkins in your town. If you would be known, and not know, vegetate in a village; if you would know, and not be known, live in a city. No, Gladys Walton is not playing now, her next picture will be the mother of a little Gladys. And if she succeeds in "The Country One."

Wally—Well, a moron is a person whose mental capacity has been arrested during development and who represents, mentally, the condition of a child of twelve years of age. Richard Baroleme, you know, the New York City playing Anitas Stewart in Brooklyn, N. Y. Ruth Roland is working on a feature length production, "Extravagance." Run in again some time. I’m always here at the post.

Helen H. S.—I’m sorry, but Robert Warwick was scheduled to play in "Drums of Jeopardy." Maybe the company made the change after it was announced.

Anita—You say, how can you expect a living wage when you know you are not one. Oh! bury me, Caesar, bury me! All right for you. And you wish this magazine would come out sooner. How about a weekly? Why, Shirley Mason and Harold Goodwin in "The Strange Woman.

Ernest—Yes, I took off the old red flannels the 1st of May. Going to have the old whiskers moved for the summer. Of course I drink buttermilk, whenever I can get it. Just address Ben Alexander at First National, United Studios, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. at that address, too. So long.

OMMERS OMMJUS.—Well, according to the New York World, they say "Mother Nature" is evidently determined to make New York City very quickly the greatest city in the world. Every eight minutes there is a death in this town, but every four minutes there is a new baby. And about every five minutes another inhabitant arrives by train or ship, inlaid by the latter greatly predominating. I suppose soon I will be asked to share my hall-room with a Mongol. Mae Marsh was born in 1897.

Lillian R.—I see. No wisdom like silence. Kenneth Harlan is not married. At last he wasn’t when I wrote this. You know you can’t keep up to the players. That is Anita Stewart’s real name. She is thirty years old and is now in California.

Pell—Thanks a lot for that pretty card you sent to me. Yes, I, too, enjoyed "Seventh Heaven" and "Rain" about as well as any legitimate shows I have seen this season. You liked "Zaza." You know our Miss Fletcher was formerly associated with Vitagraph. Write to me again.

Avarell H.—That’s where you put your foot in it. None can do a woman worse despite than to call her old. Barbara La Mar, you know, an American. Yes, I liked "The Prisoner of Zenda." Laurette Taylor is working on "A Night in Rome," Virginia Valli, is to star in Kathleen Norris’ "Butterfly" for Universal. You’re entirely welcome.

Gloria G.—I should say I do love to answer questions. Yes, thank you, I had a delightful vacation of twenty-three days on the S. S. Ultra, stopping at Havana, Port Antonio, Kingston, Cristobal, Panama City and San José. There is only one man who answers more questions than I do and that is Bill Gengehan, the Purser. And there is only one man whose job I envy, and that is Johnnie Love’s, the Cruise Manager.

Eleanor—But in all my travels, the American Dollar is the only successful universal language. It can always be understood. Wallace Reid was born April 16. Why don’t you write to Mrs. Reid, Beverly Hills, Los Angeles, California? F. B. O. stands for Film Booking Offices. Ring off, please.

A Movie Bug—That listens well. One may understand like an angel, and yet be a devil. That is Bert Lytell’s real name, Ramon Novarro is not married. Irene Rich in "Pal O’ Mine." She has just finished "Yesterday’s Wife." Why Louise Huff is playing on the stage in New England.

Edwin H.—Yes, that was some hit, but the greatest home-stretch I know of is the effort to stretch my paycheck from one Saturday to another. Jackie Coogan was born October 26, in New York. He has a lot of talent, too, and he needs Gladys for the feature that is opening on stage at the age of sixteen months. He has brown eyes and light-brown hair.

Homer W. K.—Queen Mary of England is said to be the best cook among the royal families of Europe. Cullen Landis has two daughters. He is playing in "The Fighting Cubard," and after that in "One Law for the Woman," a Vitagraph Production. Matt Moore and Patsy Ruth Miller in "Fools in the Dark." Yes, there is a real spot in Harold Lloyd’s picture and his name is John Aasen. He is over seven feet tall. Baby Peggy in "The Law Forbids," in which Robert Ellis plays the father and Elmer Eileen his mother. Peggy is now working on "Hele’s Babies." I’ll be waiting.

J. M.—There are only four Moore boys—Colleen is not related. Her real name is Kathleen Morrison.

Pistorscree Baby—I won’t say it, but I am thinking a whole lot. Rod La Rocque is six feet and not married. Born in Chicago. Yes, your face may be your fortune, provided it draws interest. Cash that one.

Georgiana.—What a wonderful letter, I read every word of it and looked for more. Of course I admire Sir James Barry’s works. You think he surpasses Shakespeare. Can’t very well give you the addresses you ask for, because the players are not with any one company long enough. If you will send the letter to the players in my care, I will re-direct them. Do write me again.

Janet—I know, but they say it is in the eyes that the language of love is written. That is her right name. Alice Terry is five feet one. Charles Jones five feet eleven and three-quarters. Betty Compton has brown hair. Richard Dix is twenty-nine and not married. Madge Bellamy and Warner Baxter in "His Forgotten Wife," which was made under the working title "Lost." She wouldn’t be lost for long—they always turn up.

Peter Peeps.—So you are not happy. I’m sorry. Manual labor is sometimes trivial compared with the exertion of trying to be happy. Francis Ford is five feet eleven, born in 1882. Yes, he is a producer, player and director. Three in one. A brand of mix. Perhaps it is refreshing to Johnnie Doherty, Joseph Girard in "The Voice on the Wire." Lev Cody is playing in "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." Write me again.

Yellow Rose—You want to see more of Bill Hart. I understand he isn’t making a picture right now. Harold Lloyd’s last was "Girl Shy," with Jolynna Ralson.

Jacer—Can you read a book from the top to the bottom? How’s the weather down there? Thomas Santsch is not playing right now. Well, why don’t you write to Lewis Stone and tell him you like his acting? He would be glad to hear from...
PRINCESS PAT, Ltd., Chicago, U.S.A.

Princess Pat Crems—Ice Astringent—Princess Pat Tint—Lip Stick—Powder—Princess Pat Perfume
MAGAZINE

you. He's playing in "Caterina," you know. But while opinions should be formed with great caution, they should be discarded with equal care.

ECESON—How! Write to Ruth Roland at 3828 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California. Bebe Daniels is with Famous Players, Astoria, Long Island.

ELIZABETH H.—Well you go right on thinking of me as a gallant and handsome youth, and I am very disappointed for you and me. I think I nearly died when I saw your questions. Honest! You want a short biography of forty players. Keeper, open my cage and let me fly.

ROGER, P.—So you want to see Lon Chaney on the cover. Yes, he is married. Nazimova is about forty-five years old. Married to Charles Bryant. Mae Murray does not give her age, but she is married to Robert Leonard. Huntley Gordon was born in Montreal and educated in England. He is six feet and weights 170 pounds. He has light-brown hair and blue eyes. Selah.

FRENCHY.—Yes, I saw Douglas Fairbanks! "The Thief of Bagdad," the opening night when all the motion picture players and magnates were present. It was a beautiful picture, I mean "The Thief," with gorgeous photography. Mary and Douglas appeared at their meeting. Douglas played the sheik. Produced Road Weals, the director of the picture. Yes, Marion Davies in "Yolanda."

MERRY LIPS.—Richard Barthelmess and Lilian Gish were scheduled for "Romeo and Juliet," but I'm not sure now. Barbara Stanwyck have a bee in their bonnet. Betty Y.—Please is the flower that passes; remembrance, the lasting perfume. So it's well to remember. Norman Kerry is married, but I doubt whether Raymond Griffith is. Marjorie Daw and the picture are now being worked on. "The Passionate Adventure," for Selznick. She has finished "Maude Muller," from the poem.

CUTIE, Jr.—All right, I know I am slow, you know Eurelides says: "Have a useful and good wife in the house, or don't marry at all. Where you going to find them? Address Mae Murray at Tiffany Productions, Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California. Pete Morrison is playing in "Stampeding the Truth," a serial for Universal.

ELIZABETH A. G. BLOOMFIELD.—That's right, but Dr. Johnson said: "If he does really think that there is no distinction between virtue and vice, why, sir, when he leaves our houses let us count out our spoons." Alfred Lunt is playing on the stage right now. Thanks for yours, it was mightily interesting.

B. A. D.—But you're not really bad! You just send a stamped addressed envelope for a list of the correspondence clubs. Be sure you put envelope on the outside. Try Cuba! Hey, Professor, a little soft music here, please, as the audience passes out.

PEGGY.—Ah, ha, so Joseph Striker is your sleek. Address him at "Once in a Lifetime," Samson. He played in "Painted People," with Colleen Moore. Tom Moore is to play the lead with Gloria Swanson in "Manhandled." That's a new one on me.

J. W. C.—So you think I am cold. Not now, the winter is over. Cold pictures have only recollections; tender nature have reminiscences. Yes, Priscilla Dean played in "The Storm Daughter." Estelle Taylor and Antonio Moreno have signed to play the leads in the adaption of the Spanish opera, "The Wild Cat." She will also play in "The Wise Son," for Metro.

BILLY B.—I'm sorry, Billy, but it is quite impossible for me to ask Tom Mix if he ever knew a family by the name you mention. I wish I could do all these little things that are asked of me.

ZAXA.—Yes, Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton welcomed the stork on February 3rd, when they were presented with another son. He will be Buster, Jr. Norma is playing in "Secrets." A man of time is a man of sense. Sh.

AUGUST S.—Happiness must be earned, you know. Contentment consists not in great wealth, but in few wants. Ben Alexander is about twelve. Mickey Rooney was Lane at four and his brother Pat was Lane at six. Edith Allen, David Powell, Naomi Childers, Dagmar Godowsky, Burr McIntosh, Maurice Costello and Ralph Kellard in "Virtuoso Keats."

EILLIN.—Of course, I can eat anything. So you don't think I am over eighty years old. Well! Wanda Hawley was with Vitaphone last. Roy Barnes and Gladys Ricken in "Relativity," in which Laura LaPlante is starring for Universal.

PATRICIA H. K.—All the way from China. Bert Lytell in "The Son of Sahara." That was good of you. You do not know but that every deed you perform will be remembered by some one, all thru eternity. You must write to me again.

ELIZABETH F.—Ah, the new official mail sign in. Write to Constance Talmadge at the United Studios, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California. You are right, poets are born, but orators are made. That's why I write. Write me some more.

C. O'C.; FRANCIS C.; BARBARA M. J.; FLORA N.; NANCY C.; INDIAN GIRL; BETTY'S ADJUSHER; HELEN H.; CLARICE P.; TERESA N.; MARGARET M.; LUCY L.; N. F. P.; and MARIE S.—Sorry to put you in the alarums, but your questions have all been answered somewhere in this department.

TEDY.—They do say he who looks after his wife and his house has enough to do. Yes, Harry Clark says she is thru with the screen. Richard Barthelmess in Bermuda at this writing.

PEEP.—Well, if there is anything you want to know, fire away. I get $12.00 a week to give advice. I don't mind it. Advice is like kissing; it costs nothing and is a pleasant thing to do. Ben Alexander was Penrod, and he was born in Goldfield, Nevada, about twelve years ago. He is playing in "Sundown" now. Call again!

KANSAS GIRL.—Well, I haven't the names of the young ladies Nessa McMein selected. You know we ran pictures of them some time ago.

JUSTA NUT.—A right, but don't be a knocker; just consider how much work affects you. Such are the remembrances in your will. I suppose it will be honorary mention. Catharine Calvert was on the stage last. To fare well yourself; help along the welfare of others. You know my address.

六.—I know I can't bring a picture unless you can suggest something very much better. Earl F-Se in "A Lady of Quality." That was Ben Alexander in "Jesuils Husband." Address him at the United Studios. I think it was some time in the year. Doc Royle's four hundred and fifth motion picture, the first one in which he has not been the star, and also, the first in which he has acted the role of a villain.

MADAM.—Alfred Lunt is not playing now. I have lost track of him for some time.

DON B.—Yes, I know people like that. To reject everything with a frown, is as bad as excess admiration that swallow everything. I'm sorry, but I cannot tell you the name of the car Lila Lee and Thomas Meighan were riding in.

JO.—On bended knee I thank you. You know there never was any heart truly great and generous that was not also tender and compassionate. Yes, I liked Jackie Cooper, too. Your letter fairly sparked.

NOVARO FAN.—You know the old saying, practice makes perfect all right enough, but after loving the many, it is sometimes difficult to love much. Yes, Thomas Meighan is Irish. James Kirkwood was married to Gertrude Robinson. Barbara La Marr in "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." Jack Dougdathy, Barbara La Marr's new husband, is supporting Ellen Sedgwick in a new serial for Universal.

LUTHER.—No, I don't get many letters from Reno. You say it must be wonderful to have a long beard, but I have to worry about clothes. I thought of that twenty years ago. Both Nita Naldi and Katherine MacDonald are five feet seven. Just thought of that. The "Painted People," I surely would be glad to hear from you—write me any time.

(Continued on page 110)
Eleven to One!

The odds were against the woman on the jury—eleven to one. Her voice against the eleven who voted "Guilty!" How she cleared the name of the girl prisoner, yet condemned herself, is but part of the drama packed away in this unusual picture "The Woman on the Jury.

And the cast! There's nearly a baker's dozen of them—each popular enough to star in his own picture. Sylvia Breamer is in the title role, and Frank Mayo plays the leading masculine part. Lew Cody returns to villainy and meets a deserving death. Besie Love is the prisoner who causes all the trouble. Then there's Hobart Bosworth doing jury duty and Henry B. Walthall as the prosecuting attorney. Also Mary Carr, Myrtle Stedman (remember her in "Flaming Youth"), Roy Stewart, Ford Sterling (he has forsaken slapstick for a more serious role), J. Tolbert White, Arthur Lubin and Grace Gordon.

"Those Who Dance"

Just when the whole country is talking anti-prohibition, along comes Thomas H. Ince with a picture that serves up in entertaining form a visualization of the drama and comedy that's in the problem. Leave it to Ince to find live, up-to-the-minute stories to present to screen audiences.

This new picture is entitled "Those Who Dance," and there's a thrilling story of the underworld in it. In the featured role Blanche Sweet shines as brightly as in "Anna Christie"—in which she created dramatic history last year. Warner Baxter, always a favorite in the leading masculine role, is there and also Besie Love, John Sainpolis and Lydia Knott.

The picture is an adaptation of a magazine story by George Kibble Turner, "Lambert Hillyer directed. Make a Maytime date when this picture appears on the screen of your local theatre. First National has all types of pictures on its program—and here is one of its finest melodramas.

"Cytherea"

"Cytherea" was a love goddess to the ancients. To moderns "Cytherea" is an ornamental doll. But to Lee Randon "Cytherea" is a woman who comes into his life to shake his soul from out the rut of conventionality. Joseph Regerheimer's sensational novel has been produced by Samuel Goldwyn (not now connected with Goldwyn Pictures) and directed by George Fitzmaurice. Lewis Stone, Alma Rubens and Irene Rich (on right) are pictured above.

The Woman on the Jury

The greatest court room scene ever filmed is promised in this unusual picture. The cold logic of eleven masculine minds, or the tender understanding in a lone woman's heart?

Bessie Love has one of her most appealing roles in "The Woman on the Jury."

Touching the High Spots

A MOVIE fan has to keep both eyes open these days—hardly time for more than an occasional wink—in order to keep the good ones from slipping by. First National Producers have a high mark to shoot at, whether they are making comedy, drama or costumes as in the Take "Galloping Fish" for instance. Thomas Ince has crowded in the laughs until it is the most hilarious chase of blues of the year. Then there's "Lilies of the Field"—society drama at its very best. Gorgeous settings, dazzling gowns, beautiful Corinne Griffith and Conway Tearle.

And so it goes. Richard Barthelmess in "The Enchanted Cottage." The newspaper critics are still telling us how splendid is the acting and how delightful the story. And "The Goldfish," in which Connie Talmadge takes your sense of humor out on a laugh spree.

First National is a co-operative organization of theatre owners and First National pictures are designed especially for the gorgeous theatres of its members. That is one reason that you can count on First National productions—they are made for the best theatres in the best possible way.

HAVE you met Sakrael-Bahr, alias Sir Oliver Tresslahn, as yet? So far he lives only between the covers of Rafael Sabatini's novel, "The Sea Hawk," but thanks to Frank Lloyd Productions, Inc., he will soon have a more vivid existence on the screen. Milton Sills plays this bold, virile, high-spirited adventurer of the sixteenth century in the picture which is nearing completion after six months' intensive work. Frank Lloyd promises the greatest sea story of all moviel history.
On the Camera Coast

(Continued from page 59)

Marr wound up the fight with her dress on fire and a broken knee cap. She is now in the hospital. I dont know what became of the fragments of the young lady with whom she was fighting.

May McAvoy has returned to the Coast to play in a picture under the direction of William de Mille. She denies that she is engaged to Glenn Hunter—the old stuff about being "just good friends etc., etc."

Betty Compson, who does not deny her engagement to be married to James Cruze, has begun working on a picture called "The Enemy Sex" under her fiancé’s direction. In the same cast are Percy Marmont, Huntley Gordon, Shaldon Lewis, Kathlyn Williams. It true love can survive discussions over close-ups, there is nothing that could wreck their matrimonial barque.

Frank Urson and Paul Irebi, art directors, are to be picture directors at Lasky’s hereafter. They are to start with Leatrice Joy in "Rôles."

Jackie Coogan, having finished "The Boy of Panderers," is to make a picture from an original story written for him by Willard Mack. "Long Live the King" was a disastrous venture for Jackie. His public want to see him as a pitiful, wishful child in rags.

Irving Willat is making—or has finished—a picture for Lasky all in colors. It is a new process. Instead of the usual costume picture, he chose a plain Western tale—"The Wanderer of the Wasteland"—for the story. In the cast are Jack Holt, Billie Dove and others.

William Farnum, coming back to pictures under the Lasky banner, is to work only half of each year for the screen. The rest of the time he is to be on the stage, his first venture being Eugene O’Neill’s "The Fountain."


(Continued on page 86)

With never one thought for calories... Florence Vidor called on Corinne Griffith when Miss Griffith was making "Lilies of the Field," and their conversation was punctuated by great, luscious bonbons.
If You Draw The Reins Too Tight—
A Blooded Horse Will Break and Run—
Could A Girl of Spirit Do Less?

**A Discovery**

For years Henry Albert Phillips has written for Brewster Publications. He has a versatile pen and has created a unique style—a distinctive mode of word pictures and characterizations. In the July issue of Motion Picture Magazine will appear the first instalment of Mr. Phillips' "The Girl Who Couldn't Be Bad," and simultaneously Boni & Liveright will release "Other People's Lives," Mr. Phillips' first novel. We congratulate ourselves on having discovered Mr. Phillips as a writer.

Henry Albert Phillips, by Eugene V. Brewster

Be Sure Not To Miss The First Instalment

"The Girl Who Couldn't Be Bad"
A six-part serial

By Henry Albert Phillips

Beginning in the

July Motion Picture Magazine

On the News-stands June First
The Movies Outdo Barnum

(Continued from page 32)

The Goldwyn Cosmopolitan Distributing Corporation's exploitation department is most unusual. The men in this department have many years of experience as advertising men back of them. They have arranged an efficiency method which is working excellently. Huge books are constructed full of clippings, posters, photographs and suggestions for publicity. Each of these books is mailed to an exhibitor who has booked the picture to be exploited. From the first page to the last, the book is full of ideas for exploitation. It shows you how to tie up the picture with the local news-dealer, the local department store, the local florist. He tells how to attract favorite attention to the theater lobby, how to get people interested in the picture in every possible way. One of the assistants are always ready to take a trip several days in length, if necessary, to assist the exhibitor.

The Fox Film Corporation is especially interested in "propaganda exploitation," such as the purchasing of more than a hundred big Stetson sombreros and having Tom Mix put his signature on them. Mix, the big Western Fox star, wears a big Stetson and one of these, in a window, lends interest to the window—and to the Mix picture which is shown in a movie house at the same time. Fox also duplicated Napoleon's coach for "The Count of Monte Cristo," and, wherever this coach was displayed it received interested comment.

First National is interested in many an elaborate "tie-up," which the public does not know about, but which adds interest both to the film and to the article with which it is tied. Photoplay editions of books, talking-machine record tie-ups and song tie-ups, are all a part of First National exploitation. When "Trilby" was showing, window displays of "Walk-Over Shoes" were used. The "Peabody" suit was featured in local store windows, when "Peveril and San" was shown. The Hotentot collars, produced by the Lion collar company, were used in boosting "The Hottentot." Packer's Tar Soap was used as a tie-up in "East Is West," because Conrad Veidt is a big soap salesman. He was seen with a cake of the soap in her hand.

In England, Universal put on a clever exploitation novelty by offering a prize of thirty pounds for the cleverest imitation of Lon Chaney in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." Betty Balfour, an English stage star, gave the prize, which was won by John Frederick DeFranc.

Famous Players-Lasky put over a number of amazing stunts when "Man-slaughter" was released. These consisted of everything from the showing of a wrecked car to "Drive Carefully" signs, in the very shadow of the Capitol Building at Washington.

Kidnapping and stolen jewels, lost gypsy maidens, secret symbols mysteriously displayed and attempts at blackmail frequently turn out to be nothing but clever exploitation features, when they are transferred to their sources. Electric signs which cost enough to provide a decent living for an ordinary American family aren't even unusual these days. Lobby displays so elaborate that they rival the scenery in a modern stage drama, window displays almost unbelievable in their elaborateness, parades both expensive and arresting—these are just a few of the things that the exploitation departments of the film companies have added to our lives.

Living grows more complicated every day. Certainly the exploitation man of the modern film company is doing what he can to add to this complication. However, he adds interest to living as well. So, when you see an almost-murder, a near-kidnapping or a rather-real fire, don't scream or turn pale. Just shrug your shoulders in dazed, sophisticated sort of a way and murmur, "What ever will these exploitation men think of, next?"

You won't know the answer. Still, you'll not be alone. Neither will anyone else.
Many Nestle “LANOIL” Home Outfit Users Thank Mr. Nestle
They Curled Their Hair At Home Permanently With This Dainty Invention, and Write, “It Came Up to Expectations”

Lilies of the Field
(Continued from page 80)

b. lacked upon such bitter things. If the lilies
So anything at all to me, they taught me
Spr much more than ever I wanted my
Spu what it means .
To a she represents. . . .
Mr. so, as you know, Maizie got me
4 job in the modiste shop and I got my- self this room.

This is, perhaps, the only part of the story you haven’t heard before. Thru all of this storm and stress you were so kind to me, so friendly. I had been so shocked by Walter’s conduct to me that I had been so shocked at Ted Conroy. Suddenly men seemed bestial to me. I, who had trusted them so much. I felt as tho they were I’d become beasts of prey, without scruples.

Trifle.
You seemed to stand out.

Forgot the things I had heard about you from Maizie and the other girls. I seemed to associate you with your books. They formed a background for you that was safe and pleasant for me to think about. You were so friendly to me, so impersonal. I ran out of the apartment and never wanted to see you again.

“I don’t know why I have talked to you as I have today—after that. Except, perhaps, because the earlier memory of your tactful kindness to me when things were so black and distressing still lingers with me. You were dear and sweet to me then, in the way I felt it was right, and you should be dear and sweet to a woman in sore trouble. I— I suppose I feel that I owe you this much before—we say good-bye.”

“Louis Willing’s voice was very low.

“Did you—during that hard time—did you like me at all,” he said, “personally, I mean?”

Mildred’s pale face took on a faintly

triumphant hue. “That isn’t a fair question—now,” she said, “and I suppose I am running

risk in answering you. But I have come

a point where I might as well tell the

truth. After all, little more can happen

me now. Yes, I did like you. I was

ven ashamed because I liked you so very

much. I felt—oh, I almost felt indelicate,

indecent, to think of you so—so much as I did—so soon after Walter and all the

trouble. I can tell you now—because it is

all over.”

Louis Willing rose and gathered up his

hat and stick. If Mildred had looked up

at him, she would have found something

in eyes that could not be mistaken

after what had been his mistake in the

past. But she didn’t look up at him. She didn’t because she was mortally afraid that

he would read in her face what could not be mistaken. She was ashamed, muddled,

struggling sickness at his going. A deeper

wounding because he had failed, who had

come to mean so much to her.

“Some day,” she said, as he opened the
door, “we will meet again. Please re-
"What a whale of a difference just a few cents make!"

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member that—and wait—just for a little time—"

Dusk. Two months later. The lights of the city leaping like foggy chrysanthemums. Faint chill defying the fainting summer.

Louis Willing was sitting alone in his apartment. He sat there a great deal alone. But to bear him company a girl, the shadow of a girl, perched aloft on the ladder near his book shelves, came every night at dusk. Echoes of her voice, slightly slurred with richness came down to him, quoting favorite hits of this and that . . . questioning . . .

The door was flung open and Mildred came in. Not as Louis had dreamt that she might come one day, with gifts in her outstretched hands.

She came in brusquely. Her hair hung about her face in little strands. Her face between the strands was white and etched with blue. Broken with hollows. Her mouth was stretched in a grim line across her teeth.

She sank into a chair and her voice when it came was harsh and dry. "Rosie is dead," she said, "I—I've come to you—" she gave a laugh that hurt Willing's ears with its lost consonance, "I suppose this isn't the way for a lily of the field to come to you, is it?" she said, "I should have borrowed some of Maizie's finery, a gown, a hat, some rouge, some perfume—perhaps you wont want me when you see me like this. But I'll dress up very soon. You'll see! You'll be proud of me, yet. I can still be—be decorative—Rosie is dead—dead—they wired me—"

It took Louis ten minutes to stem the torrent of incoherent words that came from Mildred's taut lips. "Hush, hush," he kept saying, "don't say these things—I don't understand—it isn't possible—of course you can come to me, if you want to, dearest little love, but not the way you mean—wait, my child, wait—tell me about the baby."

Mildred unfolded a slip of yellow paper. Ominous paper. A slip that had evidently been folded and unfolded dozens of tragic despairing times.

"I thought I had everything settled," Louis was saying, "I determined that last day I talked with you to get the baby back for you no matter thru what procedure. I—I have a little influence and Walter Harker has a very unsavory record. I managed to exult the records and had got enough evidence on him to send him to jail for a considerable period of time. He was on the point, he had, in fact, conceded the point of returning the baby to you if I would withdraw the evidence and not make any revelation when—why, I really can't believe this—it's incredible—"

Mildred didn't have time to speak before Maizie's Charley was announced. He came in very swiftly and his eyes sought Mildred's with a compassion and a joy that was nice to see. "You've been fooled, Milly," he said, "I've had a wire from Harker. He tells me that Doris sent that wire to you about the baby's death in a fit of jealousy. It isn't true, my dear, it isn't true. And Harker is sending the baby back to you, with Mammy, tomorrow. She'll be here at the end of the week."

Maizie's Charley was gone back, to take Maizie out to dine. The slip of yellow paper Mildred had brought with her lay crumpled on the floor. The one that Charley had brought in was clutched in her hands. She had had to read it at many times as she had read the one that had come before it in
order to believe, in order to staunch the pain that had been maddening her.

Louis Willing was calling her, his arm outstretched.

"And soon," he was saying, "after we are married, after we get back from a day or two at the theater when the baby is settled here I shall come home at dusk and will find you sitting there, perched on the ladder, poring over some book ... you will greet me as you usually do first, by
your dear, serious shining eyes looking into mine, discovering things—ah, Mildred, my dear, how many times that dream of you has been with me here.

Mildred's tremulous, smiling lips met his. She gave a little laugh, the first, surprising delightful little laugh he had ever heard from her. "Do you think you will ever

Thistledown

(Continued from page 42)

chanced to feel need make any difference—
not when the man I detested was a de-
sirable part.

"It was over this matter my uncle and I finally came to an open quarrel;" she went on. "He threw in my face his long kindness to me—and at last threatened to wash his hands of me if I refused to marry Van Reeves. Well—I ran away from home before he could turn me out; it seemed the best thing to do."

"And then you went into the pictures?" asked Hi, who had listened tense but curiously passive to her hurried narration.

She nodded, forgetting to wonder that he should have this information.

"Yes, I had long been restless, dissatisfied—and conjuring ways to earn my own living. But there seemed nothing I could do, for all my expensive education. Only amateur theatricals—I'd been told I had talent there; and once I'd taken part in an amateur motion picture affair—those things put vivid ideas in vivacious girls' heads. And I'd been lucky enough to meet Sam King on the boat coming home from Europe—well, I went to him and asked for a job! It sounds incredible, but that's what I did—Sam King is a great producer, but he gave me a job, and took time to teach me and be kind to me."

"Because you had a beautiful face?" Hi could not help putting in, wryly.

She made a swift, protesting gesture. "Oh, he was honestly kind! And for a while, working for him and making good, I was nearer happiness than I'd ever been. Too, I was sort of smug, I think. I thought I was strong, thought the fact that I had rebelled against Uncle Percy proved I was strong. But I was kidding myself—I was a rebel but I had no real strength of character, nothing firm or substantial or decisive. For I was thinking mainly how this new life would be a lark, the excitement, and being admired and successful, and having everything I wanted."

Her voice dropped, sobered.

"I did get some of the things I wanted. But I found that whatever got, I was missing something."

"What?" he asked. "What were you missing?"

But she did not answer him, not directly.

"Sometimes I was happy," she said, "and then suddenly it would come to me that I wasn't; I should have been satisfied—but often I was miserable. I felt like a dual personality—two souls in one body. I kept telling myself I was strong and heroic—oh, yes, you may laugh at me! For all the while I knew the girl who'd

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Classical

Pictorial of Stage and Screen

How Is a Motion Picture?

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A Rival Interview

A joint talkfest with Fanny Brice, comedian of the "Follies," who pulls laugh out of the point of tears, and Beatrice Lillie, of Charles' Revue, Fanny's English rival.

Pictorial Features: Marie Prevost, as Salome, another Famous heroine; and other photographic studies of unusual beauty garnered from the four corners of the earth, urban and pastoral; interiors and exteriors; and intimate and lovely studies behind the footlights and before the screen.

Don't Miss * * * the June

Classic

That "Different" Screen Magazine

defed Uncle Percy was inside, still weak, soft and uncertain. I had found fault with Uncle Percy's scheme of things, but did not know the new scheme I wished to shape. Then Sam King told me he loved me—he promised me everything."

"Naturally," Hi said, in a harsh tone. "And naturally you couldn't resist the temptation to barter yourself—not the second time." His face was still a strained but rigidly held mask.

"Please! Please hear me thru, I was tempted—but I honored and respected him, too. I took his ring... But I was more restless than ever. I begged to run away for a little vacation before beginning the next chapter—my first big part. So I came... up there. To my mother's old home, where she had lived as a little girl. It still belonged to me— and Nanny was near by, Anna Thibaud, who was my nurse when I was a child— I'd never lost touch with dear old Nanny. And up there I was almost happy—everything was so beautiful and still."

She paused. Hi didn't speak. She resumed:

"But part of it, my content, was due to the knowledge it was only an interlude, that when I got bored I could go back to where everything was exciting, and full of pleasant, glittering things. And after a while—when I was up there with you," she faltered, "I began to feel... to know...

"To know what?" he couldn't help demanding.

She averted her head.

"I was afraid to stay. I thought if I went away quickly I was afraid I might become dissatisfied, even with you— I wasn't yet sure of myself, was still weak and soft and uncertain."

Her eyes had been downcast, but suddenly they looked at him square, timid but terribly honest and sincere.

"Oh, I told myself many fine-sounding things. Hi. That I was duty-bound to Sam King, and honor-bound, and things like that. But that wasn't the real reason I ran away. Hi. I was a coward—not sure. Was afraid the thing might not be worth what I gave up!"

"Well, I guess you showed your wisdom."

No one could have blamed Hi much that, remembering his own, thin, tottering fortune, his tone went grim and bitter.

But Dolly arose then from her chair and moved to his bedside—the shaft of warm sunlight seemed to follow her, caress her.

"No, I've found my wisdom," she said softly. "I've found it at last—and it's brought me back to you. This is where I belong."

And she bent and lay her cheek against his hand.

Hi went white to the lips.

"You mustn't do that, Dolly!" almost frantically. "You must go away again—quickly. You've been telling me how much you prize bright and beautiful things and— I'm a poor man, Dolly. The Daggett Company's gone broke."

She lifted her head, for a second, to let shine on him the full glory of her eyes.

"You stupid old dear," she murmured, "as if I didn't know that already! That's how I found—my wisdom. And learned what really mattered... all that I'd been vainly seeking... the bright and beautiful things..."

Again her face went down against the shelter of his hand.

"Dolly... I can't let you—I can't let you... Oh, Dolly, look at me... just once again with that look..."

Presently he laughed.

"To think that today I had a doctor—to cure me of love-sickness!

(To be concluded next month)
Can You Classify Yourself?

If You DO NOT Know Your Type—

Take Beauty in one hand—Your mirror in the other
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One Touch of Color—A provocative article on the kind and amount of rouge suitable for the particular type and age of the beauty seeker.

A Spread—Giving the prophecy of six universally known men and women, on what the American girl will be like in 2024—one hundred years hence.

In the JUNE

Beauty

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Philadelphia

On the Camera Coast
(Continued from page 76)

tion, nursed him thru the attack and now claims the ice-pack championship of the world. Marshall is using a new kind of light in “Tess” for the close-ups of Miss Sweet. They shed a red illumination which enables the actress to look wide-open-eyed straight into the camera without squinting. It is an important departure in picture making.

Charlie Chaplin has found a new genius. She is a little girl about eighteen years old. He calls her Lita Gray, although her real name is an old Spanish name famous in the annals of California history. She is very beautiful. When she was smaller and younger, Charlie used her in “The Kid.”

Eric von Stroheim has lost his lawsuit to restrain Miss Georgette Lewys from making a novel out of “The Merry Go Round.” She has put the book out under her own name.

Clarence Badger is to direct Laurette Taylor in her next picture, “One Night in Rome”: King Vidor having returned to complete his contract with the Goldwyns where he has begun work on “Mary the Third.”

Alice Terry (Mrs. Rex Ingram) has returned to Los Angeles to visit her mother after her trip to Algiers. Ramon Novarro has also returned. Rex is returning in New York to cut his picture. He does not want to make any more pictures in California. He is “off place” for keeps.

And, as we go to press, Charles Ray returns to the Ince Studios, where he will again make the charming and human rural stories which brought him to fame.

He has put his studio equipment up for sale and declares he is relieved not to have further production worries and responsibilities.

There’s much talk these modern days about women with careers sacrificing motherhood on the altar of professional success. In “The Editor Gossip” in this issue there is a paragraph devoted to Alice Joyce, who, it seems to us, is an example of the modern woman. Miss Joyce is vitally interested in her screen work, but she has never permitted it to slight her motherhood. She is a living contradiction of all this cant, because she is typical of any number of other women in the same circumstances.

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Hollywood Has Married and Settled Down

(Continued from page 31)

purple and crimson roadsters, would tear back to Hollywood, over pavements slippery and dangerous in the heavy fog.

Few of the film stars owned their own homes in those days. They lived at the Hollywood Hotel, many of them, and in apartments. The L. A. Athletic Club was popular with the bachelors, and the Alexandria Hotel usually sheltered a few. Others rented furnished houses at enormous rentals, and a not infrequent victims of unscrupulous landlords who, knowing that public sentiment ran high against the frivolous film people, often sued them without just cause, for damaging and defacing property. You probably know that at this time placards were placed in the windows of untenanted houses, stating that "No Dogs nor Motion Picture Actors Are Allowed."

Two years ago I returned from a year's sojourn in the East, to discover that a change had taken place in Hollywood. The gaudy cars had disappeared from the Boulevard. The roadhouses were no longer frequented by the film stars.

The Ambassador had opened during my absence, and its Coconut Grove was now most patronized by the people of the motion picture profession. They sat in quiet corners, not at ring side tables for which they had so clamored formerly. The girls looked younger and more charming. They weren't wearing paradise feathers and sequin frocks with low-cut bodices, any more. There wasn't so much carmine on cheeks and lips. Their skins showed an athletic tan. Talk was of golf, and horseback riding, and of real estate!

The film colony was just recovering from an immensely sobering experience. A few months earlier, almost without warning, or at least without warning that the gay, pleasure-loving motion picture people would heed, the studios had closed down flat. Salaries of contracted players had been halved and quartered. Free-lance players had found themselves with no source of income whatever. Cars had gone, jewels had gone, for living expenses and income tax. Oh, the sobering effect of that income tax, that must be met the income itself had been squandered!

Filmdom had had time to sit down and take stock of itself, and no amount of lecturing, or sermonizing, or warning would have accomplished the results that self-examination did. When finally, after black hours, the studios re-opened, the death knell of Hollywood's gay, imprudent era had sounded and a more serious, a more responsible people went back to their work.

The most practical step to take, toward securing future earnings, was to purchase a home, and one after another the film players moved out of hotels and apartments and into residences of their own. Los Angeles and Hollywood were experiencing a growth almost unequalled in real-estate annals. Property doubled, tripled in value over night, and the film people, quick to see the fortunes to be reaped in this field, invested heavily.

The amassing of substantial fortunes, with attendant responsibilities, sobered and steadied these newly descended upon the members of the motion picture colony.

They entered into the community life of the neighborhoods in which they built their homes. Schools, churches, paved streets and water mains became as much their
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$5 FOR PHOTOPLAY IDEAS. Plots accepted singly or as a group. Copyrighted. Copying, charge $1.50. Every story will be free to patents. Our magazine, Photoplay, 10 cents.

Send Me Your Short Stories and Photoplay Plots. I'll Revise and Type in correct form. $1.50 per story. An unfair offer. H. L. Hurst, Dept. 2, Box 1033, Harrisburg, Pa.

Journalism—Photoplays—Short Stories. Plot and Summary free to those wishing to enter above professions or distribute manuscripts on commission. Gorham Company, 434, Montgomery, San Francisco.


PHOTOPLAYS WANTED. Snappy, sprightly, comical, great, heart-ripping dramas; original, striking stories. Send free book, "Successful Photoplays," which gives instructions and examples for writers. Successful Photoplays, Box 45, Des Moines, Ia.

SALESMEN WANTED

Sell Coal in Car-load Lots. 85c or main line. Experience necessary. Earn week's pay in an hour—liberal inside and account arrangement. WASHINGTON COAL COMPANY, 287 Cool Exchange Building, Chicago.

SONGS

A $500 Cash Prize is offered for the Best Second Verse to "I'LL BE WAITING." Those wishing to compete may receive a free copy of this song and rules of contest by addressing EQUITABLE MUSIC CORPORATION, 165 Broadway, N. Y. C.

STORIES WANTED

Stories, Poems, Plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Good ideas bring big money. Submit MSS, or write Literary Bureau, 134 Hambide, Mo.

Earn $25 Weekly, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 561, St. Louis, Mo.

VAUDEVILLE

Get On the Stage. I tell you how! Personality, confidence, skill developed. Experience unnecessary. Address Free for illustrated literature. Stage Book and particular. M. LaDelle, Box 567, Los Angeles, Calif.

concern as were their close-ups and their theatrical billing. They lost their desire for vulgar display and showiness. Limousines of quiet color took the place of the flashy sport roadsters which were once the cutouts, and the roadhouses one after another closed their doors for want of former patronage.

Oh, unquestionably, something has happened to Hollywood.

Now do not misunderstand me. During its most frivolous era, Hollywood numbered among its motion picture people many responsible citizens, and on the other hand, regardless of experience, some of its people will always flee from restrictions and responsibilities as they did in the earlier days. Every community furnishes such contracts.

But Hollywood, the motion picture Hollywood, has changed with the passing years, and greatly for the better. Had you asked me, five years ago, where you could most easily catch a glimpse of our star-citizens, I should have advised you to go to the beach cafes and roadhouses.

I advise you now to go to the country clubs, the riding stables, and by all means the real-estate offices, where you'll usually find two or three of them discussing their sub-divisions and associations.

This advice may disappoint you. Hollywood, stripped of its tinsel, may seem as uninteresting to you as a denuded Christmas tree.

But that will be because you have not lived in Hollywood a long, long time. And have not loved it.

No man is a hero to his valet, so they say. Does the same rule apply to a woman and her modiste? Whether it does or not, the confessions of a modiste who dresses a host of the stars should make interesting and enlightening reading. And it does in an article we will publish next month.
A Dour-Looking Baby
(Continued from page 34)

Hollywood now throw their graceful shadows across the wall and the new garden, with its lady pond and bird bath.

Within, as well as without, it is one of the loveliest homes in Hollywood.

"I've hardly had a chance to become acquainted with it, tho," said Mr. Torrence.

Twice in the last six months I've gone to New York, there was another location trip to the northern part of the state, and 'Magnolia' took us to New Orleans. And I don't like to travel."

Well, he has traveled, and far, since the day he turned his broad back on the Gaiety Theatre in London, and borrowed money for his passage to America.

The stage-director at the Gaiety watched him go with regret. "What does he want to leave for?" he demanded plaintively. "I always intended doing something for that boy."

That boy, however, being a Scotchman from Edinburgh, refused to change his mind, once 'twas made up.

America in time did something for him, and he in his turn has done a great deal for our screen. He has humanized the movie villain, and at the same time has given us an entirely new conception of what screen comedy may be.

But we won his fame with a scowl, and it is likely that we'll never let Mr. Torrence forget that first and foremost he's a villain.

His wife showed me, not long ago, some pictures taken of him when he was one year old. They reveal him standing virtuously enough, with a hymn-book in his hand. But he was frowning straight at the camera, even then.

As she remarked, with a despairing shake of her head:
"He was a dour-looking baby!"

Vignettes of the Studio
(Continued from page 35)

Theda Bara started the film vamp toward fame here on Western in the early days, but now Tom Mix, the cowboy star, is the great attraction. Buck Jones, Shirley Mason and Jack Gilbert are the other Fox luminaries of today, and usually a comedian or two is at work turning out the slap-stick.

Western splits Fox's in two. One lot is referred to as the "dramatic side" and the other as the "comedy side."

But which is really the serious, and which the funny side of Fox's, I'm sure I'll never know.

Something has happened to Pola Negri. She knows it herself. And one day when she was out driving in the California hills with Harry Carr she confided confidentially and told him some of the obstacles she has had to surmount since she came to America. She is a really brilliant and charming woman...see her as Harry Carr paints her in his story in the July Motion Picture Magazine.

Your
FRECKLES ruin your appearance

Be free this summer from their embarrassment! Don't have freckles all over your nose again. If you do—gently to book!

Stillman's Freckle Cream is guaranteed to remove every freckle—or your money refunded. It has a double action. Freckles are dissolved away by this sunny, fragrant cream. Your skin is whitened, refined and soothed at the same time.

Guaranteed to remove every freckle

You simply apply. Stillman's at night like any ordinary cold cream. While you sleep its magical action takes place. Gradually the freckles fade from sight, and your complexion grows clear and milky white, beautiful as a baby's skin.

Stillman's Freckle cream
double action Removes Freckles Whitens the Skin

Freckles are caused by sunlight—which beats down as fiercely in America as in Italy or Africa. Unless you do something, your skin will constantly grow worse. But it's early to start them now. So start now!

Women send for Stillman's Freckle Cream from the four corners of the earth. It is the most widely used preparation in the world for this purpose. All drugists carry it in 50 and $1 sizes.

Write for "Beauty Parlour Secrets"
Send for "Beauty Parlour Secrets" and let us tell you what your particular type needs to look best. Cremated with make-up hints, skin and hair treatments. If you buy 33 words Stillman's booklet in 1894 we will present you with beautiful, large size gallic perfumery.

free. You need our beauty pre-
aparations daily if your home
booklet.

Stillman Co., 33 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.
Please send me free copy of "Beauty
Parlour Secrets."
Name..........................
Address..........................

STILLMAN'S FRECKLE CREAM

Sun, Wind and Water Have no Effect on Pert Rouge

The outdoor exposures of summer hold no fears for the girl who uses PERT ROUGE. For the delight of PERT is that it stays on—even in spite of perspiration and constant powdering. Only cold cream or soap and water will remove it.

Pert may be had in orange—which changes to pink when applied—or in the deeper shade of rose. Its cream base acts as a protection against enlarged pores. At drug, department stores, or by mail, 75c.

Use the Pert Waterproof Lipstick
Like Pert Rouge it changes to a rich natural color as soon as applied. Moreover, it has been designed to harmonize with Pert Rouge, and thus secures an unusual naturalness of effect.

Send a dime today for a generous sample of Pert Rouge. (State shade desired.) For another dime you will receive a sample of Whitey, for darkening the lashes.

ROSS COMPANY
242 West 17th Street
New York
Long Dark Lashes will make your Eyes Alluring

No picture is at its best unless it is in a suitable frame. And no eyes are as beautiful as they could be unless they are veiled by dark, luxuriant lashes. Lovely lashes add mystery, style, enchantment — without them your eyes lose half their expressiveness.

Make your eyes attractive by darkening the lashes with WINX. Applied with the glass rod attached to the stopper, WINX makes the lashes appear longer and heavier. Dries instantly, invisibly. Harmless, waterproof. Unaffected by perspiration, swimming or weeping at the theatre.

WINX (black or brown), 75c. To nourish the lashes and promote growth, use colorless Cream Lashlux at night. Cream Lashlux (black, brown or colorless), 50c. At drug, department stores or by mail.

Send a dime for a general sample of WINX. For another dime you will receive a sample of Pert, the rouge that stays on until you remove it.

ROSS COMPANY

244 West 17th Street
New York City

That's Out

(Continued from page 48)

about the horse, you won't have to ride one. Have some pictures taken in a sport shirt and do some posing in golf togs. Be sure to have your hair clipped and that leather boot at all times. Above all, try to look at the audience, even when portraying tramps and backwoodsman. During the first few reels remember that you may kiss the heroine only on the hand. In the last reel, however, it is permissible to kiss her whenever you choose. The most popular heroes have individual ways of making love. Try to start one of your own.

Lesson Number Two, for Heroines, next month.

Those Screen Business Men

Maxwell Bodenheim, who sometimes writes poetry, took his pen in hand recently and threw a few lampoons into the "realism" of the motion-plays. Quite pertinently, Bodenheim suggests: "When the scene is in a business man's office, it might be advisable to portray him in the act of doing a little inhuman. Instead, he sits at his desk, trudges with some papers as tho he were rehearsing for a juggling act in vaudeville; twirls contentedly at an image concealing the atmosphere; presses a button under his desk and calls a subordinate with whom he accomplishes the marvelous task of issuing instructions in one second. It would be a relief to see him bending over the desk and writing for a while, or spending more than two seconds on the long letter that conveys the news of his rain or good fortune."

Right! Maxwell, I agree with yer.

Favorite Press-Agent Stories No. 34

The one which tells the gripping story of how the star took a sentence of three weeks in jail so as to be able to give the proper realism to the role of the convict which she is to play in her next production.

Famous Days in Film History

June 12th, 1909. On this date the first film was made showing how a mother and father were united in happiness by little Willie, who came down the stairs from his bed room just in time to bring them together. The picture faded out, of course, on the title. "And a Little Child Shall Lead Them."

Suggestion for a Good Scenario

For the sake of originality, why doesn't someone write a story about a young bachelor who has to borrow a wife so as to satisfy a wealthy old uncle who has promised him a large sum of money if he likes the looks of the nephew's bride. The idea hasn't been used for several weeks past.
Manufacturers, Distributors and Studios of Motion Pictures
New York City

Advanced Motion Picture Corp., 1493 Broadway.
American Releasing Corp., 15 W. 44th Street.
Archer Film Corp., 220 W. 42nd St.
Associated Exhibitors, Inc., 35 W. 45th Street.
Ballin, Hugo, Productions, 366 Fifth Ave.
Community Motion Picture Bureau, 46 West 24th St.
Consolidated Film Corp., 80 Fifth Ave.
Cosmopolitan Productions, 2478 Second Ave.
C. C. Burr Prod., 135 W. 44th St.
Distinctive Prod., 366 Madison Ave.
(Biograph Studios, 807 E. 175th St.)
Educational Film Co., 729 Seventh Ave.
Export & Import Film Co., 729 Seventh Ave.
Famous Players-Lasky, 485 Fifth Ave.
(Studio, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.)
Film Booking Offices, 723 Seventh Ave.
Film Guild, 8 W. 40th St.
Film Market, Inc., 563 Fifth Ave.
Fox Studios, Tenth Ave. and 55th St.
Gaumont Co., Congress Ave., Flushing, L. I.
Goldwyn Pictures Corp., 469 Fifth Ave.
Graphic Film Corp., 729 Seventh Ave.
Griffith, D. W., Films, 1476 Broadway.
(Studio, Oriental Pt., Mamaroneck, N. Y.)
Hodkinson, W. W., Film Corp., 469 Fifth Ave.
Innovation Pictures, 565 Fifth Ave.
International Studios, 2478 Second Ave.
Jans Pictures, 729 Seventh Ave.
Jester Comedy Co., 220 W. 42nd St.
Kenna Film Corp., 1639 Broadway
Mastoden Films, 135 W. 44th St.
Metro Pictures, Loew Bldg., 1540 Broadway
Moss, B. S., 1564 Broadway
Outing Chester Pictures, 120 W. 41st Street
Pathé Exchange, 35 W. 45th St.
Preferred Pictures, 1650 Broadway
Prizma, Inc., 110 W. 40th St.
Pyramid Picture Corp., 150 W. 34th St.
Ritz-Carlton Prod., 6 W. 48th St.
Selznick Pictures, 729 Seventh Ave.
Sunshine Films, Inc., 140 W. 44th St.
Talmadge Film Corp., 1540 Broadway
Topics of the Day Film Co., 1562 Broadway
Triangle Distributing Corp., 1459 Broadway
Tully, Richard Walton, Prod., 1482 Broadway
United Artists, 729 Seventh Ave.
Universal Film Corp., 1600 Broadway
Vitagraph Films, East 16th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn
Warner Bros., 1600 Broadway
West, Roland, Prod. Co., 236 W. 55th Street
Whitman, Bennett, Prod., 537 Riverdale Ave.

A Beauty Secret
of The Old French Court

There, among this magnificent grandeur and multitude of beautiful women, was born France’s name for beauty. A name destined to live forever. In the midst of this splendor, Gouraud’s Oriental Cream played its part, a beauty secret, closely guarded for the chosen few. When gathering clouds foretold the doom of this spectacular reign and scattered its attachments, this secret found its way to the chemist shop of Dr. T. Felix Gouraud. From there its popularity quickly spread to all parts of the world.

Gouraud’s ORIENTAL CREAM

is today the cherished beauty secret of many women. Let it be yours, as well. Know the wonderful, fascinating complexion and soft, velvety skin it renders. An appearance glowing with radiant beauty. Gouraud’s Oriental Cream exerts a strong astringent, antiseptic action. Blemishes, wrinkles and other complexion ills are greatly discouraged by its use. It gives beauty to the skin instantly. No messy treatments or periods of waiting. Its use is going to open a new world of beauty to you that will mean added joy and happiness. Made in White, Flesh and Rachel.

Gouraud’s Oriental Comprimettes

At Last! Gouraud’s Oriental Cream in compact form. You have never used anything like it. A soft, silky adhering powder, containing all the subtle beautifying properties of Gouraud’s Oriental Cream. Two sizes, 50c and $1.00 and in six shades, White, Flesh, Rachel Powders and Light, Medium and Dark Rouges.

SPECIAL OFFER—Send 50c for a Comprimette (any shade), a bottle of Gouraud’s Oriental Coconaut Oil Shampoo, and a bottle of Gouraud’s Oriental Cream (state shade).

FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON
430-P Lafayette Street
New York City
The Business of Fan Mail
(Continued from page 45)

These photographs, in most cases, are autographed by the stars themselves, but the work of mailing them is left to their secretaries. Photographs range from postcard to 8 x 10 size.

No charge is made for these photographs, in most cases. The stars appreciate the sending of stamps to cover mailing costs, but even this is not insisted upon.

Occasionally a motion picture fan complains that he has sent money for a film star's photograph, and has received no reply. In almost every case the fan holds a grudge against the player thereafter. If you are numbered among these disgruntled ones, please believe that the star is never responsible for such an omission. Money sent carelessly thru the mails sometimes goes astray. Unless you are certain of the address and to whom the money was sent, the letter itself probably never reached his secretary.

Usually an exceptionally attractive portrait of the star is sent to the fans who enclose money with the letter. But the responsibility of sending money is entirely with you. No motion picture actor of whom I have any knowledge, demands it. When money was sent it was told that it is turned over to some local charity.

