FEBRUARY
CLASSIC
PICTORIAL OF SCREEN AND STAGE

Lillian Gish
Colored by its ingredients—Palm and olive oils—these only—impart the rich, mossy green color to Palmolive Soap. The fine, firm, long-wearing cake is colored by its rare ingredients.

While the use of these rare oils as cleansers is as old as civilization, no more perfect soap ingredients have ever been found. Modern science has developed the blend to final perfection and established Palmolive the world over as the most popular and appreciated toilet soap. Look for the famous black-banded green wrapper.

Where Beauty Begins

With thorough daily cleansing, as every skin specialist will tell you. The net-work of tiny pores which compose the surface of the skin must be kept free from accumulations of dirt, oil, perspiration and powder if you value a smooth, fine-textured complexion.

Look critically into your mirror and note what it reveals, just as if you were another girl. Don’t condone defects or minimize imperfections; instead, begin at once to remedy them.

Don’t resort to medication, for this is dealing with the effect and overlooking the cause. Instead, learn the proper method of cleansing which will keep your complexion smooth, fresh and firm.

Solve the soap problem first

Beautifying cleansing depends on the use of mild, soothing soap, blended from the finest, mildest ingredients. These are palm and olive oils which make Palmolive the most perfect and the most popular of all soaps.

The mild, creamy lather is lotion-like in its action, soothing and beautifying as it cleanses.

Every night before you sleep you should give your face a beautifying treatment with Palmolive Soap. Massage the fragrant lather thoroughly into the skin, rinse thoroughly and dry with a soft towel. A dry skin will be benefited by the application of your favorite cold cream.

This nightly treatment gives your skin the opportunity to refresh and renew its smoothness over night, free from any irritating accumulations of foreign matter.

Cleopatra’s secret

Washing for beauty is an age-old secret practised by Cleopatra. She used the same palm and olive oils which are scientifically blended in Palmolive, purifying them both as cleanser and cosmetic.

The modest price of Palmolive puts the greatest luxury of all the ages within the reach of all and allows enjoyment of its use for every toilet purpose. Let it do, too, for your body what it does for your face.

Palm and olive oils—nothing else—give nature’s green color to Palmolive Soap.

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To fully appreciate this extraordinary bargain, you must actually see the dishes on your own table. Send only $1 and Hartman, the Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World, will ship this complete 110-piece set of exquisite dinnerware and with it, absolutely FREE, the beautiful 7-Piece genuine "Indian Head" linene set and also the six silver-plated knives and six forks (pictured above). Use all these things on your Initial in Gold, Surrounded by Gold Wreath, in 2 Places on Every Piece (Gold Covered Handles)

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Compare values and you will follow the Paramount trademark

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Many Paramount Pictures have been the outstanding successes of '23. "The Covered Wagon" loomed up as the biggest planet ever seen in the sky of entertainment!

1924 will see an abundance of Paramount Pictures. The excitement created by Cecil de Mille's production "The Ten Commandments" will take seasons to die down. Many other great new Paramount Pictures are coming.

Take the trouble to note the brand names of pictures. Do it and you'll appreciate that the name Paramount is a sure guide to the best show in town.

---

8 Current Paramount Pictures

"To the Ladies"

"Big Brother"
An Allan Dwan production with Tom Moore, Raymond Hatton and Edith Roberts. Written for the screen by Paul Sloane.

"Don't Call it Love"
A William de Mille production with Agnes Ayres, Jack Holt, Rita Naldi, Theodore Kosloff and Rod La Rocque. From the novel "Rita Coventry" by Julian Street. Written for the screen by Clara Beranger.

"West of the Water Tower"
Starring GLENN HUNTER, with Ernest Torrence andMay McAvoy. Supported by George Fawcett and ZaSu Pitts. Directed by Rollin Sturgeon. Adapted by Doris Schroeder from the novel by Homer Croy.

"Flaming Barriers"

"The Heritage of the Desert"
An Irvin Willat 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 Hallay.

"Fied Piper Malone"
Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN. Supported by Lois Wilson and George Fawcett. By Booth Tarkington. Directed by Alfred E. Green. Adapted from Tom Geoghegan.

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Paramount Pictures
If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!
CLASSIC
PICTORIAL OF SCREEN AND STAGE
A BREWSTER PUBLICATION
Vol. XVIII FEBRUARY, 1924 No. 6

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Painted by E. Dahl from a photograph by Kenneth Alexander

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CLASSIC comes out on the 12th of every month, MOVIE PICTURE MAGAZINE on the 1st, BEAUTY on the 16th

Announcement for March

Fortunate Misfortunes is the title of an absorbingly interesting story on the lume, the halt, the blind, the grotesque and the abnormal who have made a pilgrimage to Hollywood, and made a fortune from Hollywood. You have seen all these lucky misfits on the screen.