Some indication of the importance attached to the fan mail is contained in the following statement from the offices of the Norma and Constance Talmadge productions:

"Several years ago the Talmadge sisters began classifying these letters, according to countries, states and cities. A 3 x 5 inch card is made for each person and these cards are filed alphabetically with a cross-index to the letters which are filed according to locality.

"When it is found that a certain district is overwhelmingly fond of one of the stars, on the basis of percentage of letters received, an inquiry is made as to the why of this popularity. And in the same fashion, when certain districts are found to be lukewarm, in comparison with other cities or states with virtually the same population, steps are taken to remedy the situation."

Mary Pickford always has taken her fan mail very seriously. A young society debutante of Los Angeles told me that she had written to Miss Pickford fourteen times, requesting photographs, and had received a personally autographed portrait after each letter. Personally I think this is a distinct imposition on the part of the young lady, but perhaps her absolute devotion to Miss Pickford pays for it!

A statement from the Pickford studios says that "Miss Pickford abandoned her plans for producing "Fans" as a direct result of the letters received by her, protesting against her appearing in the role of Marguerite."

So you can see for yourself, what a powerful influence you may wield thru your fan letters, if those letters are intelligent and sincere.

The fan-letter situation has its amusing side, of course. The actors who enact the roles of villains, on the screen, sometimes receive highly complimentary letters from the film fans. Eric von Stroheim has received letters from many persons who have been interesting enough for him to write to. Recently he has been directing now for years, still receives bitter letters from the fans who witnessed his wickedness in " Foolish Wives."

The Japanese write very amusing letters. In their attempts to use flowery English, they sometimes produce mirth-provoking results. A Cuban admirer assures Jackie

MAH JONG
Learn This
Fascinating Game
in a Few Minutes

Do you know how and when to "pong" — and when to "chow," and what the "winds" stand for, and how to go "Mah Jong"? Do you know what "characters" are and "tiles"? and "Dragons" and "Bamboos" and "Circles"?

Sounds mysterious and complicated—but it is not. Mah Jong is a wonderfully interesting game that you and your family and friends should enjoy. It combines the pleasures of all games. It is truly the "game of games."

Mr. Eugene V. Brewster, publisher of Motion Picture Magazine, Classic and Beauty, is the author of a book that will unfold this game to you. Go to your news-stand or book store today, and purchase a copy of

MAH JONG
Simplified
and
One Hundred Winning Points
By EUGENE V. BREWSTER

This handsome little book (red, green and yellow dragon cover) will teach you in a few minutes to fully understand Mah Jong. It explains the meanings of expressions used, customs, pieces, how to score, and gives you "One Hundred Winning Points" that will positively help you to win. You can easily become an expert player with this book as your guide.

On sale at news-stands and good book stores

PRICE, 25 CENTS
Good-Bye Fat!
Lost 43 Pounds
in 7 Weeks

Simple, Easy Way Is Explained to You Free

"At last I kissed good-bye to the ugly rolls of fat which burdened me for years—today I am a new woman filled with pep and energy. No more tired feeling, backache—pains nor lies—no more physically and mentally trying to find a way to dress clothes to fit me—from a "wall flower" I have become one of the most popular girls in the set; now I have friends galore and every one adores my looks and carries my weight. I am convinced of the results I have obtained and from the experiences of several people! I know that any man or woman burdened with ugly, unhealthy fat can now easily, safely and surely lose it all, regain a slender figure and at the same time improve their health 100 per cent, with this marvelous new French discovery.

For years I had tried everything known to reduce, and yet not get results. One day, I met Madame Elaine. She explained to me how I should do to reduce; the result was that in less than four weeks I had lost 43 pounds—"I DID NOT HAVE TO USE DANGEROUS DIETING—WEAKENING EXERCISES OR STARVING.

I DID NOT RUB MYSELF WITH HARP BED-AND-BURD CREAMS NO! DID I WEAR PAINFUL, LIMITING GARMENTS."

This discovery is simple, easy, safe. With it you can either reduce or increase certain parts of your body or you can lose 10 pounds or 100 pounds. All you need to do is to use the free coupon below, and return mail you will receive complete directions on how to reduce—remember that Madame Elaine lost 50 pounds in 2 months with her wonderful secret. I have lost over 45 pounds in 7 weeks and I know of hundreds of women in America and Paris who are now keeping their figure slender and attractive with this most wonderful discovery for the reduction of excess fat!—(Continued)"

MAIL FREE COUPON
With this coupon I request Madame Elaine, Dept. 32, 529 West 34th St., New York, N. Y. to send me, free of charge, her personal and confidential information on the French discovery to reduce fat.

NAME
ADDRESS

Learn Piano!

This Interesting Free Book
shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at Different Stages, for a Small outlay of time. Steel-Plated in Style. New Edition.

Take My Word. It Is Easy. "This is a splendid system of learning the piano. Highly endorsed. Successful graduates everywhere. Scientific yet simple. Everyone can learn. Thousands taught by mail. This book shows every step.

Just fill in the coupon below and mail it to True Piano Conservatory, Stots No. 46, 508 Columbus Blvd, Boston, 25, Mass.

No Hair Offends
Where Neet Is Used

Science has finally solved the problem of removing hair without the aid of plucking. This with НET & a dainty little bottle of solution. You may spread it on and it runs off with clear water, then wash the hair with soap and then---leaving it refreshingly cool, smooth and white! One method, the individually averted and cleverly prepared solutions, have given rise to this remarkable new discovery. For use on all kinds of well-groomed women everywhere from New York to San Francisco. Used by physicians and dentists and in stores, trial take the free mail. Hamburgh Hat Co. 203 Olive St. Louis Mo.

Laurette Taylor As Seen by Gladys Hall

(Continued from page 24)

old and also before the eyes of succeeding generations, assuming that they will care to look.

"It is an indubitable fact that Caruso's name would never die. But thanks to the phonograph, Caruso's voice will never die either. And the screen does for dramatic work much what the recording machines do for the human voice.

"It is another gauntlet flung into the face of immortality."

Earnestness, Vision, Fearlessness. These are some of the impressions I had from Laurette Taylor. I can think of no more constructive contact than of seeing and talking with her every two or three years.

She is cultivating with practised hand and earnest hope the gems of greatness.

Who could know more about the women stars than their modiste? Who could better understand their vanities . . . their generosity . . . their real natures . . . . the modiste who sees them behind the scenes of both their professional and social lives? Helen Carlisle has talked with a modiste who designs clothes for a host of screen stars and the confessions, which we will publish next month, will be sure to interest you immensely.

Coogan that "since I write this letter I dare to forward you with all my jovial life and my natural condition." He got a photo of Jackie.

The cost of sending out fan photographs is enormous. It eats heavily into the earnings of the motion picture stars each year. At one of the studios I was told that stamps are purchased in thousand-dollar lots. And of course the stamps are the smallest item. Photographs and photo-mailers are expensive, as you know. Secretaries' salaries range from $55 a week upward.

But the stars consider this outlay of money a good investment. It is their only way of reaching you individually, of making you feel that they appreciate your interest in them. And, as is said at the beginning of this article, they really do appreciate it. Motion picture stars are only human beings, after all.
Across the Silversheet

(Continued from page 53)

the Moon where he finds the Magic Chest wrapped from sight in an invisible carpet...
the same carpet which later takes him into the Princess' palace despite the Mongolian horseman guarding the portals. The casket itself holds the realization of every wish. One tiny pinch of its powder and the shabby beggar prince is clothed in silk and fine raiment. Another pinch and a charger in gorgeous trappings stands waiting for him to mount... another pinch and a white stallion from a hundred thousand strong, bides the prince's bidding.

However, between these scenic miracles there are interludes when the story needs reinforcement... when the interest lags unfortunately. The story, lacking a dramatic suspense to any great extent, is far too thin for the production's length. For there isn't any vague, imaginative symbolism to the fantasy which holds adult interest...

Douglas Fairbanks is the thief who takes what he wants until he chances upon the beautifully decorated house, and he learns that he cannot woo her because he is an outcast of society and that society matters, even in old Bagdad. In this role, he has sacrificed his own personality to the production as a whole. He is not the extremely consequential Douglas of previous pictures. And it would be difficult to say whether he has done this purposely or whether the magical and fantastic magnificence of the production swamped his personality by the very law of proportions.

And if we kept wondering why Mary Pickford hadn't been persuaded to play the Princess, this does not mean that Julianne Johnson is not really lovely in the rôle. She is, actually, the nearly flawless fairy tale princess come true. However, if Mary and Doug do want to make a picture together, let us suggest at least the beautiful old fairy legends. Mary would be the golden-haired Princess and Doug the brave, bold Prince. So their names, already legendary in the motion picture, might be immortalized.

If we were to see "The Thief of Bagdad" again, we'd most certainly go with a child. It would be rather painful to see the old fairy miracles come true with his eyes. It would enhance the rarely beautiful bag of tricks which Douglas Fairbanks has presented to the screen, tenfold.

* * *

Norma Talmadge has not done any work in a long time to compare with her Mary Carlton in "Secrets." For her comprehension of the old Mary Carlton, with wifering hands, unsteady gait, slightly ungraceful child, she speaks surely of age. The illusion which she creates is hampered only by her eyes, which shine to belie the years she otherwise suggests thru make-up and characterization.

Then there is her Mary Carlton... the maid in her 'teens... who lives in an age of hoop-skirts and parents' dominion. She has wrought her magically, too—a gay Mary, a romantic Mary and a brave Mary, because she does not dream of the aches which life can create into the human heart and the worries with which life can beset the human brain.

After that is her Mary Carlton... the wife and mother in the outlaw West... where she and her husband eloped from their native England. Here Miss Talmadge proves that she has a fine concept of a mother's love and grief—and as fine a concept of a true aristocrat's throbbed spirit.

But most of all we must admit that we
Yellow Stained Teeth
Bleached White
New Safe Way

No more dark, discolored, spotted or tobacco stained teeth. Bleachodent Combination costs only a few cents and removes unsightly stains in three minutes at home. Leaves teeth flashing white, lustrous, clean. Recommended everywhere as quicker, sure, safer than old harmful, dangerous scouring. Fine for children's soft, sensitive teeth. No effect on enamel. Bleachodent Combination contains liquid to loosen stain coats and special paste which gently removes them. Paste keeps new stains from forming. Be sure to ask for Bleachodent Combination. Distributed by Bleachodent Dental Laboratories and sold by drug and department stores everywhere.

Yellow Stained Teeth
Bleached White
New Safe Way

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, enlarged pores, oily or shiny skin, you can realize why CLEAR-TONE has been tested and approved in over 100,000 Test Cases.

The skin is the first line of defense between the body and its harmful environment. Without a clear, healthy skin, the body cannot function at its best. It is for this reason that CLEAR-TONE has been developed. It contains no harsh, irritating, or soap-like substances. It is a gentle, natural remedy that will cleanse the skin and remove dirt, grease, and oil from the pores. It will also help to prevent future eruptions.

The formula is simple and easy to use. Apply a small amount of the lotion to a clean, soft cloth or cotton pad. Gently rub over the affected areas until the skin is clean and smooth. Use twice daily, morning and night. A few applications a week will keep your skin clear and healthy.

Rupert Hughes has just produced a motion picture which finds its story in the modern business woman. It is a story which is especially interesting at this time... and because of this timeliness we have secured the novelization rights of "True as Steel" for publication in the July More Picture Magazine.

Canthrox SHAMPOO

Simple to use—a teaspoonful in a cup of hot water is ample. Quickly effective—dissolves and removes dandruff, dirt and excessive oil, cleanses and invigorates the scalp, dries quickly and never leaves the hair streaky. Costs but a trifle—Canthrox shampoo may be had for about three cents. You will be charmed with the soft, fluffy appearance of your hair after use.

Free Trial Offer
To prove that Canthrox is the most delightful shampoo in the world as well as the most beneficial for your hair, we will gladly send one perfect shampoo free to any address upon receipt of two cents for postage.

H. S. PETERSON & CO.
214 W. Kinzie St. Dept. 451
CHICAGO, ILL.
The Most Precious Perfume in the World

Rieger's Flower Drops are unlike anything you have ever seen before. The very essence of the flowers themselves, made without alcohol. For years the favorite of women of taste in society and on the stage.

The regular price is $15.00 an ounce, but for 20c you can obtain a miniature bottle of this perfume, the most precious in the world. When the sample comes you will be delighted to find that you can use it without extravagance. It is so highly concentrated that the delicate odor from a single drop will last a week.

Sample
20c

Send 20c (stamps or silver) with the coupon below and we will send you a sample vial of Rieger's Flower Drops, the most alluring and most costly perfume ever known.

Other Offers

Send 20c for a sample of any Rieger's Flower Drops:

Bottle of Flower Drops with long glass stopper: $4.50 (Iridescent), $3.00 (Silver), $2.00 (Gold)

Lilac, Crabapple, $1.50
Pauline, $1.00
Lily of the Valley, $1.00
Rose, Violet, $0.50
Romantic, $0.25

Above 20c

The Enchanted Cottage
(Continued from page 63)

"Even if they have exaggerated slightly," said Mr. Smallwood half willing, "any change would be remarkable."

"I wonder—" said the mother. "Call them down."

Ethel bunged the gong and two tremendous young things awaiting the sound upstairs started down.

On the top step they paused for another breath-taking look at their own loveliness. Laura wore a yellow frock, palest rose and yellow like a Maréchal Neil rose, that floated out from her slender graceful body like smoke wreaths in a windless sky. Her tawny hair escaped its net in little curling tendrils, spiraling upward in a triumphant crown. Her little hands pink-tipped reached up and covered her slate-blue eyes back with the high lights of dancing sunbeams. "It can't be true," she whispered to the clean-limbed youth at her side.

"It is true, my beautiful," he reassured her for the hundredth time.

Step by step they went down and Oliver leaned more heavily on the arm he had taken in his, and began to stoop a little. Laura felt her frock suddenly hang limply around her, hampering her step, making her awkward. At the foot of the stairs they paused, waiting for the explanation.

A stony silence met them, the silence of horror not ecstasy. Oliver smiled fatuously into their blank faces. Major Hillgrove smiled a tired happy smile. Mrs. Minnett beamed a bit anxiously. Ethel laughed, a short ugly laugh. Oliver himself broke the silence.

"Rum go, this isn't it? Laura suddenly getting beautiful and me being all straight and fine again. I don't wonder you stare. As he spoke he leaned heavily against the table and his face began to twitch a little, the old familiar nag. "Well," he continued a bit shakily, "why don't some of you say something?"

"You are mad, Ollie," spoke up Ethel gently for her, "quite mad."

"Oh my poor boy!" cried Mrs. Smallwood, weeping into tears.

"I'll," said Mr. Smallwood with compassion on the top of the pinched little face, with its prominent teeth and impossible nose. He tried to run his fingers thru her hair, but it was drawn back tight and lifeless as before. He shook his head sadly. "The day—the day of miracles is not yet here—" he said and bowed his head on his breast.

"No dear," she said as if to Oliver's imploring outstretched hands, "leave me alone for a little while—you must take Major Hillgrove home."

With his heart torn and bruised with not understanding, Oliver guided the blind man across the meadow. "Poor children," Hillgrove said, "we have all been under an illusion—only an illusion."

"Illusion—illusion," repeated Oliver.

"No. They are all wrong. Can I see?"

Hillgrove winced but answered gently, "Yes, as I see. Perhaps the truer vision is that of the soul, dear boy."

"Poor little Laura," muttered Oliver, "all her happiness gone—"

Back in Honey moon Cottage he consulted Mrs. Minnett still incredulous. "Mrs. Minnett," he said gravely, "have you—have you noticed any change?"

"Not outwardly," echoed Oliver, beginning to understand.

Upstairs a heart-broken girl lay asleep on the big four-poster, the sleep of hopeless exhaustion. One thin arm lay across the plain little face as if to hide it from the light. Oliver sat down gently beside her and tenderly lifted the arm away. "My beautiful," he said, "what do we care what other people see? You are beautiful—beautiful to me."

Up went the arm around his neck and white cheek lay against white cheek. "And you will always be strong and straight and wonderful to me—and if—He held her closer. "And if there is a—a child, a girl child, there will be a chance at beauty for it—won't there?"

Oliver lifted the little face and kissed it passionately. "And if it's a boy he'll be the rippinest kid that ever grew."

Twilight spread its cool grey shadows thru the room darkening the corners. On the foot of the bed a little girl appeared, a dream child as beautiful as an English day in June. Putting a tiny finger to a rose-bud mouth she beckoned silently. A little boy appeared, a sturdily manly little lad. For a moment they hung there in the soft half light, looking lovingly at the sleeping couple.

"My mother," whispered the little girl, "is beautiful."

"Well, my father's pretty fine, I tell you," "euly answered the boy.

"I stirred in her husband's arms and vanished in the air as gently as the lover, the beloved."

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His Screen Star's Song
By Lucille La Viene

Oh, to my mystic audience
I give all they desire:
The sparkle of my wondrous eyes,
My soul’s divinest fire;
The magic of my sudden smile—
Of these they never tire!

And you? You have my listless hands,
My languid, tired eyes;
The sadness of my drooping mouth,
My mind—too serpent-wise.
To you I give my weary heart—
My love...

Which has the prize?

Slow Motion

“I think I’ll go into the movies,” mused the office shtik, after he had chatted an hour or so with the pretty steno.

“You’d sure make good—in a slow motion reel,” spluttered the indignant boss, as he passed by.

At the Movie Show
By Blaine C. Bigler

The villain grabs her by the throat—I try to shout—
But then the girl in front of me decides he must go out.

I see some high society—some gilded dens of sin;
I try to look, but cannot see—some girls are coming in.

I see a cowboy racing over plains so wide and flat
And I get somewhat excited till he hides behind a hat.

I see a bathing beauty where the wild waves toss and beat;
I only get a glimpse of her—some guy is on my feet.

I see some shy brown maidens on the beach near waving flags.
But straightway I forget them—“Let us thru. Excuse us please.”

I see the hero swimming—he will rescue her all right;
He dives behind a flapper’s head and disappears from sight.

You bet, I love the movies, with their smiles and with their tears,
And tho’ I’ve never seen a play, I’ve seen mildly’s cars.

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His Screen Star's Song
By Lucille La Viene

Oh, to my mystic audience
I give all they desire:
The sparkle of my wondrous eyes,
My soul’s divinest fire;
The magic of my sudden smile—
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McCarrie School
1338 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
TRAVEL PICTURES
By Faith Baldwin

They sit among the audience and idly watch the play.
Are swiftly touched to smiles or tears, yet
inwardly blased;
But when the travel-pictures glow across
the silver sheet
The wistful heart of each of them is
burdened with defeat...

The clerk, who from a down-town pace,
has seen the ships go by
And knows he'll never tread their decks,
he watches with a sigh:
The obscure sales-girl in a shop, the
mother, dull with care,
They buy their tickets at the door to
Lands of Everywhere...

The places they shall never see, the streets
they'll never tread,
Strange temples, mosques and minarets
before their eyes are spread;
The desert, like a bed of gold, unfolds
beneath their eyes,
They watch a snow-topped mountain rise
against amazing skies...

Oh, Life has no such ports for them,
they'll never know or see,
The coral reefs, the slender palm, or plams
immense and free.
Yet for a cruelly little while, among indi-

ter men,
They're foot-loose on the highways of a
world beyond their ken.

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STOPS HAIR FALLING

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RESTORES COLOR AND
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KEEP YOUR YOUTHFUL BEAUTY

Smooth out your wrinkles while you sleep

WILLARD FRANCES BEAUTY PARLORS
© North Michigan Ave., Dept. 14, Chicago, Ill.
THE PERFECT OUTLAW GENTLEMAN
By Ruth Overton
(An Explanation to DON MARQUIS—
A propos—The New York Tribune,
March 27, 1924, given parenthetically
below.)

(We suppose that the male sex
which is the childish, artistic, credulous,
romantic sex, will always cling
desperately to the illusion that there
exists somewhere the Perfect Out-
law Lady—a creature who is at one
and the same time and in one and the
same person sweet as an angel, tough
as hell, beautiful as Helen, harmless
as a dove, dangerous as a wildcat,
refined as Mme. Récamier, athletic as
Hercules, companionable as Fal-
staff, spiritual as Aurora Leigh,
extactly as chaste as her man hap-
pens to be feeling himself at any
given moment, witty as Voltaire,
gullible as Simple Simon and a
darned good cook. If she is re-
ligious, so much the better; she will
be respected for it.

Men may not always want to
marry her, but they always want
her to want to marry them; and they
are always ready to feel sorry about
her broken heart when they tell her
she can’t. Not being able to secure
all these attributes in one person is
perhaps what leads so many men into
polygamy.)

Is your sex the childish, artistic,
credulous, romantic one? I wonder!

Since paleolithic ages have WE not
Dreaded like visions of OUR MAN?

He must have the bold, worshiping
eyes Of Ramon Novarro;
The towering physique of “Lefty” Flynn;
The intellectualty of John Barrymore;
He must be as bold, as daring as Bill
Hart;
As primitive as Louis Wolheim;
He must have the mirth and grace
Of Douglas Fairbanks; and
In courtliness even Lewis Stone
Must yield him homage.

He must have the clean, boyish adoration
Of—let us say—Glenn Hunter;
He must have the burning passion
Of Lovell Sherman; still
He must have the homely faithfulness
Of Thomas Meighan; more,
He must place us queen o’er many thrown
aside
As coldly as Adolphe Menjou.
And—he must have the sensibility
of "Charlot!"

Where we win out, Sir DON, lies in the
fact
That c’mon in face of everything, WE
KNOW
OUR MAN in his dear human frame
holds
All these mystic qualities—and our whole
world beside!

Bernardo De Pace,
Premier,
Mandolinist,
Says of the

WASHBURN

"I have found the Washburn Mandolin abso-
lutely the most satisfactory and perfect after
20 years’ experience in vaudeville and concert
work all over the world. Cannot be better!"

Master craftsmen carve the "Washburn" by
hand, graduate it with painstaking care to
these wonderful proportions that make it truly
sing. The result is an instrument so perfect, so
charmingly sweet in tone that it stands as
the "Stradivarius" among mandolins!

Simple to Play To you the "Wash-
burn" Mandolin is a rich gift. You do not have to be born a
mandolinist. All the consistent practice quickly
puts you on the road to mastery of the instru-
ment. And what results attend that mastery!
It opens to you a place in every glee club and
strung orchestra. It brings you a new and
greater personal popularity. It opens the way
to consistent earnings. It is a never-failing
come in hours of loneliness.

Many Delightful Types

The hand-finished Style A "Washburn" is
without doubt the supreme mandolin, but is all
"Washburn" Mandolins. Mandolins, and Mando-
ellos, even those most moderately priced, are a
guaranteed quality of workmanship and steady excellence of quality,
that are unequalled.

"Washburn" Banjos

Equally Supreme

The same unexcelled excellence that has made
the "Washburn" Mandolin the world’s standard,
guitarist’s "Washburn" Banjo is an equal
wonderful tone quality, their res-
nouned, have been rendered, even
perfect by the new "Air Cushion
Bridge"—the greatest develop-
ment in banjo history!

6 Days’ FREE Trial

Whether the instrument you desire be mandolin or banjo, guitar or ukulele—"Washburn" means supreme
in quality and singing tone. The price range is exceptionally wide
—$20 to $150 for Mandolins and Guitars; $20 to $500 for Banjos, all
the same tone quality and durability are promised.

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trial in your own home. Easy monthly payments, if desired. The coupon will bring you face
particulars. Mail it TODAY!

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Comment on Other Productions

(Continued from page 57)

sight which colors drabness and beautifies ugliness.

It is a picture the appeal of which lies in its simplicity, its humanity, and its spirituality. It sends forth a comforting glow and a kind thought.

Josephine Lovett's adaptation of Pinter's play is composed simplicity and sticks to the theme. It is told simply and forcefully with no digressions from the plot. The principal setting is a snug little English way of its time and its inhabitants, as in a story, yet as redolent of charm.

John Robertson, who directed this picture, has climbed to the high places. He has used discretion and repression. He demonstrates a fine sensitivity, without which no director can scale the heights. And the sensitive Barthelmess reaches the zenith of his art in an admirably limpid portrait. It is a perfect •book which registers with cameo clearness, and as he draws on his emotional reserve, he also scales the heights.

An adaptation, surely. May McAvoy may walk on the high places, too, in her study of the girl. She sacrifices intervals when she becomes radiant in the eyes of her love's reflection, who will perform such a sacrifice. These two players have submerged their personalities in their respective roles. It is an earnest on their part to record in their characters—and by recording them they establish themselves as sincere artists. It is an enchanting picture. And it will transport you.

WILD ORANGES

One will find a lot of appeal in this picture, adapted from a story by Joseph Hergeschietz, in the placing of the story. It answers the demand for something different—even tho its plot skeleton is nothing, but frank melodrama. What we like about it is its compact action and its clearly defined characterization. Because there are only five characters, there is no beating about the bush in reaching climaxes. The situations as regards tension, drama, are present, and the characters enter the locations—the backgrounds being Georgia swamp land—as well as maritime shots along the shore.

That this picture action may be appreciated in the conflict when a sea-faring man puts in to a remote spot on the Georgia coast. He comes in contact with a strange family of three, a girl, an aged man and a homicidal maniac, wanted for murder. Several of the scenes offer spine-shivering incidents—especially in the sailor's vivid fight with the madman.

One forgets that it is all fiction in the manner in which the scenes grip the imagination. Charles A. Post as the brute also aids in lending this note of reality. His work appears as if he is not acting, but speaking his own words, as a sailor made famous by Ernest Torrence. If you want a picture of punch, here it is. We recommend it for jaded goers.

The Uninvited Guest

Down to the sea in a diving suit goes Lefty Flynn to fight off sharks, an octopus or two—and to rescue the heroine. It is the making of the small which is found in its novel background. The novelty enters in the submarine views being developed in natural colors. And the beauty of the tropical undersea vegetation, fish and coral formations furnishes a coloreful touch which must be seen to be appreciated. The backgrounds are much more vital than
the plot—a thing of little consequence in so far as making screen history is concerned.

It deals with the fortunes of a young girl who is a castaway. The ne'er-do-well sponge diver rescues her and aids in establishing her identity—and his reformation is effected eventually. The story is at its best in its tropical scenes. When the figures return to civilization, it becomes just another movie. The picture serves in introducing some picturesque settings, also a newcomer in Jean Tolley, a much-photographed girl of the bill-boards and the magazine covers. Her personality is pleasing even if her acting is immature.

HAPPINESS

On the stage Laurette Taylor followed "Peg O'My Heart" with "Happiness" and now she duplicates the order in pictures. Hartley Manners is also the author of this traditional farce and obviously tried to duplicate the success of the first opus, and in some instances duplicated the situations. However, the screen "Happiness" is an interesting picture with smiles, tears, and King Vidor has supplied some original touches in treating the story on the screen.

Miss Taylor is charming, but at times displays a tendency to overplay her role of the errant girl who is betrothed by a bored society woman. This tendency is to be noted among other members of the cast, notably Dorothy Jordan, with Yorky Culler. Pat O'Malley's performance is a fine credit to him, and Hedda Hopper is also worthy of praise.

ICEBOUND

A prize play hasn't been made into a prize picture here, but it's a handsome job into a sound interesting study of small town smugness—thus carrying on in its shadowy form what the author conveyed in the original. No other director is capable of fashioning truthful slices of life as revealed in narrow communities with half the dramatic weight of William de Mille. Here he shows us a story of a young New Englander's revolt against the puritanical conventions of his environment. It is a frigid atmosphere which is revealed humorously in some of the scenes. The hero, a returned soldier, cannot reconcile himself to work after a hectic adventure on the battle-fields of Flanders. He is a very charming fellow, but he is the favorite of his mother.

The director strikes a note of ironic humor when at the scene of the old lady's death, the other children are parked in the parlor (for reasons as yet unknown to the parlor) awaiting to see how they fare in the will. The young scapagore is ordered to work for the orphan of the homestead who is left the estate. And eventually takes up his duties willingly when the spark of romance is manifested.

It is drab in places—but it soars with vitality—and is intelligently treated. Symmetry for the characterization and an appreciation for its values marks de Mille's work here. The picture is played with capable understanding by Richard Dix, Lois Wachsmann and Alice Huydinck. What we recommend is the direction. William de Mille sticks to his theme—and handles it with restraint.

LOVE LETTERS

That ancient bromide—Be Careful What You Write, It May Be Used Against You—will come to mind after one has witnessed this picture. It features a pocket of letters carried around by an ancient "sheik"—who has the goods on a silly
married woman and a girl about to jump into the matrimonial yoke. The s. m. w. perched her letters before the marital knot was tied. There is nothing moving about this story—but the melodramatic urge must be obeyed. Collyerdecides— with the "sheik" expressing the old stuff—"If you dont meet me at midnight, I'll show the letters."

Comes the familiar complications resulting in the murder of the "rake" by a man of mystery who is dragged in for the purposes of suspense. It transpires that he is the brother of the woman the "rake" has discarded. The good features of this picture are its short length and a fairly compact action. Shirley Mason is the discreet girlfriend—the engaged girl, while Alma Francis has more to worry about, being a dutiful wife.

MY MAN

Here we have the capitalization of the self-made man who forges ahead by sheer will-power—and a dominating personality. It is one of the last stories written by the late George W. Chesterton. Reviewer reminds us of the days when political dramas were extremely popular. Being a one-character story, there is nothing of suspense nor sympathy. It is planted very early that the political boss is a diamond in the rough, but the sponsors have written him into making him a caricature of the familiar ward-heeler. He crushes his enemies and wins the girl—after a mild conflict. It lacks movement, originality, incident—and action—and is wholly conventional. But on the credit side is its suggestion of restraint—and a performance by Dustin Farnum. He plays the self-made man with fairly good authority.

POISONED PARADISE

With Monte Carlo—here referred to as "Poisoned Paradise"—as a background this adaptation of Robert W. Service's work possesses a lively interest and a sustaining degree of suspense that make for a most enjoyable entertainment. The story is deftly handled and the exceedingly melodramatic, furnishes surprises and thrills throughout its length. Acting honors belong to Clara Bow. After a hard year, she has gained a name for herself that promises to be big indeed before long. As the girl of the Paradies, she contributes a characterization that is both truthful and alluring. Kenneth Harlan, Carmel Myers and Ray Griffith perform nicely.

RIDE FOR YOUR LIFE

Question: If all the wild and woolly Western films were placed end to end, how many times would they encircle the globe or would they reach to Mars? "Ride For Your Life" inspires such a query because it has nothing particular to distinguish it from hundreds of others which have preceded it. It has been as good as hundred others. It has big holes in its story and the scenario certainly wasn't constructed by an expert or if the writers were experts they were having bad days. Hoot Gibson appears as an indolent rancher who poses as a bandit to win the girl—Laura LaPlante. For our part, we much preferred the yamboribale Westerns that the Gibson has been acting in and which were initially contrived for him by that most skilful scenario writer, George Hull.

THE VAGABOND TRAIL

Well, here's the one-hundred-per-cent hero again—in a typical dime-novel story. Such a hero can do no wrong. He punishes the guilty because Providence has endowed

---

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**FOR MEN AND WOMEN**

Will show reduction taking place in 11 days or money refunded

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Gently manipulate the fatty parts with the Reducer a few minutes night and morning. Break up fatty tissue into minute particles. It is carried out by the body of organisms of cellulization. Low to 100 pounds. Reduce and tone the body. Reduce quickly, safely temporarily. Reduce an ounce of soft rubber and weighing but a few ounces. Follow a method adopted by celebrities and households of satisfied users.

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Exercise—Take Medicines—Starve yourself on meager diets or use electrical appliances.

The Reducer is guaranteed. Send for it today.

**DR. THOMAS LAWTON**

19 West 70th Street, Dept. 9, New York
him with a strong right arm—and left. He holds up like Frank Merrill and Fred Farnot to rescue the damsel in distress. Charles Jones, who plays here, takes himself and the plot seriously. As a result, his efforts to appear as convincing acting as a boomerang. Such a show should have been barlisted. There is every indication that it was "plotted" as it progressed—and the plot is exposed in the last reel—except the suicide announcement the villain as the long-lost brother of the hero. The latter had turned vagabond to find him. A picture which never gets anywhere.

**FLOWING GOLD**

Speaking of oil, here is a melodrama concerning a Southwestern rush which, the not so exciting as the Washington melodrama, is nevertheless interesting and at odd moments thrilling and amusing. Rex Beach, who wrote it, tried to duplicate the success of his Alaskan story, "The Spoilers," and didn't quite succeed. The yarn is of a conventional pattern. We are treated to another dose of overnight millionaires trying to live up to their new wealth. Probably every amateur writer would inject just such incident in just such a story.

The picture was "on the spot" and concludes in a terrific storm in which the oil derricks are struck by lightning. This is thrilling stuff, but when hero and heroine emerge from the tempest they appear as if they had just stepped from their dressing-rooms. Anna Q. Nilsson, Milton Sills, Alice Calhoun and Crawford Kent render convincing performances and hit up the action.

**FAIR WEEK**

For a long time "Fair Week" reposed in the producing company's vault where it had been condemned to die, unseen by the American public. It has been brought out now, probably, in a last attempt to realize on whatever investment it represents. It was made in that day when Paramount was trying to make a star of Walter Hiers, and in this effort to do so the boy was surrounded by a distinctly inferior cast.

The story concerns honest country folk and crooks from the city, a theme which, men of art has been employed consistently in pictures and plays for the last fifty years. The balloon ascension, the high-light of Rome, Missouri's Fair Week is mere padding and fails to thrill. The citizens of all the Rome's in the States have seen better stuff.

**THE PHANTOM HORSEMAN**

Western melodramas have become such conventional, orthodox patterns that the majority of companies which produce them operate on the theory that they are always successful. Every other form of dramatic idea has shown some signs of progress. Not so the Western, except when Hoot Gibson or Tom Mix see something in it that could be burlesqued or satirized. This one lacks ingenium of plot and bears all the earmarks of being written hurriedly and just as hurriedly produced. It features a mysterious night rider, a lonesome who holds the ever-present mortgage on the girl's home, and a galloping sheriff.

There is the absurd romantic note of self-sacrifice—which is in vain here because of the outlaw's ultimate confession.

An indication that it has been hap-hazardly produced is noticeable in the settings. The locales. The mining camp of crude huts and shacks—there it boasts a bank that could fit a town the size of Poughkeepsie. Jack Hoxie is the star. Exteriors are so easy to capture nowadays that Westerns must feature story values as well.
When Lincoln Was A Barefoot Boy—

E
evry scrap of printed paper that came to his hands was a treasure trove. He read it eagerly—conning every line—getting every worth while word.

What a harvest he could have garnered from a modern publication! And not the least interesting to him would have been the advertisements, with their stories and their pictures of products, appliances and services that have smoothed the course of life to a degree unknown and unbelievable in the rough pioneer days.

Nowadays new comforts and conveniences slip into our lives almost without our realizing it. We are liable to be rather matter-of-fact about it all. And advertising that has made it simpler to make and distribute profitably innumerable products at reasonable prices, has played a leading part in making our life so eminently easy to live.

Read over the advertisements and try to think what the things you see there would have meant to our forefathers. Then you’ll realize what a service and what a convenience advertising is to you.

Read it. Make use of it!

as pictorial values. This little excursion into the cactus country is interesting in its views of the open spaces.

Daughters of Today

The mirror is still being held up to the younger set—which bashed a short time ago in “Flaming Youth” and others of that design. Their wild parties are still being exploited on the screen, tho the stage has discarded the flapper as antique. If these pictures could be seen uncensored, they might carry less artificiality. As it is, they serve principally in acquainting us with some director’s idea of what constitutes giddy life—with the throttle wide open. So we have the hokum—and because the settings are bizarre—and the jazzy youngsters vie with one another to publicize themselves thru a series of incredibly wild happenings, we swallow the bait, hook, line and sinker—and pronounce it entertainment.

The story is still the thing. But it is usually forgotten in this type of picture—for stress is laid upon evoking the giddy whirl. The flapper and the drug-store cowboy are in their element here. There is a lot of petting, considerable wild parties, much toting of flasks and what not. And to dress it up with sentiment, a white-haired mother advances at the finish with a jar of preserves for her erstwhile suppressed daughter. The picture is well cast, the players carrying out the demands with good authority. The appeal here rests in the round of frivolity lived thru by the worshippers of jazz.

The Wolf Man

There are faint suggestions of Stevenson’s “Jekyll and Hyde” and Sir Gilbert Parker’s “Right of Way” in this vehicle that Frederic and Fanny Hatton have constructed for Jack Gilbert. The suggestions however are very, very faint. Every episode in the borrowed theme of dual personality reveals obvious mechanics. It is as if the authors were on view pushing their melodrama thru to its finish and not caring much what happens to it so long as it arrives at that finish.

The classic-featured Gilbert is a mad brute when under the influence of “lischer” and a gentleman when sober. Norma Shearer provides an attractive love interest and the hero’s ultimate salvation after a wild ride down swirling rapids. Yes, there is a fight that the press-agent would describe as hair-raising between the hero and a villainous half-breed. It must be terrible to be born a half-breed and do nothing but nasty things all one’s life.

Do you know how many motion picture stars are mothers? Really the majority of women, prominent on the screen, have known the glory of motherhood. And next month we are publishing scores of pictures of these beautiful stars and their children. They are exclusive pictures to the Motion Picture Magazine and are sure to delight everyone
HOLLYWOOD IN FICTION
By C. B. Orwig
In Hollywood town—or so I've been told—
The natives are awfully fast:
Wild studio parties are common as pies
And everyone has a dark Past.
Their homes are great castles set up in
the hills,
With chefs, maids and footmen galore;
Their butlers are H’English in accent and
looks
And one stands behind every door.
Strip-poker is known as their favorite
sport—
To the limit they go, as a rule;
Another delight for the dead of the night
Is to splash in a dark swimming-pool.
The women are all of the type known as
“vamp,”
Their lives are incredibly gay;
Each one takes a husband and then if she
likes
She gets a divorce the next day!
They’re named Josie, Sarah, Gladys or
Renee,
They consume crates of bootleg and
dope
They smoke cigarettes every hour of the
day
Only stopping to sleep, let us hope!
A star holds receptions to gentleman
friends
Prostrate on her pet tiger skin,
Surrounded by orchids and lilies and ferns,
As pictured by Elmer Glyn.

This marvelous picture of Hollywood life
In popular fiction is found.
When you catch the “wild party” who
started the tales,
You'll find him—a newspaper hound!

Are motion picture stars
where they are in their pro-

fession because they may have
business acumen and a com-

mercial instinct? There is
an interesting commentary
on this phase of their suc-

cess in “The Editor Goss-
ips,” in this issue. You'll
enjoy reading it, whether
you agree or disagree with
the side it takes.

On with the Dance—
Here’s Real Music!
Why run out to a cabaret every time you
want to dance? There's many an evening’s
fun right at home—provided there's good
music.
And there's always good music
where there's a Hohner Harmonica—

The World’s Best
If you want to be a popular host, be ready
with your Hohner at impromptu parties,
after dinner dances and social gatherings.
Produce your pocket orchestra, announce a good fox
waltz or one step, and surprise your guests
with some real snappy harmony.
Get a Hohner Harmonica today and play it
tonight. 30c up at all dealers. Ask for the
Free Instruction Book. If your dealer is out
of copies, write M. Hohner, Inc., Dept. 175,
New York City.
$100 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—learn the methods and secrets that make your drawings worth real money. Thousands of business firms pay millions of dollars annually for good advertising drawings and designs. No previous training or experience is necessary to learn from the Federal Course, which clearly explains each step, and gives you individual, personal criticism on all your lessons, by men who themselves have made good as commercial artists.

The Federal Course Brings You the Experience of Leading Artists

Leading designers, artists, illustrating companies and hundreds of successful Federal Students have enthusiastically endorsed Federal Training. You get the advice and experience of men who have produced and sold hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of commercial art—through exclusive lessons contained only in the Federal Course.

Think of having as Federal authors such men as Franklin Booth, called the “Painter with the Pen”; Charles E. Chambers, a leading magazine and story illustrator; C. Matlack Price, a poster authority; Neysa McMein, magazine covers; Charles Livingston Bull, the animal painter; Harold Gross, Edwin V. Brewer, E. F. Schoonover, L. V. Carroll, Gayle Porter Hoskins and all illustrators and designers who have made reputations for themselves.

Send For This Book: "YOUR FUTURE"

By all means send for this book. It is beautifully illustrated in colors and tells every detail you want to know about the Federal Course.

Shows work of Federal Students, many of whom earn more than the cost of the course while they are studying. The almost unlimited opportunities in this field will surprise you. If you are ambitious to succeed, you cannot afford to be without this book. Send 6c. in stamps for it today, kindly stating your age and occupation.

IMPRESSIONS

By Helen Chandler

(Mac Murray)

A terpsichorean butterfly,
Sweetheart roses and pink sweet peas,
Oft kissed lips, languorous eyes,
Alluring fragrance.
White alabaster, and thistledown,
Gentle, sleepy Angora kittens;
Fluffy golden locks
Many dainty frocks
And the charm of a stray moonbeam.

(Gloria Swanson)

Bobbed hair and permanent waves;
Wild music and tangos;
Trading gowns, Spanish heels.
Bizarre grotesques;
Golliwog perfumes;
Daily colored bits of Georgette;
Expensive jewels;
Wrecked automobiles;
House parties, proms, tea dances
And the never ending whirl of life.

(Mary Pickford)

Her smile; sun shining thru rain,
Fresh dew on smiling rambler roses,
Fuzzy pink and white peaches,
Pretty willows in freshly fallen snow,
Yellow roses and pink ribbon,
Lullabies crooned in summer twilight
The smile in a baby's eyes.

PICTURE MAGIC

By Julia Birk

I am the soul of the motion picture;
I am everyone's dreams;
I am youth and love and idealism;
I am life as it seems.

In my laugh is a cure for heartaches;
Listen, and weep no more.
In my light is a path to Romance;
Steal thru the open door!

I hold the heart of all mankind
Here in my silvery beams,
For I am the soul of the motion picture;
I am everyone's dreams.
Letters to the Editor
(Continued from page 64)

Objecting to the inevitable gum-chewing and slanging telephone operators in motion pictures.

Dear Editor: Having a grievance against the movies, or should I say, directors? I hope you will do me the favor of publishing my letter, and give the hope that the offender will read it.

It is this:

Why, oh why, do they show telephone operators chewing gum and using slang? Now, I'm a telephone girl and know what I am talking about. It simply is not done; in other words, it is not allowed. Besides, of all things I detest, is chewing gum and slang.

In Gladys Walton's picture, "Cross Wires," she is shown reading a book at the switchboard—that also, is impossible. Things like that are what cause the public always to sneer at our service. However, I don't blame Miss Walton for this slam on us (for slam it is), for Miss Walton is a sweet little actress and I always enjoyed her pictures, heretofore.

But you see, I would change the style if they must show operators. I would gladly give them a few hints on the subject, as they seem to know so little about the secretaries.

I feel quite justified in my criticism, as there are numerous fans among the telephone people.

Since I'm not all a grouch, speaking not only for myself, but a number of other girls, we want to say that Richard Dix is our favorite actor. He is not a foreign prince cowering, but a fine looking American boy, like the late Wallace Reid. No, I'm not accusing Mr. Dix of imitating Wallace Reid (as so many fans delight in that idea), but he has the acting ability, good looks, and wholesome-ness that puts him in that class. We think he is a wonderful actor, and extend our best wishes to Mr. Dix.

Sincerely yours,
Terry Venable,
Southern Bell Tel. Co.,
Sanford, Florida.

Harsh criticism for Pola Negri and "Shadows of Paris."

Dear Editor: I shall dispense with all preliminaries, because it is only "apple sauce" after all, and get down to "brass tacks." The other day I saw Pola Negri in "Shadows of Paris," and of all the poorest excuses for a picture, that certainly takes the prize. It was the first time I had ever seen Pola Negri, and without a doubt it is the last. The only redeeming feature about the picture was the fact that Adolphe Menjou and Huntly Gordon were in it. The best thing Pola Negri did in it was to smoke, and, let me tell you, she sure has a mean drag on cigarettes. As for Mr. Roche, well, if I were Rudolph Valentino I should be highly insulted to think that he was to take my place. Of course Valentino isn't so much himself, but then he couldn't be worse than Charles de Roche.

Of course Adolphe Menjou is always good, but you certainly can tell the difference in a man's voice. In "A Woman of Paris" Menjou was superb. In "Shadows of Paris" he was good and that's all. Here's hoping that Charles Chaplin will direct him again, and soon, at that.

Huntly Gordon is always good. I always enjoy him. Who couldn't? As for the plot of the story, it was a deliber-

Cleanskin Quick by New Method!

The Secret of a Soft, Velvety Skin for Anybody; No Longer Any Excuse for Blemishes

YOU can be beautiful, attractive, charming. Yes—any reader—anyone who reads and heeds this remarkable woman's advice!

Lucille Young was homesick—no one; today she is considered having that enviable, seductive look that thousands of women by Methods and means that are secret. And she is a famous actress. She has the secret. You are invited to guess from this photograph, she made a study of the problem of how to make every ordinary feature extrasmallly beautiful, and will tell you her Method. You'll be astounded at the improvements possible.

Coarse Pores Banished!

Large pores, wrinkles, pimples, oily skin and other blemishes are unnecessary. Lucille Young's Method removes them. Learn to make your complexion as soft and fair as any. You can. And you can have beautifully formed lips, gloriously lustrous eyes.

Lucille Young's new beauty book, "Blemishes" is now available, even building out or replacing the figure is easy, and the complexion is not obscured. Why not get these facts and Methods that have worked alike miracles in the famous face of women of all ages? Why put up with lumpy beauty, if it is availible for a $1, slumber complexion, or a woman makes plain of clearing the skin.

FREE Coarse Pores Banished

Wrinkles Pimples Freckles Superfluious Hair Oil Skin

CLAIM YOUR FREE COPY WITH THIS OFFER

FREE BOOK

Mail the Coupon to

Lucille Young
Room 408, Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago

Please send me your FREE booklet, "Making Better Eyes."

Name (Print)_________________________

Address_____________________________

City_________________State_____________

Cleanskin Quick by New Method

To: Lucille Young...

FREE Delica Lipstick

Delica Kissproof Lipstick

Gives your lips the blushing youth—just the correct touch of natural coloring—so delicate none will sus-
pect."Blushes on all day—water or 
smile" have no effect. You can dress the original "Come off" lip rouge by the distinctive Delica Kissproof. It goes on the grid of the lips, leaving none of the usual sufferings. Free.

At all Toilet Counters or Direct 50c

FREE Delica Lipstick

Delica Lipstick Inc., Dept. 1005, Dearborn, Chicago

Send me a generous sample of Delica Kissproof Lipstick together with sample bottle of Delica "Blushes on all day—water or smile". I agree not to open sample bottle of Delica "Blushes on all day—water or smile". You may use the sample bottle to test the effectiveness of Delica Kissproof. Please state to which address the free samples are to be sent.

Address_____________________________

107 PAGI
NERVE STRAIN

We are living in the age of nerve strain, the minute-life. Nearly everyone is troubled in some way by overstrained and deranged nerves. How about YOUR nerves?

Read NERVE FORCE, a 64-page book on Nerve Culture by Paul von Boeckmann. This book explains in clear and simple language all about nerve strain, and how to remedy it. It teaches how to develop courage, ambition, power and self-confidence. How to make your nervous system to work, worry and all other modern nerve strains. Only 25 cents (coin or stamp). Send direct to the author—TODAY!

"What readers of "Nerve Force" say:

"I have been treated for a number of nerve specialties, and have traveled from country to country in an endeavor to restore my nerves to normal. Your little book has done more for me than all other methods combined."

"Reading your book has stopped that dreadful feeling of FEAR which paralyzed my stomach and digestion."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of strained nerves. I have read your book at least ten times."

PAUL VON BOECKMANN

Studio 241
110 W. 60th St., N. Y. C.

BECOME A PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER

EARNING $35 TO $125 A WEEK

Three to six months' course. Italian Picture, Commercial, Portraiture, Preparatory Instruction, Day or Evening Classes. Ask for Catalog No. 25.

N. Y. INSTITUTE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
NEW YORK 14 W. 23rd St.
CHICAGO 630 S. Wabash Ave. 553 State St.

STRONG TEETH—HEALTHY GUMS

You can have them by using DENTOX. When a dog or cat demands its food and tries to masticate it, it will have strong teeth and healthy gums. DENTOX for children and adults. DENTOX Laboratories, 225 N. Michigan Bivd., Chicago, Ill.

STERLING DIAMOND & WATCH CO

(Diamond Importers—$1,000,000 Stock—Est. 1879)
63 PARK ROW, Dept. 1669, NEW YORK

"SETS"

By Faith Baldwin

A mining town, a Western camp,
A palace, that Aladdin’s lamp
Most surely conjured from the djinn,
A gilded banquet hall of sin,
A humble hut, a ship, a home,
A desert where the Arabs roam...

A boudoir, rosy, and the nave
Of some old church, austere and grace,
The walls of China, mile by mile,
A shop, a porch, a country stile,
Jerusalem or Babylon,
By moon or storm or blazing sun...

They built these things of wood and paint,
That in them sinner, knave or saint
 Might play for us a little space
And show us young Adventure’s face,
Fratil buildings reared to house a dream,
And—for the moment—all they seem.

VAMPIRE

By Jane Cuthbell

She sits, demurely still—a mouse,
A shadow, in the crowded house,
Unpainted, upright, priz;
Her eyes are quiet eyes and cool,
(Think perhaps she teaches school)
Her gloves are darned and trim—

The play is one of purple sin,
Of décöleéte, silk stockings, gin—
A shoe-eyed woman slinks
Across the screen with feline grace
Her mouth’s a wound, her lovely face
Proclaims the girl a minx!

The little mouse beside me sighs,
A tiny flame glows in her eyes,
Her longing has no name,
She lives! She lives! for one brief space
She wears that other woman’s face
And knows her splendour shame.

People, if they are honest with themselves, will admit that there have been times in their life when they experienced a great desire to break loose from the bonds holding them. It is this urge which Henry Albert Phillips treats of in his new serial, “The Girl Who Couldn’t Be Bad,” beginning next month. You want not to miss it.
MAGAZINE
solutions.
read like.
Under
thrill Please
For
For
For
The
pirates
Whatever
Where
To
dreams
I
died,
a
fume
common
forever
sins.

The pirates sail the Spanish Main,
The cruel, dashing buccaneers
Who fill so many hearts with pain;
Whose path is strewn with blood and tears.
And when they swarm aboard a ship
I give a frightened little gasp;
The captain has—oh, a row ship—
A modern rifle in his grasp.

FILM JUDGMENT
By CLARENCE E. FLYNN

The man who reads the titles,
The man who tramps our toes,
The man who holds the end seat
Whatever comes and goes,
The man who laughs so loudly
That all the house can hear,
The man who with his snoring
Outrages every ear.

All died, and took their journey
Where the unseen begins,
And stood before the judgment
To answer for their sins.
They got a common sentence.
Each one was ordered flat
To sit and fume forever
Behind a picture hat.

To know the stars as their
friends know them . . . as
mothers, wives, husbands,
fathers, friends . . . read
The Editor Gossips. It features the little intimate things
which are never related elsewhere . . . and the popularity this department already enjoys, has proven we were right in feeling our readers would like it.

MAGIC GLOVES $1.95!

White Hands Overnight!

Mystic Powers of Dr. Egan's Night Gloves Make Hands Old Hands NEW—Red Hands White—In One Night

Work This Scientific Miracle on YOUR Hands

AMAZING RESULTS or There Is No Charge

WOMEN everywhere are gloriﬁng their hands to beautiful smoothness. Magic Gloves have made rough hands inexcusable.

The gloves work their magic because the gloves have been treated in a solution which is a gentle stimulant to skin life.

Hands that looked hopeless from years of being covered by housework—permeated by exposure—winkled through dryness—become soft, white and pliant after just one night or two with these gloves.

How They Work

You no sooner open the package than the potency of these gloves is apparent; the peculiar impregnated fabric and mysterious medication roll all the miraculous ingredients into the soft, white, smooth, elegant, perfect miracle. You'll scarcely want to wait until night to try the experiment. But at bedtime, open the tiny jar of Potash and rub it over the hands to prepare the cuticle for the rejuvenation—draw on the magic gloves—and retire.

Next morning behold the change—your hands have been transformed—you'll rub them in wonderment—show them to glow—your hands will be as white and soft as Nature intended them!

Imaginative hands have solved the whole question of care for your hands. All the lotions in the world could not work such a beauty miracle. Your hands couldn't ever 'make up' your hands with such a beauty. Yet it all happens in a night, and your friends will all be remarking the lily whiteness and softness of your hands—they'll make you tell—and want to borrow the magic gloves that did it.

Don't keep Dr. Egan's gloves unless they do work these wonders. But apply now if you want the privilege of buying for $1.95; the established price is to be five dollars.

A FREE TRIAL

Just your name, address, and glove size bring complete outfit, gloves and all, including generous supply of Potash and Potash-impregnated gloves; for which you can restore the gloved peculiar powers suddenly. Deposit for them on delivery; every penny refunded unless a free trial result is sent back. Send remittance to Dr. Egan, 112 S. State St., Chicago.

"Not Even the Charm Has Worked!"

Mystic Powers of Dr. Egan's Night Gloves Make Hands Old Hands NEW—Red Hands White—In One Night

Work This Scientific Miracle on YOUR Hands

AMAZING RESULTS or There Is No Charge

WOMEN everywhere are gloriﬁng their hands to beautiful smoothness. Magic Gloves have made rough hands inexcusable.

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"Not Even the Charm Has Worked!"
Every stroke with this new type of wave brush imparts a gentle wave. Every strand—every hair—is encouraged to curl. If you want wavy hair—really wavy, with a real, natural wave—use the Wavex curling hair brush!

The scientific principle of this new design is effective on any head of hair; the resilient, unbristled straight hair is straightened by the rippling strokes of Wavex. Everyone is invited to prove this to her own test; read the offer!

Any Hair “Brush waved” with Ease

You need no permission to use this scientific brush—there’s no mystery or “magic” in this discovery. You can still do brushing, just brush your hair and Wavex will coax to curliness in a perfectly natural and beneficial way. If you want wavy hair, give Wavex a chance. All you’ll ever require for hair that ripples and falls into soft curls is the right brush. You’ll soon have an effect that all the dressers ever make for hair could not duplicate.

For young women have done everything and anything to make waves in their hair—only to brush them out! The hair brush with straight rows of bristles straightens, the soft hair falls back into itself! But now, those who wish wavy hair may have it. Your hair will be straight if you brush it; straight; it will wave if waved in the brushing.

To get a Wavex brush on approval—for actual personal use, after wave-inducing properties—act now, while the introductory trial offer is open. See Coupon.

Every day Wavex alone makes the difference.

WAVEX

Experience will teach you that the Wavex brush is the one to use for all curling, straightening, waving operations.

WAVEX MAKES THE DIFFERENCE

At New York’s beauty show Wavex was a sensation. Women were shown and convinced on the spot. Every brush was sold, gone, and scores of others left orders. Until we can supply all the orders, we will forward one brush to any individual making immediate use of coupon, at the introductory price of only $3.00. (Wavex has genuine Chinese hog bristles, band in strong, rich ebony finish, and will outlast several cheaply made brushes; the waving feature really costs you nothing.)

Pay the postman or send $3.00 now and save postage; either way, the trial is free, with money back if not delighted. Use coupon now.

The Dr. S. J. DOAN Mfg. Co., Dept. B-3
23 So. State St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me one Wavex curling hair brush for a week’s free demonstration which must be returned, I will pay postman $3 and postage. (Enclose $3 now and get brush prepaid.)

Name
Address
P. O. Box ____________________________ State

“Norma Goes into the Movies”
One of the fascinating topics in this most fascinating book

The Talmadge Sisters
An intimate story of the world’s most famous screen family

Illustrated by many hitherto unpublished photographs

How can you get into the movies? Achieve screen success? What will be required of you? How does it feel to be for the first time in a motion picture studio? The mother of the “world’s most famous film family,” Mrs. Margaret Talmadge, has answered these questions for you. In her intimate and vitally interesting narrative on the careers of the three famous Talmadge Sisters, Constance, Natalie and Norma.

The price of this delightful book is $1.50 net plus 10c postage. Write to Dept. M. P.

CINEMA ART MAGAZINE
Exclusive Sales Agents
LAND TITLE BUILDING PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Our Reporter's Note-Book
(Continued from page 70)

membership in The Minute Men of Lexington, for his work in making "America." It is the oldest military organization in this country and members are direct descendants of the men who fought in the battle of Lexington.

"Romeo, Romeo, where art thou Romeo?" Rumor again has it that Rich- ard Bartheilmes is Romeo to Gish's Juliet, but no word on this yet.

Meanwhile Mr. Bartheilmes is building sand castles in Bermuda. If the opinion of his counsel that the Inspiration Pictures breached its contract holds good, his castles will stand; if not, Mr. Bartheilmes is apt to have a law entanglement on his hands, when he returns to New York, that will make Valentina's erstwhile disagreement with Famous Players look pale.

Mr. Bartheilmes contends that his contract enti- tled him to share the gross profits of his pictures as well as a salary to be paid to him by the distributing company— but the latter, in making the first National, his claims, was made to Inspiration, instead of to him. It is said to be Mr. Bartheilmes' plan to tie up with some other organization and wait for Inspiration to begin the firework season.

It's an ill wind—it looks as if the Ritz-Carlton Company and the Famous Players are going to plow their own yards considerably, since Valentina is dividing his attention between them. It is now said that Valentina will make more than one picture for the latter company, and that J. D. Williams, president of the Ritz-Carlton Company, and close friend of Harold Lloyd, will star the comedian for his company, when the contract with Pathé is ended. Boiled down it reads: Mr. Williams has made arrangements with Famous Players for release of the Lloyd pictures.

"The Outline of History"—the story of the growth of civilization, as told by H. G. Wells, to be told on the screen! Certainly nothing is too great too small to attempt on the silhouette.

Jackie Coogan, philanthropist! For ten weeks this summer Jackie Coogan will lead a "Children's Crusade" through the United States, in an effort to gather together a million dollar load of food stuffs for the destitute orphans of the Near East. Not only that, but he will impersonate little Giant Kindheart like a cavalier, for he will visit Greece, Palestine and Syria, and himself deliver the gifts, Mr. and Mrs. Coogan will go along and will pay all the expenses of the trip. The under- taking is being sponsored by the Near East Relief. Papa Coogan says he is getting to have Jackie represent the American children in such a worthy cause and, furthermore, that he thinks it will be a good moral lesson for Jackie—along lines to which I'm not only the boy wonder, but I'm not an undertaker. Well, we know there's plenty of sub stuff over there, but we hope Jackie gets a laugh or two in on the trip. As soon as Jackie finishes his work on "Little Robinson Crusoe," he will start the campaign with a series of coasted milk appeals in the Coast cities, and extend them across the con- tinent. Welfare organizations throughout the country will assist in the campaign and the Boy Scouts, besides helping to raise the necessary funds, will give road assistance in every city which the appealing little comedian visits.

And now Baby Peggy, as one delectable half of "Helen's Babies," has begun taking her daily dozen on her screen uncle's chest, and shooting the second and last part of the series of full of holes. The other delightful half of the baby team is little Gene Carpenter who supported Jackie Coogan in "The Boy of Flinders." So reporting these two infantile stars are Clara Bow, once removed from infancy, Edward Everett Horton, Claire Adams, Crawford Kent, Tom Reed, and Mattie Peters.

And now we have Dinkey Dean Produc- tions, Inc., to feature that pert and perfect five-year-old youngsters, who starred in "A Prince of a King," and romped over Charlie Chaplin in "The Pilgrim," thru his guardians has he just signed a four- year contract to produce sixteen pictures.

Ben Alexander, that twelve-year-old irresistible, has drawn down the featured role in "The Good," with Lloyd Hamilton taking the title role. Other players in the cast are Mary Coogan, son of Sam De Grasse, Dan Reiser, and Vic Potel. The story is an original by J. K. McDonnell. It concerns an old lady, played by Mary Carr, of course, and a hotel keeper, who tries to cheat her out of her medical springs. The gool, the boy and—his the hero act, with a laugh every minute.

Salute Colonel Davies, Honorary Colonel of the Twenty-sixth Infantry. The title was conferred on Marion Davies on the historic parade grounds of the Plattsburg barracks, during the filming of "Janice Meredith," in recognition of the patriotic work she has done in pictures, and also because of her charming personal- ity, and the true American spirit and enthusiasm she has displayed while making "Janice Meredith," in which the Twenty- sixth took part. The story includes Washington's surprise attack on the Hessians in Trenton. Soldiers from Ft. Ethan Allen also played the part of the patriots of 1776. A characteristic city of Trenton was built to the minute, by Miss Davies. Her next picture will probably be "Buddies," one of the musical comedies that Peggy Wood made famous on Broad- way, and Holbrook Blyum, who played the part of a spy in "Janice Meredith," will have a part in the new production. Mr. Blyum, a newcomer to the screen, is a footlight idol. registered strong in "Rosita," "The Bad Man" and "Yolanda."

You know the old one about holding the thought and getting what you wish for, well—everybody's been doing it. What? Wishing that Charlie Chaplin would direct our Mary in a picture, and it looks as if it were coming to pass. There are whisperings that Charlie will join Mary and Doug on the other side to take up the management of Market Street. But comes word that Mary will go to Ireland especially to look about for a story. It has been long a cherished wish of hers to play in Ireland. When she mentioned it, we find it our wish, too.

Another much wished for agreement is about to be consummated—there will be a Lubitsch-Negri picture. Mr. Lubitsch...
Valaze Sun and Windproof Balm
Protects the skin from Sun and Wind
Preckleem and Tear
Valaze Sun and Windproof Balm. A protective
powder base; neutralizes the sun's violet rays;
prevents freckling and sunburn; applied
before going out-of-doors.
$1.75
If the skin has become tanned, use Valaze Bleaching Cream acts quickly on tan, discolora-
tion and sallowness, leaving the complexion
white, soft and smooth.

Send for "Beauty for Every Woman" and Beauty
Charm. Get full information when ordering.
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Make those pimpls or blushing go
gone. How many times have you
looked into the mirror and wished
your skin were without blem-
ishes? What would you give
for a cool, clear, rosy skin?

D. D. D. Emollient Cream
Based on the same formula as
our famous Emollient Cream. The
cream of D. D. D. Emollient
Cream is a delicately scented
cream that softens and makes
the skin smooth and soft.

Write for FREE TRIAL TUBE
Write today for genuine free trial tube
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relief from your skin troubles, MANUFACTURED BY D. D. D.

MUSIC LESSONS FREE
You can read music like this quickly
IN YOUR HOME. Write today for our FREE booklet.
It tells how to learn to play Piano, Violin, Guitar, Mandolin,
Banjo, Ukulele, etc. Read the story of how young people
only expense about 50c per day for music and postage used.
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Superfluous HAIR all GONE
Forever removed by the Mahler Method
which kills the hair root
without pain or injuries to the skin in the
process of your own choosing.
Send today 3 stammas for Free Booklet
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REduce your Ankles
In 10 seconds
with New Kind of Anklet
And now a wonderful new scientific rubber ankle that
supervises the appearance of your ankles and
reduces them almost instantly. The instant you put on the new ankle
the bulky fat on the ankle seems to
vanish and thus with every step you
make this new kind of ankle gently massage away the distaining, un-
less fat. You don't have to wait until
the ankle goes flatter, to have the
beauty you desire. Order today.

Adle Actually Lost Two Whole Inches
Lenor Anklets are far different from
those you now wear. They are
made to fit on the ankles, but once
in the foot, they actually take off the
fat and make the ankle seem to
shrink. No clumsy curves, no signs to
kind all the time. They are especially
adapted to those ankles that have
not attained their normal size or shape because of
overweight or bone structure. Sizes in
small, medium and large.

LENO MFG. CO. Dept. S-8, 565 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

directed Pola in "Passion," and "Gypsy
Blood," her two great Continental suc-
cesses, and he for some time had a
picture on his mind that was suitable
for Pola alone. Other contracts, at the
time, prevented his directing her, but the
courtesy of Warner Brothers has at last
made the team work of these two brilli-
ant cinema workers possible. Lubitsch will
begin work on the picture in the Lasky
studio as "A Woman of the Night," the picture in which Miss Negri
is at present being filmed, is completed.

Leatrice Joy (Mrs. Jack Gilbert) is
going to have to take a vacation, just
as she has been promoted to stardom—the
reason is that the work is becoming too
heavy for her chinsy top. The lead in
"Roles" will be her last part until after
the event. Kuorn has it that four other
films star for her in the happy hunting ground of motherhood—
of such domesticity is the kingdom of
Hollywood, at the present writing.

What with influenza on one hand and
dare-devil stunts and auto accidents on
the other, the movie roads are in no
prospect can usually rake up a daily dozen who need
our sympathy. Dorothy Phillips and
Frank Keenan are victims of auto acci-
dents—separate exhibitions. George Fitz-
mature, directing "Cytherea," and Josie
Segedwick have fallen for the ily-white
coon with flax, the latter case contracted
through exposure while taking scenes for
Maurice Tourneur's "The White Moth,"
and Marie Prevost is only a lap or two
ahead of them. She has weathered the
flu and is back again starring in "How to
Educate a Wife." Marshall Neilan is
nursing a bad side and praying that he'll
not have to be oven-heated. and Theodore Roberts, that
grand old man of the screen and stage, has
in the gathering strength enough with the aid of
nurses and stretchers, to get back to Cali-
ifornia and its sunshine. For months Mr.
Roberts has been desperately ill at the
William Penn hospital in Pittsburgh.
His departure was kept secret to avoid undue
excitement, but Mr. Roberts left behind
him messages of appreciation for the many
kindnesses that had been shown him during
his illness.

And her's a new one, a movie sommab-
bulist-star, Garrett Fort, scenarist for
Richard Talmadge of Truurt. Mr. Fort
had been with "The Company," and
no he was safe and sound in his own
home bed, he attempted to enact the story
he had been writing and drew thru a
second story. Widow Mr. Gilbert, into
the result was a three weeks' sojourn in
afore-
said bed. More romantic and less
dangerous, the quite painful, was Sidney
Chap-
lina's fall from a ladder, while he and
Colleen Moore were filming a mock
"Romeo and Juliet" scene in "The Per-
fect Flapper." For a few days after
Sidney advertised the lover's limb.
A sporting chance nearly cost Lloyd Hughes
his life. Mr. Hughes refused a double
for his part in "The Sea Hawk," and in-
sisted upon taking the punishment of being
thrown over the side of the frigate him-
self. It was necessary for him to swim
several yards in the water to escape
the range of the camera, and in doing so
he swallowed so much oily water that
poisoning and pneumonia set in. He is
now convalescing and according the great
hand on being a good sport. And Tommy
Meighan just would smash a looking-glass
with his own patriarch hand, and in
consequence hard to lay out a few days.
Tommy's not superstitions—what?

Some people, as we have said before, are
literally pushed into the movies. Take

For hair that just won't stay in place
try this
Hair that is smooth, well kept, al-
ways in place—that is what you see
today wherever you go.

Stacomb is responsible! One touch
of Stacomb in the morning means
soft, natural, perfectly kept hair all
day. Women find it excellent for
bobbed hair, too. In jars and tubes—
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Buescher THE TONE SAXOPHONE
Is a marvelous instrument—the only one with conven-
tioned "snap-on pads." Easy payment terms can be arranged if
desired, making it very easy to buy. Six days free trial
 allowed. Write for Free Booklet about the Saxophone and
Complete Catalog.

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1860 KEARNEY ST., ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS

$3 00 On Genuine Diamonds
Send No
Money
Only a few cents a day places this brilli-
ant, forty The White Enamel Perfect
ook Diamond ring on your finger. This
promises for examination. One
Whole Year's Pay, Regular $75
Value. Special $49.50.
Money Back Guarantee
Amazing Bargains—Price, matched
on million dollar stock of Diamonds,
Watches and Jewelry. We save you
1/10 and trust you for any article you
want to buy. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Write for Free Catalog
Beautifully illustrated our exceptional bargains—silver,
jewelry, watches, etc. Write for free booklet TODAY.

WHY NOT LOOK PROSPEROUS

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Nevery Over-Crystalline in Some Location.
Will You Give Me a Chance to Pay You $100 a Week?

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.

These Are Facts

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 six of his six months he was making between $600 and $2,200 a month. W. J. McCracken is another man I want you to talk about. His regular job paid him $2.00 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 $400 a day?

A Clean, High-grade, Dignified Business

Have you ever heard of Comer All-Weather Coats? They are advertised in the leading magazines. Think of a single coat that can be worn all year round. A good-looking, stylish coat—good for summer or winter—that keeps out wind, rain or snow, a coat that everybody should have, made of fine materials for men, women and children, and sells for less than the price of an ordinary coat.

Now, Comer Coats are not sold in stores. All people sell these coats through our own representatives. Within the next few months we will pay representatives more than three hundred thousand dollars for selling us orders. And now I am offering you the chance to become our representative in your territory and get your share of that money. All you do is to take orders. We do the rest. We deliver. We collect and you get your money the same day you take the order. You can see how simple it is. We furnish you with a complete outfit and tell you how to get the business in your territory. We help you to get started. If you used only four average orders a day, which you can get in an hour or so in the evening, you will make $100 a week.

Maybe You Are Worth $1,000 a Month

Well, here is your chance to find out, for this is the same proposition that enabled George Garon to make a clear profit of $49.00 in his first day’s work—the same proposition that gave R. W. Krieger $200 net profit in a half hour. It is the same opportunity that gave A. B. Spencer $625 cash for one month’s spare time. I need 50 men and women, and I need them right away. If you mail the coupon at the bottom of this ad I will show you the easiest, quickest, simplest plan for making money that you ever heard of. If you are interested in increasing your income from $100 to $1,000 a month and can devote all your time or only an hour or so a day to my proposition, write your name down below, cut out the coupon and mail it to me at once. You take no risk, and this may be the one outstanding opportunity of your life to earn more money than you ever thought possible.

Find Out NOW!

Remember, it doesn’t cost you a penny. You don’t agree to anything, and you will have a chance to go right out and make big money. Do it. Don’t wait. Get full details. Mail the coupon NOW.

Dept. BV-317, Dayton, Ohio

Buick Touring Car

Given to You

In addition to your big earnings we offer you a Buick Touring Car without a cost of any kind, that you can use to help you in developing this great business. Mail the coupon NOW.

Buick Touring Car

André Daven, for instance, a newspaper and magazine writer in Paris, who went with a bunch of scribes to interview Valentino, when he was overseas. Valentino, with the eye of an artist, spotted him and two minutes later had his promise that he would act for the screen. You’ll find Daven in “Monsieur Ecaquer,” as the Duc de Remours. Daven is said to look like Ramon Novarro.

John Bull does love to laugh at his American cousins, but so long as it’s clean humor and American made, we’re on. The Ideal Films, Ltd., has just arranged, over a $500,000 note, for the exclusive English rights of the Douglas MacLean comedies so far made, and yet to be made. “The Yankee Consul,” we take it, made as great a hit with the Tommy’s as it did with us.

Fashions for Men—is the rage for sheiks passing? Bull Montana evidently thinks so. He’s withdrawn his mug from the silversheet, where it hit you squarely between the eyes, and taken it behind the footlights to park it beside that of Annette Kellerman and other singers and dancers, beauties all. He’s to be one of the stars in “Smiles of 1924,” to be produced in Los Angeles this spring.

When Will Hays cuts, he scorns the gentle shears of censors—not less than an axe will serve his purpose. Recently he was one on “The Yoke,” cut it right off the Warners producing program. When “The Yoke” was published several years ago, it caused quite a sensation and school children were forbidden to read it. The Warners are wondering, now, whether to delete all the excitement out of it, or let the whole story go by the boards. Hays also wielded the axe over some propaganda prepared by Goldwyn for advertising “Three Weeks.” The company had to get out a whole new line of stuff.

Gasnier has been elected to direct “When a Woman Reaches Forty,” the original story by Royal A. Baker, motion picture censor of Detroit. We reckon Will will take along his axe at its premiere, and we know producers and directors present will each have his own axe handy and—it won’t be the domestic variety.
Exotic creature, straight and slim as flame,
Like flame a wonder and a wild desire,
Like flame white hot... oh, surely
there's no name.

For human flowers born of earth and fire.

The long, slim throat, the hungry Slavic eyes,
The curled back mouth, the scarlet mouth
and sweet,
The small, pale face so veiled and yet so wise,
The pull of earthways at the little feet—
The innocence of knowledge; and the slow beat of the senses thru her finger-tips,
And strange, long kisses that like roses grow,

Ungranted, on the carving of her lips.

A FRIEND in need—according to the newspapers, Florence Turner, former Vitagraph star, is destitute in London. Miss Turner was featured in the early days of the cinema when an artiste gave her art and the best that was in her for art's sake—stupendous checks and bulging pay envelopes did not exist for stars in that period of cinema history. Hence it is not improvidence that finds Miss Turner in need but the lack of a fortune she never had. This magazine was practically the only one in existence and so the only one in a position to publicize her during her stardom, and we believe she is still capable of fine sympathetic work.

Hollywood, it is said, is planning a benefit for her.

GRAY HAIR UNNECESSARY

As I Have Proved

I proved it many years ago by restoring the original color to my own prematurely gray hair with the same Restorer I now offer you. This time-tested preparation never fails, as thousands of gray-haired people since have learned.

There is not space in this advertisement to tell my story. Send for Free Trial bottle and learn all.

Mary T. Goldman's Hair

Color Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. No greasy sediment to make your hair sticky and stringy, nothing to wash or rub off. Application easy, restored color perfect, in any light. Faded or discolored hair just as surely and safely restored as hair naturally gray.

MAIL COUPON TODAY for special patented Free Trial and full instructions for making the convincing test on one lock. If possible, enclose lock of your hair in your letter.

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Please mail your patented Free Trial Bottle. I show color of hair. Black, brown, dark brown, red, medium brown, natural (dark red), light brown, light auburn (light red), blonde...

Name...

Street... City...
If Your Wisdom Teeth Could Talk They'd Say, "Use Colgate's"

"Be good to those teeth of yours, my boy, and they'll be good to you."

"Good health is a blessing—you'll find that out as you grow older—and good teeth are important to good health."

* * *

Sound advice that, for every one to follow.

Colgate's Does Not Scratch Enamel

It is the safe dentifrice to use because it contains no grit—it "washes" and polishes. Grit is dangerous, because tooth enamel, once marred or worn down can never be replaced. Neither can its natural beauty be restored.

*The U. S. Public Health Service in its book "Good Teeth," Keep Well Series No. 13, 1921, warns against grit in dentifrices.

The Colgate habit is a health and beauty habit, easy to form and safe for a lifetime.

Large tube, 25c—at your favorite store.

COLGATE & CO.
Established 1806

The Editor Gossips
(Continued from page 49)

While he got some of the wagons together and engaged other extras, Mr. Lasky personally saw the Fox and Universal executives about the arrangement of activities so that Torrence and Kerrigan would be free the following Saturday. He did the same with the director under whom Miss Wilson and Mr. Marshall were working.

At daybreak that Saturday, these principals were raced over two hundred miles in speed cars to the location where Cruze awaited them. It was late Saturday night when they reached their destination but they went over the action of the scenes to be filmed and rehearsed them that same night. And at the first adequate light on Sunday they began to "shoot." They worked conscientiously thru Sunday, which emphasized their difficulty by being clearly.

They started work again early Monday morning and rushed one player after another back to Los Angeles as soon as their scenes were finished.

In this emergency, Jimmie Cruze accomplished what has never before been accomplished and something which, according to Mr. Lasky, is not ever likely to be accomplished again. The amount of work done in this limited time is unbelievable. What seemed a millenium draws to pass because artists, united by a dream, submerged themselves. Their dream is now a shining reality... a memorial to their flaming, tireless labor.

And this is the story... Mr. Lasky's story... of how one of the greatest of all motion pictures came into being.

We have always heard that the people of the theater and studio were lacking in common sense. It is a legend which laymen tell. We have found it largely untrue. In the majority of instances the stars are generously endowed with business ability, not to say commercial instincts. We're not sure that this isn't one of the reasons they are stars.

Life consists largely of buying and selling. You buy or you sell. If you are not selling material things—bales of cotton, houses, bonds—then you are surely selling your ability to do some definite thing to teach, to sell material things, in turn, or to portray life in words, paints or acts. It is the best salesman that goes the farthest, who makes the most money, who wins the most fame.

An actor or actress has one of two things, or both, to sell. An ability to create shadow portraits or a popular appeal born of their personality. Others have the same thing in about the same measure. Therefore, it is natural that those who win a star's estate are, with the ever-present few exceptions, those who have the ability to sell themselves. The chances are that if they had fallen heirs to far less beautiful exteriors with imagination the least of their mentality, that they would not have known failure.

Count over the golden names of the motion picture. Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Lillian Gish, Rudolph Valentino, Richard Barthelmess. The business acumen of these people is renowned among their business associates. And the same is true of a host of others. Either they themselves are capable in affairs of business and finance or their husband or mother or father, who manages their affairs, is.

The new biography of Sarah Bernhardt, which she authorized for publication after her death, bears out our belief in this regard. Even the glorified, immortal name of Sarah Bernhardt might have been lost
Alice Joyce has sailed for Europe, where she is returning to the drama of the Kliegs in "The Passionate Adventurer." And this means she is returning to her career in earnest. Her children are growing up... they are babies no longer... and her place has ceased to be the nursery of the Regan house.

She told us about her plans when we lunches with her one day before she sailed. And it was at this same luncheon that, punctuating everything, was the thing, nothing, that she told us of the course she was taking at Columbia University—a course in elocution—because for a time she a considered devoting herself to stage work. And she told us, too, about another course she was taking at the Art Students' League. And we couldn't help making the mental reservation that she was in these things, trying to satisfy her desire for a creative interest.

We admire Alice Joyce tremendously for the same way in which she has balanced her life. She has never allowed her desire for glory in her career to slight her wifehood and her motherhood. Both times that a child has come to her she has left the screen for no mean length of time... for two and three years. And there is never any proof that an absence of this duration could prove fatal.

It's knowing Alice Joyce and several other women like her that keeps us from lending a serious ear when they clamor about race suicide in connection with careers. We believe the healthier, normal woman wants children far more than she ever wants extravagant wealth or the fanfare of a star. Therefore, for a named motion picture stars give years out of their full and fascinating lives to their children... and we have not the slightest doubt that they would abandon these careers, vital as they become to them, if their children's welfare demanded it. For, after all, children have and always will be, a normal woman's supreme love.

We're glad that Alice Joyce is really coming back to the screen. We're sure she's a better mother because she has a vital interest in her life which keeps her abreast, young, and concerned with progress. And we're sure she's a better actress because she has the wisdom to place her woman's heritage, wifehood and motherhood, far beyond the pleasures fame can bring her.

We met Dick Barthelmes at the Algoquin one day last month and told him we were going to see Mary Jane Barthelews, in her new musical comedy, "Mary Jane McKane."

"Let me know the night you're going," he said. "They'll go in the old-fashioned number again."

"Again?" we queried and Dick proceeded to explain.

When Mary was playing in Boston, before they had come to New York, Dick went on the stage in New Orleans. He arrived Saturday night in the middle of the performance when Mary was in her dressing-room making a change. The old-fashioned number in which the men wear the queer mode of bygone years was about to go on. It was the first time Dick had seen the queer costumes and he so impressed him that he inveigled one of the men, about his size, to lend him his clothes and let him go on in his place. It is a tableaux effect and Dick had seen many of this kind before the company had gone on the road. While they were on the stage, someone brought Mary into the wings to watch the number and, of course, she discovered her husband in the group. In mock furiousness she awaited Dick in the wings... but every woman knows how she must have adored him for his boyish prank.

Dick says no one in the audience recognized him... thank fortune.

The Rex Ingram caravan has returned from Tunis. And Ramon Novarro, returning with it, a few days later in Gotham before hurrying off to California to begin work on his first starring picture under his new contract.

We lunches with him one day and were surprised at the sophistication he has acquired. Not an unpleasant sophistication. As a matter of fact, it serves to brush away any monetary youth away, so that he seems to us even more interesting and attractive. Nor has his screen success robbed him of his interest in music. For really Ramon Novarro has a charming singing voice and a desire to go in for concert work. He has a collection of old Mexican songs and scores which he has compiled for this express purpose. However, whether or not the gold of motion picture stardom will erase his desire for concert work, not nearly so generously remunerated, the years will tell.

At the other end of the Ambassador's long dining-room this day we lunches with Ramon, Mary Pickford was Elnor Glyn's guest at a small luncheon party. It was following the long series of business conferences she had been attending with the other members of her company. And these conferences frequently lasted well into the night for great issues were at stake. Mary, we thought, looked a little weary. And we thought how much more interesting and lovely she was this way, than she would have been had she tried to cover her fatigue with make-up. For the wise woman... and Mary Pickford is wise indeed... knows there is a beauty in weariness when it comes to your face, a passing shadow, and does not remain there.

Towards the end of the luncheon Mrs. Pickford came in with little Mary Pickford and her governess. It seems hardly yesterday that she was a baby... and now she's growing-up. However, she didn't remain when Mrs. Pickford joined the group but, with the drop of a curtsy to the party and a kiss for Aunt Mary, went off with her nurse.

Have you enjoyed reading "Thistledown"? Its charming ending will be published next month. And the first episode of "The Girl Who Couldn't Be Bad" by Henry Albert Phillips will simultaneously appear.
How the Shape of My Nose Delayed Success

BY EDITH NELSON

I HAD tried so long to get into the movies. My Dramatic Course had been completed and I was ready to pursue my ambitions. But each director had turned me away because of the shape of my nose. Each told me I had beautiful eyes, mouth and hair and would photograph well—but my nose was a "pug" nose—and they were seeking beauty. Again and again I met the same fate. I began to analyze myself. I had personality and charm. I had friends. I was fairly well educated, and I had spent ten months studying Dramatic Art. In amateur theatricals my work was commended, and I just knew that I could succeed in motion pictures if only given an opportunity. I began to wonder why I could not secure employment as hundreds of other girls were doing.

FINALLY, late one afternoon, after another "disappointment," I stopped to watch a studio photographer who was taking some still pictures of Miss B—, a well-known star. Extreme care was taken in arranging the desired poses. "Look up and over there," said the photographer, pointing to an object at my right, "a profile—" "Oh, yes, yes," said Miss B—, instantly following the suggestion by assuming a pose in which she looked more charming than ever. I watched, I wondered, the camera clicked. As Miss B— walked away, I carefully studied her features, her lips, her eyes, her nose. She has the most beautiful nose I have ever seen," I said, half audibly. "Yes, but I remember," said Miss B—'s maid, who was standing near me, "when she had a 'pug' nose, and she was only an extra girl, but look at her now. How beautiful she has become!"

I flashed my hopes stored. I pressed my new-found acquaintance for further comment. Gradually the story was unfolded to me. Miss B— had had her nose reshaped—yes, actually corrected—actually made over, and the most wonderful, how beautiful it was now. This change perhaps had been the turning point in her career. It must also be the way of my success. "How did she accomplish it?" I asked eagerly of my friend. I was informed that Miss Trelly, a specialiste of Binghamton, New York, had accomplished this for Miss B— in the privacy of her home.

I THANKED my informant and turned back to my home, determined that the story of overcoming the obstacle that had hindered my progress was now open for me. It was bubbling over with hope and joy. I lost no time in writing Miss Trelly for information. I received full particulars. The treatment was so simple, the cost so reasonable, that I decided to purchase it at once. I had no time to wait to begin treatment. At last it arrived. To make my story short—in five weeks my nose was corrected and I easily secured a regular position with a producing company. I am now climbing fast—and I am happy.

ATTENTION to your personal appearance is nowadays essential if you expect to succeed in life. You must look "smartest" at all times. Your nose may be a lump, a hook, a pug, flat, long, pointed, broken, but the appliance of M. Trelly can correct it. His latest and newest nose shaper, "TRADOS," Model 25, U. S. Patent, corrects most ill-shaped noses, without operation, quickly, safely, comfortably and permanently. Dressed cases excepted. Model 25 is the latest in nose shapers and surpasses all his previous Models and other Nose Shaper Patents for a large margin. It has six adjustable pressure regulators, is made of light polished metal, is firm and fits every nose comfortably. The inside is upholstered with a fine channel and no metal parts come in contact with the skin. Being worn at night, it does not interfere with your daily work. Thousands of unsolicited Testimonials are in his possession, and his fifteen years of studying and manufacturing nose shapers is the main disposal which guarantees your entire satisfaction and a perfectly shaped nose.

CLIP the coupon below, insert your name and address plainly, and send it today to M. Trelly, Binghamton, N. Y., for the free booklet which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses. Your money refunded if you are not satisfied, in his guaranty.

M. TRELLY,
808 Ackerman Blvd.
Binghamton, N. Y.

Dear Sir: Please send me without obligation your booklet which tells how to correct ill-shaped noses.

Name.
Address.
City.
State.

Letters to the Editor

Protesting against Marion Davies as queen of the screen.

DEAR EDITOR: Recently The New York Evening World published daily the results of a popularity contest for the "Queen" and "King" of the Screen. The final results were that Marion Davies was proclaimed "Queen" and Rudolph Valentino "King." I rather expected Rudolph to be proclaimed "King," altho he is no particular favorite of mine. I admit that he does possess such qualities that had he been more popular, but when the announcement that Marion Davies was chosen "Queen" was published, it almost floored me.

When I happened to read the daily results, Norma Talmadge was leading by a large majority, and sometimes Marion Davies was second but there was always this sentence following the results: "Wait for the big surprise." The result certainly was some surprise. It reminds me of a political convention, where the first balloting show the favorite in advance, but never with the required number of votes, to nominate him. Finally, after the delegates have been thoroughly fatigued, "The Dark Horse" is swept up and runs away with the nomination.

To my mind, a screen favorite must possess certain qualities before she may attain her position. Both "Beauty" and the "Ability to Act" are the chief qualities, and between the two, the latter is most essential. It is a gift that cannot be thrust upon one.

Has Marion Davies been bestowed with this gift? Does Marion Davies, the "actress" appeal to the public, with the magnificent settings, the fine directing and the great publicity accountable for the great box-office receipts? I am sure that your readers will agree with me that it is the latter.

Comparing Marion Davies to Norma Talmadge is like comparing a stock company Shakespearean tragedian to John Barrymore or Walter Hampden, or like a pretty china doll to a truly beautiful woman, whose fine character is portrayed in her eyes.

Who is the true "Queen of the Screen," if not Norma Talmadge?

Very truly,

BRIAN M. CUNST.
878 Longwood Ave.,
New York City.

The movies find a sensible champion.

DEAR EDITOR: There seems to be a universal belief held by the majority of the fans, that there is something wrong with the movies. What is wrong with them, will someone be kind enough to enlighten me. I fail to see what is wrong. Of course, there are good pictures and there are bad ones, but the bad ones can be shunned by the public if they follow the views of the critics. I usually do not select the pictures I wish to see, and I make it a point to shun the ones that are panned in the reviews. My favorite companies are, Griffith, In pictures, Famous Players. Seldom will any of them produce a picture that isn't worth while.

Favorite stars: Sure. Among the ladies are, Norma Talmadge, Gloria Swanson, Mae Marsh, Lillian Gish, Betty Compson and May McAvoy, among the men are: Milton Sills, James Kirkwood, Valentino, Bartheschew, Owen Moore and
Anent fan mail.

Dear Editor: I have read so many complaints recently about the stars not answering their fan mail or sending their photographs, that I have been moved to take up a cudgel in their defense. I refer particularly to Miss Helen Gillet's letter in the May issue.

In my time, I have written many a fan letter to many a star and in only one case did I ever fail to receive an acknowledgment or a photo. (Of course, I always enclosed the necessary quarter.) The one I refer to is that of Norma Talmadge, and it is easy to understand the reason in her case. Considering the tremendous amount of mail she gets it is almost impossible for her not to overlook some of them, and mine happened to be one of the unfortunate.

In some instances, I have even received personal letters along with the photo, and you may believe they are treasured even more than the pictures themselves. Miss Nilsson, in particular, sent me the dearest, friendliest, and most informal note I have ever read from any star. Her letter expresses almost exactly her personality as portrayed on the screen. Another star who takes the time to answer her mail personally is Ethel Clayton. She wrote me a very sincere, dignified and appropriate note, which impressed me, also, as conveying the same personality in real life as on the screen. And last, but certainly not least in my estimation, I received from Miss Blanche Sweet in answer to my most enthusiastic praise of her "Anna Christie." I think that she still had time to answer my letter, right up to the universal success and approval met by that picture, moved me considerably. I think I treasure her letter the most—naturally, as she is my favorite.

There is one thing that never fails to irritate me and dampen my enthusiasm for film folk and that is the receiving of a stereotyped "form" letter in answer to an ardent expression of admiration. Perhaps it is because I am a "steno" and utterly fed up on any and all tiresome business necessities such as "form" letters, that I object so strenuously to this, but I simply cannot stand to receive a printed, meaningless acknowledgment sticking of a bid for your advertisement on the part of the actor or actress. Perhaps it is not the actor himself who composes the letter—most probably it isn't, but it is like a slap in the face to receive such an answer to a sincere, written fan letter from a fan, and I do hope that in the future the actor will at least see that the letters sent out by his secretary or press agent are suitably varied and convincing not to offend in this way.

But to get back to H. G.: None of the letters I have ever written to the stars have been either extraordinarily original or cleverer than any other fan's, so I think that she has merely been the victim of coincidence in not having any of her letters reach the attention of her adored ones. Some time ago in a motion picture magazine, I read an exceedingly interesting letter from Bobbe Daniels in regard to this very thing. Among other things she said that she had once lost a whole drawer full of fan mail thru the overzealousness of the cleaner or whoever was in charge. It seems that she had given instructions that her dressing-room be thoroughly cleaned and this person, taking her word, burned all of the mail in the drawer. Another instance she cited was of the time she was bringing home a suit-case full of mail in her car to be answered, and had it stolen from the automobile. I wish I could remember what else she said, but that at least will show a few of the reasons why one may not receive an acknowledgment of his letter or request for photographs.

I reckon this letter is just about long enough, but there is one thing more I can't resist writing about, and that is Blanche Sweet. (Altho she couldn't possibly be classed as a "thing.") I have not seen her name mentioned at all frequently by the fans, but presume it is because she has just recently come back to the screen. To me she is the greatest of them all. And I do not say that merely, because of her work in "Anna Christie." Altho I was not fortunate enough to have known her in the old days, I did see both "The Meanest Man in the World" and "In the Palace of the King," neither of which I would have thought her capable of making after having first seen "Anna Christie." Which is proof positive of versatility equalled by no one, and a few others of her type. In the "Meanest Man," Blanche gave a performance as wistfully charming and youthful appealing as her "Anna Christie" was cynical and realistic. And her Dolores in the "Palace of the King" while not so definite as the other two was lovelier and more beautiful than either. You may be sure I am waiting with the keenest interest "Those Who Dance" and "Tess of the Urberivells," as I believe they will be the deciding factor in her career so far as the future is concerned. It is often too true that after an unusually splendid characterization, an actor or actress is drowned in a succession of inferior stories of the same type, or in more mediocre plays. However, I believe Blanche is too veteran and too versatile an actress ever to let that come to pass and so I am quite confident that in these next two pictures she will prove herself to be one of the greatest, if not the greatest actress the screen has yet produced.

Sincerely yours,

Agnes Muthay
243 W. 62nd St.
Chicago, Ill.

A Chicago hunchback writes in criticism of Lon Chaney in the title role of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame"... and of the eternal evil hunchbacks of the screen.

Dear Editor: Lon Chaney, in his much advertised and heralded picture, instead of portraying the "Hunchback of Notre Dame," gives us a semihuman gorilla, and a trained ape from vaudeville could have given as creditable a performance in the part. If such a creature as Chaney's hunchback ever lived in fact or fancy, he
WE ARE LOOKING FOR A CERTAIN YOUNG LADY

She may be a Grammar or High School girl—a Stenographer or Clerk—an Actress not permanently engaged—a young lady now holding a position which is not to her liking—a married woman with insufficient funds to purchase the extra nice things she wants for her home—or she may belong to that great big class of women, whose wants are constantly exceeding the means.

Her social station in life will interest us only so far as it may have given her poise. Her education will prove an asset for the confidence it will have installed in her. But the most important factor of all will be her desire for more money.

Perhaps YOU Are The One We Are Looking For

If you can use $5—$10—$50 or $100 extra each month, we want you to write us, for perhaps you are the one we are looking for. Representatives are wanted at once to collect renewals and solicit new subscriptions for the Motion Picture Magazine, Classic and Beauty and we stand ready to pay you liberally for either spare time or full time work.

In our booklet entitled "The Open Road to an Independent Income" will be found full particulars of the work we have to offer you and examples of the progress others are making. This booklet will be sent to you absolutely free. Are you interested in having more money? Then fill in and mail the coupon below, today.

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would be shot down on sight, or he would be captured alive and exhibited in a zoo. Fitting incidentally music for the picture would be Frances White's famous song, "Oh! I'd Like to Be a Monkey in the Zoo." To me the cathedral was a vast skyscraper jungle of marble and stone, and as Quasimodo swung from pillar to pillar in monkey fashion, I expected to see him hanging by his tail.

The production is ugly, so fundamentally ugly in fact that you leave the theater feeling that your mind's eye has registered a revolting picture which is as annoying to efface, and you almost have a bad taste in your mouth. It is indeed a feast for the morbid, without a single happy note thrown out. Chaney's interpretation for his part as the hunchback must have been a nightmare he had, and I'm sure Hugo would never recognize this movie, Quasimodo, this abraction, as being a child of his brain.

What is there artistic, inspiring or real about this screen portrayal of a hideous hairy-breasted man-ape, with one blind eye bulging out of its socket, a tongue that reminds one of a toad, jagged teeth like an English bulldog, as many warts as a toad, and vast expanses of hair that would hold a house and house of David here. Twenty years from now they may show this picture with slight changes and under another label, as propaganda for demonstrating how monkey glands may make monkeys of us.

Another actor, with deeper histronic ability and a little sympathy for the part, could have given us something worth while, something more than the memory of a man in a nauseating make-up. There was absolutely no depth to Chaney's delineation of the hunchback, the latter being nothing but a gorilla-man, and how can a monkey begin to register anything like human emotions? His "get-up" was so thick and grim that it was impossible for him to emote thru it. You got a chill down your spine every time the heroine cast as much as a charitable glance in the direction of the hunchback. The picture seemed to be but for the purpose of exploiting Chaney as a make-up expert and acrobat. I have studied hunchbacks and have observed inbred combinations such a combination of the two as Chaney gives, never existed, not even in the mind of Victor Hugo.

For no good reason the hunchback makes a romantic, superstitious and gruesome figure in literature and on the stage and screen, when really he is not fundamentally different from other folks, and it is a cheap trick to exploit him for the amusement of the mob. No serious attempt has been made to show how a man, as a hunchback, reacts to his physical circumstances and the situations in which he finds himself. His moments might have succeeded if he had made his "Quasimodo" more of a man and less of a monkey. Hunchbacks are far from being the most despicable among deviates. They live, they love and they are loved, and what they lack physically is often compensated for by their intellectuality. A hump upon a man's back and stunted growth do not mean that the man's soul, his mind and his heart are deformed and dwarfed.

It takes more than a whiskered tale, the featuring of a man-made monkey a man-made monkey and 2,600 people (who looked like animated pinheads when they are on the screen together) to make a truly momentous movie, and if "The Hunchback" is the acme of screen literature, I'd like to see the masterpieces the ten-cent Diamond Dick and Nick Carter novels of our brotherhood, will turn out to be, too.

A HUNCHBACK OF CHICAGO.
They Said
It Couldn’t Be Done!
—But These Screen Authors Did It!

ETHEL STYLES MIDDLETON
Author

"Judgment of the Storm"

THE three authors whose photographs appear in this announcement have demonstrated that "It Can Be Done!"

Friends and relatives said, "You are foolish to dream of writing for the movies. Only professional writers with a pull can succeed. You aren’t a professional writer, and you have no pull. You will just be wasting your time."

But creative imagination, not mere writing ability, produces photodramas. These authors had creative imagination. What they needed was knowledge of photoplay construction.

Through the cooperation of Palmer Institute of Authorship, that knowledge was acquired.

The result was another defeat for those who say it can’t be done. Today the authors pictured above are accepted photodramatists. Their plays produced by Palmer Photoplay Corporation and distributed by Film Booking Office of America, are being shown in thousands of theaters throughout the United States and Canada. They accomplished what skeptics said could not be done.

Many other men and women are today similarly successful because of Palmer training. Through Palmer cooperation they have learned how to harness imagination and to teach it to express itself in dramatic terms. And they have learned in spare time at their own homes. Their work is in demand. They form a trained body upon which the motion picture industry, as a whole, is leaning more and more.

Screen Plays by Palmer Authors

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Harold M. Shumate
Author
"The White Sin"
(formerly announced as "Unguarded Gates")

WILL LAMBERT
Author
"Lost"
(Working Title—Release title to be announced later.)

Announcing The Palmer Scholarship Foundation
Palmer Scholarship Foundation has been established by Palmer Institute of Authorship for the purpose of bringing recognition to men and women whose work and vision stories might otherwise be lost to the screen and general publication field, but who need only training in the new technique of authorship in order to succeed.

Two Major Awards, each carrying a prize of $500 cash and the Palmer Medal of Alert, will be made by the terms of the Foundation to the authors of the best short story and the best screen play, respectively, submitted each year.

Forty-eight Free Scholarships will be awarded annually upon a basis of merit rather than originality or brilliance. Thus both Genius and Industry receive equal opportunity to share in these awards.

Rosa C. Davis
(Doubleday, Page & Co.)
Chairman, Committee Short Story Awards

Frederice Palmer
(Palmer Photoplay Corporation)
Chairman, Committee Screen Play Awards

Almost without exception every person ambitious to write is faced at the beginning with ridicule and discouragement. Many struggle long years unaided before eventually gaining the heights. But how much smoother the path would have been, how much more quickly the heights would have been scaled, if the writer could have had, at the beginning, the guidance and encouragement of someone who knew.

Such guidance and encouragement Palmer Institute of Authorship proffers. Palmer Course and Service trains photoplay writers, short story writers, and dramatic critics. Instruction is individual, confidential. The student studies at home. Each receives the personal guidance and supervision of a member of the Ad'visory Bureau, a brilliant staff selected for studio and magazine experience and teaching ability. When the student’s creations become good enough for sale, the services of the Sales Department are placed at his command for marketing both screen plays and short stories.

New Literature, New Methods
Palmer Institute of Authorship recognizes the arrival of a new day in motion picture writing. The screen has created a public taste for dramatic action and strength of plot. This has reacted upon the magazines. There has been an outburst into being a new technique of writing. New times demand new methods and Palmer training is worlds away from out-worn methods of instruction. It is abreast of the current and growing demands of the screen and magazines for stories written in the modern dramatic technique.

Just as photodramatists find that Palmer cooperation helps them to recognition and success on the screen, so do fiction writers find that Palmer training aids them in success in the magazines. More than three hundred authors of recognized standing have been or now are enrolled. Letters from many attribute their first success in the magazine field to Palmer training. Their success carries conviction.

Imagination is king. World thinkers like Wells voite the growing realization that imagination and not will-power is the basic moving force of life. Palmer Institute of Authorship bases its training on that fact. It develops imagination just as certain forms of training develop the muscles of the athlete. It teaches the imaginative to harness his imagination and put it to work—profitably.

It inculcates that facility of expression which one must possess before he may hope to play an important part in social or business life. It insures the habit of putting into expression a form of ability that carries men and women to the most envied positions in the world's affairs. It energizes and revitalizes the mind and generates the power that leads to greater success in all lines of human activity.

For those who lack confidence in their own abilities and wish to ascertain whether they possess natural talent for writing, Palmer Institute offers the Palmer questionnaire, a test for determining the presence or absence of creative imagination. It will be sent free on request.

Free—"The New Road to Authorship"

But for those who believe in themselves and who want to know more of the revolutionary Palmer methods, a fascinating book has been prepared entitled "The New Road to Authorship." Success stories of many men and women who have won recognition on the screen and in the magazines through Palmer cooperation are contained in it. A bulletin, likewise, has been prepared containing full details of Palmer Scholarship Foundation and its broad and unique service to writers. Making of the coupon below will bring "The New Road to Authorship" and the Scholarship bulletin free.

Palmer Institute of Authorship
Affiliated with Palmer Photoplay Corporation
Palmer Building, Hollywood 28, Calif.

Please send me without cost your book "The New Road to Authorship" and your Bulletin containing details of Palmer Scholarship Foundation.

Name ___________________________
Street ___________________________
City ___________________________
County State ______________________

All correspondence strictly confidential.

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Do men like a touch of "Commonness" in women?

Do they prefer women who are not too particular, who will meet them half-way, not be easily shocked, and yet who are quite respectable? Sinclair Lewis, the most talked-of author in years—whose previous novels, "Main Street" and "Babbitt," have been read by millions of people—has now written a true-to-life novel on this vital question: "Dr. Martin Arrowsmith."

Martin Arrowsmith becomes engaged to Madeline, the girl on a pedestal, aloof, cultured, always trying to improve him—and then he "picks up" Leora! She is careless, casual, even a bit sloppy, but she offers him comforting comradeship. Which girl does he want for a wife?

"Dr. Martin Arrowsmith" is not only a thrilling love-story but it is also the story of the "doctor business"—from the inside! Do doctors give their patients soothing drugs to cover up their own ignorance? Do doctors sometimes operate on patients when they know it isn't really necessary? Every one ought to read "Dr. Martin Arrowsmith," by far the best story written by Sinclair Lewis.

There is just one way to get this story now—by subscribing to The Designer magazine in which it appears in serial form. The Designer magazine costs you $1.50 a year—less than you would have to pay months later when the story appears in book-form. Be one of the first to read and discuss "Dr. Martin Arrowsmith," starting in the June Designer.

You can't afford to miss this latest novel by Sinclair Lewis in The Designer

The June issue is on sale May 5th at Standard-Designer Pattern Counters and News Stands—15c a copy.

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RECALL last summer. Those embarrassing moments when you wanted to look your best. Those critical glances of your friends. Those offending hairs on your arms and limbs.

Don't subject yourself to the same handicaps this summer. Others on the beach will be free of every tiny hair, for they have learned the secret and the magic of ZIP.

You can be one of the favorites during the coming warm days at the beach, at the dance, yes, even at your daily occupation, if you will take my advice now and destroy your objectionable hair before the heat of summer strengthens it again.

Quick as a Wink

you can free yourself of superfluous hair. And remember you are not merely removing surface hair—you actually lift out the roots with the hairs, gently and painlessly, and in this way destroy the growth. The process seems almost miraculous, but my eighteen years of success in giving treatments with ZIP and the thousands of women who are now using it prove that ZIP is the scientifically correct way to destroy the growth.

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Mere surface hair removers, (ordinary depilatories and pumice stone), have the same action as singeing or shaving, throwing the strength back into the roots. With ZIP, however, you gently lift out the roots, leaving the skin soft and smooth, really adorable. Use ZIP once and you will never resort to ordinary depilatories.

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You choose a hat or frock for its becomingness. You select it because its style exactly suits you—brings out your best features—makes you appear more charming. You do not buy it merely because it looks pretty in the window, or on someone else.

Your perfume should be as individually becoming as your loveliest gown. You should select it just as carefully. Be sure that it is a true expression of your thoughts and moods—that it harmonizes with your own personality. Clothes are soon forgotten, but a perfume may linger in the memory for years. How important it is to have this memory a flattering one.

Florient, an exquisite bouquet fragrance, has a happy way of blending with widely varying personalities—seeming to take on a new meaning with each wearer. Or you may find your favorite among other lovely Colgate scents.

It is easy to select the right perfume with the Colgate Perfume Test—and lots of fun besides. This famous test has shown countless women how to choose the perfume that suits them best. Full instructions and materials, for making the test, including three miniature vials of perfume, will be sent you for a 2c stamp. Address Colgate & Co., Dept. 14, 199 Fulton St., N. Y. C.
Summer's heat only emphasizes the cool perfection of a Skin that's Twin-Creamed!

It is hot,destroyingly hot. The sultry air stands still. The sun is a red ball of fire going down behind the hills, but leaving promise of a wilting night. Then, most wonderful of sensations, comes a cool little breeze, escaped from the shadows of evening. Delightfully it caresses your fevered cheeks and instantly the whole world seems different.