Jim Tully has written a most beautiful and understanding story on that still unfathomed genius of the screen, Charlie Chaplin. John Decker has illustrated it with a cartoon signed by Charlie himself.

CLASSIC, in its dual role of STAGE AND SCREEN PICTORIAL, offers the greatest number and the most beautifully reproduced pictures of any other magazine in its class. If it’s beautiful, it’s in CLASSIC.

(Five)
Current Stage Plays

(Ambassador. — "The Dancers." Gerald Du Maurier's old-time British melodrama is both smart and picturesque. Richard Bennett, Florence Eldridge and Kathleen MacDonnell play the principal roles. Miss Bennett's daughter, Barbara, is the most audacious of the dancing girls.

Apollo. — "Poppy." A musical comedy concerning a strolling swindler and his daughter; W. G. Fields and Madge Kennedy in the leading roles.

Belasco. — "Laugh, Clown, Laugh!" An English version of Fausto Marzini's "Ridi, Pugliaccio." Lionel Barrymore gets the role of Simonetta, the girl he loves, because she loves another, in a stirring performance. Irene Fenwick plays the role of Simonetta. Barrymore is superb.

Belmont. — "Tarnish." A finely acted play about a once-idle rich family, now fallen to a state where the salary of the daughter keeps the household together. Ann Harding does some excellent acting as the daughter.

Bijou. — "The Whole Town's Talking." A farce by John Emerson and Anita Loos, well-known motion-picture scenarists, written around a movie director who ignores the Eighteenth Amendment.


Broadhurst. — "Topies of 1923." Shubert's new spectacular revue of dance music and beauty, brings back the charming French comedienne, Alice Delysia. The cast includes many others well-known and popular principals.

Carroll. — "Kid Boots." Eddie Cantor in a musical comedy glorifying the game of golf. The cast includes Mary Astor and many others and a large Ziegfeld chorus.

Casino. — "Wildflower," in which the lovely Edith Day flashes thru an exquisite musical score.

Century. — "The Miracle." A spectacular pantomime by Dr. Karl Vollmoller, with Lady Diana Manners, Werner Kraus and Maria Carmi. Personally staged and directed by Prof. Max Reinhardt.

Colony. — "Runnin' Wild." A negro revue. The cast includes F. E. Miller and A. L. Lyles, the stars who helped make "Shuffle Along" a success.

Comedy. — "The Shame Woman," by Lulu Vollmer, author of "Sammy." Is also a story about the Carolina mountain folk, in which a small-town Lothario wrecks the lives of two ignorant and innocent mountain girls, one the foster daughter of the other Extremely well acted.


Daly's. — "Sharlee." A musical comedy by Harry L. Cott and George L. Stoddard, with Juliette Day, a most charming heroine. The cast also includes Ottilie Corday, Eddie Nelson, Frances Arms and Sydney Grant.

Elloitt. — "Rain." A bitter tragedy by Somerset Maugham; a violent attack on the repressions of Puritanism. Jeanne Eagels is superb in the leading role.

Eugene. — "Spring Cleaning." A tense and bitterly comic drama exposing the depravity of the degenerate rich and the general stupidity of preoccupied husbands. The cast includes Arthur Byron, Violet Heming, A. E. Matthews and Estelle Winwood, a quartet of notable leading men and women.

Empire. — "The Lady." An indictment against the stage-door Johnny in which the dance-hall girl and later as the grey-haired mother, points a new way to become The Lady. A fine piece of emotional acting, a play full of the atmosphere of France, its locale, wit, and humor.

Forty-ninth. — "For All of Us." A comedy given to moralizing, in which William Hodge, the author, plays the role of the laborer, who chances into a rich home, the members of which have permitted their lives to become somewhat entangled and, in a varying Irish accent, conveys the message of right thinking and right action as cures for hollowness and sets three lives straight.

Frazier. — "The Heart of Cellini." Anthony Wharton's play with Lionel Atwill and Elsie Mackay.

Frolic. — "Hurricane." A strange and interesting play dealing with prostitution, by Olga Petrova, with Olga Petrova, Lewis Wilmot, John Kingsberry, Camilla Dalberg and others.

Fulton. — "One Kiss Too Many." A four-star French about a love affair in which the young man's father and the girl's mother pretend to be wealthy, altho both are very poor. When the parents learn the truth about each other, they try to break up the match, but the girl wins over a rich uncle and gets a fortune for her lad and all ends well.

Gaiety. — "Ain't We All?" Cyril Maude in a delightful light comedy that revolves around a Mary Nash, as an indeliscrete wife. Mr. Maude in a Grumpyish character sets a rare pace of fun and his support keeps it up.

Garrick. — "The Failures." A strange and fascinating play from the French of Lenormand in which all its characters are failures. One, a young poet, marries a girl who becomes an actress with a small road company and later makes the last sacrifice and yields to a casual admirer in order to provide for her husband. Jacob Ben Ami, Dudley Digges and Winfred Lehnihan are included in the cast.

Globe. — "Stepping Stones." One of the best of Fred Stone's musical comedies, in which his daughter, Dorothy, does some exceptionally good dancing and singing and rivals her own father.

Greenwich Village. — "White Cargo." Leon Gordon's vivid play about a young Englishman who succumbs to the wiles of a half-breeding of the absence in the West coast of Africa. The cast includes Conway Wingfield, Richard Stevenson and A. E. Anson.

Harrie. — "The Nervous Wreck." An excellent farce by Owen Davis. Otto Kruger plays the part of the nervous wreck, a young clerk, sent West to cure himself of the diseases he imagines he has. He wishes to be left alone to die peacefully, but June Walker, as the entrancing heroine, tries to run away with him and thus starts an endless amount of trouble for him.

Hudson. — "Sancho Panza." A drama in which the story divides honors with the ballet. It deals with Sancho Panza as governor of the city of Barataria and offers a colorful role for Otis Skinner. Romantic and utterly charming.

Imperial. — "Mary Jane McKane." A musical comedy by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd and William Gary Duncan, with Mary Hay, Hal Skelly, Dallas Worfld, Kitty Kelly, Stanley Ridges and Eva Clark.

Jolson's. — "The Blue Bird." Maeterlinck's classic fantasy of happiness, replete with pictures of the most weird and beautiful things of earth and the most mystifying things of heaven—a fairy tale for the children—exquisite mysticism for the adult.

Klaw. — "Meet the Wife." A bright and witty comedy about a modern mother who is rushing the engagement of her daughter to a dumb young artist while she is really in love with a New York newspaper re-

(Continued on page 8)
Now $1.89
For the Genuine
ZARA VANITIES

To distribute the Genuine Zara Vanities at once among those who have not had an opportunity of obtaining them we are now making a special offer on both our fascinating, new styles. One, you wear on a ribbon bracelet like a wrist watch — the other, around your neck as a sautoir. They are the daintiest compact cases you ever saw and so convenient to carry. You know how much bother it is to carry a powder puff or an ordinary big compact in your coat pocket or purse. A Zara Vanity will solve the problem to your lasting satisfaction. You will be perfectly delighted with one of these little cases.

A Vanity that is Worn Like a Wrist Watch
This wrist vanity is charming and distinctive. It is worn like a wrist watch on a ribbon bracelet with an attractive clasp to match the case in gold or platinum finish. Inside is a small compact of delicately scented powder, a mirror which reflects your whole face and a puff just big enough for the touch of powder that assures perfect grooming.

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If you desire, you may have this dainty sautoir vanity. It looks just like an elegant little locket. You wear it around your neck on a long black gros grain ribbon. Every ribbon is complete with a slide with gold finish to match the vanity. This lovely vanity also contains a powder compact, mirror and puff.

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If there is likely to be no one at home when the Vanity arrives it is advisable to enclose a post office or express order for $1.89. You may do this if you choose.

(Zero)
Current Stage Plays
(Continued from page 6)

porter. The performances of Mary Bo-land, as the mother; and Eleanor Griffith, as the daughter, are exquisite. Knickerbocker.—"The Lullaby," an Edward Knoblock drama starring Florence Reed. A story of a winning woman's life, seventy-five years of it. Liberty.—"The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly." A lively musical comedy by George M. Cohan, with June Mathis, Emme Haig, Jack McGowan, Bobby Watson and others.

Little.—"Chicken Feed." A comedy dealing with small-town life, setting for-ward what happens about the fifteenth year of married life. Roberta Arnold is featured.


Lyceum.—"Little Miss Bluebeard." A diverting musical drama in which the piquant comedienne, Irene Bordoni, is equipped with four delightful songs and twice that number of delightful gowns. The climax scene that connects the second act as a complete surprise to nine-tenths of the audience.