So it is with Princess Pat Twin Creams. At their touch the skin grows deliciously cool. The heat flush, the stickiness, vanish. Fresh, velvety softness replaces the drawn harshness induced by summer's heat.

Such is the effect of pore control, the entirely new, scientific principle which makes Princess Pat Twin Creams a different complexion treatment than may be had with any other creams in the world. "Twin-Creaming" keeps the pores always of normal size, giving the soft, fine-grained skin texture which is the ardent desire of every woman's heart.

A Skin of Cool Beauty

The improved Princess Pat Complexion Method—dubiously advantageous in hot weather—is simplicity itself. There is one cream to nourish and rejuvenate; another to cool the skin and close the pores. They work together. Princess Pat Cream is applied first, Princess Pat Ice Astringent right over it. Then both are wiped completely away.

You will see the advantage over ordinary penetrating astringents. Princess Pat Ice Astringent gives its closing, cooling, tonic effect without going into the pores. Little globules of cool moisture, forming on the surface, prove this. You do not rub the Astringent in. After it has acted you wipe it entirely away.

The Trouble heretofore has always been in attempting the impossible. Nourishing oils and astringent ingredients cannot be effectively combined in one cream. The astringent element acts first and closes the pores before they are nourished. And to use an astringent without previously nourishing the skin has the effect of choking the pores by the "rubbing in" process.

So you see how beautifully Princess Pat Twin-Creaming solves the greatest of all complexion questions—how to properly keep the pores normally closed at all times, yet constantly softened and made plant by beneficial oils that keep the skin structure aglow with rosy health.

The Blessing of Pore Control

In Summer

The year 'round, Princess Pat Twin Creams are a boon to every type of skin. But in summer! Your skin under this treatment becomes as rarely beautiful and fine as flower petals opening in the garden of a cool, dewy morning. There is simply nothing comparable to the effect this treatment will accomplish for all complexions.

"I call Princess Pat my "Twenty Degrees Cooler Treatment," wrote one woman who enjoyed it last summer. And you'll feel the same this summer with this perfect complexion method.

And wait until you powder! No "rubbed in" base, remember: just closed pores and a cool, smooth skin. But the powder goes on as smoothly as your own skin—and it will cling closer and longer than you would have imagined possible from anything in your past experience.

Use of Twin Creams, and careful powdering, greatly assists in preventing tan.

There is, indeed, a new summer joy to be found in Princess Pat Twin Creams and you are invited to make your own personal test in accordance with the offer below.

Refreshed as An Ocean Breeze

There's a new sensation for you who may not have experienced the marvelous treatment that Twin Creams brought into being! Summer cannot blight the beauty you can win and win through the Princess Pat method.

Here's all you do: apply a bit of the first cream (both creams for the trial are free for the asking, as seen below) and leave it on temporarily. Then apply the second cream—the Ice Astringent—until an indescribable coolness is felt. The coolness of ice—but not the shock! Wipe both creams completely off. Your skin is then proof against the day when even the air itself seems sticky.

Free Trial!

Until the shops have been sufficiently stocked with Princess Pat Twin Creams to meet all calls for them, we shall take pleasure in sending to individuals a 10 days' supply—without charge.

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2703 S. Wells St., Dept. 27, Chicago

Entirely FREE, please forward me postpaid a 10 days' supply of the new Princess Pat Twin Creams.

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Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
"BLUFF"
A SAM WOOD Production with Agnes Ayres and Antonio Moreno. From the story by Rita Weiman and Josephine L. Quirk. Screen Play by Willis Goldbeck.
Leatrice Joy Tells Her Own Story

There is often more pathos . . . more drama . . . more adventure in a biography than there is in a novel. Believing that true life stories are always interesting, we are planning to run a series of autobiographies by the stars.

In the August Motion Picture Magazine, Leatrice Joy tells her own story. It is replete with incident. She was a little Southern girl who believed so firmly in her ability as an actress that she convinced her conservative mother too . . . and together they came to New York to seek her fortune.

This story is, furthermore, illustrated with hitherto unpublished photographs.
25-Year Guaranteed
14-Karat Gold
Strata Vanity
This lovely little case is 25-year guaranteed gold strata. It is a permanent and beautiful piece of jewelry. It will be a charming and useful accessory for years.
Also in genuine solid Sterling Silver with the sheen of White Gold.

A Vanity That Is Worn Like a Wrist Watch

PARISIAN women of fashion discovered the amazing convenience and chic of these exquisite little round vanities. They found that the Zara Golden Vanity, worn on the wrist like a watch, was an essential accessory for the really well-groomed woman. Purses and pockets could be fashionably flat when it was no longer necessary to carry a bothersome, old-fashioned, fat powder case.

Of course, you, too, will want one of these lovely pieces of jewelry. They are suitable for every occasion and appropriate with every costume. Shopping, motoring, dancing—in your most swagger sport suit or ruffly party frock—it is so delightful always to have your Zara Golden Vanity with you. And you need never fear a shiny nose. In just a second, you can open the little round case and powder your nose with the diminutive, satiny puff.

Send Coupon Without Any Money
The coupon brings this Zara Golden Wrist Vanity—a masterpiece of the goldsmith's art. It is as beautifully constructed and finished as a high grade watch. It is a piece of jewelry that the most discriminating of women would be proud to wear. It is every bit as attractive in appearance as it is convenient to use.

You may select your Zara Golden Vanity in the popular green gold or in genuine sterling silver. Every case whether Gold Strata or Genuine Solid Silver carries our 25-year guarantee. The case contains a tiny cake of powder delicately scented with one of the smartest of this season's perfumes, a fine quality magnifying mirror and a dainty little puff. All for only $3.89. There is no additional charge for the trim, black, grosgrain wrist band or for the carved clasp in sterling silver or green gold to match the case.

Special Offer
To introduce the Zara Golden Vanity, a special offer of only $3.89 is made for a limited time. This is a remarkable opportunity. Just send the coupon. When the postman delivers your Vanity, pay him the $3.89 and a few cents postage. Order your adorable little Vanity at this special price.

Send Coupon TODAY

Zaravan Company, Dept. 12-74
311 River Street
Chicago, Ill.

Mail This Coupon!
Zaravan Company, Dept. 12-74, 311 River St., Chicago, Ill. (Not for sale.)

Will you please send me a 25-year guaranteed Zara Vanity in the finish indicated below, I will pay the postman $3.89 and postage when it arrives. I understand that if I am not satisfied I can return the Vanity within three days and my money will be refunded. (Please check finish desired)
Sterling Silver ☐  Green Gold ☐
(Finished to look like white gold)

Name. ..................................................
Address ...........................................
City. ............................................ State.

If there is likely to be no one at home when the Vanity arrives, or if you live in Canada, please enclose post office or express order for $3.89. When you do this we pay the postage.
New Hour-a-Day Girdle Reduces Waist and Hips — Often 3 Inches The Very First Week!

NOW, at last you can wear the stylish, becoming clothes your heart desires — without worrying about an unattractive waistline. You don't have to wait until the fat is gone in order to appear slim. You can look more slender at once — without stiff, harmful corsets of any kind — without indulging in heart-straining exercises — or disagreeable starving diets — without taking harmful medicines. A marvelous new scientific girdle ends all need of that forever!

The moment you put on this new girdle the bulky fat on waist and hips seems to vanish and your body becomes erect, graceful, youthful slender! And then — with every step you make, with every breath you take, with every little motion, this new kind of girdle gently massages away the disfiguring useless fat — and you look and feel years younger!

Reduce Fat Like Expert Masseur

This wonderful new invention known as the Madame X Reducing Girdle is built upon scientific massage principles which have caused reductions of 5, 10, 15, even 20 pounds. It is made of the most resilient Para rubber especially designed for reducing purposes, and is worn over the undergarment. The girdle fits as snugly as a kid glove — and garters attached — and is constructed so that it touches gently and masses every portion of the surface continually. The constant massage causes a more vigorous circulation of the blood, not only through these parts, but throughout the entire body. Particularly around the abdomen and hips, this gentle massage is so effective that it often brings about a remarkable reduction in weight in the first few days. Women often lose 3 inches the very first week!

Can Be Worn All Day
No Stiffness, No Confinement

The Madame X Reducing Girdle really holds you in. It is form-fitting and hip-confining and gives you a distinct feeling of comfort. No boning — no stiff steel — just the softest and finest rubber known to science. The special open front enables you to move easily and freely — to bend and stoop, dance, skate, walk and indulge in all activities with a freedom and grace you haven't known in years. The lacing down the back will enable you to adjust the girdle as you grow thinner day-by-day.

Step into the Madame X Girdle and see what a difference it makes in your figure.

Enjoy its comfort — its freedom from tight lacing, heavy boning and stays that poke and irritate — its softness that enables it to conform to every motion of your body and allows you to bend, stoop and move with ease — its firmness that gives necessary support to the muscles of the back and abdomen, just where you need it. You won't want to take it off, and after wearing it a few times you'll never go back to the old-fashioned, stiff, heavy corsets that hold you in like a vice and permit no freedom of motion.

Get This FREE Booklet

If you want a girlishly slim figure — if you want to indulge in all the pleasures and sports the summer time brings — if you want to say good-bye forever to bulky waist and hips, mail the coupon below for our free booklet. It completely describes this wonderful new girdle and tells how you can get one on 5 days' free trial. Mail the coupon now and you'll be in time for our special reduced price offer. Act now.

THE THOMPSON-BARLOW CO., Inc.
Dept. G-157, 404 Fourth Avenue, New York
Ever buy a wooden nutmeg?

A HUCKSTER stopped at great-grandmother’s door. “Any nutmegs to-day, lady?”

In the tray before him he displayed his wares—big, beautiful nutmegs, and at a ridiculously low price.

Being fond of nutmeg’s spicy flavor, and seeing an opportunity to stock up on them to advantage, great-grandmother bought generously.

There was to be rice pudding for supper. Great-grandmother took the golden-brown beauty from the oven and prepared to give it its finishing touch—a sprinkling of nutmeg. Out came the grater and one of the new nutmegs. She scraped and looked puzzled. Scraped again, and looked closer. Sawdust!! The nutmegs were made of wood.

How far from such methods we have traveled in these days of advertised merchandise. The manufacturer of to-day signs his name to what he says about what he makes. He knows that when you buy you will expect the goods to be what he has said. He knows that if he deceives you once, your confidence is gone forever.

Wooden nutmegs never could have been advertised.

Read the advertisements.

The fire of publicity consumes falsehood—advertised goods are reliable
Nothing But the Truth

The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

That is the Utopian state of veracity towards which the Motion Picture Magazine points its editorial feet.

* * * * * * * * *

Despite the fact that the people of the motion picture are, for the most part, colorful and interesting, it has become the thing to embroider their personalities elaborately every time they are treated of in print. And despite the fact that the news of motion picture activities is, in itself, spectacular and dramatic, it has become the thing to exaggerate it out of all logical proportions.

However, the Motion Picture Magazine does not engage in this practice. Its editorial policy requires integrity above everything else. Its staff in both New York and California appreciates the necessity of authenticating everything sent to the editor's desk so far as it is physically possible to do so.

Our interviews are worked with the thread of truth. When a player becomes disagreeable thru affectations, we are frank in saying so. When a motion picture is poor entertainment, ancient in theme and antediluvian in treatment, our reviewers have courage to admit these things.

Now and then a production plan or personal contact varies after the magazine is on the presses. This is unavoidable and misstatements made under these conditions are corrected as soon as possible.

However, for the most part, you may accept the face value of every word printed between the covers of a Motion Picture Magazine. We believe a magazine with veracity is better than one which is prone to sacrifice the truth to a spectacular story that has the roots of its being in nothing more substantial than suppositions and myths... or which is so dramatically distorted as to its facts that it might far more honestly be termed fiction.

We believe there is nothing in the world more interesting... more varied... more dramatic than truth.

Motion Picture Magazine

(Trade-Mark Registered)

Founded by J. Stuart Blackton

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No. 6
It is easier than most women imagine
—to gain the charm of a beautiful skin

Sometimes a woman suffers actual misery for years because of an unattractive complexion.

Skin defects, not serious in themselves, have been known to cause such nervous strain as actually to affect the general health.

Yet nearly any woman, if she gives her skin the right care, can gain a clear, smooth, attractive complexion.

You can rebuild your complexion
Each day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place. This new skin you can make what you will! Use the right treatment daily — and see how easy it is to overcome the faults that have always troubled you.

A dull, muddy, sallow complexion can be transformed into one that is clear and full of color.

Blackheads, blemishes, conspicuous nose pores can be overcome, so that they never reappear.

You will find the right treatment for your special type of skin in the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs! The very first time you use a Woodbury treatment your skin will feel the difference.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap lasts a month or six weeks for regular toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments.

Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

How to change a dull, sallow skin to one that is clear and full of color —
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. 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. 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.

For ten cents — a guest-size set of three famous Woodbury skin preparations!

A woman is not self-conscious about a beautiful skin. It is when her complexion is unattractive, designed with ugly little defects, that she becomes self-conscious about it — awkward, constrained, unnatural. Keep your skin clear and smooth by giving it the right care, and see how much this will contribute to your peace of mind and freedom from self-consciousness.
Mae Murray always reminds us of the little porcelain dancing figures they show in the shops. To “Mlle. Midnight” she brings the demure grace and beauty in which she is pictured above. And once more her production, colorful in the tempestuous dance of jazz, is being directed by her husband, Robert Leonard.
Alice has put aside the golden glory of her blonde wig, so long a part of her screen personality. In “The Arab” her hair will be dark, as dark as it is in this picture...
There has never been obesiance to the slim silhouette which Fashion has decreed on the part of Nita Naldi. And there is wisdom in this, too. For voluptuousness complements her almost savage beauty. In "The Breaking Point," a screen version of the Mary Roberts Rinehart story, Miss Naldi is particularly effective.
NORMAN KERRY

Norman Kerry is possessed of the manner of a cosmopolite and the fascination of a great sophistication. These composites of his personality bring him a very definite popularity. "Butterfly," the Kathleen Norris story, finds him on the screen in the company of Laura La Plante, Kenneth Harlan and Ruth Clifford.
Alma Rubens is not planning to forsake her career in favor of domesticity. For since she became the bride of Doctor Daniel Carson Goodman, the motion picture producer, she has appeared in "Cytherea." And this production marks one of the most interesting portrayals she has ever given the silversheet.
CLAIRE WINDSOR

There is no one in the studios with more industry than Claire Windsor. Her name heads multiple casts and she counts a journey to the Sahara Desert, where she played in "A Son of the Sahara," all in the day's work. Now she is back in California at work in "For Sale"
We wonder if the public will ever allow Mary to retire from the screen. Once again her voice is raised against continuing in the juvenile rôles she has created with such charm and understanding. Mary has long symbolized the poetry of childhood. "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" finds a grown-up Mary...
GEORGE ARLISS

The popularity accorded George Arliss in a stage production of "The Green Goddess," in which he is appearing in his native England, is keeping him absent from our studios. That may be deplored, for Mr. Arliss is one of the most distinguished artists that ever faced the cameras. However, "$20 a Week," which he began before he sailed and which he has completed in the studios of his home country, is shortly to be issued.
ALICE JOYCE

The public, ever branded fickle, has belied this reputation often justly applied, in the instance of Alice Joyce. Ever since the old Kalem days she has known popularity. And "The Passionate Adventurer," which marks her return to the screen in earnest, after an interlude of private life as Mrs. James Regan, will be greeted with rejoicing.
To
Anna May
Wong
By
MIMI

Black almond eyes,
Smooth ivory skin,
With lips of lacquer red
Those tiny hands
Like two white wings
Can carry me
Across the sea
To the Land of Junks
And Flaming Poppies.
Your throat is like the
lotus,
Your hair a gleaming
poem by Li Po.
The music of the lute
Comes from your lips.
Pale Chinese child,
My hand is hot,
Wilt let me touch your
cheek
And see if it can melt
The cool white jade of
it?
When Appius Claudius Cæcūs mapped out his justly famed highway, twenty-two hundred years ago, he little thought that the day would come when it would serve as a sort of detour between Hollywood and Sunset Boulevards, Celluloidia. But strange things happen, with the passing of the centuries, and all roads lead from Hollywood to Rome, and back, these days. Directors now roar in the Coliseum, once peculiarly the property of hungry lions, and where Nero stood gazing thru his emerald at scenes of pomp and splendor, film cameramen now "set up" on ruins and movie stars.

All of which brings us to Carmel Myers and myself, sitting one rainy afternoon in the Montmartre Café on the Boulevard. Carmel is to play Iras in "Ben Hur" for Goldwyn's and so is to be a member of the latest Rome-going film company.

She is frankly delighted at the prospect, as indeed she should be. I'm sure I'd be glad to play one of the camels, chariots, or what have you, for a trip like that. Intent on gaining a few helpful pointers as to how to become a Roman movie star, I asked diplomatically:

"Miss Myers, how did you get this job in 'Ben Hur,' anyway?"

"Well," replied Miss Myers, and I'll say for her that she appears to be an amiable, outspoken and unaffected young lady, "June Mathis insisted that the members of the cast have old-world faces. I have one—and besides, I wished on hay-wagons."

"I am not superstitious," she continued. "That is, I am not very superstitious, but I do believe in wishing on hay-wagons. Every time I saw one I wished for this part of Iras, and I got it."

I've been looking for hay-wagons ever since, but it seems to be an off season.

Now, it is an indisputable fact that many an ingenue wishes to be a vampire and vice versa. Comedians long to play Macbeth and Hamlet, and the gentlemen known in theatrical lingo as heavies not infrequently cherish the desire to do comedy. The realization of such ambitions comes to but few.

Carmel Myers, tho, is one of Hollywood's lady-like heroines who has undergone the metamorphosis and emerged a siren. I asked her if it had brought her great joy and satisfaction of spirit.

"It has not," she declared promptly, "and after I've played Iras I hope to go back to the other sort of things. When people see me on the screen wearing backless gowns and smoking cigarettes they won't believe that I live quietly at home with my mother and brother."

"I'm tired, too, of having the men push me away. That's all they do any more, as you'll notice if you see any of my recent pictures. It was terrible," she added unhappily, "to have John Barrymore push me aside all the time."

I can well imagine that this would be trying.

Carmel played with Mr. Barrymore in "Beau Brummel" and she would much rather talk about him than about herself. Really she would. When you see her in this picture, vamping him so determinedly, it may interest you to know that underneath the grease-paint was just a bashful young lady.

"Why, I was so awed at being in the same cast with John Barrymore that I hardly dared to speak out loud on the set, until the last two weeks that he was out here. Then, one day I brought my ukulele down to the studio and asked to be loaned a pair of his clothes, and he was so friendly that I have never seen a person like him."

I trust this is the truth, and I'm sure the world is glad to learn that at least one Hollywood glamour girl isn't a conceitedacock.
and he heard me playing it. He liked it awfully well and got me to play one thing after another for him. Oh, he's the most wonderful person. Everyone was crazy about him.

"He left for New York a week or two before the picture was finished and, do you know, the company just simply drooped after that. Nobody seemed to care whether they worked or not, and even the electricians and property men went around in the most dejected manner you can imagine.

"We all sent Mr. Barrymore wires of congratulation when he opened again in 'Hamlet' in the East, and he answered them all. In the wire to me he said that he didn't like Hamlet's mama anywhere near as well as he did 'Beall Street Mama.' That was the name of a silly jazz piece I'd played for him on the ukulele. I had the wire framed, and I'm going to keep it forever."

With my usual keen intuition, I perceived that Miss Myers is something of a John Barrymore fan, as is indeed everyone else who has met the gentleman. Presently, tho', I got her back to the subject of herself.

"Fred Niblo is really responsible for making a vamp out of me," she explained. "I always had wished to work under his direction and when he offered me the part of the home-breaking widow in 'The Famous Mrs. Fair' I accepted it, altho' it was entirely different from anything I had done up to that time. It really was just a small part, but every director in Hollywood must have seen the picture, and they've in-

Both photos by Clarence S. Bull

Carmel doesn't like being a siren. "Men push me away all the time. That's all any of them have done in my recent pictures .... ever since I've played sirens. Even John Barrymore in 'Beau Brummel.' That was too much. For Carmel is an enthusiastic Barrymore fan.

sisted that I stick to that sort of thing ever since.

"That is the disadvantage of free-lancing. You become known as a type and directors never think of offering you a rôle dissimilar to the ones you've been doing.

"But when I return from Rome I'll be under contract to Goldwyn's and I hope they'll give me a part once in a while where I—well, where I get the hero at the end of the picture. Seriously, I'm getting tired of being discarded by the men.

"Why, when I think of the way John Barrymore pushed me aside—"

Miss Myers lapsed into a deep purple gloom. As luck will have it, she is one of the few screen heroines who at no time cherished the desire to become a siren.

From the day that D. W. Griffith gave her her first screen test, on thru the rather dreadful years of her Universal stardom and the following years of freelancing, Carmel's interest was only in portraying virtuous and ladylike young persons for the silver screen.

But the directors have changed all that. Whether she likes to or not, it seems quite probable that when she has finished vamping Ben Hur around Rome, she'll come back to Hollywood and continue along the same lines, for there is something of the sophisticated allure about Miss Myers, before the camera.

Personally, I hope she never goes back to the innocuous (Contd. on page 83)
What can we say about the happiness Mr. and Mrs. Jim have found together which these pictures do not say with more eloquence than we ever hope to phrase.

Not even their work has robbed them of each other's companionship, for pictures have been made since their marriage boasting both Lila Lee and James Kirkwood in their cast.
Most people are not aware just how many mothers number among the stars of the screen. The public prints would paint them all as beautiful moths fluttering about the flame of pleasures. Many of them are women who have turned to the screen as a profession which will support them and their children ... and others have sacrificed their careers for years in order to devote themselves exclusively to their children.

Looking at this picture of Mary Carr and her adored brood, we wonder if there is a symbolism in the name of Mary. You've seen some of the young Carrs before because they have appeared upon the screen at different times with Mother Mary.

Madonnas of the Movies

Marie Gwendolyn Halubar may come home from the boarding-school in Virginia now. For the passing of her father, Allen Halubar, has left Dorothy Phillips alone in the big Hollywood house and she may want Marie with her.

While Wally Reid was alive, Dorothy Davenport devoted her days to domestic matters ... the Reid house and little Bill and Betty. But when family funds needed replenishing, Dorothy returned to the Kleig lights and gave the screen "Human Wreckage".

These pictures suggest that motherhood and careers are compatible ... and that is not at all necessary to sacrifice one to the other.

Jane Novak is the mother of the little towhead hiding under her arm at the right. She bears the pretty name of Virginia.

Mary Hay (Barthelmess) belongs more definitely to the stage, but she is also known in the studios. The big doll she holds is Mary Hay Barthelmess II.

Photograph by W. F. Seely
From England, across the sea, came this charming photograph of Gladys Cooper and one of her children, Master Buckmaster. Miss Cooper has been seen on the screen in America, altho she is, of course, infinitely more popular in her own country.

Mrs. Thomas Gallery, whom you know as Zazu Pitts, is the proud, proud mother of little Zazu Anne. Zazu Anne is the pride of the young Galleries and they warn you in advance that you had better flee if you don't care to hear her praises.

Photograph by Abbé

**MOTHERHOOD**

By Faith Baldwin

She has built an enduring house
Who of her flesh has made
A laughing, living, loving child
Straight-limbed and unafraid.

She has her recompense in this
A joy too deep for song,
Who of her pain new life has borne
To gladden her, life-long.

She knows herself a soul fulfilled
Who laid her body down
On altars of dear motherhood
With Love for throne and crown.

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

When Claire Windsor returned from the Sahara Desert, whither she had gone to make a picture, it took her but a few minutes to get thru the customs and make a train for California. No interlude in New York for Claire. For waiting eagerly at the Windsor home for his mother’s return there was a little boy with big eyes and bright gold hair, Billy, by name.

Ella Hall Johnson has never let her career rob her of her motherhood. This charming picture was taken on the lawn of the Johnson house. First there is Baby Ellen Joan, then Brother (he doesn't seem to have any other name), and then Emory, Junior. We wonder if Emory Johnson directed this scene from his usual post behind the camera.

Photograph by Clarence S. Bull
When Jane and Frances were very young, Irene Rich faced the responsibility of supporting them. With what success she turned to the motion pictures everyone knows. At the very first, however, things proved difficult. And Irene will tell you that she would have found it impossible if her mother had not been with her to care for the children during the day. But, she always adds, that life wouldn't be worth the living without them.

When Mabel Forrest married Bryant Washburn she gave up all her screen aspirations. It wasn't long before the room with a southern exposure was converted into a nursery. And before Bryant IV was old enough to be trusted to servants or a governess, Dwight Ludlow came along. So it is only within the last year or so that Mrs. Washburn has decided to return to the studios.

Natalie Talmadge Keaton is, as you know, the mother of two children. But the baby was so young that Buster wouldn't let them take his picture until he was a few weeks older... that's why only Joseph adorns the picture above. However, we promise to use another picture of Joseph and his mother just as soon as one comes in with the baby brother, too.
In a Lovers' Greeting

Bebe Daniels and Rodolph Valentino in "Monsieur Beaucaire"
Pola was tired of acting. She said she felt punk; she called it "ponk." So she invited me to take a buggy ride with her.

Her buggy was a big Pierce Arrow landau decorated like a boudoir with brocade and silver. She had a solemn looking chauffeur named Bruno.

As we cut down thru Griffith Park and across the river, Pola began to talk about things—everything from European politics to Mary Pickford—from Bismarck's "Drang Nach Osten" policy to religion and her love affair with Charlie Chaplin.

Pola has a beautiful voice; it has caressing cadences—the rise and fall of the vowels that makes music as you listen.

I could see that she was low in mind.

"Last year was a terrible (she called it terreeble) year for me—mad pictures, savage criticisms from the papers, and an unhappy love affair."

"Unhappy?" I asked.

"Well, it was certainly not a restful romance," she said, with a funny little laugh.

"Sharlie is a wonderful man—a wonderful sensitive mind. I adore talking to him. He appeals to the mother complex that is in every woman. But he certainly is not a restful experience. He didn't help me in the business of making pictures."

"No woman could be in pictures and be in love with Sharlie at the same time. Being in love with Sharlie is—how do you say it—a job all by itself."

And thinking about the pictures, she forgot about Sharlie.

"Oh, those pictures," she said. "You roasted them. You were cruel, but you were right. They were terreeble—especially 'Bella Donna.'"

"The other night I asked George Fitzmaurice, my then director, if he had an idea in the world what we were trying to do when we made that picture. 'Not an idea in the world,' he said. 'Me too,' I said."

Pola sat in silence as we rolled on thru Glendale; then she said bitterly, "I won't do it any more, not like last year. I refuse to be like a slave standing up on an auction block—being bid for by stupid little exhibitors."

"They say I must be beautiful; I must be sympathetic. Well, I won't be beautiful and I won't be sympathetic. If they dont let me tell real stories and be real people on the screen, I am going to tear up my contract and go on the stage."

We were passing thru the old Verdugo estate which a Spanish king of old gave to one of his sergeants. I told her how in the old days of the Spanish dons, they used to give great parties that lasted for days on the Verdugo estate; how they used to send vaqueros down
to meet the guests, waving zerapes and shouting to scare away the bears. But I don't think she was much impressed.

She turned back from the glories of California in the baronial days to the iniquities of money-making producers.

"Picture producers," she said scornfully. "They have two or three little molds into which they pour you. Every story has to be just the same.

"Even if you make them good, they take them into the projecting-room and cut them all to pieces.

"I can't go on this way—trying to make dramas to the music of an adding machine. I've got to be myself. I can't make this kind of expression because they would like it in Keokuk, Iowa. I can't do my hair this way to please the exhibitor in Mobile, Mississippi. I've got to be myself.

"Oh money—money—money," wailed Pola. "It is the death of art. I hate money. I don't want money. I don't want to hear about money. I am a Bohemian—an artist. What do I care about money?"

I contemplated Pola's gorgeous Pierce Arrow rolling along like a battleship. I reflected side-wise like upon Pola's sable coat. I caught the glint of Pola's five-carat diamond ring—the size of the top of a salt cellar.

Yes sir. Money is certainly a nuisance.

The car turned west thru the Verdugo hills down the old trail of the brown-robed Franciscan Padres as they trod the weary miles along the Camino Real from San Gabriel to San Fernando Mission in the days of old.

Pola began to talk about the stage.

"The actors over here," she said. "They are good except in Shakespeare. It is amazing! Why do they sing Shakespeare? Do they think it is opera? It's all wrong. Shakespeare is not what they call high-brow. He was an actor—a practical man. He wrote beautiful plays in a natural practical way. His conversation should be absolutely natural; that is its charm.

"If he went to a modern Shakespeare class and heard all the hidden meanings that were in his own plays, I think (Pola says theenk) he would be paralyzed with astonishment. He theenk he would be drunk with dismay.

I don't think Shakespeare could ever pass an examination in Shakespeare. Certainly he wouldn't know what they were singing about."

Pola said that Shakespeare is seen best on the continent in Europe. There, they have given and are now giving the finest performances that have ever been seen of Shakespeare since the plays were written.

I asked her if Shakespeare did not suffer in translation. Pola turned with sudden animation to that which is one of her hobbies.

"Ah, but they don't always lose in translation. Especially Shakespeare.

"This is a subject in which I am very much interested.

"You see since I was twelve years old I have spoken four languages. Every Polish person must learn languages. Poland is such a little country that no one will bother to learn the languages. So I read in many tongues.

"And this is what I find: it is almost impossible to translate Russian into English. If
you read Tolstoy in Russian and then in English, you would never know you were reading the same book.

"The language most readily translated is English into German. There are German translations of Shakespeare that are undoubtedly an improvement on the original. After all, English is only an offshoot of German, mixed with a few other languages."

I asked her if English was hard to learn.

"It is a little difficult to pronounce, but it is very easy to understand. This is because of the simple grammatical construction. I find myself thinking in English because it is to me the most satisfying of all languages. There seems to be a rigorous, pointed, appropriate word for every need."

I asked Pola if she ever thought of going back to Europe to live.

"Not now," she said sadly. "Not any more. Europe is not the same. Art is dead there now. Europe has gone crazy. Poland, which I used to love, is strutting around like a gamecock in a barnyard. Never in the most warlike days of the Kaiser was there such a militaristic spirit as now in Poland and France. They have forgotten art and the sweetness of life. It is all army and the next war and political intrigues."

"The next war?" I repeated.

"Certainly the next war," she said in a surprised tone as tho I were asking if the sun were in the sky. And in swift, brilliant sentences, Pola showed me how the dismal prophecies of Bismarck are coming to pass. How the Russian Cossacks will, some day, tramp over the dying civilizations of Western Europe with bloody boots.

But Pola said that anyhow she had come to love America—especially New York—and wanted to stay here. She was cynical about the future of our motion pictures, but she is thrilled by the spectacle of our young drama of the stage reaching for its soul. She longs to get into the spoken drama.

And so the talk wound from pictures to the stage and back again. Pola said she regarded Griffith as the greatest American director, but felt that he was limited by his somewhat cynical attitude toward the public; that he gives them what they want instead of expressing what are in his own soul.

Lubitsch, she says, is the best of the foreign directors. He is a showman as well as an artist and has a marvelous sense of humor. She doesn't think so much of Victor Seastrom, the Swede, on account of his lugubrious outlook on life.

"Swedes," she said, "are not so tragic as they are gloomy. It is their cold, bleak climate."

She says the American public regards "Passion" as her finest picture; but that she herself has always thought of "Gypsy Blood" as her best work.

(Continued on page 75)
She raised her hand and smiled a little at his chivalry, and business was resumed—for a while

... the better the steel the farther it can bend without snapping ... the quicker it goes back to straight

True As Steel

The Rupert Hughes Story

Told by

PETER ANDREWS

FRANK PARRY, the Parry of Parry-Morton Tires, had kept so busy all his life that his years had never quite caught up with him. This is one way of cheating time. But Mary, his wife, had been overtaken by her years. This is a pitifully commonplace situation and out of it grow many tragedies, sordid, mean, petty, great, depending upon the caliber of those involved.

Mary Parry sat against the wall of the big ballroom of the Cherry Valley Country Club and watched her husband dance by, as the whirling kaleidoscope of bright-colored figures brought him around before her at irregular intervals. He danced well and the young girl with him, Bee Laird, one of her daughter's friends, appeared slightly too appreciative of the fact. Mary felt a little twinge of pain—jealousy. But he had asked her to dance. And she had refused. Indeed the last dance with him, her shaking knees and dizzy head had forced her to discontinue. Frank had led her good-naturedly to a chair, pinched her cheek and murmured jocally: "Getting old, Mary, my girl, I'm afraid."

But, yes, of course, she was getting old, a grown daughter to prove it, grey hairs besides; but most of all, the spirit of youth was gone; the essence, the very fiber of her being was old. As a matter of fact, she was two years younger than her husband, who was forty-eight. However, no one gave her credit for it. Frank looked younger and certainly acted younger. A tired dignity sat upon the shoulders of Mary Parry, while an alert vitality distinguished her husband.

Now Ethel, their daughter, whirled by, a beautiful girl vibrant with youth, one-stepping with amazing felicity with Jake Leighton, a substantial banker in the middle years, but whose ideas and actions were young, not to say callow. Jake was her father's friend, but Ethel admired him extravagantly. He talked to her as tho she were his own age and this flattered her. "I adore men," she often said, "from forty to fifty and nearer fifty. They talk so well. Now boys—like Gilbert—well—they simply have no conversation."

Gilbert Morse was a sort of fiancé of Ethel's and needless to say he did not share her enthusiasm for middle-aged persons of his own sex. He scowled at Ethel, who only smiled impudently over her partner's shoulder and went floating by. Frank Parry had come along and relieved him of the coquetties of Bee Laird and now he stood alone after an unsuccessful effort to cut in on Leighton.
Mrs. Parry frowned anxiously at the little tableau. She was tired and had a right to be. Fifteen years ago Parry had failed miserably, crashed against the wall, a bare blank wall where nothing remained. Mary Parry had withstood the shock gallantly; dismissed her servants, sold her lovely jewels, gave up her beautiful home and went to live in a poor pitiful little apartment, where damask and crystal gleamed oddly for the simple reason it was cheaper to keep that sort of thing than buy new ones. She did all the work, altho she had been brought up as a daughter of the rich. She made her own and Ethel's clothes, she sacrificed, scrimped, saved and denied herself, but one could not pity this woman. She was too brave. One could only admire her.

Gradually Parry, a brilliant business technician, had built up again until now they were on the old carefree luxurious footing. But the tired look had never quite left Mary's eyes. She had been thru too much and only fundamentals counted with her now. Pretty frocks and painted lips and a witty line were not the real things of life and so she did not desperately concern herself with them. This, it seemed, had been a mistake. Finally, the time came around to go home and Mary was glad.

Frank Parry was leaving for a business trip to New York early in the morning. "Why," said their frank daughter, "don't you take mother along?"

"Oh, no, my dear, I feel that I should stay home to look after you," her mother answered.

"Huh," was the rejoinder, "your handsome husband and my only father will need looking after in that wicked New York, a whole lot more seriously than I will."

Frank Parry laughed. He was very fond of Ethel—but she was a bit wild. "Better come home with us," he said looking at his watch.

"Oh, I haven't had half enough yet," replied Ethel, "you old folks run along. I'll make it before dawn."

She turned toward the waiting Jake, but suddenly young Mr. Morse obtruded his presence on the map directly before her and Jake smilingly admitted his defeat. As a matter of fact, he was ready to go home, too, his conversational feats far outmatching his dancing feet.

Late the next morning Mrs. Parry came to Ethel's room with her tray. Ethel was propped up in bed reading a magazine. She was gazing with unmistakable envy and admiration at a series of pictures with the provocative title of "Business Women Who Earn Fifty Thousand Dollars a Year or More." One in particular occupied her rapturous attention.

"Look, mother," she said, exchanging the magazine for her breakfast tray, "that one on the right is Eva Boutelle of the Swansea Cotton Mills. Isn't she gorgeous? Hope our husband and father doesn't fall for her—Ethel!" rebuked the mother, "your father has dealt with Swansea now for three years—"

"Yes," interrupted Ethel, "but he's never seen her before. Oh, of course, I was only joking, muddy. Don't be so literal. She must be a marvelous woman, tho. You know when her husband failed, instead of sitting down and failing with him, she went right at the business and put it on its feet again. That's my idea of a wife for you!" she added, unconsciously stabbing her mother's heart.

"I wish—I wish I had tried that," said Mary Parry, wistfully.

"Oh, well, mother, you know it really wasn't considered respectable in your day."

Eva's stenographer walked in and laid a sheaf of opened mail on the desk. Her look spoke volumes.
"But after all, my dear, just being respectable isn't much to accomplish in life."

"It's enough for some women," Ethel said comfortably. "You were just as good a sport in your way. Let's go down town this morning and look at a fur coat for your blondest daughter. She really needs it."

Mary Parry laughed and ran her fingers affectionately through her daughter's shining hair. "Well, hurry up, dear. That's exactly what we will do."

In the big impressive New York offices of the Swansea Cotton Company, Eva Bontelle sat before her desk with folded hands. This was not an habitual position with her, but she was thinking very hard. She and her husband had gotten home late from a dinner dance the night before and he had not gone to bed at all, but packed his bag for a trip out West on business. He was one of those men who simply couldn't help philandering, but who loved his wife for all that. When he left he had looked down at her curled up and half asleep in bed, and said:

"You pretty thing! I'll bet every man you meet tries to flirt with you—"

"Don't judge all men by yourself, my gallant butterfly," was her sly but smiling retort.

Bontelle had the grace to look guilty. It was that little taint of guilt that made her serious now. But a business office is not particularly conducive to musing. A Mr. Frank Parry was announced. Fairfield, the president, had turned him over to Eva Bontelle—an important customer, that meant. She must treat him rather well.

Parry was fascinated from the start, as indeed all men were. It was difficult to talk business with this glamorous woman, although she maintained a strictly impersonal attitude; getting out price sheets and cost memoranda in a most businesslike manner. Parry suddenly hitched his chair closer and immediately thereafter became embarrassed at this sudden proximity.

"I beg your pardon," he murmured, conventionally, but queer little shivers of feeling were chasing their lawless way up and down his spine.

She raised her hand and smiled a little at his chivalry, and business was resumed—for a while. He got up and walked to the window. He really hadn't felt this way about anybody since he was a kid. He looked down into the steep sides of the four walls of the building to the stone flooring of the court.

"Like a monsieur beehive," said a voice, and Eva Bontelle drew near him, "all filled with toil—"

"And money," was the cynical reply.

Directly opposite then was a law office. The lawyer had just interrupted his dictation to kiss his pretty

Their kiss was long and strong, mutual and reciprocal. Eternity brooded upon it . . .

woman in his arms. She struggled a little and smiled a great deal. He tried to kiss her full red lips, but she tossed her head cleverly and the kiss fell on her blue-black hair. Suddenly a bell shrilled thru the office. Mrs. Bontelle sat down hastily at her desk. Parry stood still, scowling. Miss Leeds, Eva's stenographer, walked in and laid a sheaf of opened mail on her desk and walked out silently, but with a look that spoke volumes.

"—I rang the bell," volunteered Eva.

"Forgive me," said Parry. "I am a beast—"

"Oh no," smiled Eva, "you only did your duty."

"My duty?"

"Well, it seems to be the business of the average man to challenge every woman he meets to a wrestling match."

"I am ashamed," said Parry, simply. "But may—may I come around again tomorrow?"

"Yes, of course," answered the woman trying, but without success, to make her tone businesslike.

Over her desk on the opposite wall was a framed print of a Spanish swordsman. In his hand was a slender rapier. Eva loved this picture, she loved the slender flexible look of the blade—undoubtedly a Toledo blade, the finest in the world. Eva felt that she was like that fine flexible steel. She would bend, but ah—she would never break. Everyone bends, but the important thing was not to break. Well, she hadn't yet . . .

The next day in her office was like the day before. She and Parry went thru cost sheets, wrangled amiably about prices, drew closer together, looked out the window again and found everybody—working. Even so, the vivid pictures of yesterday flashed thru Parry's mind—and Eva's. Suddenly without meaning to at all he
seized her in his arms again. This time she did not struggle, but without any volition of her own her face turned up to his. Their kiss was long and strong, mutual and reciprocal. Eternity brooded upon it and cons of time went by. Suddenly thru the golden haze Parry saw his wife's face sharply, distinctly. They sprang apart as Miss Leeds knocked on the door, and entering swiftly from the brick, handed Mrs. Bottelle a telegram.

It was from Harry Bottelle wiring his wife for a thousand dollars to get him out of some scrape. Calmly Eva gave the order to Miss Leeds to deposit the necessary sum to her husband's credit. Parry was stunned.

"Do you love your husband?" he asked, point blank.

"Yes," positively.

"Are you true to him?" fiercely.

"As true as steel," smilingly.

"How true is that?" "Steel bends, you know," she said, a little wistfully. "In ancient Toledo—Spain not Ohio—they made a famous steel blade . . . the better the steel, the farther it can bend, without snapping . . . the quicker it goes back to the straight . . . I am Toledo true . . ."

"Will you let me come again?" Parry asked, as on the days before.

"Yes, of course—but dine with me tonight," she added, impulsively, with a real sympathy for Parry's emotional struggle.

He was grateful, so grateful for the beautiful evening that the next day found him making most unaccountable preparations for a business conference. After arraying himself in his most fashionable garments he went out and bought a ring, a very valuable ring, a five thousand dollar diamond ring.

Fairfield was in the office twittering Eva on the fact that she had not yet landed the Parry-Morton contract. "Oh. I'll get it today, never fear," she said as Parry was announced.

Back in Toledo a mother sobbed in the comforting arms of her daughter. "Don't cry, mother darling," Ethel said, "you know he is often delayed. You never weep before this one and it really was decent of him to telegraph. Business is business, mother. You simply don't make love in an office. It isn't done."

Ethel had been working now for several days and consequently knew all about it, working over her mother's tearful protest and fearful, "what will your father say?" "Oh, he likes women in business, he said so," Ethel had retorted, and that was what had brought them to Eva Bottelle.

Eva was at that moment again in the arms of Frank Parry. Again and again he kissed her mouth, caressed her hair and her throat. The signed contract lay before them on the desk. With his arm still around her, Parry reached in his pocket for the ring. "I want to give you—this," he said. But the ring was not there.

He was rather concerned. After all five thousand dollars is a lot of money. He explained to Eva . . .

"Dont cry, mother darling," Ethel said. "He is often delayed. And you don't make love in an office. Business is business."

"must have left it at home . . . just for remembrance sake . . . you can misunderstand . . . I'll send it to you . . ." he kissed her passionately again.

"Oh," cried the tortured woman, finally, "help me—help me to be good. I want to be—but my soul is as guilty as tho my body had been—"

She drew away in a sharp revulsion of feeling.

"But you love me—" the man stated.

"No, no," was her agonized reply, "not truly. I'm not true to you or to myself—or to my husband."

Her husband was on his way to her office, having returned unexpectedly sooner from his business trip, as husbands are often popularly credited with doing. Eva was saying no with her lips to Parry's pleading, and yes with her eyes when Harry Bottelle pushed his way into the room. A care-free happy-go-lucky sort of man, who noticed nothing amiss, having been told that his wife was closeted with an important customer. In any event, he was so concerned over his own immediate difficulty that had he caught his wife in Parry's arms he would scarcely have noticed it.

Eva went over to him. "Oh Harry," she said, "you're almost an answer to a prayer."

Parry bowed himself stiffly out. He had no intention of being so much as introduced to the husband of this woman. Did her eyes still plead? He could not tell. Was there a flicker of hope, of appeal? It seemed so—but he could not be sure. Bottelle accorded him a perfunctory nod. No doubt about his wanting him to go, which he did without more ado, carefully avoiding the inscrutable eyes of the woman who had so lately lain warm in his arms, whose mouth had clung to his in delirious kisses . . . But Parry, as the popular phrase goes, had stepped out of the picture.

"Well, Eva, my dear," said Harry, "I'm as good as gone—absolutely ruined—unless you can raise a heap of money and pretty damn quick——"

"Oh Harry," said Eva in a flat disappointed voice.

"Come on, Eva, be a sport."

"Well, here's my commission on the Parry-Morton contract——"

"Thanks, old dear—but it's not anywhere near enough. You've always come across before, Eva—you can't let me sink now——"

Eva started to weep bitterly in a very agony of fatigue, an ineffable weariness of spirit rather than of body. When her husband, who had never seen her give way before, tried to take her in his arms, she repulsed him, albeit gently. There was the memory of those other arms too close upon her.
After a little while she had figured out a way to extricate her practically worthless spouse. His gratitude was pathetic. "Eva," he said, "you're the bravest and best wife that ever lived—as sharp and as true as steel."

She smiled a little sadly as her thoughts flew back to Parry, but this time she did not avoid her husband's kiss, accepted it rather in a spirit of grateful happiness and returned it with content.

When Parry got home, there was no one to meet him. His wife was shopping and his daughter was "at work." He wandered idly thru the house taking in all the little evidences of his wife's incurable domesticity; her knitting, her household account book, and so on. Ethel's room was in great disorder. One evidently couldn't be domestic and businesslike at the same time. Prominently displayed on an untidy dressing-table was a photograph under which was scrawled in a most unbusinesslike hand: "My new ideal!" Parry smiled wryly and went to his own room to unpack.

There his wife found him and insisted upon taking over the job as was her custom.

"Ethel is working," she began.

"So I have discovered."

"Gilbert is furious."

"Has a right to be," said Parry unexpectedly.

"Is it for me?" she asked, bringing to light a ring box with its glittering treasure intact. The lost ring! Eva's ring!

"Yes, of course," answered her husband, turning red.

"Oh, you darling!" cried Mary Parry, misunderstanding the blush. She put it on her hand and then slowly drew it off. "No," she said—hesitatingly, "it belongs to some one young—and beautiful—"

"Mary," said her husband solemnly, "you are young enough—and much too beautiful."

This time Mary blushed and Frank Parry gave her her due. He grabbed her in his arms with a boyish hug and she laughed happily. Parry, too, smiled, and if there was more of sadness in his smile than of happiness, at least there was no one to see.

"My dear—" expostulated his wife.

"She'd better give up her job and marry him. Lots more happiness that way."

"Oh, well, I think she will. It's just a phase with her—"

"Usually is—with women," he retorted, closing his mind to thought of the one he had left in New York.

"Tell me about this Mrs. Boutelle. Frank," Mary asked, curiously.

"Well—she—I—" stammered her husband, and was mercifully saved by a sharp exclamation from his wife.

Parry bowed himself stiffly out. He had no intention of being so much as introduced to the husband of this woman. Did her eyes still plead? He could not tell. Was there a flicker of hope? It seemed so. But he could not be sure.
We crossed our heart and hoped to die if these baby pictures of Colleen weren't returned to the family album of the House of Moore as soon as we were thru with them. After all, you can understand how the family would feel about them. The young Mrs. John McCormick at the top of the page is not very different from the wee Colleen in the other two photographs. We are assured the picture on the left is the first time Colleen ever cried in front of a camera.
Vignettes of the Studios

Motion pictures are made in the different California studios. But here their similarity ends—as you know, if you have been reading the colorful and concise vignettes we publish every month. Miss Steele knows these studios as you know your church—your club-house—your neighborhood. She is a habitué of these hot-houses where some growths are cultivated and matured with skill and care and where others are forced to bloom too soon.

IX. Vitagraph

By

SALLY STEELE

The almost-forgotten studio of Hollywood—Vitagraph.

Its nineteen acres spread at the base of the foothills, in what might be termed Hollywood’s rural district. Streets leading to it, lined with weather-beaten cottages, trail exhaustedly to an end as they near the studio.

The surge and sweep of Hollywood, in its expansion, has been in an exactly opposite direction. It is only ebb-tide that this neighborhood knows.

Vitagraph is the easiest studio in Hollywood for the sight-seer to enter. Seldom is there a watchman at the gateway. Occasionally one appears with a fierce challenge, but as a rule it is quite possible for a carload of uninvited visitors to wander thru the archway and roam about to their hearts’ content. They may come across one company or another working on one of the seven stages—they may, on the other hand, venture in during a period of arrested production, and Vitagraph knows many of these, when the studio seems entirely deserted excepting for a small office force, and the inevitable group of loiterers under the big pepper-tree shown in the photograph.

Listlessness reigns.

Vitagraph believes in signs. One sees them plastered everywhere, on the yellow stucco administration buildings, on the crude green-painted dressing-rooms of galvanized iron, on the closed and open stages. Proclamations, orders, demands, requests, meet the eye everywhere. No one pays any attention to them. Frequently there is no one there to see them.

Alice Calhoun is the only player under contract here. A few years ago a half-dozen comedy and serial companies gave the lot a sort of circus gaiety and color, but these have long since scattered and disappeared.

There drifts over Vitagraph the melancholy of late autumn days, when sear leaves tumble in the wind. Hollywood wonders if it ever again will breathe of the spring.

But Hollywood, in the full tide of its vigor, is too busy to worry much about that. Or to care.

The almost forgotten studio of Hollywood—Vitagraph. ... There drifts over this studio the melancholy of late autumn days, when sear leaves tumble in the wind. Hollywood wonders sometimes if it ever again will breathe of the spring.
MR. FRED THOMPSON was just tickled to death when he found out he was about to be interviewed and have his pictures in the magazine and everything. He was especially delighted, I'm sure, that the interviewer assigned to the task of presenting him to the dear public was a woman. Mr. Thompson just loves to be interviewed, especially by women.

Yes, he does—not.

I tracked that man for a week. Martin Johnson, the movie big-game hunter, who would walk a mile for a camel and do goodness knows what for a lion, has nothing on me now when it comes to bounding his prey. In fact, I'm certain I could give him a few pointers.

If it had not been for Frances Marion, who combines the pleasant occupation of being our lead-

Fred Thompson hates grease-paint and the screen wouldn't have held him this long if he had not seen here an opportunity to stimulate the interest of boys and men in athletics by appearing in a series of outdoor pictures. Silver King is the name of the thoroughbred mount

ing scenario writer with that of being Fred Thompson's wife, I doubt that I ever should have caught him. She invited me to luncheon one day, and before Mr. Thompson arrived, smoothed the way graciously by explaining that Mr. Thompson did not yet understand that interviews were a necessary part of a film actor's program. I had about decided to forget all about him, and interview Miss Marion, when he roared up the driveway in his roadster.

A moment later he stood in the French doorway leading to the garden, and faced me. There was, in his eye, I may say, the look of a stricken deer, done to the death at the hand of one loved and trusted. However, he rallied round and accepted an introduction politely enough. He is not, however, past master at concealing his private convictions. I know that he was convinced I would go and write up a lot of slush about him. Someone, sometime, I'm morally certain, has gushed over Mr. Thompson in the public press, and he never has forgotten, nor despite his Christian principles, forgiven it.

During luncheon the conversation was general, tho, of course, the leading topic was motion pictures—the criticism and censorship of pictures, the difficulty of transferring to the screen such stage successes as "Anna Christie" and "Rain"; and such books as "Cytherea," the Hergesheimer novel recently adapted by Miss Marion. She led the conversation, expressing herself freely. I should like to give you some of her
views, but I cannot be certain that this would please her, as she was not talking for publication, of course. You probably have heard Miss Marion spoken of as the most beautiful as well as the most brilliant woman in Hollywood. I give you my report on her in two words.

She is.

But back to Mr. Thompson. After luncheon I cornered him in the living-room, alone, Miss Marion having left for the studio—and wrung from him the story of his life. For the most part as he talked, he stamped up and down the pleasant, sunny room, his hands thrust deep in his pockets. He is of muscular build, over six feet tall I should say, his hair is brown and decidedly curly (much to his private disgust, no doubt) and his eyes are of a light-grey blue. Peculiar eyes. The eyes of an idealist.

I don't know how much you already know about him. He hasn't appeared in many pictures. His first rôle was that of a German officer in Mary Pickford's "The Love Light." Afterward, he accepted roles in three or four other feature pictures, and last year did a serial for Universal. Now he is engaged in making feature western pictures.

But Fred Thompson the man will, I believe, always be more interesting than Fred Thompson the actor. The story of his life reads like that of a Harold Bell Wright or Ralph Connor hero, written up by Peter B. Kyne. If you think such a combination impossible, harken to the following, my friends.

Fred Thompson is the son of a Presbyterian minister, was born in Pasadena, a few miles from Los Angeles, and graduated from Occidental College here. He then departed for Princeton, where he took a three-year postgraduate course in philosophy and theological work.

During those three years at Princeton, Mr. Thompson did a few things besides study philosophy and theology. If you're a college man or woman, or a high-school student particularly interested in sports, you know that Fred Thompson won the National Ten-Events Championship of the U. S. A. in '10, '11, and '13, and in the latter year won the title of world's champion all-round athlete.

That record has not been broken so far, his young brother now at Oxford being the only man who has even approached it. It has been predicted that Fred Thompson's record will see the century out.

At the close of his three years at Princeton, the world's champion athlete entered the ministry, his first charge being Peck-Memorial at Washington, D. C. A year later found him

(Continued on page 108)
The Costume Picture

I HATE costume pictures
They puzzle me ...

Half the time
It's quite impossible to tell
The leading lady from the
Leading man ...
Give him a curly wig,
Silk stockings and
Lace at his wrists ... 
And try to find him!
He goes Narcissus-
Ing around ...

Tossing rosebuds into
Marble pools ... 
Or draping himself across a
Good Hard Working
Sun-Dial ...

When
I finally have him established
As a husky gallant
Despite his trailing
Satins ...
Along comes the
heroine
With her hair cut
off

And a sword
dangling ...

She swaggers up
and down in
Hip Boots and
Swears Gadzooks
she'll

Have the villain's
blood
E'er yonder sun
Sinks down behind the
Joseph Urban
scenery ...
Then she kicks
over a

Few urns ...

Dangles on ivy
trelliswork
A thousand feet
above the
Ground ...

Lands on the back of her
Fierce stallion and is
Off with spurs
jingling ...

About the time that I
Recover from this shock and

According
To
HELEN CARLISLE

Illustrations by
Eldon Kelly

Realize that she's
A Perfect Lady tho
Athletic ...

My evening is completely
Ruined by some such
Title as the following:
"That Night: The Garden of
The Tuileries ..."
I pass out shrieking when
I recognize The Garden
As belonging to the
Nifty Estate of
A local merchant who owns
Two Los Angeles Department
Stores ...

"Our Prices Always Right ...
Just Watch Our Bargain
Basement ..."

This is too much ...

Louis the Fourteenth
May come hoofing it
Down the pathway in his
Most heart sating
Ruffles ...
The lords and ladies of the
Court may chase
Each other thru the ...

Hedges or play
Drop the Hand-
kercief

Until they're
woozy ...

I see them not.
I fall to wondering whether
'Twould be cheaper
to buy a
Good Spring Suit
this Fall
Or wait and get a
Good Fall Suit
next Spring ...

I am still in doubt
When Louis and the Court
Tire of their Sev-
enteenth
Century Frolics
Or what have you ...
And go dancing off the
Scene with Kosloff
gestures ...
The Noble
Chevalier
(Continued on page 104)
When Helene Chadwick left the little New York town named for her fathers, it is doubtful if her young dreams even approached the things she has since achieved. Chadwick town has learned to boast of its daughter.

When production was delayed recently on "Monsieur Beaucaire," Helene was forced to give up playing the English girl in order to keep faith with her contract to star in "Love of Women"
Each a Law Unto Himself

Drawings by John Decker

"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" brought Rex Ingram into prominence suddenly, with the brilliance of a meteor. And he has retained his prestige thru a series of widely varied productions. Alice Terry, his wife, and Ramon Novarro have found their stardom thru his direction. An artist of the brush and chisel, he is a man of unusual intelligence... and in his composite are the whimsies and the humors of the Celt. Despite these temperamental things, we understand he is more dependable than artists are wont to be.

Eric von Stroheim deals always with extremes. He tears the cover from life, and his frankness has a brilliant, brittle sophistication. His productions delight the critics, interest and startle the public and shock those guardians of the public morals, the censors. Producers are terrified at his extravagances in time, film and dollars. But he has the unmistakable flame of genius and might find his name histrionic in the annals of the motion picture if he would accept a balance-wheel in the guise of a consulting assistant.

Cecil B. DeMille makes the pictures which enjoy the greatest commercial success. He has created a new race of people, the cinematic wealthy.... Yet just when you are about to decide that DeMille is a showman and not an artist, he produces the first half of "The Ten Commandments" and wins your praise and profound admiration. In Hollywood, he is a czar. And his large staff which answers him in awed "Yes, Mr. DeMilles" is called "The Whispering Chorus" in film circles.

D. W. Griffith is a pioneer. He knew the first motion pictures, but he has kept apace, a standard-bearer. Erudite and cynical critics have been known to sniffle "hokum" thru their tears when viewing his pictures. The first kiss... the tragic little country girl in the city. These things become glamorous and poignant beneath the Griffith spell. He gave the screen its memorable "Broken Blossoms," and has now added laurels to his illustrious brow with the historical "America"
Stars and Their Styles Make Interesting Talk.
Here Ethel Chaffin, Modiste to a Score of Stars, Speaks With Authority

Confessions of the Stars' Modiste
By HELEN CARLISLE

WHEN Ethel Chaffin speaks on the subject of clothes, it is well to heed what she has to say. For five years she has designed the gowns and wraps worn on the screen by the Famous Players-Lasky stars, including Pola Negri, Gloria Swanson, Nita Naldi, Leatrice Joy, Agnes Ayres, Bebe Daniels and many other film luminaries.

Mrs. Chaffin is that individual rare in these days, a gentlewoman. She is slender and blue eyed, and soft of voice. Despite a quiet, retiring manner, however, Mrs. Chaffin has very definite ideas, and I can well imagine that the young actress who essays to cross swords with her invariably comes out loser in the battle.

During our conversation, which took place in her studio offices, she was constantly interrupted by ringing telephones and hurried assistants who wished to obtain her final word on this, that, and the other thing. Mrs. Chaffin, like a general directing maneuvers from headquarters, remained calm and unfurled.

"This department grew thru necessity," she explained. "Sometimes I am given only three or four days to get up the costumes for a picture, and we found that it..."
Lois Wilson expects the designer to create an impression of elaborateness. She lends no co-operation and is happiest in sport clothes. Mary Astor needs simple things—for her beauty has the spirit of tender years.

was impossible to get outside dressmakers to finish the work for us in time. So we decided to take it all over ourselves. I have on hand over three thousand gowns and wraps. They are constantly being altered. We never use the same garment twice without alteration.

“Every year I make a trip to New York to study the new styles, and when time permits I go over to Paris. I prefer seeing what the women are actually wearing in these places, tho, to attending fashion shows. At the races at Longchamps and Deauville, and on the Riviera during the winter, one sees what fashion dictates.

“There is no question in my mind, tho, that the American women are better groomed than foreign women. For one thing, our girls here will not permit themselves to grow stout, and show their clothes off to much better advantage than do the Frenchwomen, who seem indifferent in this matter.

“The most difficult period I have gone thru at the studio here was the long skirt period. Now, there are some girls who simply cannot wear long skirts. Bebe Daniels and May MacAvoy, for instance, look exactly like little girls dressed up in their mother’s clothes, when they attempt to wear them.

“Gloria Swanson, tho, must have the long lines. Gloria knows how to wear clothes better than any woman I have ever known. In reality, Gloria does not wear more striking things than our other stars. You may doubt this, but it is true. She is interested, tho, in whatever she puts on, vitally interested. She wears it with an air. She does not expect clothes alone to create an impression for her. She lends her personality to them. When women have learned this secret of Gloria’s, they will have discovered how to make the most of their appearance.

“Lois Wilson, on the other hand, does not lend herself to what she is wearing. Lois is happiest in plain dresses or sports clothes. When it is necessary for her to wear the more elaborate type of thing, she expects the designer to create the desired impression, and this is impossible without her co-operation. If Lois would become interested in wearing the lovelier things, herself, she would find that she can wear them beautifully. It is a quality she should cultivate.

“Pola Negri’s tastes are extremely simple. She is restless and impatient in elaborate creations. They seem to hamper and annoy her. But let her put on a little costume like the gypsy one she wore in ‘The Spanish Dancer’ and she just lets herself go. She’s like a child.

“Betty Compson and Agnes Ayres are what I call the ‘lady type of girl.’ Dainty hand-embroidered frocks, chiffons and organdies are for them. Leatrice Joy’s type of beauty permits the wearing of the more striking creations. Like Gloria, she gives personality to her clothes. Nita Naldi wears the bizarre creations well. Nothing is too severe for her almost barbary beauty.”

According to Mrs. Chaffin, the Lasky stars are a tractable lot of young ladies when being fitted for their clothes. Having witnessed outbursts of temper and flares of rage more than once, in modistes’ shops, I expected to find that in such a group of high-powered celebrities, there would be little to the peace of nations when things went wrong; and costumes did not meet with their approval.

But Mrs. Chaffin says this isn’t true, at all, tho I doubt that this diplomatic little lady would tell state secrets if it were.

“No, the stars never indulge in temperament, up here. Each one is quite patient about her fittings, but invariably is more interested in the clothes she is to wear in a picture, if she is happy in the rôle assigned her. The leading players gave me no difficulty, but this is not always so true of the extra girls and minor players, who frequently wish to wear the most elaborate and showy things in the wardrobe. They think the camera will pick them up—that they will be noticed more quickly in clothes of this sort, no matter how inappropriate.”

Mrs. Chaffin took me thru the wardrobe department, which might be described in a word, as any woman’s paradise. Gowns of every description were there, gem-encrusted robes, fur-trimmed evening wraps, frocks of the most exquisite materials, velvets, satins, metal cloth and brocades, rare imported materials. It might have been the wardrobe of a Beatrice d’Este, reigning in an Age of Gold.

“You can see,” said Mrs. Chaffin with pardonable pride, “that we use no make-shift materials. Everything is of the very best quality. Of course,” she added,
displaying a négilée hand-painted in elaborate and intricate design, "the colors do not show up on the screen, but our girls are only human, you know, and they enjoy wearing colors. I think you'll find every hue of the rainbow here."

"Yes," I agreed, "and a good many that the rainbow left out. Do the directors show a great deal of interest in the clothes their stars are to wear in a production?" I asked.

"Yes, indeed," answered Mrs. Chaffin, "the I should say that Cecil De Mille and Herbert Brenon show more interest than do any of the others. Probably I should include William De Mille in that statement," she laughed. "You know, as a rule he does the simple, heart-interest type of story, but when he has the script for a picture requiring elaborate costumes, you should just see him plunge! He delights in it."

"Before production starts on a picture," she explained, "I always go over the script with the director, and we decide how many changes of costume the principal women players are to have. Then my artists sketch designs. Some of the directors can visualize more easily than others from the designs, how the finished costumes will look, and frequently have suggestions and ideas that are of great value to me. I welcome suggestions from the stars, too, when they wish to offer them."

I gained the credit for the unusual and original styles created at this studio, belonged rather to the designers in the wardrobe department than to either stars or directors. We stood now before a glass case filled with jeweled head-dresses.

"The bobbed-hair vogue has made bandeaux and head-dresses popular," said Mrs. Chaffin, "but young women should be careful to select such ones as suit their individuality. In designing head-dresses for our stars, we study the face very carefully. The hair ornament has become part of the fashionable woman's toilette, but unless it suits the personality of the wearer, it detracts from, rather than adds to her appearance."

"Mrs. Chaffin," I said, "frequently the stars of the screen are criticized as being overdressed. The explanation is invariably given that the motion picture audiences demand exotic, bizarre and

Elaborate creations make Pola Negri restless and impatient. They hamper and annoy her. And Gloria Swanson lends her personality to whatever she wears. When a woman learns this secret of Gloria's, she has learned to make the most of her appearance.
There is something of the siren in every woman, and this knowledge, as old as Eve in the first garden, is the story found in

The Girl Who Couldn't Be Bad

A New Serial

By

Henry Albert Phillips

Meet Miss Hope Brown! She would be very pleased to shake hands with you were it not that her hands are covered with suds from the dishwater. At this moment Hope is pleased beyond measure to meet anyone outside of her own household. Tonight she hates the Browns and everybody else in the whole of Pocustown, California.

But, before we leave the Brown kitchen with any bad opinion of Hope, let us get behind this hate complex and try to understand and bear with the young lady. No one was ever born with hate in his soul. Rather we are, all of us, aimless, loving—and beloved—in our earliest hours. If we are different when we grow up, then something has changed us. And, if we are so changeable, we can be changed a second time.

The trouble with Hope Brown was that she was spirited, whereas most of her small-town girl friends were made of sawdust. Now, that was perverse of Hope, but the poor girl simply could not help being that way. Some outsiders might have contended that she was perfectly normal and natural in her instincts and longings and in her desire to live a modern youthful life. Her parents, however, belonged to a generation of hardshell Puritans who often killed those they would save and—like bats—enjoyed the gloom and could not perceive anything but dark deeds in the happy, normal life of many others.

Hope, and her brother, Hank, were treated like children of darkness because of their rebellion against being perpetually suppressed, for their father believed and practised all the severities of the prophets; also that a sinner or one leaning towards sin is hateful in the sight of God! Thus Hope's chances both here and hereafter seemed limited.

So the only life that Hope really and truly knew
Illustrations by May Cornelia Burke

intimately and comprehendingly was the narrow existence in her own home amidst long prayers, longer faces, drudgery, constant punishment, reform discussion, sighs over evil, darkened rooms, early-to-bed and early-to-rise and other things—no brighter and no livelier than these. Thus was she made to feel and understand that all things her family did not do were evil. With the unlooked-for result that, in growing constantly to hate the things that were called “good,” she came at length to desire to be “bad.”

Hope Brown’s mood had reached the psychological moment that evening as she stood sullenly washing the dishes. It would require but little more to rouse it into effective rebellion with a consequent rush to the other side in the swing of the pendulum.

II

Let us begin any week during the seventeen dull years of Hope’s suppressed life. We will rise with Hope and the rest of the family at five-thirty on Monday morning. This is about the time that the austere, gloomy, professional and unrelenting piety began, and it was still going strong at bedtime. Hate of all unreligious evil is the only emotion that dared show itself throughout the entire day.

The Bible is the only book and tracts the only papers or magazines that Hope and Hank have been allowed to read in all their life. Let us concede at once that the Bible is the best book that ever has been and ever can be written and that certain parts of it are the best kind of reading for both the young and old idea. But in this jazz age, tracts and treacle can no longer be swallowed by youth and they are guaranteed to bring on a violent case of dyspeptic rebellion.

So, it may readily be guessed of both Hope and Hank, tho in their later teens and full grown, that their knowledge of the world was rather narrow. Specifically, they knew that the world was full of evil and that their home reeked with goodness. They were actually taught that to smile broadly was to beckon the devil and that unrestrained merriment was the human reflection of hellfire. Dancing, movies, novel reading, tobacco, gum chewing and drinking were all sins of the first water. Fine clothes, furbelows and perfumes were all devil made.

They never, for one minute, would admit that hell could be raised gossiping over a cup of tea, almost as easily as it could to the clink of highball glasses, and that dancing, might be healthier for body and soul than too much praying in a cramped and bigoted atmosphere.

But Hope and Hank were of a different generation. Parents could starve their bodies and souls like ascetics, if they enjoyed that sort of thing—and they really seemed to; they could revel in piety; they could wear plain clothes that went so well with their long faces and long prayers, but it seemed a little thoughtless and unwise of them to try to force all men to go and do likewise.

Ezekiel Brown, Hope’s Puritanical hardshell father, whose one delight lay in doing the Lord’s bidding from the Old Testament standpoint, did not always seem in accord with Christ’s teaching—“above all, love ye one another.” With his Mosaic piety he crushed and stultified, and in this same man to whom he would show grace he often roused active rebellion. Thus he was often wont to do much harm to the cause he had espoused. He believed in no form of mirth, levity or pleasure for pleasure’s sake, and sadly frowned upon them all as citric fruit of the devil. Ezekiel was Pocustown’s reform leader, in addition to being an indefatigable mission worker as well. The whole world was his oyster and its sins his pearl of great price.

Mrs. Sarah Brown was in every respect just as good as her husband. Hope’s mother had been born under a shadow of professional piety—a preacher’s only daughter—and her soul had remained pale from never having seen the sun of a strong natural passion. Like her husband, Sarah Brown was ever seeking to do good and bring charity to the heathen Chinee, more often than not neglecting the Christian duties of motherhood and home. But somewhere behind this film of over-righteousness the true mother lingered. Really she bore a deep love for her children, even tho her stern religion did not permit her to indulge in its manifestations.

And, finally, there was Aunt Charity. We simply must
not forget Aunt Charity—people never did after they had once met her. Aunt Charity was altogether too pious, with the result that she went farther than nature would let her and, unconsciously, she became a hypocrite. For, while like the others of the gloomy flock she was obsessed with piety, she took a firm step farther into fanaticism. To buy her up under the terrible stress of her religion, she indulged freely in Parana Panacea Cure, which contained an illegal percentage of grain alcohol, with the impious result that her wildest fits of religion were nothing short of a Parana jag. Thus there was a strong breath to her religious fervor and an inquisition turn that gave her delight in seeing the victims of her piety suffer.

Pa and Ma Brown gave by far the larger part of their time to the reforming of the world in general and Pocus-town in particular. In their absence, Aunt Charity took care of the house and the Parana. The children largely took care of themselves. There were hours and hours when Aunt Charity dozed beside the kitchen sink in a half-stupor. And just as the devil had come sneaking into the kitchen, it seemed a good time for him to go stalking about the rest of the house!

III

When five-thirty arrived, Hope and Hank Brown would rather have slept than risen, even tho it was the day of the annual church picnic. But they were duly routed out of their comfortable beds by the pious Ezekiel, who frowned on their sloth as he did on practically all of their industry as well.

Several hours later, they met with the rest of the congregation—a slightly mournful appearing crowd, pastored by a minister who was the worst quince of all. This was the band on the high road to Heaven, candidates for the Angel Chorus and all the other celestial happinesses . . .

Let's go!

The girls were transported to the picnic in separate "carryalls" from the boys—much to their disappointment. Of course, their elders were furious over their admission of disappointment. When they arrived at the grove they were restricted to such amusements as were fitting for the ecclesiastical occasion. Here and there a little levity burst the stout seams of solemnity, but the pious elders suppressed any attempts to become unduly merry. Thus, long before the arrival of high noon, youth had been curdled to the same sorriness of pious age. All was as it should be on such a Sunday School occasion, when the young people were assembled with ravenous appetites around the long table piled high with shoe boxes of dry sandwiches and plates bearing sticky layer cakes. A long grace intervened and enlarged their appetites. Praise the Lord! The poor things!

When they returned home the same afternoon—the girls in their closed carriages—they were wearied with their well doing!

But, let us get on with our week of goodness. It was Tuesday at breakfast time and the inevitable grace was being said by Brother Ezekiel. Hope and Hank happened to look up and catch each other's eye in mutual agony—and smile! But Ezekiel's sharp eye is always half on the Lord and half on the devil. He always manages to see all that the devil does and take for granted a large part of the Lord's works. Because of this sin, he prolonged his appeal for all sinners. The prayer over, righteousness burst forth and the children were ordered to their rooms, sans breakfast, for their impious behavior!

Hope showed herself to be unregenerate by objecting to being treated—with her brother—like a child. It was the strongest outburst of rebellion, temper and spirit that she had ever manifested.

Wednesday. Now for lunch with the Browns. Hope and Hank had labored hard all the morning and were now more than ready to devour their midday meal. But they waited in vain for their parents, who were right in the midst of the hot campaign for the anti-wet candidate and had utterly forgotten that they had a home or needed a meal.

Aunt Charity who is always ready to receive the lash of righteousness uncomplainingly—provided others suffer with her—accepted the sacrifice and refused to serve the meal until the parents came home. Hope and her brother protested in vain, and went hungry in consequence—but bearing a new grudge against the narrow religion that was grinding the savor out of their young lives.

Be it said, honestly, however, that the parents with all the other solemn crusaders were rescued from the qualms of hunger when a lean one of their number fainted for lack of food. Then they all realized that they had not broken bread, and refreshments were provided in the White Ribbon Sewing Rooms without delay.

It may seem like imposing on inhospitality, but we simply must spend the whole of this week at the Browns, if we are to get the true psychology of what follows. So we join the rest of the band, and troop in there on Thursday to the Missionary Tea. Now, it may seem a little mean under the circumstances, but we can't help observing many of the petty ills of the flesh thriving right here under the very eyes of stern religion. Gossip, envy, uncharitableness and hypocrisy are in evidence!

These missionaries were a hungry crowd and it took
all that Hope and Hank could do under the driving power of Aunt Charity to serve the dealers in heathen souls. And, having worked like slaves, Hope and her brother found hours later that there was practically nothing left for them. This made Hank laugh out in sheer irony. The activities of the Missionary Tea ceased for a moment as tho a bombshell had burst in their midst. The missionary leader looked to Brother Ezekiel for an explanation of such undue levity in his house at such a solemn moment.

Brother Ezekiel stalked into the kitchen like an avenging angel and sent his two recalcitrant children to their rooms. And in this he added to the smouldering embers of rebellion.

On Friday evening several of the leaders of good cause gathered at the Browns for supper. Again Hope and her brother were ignored, except for a constant demand on their labors. Again they went almost supperless, being obliged to take the leader’s cold leftovers.

Saturday wound up by Hope and Hank being severely punished by their father for scrutinizing, with an obviously thirsting curiosity and desire, some lurid movie posters that had been plastered on the board fence of the empty lot across the way. Other young people were looking at the posters at the same time and they were telling each other what a wonderful afternoon they were going to have seeing that eight-reel super-special “The Dark Woman’s Secret.”

On this occasion, the rod that had been spared and spoiled the children was used, with a resultant open rebellion on the part of both Hope and Hank that astonished Ezekiel and brought out all the godliness in his right arm.

After his pious labors he was obliged to go to his room and take an extra dose of Para Panacea Cure, with instant stimulating effects. An hour later he was sleeping the sleep of the righteous under the devil’s subtle sway. And thus ended a good week.

With Hope Brown in her room indulging in a very elaborate tantrum, in which she has wrecked every emblem of righteousness and finally expressed the hate she feels by telling the bedpost in no uncertain accents: “Yes, and the very first chance I get, I’m going to run away and then be bad, bad, BAD!”

And if this should ever come to pass—which, of course, we hope it won’t—we shall know the reason why, and, in telling other people about it, be in a good position to say just who is to blame and how much so.

In this day and generation, we would—for want of a worse name—call Mr. Miles Orkney a bootlegger.

But Orkney, like most of us, had been other and better things. Among others, he had been a pretty fair sort of a husband—and father. But Orkney had always been a “pretty” man—they called him that when he went back to his little home town after conquering (or so he thought) many of the vices of the city. And it was the natural thing for Jennie Folsom—the prettiest girl in town—to fall in love with him. Orkney married Jennie and took her back to the city with him.

Then Jennie began to learn things about her Miles. He was a traveling liquor salesman. This may or may not have been against him in the city, but if certainly was not in his favor in his home town when they found it out. It affected Jennie directly in that her Miles periodically consumed a large quantity of his samples. Jennie did,
her best to reform Miles and he assisted her to the best of his ability, especially after the birth of their daughter. From that time on the daughter was Orkney's only good angel and all might have gone well if the girl had lived longer than the slim seventeen years which were given to her.

Within three years' time, Miles Orkney had descended the ladder to almost the lowest depths. Despite the incoming of Prohibition, wine, women, and song engaged all his leisure attention and Jennie went back home to her mother. Released of all restraints and obligations of decency, Miles Orkney made his pace faster and faster. He became exceedingly more prosperous as a bootlegger. He continued to serve his old customers in small towns and picked up many new ones.

It would be at this time in his career—good looking at forty-one, if you liked his type—that Orkney blew into Pocustown to serve his regular customers.

Ezekiel Brown was, of course, the greatest foe of the bootlegger in all Pocustown. Steve Brodie, the leader of the local bootlegging ring, had reason to remember Ezekiel because of the discovery of ten thousand dollars' worth of wet goods which the reformers had exposed to the revenue. Steve Brodie, therefore, had been looking for a chance ever since to get even with Ezekiel and his weak-livered tribe. When Miles Orkney came to town, Brodie thought he saw an opportunity to unload a little vengeance. He knew Miles Orkney from the ground up.

"Still like the women as much as ever, I suppose, Mr. Orkney?" he asked that gentleman.

"No—a little more than ever," Mr. Orkney assured him with a wink.

"Seen any girls around Pocustown that suit your fancy?"

"I dont look for 'em in country towns as a rule—I found one country girl, you know." Orkney had become a trifle sober in every sense.

"Only one?" asked Brodie, persisting in being jovial.

"Only one just like her—I married her." Orkney sighed.

"Well, that's news to me! I didn't know you'd be one who would go and make a mistake as that!"

"It was a mistake all right—for her."

"Oh, come now, Orkney. Buck up! Here, have another drink of that Scotch you brought us—it will steady you. There! Well, there's one girl in this town that they're all talkin' about. She's been led around by a halter all her life. Never been out in the pasture! The prettiest thing you ever see!"

"Lead me to her!" cried Orkney, throwing off all restraint again. "I'll spend my last dollar on her! I'll blow her to anything she says, anywhere she wants to go—that's the kind of a candy kid Miles Orkney is!" He took another glass from the bottle of Scotch, rose and put on his gray felt hat with a black band at a rakish angle and twisted his mustache.

"Here, here—not so fast! You're in Pocustown, not in Denver!" laughed Brodie. "Why, if anybody should run down Main Street here, he'd be arrested for exceedin' the speed of the Blue Laws!"

"Well, I'd like to see any rube in this town in my way—Miles Orkney speaking, if you please!"

"Well, all I ask is, that you run up against our Ezekiel Brown and I'll say you won't come out without scratches!"

"Bring him on! Then bring on his brothers and his uncles—and tie one hand behind my back!"

This is exactly the drunken bravado Brodie had hoped to arouse. "Well, this Ezekiel Brown is the man who is killing honest drinkin' in this town—and the whole state. We've got to do somethin' with him and to him, or our busines won't be worth a temperin' nail!"

"So that's the kind of a herring he is, is it? And now you speak of it, I have heard of him—Zeke Brown, head

(Continued on page 85)
The Editor Gossips

There are two kinds of ugliness. One has interest and poignancy and might easily mask a beauty of spirit. The other would seem to have its very birth in a mean and cramped nature. It is repellant.

We were talking about this to Dick Barthelmess the other day à propos of May McAvoy in "The Enchanted Cottage." Both Dick and May are ugly people in the story. But while Dick essayed the first ugliness, May's ugliness, to our mind, was the second kind.

It may be that Dick's explanation is right. "May is so very beautiful," he said. "She had to go to the very last extreme to efface her loneliness. Make-up suggesting shadows, unbecoming clothes and a lined face weren't enough in her case. Almost any other girl on the screen could have played May's part without going to such lengths. As a matter of fact, she was a bad choice for the part so far as her physical being was concerned. Her face is one of unsurpassing beauty."

We think this is very gallant of Dick, and we think he means what he says, but we disagree with him. May McAvoy is all that he says she is, but we stubbornly insist that she might have achieved an equal degree of ugliness with more subtle measures.

This picture, which is, incidentally, one of the most charming productions that has come from the studios in moons, was shown at a preview and tea at the Ritz Carlton, New York.

Mary Hay, the musical comedy star, who is Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, did the musical score and she was there, sitting with the musicians, in a supervisory capacity. Mrs. Barthelmess, Dick's mother, was there, too. When we spoke to her after the picture was over, her eyes were misty with tears. Dick is her idol and the realism he gave the war-twisted cripple was too much for her emotions.

"Cytherea" also had a preview at the Ritz. It was shown in the evening and followed by buffet refreshments. A number of interesting people were there. Alma Rubens came in just before the picture was shown with her mother and sister and her comparatively new husband, Doctor Daniel Carson Goodman. When we met them on our way into supper and asked him if he wasn't proud, he told us quite simply that he had been proud for months.

Miss Rubens might easily have swanked a little. It was her evening. But instead of arriving in beautiful evening clothes, she wore a dark dress and a hat which shaded her face. Her retiring manner is an inevitable part of her. But after all it is the little things people do, seemingly unimportant, inconsequential things that form your liking for them.

Constance Bennett, the flapper in the story, was also there in a party which included her distinguished father, Richard Bennett of stage fame. She was lovely in a shell-pink evening frock. We wouldn't be at all surprised to find her enjoying an early stardom. She has beauty and youth and undoubtedly a flair for the screen. And how many times have those first two qualities proved sufficient ... for an interlude of starring at least.

In the foyer was one of the Cytherean dolls. It is the new variety of doll with the long pipe-stem arms and legs ... and its face is a replica of Alma Rubens'. Someone said they were going to be manufactured for the shops, and if this is true they are sure to have a vogue.

A perfume has been created for "Cytherea," too. If we remember correctly, it is called "Goddess of Love."

The whole world is dieting and counting its calories anxiously.

One half seeks slim lines.
The other half hopes for a rounder curve.
All of which reminds us of an amusing story a member (Continued on page 117)
A Little Credit for R. A. Walsh, Please!

In reading the reviews of the Eastern critics on the magnificent and exquisite production, "The Thief of Bagdad," it is noticeable that with but one or two exceptions the critics were so anxious to sing the praises of Douglas Fairbanks (after they had first irrelevantly and at great length extolled the greatness of Morris Gest) that they quite forgot to make mention of any of the other members of the company, who undoubtedly must have had some influence in the making of the production. R. A. Walsh, director of the picture, for instance, did not come in for half the glory that should be his.

I happen to know something of the making of "The Thief of Bagdad." I have also had many talks with various staff members who worked on the production, and in all fairness Director Walsh must be given a generous share of whatever praise the film merits.

While Fairbanks is unquestionably a man of brilliance, and it would be an injustice to argue for a moment that he does not bear a mighty influence in every phase of any production in which he appears, still there are very often others who also play important parts in the success of even a Fairbanks production.

R. A. Walsh has one of the keenest and most imaginative minds to be found in the directing fraternity, and his masterful supervision of "The Thief of Bagdad" was undoubtedly a big factor in creating many of the qualities which have won the picture praise.

A Brief for Jack Pickford

Several times in these columns we have paid our respects to the acting ability of Jack Pickford. We think so much of Jack's talents, in fact, that in our recent book, "What's Wrong With The Movies?" we classed him among the twelve greatest actors on the screen. For certain reasons Jack has been handicapped by prejudices which many theatergoers have held against him, and our naming him as one of the silver screen's finest actors was greeted with much disapproval— if not ridicule. However, as time passes, we are firmer than ever in regard to our choice, and to those who doubt Jack's capabilities we suggest a viewing of his latest film, "The Hill Billy." In this picture young Pickford does some very excellent work.

Our Idea of a Good Picture

"Wild Oranges." Nothing great or unusual about the story, but perfectly directed by King Vidor, who gives it such a superb treatment that it is lifted right out of the ordinary. Beautiful scenery, a small cast, splendid acting, and a smooth running, convincing continuity. A model picture for other directors to imitate. "Wild Oranges" not only shows what King Vidor can do when he wants to, but it puts forward Virginia Valli as a gifted actress with a very promising future.

No Film Complete Without One

It is announced that De Mille, for a change, will film a simple story
of every-day life. Nevertheless, we will wager our ouija board against a Mah Jong set that Cecil B. has at least one glorious fade-back to ancient times.

More Movie Statistics

Henry Ford states that he will turn out no less than 2,000,000 flivvers this year. At least half of these will be bought by motion picture comedy concerns.

Stars That Will Shine

Clara Bow. This little miss has one of the most magnetic screen personalities that we have viewed in many a day. As for acting ability—it will take a few more portrayals before a definite decision may be rendered. Her work in "Black Oxen" was impressive. But personally she is irresistible. Clara Bow will go far and high in the screen heavens.

You Can't Judge a Film by Its Length

Recently we journeyed to the cinema, as they say in jolly England, to view a widely advertised "special production." It was a terrible mess. The slapstick comedy which followed was even worse. We were just reaching for our hat, figuring that another perfectly good evening had been thrown to the canines, when there flashed on the silver-sheet a one-reeler entitled "Sing Them Again," which I later learned is one of a series being released under that name by the Educational Company. This little "Sing Them Again" reel gave the spectators, including myself, one of the most enjoyable fifteen minutes that it is possible to have in a picture theater. The reel consists of a picturization of several old familiar songs, and while the idea sounds by no means inspiring, the film had been so admirably directed and so splendidly executed in every detail that we hope the clever individuals responsible for it will make many more reels like it.

How to Succeed in the Movies

In Five Complete Lessons
Lesson No. 2—For Heroines

The first thing to do is to pick out a fancy name—something sweet and simple—such as May Blossom or Caramel Bonbon. Next engage a publicity man and announce that you were discovered by D. W. Griffith. If possible, imitate some popular star—bead your eyes a heavy black and repaint your lips and eyebrows. Afflict a sweet, sweet smile, and insist upon plenty of close-ups showing glycerine tears running down over your cheeks. Keep your hair nicely marcelled at all times, even if you are playing a ship-wrecked maiden or poor country girl—it is much more attractive. If you haven't a good profile—get one. They are absolutely necessary on the screen.

Tickling the Public Rib

Is it easy to make the public laugh? See "Her Temporary Husband" and judge for yourself. Here is a comedy filled with nothing but the oldest of moss-covered gags—and not so well done at that—yet it is throwing theatergoers into fits and gales of laughter. I don't know what the moral is but there must be one.

No Doubt About It

A young fellow from Kalamazoo arrived in Hollywood recently.
"I want to get into the motion picture business the worst way," he said.
"Then make a Western serial," advised a local producer, "there's nothing worse than that."

Ambulance Creates Speculation in Hollywood

Considerable excitement was caused in Hollywood recently when an ambulance rushed thru the streets and stopped in front of the biggest office building in town. A crowd quickly gathered and there was much speculation as to what might have happened to cause need for an ambulance. Here are some of the guesses made by

(Continued on page 83)
Who Is It?

For years he has longed to paint his face with the grotesqueries of the clown . . . to cut capers with the tan-bark his stage . . . for years "The Mountebank" has interested him as a motion picture.

Allow us, gentle reader, Mr. Ernest Torrence . . . proving he is not a villain, but an actor of wide versatility.
Across the Silversheet

“Cytherea” and “Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall”

Reviewed by

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

ONLY a very few people in this world have the courage to do the things they want to do. Human beings find it advisable to settle down to whatever routine promises them the highest reward in the world’s goods. The glamourous and highly impractical dreams of adventure and romance which beset youth are soon put aside. Life, we learn early, is a practical affair.

This is the premise upon which Joseph Hergesheimer built his novel “Cytherea,” which has come to the screen under the intelligent direction of George Fitzmaurice. Lee Randon, the hero, is a man of about forty-five, comfortable in the financial security he has earned for himself; husband to a thoroughly worthy and entirely unimaginative woman, and father of two fine children whom she adores. In a moment of rare vision, it comes to him that he is letting the life he was going to make gay and adventurous slip thru his fingers in a dull procession of unchanging years. It is here the story begins.

A curious doll which intrigues his fancy from a shop window and which he names Cytherea, synonymous with Venus and the Goddess of Love, gives the story its name. This doll’s face embodies a sensuous pliability which haunts him. She symbolizes those things which his life lacks. Then he crosses the path of Savina Grove, the wife of a wealthy banker, and finds her a counterpart of the Cytherean doll.

If Alma Rubens has found it necessary to take liberties with Savina Grove and make her a darkly exotic woman of rare beauty rather than the repressed woman of great passion as Hergesheimer painted her, it must be blamed upon the censors. They resent honesty where emotional life is concerned. It is unfortunate.

Getting back to the story, Savina Grove and Lee Randon learn the lesson which the papers tell us of other lovers learning day after day. No man can break the laws of the herd without being trampled upon. Conventions may chafe, but they are the pillars of society. And society is something you cannot run away from tho you go to the farthest corner of the earth.

Irene Rich’s characterization of the wife is replete with all of the little annoying traits of the woman who is too nice to be human. She suffers thru a lack of understanding. She adheres to even the tritest convention and is possessed with a zeal for punctuality which makes of her house an organization rather than a home.

Constance Bennett as the flapper will be sure to win your attention. She is new to screen prominence and has yet to learn the camera’s propensity for exaggerating gestures and mannerisms. However, she photographs effectively, and we have no doubt that she will have offers to play many other roles in which she may profit by her experience.

(Continued on page 120)
The Breaking Point

The ground—and the years are thoroly covered in this picturization of a Mary Roberts Rinehart story, which is melodrama compact with incident. Of course so much happens that one will naturally wonder how Herbert Brenon managed to tell it all in six reels. Yet he succeeds in showing a bit of Broadway and much of the boundless West. Nita Naldi carries the burden—that of an actress whose husband is murdered. Before she recognizes the supposed assassin in the audience of a tank town theater, we are given much hectic action which features the elements known as mystery and punch.

It is fairly exciting, even if a bit far-fetched. The director sees to it that atmosphere must be recorded. So we have a colorful blizzard—views in front and back of a Broadway curtain—and the melodrama on a western ranch. What of it? Well, it carries a good story interest, and some effective acting by Nita Naldi, Matt Moore and the ever so reliable George Fawcett.

Lilies of the Field

They've kept an eye on the censors—these sponsors, and by not offending the scissors experts, much of the original red meat of this play has lost its flavor. It suggests a dash of spice in its revelations of the manners in which the pretty ladies live. These ladies of the evening get along in the world thru sharp wit and adaptability. They compose the background of a “sister” who would play on the level. Her story is one of man's inhumanity—of a husband's violation of the sanctity of the marital vows. But she is judged by the company she keeps—so along comes a gentleman of the clubs who tests her and finds her sincere.

This picture will not put ideas in the heads of adolescents. It might, on the other hand, teach them a lesson in good manners. It is a decorative piece of work, lavishly mounted, and splendidly acted for the most part by Corinne Griffith, whose poise, charm and beauty carry her by the few emotional moments she neglects. Conway Tearle puts himself at ease in the opposite rôle, and actually overcomes his habit of frowning by releasing several smiles. He is a good foil for the lovely Corinne Griffith.

“His Darker Self” was to mark Al Jolson’s début on the screen, but is finally released with Lloyd Hamilton as the star. He helps the picture, which is too long and minus spontaneity

His Darker Self

This was the picture which was to mark Al Jolson’s début on the screen. Then when he unfastened temperament, Lloyd Hamilton was engaged—and as a blackface comedian he succeeds in flashing his individuality and proving himself capable of joining a minstrel troupe as a stranger—when the spirit moves him. As a comedy it is not so rollicking, because the gags are not ingenious. It should have been trimmed to three reels, for much of the action is revealed thru the titles, and these often
Paragraph Reviews Which Serve As
Guide Posts to the Better Pictures

miss the mark because of their “wise crack” character.
Hamilton suggests that he might have had a hand in
the employment of certain gags, because his individual
touch is so familiar. He employs economy in expressing
his incident. And as a blackface detective whose mission
is to catch the ebony leader of the darktown bootleggers,
he runs away with the picture. There’s one original
moment—which arrives when Ham is being baptized. As
he emerges from the water with his face washed of the
burnt cork, the superstitious colored gentry becomes
panic-stricken. The laughs are not spontaneous. And
the fault lies in the producers’ giving the piece to a
 Dramatic director. Dr. Sennett or Prof. Keaton would
have made it scintillate all the way. As it is it’s really of a
more or less uneven merit, humorous in places. Comedies
must have invention behind them, and they must be car-
ried on with spontaneity.

Second Youth

This one records
the making over of
a soft-boiled silk
salesman of dis-
tinguished ancestry
into a regular buyer;
and while it has
numerous weak
spots—and features
too much hokum,
there is a sort of
effervescent sparkle
about it that makes
it easy on the mind.
The screen adven-
turer will be guided
on a bumpkin’s
Cook’s tour. He will
be taken into a
boarding house, and
behind the counter
of a department
store. And Greenwich
Village and
Broadway cabarets
will also be on his
visiting list. The

s. b. salesman escapes matrimony until he meets the
right girl.
Old stuff, you say? Yes indeed, but there are several
laughs—even if they come from the situations rather
than from the efforts of the players. Alfred Lunt
would not be our choice for the salesman, competent actor that
he is on the stage. And Mimi Palmeri is mostly decora-
tive. The best bits are offered by Jobyna Howland as a
boarding-house mistress and Mickey Bennett, the
youngster who helped make “Big Brother” so enjoyable.
The thing taken in its entirety is too picturey, which, of
course, makes it miss the mark as a consistent and con-
vincing comedy.

The Night Message

If all feud stories could be treated with the element
of novelty incorporated here by Perley
Poore Sheehan, they
would not be ac-
cepted by audiences
as further tributes
to the Obvious.
There’s no gun
battle—and not a
sign of uncouth
horsemen lurking in
ambush. The author
gets right down to
his facts—and these
concern a youth con-
demned to die for a
crime of which he is
innocent. There is
really no murder.
A boy of the oppos-
ing faction is killed
by imitating a tur-
key call, and the
local telegrapher
while hunting wild
turkeys is the man
who dispatched the
bullet.
The finish is en-
tirely melodramatic
and convenient. The governor refuses a tearful plea from the youth's mother. Which puts it up to Providence. A storm intervenes—and lashes the countryside. And the telegrapher is killed while sending a confession over the broken wires. The last minute rescue is the only familiar device employed here. Good restraint is shown by Gladys Hulette and Margaret Seddon. Mr. Sheehan, who also directs for the first time, gives evidence of being more competent than a lot of the boys back of the megaphone who try to be talented with the pen.

**The Storm Daughter**

Jack London started the fashion of capitalizing brutal skippers of the deep. And he has had a host of imitators. The rugged, primitive character who tyrannizes over his motley crew runs true to form here—ho we cant for the life of us understand why the censors "killed" the big punch scene featuring the mutiny. Here is Tom Santschi with a reputation at stake. Ever since his celebrated fight in the first edition of "The Spoilers," we have looked forward to seeing him duplicate it. There is a faint suggestion that he put up a vigorous battle. So with the punch gone, the story interest goes with it. Yes, the skipper meets a girl whom he rescues from the deep—and his relentless manner is replaced by one of sweetness and light.

There was opportunity to perk up the plot with some romantic by-play—showing the girl matching her wits with the captain's brawn. But both characters sit around registering retrospection. Priscilla Dean has had her emotional sails trimmed—so Santschi carries the acting honors. William Davidson is the handy first mate—and not a very good one. He's out of character with his sleek manner. Just an ordinary melodrama with a fair coloring of atmosphere. The usual climax—a storm at sea—does not carry sufficient vigor.

**A Boy of Flanders**

Jackie Coogan takes you on a sentimental excursion here—in a picture which is flawless in projecting the fancies of childhood. This gifted little thespian, attired in a Dutch costume, makes a tremendous appeal upon one's humanities because of his pitiable experiences as a waif. Kicked and cuffed around, he succeeds in melting the hearts of his tormentors. The picture is much more adaptable for Jackie's expression than some he has had recently. You will be highly charmed by the settings, you will be moved by the pathos, and you will laugh with the youngster when he masquerades as a girl, especially when he tries to keep his pantaloons from falling.

The film is adapted from Ouida's "A Dog of Flanders." The dog is in the picture—Mack Sennett's Great Dane—and as he draws Jackie in a cart or runs errands for him, you will say to yourself—"there's a pair of aces." It is told compactly, and with commendable spirit. And the humanities are finely expressed. No flaws here except when the director would lead Jackie to assume an attitude of maturity. The youngster is quite capable of playing his parts with true understanding. He's too good an artist to be spoiled. The matured gestures, fortunately, are in the minority.

**Girl Shy**

Here is Harold Lloyd in a rollicking number, once it overcomes its preliminaries. It packs the thrills of "Why Worry"—and packs them more legitimately; it sheds the pathos of "Grandma's Boy," altho it does not take itself as seriously; and to complete the job, there is a dizzy climax which completely overshadows the giddy climb executed by Harold in
Elinor Glyn’s famous “Three Weeks” has come to the screen as fairly pleasant entertainment. She had much to do with its production. Conrad Nagel is not the great lover . . . but Aileen Pringle gives a graceful portrayal.

“Safety Last.” The comedian, surrounded by a remarkably efficient staff, has projected a comedy of invention, tho its plot has done yeoman service on the screen. The new gags and incident—not forgetting that high speed climax—make it a rare treat. And we defy any spectator to sit unmoved when Lloyd takes up the chase to reach his beloved in time to prevent her marriage. It skips merrily along after a slow start, with the begoggled humorist playing a bashful boob. He would be an author—and his manuscript is rejected. Where have you seen this idea before? But you’ll forget its ancient vintage—in the oodles of fun and excitement dashed up in the climax. The bashful boy commandeers every type of vehicle but a circus wagon—and it’s a mad chase. The laughs are legitimate most of the way—and Lloyd—keeping faith with his public—gives them another rich comedy. Pay attention to the titles. You’ll like them. Pay attention to the new leading romanticist, Jobyna Ralston, for she has a wide-eyed charm and personality. Those last three reels are the fastest and most exciting that Lloyd ever put over.

Three Weeks

That grand passion—“Three Weeks”—which was widely read by the youth of the land—not forgetting their elders—a decade and two ago, has been taken up by a new generation. But they are not reading it via the printed page, but via the silver-sheen. And while the celebrated asterisks are missing in the captions, there are several places in the film which called for them. The story has lost some of its meat, naturally. But it is a story which had to be treated as it was written or left entirely alone. A fair sting comes thru the subtitles, the w.k. tiger rug, and some very close embraces. And a child is born.

The idea is pretty shop-worn now and much of it will remind you of an old-time operetta. The beastly king, the conniving gentleman of the court chamber, the regal Imperatorskoye (Mrs. Glyn doesn’t use this title, she merely uses Queen), her faithful retainers, and the innocent fledgling from England whom she marks as the quarry in the chase. There must be an heir—and the king is no fit personage to become a parent.

The story is followed in its essentials, and it has been given a most sumptuous mounting. We see bizarre trimmings (Alan Crosland goes in for this sort of thing) — and atmospheric trappings — not forgetting glittering garments. It is a dressy picture—the attention being arrested by the backgrounds, and not so much by the story. It seems artificial because the plot is so laboriously planted.

Mrs. Glyn had a great deal to do with this picture. She was right there on location picking the cast and offering suggestions. And some of the titles lead us to believe that she wrote them. Only the asterisks are missing. It is not a clumsy love affair—thanks to a well-poised performance by Aileen Pringle, whose hauteur and grace and languor fit admirably into the characterization. She is always natural, and there is a wholesomeness and charm about her work which dignifies the story and saves it from becoming ridiculous. Even the jokers who would make capital of the title, the tiger rug and the infatuation, will admit that she rises above the story. Conrad Nagel is not the great lover, and while he is Mrs. Glyn’s choice of the English Paul, he doesn’t fit the character in the book. Stuart Holmes, dressed up like a Uhan on parade, registers his customary stoic villainy—a lifted eyebrow, a frown, and a stroking of the moustachios indicating his plottings. There are too many long shots, and too much “steamstarkian” ceremony. Fairly pleasant entertainment.

(Continued on page 86)
MISS JULIA was, of course, caustically explosive when her scapegrace brother announced her intention of marrying his Thistledown. A movie actress! Miss Julia launched anew into a tirade involving some of her pet phrases.

After hearing her out, Hi asked, very mildly:

"Would it ease you, perhaps, to know that Dolly's been living up there this fall because she owns the place? Her mother was a De Bossert."

Miss Julia's chagrin thereupon, and her unsuppressible delight and swift knuckling down would have been amusing had it not also been rather pathetic. For, altho she was a Daggett, the De Bosserts were to the Daggetts as queens are to ladies-in-waiting.

She became pathetically eager to welcome the young couple into the family mansion of the Daggetts—provided the mansion could be saved out of the wreckage: the possibility of losing her home had, these past days, been a big contributing force to her fretfulness.

But Hi, it seemed, had other plans.

"No," he said, "Dolly and I had talked that all over, and we've decided we want to live up there—and in the little house on the hill. But you may rest easy in the assurance you'll keep this place; I know it means a great deal to you, and I want you always to have it. I'll see that you have it."

"How do you know that you can do that?" she exclaimed, amazed at his tone of calm confidence. "Simpson, or Judge Light, give me no such definite assurance."

"They cannot do that," Hi smiled, "because they don't yet know me as I know myself, or feel what I am feeling."

"What do you know—how do you feel?" more startled and bewildered than ever.

Hi answered her with a manner he had never before used with his sister.

"I'm going to get down to work, Julia," he said, simply. "For the first time in my life I want to get down to work. I'm going to show what can be done with that old business, before it dodgers down to collapse."

Miss Julia stared at her blithe and uncurious brother, too flabbergasted to speak; he went on, still speaking with that simple earnestness:

"I've got a little speech to make to you, Julia—see if you can stand it," with a little twist of a smile. "I've made the astonishing discovery that I've been a fool. I've been on the wrong track. I acted like the devil in general—because it seemed only the proper, fitting thing to do when the world was such a devilish mess. And that was all right, too, I guess—for it's come to me that everything in this world has its price, and is paid for with coin of its own kind. We pay for all that we are and all that we have—and we pay for all that we are not and all that we do not have. No wonder I woke up to find myself almost bankrupt—bankrupt in every way."

Miss Julia gaped, and he proceeded:

"I don't want to seem to blame father; I think he'd have been kinder to have left me penniless than leaving me all muddled up on life's meaning and responsibilities—but no use passing the buck. I'm awake now, and if I fall down in the future I'll have no one to blame but myself."

"But I'm not going to fall down. I can hardly wait to get up on my feet again. I want to put my affairs in order. Now is the time for me to show what I can do."

Then, at last, Miss Julia managed to gasp out:
"Hiram! what on earth's got into you? You talk like a preacher!"

He smiled, a half-serious smile, but with a good balance of the old light-hearted teasing.

"Oh, no, Julia! I assure you I don't feel like a preacher. Really I don't want to feel like a preacher."

"But you're so changed!"

"Yes," he agreed. "I think I've changed."

"What's done it?" somewhat anxiously. "Do you think it's this sickness?"

He grinned at her humorously. Then he replied, very soberly:

"No, Julia; I think it was love."

So Doris Claiborne, last of the De Bossert's, came back to the home of her fathers to live. But no one knows how happy she might have been her return had Hi Daggett, with her coming, entered also upon her fullest heritage.

One December afternoon, so mellow it might have been Indian summer, they went up the familiar way to the quaint, homely little house, to start their life together.

That day of their marriage—had they known, there were many people in various walks of life speculating about them and their case.

Deputy Sheriff Voights happened to encounter Traffic Cop O'Sullivan upon the main street of Fairfield.

"Saw the young Daggett fellow," said the cop, "driving with his bride toward the old De Bossert place a little while ago. You could tell by the looks on their faces they'd just been married—but they were going barely twenty an hour."

"Humph," said Mr. Voights.

"Don't know what's got into him," the other pursued. "I've followed him more'n a dozen times since he's been up and around—on slick pieces of road, too—but never once has he really hit 'er up." There was a note of grievance in the policeman's voice.

"I know what's got into him," said Mr. Voights, with heavy significance. "The fear of God—of the law."

"How come? That blamed cuss got well of his injuries, and the case again Daggett petered down to a piffing fine."

"Yes—and it was too bad in a way," the deputy complained. "If we coulda got Daggett up for manslaughter, we coulda read a warning worth while to some of these young smart-ales. But, anyway, we got under Daggett's hide. Guess he got enough to hold him a while."

"Think he'll bust loose again?" inquired the cop, hopefully.

"Of course," replied Mr. Voights. "That kind never learn a lesson for keeps—unless you jail 'em and keep 'em jailed. They're spoiled rotten."

At about the same time Mr. Percy Claiborne and his friend, Mr. Van Antwerp Reeves, were conversing together in the lounge of a luxurious New York club. Their demeanor was gloomy.

"The girl's gone clean daft," said Uncle Percy. "I wash my hands of her! Think of marrying that young witch the minute after his firm went on the rocks!"

"It didn't seem to be money she was after," observed Mr. Reeves, cheerlessly.

"Well, what was she after?"

Mr. Reeves shook his head drearily.

"She doesn't know herself," fuzzed the uncle. "She's just flighty and harum-scarum and unbalanced and selfish—like most of the selfish harum-scarum of this impossible younger generation. No sense of proportion, no proper sense of dignity, no solid considerations at all!"

Mr. Reeves' expressionless face was a dismal mask.

"When I think of all I've done for that girl!" Uncle Percy burst out passionately. "Her ingratitude is what stings me, Van—her rank, heartless ingratitude!"

His friend was too immersed in his own self-pity to offer consolation.