Henry Miller.—"The Changelings." A comedy by Lee Wilson Dodd. The cast includes Henry Miller, the producer, Blanche Bates, Ruth Chatterton, and Laura Hope Crews.

Morosco.—"The Other Rose." A com-edy by George Middleton, adapted from the French play "Edouard Bourdet, with Fay Bainter, Henry Hull, Ethel Shannon and Carlotta Monterey.


National.—"Cyrano de Bergerac." Wal hampton in a perfect interpretation of Rostand's poetizing, swashbuckling hero with a grotesque nose who is in love with his cousin Roxane (Carroll McComas). The piece is beautifully mounted and thoro-gly worth seeing.

New Amsterdam.—"Ziegfeld Follies." The 1923 edition of the Follies has many of the famous headliners, including Bert Wheeler, and a wealth of beautiful girls.

Palace.—Keith Vaudeville. Always a good bill, and drawing more and more talent from the headliners of the regulars.

Playhouse.—"Chains." A drama in which the heroine (Helen Gahagan) insists upon bearing her share of the blame following an affair with a young man.

Plymouth.—"The Potters." A stimulating domestic comedy by J. F. McEvoy, with Mary Carroll, Donald Meek and Catherine Calhoun Doucet.

Princess.—"Sun Up." A passionate tragedy of the North Carolina mountain folk. The widow Cagle is superbly played by Lucile La Verne.

Punch and Judy.—"Go West, Young Man." A satirical comedy. Poorly acted with the exception of one member of the cast, a sweet and pretty newcomer, Kay Johnson.

Republic.—"Abie's Irish Rose." An amusing study in temperaments of the Irish and Jew in which the irreconcilable is reconciled by promotion. Terrible, but incredibly popular.

Ritz.—"The Business Widow." A com-edy from the German of Alexander Engel and Hans Knaack, adapted by Gladys Unger, with Leo Ditrichstein, Lola Fisher, Adrienne Morrison, John Davidson, Marie Wood, Elwood Bostwick, Gaby Fleury and others.

Seely.—"Battling Butler." A poppy musical comedy about a husband who impersonates a prize-fighter having the same name as his, which enables him to steal away from his wife on many supposed training trips. Very funny.

Shubert.—"Artists and Models." A revue of the professional version of the Illustrators' Show. It includes sketches by James Montgomery Flagg, Henry Wag staff Crinkle, and Clarence Borden Kelland. Adele Klauer, who acts, paints and writes poetry has the lead.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"The Alarm Clock." A comedy adapted by Avery Hopwood, from the French of Maurice Hennequin and Roman Coos. The cast includes Blanche King, Bruce McRae, Marion Cokely and others.

Times Square.—"Pelleas and Melisande." Jane Cowl looking as beautiful as a fairy book princess and Kollo Peters almost as beautiful as John Barrymore in "The Jest" of a few seasons ago. Everybody looks beautiful and acts well, but the play is disappointing, the fault of the playwright, one Maurice Maeterlinck. Too bad, because a great deal of money and brains have been expended on it.

Vanderbilt.—"In the Next Room." Mrs. August Belmont offers a thrilling melo-drama which centers about the mysterious murder of two men in the "next room." What Percy Hammond refers to as the "Who-done-it?" drama. Better than the best of this season.


OSTIA
By GORDON MALHERBE HILLMAN
Red-golden was the galley and her sail was dark as wine.
Her oars were flashing silver and her mast was carven pine,
With awnings rich in silken stuffs; amber, gold and white.

By Ostia, by Ostia, before the breath of dawn!
Clean from the salt of marshes, with her prow like a burnished brand
Set straight for the star, and keen watchers on the wall above the sand,
Whipped by the slashing spindrift and blinded by the spray
We drove her into Ostia before the break of day!
Right gallant was the harbor in the glitter of the dawn
With sails in blue and crimson and the redsteam hull saffron,
And all the flags afutter before a haze of trees,
And rolling Roman sailors asleep along the quays!

TO A CERTAIN MAN
By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES
You are not worth two women's thought,
Too small a man to make such stir;
For this I think but because I ought,
I give you up to her.
I have no will to be unkind,
Only relief that all is done;
I can but hope that she will find
Enough in you for one.

(Eight)
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, he is to blame—the husband, the wife, or the "other woman?"

Will you win the girl you want, or will you select your Mate?
Should a bride tell her husband what happened at seventeen?
Will you be able to hold the love of the one you cherish—or will your marriage end in divorce?