"She's gone back," Uncle Percy wailed. "to that estate no one's been allowed to touch or turn to a penny's profit. Heaven knows how she expects to carry that thru. It's a fine old place—one of the prides of his country if one had the money to restore it," near to tears—"but this fellow'll never be able to swing back into line; not if what I hear about him is true. I hope," vindictively, "he does go on the rocks. It's what she deserves!"

Mr. Reeves didn't speak, but the wrathful uncle could sense a sympathetic seconding of this wish. Self-pity offers some human souls peculiar bonds of kinship.

At about the same hour old Simpson, of the factory.

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**What Has Gone Before**

In the role of a waitress in the notorious road-house of old Leon, the Alsatian, Dorothy Claiborne, of royal lineage, meets Hi Daggett, the millionaire rounder of the village of Fairfield, Conn. He tags her "Thistledown." Dolly, as she calls herself, is in disguise because she is hiding from her uncle, and avoiding an unwelcome fiancé. She meets Hi accidentally in the village as he is about to be arrested for speeding, and as she has brought the law upon him she frees him and drives off into the dusk with him. She leaves his car because he kisses her, and gives up her work at Leon's to escape him.

Rumor has it that a fast woman is an interloper on the De Bossert place. He intuitively drives there, finds Dolly, apologizes and confesses his love for her, still believing her to be a servant. On one occasion he discovers her accepting the caresses of a loud-looking stranger. He stays away as long as he can stand it; and then seeks Dolly again in their old trysting-place. She confesses her love for him and acknowledges also that she is not a waitress, but the mistress of the De Bossert place, but she begs Hi to drive her to Nanny, Leon's wife, and her old devoted servant. Hi drives like a demon. Dolly takes the wheel. The car skids—a smash-up ensues. They speed off to avoid the traffic cop. Arrived at Thiebaud's, Dolly tells Nanny secretly of her love for Hi, but declares she must go to Mr. King, her fiancé. The next morning Hi is arrested, charged with manslaughter—someone was mortally hurt in the accident. Out on bond, he hastens to warn Dolly. She has disappeared, Nanny will not tell where. He returns home ill, and is informed his firm is bankrupt. The next day he tries to reach Nanny on the phone, but falls in a swoon. Meanwhile Nanny and Leon have made their way to Mr. King's office, where they find Dolly, her uncle, who has trailed her there, and with him the millionaire row who is trying to force Dolly to marry. Just as Dolly is about to announce Mr. King, her affianced husband, Nanny tells her of Hi's desperate illness and misfortune. Dolly declares her love for Hi and tho her uncle storms and Mr. King reminds her of the thousands that he has spent to feature her in pictures, she goes to nurse Hi. Her lover begins to recover, as does the victim of the smash-up, but bankrupt, Hi refuses to accept Dolly's love and sacrifice in marriage.
was conferring with Judge Light in the latter’s office.

"I suggested walking over with you from the wedding," said Simpson, "because I wished to speak of something Hiram mentioned to me this morning—he didn’t forget the business even if it was his wedding-day," with a dry chuckle.

"There’s real stuff in the boy, after all," acquiesced the lawyer. "Evidently it took a taste of trouble to wake him up."

"Well, what’d you say," asked Simpson, with an unwoebed dramatic air, "if Hiram’s found a way to save us from insolvency? To take up those notes, and re-establish our credit? And not only that, but to swing our future business on a bigger, more solid and more up-to-date scale?"

"I’d say he’s a wizard," replied the lawyer. "What’s his scheme?"

"Henry S. Loft," uttered old Simpson with the air of an actor, who, in three words, mounts to the climax of a play.

"Loft!" Judge Light exclaimed, properly astonished, "you mean the plumbing millionaire?" "Henry S. Loft," Simpson affirmed.

"But how does he come in?" asked Judge Light, still amazed.

"That’s just what Hiram’s been arranging," Simpson explained, with much apparent satisfaction. "It seems he’s been conferring with Henry Loft on his own hook—the results subject to the directorate’s approval, of course. And Loft stands ready to take up the Daggett notes, and to back a thorough, modernized, stabilized reorganization."

Judge Light gaped, and Simpson went on, complacently:

"That’s just what the Daggett Company needs, Judge—no one knows the old organization is feeble better than myself," humbly. "I’m getting old and tired. And I told Hiram as much—told him I’d be glad to see Henry Loft’s finger in this pie."

"Better not let him get it in too deep," said the lawyer, "better look out for that."

"Well, I’ve a notion Hiram’s taking account of that—I’ve a strange feeling the lad knows what he’s about."

"But how on earth did he get next to Loft? An easy-going scalawag like Hiram—and Henry Loft’s the cagiest, shrewdest proposition in a radius of five hundred miles," marvelled the lawyer, who was a cagy and shrewd proposition himself.

Simpson chuckled. "I guess Hiram convinced him, too, Judge." Then, more soberly: "Hiram’s been a scalawag, all right, but I’ve always recognized there’s a driving force in him—bigger even than in his father. The trouble’s been that he’s misapplied it, let it run wild. But now—well, I’ve a strange conviction that the best and biggest days of the Daggett Paper-Box Manufacturing Company be ahead."

"I hope you’re right," said the lawyer, who was too cautious by nature to bind himself to a positive statement. But his expression was quite cheery as he began figuring on the back of an envelope.

He added, as he penciled the figures: "I only hope, tho, that this marriage won’t upset everything. It’d be a pity if this rather harum-scarum girl should send Hiram plunging off on a wrong track again, just after he’s found his footing."

"She seems right fond of him," answered Simpson. Then, hesitantly, for he was old and a bachelor and awkward about sentiment: "Did you notice the way they looked at each other?"

Judge Light nodded, also looking slightly embarrassed, for he also was old and a bachelor and not sentimental.

Forty miles away, in New York, as Sam King was leaving his office building he was tapped on the shoulder by a business acquaintance.

"Say, Sam, happened to see a little notice in this afternoon’s paper—a Doris Claiborne getting married today to some fellow up in Connecticut. Doesn’t chance to be your Doris Claiborne, does it?"

Sam King nodded.

"You don’t say! Isn’t that sorta bad business—letting her get married before you get her safely put over?"

Sam King’s lips twisted into a peculiar smile. "Miss Claiborne—I should say Mrs. Daggett—has withdrawn from pictures," he said. "You don’t say!" Then, skeptically: "That’s just a stall—she shouldn’t try to pull it, it’s bad business. Bet she’ll be back inside of six months, asking for a job."

"No," said Sam King. "She’s out of pictures. She’s made an absolute decision."

"Well, I’ll say that’s pretty raw. I happen to know you put in a lot of effort on that girl, Sam—and sunk a pretty penny to boot, I bet!"

"I have no kick coming," said Sam King.

"Well, you oughta have." Then: "What’s the matter with the girl, anyway? Was it that she landed a sucker with money?"

"No, I believe the young man’s financial prospects are not too bright at present."

"Then what’s the answer, Sam?"

"Why, she fell in love—that’s all," answered Sam King. "The other guffawed, for that something hilarious and preposterous. "Poor little simp—I didn’t know the made em like that any more; what’s the matter with her noodle?"

"Nothing," replied Sam King, "nothing at all."

(Continued on page 93)
The
Wedding
March, Please!

With Benjamin Thropp, Pittsburgh’s coal magnate, as the bridegroom, and Yancsi and Rozika Dolly as attendants, Rubye de Remer was a Lenten bride in Paris. Mr. and Mrs. Thropp have since returned to America, leaving the Dolly sisters over there. Whether Rubye will continue with her screen career, is not yet known.
On The Camera Coast

With

HARRY CARR

It's tough on crockery and glassware; but it's very spiffy — the new way that they drink toasts in Hollywood. Some Russians introduced it the night of Carmel Myers' farewell party to some newspaper writers before she left for Italy.

Two Russian dancers brought in two little casks, like miniature wine casks. Surrounding them were a little flock of wine glasses. The girl dancer poured some tame Volstead drink and carried it to Carmel Myers as the guest of honor. And then she sang a little song to which all the folks in the café shouted a resounding Russian word that means "God Bless You!" and sounds like a hippopotamus sneezing. The Russian girl quaffed the cup; Carmel quaffed the cup. Then Carmel ran out on the floor and flung the glass down, breaking it in a thousand pieces.

The Russian girl went around the room drinking toasts to all the celebrities, and as each celeb drank he flung the glass crashing to the floor. The idea of course is that the glass must never be polluted by other lips after it has been honored by this toast. It is an old Russian folk custom.

All the people in the glassware business in Hollywood think this is the loveliest and sweetest custom they ever heard of.

The biggest soirée of the season, even eclipsing Carmel's, was the farewell party given by Paul Bern to Barbara La Marr who, according to her press agent, is touring the East in behalf of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, exploiting the land of sunshine and so on. She was hardly out of town, however, before some of the club ladies got very catty about it, and demanded to know why Barbara should represent the city, etc., etc. They didn't approve of Barbara's somewhat decorative matrimonial career.

Dimitry Buchowitzke, Pola Negri's director, is in disgrace with all the flappers in Hollywood who wear their hair shingled. The other day I called on him in the cutting room where he is slashing up the film for Pola's picture "Men." With both hands full of film, he followed me into the hall to ask me a question that was weighing on his
soul. "When a girl asks me how I like her shingled hair, should I tell her truth or should I make flatteries?"

"Sure: tell her the truth."

"Well," sighed Buchowitzke, "it's this way. When girls wore their hair long, each one had an individuality of her own. Now they all look just alike from behind. They look so much alike that I think every girl with shingled hair should wear a little sign on her back, reading: 'Another Nash.'"

Viola Dana walked out of a big contract with Metro the other day. She told them she was tired of being an ingenue and wanted to do some real trouping, so she will free lance from now on, working in whatever pictures suit her fancy. Only she stipulates that she will not be a cutie in any picture ever again. "I got cured," she said, "when I went out on the road recently to make some personal appearances and every audience expected me to be the perfect little flapper. It was too much of a strain."

What is filling May McAvoy's nights and days with agony is that she cant get back to New York. She is kidnapped by one producer after another. She is playing in "A Bedroom Window" with William De Mille right now; next, she is to play in a picture with Lubitsch with Pauline Frederick and Lew Cody. From that she goes to play "Tarnish" with George Fitzmaurice, and still another with Fitzmaurice, "Stella Dallas."

As a result of the bills following an automobile accident in which Virginia Pearson was badly hurt, both she and her husband, Sheldon Lewis, have gone into bankruptcy. They gave their debts as $9,920.

Theda Bara came out of retirement last week and is acting as the judge of a newspaper contest about vamps. A year ago Miss Bara came back to Hollywood with the intention of renewing her movie career. For some reason the business arrangements fell thru and the lovely Theda has been living a life of absolute seclusion in her bungalow in Beverly Hills.

Hugo and Mabel Ballin are coming back to Hollywood to make some more pictures for Goldwyn, the first one being "The Prairie Flower." They have been away for about a year.

A huge movie combine has been perfected whereby Metro, Mayer and Goldwyns are to combine forces. The

(Continued on page 74)
SINCE the lid has been clamped on the studios and an unfriendly "No Admittance" sign greets the tourist to Hollywood, the restaurants and cabarets where the screen celebrities eat have become the Mecca of traveling movie fans. Hence the film people make or break a restaurateur. For instance, the film folk find a nice cozy secluded eating-place and flock to it as to the Promised Land, but no sooner do they settle down to quiet meals and privacy than the tourists' guides nose around, find their oasis and use it as a bait to draw custom to their busses. If Mary and Doug or any such high lights are expected at the cabaret, something like a near-riot is apt to ensue between hungry actors and curious fans. Should the place have the bad luck to be small the film stars are soon crowded out, and with the attraction gone, tourists no longer patronize it, and the restaurateur finds his cupboard bare and his cash register empty. So lately cabarets big enough to accommodate tout le monde have become the vogue with dancing, midday and evening. Here the t. b. m. and his serious-minded spouse on tour go to get their fill of screen gossip at first hand, and feast their eyes on scintillating stars, while they mutilate pies the like of which mother never saw. But what matter with such cinema stars about as Barbara La Marr, Viola Dana, Carmel Myers, Anita Stewart, Ben Lyon, the Beery brothers, Robert Edeson, and—Jack Dempsey!

Hero worship comes high—Jack Dempsey has signed
a contract with Universal to make ten pictures in two years for the trifling sum of $1,000,000. He should worry if he loses the championship. The first picture is already in the making and is, as all of them will be, on a sporting theme. The scenario is being prepared by Gerald Beaumont, former sporting editor of a Western newspaper. Dempsey’s entrance into filmland was celebrated by a big dinner and dance with a dancing contest as a climax.

Another dinner-dance with a dancing contest as the pièce de résistance was one given by Carmel Myers as an au revoir to her friends before sailing for Italy where she is to play Iras in “Ben Hur.” The place cards were strips of film bearing the invitations as a title card.

Dorothy Dalton and Arthur Hammerstein driving tandem—the one the former wife of Lew Cody the ingenious he-vamp; the other thrice married and divorced and nothing loath to put his head thru the halter again. The affair started in Palm Beach last winter and culminated in Chicago, Dorothy’s old hometown where they were married in her apartment in the Drake Hotel. We suppose that Dorothy looked like a million dollars and had quite a few greenbacks in her under-the-arm bag. for Dorothy has been drawing her pay envelope without acting for some months past as no suitable story for her was to be found and it was cheaper, as the saying goes, “to pay rent than to move.” After the ceremony the couple left for Europe.

Life in a nutshell is the order of the day; Van Loon gives us “The History of Mankind” in a few thousand words of one syllable more or less, so that children can lap it up without the aid of a spoon; H. G. Wells goes a bit further and develops “The Outline of Hist-

Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor have returned from abroad, where they played under Edwin Carewe’s direction in “A Son of the Sahara.” The news cameraman photographed them on the deck of the liner with the new French doll, which Miss Windsor brought back with her. Montague Love was also a member of this company. . . . He posed for this snap-shot with two supporting members of the cast. The 26th Infantry has an honorary Colonel. Marion Davies was given this office when she was at the Plattsburg Barracks, New York, for the purpose of filming scenes of “Janie Meredith,” a story of the Revolutionary War. This picture shows Colonel Davies with Colonel J. Malcolm Graham, commanding officer for grown-ups, and now Louis N. Tolhurst is making a film showing the origin of life from the beginning to the end—the evolution of life. Judging from Tolhurst’s pictures of insect life, we won’t even have to know our A. B. C.’s to get the whole story in one delicious gulp. In his work Mr. Tolhurst has shot the biggest mob scene that ever rioted before a camera’s lens—eight million extras, and all confined on a set two inches long, one wide and one-sixteenth of an inch high. The set was glass and the actors those diminutive insect creatures that Mr. Tolhurst makes so human. In the filming of his story on the evolution of life, it has been necessary for him to magnify some of his tiny subjects to the size (Continued on page 80)
Letters to the Editor

Every reader of the "Motion Picture Magazine" is invited to write to the editor. This page belongs entirely to the readers. It is an open forum. However, we cannot use any letters unless the writer's name and address is given. And if it is desired that only the initials be used in publication, this is quite agreeable if the writer requests that the letter be printed in this way.

A protest against the practice of releasing old Valentino pictures in which he has no prominence, under false pretenses!

Dear Editor: At Loew's State, the biggest and best theater in this city, they have a picture advertised as follows: Rodolph Valentino in "Society Sensation"—it's a Universal. This theater always has had first-run pictures, and this Universal must be at least three years old. It is also an injustice to the actor, for it does not compare with the work he is now doing, and many people seeing it, and not realizing what an old picture it is, say "Well, what do they see in him?"

C. Smith, 107 Mass Ave., N. Y. C.

In praise of Cullen Landis.

Dear Editor: May I voice a word of praise for Cullen Landis? Why an actor of his apparent ability is not given more chance, is beyond my reasoning powers. I feel that Mr. Landis has done his best with the vehicles that he has had, but they have been mighty poor ones. "Masters of Men" was, in my estimation, the best picture that he has ever had. It was perfect material for him. But here I want to raise my voice in protest. I have just recently seen "The Fighting Coward," and want to "tell the world" how badly the South was misrepresented. Being a bred-in-the-bone Southerner myself, I know whereof I speak. I cannot understand why a director of Mr. Cruz's ability should produce such an atrocity. I do not think that it would be an un-timely suggestion for these directors to read up a little on the subjects that they are attempting to film. All of the so-called Southern dramas that I have seen, were about on the same order—and I always feel the desire to scream, "'Twas never thus!" It is time that somebody produced one without all the usual hokum. It gives persons outside of the South such distorted ideas concerning our beloved Dixie.

And the exhibitors of this city advertised "The Fighting Coward" as comparing with "The Birth of a Nation" and "The Covered Wagon." Words fail me.

Getting back to Mr. Landis again, why is it that we have never had an interview with him, or a single picture of him in the Motion Picture Magazine? I have made a thorough review of my magazines for the past year, and am unable to find even a paragraph about him. Please give us more of Cullen!

I was very much gratified to read Wallace MacDonald's letter in the May issue—to know that the stars really read the fans' "Letters to the Editor." We fans may be a little harsh at times with our criticisms, but for my part at least, the praise that I feel for the Shadow Stage more than counterbalances the few brickbats. Here's to the stars, large and small! Long may they reign and successful may they be.

Most sincerely yours,

Floramye Bonney,
4930 Erskine St., Omaha, Nebraska.

That screen classic, "The Birth of a Nation," is at last permitted to be shown in Kansas.

Dear Editor: Kansas has at last admitted "The Birth of a Nation," after barring it for eight years. (Continued on page 92)

One reader writes, "It is an injustice to Valentino that old films in which he played an inconspicuous part should be advertised as Valentino productions." And we applaud this protest of the false pretenses under which so many productions are shown.
More Women... use this liquid polish than all others combined

At last there is a Liquid Polish with all the features you have longed for in a nail polish.

So thin a single drop spreads over the whole nail giving a lustrous smooth surface. So firm it won't crack or peel off; water will not mar it, and its brilliance lasts a whole week.

The tiny brush holds just enough polish for one nail. It dries almost instantly. There is no bother with a separate polish remover—almost enough to account for its popularity alone.

No wonder that after such a short time more women are already using Cutex Liquid Polish than all other liquid polishes combined. Try it at the end of your very next Cutex manicure. And when you are ready for a fresh manicure just take off the old polish with a drop of fresh polish, wiped off immediately before it dries.

You can get Cutex Liquid Polish at drug or department stores in the United States and Canada for only 35c, and at chemists' shops in England. And it is in two of the complete Cutex manicure sets. Sets are 60c, $1.00, $1.50 and $3.00.

THE COMPLETE MANICURE
Send 12c for Introductory Set
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 at right with 12c today for the special Introductory Set containing trial sizes of all these things. If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. M7, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12¢ TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. M7
114 West 17th Street, New York

I enclose 12¢ in stamps or coin for new Introductory Set including a trial size of the new Cutex Liquid Polish.

Name
Street (or P. O. box)
City State

It gives the nails a lovely rose brilliance
The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, a list of film manufacturers, etc., must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. All inquiries should contain the name and address of the writer, and, if it is desired that a fictitious name be used in answering, it should be written in the upper left-hand corner of the letter.

LORETTA R.—Gaston Glass was born in Paris, France, and he is not married. Most of his pictures are foreign.

Good-Looking.—Well, there is nothing like being satisfied with oneself. I’m well, thank you! Laura LaPlante and Ruth Clifford have the female leads in “Butterfly” with Norman Kerry and Kenneth Harlan.

PELL.—Hello there. By the way, did you see the Circus? I went with a couple of kiddies, and had a great time. Never ate so many peanuts in my life. I liked “Rosita” too. Always enjoy your letters, they’re so nice and newy.

DEAR KITTY.—I don’t understand why you keep sending your letters to our Mr. Hopfmuller, the artist. He shines with the ladies, still he doesn’t get as many letters as I do. Milton Sills is married to Gladys Ullman, and Clancy is surely very popular.

ZENA Y.—Faneuil Hall was built in Boston in 1742 and was called the “Cradle of Liberty” because it was there that the Revolutionary patriots were wont to assemble. The reason we don’t say much about Nazinova is that she is not playing now.

ISADORE M. K.—Yes, John Bowers is playing in “The Range Boss,” his first picture for Vitagraph, opposite Alice Calhoun.

He was born in Indiana. Pauline Frederick and Lew Cody will play for Warner Brothers in a picture directed by Ernst Lubitsch.

J. A. MASSA.—I’m sorry, but I haven’t a list of all the screen stars, and don’t know where such a list may be obtained. Montague Love, Maurice Costello, Mary Thurman and Helene Chadwick in “Love of Women.”

EMIL.—Thanks very much. You say Farma in the “Our Gang” comedies is Clayton Hoskins.

Oscarita.—Yes and the women who have the most sympathy for the sorrows of the world at large often have the least for their own misfortunes. You know that Pearl White is abroad right now. Robert Maver is five feet ten. Violet Merseuineau in “Lend Me Your Husband,” so that’s an awful request to make. Some girls don’t bother asking. Renée Adorée and Lew Cody in “Defying the Law.”

RUTH M.—You know that I love butter-milk. I have it all the time in the hot weather. Well there is Nita Naldi, Katherine MacDonnell, Aline Castle, and Anita Stewart who are five feet seven or more. That is pretty tall for the screen. Mae Busch, Pat O’Malley, Robert Frazer,
Arms as White as the Foam
~ and as free to fling as the gesturing waves

No longer muffled and hobbled in voluminous and stuffy clothes, nor hampered by old-fashioned conventions of sedateness and inactivity, the American girl is reviving the type of beauty admired by the ancient Greeks—the ideal of an active, supple body.

Today's vogue has decreed that women's arms shall be conspicuous and free to fling and sway without hindrance, alike in the great outdoors and in the drawing room. Under-arm hair has hence become a positive disfigurement, and many women promptly and thoughtlessly adopted shaving, without regard for the inconvenience and the fact that it brings in a quicker and harsher growth.

Neet, on the other hand, offers a safe, certain, pleasant and feminine method of keeping the armpits white, smooth and free from distressing odor. One application of this velvety pleasant cream enables you to raise the hair away. It is ready for instant use. Full directions accompany every package.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

It costs you nothing unless you are perfectly satisfied. You are invited to test Neet on our absolute guarantee of entire satisfaction or refund. Go to any drug or department store—purchase the generous package for only 50c. Apply it according to the simple directions enclosed. If, after using Neet, you are not thrilled by the soft, hair-free loveliness of your skin, let us hear from you. Neet must absolutely please you in every way or you can return the package to us and we will refund your purchase price plus the postage it costs you to return it to us. If you are unable to find Neet at your favorite drug or department store, use the coupon below for a generous trial tube.

Nurses and Physicians:

The sterile, antiseptic, hair-dissolving qualities are so highly developed in Neet that it is in favor with many of the profession for depluming in preparation for obstetrical and surgical work.

A liberal trial tube with complete instructions for use will be mailed free to any physician or registered nurse requesting it.

Neet
Removes hair easily
Wanda Hawley and Hobart Bosworth in "Bread" for Metro. Write me again sometime.

T. C.—Yes, I have a stamped, addressed envelope for the cast of "Prisoner of Zenda." Yes, and a man may wear out a suit of clothes, but a suit at law may wear a man out. Alice Lake and her new husband, Bobby Williams, are to tour in vaudeville.

R. C.—I think it has been for one of his three feminine leads in Vitagat's next. J. Stuart Blackton picture, "A Woman of Hollywood." Rudolph Valentino is Italian, and Pearl White intends to direct abroad.

R. N.—Mary Pickford truly loves to be like the bloom to fruit; it gives a luster which is easily effaced, but never returns. So you don't think I am as sarcastic as I used to be. Thanks, Hope Hampton at 1540 Broadway, New York City. Eileen Pringle at Goldwyn, Colosseum. Tom Moore is playing in "Man-handled." With Gloria Swanson.

T. T.—Your letter was mighty interesting. Roscoe Arbuckle is writing scenarios for Buster Keaton. Charlie Chaplin is to supervise and direct another dramatic production in which Edna Purviance will have the lead. Mr. Chaplin will not direct Mary Pickford in her next picture. Virginia Browne Faire and John Gilbert in "Coloran." You're welcome.

C. A.—Goethe says, "In girls we love what they are; in lads what they promise." Yes, the book has a different ending from the picture. That was Mary Pickford in "Pride of the Clan," released January, 1917. Leatrice Joy attended the Sacred Heart Academy in New Orleans. I don't know whether John Gilbert is a Mason. What next?


D. A.—Here goes.—Lady Godiva was the wife of Leofric, Earl of Mercia, who offered to remit certain excises to his tenants if the noble lady rode through the streets of Coventry. She did so, all the people closing their doors and keeping within except one "peeping Tom," who was struck dumb for peeping at her. So you really love Valentino. Forget it! Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of the Correspondence clubs. Most of the players will send their pictures if you enclose twenty-five cents in stamps. Adieu!

J. S.—Yes, there seems to be a lot of songs about "rain." And now the latest thing in umbrellas has been designed by a Frenchman. The handle of this umbrella is placed at an angle with the frame, which keeps it over the carrier's body and protects all sides. No, Bobby Agnew is not married. You certainly make some strong statements. You don't know what you will do if you are in love. It's a dangerous disease. Ramon Novarro is twenty-three. Write to me any time.


S. S.—Mae Murray is married to Robert Leonard. Wesley Barry is about seventeen.

A. N.—Well, it's a good idea to nurse a grouch, however, if he has one foot in the grave and you married him for his money. Jack Mulhall in "The Goldfish." Kenneth Harlan in "Poisoned Paradise." You've got the right idea, keep it up.

P. W.—Write to Bessie Love at Ince Studios, Culver City, California.

R. C. B.—Shakespeare was called The Bard of Avon because his home was at Stratford-on-Avon. Joseph Striker was Jacques in "In the Woman in Chains." Cullen Landis is twenty-eight. Don't send me any more—what doesn't I'll give up—why doesn't Buster Keaton smile? Do you know the answer? James Morrison in "On the Banks of the Wabash." Jobyna Ralston in "Why Worry." William Farnum's first for Famous Players will be "The Man Who Fights Alone." Edna Purviance's next for vaudeville is "Hamlet."

J. B.—Let us respect white hair—especially our own. Gloria Swanson was born March 7th under the sign of Pisces. Rudolph Valentino, May 6th, and Nita Naldi, April 1st.

E. F.—Yes, they do say they are engaged. Bert Lytell was with Goldwyn last, but he fre-lances. Helen Ferguson in "Tarzan" is about to play an important part in Douglas MacLean's "Never Say Die," with Lilian Rich.

B. V.—So you don't like Zane Grey's pictures. That settles that. And while we are on the subject, photography is the art of taking pictures. I believe it has been a very successful person for one of his three feminine leads in Vitagat's next. J. Stuart Blackton picture, "A Woman of Hollywood." Rudolph Valentino is Italian, and Pearl White intends to direct abroad. Thomas Meighan in "Whispering Men," written especially for him by Booth Tarkington.

J. F.—That's right you, keep at it until you get an answer. Well, here's the silver loving-cup. Valentino was born in 1895. Voilà tout.

E. E.—I should say that was some paper-bright orange. You say you were going to use green ink, but your sister was using it. God bless your sister! Lewis Goldwyn is twenty pictures. Bebe Daniels and Richard Dix in "Unguarded Women" with Mary Astor in the cast.

E. K.—No, I never thought I knew it all. If you want enemies, except others, you have to make them. Arthur Edmund Carewe was Svengali in 'Trilby.' John Barrymore in "Beau Brummel." Lawson Butt has been chosen by Fox for the role of Dante in "Dante's Inferno." Ralph Lewis and Pauline Starke will play the leads in the modern part of the story.

H. W. F.—I'm sorry, but I cannot tell you anything about her.

P. E.—Scientists say it takes nearly 700,000 spiders to produce a web and that one spider has been known to spin a thread of 24,800 yards long. Rex Ingram is with Metro. Well, right now Windsor isn't married.

A. N.—Katrine MacDonald retired from the screen.

I. S.—SAN FRANCISCO: "Vera"... I'll bet about one in twenty-five can't find the sound of the Bow Bells, which are a set of bells in the church of St. Mary-le-Bow, London. Paul Powell directed, "Borderlund." Harry Beaumont directed, "The Five-Dollar Baby." Fred Newmayer directed, "Girls of the Golden West." Helen Y.—No, not too many. Kenneth Harlan is playing in "Butterfly." for Universal. with Laura La Plante, No, I guess you won't see Richard Barthelmess here. Lilian Gish in "Roméo and Juliette." now.

H. F. D.—Well, if I were you, and someone offered me one thousand dollars for the novel form of your story, I would take it quickly and then you would have a better chance to sell the picture rights.

F. Mc., PHIL A.—A Cavaliere Servente is an escort of a married woman. Bertram Grassby was Prince in "Dancer of the Nile." That was Charles Mack in "Dream Street." There is no truth in Lilian Gish's engagement.

J. O. M.—Yes, that was Ralph Lewis in "The Mailman." Universal have re-issued Rudolph Valentino and Carmel Myers in "A Society Sensation."

B. W.—Well, remember that the superiority of some men is merely local. They are great, because their associates are little. Yes, Charles de Roche in "Shadows of Paris" and "The White Mother." Estelle Taylor in "T. S. "The Commandments."

I. A.—How do you like Norma on the cover? Ethel Shannon is married to Robert J. Cary. You will see Marc McDermott in "The Sex Hawk."

B. E.—Children sweaten labors, but they make misfortunes more bitter: they increase the cares of life, but they mitigate the remembrance of death. Constance Talmadge is making "Penelope." from the pen of Somerset Maugham.

K. A.—Address Ruth Roland at 3828 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California. Yes, Owen and Tom Moore are brothers. Allan Ray, one of our contest girls, is playing in "The Fortieth Door," which is her second serial for Pathé.

L. L.—And you would like to meet Julian Eltinge. Really, Edward Earle in "Gambling Wives." Frank Mayo and Sylvia Breamer are to play in "The Woman on the Jury" from the stage play.

D. R.—Remember that woman is born for love—and it is impossible to turn her. Kenneth Harlan was born in New York City in 1895, and he has brown hair and eyes. Thomas Meighan was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

B. D. and D. C.— Dor and Cullen and Thistledom. See what next month.

E. H.—Really, a woman should endeavor to make her husband happy. His being otherwise is such a reflection upon her amiable and charms. Richard Dix is sick, but he is very attractive. He is very popular right now. William Q. Nilsom is playing in "Between Friends" and "The Mountebank." Dan Cuna.—Well when a man swears that he will remember, and a woman laugh that she will forget, you are safe in wagering to the contrary in both cases. No, Vivian Rich is not playing now. Buck Jones is married. May McAvoy is the girl from "The Public Enemy." S. R.—Sorry, old man, I have no record of Sadie McDonald. (Continued on page 111)
Choose powder that matches the tone of your skin

By Mme. Jeannette

The foundation of a successful beauty toilette is the correct and effective use of powder. It is of first importance to select the shade of powder for your particular skin-tone.

Pompeian Beauty Powder comes in four shades, each one carefully compounded to most nearly match each of the four typical shades of the American woman's skin. These shades are called Naturelle, Rachel, Flesh, and White, and unless you have a very unusual skin-tint you will find among them exactly the shade you should use!

There are four typical shades of skin. Naturelle is the shade that most American women should use. Women with the warm little rose and ivory tints in their skin find this a shade of powder that can be used successfully both day and night.

Rachel shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder is a slightly darker tone of powder than Naturelle Pompeian Beauty Powder. It is designed for the Spanish type of beauty, generally the woman with deep brown eyes and dark hair. Yet often women who have not such a definite tint of brunet in their general appearance should use this Rachel shade. It gives a lovely tone of rich beauty to the skin, and I would advise more women to try it.

Pompeian Beauty Powder is quite a decided pink, like a young baby's flesh. And many "pink and gold" blonde women should wear this shade. If your skin is inclined to flush, you will do well to use this powder. The pink powder over the pink skin tones down the too-high coloring, and forms a natural little finish that takes away the shine.

The most effective way to use your own shade of powder is to use it generously. Then go over the skin with a clean cloth and smooth off all superfluous particles till you attain the desired effect without your powder being obvious. Pompeian Beauty Powder is a rarely fine powder, with a delicate perfume and an exceptional quality of adhering for a long time.

"Don't Use Beauty—Use Pompeian"

POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER, 60c per box
POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER COMPACT, $1.00
Canadian prices slightly higher

GET THE 1924 POMPEIAN PANEL AND FOUR SAMPLES FOR TEN CENTS
The newest Pompeian Art Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," done in pastel by a famous artist, and reproduced in rich colors. Size 28 x 7½ in.

For 10 cents we will send you all of these: The 1924 Beauty Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and samples of Day Cream, Beauty Powder, Bloom, and Night Cream. Turn off the coupon and mail today.

YOUR SKIN DEMANDS PROTECTION

The supreme wisdom in taking care of the body is to supply whatever nature actually demands! A skin that feels "drawn" or "tight" indicates a definite demand to give your skin more oil—more nourishment.

You Must Feed Your Skin

Pompeian Night Cream furnishes the exact nourishment required by a dry skin. As one grows older this oily secretion is lessened, and wise women replace it to a great extent by the frequent use of Pompeian Night Cream. Many women use a little of this cream every time they cleanse their faces during the day.

If your skin already tends toward oiliness, you should counteract this condition by the use of Pompeian Day Cream. Apply it after your morning bath, and use it as a powder base at all times! It is slightly astringent and anti-septic—two essentials in making an oily skin more normal.

Remember—Your skin never sleeps!

While your skin may rest at night—it never sleeps! It acts and reacts with the temperature of the room. It absorbs and rejects just as it does when you are awake—and because of this it will be using to good advantage the nourishment in Pompeian Night Cream. Its use at night is beneficial to both types of skin.

Unquestionably all women remove the traces of the day's powder, rouge, and accumulated dust. Whether this is done with cleansing cream, or with warm water and soap, it is still a cleansing process, and cleanliness is essential to good skin. But as a final touch of wisdom, rub a little Pompeian Night Cream into your cleansed skin for the night, to feed it during the hours when you are asleep and your skin is awake and active.

Specialiste en Beaute

TEAR OFF, SIGN, AND SEND

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2129 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1924 Pompeian Art Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and the four samples named in offer.

Name__________________________
Address__________________________
City__________________________State__________________________

What shade of face powder wanted?
Mayer and Metro Studios are to be closed and all future productions are to be done at the big Goldwyn Studio in Culver City. Altho combined for convenience' sake, the three companies will maintain their individuality and will produce pictures under their own separate banners.

Louise Fazenda has parked her funny clothes and let her back hair down. She has forsaken comedy, forever she hopes. For the first time in her life she will have a part without a shadow or suspicion of comedy as Deborah in Grace Flanagan's "Being Respectable." Louise once told me that she never saw Lillian Gish on the screen that she did not go home and cry herself to sleep. Because that was the stuff her soul hankered after; not comedy. She says she has always hated comedy.

Jack Dempsey, the champ, has been besieged by many kinds of agents and advertisers are this; but never this kind before. His hotel room is fairly cluttered up with agents for rouge and eyebrow pencils. Jack's disgust was terrible to witness when some one asked him for a testimonial for a lipstick. But it's all part of being an actor and Jack is about to be an actor out at Universal, in a series of Gerald Beaumont stories.

Antonio Moreno is to have a special clause put in his next Lasky contract whereby he gets a two months' vacation in order to go back to Spain to visit his mother. He has been trying to make the trip for years, but a new picture always catches him and holds him back. Tony's mother lives in a little town in the south of Spain near Gibraltar. She has never seen Tony's wife, who, altho a very rich woman all her life, has never made a trip abroad.

A great celebration took place in Hollywood recently when Theodore Roberts' physician allowed him to smoke the first cigar the veteran actor has smoked in four months, since he was taken sick in Pittsburg on his vaudeville tour.

Jackie Saunders cast her bread upon the waters a few days ago by lending two handsome fur coats to some flapper friends who were coatless. While they were still being borrowed, burglars broke into Miss Saunders' house and stole her other fur coat. This shows us, children, that it pays to be warm-hearted.

Charlie Chaplin has dashed away to Alaska to get there before the snow melts. He sent on ahead of him twenty-five carpenters and property men. He was accompanied by a grand retinue consisting of a personal chef, house staff, butler and assistant butlers. With all of which support, Charles is to play the part of a rough Alaska miner.

At last accounts, Norma Talmadge was on a wild hunt for a story. They had three different continuities written for "The House of Youth"; then threw them all away. Also the story. Constance has been having similar adventures. They had a story all started with thousands of dollars' worth of sets built; then dropped the whole thing. An S. O. S. call was then sent to New York for Anita Loos, who came out and wrote an original story for Connie. Lew Cody is to go on a vacation trip to the South Seas some time this summer as the guest of Cliff Durant, the automobile magnate.

New York's famous actor hotel, the Algonquin, is to have a counterpart in

On the Camera Coast

(Continued from page 65)
A Ride With Pola Negri

(Continued from page 30)

I think so too. The Carmen that she plays in that picture was the real gypsy of Prosper Merimee's story—the vicious, lustful, primitive little slattern who would slit a throat for a dollar. It was not especially a popular picture. Gave too great a jolt to our conventions. The usual Carmen of the stage is a frolicsome young person in red silk stockings who sometimes isn't quite a lady. That's what we expected in "Gypsy Blood."

And speaking of this and that, Pola spoke of American girls.

"There are no other such beautiful girls in the world. Once in a long time in Poland you will see a really beautiful peasant girl. She is always natural, without make-up, and is lovely beyond rivalry. Your girls are all manufactured beauties; but they are amazing. The first night I went to the Folies my eyes almost popped out of my head. I kept grabbing Mr. Zukor by the coat sleeve and gasping, 'Good heavens, there is another one! I didn't imagine there had been that many beautiful girls in the whole world since the world began."

At sunset we left the car and we were standing on a hill watching the dying day. The distant peaks of the Santa Susanna range glowed like coral in the distance with the Santa Inez peaks seen faintly thru the haze. Far away on the skyline we could see the snow cap of old San Antonio; while nearer, Sister Elsie Peak and the cross of good San Ysidro looked down upon the fading day like a benediction. On the slopes of the hill where we stood the acacia trees flamed with golden blossoms and the mountain sage filled the air with a faint musky fragrance. Solemnly the rose glow faded. A wave of pure violet color that changed to amber and dun and then to the color of old sherry wine swept across the precipices of the Big Tujunga in royal pageant.

It was a sight to fill the soul. Pola began to talk of religion.

"For four years," she said, "I have studied theosophy. It has changed my outlook on life. When you understand that we are only passing thru a phase when we live and suffer in this life, then we realize that nothing matters. It is all a moment in a life of thousands of years. You know, on passion.

"Without this philosophy I should not have been able to endure life."

"I have several times given what I called the story of my life to various American publications which seem to have a taste for such things. But believe me—no. I have never told the real story. And I never shan't. It is too bitter and too sad."

"My life has been just one long tragedy. They say that one has to suffer to become an artist. Well, then, I should be a great artist."

And so we went back down the hill and Bruno started the car and we went whirling out of the day that lay dying in the last faint glow of lavender shadows—to Hollywood which was just beginning to stir and feel frisky in preparation for the evening.

---

The First Step in Beauty
is more beautiful teeth

Look about you. Note the glistening teeth you see. Note what they add to beauty.

This offers you a ten-day test of the method which brings these results. Millions now employ it. In justice to yourself, learn what it means to you and yours at once.

Film forbids beauty

You feel on teeth a viscous film. It is ever-present. That is what causes most tooth troubles and the wreck of pearly teeth. That film is clinging. No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it. Soon it becomes discolored, then forms dingy coats. That is why teeth lose their beauty.

Film also holds food substances 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.

---

Even among careful people, 49 in 50 suffered these film-caused troubles.

Dental science has now found two ways to fight that film. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

Many tests have proved these methods effective. A new-type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

Leading dentists everywhere began to advise it. Now careful people of some 50 nations use Pepsodent every day.

Other benefits
Pepsodent brings other benefits. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva—there to neutralize mouth acids. It multiplies the starch digestant in saliva—there to digest starch deposits on teeth.

These multiplied effects are bringing to millions a new era in teeth cleaning. Let it bring those same effects to your home.

---

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.

Watch it act
Send this 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 see new beauty in the teeth. You will realize new protection.

CUT OUT THE COUPON NOW

---

10-DAY TUBE FREE 15c

Send this 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 see new beauty in the teeth. You will realize new protection.

CUT OUT THE COUPON NOW

---

Only one tube to a family.
Do you remember little Virginia Lee Corbin, whose golden head used to grace the fairy tales of "Jack and the Beanstalk" and other familiar stories? Sometimes, as in the resurrected picture on the right, she was a heroine to the hero of Francis Carpenter. She's a flapper now. We offer the portrait above as proof of the swift passing of years—and refer you to her rôle of the flapper in "Mary the 3rd!"
Are Your Family Ties a Leash?

Do the Bonds That Should Be Tender
Cut Heedlessly Into Your Soul?

Hope Brown, seventeen and lovely, lived in an atmosphere of gloom with her family who looked upon the normal life of youth and joy and gaiety only as wickedness. Dancing, movies, novel-reading, were all considered sins of the first water. Fine clothes and perfumes were all devil-made—

Hope came to hate things that are ordinarily called "good" and to desire most ardent those which are considered "bad." Hope's brother, almost as youthful and as spirited as herself, was of the same mind. They determined to drive tandem Hell-bent—not to Heaven—

Into what strange places, among what garish people, this urge for light and happiness took these two young people, is told with an alluring frankness—

It is a compelling picture, drawn with a pen that exhibits a knowledge of youth and its problem of meeting the demands of an older generation—

Meet Miss Hope Brown! She would be very pleased to shake hands with you were it not that her hands are covered with suds from the dishwater. At this moment Hope is pleased beyond measure to meet anyone outside of her own household. Tonight she hates the Browns and everybody else in the whole of Pocustown, California.

If You Have Dreams—Ideals—Ambitions—You Will Want to Read

"The Girl Who Couldn't Be Bad"

A six-part serial
By Henry Albert Phillips

August Motion Picture Magazine
On the News-stands July First
Do You Like to Draw?

If you do, it is an almost certain indication that you have talent, a talent which few possess. Then don't follow Ali Hafed's example and look farther for fortune. Develop your talent—your fortune lies in your hand!

Earn $200.00 to $500.00 a MONTH and MORE

Present opportunities for both men and women to illustrate magazines, newspapers, etc., have never been exceeded. Thousands of publishers pay millions of dollars north of illustrations every year. Illustrating is the highest type of art—pleasant work, yielding a large income.

The Federal Course Is a Proven Result Getter

It is the only Home Study Course which has been built by over fifty nationally known artists—Ad Smith, Neure McNam, Norvan Bookwell, Clare Bridge, Charles Hildrorsn, Nell and Fontaine Fox among them.

FREE—"A Road to Bigger Things"

If you like to draw you should read this free book before deciding on your life's work. It tells about thousands of people who have already made fortunes by illustrating. It contains lists of the famous artists who have helped build the Federal School, and tells you of all the free books we have to give you, where to get them, and address in the margin, mail it to us and we will mail you your copy free. Do it right now while you are thinking "So and so!"

Hollywood; the financial backer thereof is Doug Fairbanks. A baby girl has arrived in Pat O'Malley's family. He already has two daughters—Ellen, aged 6, and Sheila, aged 2.

The dread foot-and-mouth disease has made all kinds of trouble for the movies in and about Los Angeles. A rigid quarantine has been placed on all kinds of live stock. This made it impossible to move stock or horses anywhere within the county. Several companies working with horses on location have been forced indefinitely to hold up their pictures. An Arab picture at the Fox Studio was held up because the quarantine officers refused to give a permit for the transportation of three camels to the location. Universal was hard put for a time to keep the zoo animals from starv- ing to death for lack of horse meat, their regular diet.

William Fox, the film magnate, has been in Hollywood for some time arranging for the removal of his company to the new Fox Studio at Westwood. His present studio at Gower and Sunset Boulevard has netted Mr. Fox a fortune on account of the rise in real estate values.

Score one for San Francisco in the fight to get the movies away from Los Angeles. Frank Woods has signed a contract with some Bay City capitalists to make ten pictures up there. Patsy Ruth Miller will be starred in the first one.

Lous Lee, the pretty little film actress, who had to retire from pictures some months ago on account of spinal trouble, recovered after a lucky fight and went back to the screen. Now she's retired again. This time, marriage. She is Mrs. Jack Kiefer, wife of a young broker of Hollywood. Jesse L. Lasky has signed a new potential star, a young French girl named Jetta Goudal, who played in "The Bright Shawl" and in "The Green Goddess." He has also elevated four scenario writers to be directors; they are: Paul Bern, Paul Sloan, Frank Tuttle and R. H. Burnside. Mr. Bern wrote most of the scenarios for the foreign directors who have worked over here, Lubitsch, Oswald Witzke and Seastrom. Mr. Sloan adapted "If Winter Comes" and "Over the Hill." Mr. Bern's last work as a scenario writer has been adapting "The Song of Songs," in which Pola Negri is to appear. It will be called "Compromised" on the screen.

In an interview with a Los Angeles reporter, Mr. Lasky says that other companies may kill 'em in heaps and have plays ending with gore and writhings; but he is going to stick to happy endings to the end of the chapter.
THE HEROINE
By Jane Cuthrell

There are a dozen different types, but one
seems dearer than the rest.
A little thing, with hair that mocks the sun,
Small feet that eager, thru the picture run,
And young, ecstatic breast.

Styles change in women but this one re-
mains,
For she is each man's dream,
With hair that binds him with its golden
chains,
With tears as easy as the summer rains
And smiles like sunlight's gleam.

She may not seem quite real . . . but
she is near,
And moves across the screen
Like Spring herself, with youthful eyes
and clear;
And each man loves her, of his dreams
the dear,
The Unpossessed, the Queen!

THOMAS MEIGHAN
By Thomas J. Murray

There is no sleeping passion in your eyes,
To draw a man out to the desert sands;
No air exotic that would advertise
And spread your prestige thru the
Movie Lands.

No fair and frail Narcissus who demands
Unending tribute as the seasons rise,
The soulful glances and the waving hands,
And tender notes despatched with sundry
sighs.

But in the silent shows reflecting Life,
You play a part from affectionate free;
A splendid struggle thru dim days of strife,
To win at last a clean-cut victory.

And in the virile field we like to scan
We find you there, out where a man's a
man.

JIMMY AT THE MOVIES
By Faith Baldwin

The picture news, it left him cold,
The "Star Romance" much colder still,
He wriggled in his seat and said,
"Oh, gee, that Romeo's a pill!"

The cartoon made him laugh; he loved
The prancing dog and saucy cat,
He liked the comedy, the way
The lady kicked off Uncle's hat . . .

But, Oh, the Western picture . . . how
His eyes grew big at virile strife,
He watched the cowboys ride, and said,
Sincerely, "Gosh . . . ain't that the life!"

Dreams of a fascinating, radiant beauty—of a soft, pure
complexion filled with bewitching charm. How often
have you gazed into your mirror and longed for that
"subtle something" your appearance seemed to lack?
That illusive "master touch" of beauty that would
inspire the admiration and attention now going to others.
Your Dreams can come true. You can give to your skin
and complexion "Beauty's Master Touch." For over eighty years

GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM

has been rendering just this service to Society women, famous
for their beauty—to women in business and mothers in the home
whose appearance to you seemed endowed with the charm of
eternal youthfulness. They possess nothing that cannot be
yours. Their secret can be your secret. What Gouraud's
Oriental Cream is doing for them it will do for you. Let it be
your step to a new and greater beauty.

Aside from its beautifying properties Gouraud's Oriental Cream
is highly antiseptic and astringent. Skin blemishes, wrinkles
and other complexion ills are greatly discouraged by its use.
To perfectly harmonize with your complexion it is made in three
shades, white, flesh and rachel.

Gouraud's Oriental Comprimettes

At Last! Gouraud's Oriental Cream in comp-
 pact form. You have never used anything like it.
A soft, silky adhering powder, containing
all the subtle beautifying properties of
Gouraud's Oriental Cream. Two sizes, 50c and
$1.00 and in six shades, White, Flesh, Rachel
Powders and Light, Medium and Dark Rouges.

SPECIAL OFFER—Send 50c for a
Comprimette (any shade), a bottle of
Gouraud's Oriental Coconut Oil
Shampoo, and a bottle of Gouraud's
Oriental Cream (state shade).

FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON
New York City
Our Reporter’s Notebook
(Continued from page 67)

of horses and elephants for his “close-ups” and then cut them down until eight million of them can be shown in a single shot. His success depends upon his ability to throw a “cool light” on the actors so that they will be illuminated without being burned. Why not a “cool light” to replace old King Kleig, who is so merciless on the eyes.

Old loves — old friends — it’s a Sweet combination. Blanche, of course, with her husband, Marshall Ncllan, directing her in “Tess of the D’Urbervilles,” and they’re working together so harmoniously that the professional relationship is to remain permanent, as well as the matrimonial one. It’s far from being an experiment at that, for in the old Biograph days Mr. Neill and Miss Sweet acted together and later when he was made director he directed her in “The Unpardonable Sin,” and other attractions.

The Daily Dozen—you might have guessed it—is the vogue in the Fairbanks Studio when a picture is being filmed, and the shooting of arms and legs in the air is as important as the shooting of any scene. Steamrooms and showers are as hard worked as any type writer in a t.b.m.’s office and hikes and climbs are as strong an element in the pay envelope almost as histrionic ability. Fairbanks’ actors are not likely to have to slip a medico a ten—twenty—thirty—at the finish of a picture because they are all in; they are more likely to be arrested for picking up the Court House or some such little object as that and walking off with it on their shoulders.

Mary, Mary, we know you aren’t contrary, but we hope you’re spoiling—or were misquoted. Today in the Daily News we read a cabled interview stating that after making three or four more pictures you will retire, because you are not a Duse or a Bernhardt—because the type that you created is no longer in vogue—and because the public continues to demand that you stick to your type. Well, there’s no telling, by the time you complete a trio of pictures the sweet, old-fashioned girl may be on the boards again stronger than ever.

Meanwhile we hope, as you do, that Charlie Chaplin will direct you in the part of a Whitechapel waif in London’s East Side—even tho he says he won’t.

In numbers and versatility, candidates for the role of Peter Pan, to be produced by Paramount, almost outdo the Presidential Hopefuls. A few of the actors suggested include May McAvoy, Betty Compson, Gloria Swanson, Veda Dana, and Jackie Coogan. If the promise that Maude Adams was supposed to have given to Barrie, the author of “Peter Pan,” that a girl should not play the part of the enticing Peter, holds good, Jackie, by all means, has the role—unless we page Charlie Chaplin! Norman Bel Geddes, it is reported, will make the sets for the production, and this will mark the entry into film production of the most distinguished designer of sets in America today. Herbert Brenon’s name is being mentioned most often as the one who will put the delectable Peter thru his paces.

Separations begin early in Hollywood—
(Continued on page 82)
MAIN STREET IN SUMMER

By Leslie Hale

There are trees to cloak them, as they go
Down the wide street, beneath the youngest
star,
In long dusk, turning silver; couples, linked
Hand fast in hand, or groups of gay-
gowned girls
Leaving a wake of laughter. There's a
seem
Of dewy gardens and of sea and beach.
And from the old, frame houses lights
shine out
And children play at games upon the
porch . . .
The picture house is not so far . . . just
near
Enough for pleasant walking . . . two and
two.
Or in more social groups, they turn aside
From strolling and from banter, and with
low,
Delighted laughter greet the Little House
Which shelters dreams, and watch, all
breathlessly,
(Old Age and Middle Age and Youth
alike)
The moving shadows of some dear ro-
mance,
There, in the quiet darkness with the air
Of summer stirring thru the darkened
aisles
They sit awhile. And when the play is
done
Walk once again beneath the gracious
trees,
Crowd to the drugstore for a plate of
cream,
And linger, finally, at their painted gates
With light, familiar laughter, hating so
To say goodnight and know another day
Has sped forever, as all dear days must.

THOUGHTS FROM THE GALLERY

By Helen Hugh

How come that girls are so uncommon
queer?
I watch them at the moving picture show,
When Valentino's on the screen; I hear
Them burble, "Heavensakes, ain't he a
dear...
I'm that for lovin'! Ain't he handsome, the!"

Novarro or Moreno . . . hear them coo.
"Oh, Mame, those eyes . . . they sure
have got my goat!
Don't it just seem like he looked straight
at you,
And thrilled you, Mame, just awful—
thru and thru?
I'll tell the world that boy can have my
vote!"