Do you know how to make people like you?

If you can answer the above questions—if you know all there is to know about winning a woman's heart or holding a man's affections—you don't need "The Philosophy of Love." But if you are in doubt—if you don't know just how to handle your husband, or satisfy your wife, or win the devotion of the one you care for—then you must get this wonderful book. You can't afford to take chances with your happiness.

What DO YOU Know About Love?

Do you know how to win the one you love? Do you know why husbands, with devoted, virtuous wives, often become secret slaves to creatures of another "world"—and how to prevent it? Why do some men antagonize women, finding themselves beating against a stone wall in affairs of love? When is it dangerous to disregard convention? Do you know how to curb a headstrong man, or are you the victim of men's whims?

Do you know how to retain a woman'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 that 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?

"The Philosophy of Love," Elinor Glyn courageously solves the most vital problems of love and marriage. She places a magnifying glass under the microscope 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 while Madame Glyn calls a spade a spade—while she deals with strong emotions and passions in her frank, fearless manner—she never loses her subject so tenderly and sacrdly that the book can safely be read by any man or woman. In fact, any book that should be compelled to read "The Philosophy of Love"; for, while ignorance may sometimes be bliss, it is folly 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."

Certain shallow-minded persons may condemn "The Philosophy of Love." Any theory 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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YOU need not advance a single penny for "The Philosophy of Love." Simply fill out the coupon below—or write a letter—and the book will be sent to you on approval. When the postman delivers the book to your door—when it is actually in your hands—pay him only $1.98, plus a few pennies postage, and the book is yours. Go over it, to your heart's content—read it from cover to cover—and if you are not more than pleased, simply send the book back in good condition within five days and your money will be refunded instantly.

Over 75,000,000 people have read Elinor Glyn's stories or have seen them in the movies. Her books sell like magic. "The Philosophy of Love" is the supreme culmination of her brilliant career. It is destined to sell in huge quantities. Everybody will talk about it everywhere. So it will be exceedingly difficult to keep the book in print. It is possible that the present edition may be exhausted, and you may be compelled to wait for your copy, unless you mail the coupon below AT ONCE. We do not say this to hurry you—it is the truth.

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IMPORTANT: If it is possible that you may not be at home when the book is delivered, please state on your coupon how you wish it placed in the little square at the right, and pay the postage only $2.98 plus insurance.
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.

Three Woodbury skin preparations—guest size—for 10 cents

The Andrew Jergens Co.
902 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10 cents—Please send me a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap
A sample tube of Woodbury’s Facial Cream
A sample box of Woodbury’s Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, “A Skin You Love to Touch.”


Name

Street

City

State

Cut out this coupon and send it to us today (Ten)
Now That Winter's Here—

"If winter comes, can spring be far behind—" was first the thought of a poet, and then a novelist took it for the theme of his story.

Now we are moved thereby, to a brief, humble editorial.

For winter is here, in fact and fancy, for numberless motion-picture workers. The shut-down of so many of the big studios, even tho it is temporary, has turned the world upside down for great and small alike in this industry. But, of course, anyone with half an eye could see that things could not go on the way they were: with production costs mounting higher and higher; pictures in quantity piling up and piling up; salaries going the same gait from prop boy up; time, meaning money being flung away; competition forcing the expenditure of unprecedented sums, and so on and so forth, ad nauseam.

Now there never was a great revolution accomplished without the shedding of blood. No change, however trivial, has ever taken place without a disturbance of some sort. There can be no readjustment without pain. And you who are down in the valley now, who are out of jobs and facing the chill of an unknown future, no matter how intolerable you find the situation, take heart. The discomfort and suffering is only a question of time—nothing else; and when you know a thing is temporary and will pass, you can stand it. If one just finds the courage to stick it out—why spring will come again, and the movies and its great army of adherents will once more take their rightful places in the sun.

These things we know to be true.

Photograph by Aug. Rupp, Berlin
Billie Burke

Not content to be the beautiful wife of the most noted beauty connoisseur in the country, Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld, professionally known as Billie Burke, must add new laurels to her crown each year in the drama. This year she opens late in a comedy whose title is not yet announced.
Classic’s Favorites

These Two Men Are Classic’s Favorite Movie Stars and We Don’t Care Who Knows It

Photographs by Richee

Theodore Roberts is the dean of cinema character actors. He has played more fathers, uncles and grandfathers than any other man on the screen. He is lovable, crotchety, irascible, endearing, unreasonable, peppery, gallant and adorable as the case may be. He has just completed “The Ten Commandments,” in which he portrayed the patriarch Moses with great dramatic dignity. Just at present he is on tour in vaudeville.