I've heard 'em rave. And just across
their street
There's that young, dark Italian kid' . . .
he's quite
A decent boy, hard-working, always neat,
Good-looking, too—and lonesome. When
they meet
Him at the drugstore sometimes, then—
goodnight!

It's . . . "Have a heart, Mame, here's
that Wop again!"
And "Hasn't he the crust to speak to me!
I can't stand Ginneys . . . Hope I've made
it plain
Him and his melting eyes give me a pain,
Just lamp him once! Ain't he got nerve
for three?"

Say, what's the answer? Louder! I can't hear...
How come that girls are so uncommon
queer?
Could You Write a Story Like This?

And now we come to what we believe is the greatest offer ever made to the readers of this paper. Could you recognize the vital situation in this scene—and write a scenario about it? It is a scene from the Rex Ingram Production (Metro Pictures Corporation), "The Conquering Power." A great drama built up from a commonplace story. Situations like this are taking place around you every day. Right in your own street, in your home, a great drama is being lived.

Why can't you build a plot around it? The success of the motion picture is directly due to the simplest theme, the biggest pictures are built around trivial incidents of everyday life. The successful screen writers are men and women who see the dramatic value of everyday occurrences. A few years ago these men and women were receiving ordinary salaries for doing humble tasks. Now their incomes are thousands and tens of thousands of dollars yearly.

Not Skilled Writers Just Ordinary Men and Women

You do not need writing ability. It is not hard to write a play, or a story for the screen. You need only to understand the principles of dramatic construction and plot. If you can write a story, you can have your name on the screen. If you can write a story, you can get a job in Hollywood.

If you want to write stories—if in your day dreams you make up tales about yourself, or others, or places you are creating. And remember, it does not take a long time. You need not write a long story, or a short one. The important thing is to write. The important thing is to write and to have your name on the screen. You can start now. You can send us your story today.

To Help NEW Writers

If you feel you have imagination, write us today. Simply say, "I have never sold a story to a magazine or motion-picture company. Send me for 3 days examination the regular $85.00 complete course of the Fox Plan of Writing for the Movies."

Was $85.00
Now $6.50

If I feel that these instructions will enable me to become an accomplished writer and enable me to turn my thoughts into salable ideas, I will, within five days, send you only $1.50 and a further payment of $1.00 each month, for 3 months until a total of $6.50 has been paid, otherwise I will return your money at once. I keep the course, at the end of 6 months I will write you my honest opinion as to the benefits I have derived from it.

Remember, that if you get today for $6.50, what yesterday would have cost you $85.00, you must accept our offer today, because only those who act quickly can benefit by this special arrangement.

WRITE AND ARTISTS CLUB OF AMERICA

703 Clarkson Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
She Wishes on Hay-Wagons

(Continued from page 22)

sort of stuff she used to do. She has developed a much more interesting screen personality since she has busied herself with leading the men astray. (You will understand that I speak only of her film activities.)

When I think of the rest of the cast June Mathis has selected for "Ben Hur," I don't know whether to roll on the floor with laughter or burst into bitter tears. But I'm rather counting on Carmel Myers to give us an alluring and altogether satisfactory Ira, even if she is still young enough to wish on hay-wagons.

I know a grand opera tenor who plays tiddle-de-winks.

That's Out

(Continued from page 53)

celebrities who happened to be in the vicinity:

Conway Tearle: "Some star refused to take an increase in salary because he felt he wasn't worth it, and the producer collapsed."

Edward J. Montague: "A scenario writer actually sold an original story—the shock was too much for him."

Bertram Grassby: "A film company has at last paid a dividend and one of the stockholders has fainted from surprise."

Ruth Dwyer: "More likely some publicity men are fighting a duel to settle the question as to who is the best dressed woman on the screen."

And it was only a one-reel comedy company making a scene.

On the screen, the only way an individual is ever placed under arrest is by having the policeman or detective walk up to the culprit, tap him roughly on the left shoulder, and nod his head off-stage in the direction of an imaginary jail. If this exact method were not followed, it would not be an official movie arrest and the culprit would probably refuse to be taken away.

When you don't expect them

IT'S A WISE HOSTESS who keeps a generous supply of "Uneeda Bakers" sugar wafer on the pantry shelves. To such a discerning woman the problem of what to serve the unexpected guest is no problem at all.

For instance, take NABISCO—the lightness of its two wafers and the tasty flavor of its creamy filling make it a favorite with everyone.

Then there's HARLEQUIN, another well-liked sugar wafer, with triple layers of delicious cake and alternate layers of creamy filling.

And FESTINO, the crisp and delectable wafer that looks and tastes like an almond.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
"Uneeda Bakers"
Our Reporter's Notebook
(Continued from page 82)

Europe where he shot most of the scenes of "The Arab," has been such that he has had to slip off for a vacation, presumably to Miami, before completing the scenes that were to be made in the East.

The one best bet is that Theodore Roberts won't allow himself to be prised loose from sunny California for some time to come. The grand old man of the movies has improved so much since beating it back to the Golden State that he is now able to sit on his sun porch and chew the end of a weed. Roberts has sent word to Jesse Lasky that he'll soon be able to resume work at the studios.

But just as one favorite of the screen comes up, another goes down: Reginald Barker, in the midst of cutting and editing "Broken Barriers," was stricken with a serious disease of the throat; Clara Kimball Young, while acting on the legitimate stage, became so ill that she had to be carried away to be operated upon; Lawrence Trimble, producing director, while working on "Sundown," the First National special, has had to relinquish his megaphone to Harry Hoyt. Mr. Trimble collapsed while on location in Arizona and had to be rushed to the hospital. Monte Blue, too, had to be out of the cast of "How to Educate a Wife," because of an infected eye.

But here's one you must take with a laugh and a tear: anent Margaret Livingston and her dimpled knees. At present Margaret is under contract to Thomas H. Ince and playing with James Kirkwood and Lila Lee in "Wandering Husband." Margaret met with an automobile accident that completely plugged up the dimples in her knees. Dimples being Margaret's jewels, as it were, she consulted a dimple-medico and was told to ride a bicycle to restore the million dollar dents. Then there's Gertie Short—Gertie supports Alberta Vaughn in the "Telephone Girl" stories of H. C. Wolfert—first she let a horse step on her foot and break a bone or two, then she got smashed in the nose and fractured a couple more. Gertie ought to learn how to plug in when Maude's in a good humor and plug out when her hoots fly.

Charlie Chaplin has at last selected his new leading lady—little Lita Gray, who was one of the kids in "The Kid," and has now grown up into a full-fledged cream-puff. Charlie denies that Edna Purviance is out of the running, since the Dines affair, and says she is drawing her weekly pay envelope just the same as if she were acting. Meanwhile little Nellie By Baker, former stenographer for the comedian, has chuckled her typewriter and turned actress. Her initial rôle will be that which was first assigned to Louise Fazenda in "How to Educate a Wife."

An ill wind—because "Tarhish" has been postponed, May McAvoy has been loaned to Warner Bros., and will appear as the daughter in the next Lubitsch production. The story is an original written by the director in collaboration with Hans Kraly and concerns a modern mother and her grown daughter living in New York. Pauline Frederick will take the part of the mother, and Lew Cody will have another important rôle.

A boost for Havana: Tom Terriss, who went to Cuba with Pedro de Cordoba, Renee Adoree and a supporting cast to
The Girl Who Couldn't Be Bad
(Continued from page 50)

of the State Federation of Anti-drinking! Tell me, just what do you think I can do to hurt this guy and his mean sneaking around?"

"I ain't sure yet. I want you to come around and see where he lives, that might give you an idea. We certainly have got to spike him some way!" The two men went down the street together, striving to look like the other pedestrians in Focus-town—their steps were the only evidence against them.

"Now that's the house there," said Brody, pointing out Ezekiel's substantial-looking, gloomy, big house on the corner. But Orkney was staring with undisguised admiration in the opposite direction.

"Say, who is that doll going into the big house? Oh Boy! What a beauty! Get me a knock-down to her!"

"Before you go any farther, I'll tell you who that kid is—she's Zelke Brown's pearl of great price—his daughter!"

"Out of luck!" sighed Orkney. "He'll put a stop to it!"

"That's just where you're wrong; a little. He and his wife have gone to one of their conventions in Frisco—to be gone a week—and I'm going to fix it for you!"

THE cameraman is, in a sense, the godfather to the star he photographs. He has it in his power to give the actress graceful beauty and the actor his share of masculine good looks. For a great deal lies in the photography ... in the angle from which the cameraman "shoots" and the lighting effects which he uses. So we thought it would be interesting to use a series of pictures of the different stars and their cameramen ... and these will be published next month.
The Switchboard Comes to Life

Zero hour approaches. Wire chief and assistants are set for the "cut-over" that will bring a new central office into being.

In the room above operators sit at the new switchboard. Two years this equipment has been building. It embodies the developments of hundreds of engineers and incorporates the scientific research of several decades. Now it is ready, tested in its parts but unused as an implement of service.

In the terminal room men stand in line before frames of myriad wires, the connections broken by tiny insulators. Midnight comes. A handkerchief is waved. The insulators are ripped from the frames. In a second the new switchboard becomes a thing alive. Without their knowledge thousands of subscribers are transferred from the old switchboard to the new. Even a chance conversation begun through the old board is continued without interruption through the new. The new exchange provides for further growth.

This cut-over of a switchboard is but one example, one of many engineering achievements that have made possible a wider and prompter use of the telephone.

To-day, in maintaining a national telephone service, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, through its engineering and research departments, continuously makes available for its Associated Companies improvements in apparatus and in methods of operation.

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$5000 cost $4000
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Comment on Other Productions
(Continued from page 59)

Broadway After Dark

The old-time melodramas of yesteryear (there's an inexhaustible supply of them) are coming back to us via the screen. We may miss the villain's raucous laughter—and his hissing between his teeth—we may miss the quaking of the heroine's voice—and the many gutters of the hero—but their actions on the silversheet speak as loud as their erstwhile language. Naturally, in dressing up this particular sample of gallery melodrama, the producers have injected some modern atmosphere, and the range of the camera permits wide latitude in giving the picture a substantial foundation.

It is directed by Monta Bell who left Chaplin, with whom he had worked as scenarist and biographer, to make his debut with the megaphone. And it is a first rate job he has turned out here. He shows us a girl more sinned against than usual—and guides her through a series of harrowing experiences. He shows us the atmosphere of a theatrical boarding house—as well as the bright lights of Broadway and some of its much-talked-of studio parties. And he has a cast that makes this old-time melodrama occasionally exciting and often appealing. Adolphe Menjou uses his eyebrows effectively—and gives as polished a performance as he did in "A Woman of Paris" and "The Man of My Dreams." And helping him out are Anna Q. Nilsson, whose charm and vivacity are always in evidence, Carmel Myers, Norma Shearer and Willard Louis. It is Bell has caught something of Chaplin's direct treatment—and the manner in which the comedian handles the players. There is a lot of good stuff packed away in this piece—crisp incident, ripe comedy—and absorbing atmosphere and detail. You'll enjoy it.

The Dawns of a Tomorrow

Frances Hodgson Burnett's story of a little slum girl who finds happiness by thinking it, makes a most refreshing excursion into the realm of sentiment. The idea has often been used, but it has been treated intelligently and with fine sympathy. If it carries a Pollyanna note, it never becomes syrupy because the humanities are finely expressed. Here we have the ragged heroine, the reckless sinner, the philanthropist, the philanderer—and the unkempt Cockneys of London's slums. They are in their places—as well as the beggars, the London fog—and some other tidbits of atmosphere.

It preaches a fine optimism without moralizing; it carries thrills—and it is finely acted by Jacqueline Logan, who inflicts a heart touch in her expression of the slum girl. Raymond Griffith, always colorful, the inclined to play Raymond Griffith too much, makes a swaggering crook. This young actor has personality and a style all his own. And rounding out the cast are David Torrence and Roland Bottomley; the former lending a mellow bit, while the latter is unduly stagey as the villain. You'll like this picture. And you'll come away refreshed.

The Moral Sinner

A typically movie title, this—adorning one of the oldest, but most favored formulas of fictionists, playwrights and scenarists. Any story of a crook's redemption carries melodrama and the over-
worked heart interest. When the central figure is of the feminine gender, it takes on just so much more appeal. But the conventions are obeyed here. You will find them in the girl's unwillingness to follow her criminal father's commands; you will find them when she runs into the law, represented by a criminologist—and falls in love with him—thus assuring her regeneration.

The picture is treated with good expression by Ralph Ince. But he doesn't use any ginger for his climaxes—so the plot sort of vanishes into thin air. Dorothy Dalton, who comes back to the screen after a long vacation, gives a fairly effective performance. She doesn't use any shading, so her acting becomes somewhat monotonous. And James Rennie, playing opposite, gives a stiff, colorless portrayal. He appeared to be conscious of the fact that he was well dressed. The original of this was once known as "Leah Kieschka"—and served much more colorfully on the stage—with Mrs. Fiske in the title role. It has been filmed before by Famous Players. Why not agree that the pattern is a tried and true one?

**Women Who Give**

Look for a homespun drama here, a sentimental gesture of pathos in the blighting of a romance. Look for a heart drama spun with the humanities expressed by seafaring folks. Look for the sea and feel its tang, its sense of tragic consequence when men fare forth in ships as their wives and sweethearts weep. The story is slight and depends upon local color, incident and some character drawing. If you expect a vivid drama you will be disappointed. It is much too sentimental for that. So we put it down as an atmospheric picture, one pointing some fine marine shots showing fishing smacks at sea during a storm.

The slight plot vanishes into thin air because there is no substantial climax to save it. So the director resorts to detail, and places emphasis upon the character sketches. The romance follows the cave-man formula—a haughty girl being tamed by an uncooth skipper. Its sentiment and its little humanities will strike a popular chord; and the performances of Joseph Dowling as an old "salt" and Frank Keenan as a crabby cod-packer will kusuddle humor. They seem real. The pathos is admirably handled by Rene Adoree. The story may be slow in unwinding, but it is free from melodramatic holism.

**Galloping Gallagher**

Fred Thomson, the husband of Frances Marion, is the exponent of this title—and with his horse, Silver King, he elevens this hoary plot with some adventurous incident—particularly as it pertains to the noble steed. The formula is used to help capture some bandits who have over-run a western cow-town. It is typical of its kind in that the customary hard riding, gun toting, and romance are exploited. The novelty enters only when the horse is employed in a deputy-sheriff role. There is a hand-to-hand brawl which is risibly glorified. Thomson is an earnest fellow, who has screen personality and a dare-devilish manner and he's sure to get on the screen world. His horse should help him quite as much as Bill Hart's painted pony helped Bill.

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Good Music—Wherever You Go!

Sixty miles on the speedometer—twelve noon by the clock—a quiet, shady grove by the roadside—a lunch basket packed with good things to eat—and five hungry people ready to sit down to a feast at nature's table. That's the time for a little music from the pocket orchestra—a few lively selections on a Hohner Harmonica—

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one might be called a serial compressed into feature size. The elders in the audi-

ence will recognize it for it came bound-

ing into the towns years ago when Lincoln J. Carter's name meant much more than

Somerset Maugham. Yes, simply more than

overlook its improbabilities and merely

take into account its cracking action and

its suspense. And nothing, absolutely

nothing, is forgotten in it. The Hearst

senses to the breaking point. You may see

thru it all, or better still, you will see

thru it all, but it has its compensations in

its execution. It is a triumph of that.

We will tell you that the innocent hero's

sister has a tough time ahead of her in

reaching the governor so that he will grant

a last minute reprieve to his neurotic
drums rich in mimirical situations and delightful

character portraits. The inimitable Arliss

draws upon his emotional reserves and gives a

performance that is well worth your money. He plays

a wealthy father who takes his son's bet that he
cannot live on $20 a week. And

before this amusing effort has run its course,

so did the reader capture these situations and

pranks. Let it be said that both father and son make good.

Helping out with the fun are Taylor

Holmes and Ivan Simpson. And the youth

who made such an impression in "The White Sister"—Ronald Colman—plays the

son with good feeling. It's an admirable

piece of celluloid—this picture. And

Arliss demonstrates still another side of

his versatile talent. His comedy is subtle

—pantomime with a meaning in every

gesture and expression.

Why Men Leave Home

Avery Hopwood's intimate bedroom

stuff is given a screen dressing—and be

cause his idea is treated with a measure of

subtlety and some delicacy, it has gotten by

the penetrating eyes of the censors. Of

course such a story needed excellent in-

terpretation. It has received such. And

so neatly do the players touch the satirical

threads that the plot never becomes heavy

with entanglements. Much of this credit

belongs to Lewis Stone who has a comedy

gift akin to that of George Arliss. He

is as much with an eyebrow as Adolpho

Menjou—and his eyes are nearly as ex-

pressive as Chaplin's.

The comedy is diverted in its revela-

tions of smart sophistication. We have

a wayward husband, his neglected wife, and

a daughter. When events loom up disastrous, along comes grandma,

played a trifle too sentimentally by Mary

Carr, with a trump card (a quarantine

sign) and the whole family are brought together again. Propinquity lends

its charm—and it's all over. It's a neat

little number directed with good spirit—

and we recommend it as worth your while.

THE BLIZZARD

True to the Scandinavian spirit, this picture borders upon tragedy. Its author, Dr. Selma Lagerlof, who has won a

Nobel Prize for Literature, plays upon a

theme of broken romance, which was doubtless more interesting in itself, but

works its wonder upon the pictorial side, tho there is offered a

forceful climax when a herd of reindeer stampede over the white wastes of the

Scandinavian northland.

The scenic quality lends a distinct

novelty. And anyone seeing this herd

dashing panic-stricken thru a turbulent

storm, with a young actress being

dragged at the heels of the leader—is cer-

tain to have a quickened pulse. The

romantic issue is not so good. There is

a suggestion that the farm mother is con-

sulted to the boy's love affair. So he

gives up his violin for the reindeer. The

experience leaves him starke mad.

But his mind is soothed by a balally

strummed on the fiddle by the girl. It's realistic natur-

ally—for the Swedes go in for realism.

Look over its unpleasanss and pay heed to

its vivid stampede and its pictorial

quality.

VIRTUOUS LIARS

This picture is movieland all the way

from the title to the fade-out. It

portrays a domestic upheaval in which a

long-suffering wife sends her intoxicated

husband about his business and proceeds
to show off a little happiness at their

measures of happiness by telling white lies. It defies

logic and insults the intelligence because of

its central idea. Yet the plot is detailed thru

the captions, and the situations

are clumsily executed.

The husband steps out of the picture,

or rather steps out of his wife's life until he

learns that she has inherited a small fortune. When she gives him fifty thou-

sand dollars to clear out—a bullet speeds his
dead. He met his end by stepping into a
dark alley. This bit of civilization is
typical of nickelodens days. The story

drags, which shows up the artificialities.

Among the players Maurice Costello

manages to be the most genuine.

EXCITEMENT

Even farce-comedy must carry a sem-

blance of rhyme and reason to score these

days. Time was when directors fashioned

this form in which to give the audience

outrageous slapstick humor—speed of action being the

only element considered. There is no
doubt that the age of realism has come, but

the director is still out to make a
good buck. Hence, the plot is a

bit silly and haphazard that one might

guess it as a dream. But the dream

situation isn't employed at all.

The girl cuts up considerable dildoes—

which are heavy with slapstick and not

the least bit suggestive of humor. To

brighten it up, the title writer resorts to

"wise cracks." If people talked as these

characters do—life would be nothing but

one long round of never-ending farce wag

to its title at times—but with considerable

straining to create a thrill. Laura La

Plante employs a roguish smile and makes

herself quite a bit of a flirt, but her company

is incapable of meeting the demands of

slapstick.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

A sweet little study in sentiment is

revealed in this picture, which is free from

any holokum, sex appeal or melodramatic

punch. It tells a story of parental love, and

tells it quietly and with fine simplicity. It

is based upon a poem which appeared in

the Fourth Reader a quarter of a century

ago. Here is the peaceful rusticity of a
Babarier designed them and they were executed in spangled and jeweled silks and satins and laces by a French atelier. We are talking about the costumes worn in “Monsieur Beaucaire.” And next month we will publish the original Babarier sketches together with pictures of the different players wearing the same costumes that his sketches depict. Valentiino ... Bebe Daniels ... Lowell Sherman ... Lois Wilson and Doris Kenyon are some of the players who grace these beautiful creations.

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Our Reporter’s Notebook

(Continued from page 84)

The King is dead—long live the King—George Sidney has replaced the late and beloved Barney Bernard in the role of Abe Handash in the Perlmutter stories that are to be filmed. Mr. Sidney was chosen after some fifty possibilities were looked over. Sam Goldwyn, who recommends all the top men for his production, left for the Coast, to supervise the production, stated that he intends to make the “Potash and Perlmutter” pictures an institution and will film but one a year.

My country right or wrong—my country! That’s the sentiment of John Griffith Wray toward Hollywood, and we admire his loyalty. Mr. Wray says that the young actors of the screen are islands of the public and when newsmongers shatter those idols by publishing wild stories, that may or may not be true, they not only mar the actor but destroy faith and illusions we have in the public and actor alike are dead wood.

The Detroit Motion Picture Company will, if not frank speaking, release a picture that makes our internationally known tins Lizzie? "Mary" will be the first picture made by this company. Stella Day, the wife of the president, Frank L. Day, is the leading woman, supported by Kenneth Harlan, Alan Hale, Arnold Daly, Mary Norman, Tyrone Power, Henry Sedley, Florence Billings and Nellie Peck. Saunders Miss Day likes to have the cast changed for each picture because, she says, it is less inspiring, but she means to have Tyrone Power in as many of her plays as possible.

Come seven! This is what King Vidor said when he started filming Rachel Crother’s stage success, “Mary the Third,” and had to look for about seven leading men. This is his catch: Johnny Walker, Ben Lyon loaned by First National, William Haines who had a part in Rupert Harte’s “Truant of the House,” Creighton Hale appearing in Steamboat’s “Name the Man,” William Collier, Jr., James Morrison, and Niles Welsh. Eleanor Boardman who have been cast for the Ben Lyon who played the same role on the stage opposite her. Pauline Garon will have an important feminine role.

The Land of the Free—Viola Dana is headed for it, that is, the film part of it, after nine years with Metro. Miss Dana is tired of being an ingenue or flapper or whatever fashion calls the sweet little thing at the moment, and she is angling for a more serious role; being an A-1 business woman, owning tracts of land, houses, and being the proprietor of a garage on Hollywood Boulevard, she’s apt to be able to hold out for what she wants. It is rumored that Famous-Players may use the specified bait to land her in their studios.

“The Enemy Sex,” not the story that you would choose ordinarily for francés for film, but James Cruze and Betty Compson have made such a success of the job that the picture is said to be second only to “The Covered Wagon.” Betty’s next starring vehicle will be “Ramshackle House,” to be shot in Miami, Florida, with Harmon Craig under the direction of George Arliss in the “Man Who Played God,” handling the megaphone.

Mae Marsh has taken passage for Berlin, where she is to be starred by the Stern Film Company of Germany in a story of
How to Beautify Your Eyes in One Minute

Just a wee touch of "MAYBELLINE" and your eyebrows and lashes will appear naturally dark, long and luxurious. Instantly and unbelievably the eyes appear larger, deeper and more brilliant. The remarkable improvement in your beauty and expression will astonish and delight you. "MAYBELLINE" is different from other preparations. It not only colors the hair and eyelashes, but conditions the hair at the same time. It will not spread and smears on the face or make the lashes stiff or "spiky." Do not shake or shake it. If you do, it will smear on your face. Tint your eyebrows and eyelashes as desired, you may use it for eyebrows and lashes to match. 1 oz. $1.00. Write for free catalogue.

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Name

No.

City

(Continued on page 96)

circus life. Miss Marsh was the first American actress to invade England's film production and now she is the first to try her luck in Germany's. It is rumored, also, that Miss Marsh may be the American actress that Griffith will feature in the film he is to make for a syndicate of Italian bankers. Foreign films, it seems, are doing more than yawn and stretch—they are determined to get both feet into the game. J. Gordon Edwards, for years director-general of the Fox Film Corporation, accompanied by Mrs. Edwards, is off for Rome, too, for a conference with the directors of one of the largest cinema companies of Italy. He wasn't willing to talk until he had had his say with the folk on the other side.

Twenty persons from the East Side of New York in this film is the latest undertaking of Dr. Lee De Forest, inventor of talking pictures. It is the first time that such a large cast has been attempted. The cast includes also exterior sounds to fit exterior sets. The roar of the elevated, as the train passes overhead, the shrill voices of the children mixed with the noise of their roller skates and other playthings are amazingly realistic, as is the drop in low-born street corners which plays with all the vim and discord for which such bands are noted. The story's title is "East Side, West Side," and deals with life in that congested district.

If you want to know what will happen if you cast an actress, who can wear Faquian and Garet models quite a queen, in a role where she must dress, not in the picturesque costumes of long ago, but in the mode of ten years past only, ask Anna Q. Nilsson. Miss Nilsson is being featured in "The Mountebank," and must wear clothes of the period, modes but—she happened to talk a shopping tour with Alice Joyce, her old chum of Kalem days, and all her inhibitions in regard to lovely clothes melted like the April snow. Miss Joyce was changing a lavender frock for work abroad and every time she ordered a coat, hat, dinner and evening dress, a pair of pumps or what-not, Miss Nilsson did the same. To make matters worse, another friend who is opening in a Broadway production spoke for Miss Nilsson's services on a shopping jaunt too, and she received the same careful treatment of clothes until, according to her own story, she has enough clothes to last ten years and no bank account worth mentioning. Her latest resolution is whether you would be under the circumstances.

Glen Hunter, that appealing youthful actor, who brought "Merton of the Movies" to the footlights, has filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy in the United States District Court, with liabilities amounting to $14,096. His assets, consisting of personal effects and silverware, practically covered his debts. It seems too bad that an actor who gave so freely of himself in the poignant characterization of Merton Gil should have, somehow, run amuck against the goals of prosperity. Mr. Hunter is now on the Coast and is registering "Merton of the Movies" on the Sunshine with Viola Dana and the Montague girl. He figures them into taking a comic role unknown to himself and incidentally winning stardom for him. James Cruze is directing.

Type-setting is threatening the movies—no, not typography—nor anything so simple—the type-setting of the phizzners—that is, the demand of the public and directors that they always appear in the same type.

(Continued on page 96)
Take away the torture of tired feet!

You know how hot, tired feet ache and throb, swell and even blister—and how it all consumes your fun and robs you of anticipated pleasure.

But if only you knew of what welcome relief is obtained from the application of Absorbine, Jr.!

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Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 68)

I think the production is a huge success of dramatization, as might be implied, knowing that the leading roles were carried by Lillian Gish, Henry B. Wallace and Mae Marsh.

D. W. Griffith deserves credit for the direction. His battle scenes were splendid and natural.

A word for Joseph Henabery, who played the character of Abraham Lincoln. He displayed a broad mind, and a big heart true to the character.

My conclusion is—"Why can't we have such pictures as 'The Birth of a Nation,' instead of the kind which have 'manufactured' plots?"

Sincerely yours,

A Fan from Topeka, Kansas.

Praise for Marion Davies and Harrison Ford after personal observance of them.

Dear Editor: Just a word to the Marion Davies and Harrison Ford fans. The Cosmopolitan Productions have been working in my home town for nearly a month on "Janice Meredith," and I have seen a number of the players, including Marion Davies and Harrison Ford, as I have been on location real often and watched them.

Marion Davies was made honorable Colonel of our regiment at the Barracks of which she presented the Infantry with a silver service. Her acting in "Janice Meredith" will certainly outdo "Yolanda," her latest picture.

Now for Harrison Ford. He is a wonderful actor and deserves a great deal of credit. I have seen him on location as well as at the hotel and he is always the same, very quiet and always alone. Girls, here's a little secret. One day while on location he had a treat on me thru a friend of mine from the company, chicken sandwiches which any player would enjoy while on location, as it's so hard to get a meal while working. He sure enjoyed them, BUT, here is the point, he doesn't like the other kind of chickens, so girls don't fall too hard for him, for you won't succeed. He sure is a wonderful fellow and should get more credit in your magazine than he's getting. His acting in "Janice Meredith" will also be fine.

Here is hoping your magazine prints a picture of Harrison Ford, for I have failed to find one, and I hope if the Cosmopolitan Company likes this part of the country as well as they say they do, they'll return to make "Buddy." Let's hope so, Billie!

Sincerely yours,

I. F. S.
Plattsburg, N. Y.

Commentaries on several stars.

Dear Editor: I have never written a fan letter to a star, nor have I written a letter of comment to any magazine previous to this. At last I have summoned sufficient courage to voice my sentiments publicly.

I have at times tried to believe that I liked only the beautiful stars of the screen, but I found upon checking up that I was mistaken. There are several actresses I like who wouldn't be in the beautiful class at all. Some people just make us like them no matter what they look like.

Let's have some photographs of Aileen Pringle very soon. She is exquisite. No other actress on the screen, except Mary Pickford, has as much charm, beauty and grace of movement. Her face is beautiful.

(Continued on page 100)

Street scenes are the despair of movie people. Here are King Vidor and Laurette Taylor as they discussed a scene from "Happiness" while their audience looked on, impatient for them actually to begin the filming of the scene itself.

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CALIFORNIA TRADING CO.,
3717 Warehouse St., Los Angeles
Thistledown
(Continued from page 62)

His acquaintance looked at him, amazed.
"You mean to say you’re in sympathy with this foolishness?"
"Certainly," replied Sam King, quietly.
"Why not? She has found a man she deeply loves her deeply. She has found the biggest thing in the world."
"Not bigger than a smashing picture success," scoffed the other.

"Don’t you think so?—I differ with you then," said Sam King. "There are simple, eternal verities that are bigger than any picture you or I will ever make, Dave. The verity is always bigger than the semblance, the counterfeit. You should believe this—it’ll help you make better pictures."

His friend guffawed again, but secretly he was impressed; Sam King might talk like a fool, but he was no fool!—What was he driving at anyway?

Up in their little sitting-room at the Inn, Leon and Anna, just returned from the wedding, were drinking to the bride and groom from Leon’s choicest champagne.

"Est now," warned Anna, "wine of this flavor is too strong for little Leon’s throat."

"Heaven’s light it was that was shining in her eyes with that brightness," answered Leon. "That love-light, it is a torch dropped to poor mortals lest this poor world day grows sullen and dreary. Ah, they shall be happy and blest, those two!"

Under cover of his eloquence Leon’s hand was stealing to refill his glass. The covert act did not escape Anna’s eyes; she opened her lips quickly, but closed them again without voicing the admonition.

After all, it was Miss Dolly’s wedding they were celebrating—her joyous wedding. And if Leon should drink himself ill—well, he could recover tomorrow, the dear, glad-hearted, wise-hearted old Leon.

Miss Julia’s reflections during this afternoon period were perhaps the most puzzling and most soothing of all. She was sitting alone in the gloomy splendor of the Daggett mansion. There had seemed no one she cared to invite to share her meditations after the wedding. She wished they’d been married here in the mansion; that simple little church service had been pretty, but it should have been more gorgeous, impressive—the expense could have been managed. She’d have liked to exhibit Hiram’s wife to better advantage—a De Bossert...yes, things promised to come out well after all...

Dolly was really a bright, lovable little thing. Funny, tho’, that Hiram hadn’t known who she was, not at all, when he first wanted to marry her.

And curious, this odd change in him. She couldn’t forget some of the things he had said...they pleased her, of course, for his alternation was decided for the better—but they bothered her, too...they didn’t sound like Hiram...and she couldn’t quite grasp what he meant.

Well, he was settling down to the business anyway; she’d always known he had a good head, if only he was willing to apply himself...Nice she wouldn’t have to give up art. Too bad that Hiram and Dolly didn’t want to live here—a De Bossert living up at the De Bossert place...maybe, some day, they’d rebuild up there—a large and splendid house—befitting their position...

What were the two of them doing now? She wished they had asked her up to dinner—tho, of course, that couldn’t be ex-
Girls! Say Goodbye To Yellowish Teeth

New Safe Liquid and Special Paste Whitens Discolored Teeth—Instantly

Every man admires personal cleanliness in the fair sex. But no girl can be truly dainty and charming with dulled yellowish teeth. Bleachodont Combination costs only two cents and whitens teeth instantly, at home. Leaves teeth flashing white, Insures and clean. Contains mild safe liquid, which loosens and assists stains—and a special paste which gently removes them. Works instantly. Quicker, sure, safer than old scouring methods which injured enamel. Money materially refunded if not delighted with first application. WARNING: Don’t accept cheap liquid imitations. Always insist on genuine Bleachodont Combination, the SAFE treatment. Distributed by Bleachodont Dental Laboratories and sold by drug and department stores everywhere.

What Do You Intend Doing After Graduation?

Are you one of the vast army of girls and boys that will graduate from High School within the next few weeks? If you are, you no doubt desire to enter college next fall, but probably the question has arisen as to how and where you can obtain enough money to finance your course—now, maybe I can help you earn enough money this summer to pay your tuition fee and also give you enough spending money for all of next winter.

What I Propose Doing Is to Give You Light, Pleasant Employment All During the Summer Months

I want representatives to collect renewals and solicit new subscriptions for Motion Picture Magazine, Beauty and Classic—Pictorial of the Screen and Stage. Experienced salesmanship is not essential; all that is necessary is your ambition to earn from $5.00 to $10.00 a day. If you only work a few hours each day you ought to be assured an income of $150.00 a month; several of my full time staff are earning from $250.00 to $500.00 a month.

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She did not have to go to the trouble of diet or exercise. She found a better way, which aids the digestive organs to turn food into muscle, bone and sinew instead of fat.

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If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don’t.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most if not all of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it. You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

AFTER THE SHOW...

BY JANICE TREAT

The screen is dark; the music’s final blare Sounds thru the lighted house; we rise, and go
Half-dreaming, up the crowded aisle-ways, where A hundred voices blend, “You liked the show?” “I thought it wonderful...” “Oh, isn’t the dearest thing!” “O’Brien’s perfect, Jim!” “I liked the travel picture...” “Did you see, “There, at the last, just how she looked at him?”
They lose their gloves, they drop a bon-bon box, A sleepy chid creeps out... and lovers talk Their homeward way... for them the show unlocks The gates to new Romance; the actors make Their own love come alive and find new speech, And set a spell upon them; all the earth Spins to their heartbeats... moons within their reach Rise to illumine pictured love and mirth.

SCREEN BABIES

By GERTRUDE FORBES

Why must they toddle sweetly thru The adult plot in nightmares white, And interrupt with prayers the fine, Accustomed and parental fight? How can they, at the age of two, Hawk Swedish matches on the street, In order that stern Grand-papa They may, in such surroundings, meet? Why must they almost drown or burn. And why, when Daddy finds that he Would be much happier divorced Must they intrude with “childish plea”? Or catch convenient chickenpox And wear—but why?—a bandaged head, Uniting with their “little hands” Distracted parents by the bed.
If you should meet them off the screen, These interfering little mates You’d spank them well and wish them ill According to their pious lights; But as the screen imprisons them You gulp a gulp and drop a tear, Unnatural they may be, but— The author knew their charm, I fear.

PICTURE NEWS

By FAITH BALDWIN

The pageant of the world goes by Upon the scene; we see A baseball game; a flaming sky A giant redwood tree.
We watch disaster and delight. The humble and the grand, A group of trooping lads, “Squad’s right!” A devastated land.
And once the Prince of Wales’ bright head Flashed on the silversheet, The shop-girl near me sighed and said, “Oh, Harry—ain’t he sweet!”

A SLAP IN THE FACE WITH A CREAM PUFF

Is not a man’s way of fighting. Neither can you do a man’s work with baby’s—much more if your man is muscle enough to be. How long are you going to dream about this war? Don’t try to kid yourself by saying, “Oh, I’ll start regular exercise next week.” I know a lot of fellows who keep putting that until—Zowie—it was too late. They couldn’t make a concrete just in case they wanted to play baseball.

THIS IS A BIG DAY FOR YOU

Don’t put this off another second. If you want to make the most of your life, you’ll have to start right now. Come on, let’s—go you—and me—and you’re going to bloom the day you read this. Are you going to make you work—you can let your old shirt on that. But you’ll thank me for it, sooner—or later)—what a different looking chap you’re going to be. Just for a starter, I’m going to put you one full inch taller on those arms of yours in exactly 30 days—and two inches on your chest in the same length of time. But that’s nothing. Then comes the real work. I’m going to build out that back of yours and put a pair of shoulders on you that will bulge right out of your old coat sleeves. I’m going to fill out those arms of yours and make you a champion of the world in the event of real roll of fat that is now hanging over your belt line. And while I’m doing this, I am also going to build muscle In and around every vital organ. You will have a spring to your step and a grace to your voice. In fact, you will say to yourself, “What a terrible fellow I was turning out to be; didn’t I want this done now?”

Let’s Go

Why waste time over these things. You want muscle. You want strength. You want life. What you want. I can give you—for you for the asking. I don’t try to kid you out of it with any promises. I guarantee these things. You don’t take any chances with me. Come on now and get the job. Be the man you have always wanted to be.

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It contains forty-three full-page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-champion pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, improving me to help them. Look them over now and you will marvel at their present accomplishment. This book will prove an innocent and a real inspiration to you. I will thrill you through and through with a firm, sure conviction that you also can be perfectly strong and healthy, despite of wraping and pouting, and it is not hard to carry 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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KENNETH ALEXANDER, the eminent New York photographer shown at the right, has checked his camera to the Coast in order to make sittings of various brilliant women stars in the atmospheric setting of Hollywood. Mr. Alexander has won a reputation by his artistic, sensitive, and expressive studies of the fair sex.

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never look natural or feel right. They are really harmful and retard development. You should add to your physical beauty by enlarging your bust form to its natural size. This is easy to accomplish with the NATIONAL, a new scientific appliance that brings delightful results.

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If you wish a beautiful, womanly figure, write for a copy of the treatise by Dr. C. S. Carr, formerly published in the Physical Culture Magazine, entitled: “The Bust—How It May Be Developed.” Of this method Dr. Carr states: “Indeed, it will bring about a development of the busts quite astonishing.”

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THE OLIVE COMPANY  
Dept. 205  
CLARINDA, IOWA

Our Reporter’s Notebook

(Continued from page 91)

of character. Mary Pickford, as we have said, threatens to leave the screen because of this restriction, and Norma Talmadge declares that actors must be allowed to act—not to be patterned. The days are gone when vamps must do nothing but vamp, and ingenues nothing but ingenues. One can’t, she says, with success be the same sort of girl over and over again, love and laugh and marry and weep and go thru the usual emotional contortions like an acting machine. There must be versatility in screen acting as there is in stage acting. It was the wide scope in interpreting the role that made filming “Secrets” so delightful for Norma. Coming a period of fifty-two days from the time of crinoline days to the present time, she played four different characters from a miss in her teens to an old lady, with locale, costume, and atmosphere, all varying. Miss Talmadge is at present seeking another story as interesting. Meanwhile Constance Talmadge is filming “Learning to Love,” under the direction of Sidney Franklin. Constance has taken on another role as well—that of godmother to the young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Earle Williams. Connie is Mrs. Williams’ closest friend and the baby has been named for her, Joan Constance.

The “Houseboat on the Styx”—is to be drydocked in Hollywood. Emmett Flynn, who made such a hit with “A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur’s Court,” that irresistible comedy-satire of medieval chivalry by Mark Twain, is to film it. The “Houseboat on the Styx” and its sequel, “The Pursuit of the Houseboat,” was written by the late John Kendrick Bangs a score of years ago and immediately became a catchword of humor. The stories describe the experiences of spirits of famous characters of history who organize themselves into The Associated Shades, and live in a houseboat on the Styx. Cleopatra, Queen Elizabeth, Lucrezia Borgia, Ophelia, Shakespeare, Hamlet, Marc Antony are all there. The men of the party all desert their loves to sneak off to see a prizefight between Samson and Delilah.

“The Man Without a Country,” that poignant tale of banishment afloat, is also booked for filming. Edward Hearn will play the lead with Pauline Starke opposite him. Richard Tucker, Earl Metcalf, and Lucy Beaumont are in the cast too. Their story will be directed by Rowland V. Lee.

Another mermaid has lost her scales—little Mary Astor, one of Sennett’s most famous bathing beauties, has slipped into the Christie Film Company to play the feminine lead in Al Christie’s next comedy, “Nerve Tonic.” Mary’s a good tonic for any malady.

“Araby Bound,” a Century Comedy, has been shot in Death Valley with Jack Earl, the giant, and Al Alt, his antithesis, playing opposites. Why wouldn’t a better title be “Before and After”? We’ve known Death Valley to do as much success as that in the way of shrinking. Other members of the cast are Hilliard Kerr, the fat comedian, Elizabeth Kavanoe and the Century Follies Girls.

As there is eternally a bumper crop of Valentinos, so there seems to have started a harvest of Sessee Hayakawas. The latest

(Continued on page 98)
Mostly Sour Grapes
By Faith Baldwin
I'll never write scenarios
No matter how they need 'em,
And, like the purple cow, I vow
I'd rather write than read 'em.
I wouldn't be a movie star
For all the wealth of Persia,
For such display, for goodly pay,
Alarming brain-inertia.
I'd not direct the greatest cast
That ever salaries captured,
My limbs are far too bow, I know,
To be puttee enraptured.
No captions will I perpetrate,
Nor put my wits in pawn,
Lest I should say, some thoughtless day,
How sweetly came the Dawn!
I will not live in Hollywood,
For patio or palace,
A swimming-pool would leave me cool
I state it without malice.
In short, I know I could not do
Nor be nor have these pickin's,
A sage am I to blithely lie
While yearning like the dickens!

Shop-Girls
By Dorothy Allen
I like to watch them when the lights go down
And Romance treads the pathway of the screen,
Beneath the hard veneer of shop and town
They are as young and wistful as the green
Slim trees in springtime; and their eyes are bright
With hidden dreams and unattained delight.
Each looks much like the other; thin, and dressed
In styles that ape great shops and tawdry shoes
Bestrapped and buckled; ankles soft and flimsy
By flimsy stockings ... Thus they sit and choose
Munching at gum or bonbon, those glad ways
Of Life they only know thru picture plays.

Dorothy Gish
By Jane Cuthrell
I think she was a changeling child,
That in her veins there fleetly runs,
The blood of elf-folk, sweetly wild,
The wine of moons, the wine of suns.
A little rogue, with wishful eyes
And laughter quivering at her lips.
As mischievous as Puck, and wise
With humor, to her finger-tips.
The fairies at her christening
Were kind to her beyond belief,
And gave her happiness, to sing
A lullaby to lurking grief.

O. K. As "Best Man" But Just How Good Are You?

unfitness for marriage is the most humiliating thing in life. It stings like a lash to see your friends stride masculinely to the altar with their heart's beloved ... to feel your own bachelor circle growing spasmodic, emptier, lonelier, until you perceive in yourself an outlaw of Nature, a flat, state, incompetent specimen of man.

Yet what can you do? It would be sheer villainy to wed a pure and lovely girl whose mate you are physically unfit to be, of whose children you can never honestly become the father, whose hate and contempt would be upon your head as surely as you led her to the altar.

Slipping, Slipping, Doomed?
You can only let yourself go just so far ... and then you're done for, squeezed dry, scrapped.
Nature will stand for only so much defiance of her laws and when she punishes the penalty is a fearful one ... Sentenced to the doom of a companionless existence from youth unto the grave.

But Here's the Cheerful Side of It
There is more power, more vitality, more come-back ability locked in that body of yours than you would ever dream of. All you have to do to become a healthy, virile and dynamic man is to release the forces of nature in you by the Master-key of intelligent and non-experimental body culture.

Working always and altogether with natural means, I have salvaged countless ship-wrecked lives, and reinstated thousands of despairing souls in the man-power of the nation.

Don't for a moment think that I can't do the same for you.

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This Easy Way!

In Paris I learned a secret for which millionaires have paid thousands. Let me tell it to you FREE OF CHARGE.

If you own one of many who has tried everything to reduce without success — if you are suffering from a weak heart, high blood pressure, tired feeling, nervousness of breath, all due to obesity, AT LAST YOU CAN BE RELIEVED. If your figure is such that you are embarrassed to appear in public with your husband or your smart-looking slender friends, you can now entertain new hopes. Perhaps it is your heart, your limbs or your arms that you want to reduce, or maybe only one or two rolls of fat have lately appeared? Whatever your case may be, if you want to reduce only certain parts of your body, or if you are 10 pounds too heavy or 100 pounds, you owe it to yourself to investigate this new discovery, WHICH DOES AWAY WITH DANGEROUS DRUGS, WEAKENING PILLS, ABSURD CREAMS, TIRELESS EXERCISES, AND WORTHLESS REDUCING GIRDLES. From experience, I know how many worthless things you have tried in the past and in the effort to help you will be in possession without being any disappointed. I have decided to send absolutely free of charge, to everyone who mails coupon below, full details about this new discovery. I will also give confidential information to fat people with the exact directions I followed to reduce from 180 to 140 pounds in a few short weeks, and at the same time greatly improved my general health and appearance.

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Send me free of charge, full information on the French discovery for the relief of Excessive Fat.

Name:
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If you care to, enclose 5¢ in stamps to help cover expense.

Page 97
Our Reporter's Notebook
(Continued from page 96)

to appear on the silversheet is Ylon Kalo, a Yale graduate and one-time pitcher and sprinter. His latest appearance in the cast of "Souls That Pass in the Night." In "The Throwback," he acted the part of the Oriental aviator. He originally intended adopting engineering as a profession, but the screen proved too alluring. He ground the camera for two years before stepping into the Kletig. "Souls That Pass in the Night" is an adaptation of an original story by William J. Flynn, former chief of the United States Secret Service. The cast includes, besides Ylon Kalo, Lucille Young, Ramon Novarro, John Harron, Charles Clary and others.

Prisoners by brevet—Booth Tarkington, Thomas Meighan, Victor Heerman and Paul Sloane—recently spent several days in Sing Sing Prison to get atmosphere for "Whispering Men," the original story Mr. Tarkington submitted for the project. Karl Schluske, author of "In the Night," is at work on the script.

What’s one man’s cross is another man’s playing.

Up to the minute—H. M. K. Smith, head of the costume department of the Famous Players Long Island Studio, has stepped over to Paris to study the fashions. He will return with sketches and models of the latest styles in dresses, suits and coats. Famous Players stars will look as if they have just come along from the Place d’Opera, and the Rue de la Paix.

Love at first sight—correspondence at first hand always carries a thrill, or so Tom Mix thinks. It is rumored that he is studying both French and Italian so that he can peruse without aid of clergy or translator, fan letters from these passion-ate countries.

Clara Bow has been signed for an important role in "Wine." She will portray a New York society flapper, who runs amuck because of her disregard of conventions. The role seems to be much like the flapper role she portrayed in "Black Oxen." "Wine" is adapted from William McHarg’s story dealing with illicit liquor traffic.

Rosal Walsh, director of "The Thief of Bagdad," is at work on some rewarding thousands from an aunt. A good portion of this newly acquired fortune Mr. Walsh intends to invest in productions of his own. It is rumored that he is casting a long eye on "The Miracle," with Lady Diana Manners and Orville Caldwell in the leading parts on the screen—the same as those they took in the staging department. It looks as if Morris Gest, producer of "The Miracle," in the legitimate, will get a lucrative slice of the inheritance.

On again—off again—Lucy Fox has been engaged by the Ehmer Harris productions to make five pictures in San Francisco. The first, "The Foolish Virgin," is already begun. Patsy Ruth Miller and Matt Moore are in the cast also. At second and more important engagement, at least to Mr. Fox, is her engagement to marry Jules Forman, a silk merchant, in October. Miss Fox will then retire from the screen.

"The Worst Woman in Hollywood," by Adela Rogers St. John, is really going to reach the screen. Will Hay's notwithstanding. It was reported that the movie cast

(Continued on page 105)

New Easy Way
To Beautify Eyes

No need now to run with mascara, smudge eye make-up that runs off and submitted to wonder-ful liquid has been perfected which can be applied in a few moments, dries instantly, lasts all day and is non-clumping.

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THERE he met this girl. She had read the secret of "Fascinating Womanhood," a daring new book with maps, charts and photos which shows how any woman can appeal to men by using the simple laws of man's psychology. Any other man would have been equally helpless in the face of her beauty and hands. You, too, can have this book; you, too, can enjoy the worship and adoration, and feel it to warm your imagination and fill the days of your choice. Just your name and address on this page if you wish for publishing. A large book will bring you our free booklet (in plain wrapper), outlining a system of music lessons free in your time. PSYCHOLOGY PRESS, Dept. 12-G, 117 So. 14th St., St. Louis, Mo.

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Is now more than ever the key-note of success in men and women, 901,000,000 Americans are dressing to conform. And when you consider that I have new clothes, that I have new shoes for comfort, my new appliances, which are successfully straight-fitting, within a short time, bow-leggedness and knock-kneedness, safely, quickly and permanently, without pain, operation of discomfort. Will you prefer to look the same and feel the same, or will you accept this opportunity to improve your personal appearance 100 per cent. Which looks better, for example, a well-fitted pair of discarded sharkskin and anatomical book, which tells you how to correct bow and knock-knee, or an old pattern grown tight on your part. Enclose a dime for postage.

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Near 36th Street, Suite 605

BARTHELMESS

by Colette Vidor

He has his kingdom... women watch

His pleasant shadow on the screen,

And think him very like the son

That is, or was, or might have been

Their own... their eyes are sometimes wet

With memories or hopes forlorn,

They catch their breaths to see him smile

So like the boy they might have borne.

And uncomplex and vivid soul

He moves across the shifting stage,

And holds, between his strong, young hands

The hearts of youth, the hearts of age,

And women say, in simple praise

In splendid praisings (their eyes are wet)

“He seems just like the nicest boy,

“Somehow, that I have ever met...”

THE MOVIE TOWER OF BABEL

by John Flowers

“Terrible,” wrote the reviewer,

―Lacks life and beauty,” said the professional.

―Too much sex appeal,” waved the preacher,

―Cut that out,” ordered the censor.

But the Exhibitor ran the picture to packed houses!

EXPLORERS

by Betty Tuttle

The picture house is a galleon,

A sailing ship of gold,

And with its tattered, gleaming decks

Are heroes, brave and bold.

For there wait ports innumerable,

With trails we dare explore,

And Treasure Islands mark the chart

Off Lands of Nevermore.

We know Adventure’s stormy seas,

We taste of Danger’s brew,

And sail on oceans of delight

Until the play is thru.

SCREEN FLAPPERS

by Ethel Ferris

I like to see them flap across the screen,

These pert young things, slim-swathed

in gorgeous gowns,

With tilted eyes and quick, street-urchin wits.

The hybrid blossoms of the fevered towns.

Excitement-mad, and seeming hard as nails,

Their beauty, like a careless flower flung

For scandal’s feet to trample on. I know

How dear they are, how fearless and how young!

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Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 92)

in every expression, and this can be said of very many others.
I can hardly wait for Mary Pickford's next picture. What a delight to the eye our beautiful, talented, golden Mary is. No one else has yet achieved her fame. She has remained with us as the brightest star while dozens of others have come and gone.

Gloria Swanson's fine acting in "The Humming Bird" has established proof of her acting ability. Some have said that she was only a clothes-rack. If it were true, wouldn't a lot of us like to be one too? I wouldn't class her as a great beauty, but I love her "sassy" profile and her eyes which "have it what gits 'em."

Norma Talmadge was lovely in "Smilin' Thru." Too bad she doesn't have more pictures as suited to her type. I didn't like her at all as the Oriental dancing girl, in her last picture "The Song of Love." She doesn't seem the same old charming Norma.

In "When Knighthood Was In Flower," Marion Davies was a picture that I shall never forget in those lovely old-fashioned costumes. Her acting couldn't have been improved on. She was such an adorable boy in "Little Old New York."

Corinne Griffith seems to be one of the most popular stars at present. Several of my friends agree with me that she has the expression either of having a pain somewhere, or of being bored to distraction.

The only picture I liked Pola Negri in was "Passion." Why, with her square-shaped face, does she wear her hair sticking out in bunches at the sides? It is anything but attractive that way. She also used too much make-up around the eyes.

Little Jackie Coogan is a child genius, if there ever was one. He is able to express any emotion with his dear little face and large soulful eyes. It's too bad he'll have to grow up.

Of the men, I select Richard Barthelmess as the best looking and the most lovable. He has such kind eyes and such a beautiful profile. Considering everything, I think he represents the ideal type of man.