The spectacular rise to fame on the screen of Ernest Torrence is known to everyone. From the lightest of musical-comedy comedians he became the heaviest of moving-picture villains. He is booked up for months ahead always. In “The Covered Wagon,” altho he was unregenerate to the end, he had his endearing moments, and in “Ruggles of Red Gap” he was wholly amusing. In “West of the Water Tower” he has a profoundly moving part—a disappointed father. We, personally, go to see any picture that boasts of him in its cast.
"Of all the liberal arts," said Napoleon the Great, "it is music which has the greatest influence over the passions."

This pertinent comment is recalled as we contemplate an illuminating phase of the motion-picture industry, which is the development of music as a technical tool, both in the filming and presentation of photoplays.

Music and drama have always been more or less closely allied and as far back as Shakespeare and his fellow dramatists of the Elizabethan period—which was pre-eminent an age of minstrelsy—plays were studded with exquisite lyrics to be sung to music. In fact, in glancing thru Shakespeare's few stage directions there will be found many such orders as "Music and Song," clearly showing his idea of combining the two arts in telling a story.

The dramatic use of music probably had its birth in the early melodramas which interpolated incidental melodies to create atmosphere and heighten certain effects. The suggestion of the raging storm—the villain's deadly work and the pensive home-coming of the lovely heroine—all these were intensified by descriptive music. It glorified the love scenes too, endowing them with the glamour of romance that even the cleverest actor and stage setting failed to meet.

Every human emotion has its own musical note, or perhaps a combination of notes that coincides and emphasizes its meaning.

Richard Wagner's wonderful success in setting great dramatic themes to music is given a concise description by Bernard Shaw, an ardent admirer of the composer. He says: "The main leading motifs are so emphatically impressed upon the ear while the spectator is following a strong dramatic expression that a requisite association is formed unconsciously."

This is precisely what is being done today in motion pictures.

To Geraldine Farrar is given the credit of first realizing the tremendous aid music brings to actors and directors in their work before the camera.

When she began filming her operatic success, "Carmen," Miss Farrar found it impossible to get into the spirit of the story without the familiar music and asked that the score be played in the studio the same as if she were...
acting in the theater. Now there is seldom a scene demanding emotional expression that is made without appropriate musical setting.

The great studios in Hollywood regularly employ many skilled musicians, ready with a large repertoire in order to meet all dramatic exigencies.

While large orchestras are frequently needed for certain elaborate scenes, the usual combination consists of a piano or movable organ, violin and cello, which furnishes the accompaniment for the tense moments that thrill thousands of film fans throughout the world.

Under this influence the actor loses his self-consciousness and readily drops into a natural grace, as well as responding to the rhythm, emotionally. It quickens the blood that warms the heart and the wise ones insist that its appeal is only to the emotions—never binding the intelligence, for it carries no definite ideas, it certainly creates eloquent back-}

grounds upon which the sentiments and passions play.

Cecil De Mille keeps a violinist on his pay-roll the year around and uses this music for every scene. When the occasion demands it, he adds other instruments. This he does entirely for his players and he allows them to choose their favorite selections.

He believes, however, that music lessens the director’s critical capacity, which should be ever active, and I have seen him many times sitting with his fingers in his ears as he watched a scene being filmed to the seductive music of a splendid orchestra. For this reason too, Mr. De Mille insists that his players keep their voices pitched very low—he does not want to be swayed by the quality of their tones, which form a subtle avenue for emotional expression—and one to which he is peculiarly susceptible.

At the top of the page is Glenn Hunter making a scene from “West of the Water Tower.” Note the three musicians doing their best to help Glenn toward the proper mood. Above is Jane Novak playing for Victor Schertzinger and her sister Eva on the studio organ. It doesn’t seem to be going so well. Right: Music is a very pleasant accompaniment to kissing, we are sure Monte Blue thinks, and doubtless Irene Rich finds it pleasant too—the music, we mean.

(Fifteen)
He often tells his cast: “Remember, cameras have no ears. Act your feelings. Don’t be content to speak them. When the picture is shown on the screen, it must stand on the acting and nothing else.”

In his new mammoth production, “The Ten Commandments,” music has become one of the several fascinating elements in the upbuilding of the various periods in which Mr. De Mille seeks to interpret the Mosaic Law.