Other stars I like very much are Anna Q. Nilsson, Claire Windsor, Viola Dana, Rudolph Valentino, Ramon Novarro, and John Barrymore.

It would be very bad for the motion picture industry if we all liked only the same certain few actors. It is best for all that our tastes are wide and varied.

Sincerely,
ALVA M. JOESTING,
1104 M Street, N.W.,
Washington, D. C.

Deploring "Three Weeks" and a brief for "The Courtship of Myles Standish."

DEAR EDITOR: I wonder if you'll be interested in hearing what a good laugh all the middle strata is having in Washington, D.C., these days? (By the middle strata I mean school-teachers, government clerks, honorable housewives and all the honorable husbands of the aforesaid.)

Well, Elmore Glyn's "Three Weeks" has been here two weeks and it is a perfect scream. People go and—laugh; come home and tell their friends who had no notion of going and they attend and LAUGH. Nobody could possibly take the thing seriously, and from the lawyer who attended every night for a week, in the vain hope that just once they would forget to draw the curtain over the bed of roses, to the gum-chewing waitress from the cheapest restaurant who laughed herself sick when the noble hero fainted on the breakfast table, they are of the same opinion: it was one of the most woful attempts in the history of the cinema to (Continued on page 102)

It's bad luck to be kept busy in California studios when the baseball season is on in the East. However, Wes Barry "listens in" and hears the score and all that sort of thing. The next best thing to seeing the Bambino hit a homer—is hearing about it
Your Face Is a Tattle-Tale

You can make it your Fortune or—your Misfortune

EACH HUMAN FACE is a positive index to its owner’s character, so states Penelope Knapp in the first of a series of articles on: Your Face and Your Character. You will want to read them in order to “save your face.”

THE GREEDY ONE—your subconscious self. Its quality gives or denies us beauty. An article by Florence Dorsey Welch.

TAKEN UNAWARES—by Charles Le Maire, in which he tells you to dress your personality instead of your features. Mr. Le Maire designed the costumes for Poppy, Wildflower, Mary Jane McKane, Vouges of 1924, and the new Comstock & Gest show, Sitting Pretty. It will pay you to learn how he does it.

THE CHIC FRAME, being woman’s background, the art of interior decoration, as supplementing the art of costuming. The true decorator insists upon seeing his client in opposing moods, in varied costumes, and at different times of day. The article is generously illustrated with unique and lovely studies.

Dancing Thru Life, by Marie Cherer-Bekof, soloist of the Imperial Ballet of Petrograd. It tells of dancing as conducive to longevity.

Care of the Skin in Summer, an article in which you are told how to protect your skin from Old Sol, and the Old Man of the salt sea.

Their Philosophy, four successful writers and artists in intimate interviews tell how they achieved success and beauty of life thru work.

They Haven’t Bobbed Yet, an illustrated article on the long-haired stars of the screen—they need long locks for emotional rôles.

The Mad Masquerade

A Gripping Story, by W. Carey Wonderly, of a girl driven to desperation by starvation; a millionaire with an eye for beauty, an ear for affinities, and—a wife; a man deliberately engaged in a frame-up. You’ll want to read it for yourself.

On News-stands June 15

Special Introductory Offer—5 Months for $1.00

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Letters to the Editor
(Continued from page 100)
put across something raucy. People laugh and laugh; yet they feel cheap, too, even while they laugh, they have the sense of having had the impertinency to go to to a "Fatty" Arbuckle comedy and smile at some low inference.
I fear Conrad Nagel has "cooked his goose," if you know what that is. The girl's name doesn't mean a thing to a majority of movie fans and she can possibly afford the reproach she has drawn upon her name in the interest in similar roles she MAY be called upon to perform for the deletion of certain gross elements of movie goers.
Is this too strong? We are getting so tired of having trash dished up to us in the form of MAGNIFICENT, STUPENDOUS SUPERPRODUCTIONS, which, boiled down as to story, plot and pleasure in the film, don't amount to a fly in the desert compared to one of Dick Barthelmess' wholesome real life shows.

There is another film I feel called upon to report. That is Charles Ray's "Courtship of Myles Standish." I have read a few advance criticisms of this film and I have heard some. It looks to those of us who have exhaustively discussed this (and we number not a few school-teachers and clerks in Uncle Sam's departments), it looks as tho the critics had got scared to death about John Alden's development of faith in the God of the Pilgrims, so they had to make him and pick the production to pieces. Some of us dont have to freeze and starve to have funnier dreams than William Carver's vision of the Capitol. The storm at sea was far more acceptable than a game of strip poker, a petting party or a society swimming melee would have been, yet many of the gigantic productions are soaking such scenes into films where they are about as fitting as they would have been in Charles Ray's latest.
Nothing this actor has offered, so far, has been anything but true to human nature at its best, yet he is not namby-pamby. He does not need to advertise a multitude nor a whirlwind to bring the crowd to a Charles Ray production.
Other artists who invariably leave a good taste when the show is over are: Norman Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, Harold Lloyd, Monte Blue, Kenneth Harlan, Richard Barthelmess and Thomas Meighan.

Now Editor, please page MACK SENGERT COMEDIES.

Dear Mack Sengert:
Can we have a really good THREE WEEKS show in a day or two? Call it THREE WEAK: The King, Paul and the Queen. Let Louise Farrand be the Queen; Ben Turpin, Paul, and Bull Montana, King. I know Ben would get a jab on that bed of roses. The blonde curl of the bald-headed baby could be more emphasized—when Ben and Louise could get it about right. I'll wager.

Thank you, dear Editor.
Sincerely yours,

NORTH,
3501—5th St. N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

An interesting, gossip letter.

Dear Editor: I've just got to write this letter! I've put it off long enough. I've read MOTION PICTURE for six years and still like it. The first issue I ever bought contained an interview with Harold Lockwood and a serial of Ruth Roland.

(Continued on page 110)

MAH JONG

Learn This Fascinating Game in a Few Minutes

Do you know how and when to "pong" — and when to "chow," and what the "winds" stand for, and how to go "Mah Jong"? Do you know what "characters" are, and "tiles"? and "Dragons" and "Bamboos" and "Circles"?

Sounds mysterious and complicated—but it is not. Mah Jong is a wonderfully interesting game that you and your family and friends should enjoy. It combines the pleasures of all games. It is truly the "game of games."

Mr. Eugene V. Brewster, publisher of Motion Picture Magazine, Classic and Beauty, is the author of a book that will unfold this game to you. Go to your news-stand or book store today, and purchase a copy of

MAH JONG

Simplified

and One Hundred Winning Points

By EUGENE V. BREWSTER

This handsome little book (red, green and yellow dragon cover) will teach you in a few minutes fully to understand Mah Jong. It explains the meanings of expressions used, customs, pieces, how to score, and gives you "One Hundred Winning Points" that will positively help you to win. You can easily become an expert player with this book as your guide.

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Wrinkles and Facial Blemishes Removed

Parisan beauty doctors remove crows-feet, wrinkles, frown lines and mouth lines, moles, hair, scars, tattoo and powder marks, freckles and smallpox pits without the knife. This method has been introduced in America by nationally famous plastic surgeon and dermatologist and can now be secured in the form of Home Treatments only through us. No exercises, cutting, electricity, massage, astrangent lotions or messy clays. A perfect home treatment that takes from 10 to 40 years from the appearance of your face to STAY OFF.

The Social and Dollar Value of a Face—a new booklet just out—is a worth-while story for every man and woman. It contains photographic proof showing how people up to 85 years of age have been restored to look 20 to 40 years younger. This booklet will be sent to those interested on request by Dr. Gordon Com, 719 Tramway Bldg., Denver, Colo.

BABY PEGGY
By MARGARET CLARK

Is she fairy, rogue or elf, Changeling-child, or just herself, Baby Peggy? Is she infant, witch or nun— Or a ray escaped the sun, Baby Peggy?

Should she laugh or weep or smile, All our hearts are captured, while Baby Peggy
Plays her many pretty pranks, For our fealty and thanks Baby Peggy!

Just a girl-child dancing there, Young as springtime, light as air, Baby Peggy,
All of summer in her face, All of childhood in her grace, Baby Peggy!

THE INFLUENCE OF THE MOVIES
Five-year-old Bobbie knew to say his customary evening prayer before climbing into bed.

"Now I lay me down to sleep," he began, then opening his eyes, he asked in animated tone:

"Where did you get this idea, Mamma? At the Movies?"

Is it possible for a man and woman to find happiness outside of the social laws and conventions which man has set up in self-defense? "Cytherea," the Joseph Hergesheimer novel which has recently come to the screen, finds much of its colorful interest in this very question. You'll be moved to thought and speculation by the short story based on this motion picture which is to appear in the August magazine.
The Costume Picture

(Continued from May 4)

And his hat is at least
Napoleon's own.

The leading man
Tossing redcurrants into a
Mulberry bush--it gives a
Sun-Dial.

And I held it down... "He
Closed it. I sent her head down..."

And in the charm of that
Romantic moment... her
Head against his shoulder:

Almost I forget the
Herald's Tiara... But not of long!

A voice breaks in:

"I do not know if she has
a hair in her whole life..."

She held her hand from
Her's one score... she

But her head and grace he
Draws her limb..."

"Closeup!" I sent her head down..."

Almost I forget the
Herald's Tiara... But not of long!

A voice breaks in:

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But her head and grace he
Draws her limb..."
objected to the title, but this has somehow been glossed over, and Sam Wood will direct the story, probably for First National.

"Face," a Saturday Evening Post story, will make its bow on the screen as "Un-guarded Women." It is a strong drama of Oriental atmosphere, with many of the scenes laid in Peking, China. The cast is headed by Bebe Daniels, and Richard Dix, and the story includes: Mary Astor, Walter McGrail, Frank Losee. It is being directed by Alan Crosland.

Ben Lyon opposite the Negri—in an adaptation of "Song of Songs"—an H. Wood production in which Irene Fenwick starred on the stage. Mr. Lyon, already a stage favorite, made a metoric leap to film stardom. On the Coast for his vacation, he was induced to take a part in Maurice Tournier's production of "The White Moth," opposite Barbara La Marr, and also a role in the screen version of "Mary the Third," in fact, the part he had made famous in the stage production of the same play. From there he stepped up to share laurels with Pola.

"The Goose Hangs High"—it did to the tune of $30,000, but Famous Players paid it! The play is by Louis Veach and has had a successful Broadway run. Now Famous Players is angling for "The Rabbit's Foot," by Rida Johnson Young, that is having a successful career in Boston. We're wondering if they're carrying a talisman of title-role in their pocket.

Mrs. Sydney Drew is at last making good her promise to come back to the screen. She will produce, as an independ-ent, five four-reel comedies on the order of those that registered with such forcible visibility when she was starred with her late husband, Sydney Drew, the dry-wet comedian.

Looks before he leaps—that's Lew Cody—not in affairs of the heart, perhaps, but in affairs of the screen. Mr. Cody has an urge to become a producer on his own, but he's not burning any bridges. He has bought a one-act play and plans to film it in the evening after he has finished his work for the Goldwyn Company. It will run two reels and will have only three people in the cast. It will be a sort of vignette of movie production. He will give private showings of it and if it is a success, will then offer it for general release.

Earlier in this column we spoke of Gloria Swanson's hard work in having to wear cheap clothes as the star of "Man-handled"—that wasn't a circumstance to some of the other things she had to do: twice a week served as a clerk in department stores selling ribbons behind a counter, and another time she submitted to getting splashed with mud for several hours—"Manhandled" is a good title.

Florence Vidor, according to the Thomas Ince people, will play the title rôle in the John Griffith Wray production of "Barbara Fruchtie." It was at first rumored that Blanche Sweet would have the rôle.

"The Queen's Love Story," by Mary Roberts Rinehart, will be Gloria Swanson's next vehicle. Ian Keith, he of tall men,
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Big Money and Fast Sales. Every owner buys Gold Infills for his auto. You charge $1.50; make $1.05. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 161, East Orange, N. J.


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black hair and deep blue eyes, than whom no one could be a more romantic looking lover for a queen—or a maid—has been chosen for the male lead. Frank Tuttle, who adapted "Manhandled" for the screen, is working on the scenario of the new story.

Goin' to show 'em—Mack Sennett has gone on a fishing trip along the Mexican Coast, where he expects to make a haul of tuna, whale and sword fish. And he allows he's going to tell as big a fish story as was ever told when he returns, and no one will dare guess him Poncequi! Because he has taken a cameraman along with him, and if he gets a thousand feet of a big tiler in action he's going to build a picture about it.

"Her Own Free Will," a novel by Ethel Dell, has been chosen by Helene Chadwick for her first starring vehicle for Hodkinson release. It is a story of a loveless match between a young American girl and a middle-aged lover from across the seas—quite mod in all details. Holmes Herbert, who recently played with Lois Wilson in "Another Scandal," will have the male lead.

"To be or not to be"—Mr. Lytell refused to give a positive answer as to whether he would marry Claire Windsor when divorce proceedings instituted by his wife, Evelyn Vaughan, became effective. Claire and he have always been the best of friends, he said, and she is the finest little woman in the world. He exonerated Miss Windsor from any responsibility of the divorce proceedings and declared that he and his wife had decided to separate before he left for Africa to take a leading part in the filming of "A Son of the Sahara." Mrs. Lytell, in her suit, claimed desertion. Africa seems far enough away to make her point sound. She will soon return East to be featured once more on the legitimate stage.

"Beau Brummell" is responsible for the shooting of at least one actor into stardom—before the filming of this production Willard Louis was unknown. He has put up a good support in any cast—now since he has acted the Prince of Wales in "Beau Brum- mell" he has his picture on the 1913-1914 offer lists. At present he is playing the title role in "Babbitt," a Warner production.

"For Sale," an original from the pen of Earl Hudson, author of "Sandown," promises to be another super-film for First National. Already engaged for the cast are Claire Windsor, Adolphe Menjou, Robert Ellis, Mary Carr, Tully Marshall and many lesser lights. George Archbald is directing.

"Grandma's Girl," in other words Kath- leen Clifford, who will take the part of both boy and girl in the story, is a new Christie satellite.
EYES OF FOUR SCREEN FAVORITES

By Dora S. Weatherall

MARY'S eyes are like Springtime,
Like an April day,
Just ready for a shower—
But smiling anyway.

NORMA'S eyes are like Summer,
Soft as the Summer breeze,
Warm as the Summer sunshine
Sifting thru the trees.

POLA'S eyes are like Autumn,
With passion set afire;
Silent as the falling leaves,
They bow to Fate's desire.

GLORIA'S eyes are like Winter,
Sharp as the wind that blows;
Their tenderness is hidden
By the drifting snows.

ALMOST ANY WOMAN
By Grace Green

Girlhood's silver slippers,
I have danced them thru,
Laid away my ball gowns
In sachets of rue.

Gravely, I have mated;
Borne my careless young,
Learned the talk of housewives,
Once an alien tongue.

Why should these things stir me—
Shadows on a wall,
Foaming peach in blossom,
And a bird's call?

So sedate my footsteps,
Could one guess, by chance,
That my feet remember
Measures of a dance?

And when pictured passion
On the screen drifts by,
Could one guess the envy
Or translate the sigh?

WITCHCRAFT
By Helen Clark

There's surely magic in this play
Of living shadows on a sheet
Of silver ... and a magic way
To spread before the watchers' feet.
As, wrapped in dreams, they sit and mark
The Rose of Romance light the dark.

No dearer spell the world has seen,
No more enchantment has it known,
Than shadow-figures on a screen,
Like seeds in fairy gardens sown,
That, momentarily, full-blossom there
To patterned joy or brief despair.

The screen is but a magic loom,
On which the players weave their spell,
Whereon the trees of heaven bloom,
And Love's green paradise—or hell—
And those who see no magic here
Are dull and blinded folk. I fear.

"It is Concentrated Happiness"

Beautiful Laurette Taylor found
that this fragrance added a new
note to even her exquisite personality.

"My dear Mons. Vivaudou:
"It is with genuine pleasure I
write to thank you for your
charming gift of Mai d'Or per-
fume which so delightfullyrep-
resents all the allure of Paris.
"It is Concentrated Happiness' which is the name of my
new picture.

Sincerely,
Laurette Taylor

The Mysterious Door
it guards the most fasc-
inating 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 be-
wildering appeal of this new per-
fume quality in the Mai d'Or
products.

PARFUM Poudre SAVON
$1.00, $2.00, $4.00 75c 25c
POUDRÉ COMPACTES Talc
50c and $1.00 25c, 50c, 75c
CREME ROUGES EAU DE TOILETTE
$1.00 50c and $1.00 $1.50, $2.50

At the better shops

Laurette Taylor now
starring in the new
Metro production,
"Happiness!"

Beautiful Laurette Taylor found
that this fragrance added a new
note to even her exquisite personality.

"My dear Mons. Vivaudou:
"It is with genuine pleasure I
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$1.00, $2.00, $4.00 75c 25c
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CREME ROUGES EAU DE TOILETTE
$1.00 50c and $1.00 $1.50, $2.50

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that this fragrance added a new
note to even her exquisite personality.
The True Story of Fred Thompson

Continued from page 39

shepherding a flock at the Hope Presbyterian Church in Los Angeles, and shortly afterward the next-classed Christian-ity to Goldfield, Nevada, where he remained among the miners there until the World War broke out.

Honesty, I hardly dare go on. This gets more story-bookish every minute. I doubt how you’re going to believe it all, since you were not with me, and couldn’t see Mr. Thompson stamping up and down the Chinese rug in his living-room as he told me about it. I would think the life-story of the handsome Mr. Thompson pure fiction, myself, if I didn’t know that it is true.

Well, to resume — when war was declared with Germany, Thompson became chaplain of the 143d Field Artillery, stationed at Camp Kearney near San Diego.

Oh, that picturesque 143d Field Artillery! It was the “Mary Pickford Regiment” and she was its honorary Colonel. One of Miss Pickford’s closest friends was Frances Marion, and it was during this time that Miss Marion met the handsome young chaplain. I remember that there was a great deal in the local papers about him at the time, and I’m certain that next to the Prince of Wales, there wasn’t a young man in the country whom California girls so wished to meet.

Presently the 143d went overseas, but as was the case with a good many Western troops, failed to get into active service before the Armistice put a stop to hostilities. Miss Marion was overseas also, with the Committee of Public Information, and she and the young chaplain were married while they were still abroad, if I remember correctly.

Returning home, Miss Marion plunged into the writing and directing of “The Love Light” for Mary Pickford and Mr. Thompson put away his uniform and became an actor.

He couldn’t give it so much, tho, and I doubt that the screen would have held him long, had he not seen here an opportunity to stimulate the interest of boys and young men in athletics, by appearing in a series of out-of-door pictures, himself.

I’m making pictures for boys,” he said. Fred Thompson speaks in short forcible sentences. “Children learn a great deal from the screen. Much more than you may imagine. I found that out in Gold- field. Pictures were pretty wild at that time, as you may remember. No censorship.

There was a Catholic priest there, and he and I worked shoulder to shoulder. We knew that motion pictures were becoming a force in community life that couldn’t be ignored. They were reaching more people than we were, and I would love, perhaps, a hundred people in my church on Sunday.

There were between two thousand and three thousand persons in the town. Some of them went to see the films every night, and the children were seeing things they shouldn’t see.

The favorite excuse of producers in putting sex-dramas on the market, is that their stories serve as object lessons to those who see them. That is not true. An adult person never learns right living from seeing that sort of a picture. After you’ve passed a certain age you know whether you’re doing right or wrong. You don’t need the screen to teach you.”

Mr. Thompson fixed me with a cold eye. He was at that moment every inch the minister.

“Well, children it is different,” he con-tinued. “They do learn from the screen. ‘I was Scout Master in Washington, and Boy Scout Commissioner in charge of the Scout troops of Nevada, while I was in Goldfield. I like boys. In making motion pictures myself my only interest is to encourage them in outdoor activities, to show them the benefits of living clean, athletic lives. The moral standards of young men in college today are consider-ably higher than they were ten years ago. This is directly due to the increased in-terest in athletics. I wish to stimulate this interest thru my pictures, too. They will all be outdoor pictures. Children like those, you know. There will be lots of action, and thrills. I think they’ll like my

Winston Miller was determined not to remain eligible to the Only Their Sisters Club. So he turned his face towards the movies which have brought Patsy Ruth her fame. His name has come to be sought after in cast lists these days.

Photograph by Clarence S. Bull
horse, Silver King, too. I trained Silver King, myself."

Mr. Thompson sat down abruptly and stared moodily at a cluster of yellow jonquils in a bowl of Chinesee blue.

"But I hate grease-paint," he announced vigorously. "I hate to act. Hate to see stuff written about me in the papers, too. Always did."

If Mr. Thompson could find someone else to carry out his ideas and do his stunts for him, he probably wouldn't appear on the screen himself, at all. But the disadvantage of being the world's champion athlete is that you can't find a double, and he is so sincere in his efforts to provide clean entertainment for the youngsters that he endures the grease-paint, and interviews too, since they're part of the game.

And now listen to me, particularly if you're the father or mother of growing children, believe in an intelligent censorship of pictures and a clean screen. The next time you see a Fred Thompson picture advertised in your neighborhood, take the kids and go to see this champion athlete, this man who is bending every effort to give your children proper amusement. I know of no one else in Hollywood who has their interest so at heart.

I rather imagine that he's going to be popular with a lot of grown-up boys and girls too.

While he was chaplain, the men of his regiment gave him a silver horseshoe, and inscribed thereon the words: "To Fred Thompson, world's greatest athlete and a he-man."

At the risk of getting slyly, I humbly wish to add that those lads certainly knew what they were talking about. He-Man is right.

The dual interviewers, Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher, have written a one-act playlet with Mary Pickford. "We Interview Mary" is one of the most amusing and interesting of these double interviews which we have ever published. And it is to be illustrated with new and exclusive pictures which were taken of Miss Pickford during her recent visit in New York.

MAGIC GLOVES
Whiten Hands Overnight

The dual interviewers, Gladys Hall and Adele Whitely Fletcher, have written a one-act playlet

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 don't make your hands more beautiful than you ever dreamed possible, don't keep the gloves. Return them to us and you won't be out one cent for the free trial. You are the judge.

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Send no money now—just the coupon. Pay the postman only $1.95 (plus postage) on delivery of the gloves. HimSays 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 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. 136, 220 South State Street, Chicago, Illin."
always remember those two articles, tho I've forgotten everything else. Now I always keep that magazine—I always turn first thing to "On the Camera Coast." Second—"The Answer Man." He has been eighty old for six years so I dont believe he is old at all. His sense of humor is wonderful—and he quotes poetry in every answer. I like lots of interviews. Why isn't there ever any with John Bowes? And Ruth Roland, Lois Wilson, Marion Davies, Forrest Stanley, Buck Jones, Edith John-son and William Duncan? Please give us an interview with each of them. I sure did like the interview with Patsy Ruth Miller, recently, also the one with Mae Marsh.

I'd love to see articles about the girls of "Our Club," especially Clara Horton, Helen Ferguson, Vola Vale, Carmelita Geraghty and Gertrude Olmstead. I think those of them I belong to the "Our Club Fans," possibly that's why. I am Vice-President and Western Represent-age of that club and anyone who wishes to join and to make a member—for I'm sure strong for anyone who likes the girls of "Our Club." I hope I don't get blue-penciled because this is the best and really only way I can tell fans of our little club.

I sure did like John Gilbert in "Camel Kirke." I'd like to see him in another role like that. The entire cast of "When a Man's a Man" was certainly first-rate. I wish John Bowes would play in all of Harold Bell Wright's books. He sure fits them. Marguerite de la Motte is de-serving of stardom. Why wasn't she a star long ago? Robert Frazer was ex-cellent as Phil—June Markowe is fine. I want to see her often after this. John Fox is a second Wesley Barry in looks. But he is an original kid in his acting all right. I never thought such a wonder-ful picture as "Little Old New York" would ever be made. Marion Davies is certainly getting there. I never forget her Pat O'Brien. Mary Pickford was wonderful in "Rosita." I didn't think she would be, but she is an actress of rare ability and did fine. I say that the "Pollyanna" or "Tell" was much greater and that Mary should give us more child parts. If she dont—who will? Not well—but can? I'd love to see her as "Mary Marie."

I sure admire Jane and Eva Novak. "Thelma" was truly fine and a success for Tace—as for the two in "The Man Life Passed By"—I didn't see much to it. It was uninteresting—no plot. Just close-ups. I like close-ups, but not six or eight rows of them. switch—blame the story—the acting was very good.

Isn't Pola Negri wonderful? I hated "Jella-Dorna," but "The Cheat" was fine. One of the best pictures I ever witnessed. One more word for Motion Picture Magazine and I'll take no more of your valuable time. I sure like to read any-thing Adele Whiteley Fletcher writes. I always look forward to the two stories of late films and the one continued story.

In fact, the whole magazine and its force are great.

I hope to live to see the day when the Answer Man gives his right age—he surely cant be eighty!

Greedily,

Helen Gillette,

986 E. 52nd Place,
Los Angeles, California.

A letter almost evenly divided in praise and criticism.

DEAR SIR: Being an ardent reader of your magazine and enjoying the letters to the editor more than any other part of your "all good" magazine, I feel I would like to contribute to your section with a few bouquets and criticisms for the stars. It's only fair to start with a bouquet and then to Clara Bow! I saw her in "Down to the Sea in Ships," and thought her acting superb, her acting was of complete natu-ralness, she showed no signs of self-consciousness as do so many of the stars.

Why do they allow Mary Miles Minter to play in pictures? She has absolutely no ability. Her beauty doesn't distinguish her from any of the other stars and most certainly not her acting.

Lois Wilson is an actress! To my mind Lois would fit in any role and fit well. She has the all-American unaffected whole-someness that appeals to all. Wish she would marry Richard Dix and thereby unite two of the cleanest stars of filmdom.

Three cheers for Gloria Swanson, for at last deciding to take up character roles! I feel certain that she will be better able to display her talent in these roles rather than those of society that she has been playing when she just donned beautiful clothes and posed pretty before the camera. If she succeeds in these character roles, I'll be one of the first to give her due credit.

Why don't we see and hear more of Ivor Novello? His acting was fine in "The White Rose," except for some of the pulp scenes where he actually staged stage-frightened. He is splendidly built and a good actor and the public would like to see him more.

I saw Claire Windsor for the first time recently in "The Accidental"; there is another example of beauty without talent. Throught her acting was exaggerated even to the extent of melodrama. In the same play Barbara Bedford's acting was good. She did far more real acting than did the star and her beauty is more wholesome.

Well, I fear I have said far too much for the first time, and that I will be kindly asked not to come again please, so will try to smoother those remarks scething within me.

Thank you for the opportunity of a first time.

MRS. ALDEA M. WARREN,
95 E. William Street,
Delaware, Ohio.
The Answer Man
(Continued from page 72)

I. L. H.—Malcolm McGregor is playing in "The Bedroom Window" with May McAvoy.

The LEAF YEAR TWINS.—So you think I am old and crabby. Hold on there, I'm not so old. Yes, Ben Lyon is married. Richard Dix is from St. Paul and Marguerite de La Motte, superior. Glad to hear from you.

CURIOUS.—As La Rocheffoucauld says, "Every one speaks well of his heart, but no one dares to speak well of his mind.


Miss E. D., Rochester.—Thank you very much for the rabbit you sent me. It was mighty thoughtful of you.

HIGH-SCHOOL FLAPPER.—"The Fighting Coward" was taken at Natchez on the Mississippi. Richard Dix in "Icebound" and "Sinners in Heaven." Address George Walsh at Goldwyn, Culver City, California.

VIOLET H.—Your letters will reach Mary Pickford by writing to her at the Pickford-Talbot Studio, Los Angeles, California. Yes, but not any more. The second James Kirkwood-Lila Lee production is to be released as "Wandering Husbands."

MARGE.—Right now Grace Darmond is not playing in pictures. Conrad Nagel has the leading opposite Blanche Sweet in Marshall Neilan's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." Yes, I guess it must be spring fever.

CUTH.—I don't blame you. Sometimes greater impression is made by a small tenderness than by the ardent appeal of passion. Colleen Moore was born August 19, 1902. Yes, married to John McCormack, and she is five feet three. Is that all?

LOTTE D. T.—Thanks again. I don't know what has become of Romaine Fielding and his wife, Naomi. You know Florence Lawrence did play in "The Unfoldment." Mabel Trunnelle isn't playing now either. Guess they all have had their day. Write me again sometime.

MARION O.D.—Richard Barthelmess attended Trinity College at Hartford, Connecticut. "Twenty-one," was taken around New York. Did you know that Rex Ingram and Alice Terry brought back an eight-year-old Arab, Kada-Abdel-Kadir, as their ward. He has an important part in "The Arab."

DICK'S ASPIRER.—No, I have never been to Spain. The Escurial is the largest structure in Spain, and one of the most splendid in Europe. It was erected as a royal residence by Philip II, twenty-two miles from Madrid and contains a palace, a church, a monastery, free schools and a mausoleum. Hoot Gibson is married to Helen Johnson. Richard Barthelmess in "The Enchanted Cottage." Lilian Gish is twenty-eight. Dorothy is twenty-six and Richard Barthelmess is twenty-nine. You're very welcome. Come again.

CINDERELLA.—Yes, choose an old physician and a young lawyer. Bertram Graebky was the villain in "The Young Rajah." Lois Wilson is twenty-five. Richard Dix thirty.

ETHER K.—J. W. Kerrigan is thirty-five and not married. His last picture was "The Man from Brodny's."

IVANOVITCH.—That's some steel-grey stationery. Edna Purviance is to play in...
Manufacturers, Distributors and Studios of Motion Pictures

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Advanced Motion Picture Corp., 1493 Broadway
American Releasing Corp., 15 W. 44th Street
American Film Corp., 220 W. 42nd St.
Associated Exhibitors, Inc., 35 W. 45th Street
Balim, Hugo, Productions, 366 Fifth Ave.
Community Motion Picture Bureau, 46 West 24th St.
Consolidated Film Corp., 80 Fifth Ave.
Cosmopolitan Productions, 2478 Second Ave.
C. C. Burr Prod., 135 W. 44th St.
Distinctive Prod., 366 Madison Ave.
(Biograph Studios, 807 E. 175th St.)
Educational Film Co., 729 Seventh Ave.
Export & Import Film Co., 729 Seventh Ave.
Famous Players-Lasky, 485 Fifth Ave.
(Studio, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.)
Film Booking Offices, 723 Seventh Ave.
Film Guild, 8 W. 40th St.
Film Market, Inc., 563 Fifth Ave.
Fox Studios, Tenth Ave. and 55th St.
Gaumont Co., Congress Ave., Flushing, L. I.
Goldwyn Pictures Corp., 465 Fifth Ave.
Graphic Film Corp., 729 Seventh Avenue.
Griffith, D. W., Films, 476 Broadway.
(Studio, Oriental Pt., Mamaronock, N. Y.)
Hodkinson, W. W., Film Corp., 469 Fifth Ave.
Inpiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Ave.
International Studios, 2478 Second Ave.
Jans Pictures, 729 Seventh Ave.
Piker Comedy Co., 220 W. 42nd St.
Kenna Film Corp., 1639 Broadway
Mastodon Films, 135 W. 44th St.
Metro Pictures, Loew Bldg., 1540 Broadway
Metro-Goldwyn, 1564 Broadway
Osting Chester Pictures, 120 W. 41st Street
Pathé Exchange, 35 W. 45th St.
Preferred Pictures, 1650 Broadway
Prima, Inc., 110 W. 40th St.
Pyramid Picture Corp., 150 W. 34th St.
Ritz-Carlton Prod., 6 W. 48th St.
Selznick Pictures, 729 Seventh Ave.
Sunshine Films, Inc., 140 W. 44th St.
Talmadge Film Corp., 1540 Broadway
Topical of the Day Film Corp., 1520 Broadway
Triangle Distributing Corp., 1459 Broadway
Tully, Richard Walton, Prod., 1482 Broadway
United Artists, 729 Seventh Ave.
Universal Film Corp., 1600 Broadway
Vitagraph Films, East 16th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn
Warner Bros., 1600 Broadway
West, Roland, Prod. Co., 230 W. 55th Street
Whitman, Bennett, Prod., 537 Riverdale Ave.

**OUT OF TOWN**

American Film Co., 6227 Broadway, Chicago, Ill.
Bear State Film Co., Hollywood, Calif.
Leah Baird Prod., Culver City, Calif.
Bennett, Oliver, 3800 Mission Rd., Los Angeles, Calif.
Charles Chaplin Studios, 1420 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
Century Comedies, 6100 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Century Film Corp., 6101 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Commonwealth Pictures Corp., 220 So. State St., Chicago, Ill.
Coogan, Jackie, Prod., 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
Douglas Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
Famous Players-Lasky Studios, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Calif.
Fox Studios, 1401 Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
Garon Studios, Inc., 1845 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Graf Prod., Inc., 415 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif.
Harold Lloyd Studios, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.
MacDonald, N., Katherine, Prod., 404 Girard St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Mary Pickford Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
Metro Studios, 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Calif.
Morose, Oliver, Prod., 756 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.
Pacino Studios, San Mateo, Calif.
Pathé Exchange, 1 Congress St., Jersey City, N. J.
Ray, Charles, Studios, 1425 Fleming St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Robertson-Golds, 780 Gower St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Roach, Hal E., Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Roland, Ruth, Prod., Culver City, Calif.
Sennett, Mack, Studios, 1712 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
Sol Lesser Prod., 7250 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Stewart, Anita, Prod., 3800 Mission Rd., Los Angeles, Calif.
Tournier, Maurice, Prod., Inte Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Talmadge Prod., 3341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
United Studios, Inc., Los Angeles, Calif.
Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.
Vitagraph Studios, 1708 Talmadge St., Hollywood, Calif.
Wharton, Inc., Ithaca, New York

Another Charlie Chaplin picture, David Butler and Pauline Stark have signed up with Fox for "The Arizona Express." Agnes Ayres in "The Guilty One," Bebe Daniels and Antonio Moreno in "The Wildcat." Hope to see you soon again.

—C. W. —Conway Tearable is forty-four and that is his right name. George O'Hara at F. B. O. Studios, at 780 Gower Street, Los Angeles. No, he is not married. Evelyn Brent and John Gilbert are in "The Mark of Cain." Yes, indeed. Raymond McKe is playing in "Along Come Ruth."

Ginger.—Feeling kinda peppy. So you like my quilt pen. It's a pretty thing. No, Gloria Swanson is not dead. But Burns in "The Country Kid." Norma Talmadge at 3341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Avalon, Mac. —Alice's line is with Warner, and Sylvia Breamer with First National, 3341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Adelaie K.—No, not yet. I sure would look funny with the bell-bottom trousers. There will be another Tarzan picture—Elmo Lincoln is going to do Tarzan and the Golden Lion. My Allman in "Flapper Wives."

Thelma B.—Yes, that was Carol Dempster in "Doxton Street." John and Jack Gilbert are the same and they are married to Leatrice Joy.

Mac W.—No record of Rex Lease. Who has he playing in?

Clemens.—Thanks for the picture. Cant very well tell you who the managers are. When you come to this country, I would advise you to get in touch with the studios, or go direct to Hollywood. There is no way I can help you. Sorry.

Florence Mc.—The statue of the Apollo Belvedere was sold in the Egyptian Palace at Rome. It is considered one of the most perfect representations of the human form. Yes, Reginald Denny has a daughter, Barbara. He is playing right along. Wesley Barry is sixteen.

Rose B.—Just send for a list of the correspondence clubs. Richard Dix in "The Unguarded Woman." Yes, Bert Lytell played in "The Eternal City." Your letter was very interesting, wish I could correspond.

Mrs. R. E. B.—Ramon Novarro in "The Arab." He is twenty-four, Leatrice Joy in "Changing Husbands," which is from Elizabeth Pyle.

Lottie D. T.—Howdy! I'm surprised that you didn't care for Edna Purviance in "A Woman of Paris." You're the first one not to like it. You say you liked her in comedies with Charlie. Well so did I for that matter. Jane Mercer was the crippled girl in "The Day of Faith." Edith Robert in "Big Brother," Pearl White has been married to Victor Sutherland and Wallace McCutcheon. Come in again.

H. R. H.—No, I am not so very old. Eighty isn't bad. The "beauty artists" don't restore your face to its original, they just that some kindly magic could renew it in our hearts. Yes, George Arliss is married. He was born in England, you know. His latest picture is "The Million Dollar Week."

Marion; Ruby P.; Joe; Blue Eyes; Miss O.; Freschi; Bing; Palmera; Dorothy B.; T. Y.; Mildred P.; Prin-铈; Gara; Betty N.; Co-En. Sorry, but your questions have all been answered before.

E. M. H.—Well a woman's gossip circus how are you? "Women's Work." Address Ronald Colman, c/o George Fitzmaurice Prod. Goldwyn, 460 Fifth Avenue, New York City. I don't think he has ever played on the stage.

Ruth Mc.—Well, the people who always say "just what they think," seem
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MAGAZINE WALTER YORL: New you is easily, forty-four, six. She's ours. Universally devised. «Morm-Pictorial A Apple Chaplin and Marie Prevost in "Daughters of Pleasure." LITEN LESTER—You want more of Gladden James. Gladden, where are you? WINNIE WINKLE—No man can answer for his courage who has never been in danger. Malcolm MacGregor and Ricardo Cortez have the leads with May McAvoy in "The Bedroom Window." Dorothy Mackall and John Harron in "What Shall I Do?" So you wish that Pearl White would come back in the old serials, I doubt whether she will. She's fenced up tho to play in pictures for the Stern Company in Berlin. MILLER—Norma Talmadge is twenty. Yes, you read it right. "The White Linen" is a real dramma very much. Pauline Garon in "Mary the Third," Johnnie Walker also in the cast. OLD TIMER—Yes, I am the same old chap who answered questions in this department twelve years ago. My life is of a questionable nature. So you still look for Olga 17. She has deserted her poor old Answer Man. LORENCE S.—Why Gladys Walton is married to H. M. Harold and she has a young daughter. Warner will have the lead in "For Sale" with Miss Marshall and Mary Carl. VIRGINIA ANN—Well I am glad to hear that Anna Q. Nilsson sent you a picture. She has played in "Ponjola," "Flying Gold," "The Montebank" and "Between Friends" recently. Well I would advise reading some of the new books. BUNTY M.—Warner Baxter has just signed up a three-year contract to play for Thomas Innes. Neil Hamilton, who had the lead in "America," has been chosen for the juvenile lead in "The Montebank." Conway Tearle is forty-four, and if you send twenty-five cents in stamps he will send you his picture. Married to Adele Rowland. Your letter was mighty interesting. PEGGY—Why the Ghetto is a quarter of Rome to which Jews were formerly restricted. The Ghetto in New York City is free for all, the more merrier. Carol Dempster at the Griffith Studios, Mariscos, New York. Laurette Taylor at Metro, 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, California. Frances Risque at Home, Beverly Hills, Los Angeles, California. Ruth B. W.—Agnes Ayres was born April 4th 1898. Percy Marmont in Mary Roberts Rinehart's "K." to be released as "K—the Mysterious." Charles de Roche has been borrowed from Paramount to play in Universal's "We are French." No, I don't mind answering questions. Of course I drink buttermilk. Whenever I can get it. JUANTA—Well you say what has come of your letter—I am right here to answer it. Rod La Rocque is six feet. Richard Barthelmess is five feet seven. Monte Blue is six feet two. BETTERUP—Universal were negotiating with Jack Dempsey and he has signed to appear in pictures for them, the offer being all for Lewis Stone. Dorothy Dalton married Arthur Hammerstein recently in Chicago. Dolores Cassrail is playing in "Lend Me Your Husband." MARJORIE J.—So you don't think I am pretty clever? My dear, to you. We can easily forget crimes that are known only to ourselves. Bert Lytell is with Goldwyn. Address the Bartermes in the Lamb Club, Mary Astor and Olga Daniels have the leads with Richard Dix in "The Unguarded Woman." JAN AS.—Welcome to the throne. Always glad to welcome newcomers. Gussy we will have to appoint a welcome committee for the new members. Corinne Griffith is married to Walter Morosco. Monte Blue, and Marie Prevost in "Daughters of Pleasure."
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CHICAGO

Well, They Wouldn't Starve
By HARRY CARR

EVEN if they lost their movie jobs and the Hollywood real-estate boom blew up, some of them could still keep the wolf from the door.

Milton Sills could earn his living, even if he weren't rich already; he is a teacher by profession—a proctor of psychology.

Rodolph Valentino could earn his living in several ways if the screen were suddenly abolished. He is a dancer, a riding-teacher, and a designer of women's clothes.

Ramon Novarro is a dancer and a singer. Before getting into the films, he earned his living as a cabaret singer.

Mary Thurman was a school-teacher—and a very successful one as a young girl in Utah.

Mary Pickford could go back to the stage, as could Lilian and Dorothy Gish and Viola Dana and Mary Miles Minter.

Réne Adorée was a bareback rider with a circus, and Pat O'Malley a tightrope walker. They both say they haven't forgotten how.

Etta Lee, the Chinese-American girl, was a schoolteacher in Hawaii.

Barbara La Marr was a cabaret dancer. Marguerite de la Motte and Julianne Johnson were both interpretative dancers, as was Carol Dempster.

Rex Ingram was a sculptor.

Malcolm MacGregor has two lines open for him. He is an architect and worked himself up to an executive job in his father's woolen mills.

Ralph Graves was an official in a steel company before becoming an actor.

John Bowers was a lawyer.

Erich von Stroheim was a newspaper writer and a riding-master and could still work at each job.

Frances Marion, the scenarist, was a successful designer of advertising posters.

Robert Frazer was a famous portrait photographer, just as Ford Sterling was a famous landscape photographer.

Monte Blue, Will Rogers and several others were skilled cowboys and could still work at the trade.
The Editor Gossips
(Continued from page 51)

of the Rex Ingram caravan, recently returned from Algeria, told us about Alice Terry and Ramon Novarro.

The dishes in Tunis are extravagant with calories. Alice and Ramon decided a diet would be necessary, he said, after an impressive lecture from the directorial Rex. Spaghetti and pastries, favored by both of them, were tabooed among other things.

But one day neither Alice nor Ramon was in the scenes scheduled to be filmed so they remained behind at the hotel when the company went on location. After a morning of leisure, reading and letter-writing, Ramon met Alice at the luncheon table. Alice had given her order. Among other things she had asked for the spaghetti and a pastry for her sweet course. Ramon followed her example and his order was a perfect revel of forbidden fruits.

The member of the company who told us this story arrived in the dining-room just as their lunches were being served and he says that two children caught stealing jam and jelly.

Everyone, it would seem, even the movie stars who are generally believed to be in high favor with the gods, has to pay for beauty.

Helen Carlisle, of our staff, wrote us the other day, and there is one portion of her letter which we remember with much pleasure that she has to pass it on.

It was a gloomy afternoon with a steady rain (**) falling when she met Noah Beery. Mrs. Beery was out of town, attending her mother's funeral, and the younger Beery was down with the measles. Noah was depressed and lonely and asked Helen if she would have mercy upon him and take dinner with him. Men are always pathetic at such times and he is such a kindly, gentle soul that she acquiesced.

After dinner he took her to the sun porch where he keeps all of his treasures. There are their trophies there, and guns, snow-shoes, buffalo-hides and such things. Queer men-things. He showed them to her individually and some of them had a history. But finally he held up something, saying:

"This is the most prized of all my possessions."

It was a canvas chair cover, such as you would see in any studio, and on the back in old faded letters were the words, "Wallie Reid's Chair. His Friends are Welcome When He is Not on the Set."

This story has warmed our heart. For it is all too seldom that you hear an admission of sentiment. Sentiment has no vogue in the highly materialistic and friendships suffer because of its denial. So we shall always be glad to remember nice Noah Beery, holding the old canvas back of Wallie's chair.

A motion picture studio reminds us of a bad dream. It is kind of dream which is so confused that you can only call one or two of its fantastic fragments to mind when you awake, and do so fear for your sanity.

The other day we spent the afternoon at the Famous Players Long Island studios and we went home to seek our bed, exhausted from our eyes strained and

* Anticipating an indifferent letter from the Los Angeles Times of Commerce, we will explain here that this occurred during the rainy season and is not meant as any aspersion upon the Land of the Perfect Climate.
When Lincoln Was A Barefoot Boy—

EVERY scrap of printed paper that came to his hands was a treasure trove. He read it eagerly—conning every line—getting every worth while word.

What a harvest he could have garnered from a modern publication! And not the least interesting to him would have been the advertisements, with their stories and their pictures of products, appliances and services that have smoothed the course of life to a degree unknown and unbelievable in the rough pioneer days.

Nowadays new comforts and conveniences slip into our lives almost without our realizing it. We are liable to be rather matter-of-fact about it all. And advertising that has made it simpler to make and distribute profitably innumerable products at reasonable prices, has played a leading part in making our life so eminently easy to live.

Read over the advertisements and try to think what the things you see there would have meant to our forefathers. Then you'll realize what a service and what a convenience advertising is to you.

Read it. Make use of it!
which cost hundreds of dollars. Every stage-hand in his company received some gold novelty. His cameraman was also given something costly and elaborate. He couldn't seem to spend his gold fast enough. It was his Mecca.

That was about five years ago. And only a few months ago he found it necessary to seek a loan.

No one present had any condemnation for this man. He was, after all, only human. That is the very worst you can say about him. For money coming in stupendous sums dazes you. If you have known only hundreds, how can you know how swiftly tens of thousands can disappear. You become drunk with the power it brings. You find an extravagance a compensation for all the mean skimping you have ever done. You erase poverty's grey memories with gestures of magnificent generosity. You fling gold in every direction with the intoxication of abandon.

It is, after all, the people earning fifty dollars or thereabouts a week who are the most consistent savers. The wage-earner doesn't win his funds easily. He learns to have a respect for every dollar.

And this talk brought us to Betty. We asked her if she was being prodigal into squandering the hundreds that come to her every week with a spendthrift hand. She shook her head sagely in the denial.

"I've learned to save," she said. "I have a horror of being a toothless old character woman, living with dusty relics of past splendor. That has made me put money by in lump sums. I've taken out an endowment policy and paid several years in advance. I've made practical investments in bonafide securities. I've developed a business acumen. I never let myself forget that my harvest years are few."

And as we looked at her, sitting opposite us, young and regal, we thought it would not have been strange if she had not taken such an honest stock of herself... her lucrative years... her future. In the adulation of youth, beauty and success, it would be small wonder if a perspective became dull.

But we think Betty is typical of the majority of the motion picture stars of today. The others who went before them... squandering their gold on their way to oblivion... have taught them their lesson. However, there will always be a few foolish prodigals... alas, for the lean years just ahead of them.

Mary Pickford, in her far-sighted wisdom, is thinking of what she would like to do when she retires from the screen. You'd never guess the plan which she is turning over in her mind. "We Interview Mary" to appear in the August Motion Picture Magazine tells all about it.

She has just made —
A startling discovery

Ingram's fascinating DERMASCOPE has shown her what only beauty specialists know

How can you expect to gain or preserve an attractive, youthful complexion unless you understand your skin and know the real danger signs that you must heed?

Discover the Secret of Beauty Yourself

Mr. Ingram has devised a fascinating test you should make in your own boudoir. It will show you the causes of unhealthy skin conditions, and how to scientifically remove and correct them. Most important of all you can instantly see in a convincing way how and why Ingram's Milkweed Cream develops the firm, clear, youthful complexion that you rightfully deserve.

The One Cream Perfect for Every Use

Ingram's Milkweed Cream is a real beauty cream and the only one you need use to develop and keep a clear, soft, smooth skin. It is heavy enough to be a thorough cleanser and yet light enough in body to form a comfortable and effective protection and foundation for powder. But it has an exclusive feature — certain medicinal properties that relieve redness, roughness, and blotches and slight imperfections. No other cream is like it. No matter whether you use it as a cleanser, a protector or a powder base — its nourishing and healing properties will bring fresh beauty and new life to your skin.

Buy a jar today and see the immediate improvement it brings. $1.00 and 50c jars at all drug and department stores — the dollar size contains three times the quantity.

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Ingram's Milkweed Cream

Ingram's American Blush Rouge

Applies so evenly and smoothly, its effect can only be a natural, healthy glow. It does not clog the pores and because its coloring material cannot be absorbed it is recommended particularly for a delicate and sensitive skin. In this chocolate-brown base blue, with a touch of scarlet, $1.00 and 50c jars. The delicate rouge is too delicate to use alone; it can be applied over any rouge and will enhance it.

Next time be careful to get Ingram's American Blush, The Delicate Rouge for the Delicate Skin.

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Gentlemen: Enclosed find fifteen cents. Please send me Ingram's Beauty Purse Including Derma scope described above. Please print name.

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Across the Silversheet (Continued from page 55)

If we leave Lewis Stone until the last in our mention, it is to give precedence to the three ladies. Mr. Stone is entirely logical in his acting. He never gives the impression of going thru motions before a grading camera and he invests his work with an artful, naturalness which once more acquires him nobly.

"Cytherea" isn’t a motion picture which has cost fabulous thousands to produce. But of interesting human contacts and related matters will interest you.

DOROTHY VERNON of HADDON HALL

If Mary Pickford feels that the time is upon her when she must leave the walks of childhood and forsake what for so long promised to be a perennial Springtime of years, then Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall is a happy compromise. For Dorothy is valiant and a madcap . . . and beautiful in her slim eighteen years. Her qualities are prism-like . . . she is child and woman, and daughter and sweet-heart. And Miss Pickford gives in Dorothy a portrait of true dramatic values and contrasts.

More and more we recognize a Fairbanks’ influence in the Pickford productions. And this tyle of merrie England in the days when Queen Bess ruled with her iron hand and the beautiful and desired Mary Stuart threatened the throne from her island-prison in Scotland, offers Mary numerous opportunities to essay the tendencies of her athletic husband. For the coincidental action of the story, at times straining your credulity, demands far-fetched feats of the kind the actress is able to perform.

As a matter of fact, it is a benevolent Fate always interceding in behalf of the heroine and her lover which threatens to make the high romance and imaginative spell of this beautifully produced picture. Dorothy’s lover was the sworn enemy of Haddon Hall but he seemed to have come there whenever he was possessed with the desire to see his beloved. Guards in the grounds and on the frontier of the castle were not nearly so numerous as history leads us to believe they were in this century.

However, coincidental or not, you have an interest and sympathy in the vicissitudes of Dorothy, for freedom, in so far as affairs of the heart are concerned, we are outraged at the idea of betrothing two children . . . and our sympathies are certain to be with the young lovers, adoring each other, while pledged to others.

Clare Eames as Queen Elizabeth doesn’t come off too well until the picture is half unreeled but, nevertheless, she is one of the most vivid memories that the picture leaves you. Perhaps the lady will upset some of your traditional, conventional and preconceived notions of England’s virgin queen, “a king in petticoats,” but we have a conviction that she is more nearly truthful to the woman’s rule went so far in making history, and further in making legendary romance, than others have been. Miss Eames dares to lift the imperial mask of Elizabeth and where we find her a woman torn by jealousies, vanities and ambitions.

The rest of the cast is adequate if not brilliant. Lottie Pickford Forrest is Jimmie, the loyal maid. Allan Forrest is the lover. Marc MacDermott is Malcolm, betrothed of Dorothy and heir to the House of Vernon, thru a cousinship. And Estelle Taylor is an inv- aginating and lovely Mary of Scots.

The photography which gives the beauti-
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Each time it happens you wonder, you worry, isn't it really business that keeps him away, or is he tired of you and hungering for another cook in the company?

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Every Possible Kind of Pickle, Preserve and Jelly

is included in the "canning" section of The New Butterick Cook Book, starting page 673. The cold-pack method of canning, the open-kettle method, various hot-water bath processes, are all discussed; and time charts for all these methods and the various foods are also given.

53 Ways to Quench Your Thirst

Drinks for hot weather, cold weather, any weather—you will find concoctions to suit every taste in the beverage section of The New Butterick Cook Book, starting page 603.

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En Casseroles cooking, made-over dishes, meat substitutes, appetizers, garnishes—all found in The New Butterick Cook Book.

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can you prepare an invalid's tray day after day so that it will be both tasty and nourishing? Beef tea, egg-nogs, chicken broth, rice jelly—these are a few suggestions in The New Butterick Cook Book. See page 662.

A Day of French Cooking for a Change

Fish en coquilles, mocha pudding, and Parisian delicacies are among New Butterick Cook Book's treasures.

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For information on how to arrange the table, for placing the guests, for seating the guests, the New Butterick Cook Book tells you.

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