Fred Niblo always has music when directing his masterpieces. In studying the reactions of his actors to this influence he has made a significant discovery. Said he: “I find that women respond far more readily to melodies played in the lower register and men to those pitched in the treble. This is but the natural psychological attraction of masculine and feminine en
tone.

With an eight-piece orchestra playing the dramatic arias from “Pagliacci,” as insp
siration for a series of tragic scenes being made by the strolling players in his new production, “Scaramouche,” R. e x
Ingram stopped to re-
mark that everyone responds to music to some degree.

“I know little of the technique of this art,” said Mr. Ingram, “yet a Wagnerian opera stirs me tremendously. While I invariably use music in my scenes, delv-

ing into the preferences and prejudices of my play-
ers to find what moves them, I believe it must be used care-
fully, for it gives a false stimulus to the action. Sensitive natures de-
pend upon the emotionalism of the music to carry their scene rather than their own acting. They are so swayed by the rhythm

Left: Ruth Dickey and her ten-piece orchestra were transported on sand sleds to the sandy desertlike location. Cecil De Mille selected for some of the scenes of “The Ten Commandments.” In the picture Charles de Roche and Leatrice Joy take a hand to “spell” the musicians. Below is Eric von Stroheim and his regular orchestra on a peak of the Panamint mountains on the edge of “Death Valley.” Altho heat prostrations threatened, they played away for the successful climax of “Greed.”

(Continued on page 86)

(Sixteen)
Mme. Olga Petrova

This brilliant Polish woman has trifled with many arts, obtaining a measure of success in all she has touched. At once a playwright, an actress, an author, a poet, a producer and director, a magnificent poseuse, she still retains a beautiful feminine charm and an incomparable social grace. Someone has said that glamour never happens on women who do things. But Olga Petrova is glamorous. She is at present on tour acting in a condensed version of her own play, "The Hurricane"
The Mutual Admiration Society

By
HARRY CARR

Blanche Sweet takes two pages to tell what she thinks of her husband; but Marshall Neilan needed only two lines to tell what he feels about his wife.

Left is a recent portrait of "the most extraordinary personality on the screen," Blanche Sweet. Below, as Anna Christie in O'Neill's drama of that name.

I have always wondered about these stars who are directed by their own husbands.

Whether at the breakfast table the lord and master tastes the coffee and says: "This is worse than your close-up in that love scene in the third reel."

Or if perhaps she waits until he gets his face lathered and he is sliding down the difficult slope north of the upper lip before she reproaches him with giving all the good scenes to the vamp lady in the picture.

Well, Blanche Sweet says no. Positively no.

Her husband is Marshall Neilan.

A great many picture experts agree with Blanche that he is the one great genius that the cinema has thus far produced.

He and Blanche have been in pictures together since the early Biograph days when she was a little dancer called in for a special scene in one of the first Griffith pictures and "Mickie" was a boy driving an automobile.

The writers of "success stories" like to refer to Marshall Neilan as the chauffeur who became one of the greatest directors in the world. Far be it from me to crush the illusions and artistic yearnings of any gent now piloting a taxicab; but the fact is Mickie was an actor and the ravishingly handsome young Valen-
tino of his day on the screen while
still a mere boy. His auto career was a kid performance.

But, anyhow, this is what Blanche says about it.

"They are all wrong about Mickie. Everybody around the studio thinks that Mickie is a care-

less, happy-go-lucky idler who drifts in late
to the studio and just sort of makes the
thing up as he goes along.

"I used to think so myself until we were married.

"The fact is that Mickie is doing his
hardest work when he appears to be
playing.

"I can always tell at home when he is working out a big scene in his
mind. Our home life straightway

takes on an atmosphere of jazz

and excitement.

"Mickie whirls me around to
jazz emporiums at loud and un-
usual hours of the night. We
dance at road houses and Mickie
gives prizes to the best box-
trotters and we whirl thru

a round of pleasure until I am
positively dazed and dizzy.

"I have learned from ex-
perience to know that at these
times, Mickie is working out
some big situation in a big story.

"There are many minds—big,
creative minds—which work like
this.

"No doubt there are some cre-
ative writers who need quiet

Left is another "Anna Christie
character study. On another page
this photoplay is discussed as the
best of the month. Below is the
Irish "Mickie" Neilan who ranks
among the first ten directors of
the screen

Evans, L. A.

solitude; but the Mickie Neilans of this world need
the stimulus of motion and excitement. It seems to
rouse their thoughts and stimulate their imaginations
—just as a race-horse needs another horse as a
pace-maker.

"Mickie very seldom talks about his pictures at
home. I am glad he doesn’t. It would be miserable
to have a home life made up of Kleig lights and baby
spots and scenarios.

"Sometimes he brings up the subject of some play
and discusses the situation. In the earlier days of our
married life I used to torture my brain trying to help
him with these situations. I know better now. I
know from experience that he never really talks of
the play he is thinking about. When he talks of one,
I know that he is working out the details of some
other one. So I have learned that the way I can best
help the family fortunes is to sleep with my boots at
my bedside like a fireman and be ready to go tearing
around the dance halls and the jazz places while my
talented husband wrestles with the muse.

"Sometimes it takes Mickie a long time to work
out a story. I know that he had the idea of "The
(Continued on page 84)
Odious
and Pictorial

The "Scaramouche"
Of the Stage

It is interesting and a bit exciting to have two "Scaramouches" running on Broadway at the same time. It invites—no—it challenges comparison. Indeed, it makes comparison inevitable. Classic, which serves the interests of both stage and screen, finds itself in a difficult position—for one "Scaramouche" is unquestionably superior to the other. Making due allowance for the limitations of both mediums, we believe the motion-picture the finer, truer and more entertaining.

This is Sidney Blackmer himself and above, in the character of André Louis Moreau. To us he is still Sidney Blackmer, a rather earnest, serious-minded, likable chap.

Above is Margalo Gilmore as Aline de Kercadiou, who makes of her a pretty, petulant, sweetly feminine and altogether human and understandable person. She looks as pretty as it is humanly possible in the lovely soft colors of her billowing costumes, but she did suggest the ladies that conceal boudoir lamps, telephones, powder boxes and so forth.

(Twenty)
Comparisons

Contrasts

The "Scaramouche"
Of the Screen

Ramon Novarro in the title rôle is satisfyingly picturesque and disturbing. He swashbuckles a bit, is scornful and sardonic at times, romantic and tender at others. At no time does one get a thrill out of Blackmer's Scaramouche. It is kindly and gentle, quietly determined, persistently idealistic and not very exciting. This does not seem to us consistent with the character, who, if you recall, "was born with the gift of laughter and a sense that the world was mad."

This is Alice Terry as the Lady Aline de Kercaudou, the beloved of André-Louis. There was a consistent hauteur and dignity in her performance, tho we found it less moving than Miss Gillmore's. Even lacking the undeniable aid of color, she was surpassingly pretty. The white wig also helped the illusion of the period.

This is Ramon Novarro himself, and we call your attention to the similarity in pose and costume with Sidney Blackmer across the page. Above is his Scaramouche, a romantically youthful and beautiful figure.
The Things We Can't Escape in the Movies

Drawings and Text by Eldon Kelley

HE ALWAYS GETS HIS MAN
It is practically assured from the first reel that no half-breed trader, however bent on trouble, can cope with one of the Northwest Mounted Policemen. No thrill here.

THE CHILD WHO BRINGS THEM TOGETHER
Lonely Wall Street husband - Social Butterfly wife—about to live their own lives when—"Daddy, is dat my mumsie?" lisps the little child. Husband, wife and audience break down.

THE SUPERPRODUCTION, "WHAT ARE THE WILD WIVES DOING?"
Containing for the most part a cut-back to ancient Egypt (including a few news-reel shots of the late lamented Tut-ankh-Amen's tomb) and showing Cleopatra in all her glory—and little else.
“Something old,  
Nothing new—  
Much that’s borrowed,  
Naught that’s true!”  

(With apologies to whoever said it first)

THE RURAL DRAMMER

Showing the indispensable picket fence and the compromising situation that makes it hot for the gal. Ye Gods and little Gishes!

THE COSTUME FLOOD

Imogene, the daughter, mind you, of an effete aristocracy, disguises herself in boots and britches and indulges in numerous imbroglios. No one penetrates her disguise—but the audience

THE INEVITABLE  
WALL STREET  
STORY

Adolphus Mugg, financier and only father of the beautiful Miss Mugg, has just lost all on the street. Little does he dream that the man who ruined him is the newsboy he thoughtlessly ran over years before in his Rolls Royce. Does the young man marry Miss Mugg before the show is over? Of course!

THE CINDERELLA  
STORY

“Oh,” she captions, “how you frightened me.” Poor thing, she is working as a servant in the mansion of her aunt, who has bilked her out of her rightful fortune. Does she fall in love with the rich young man next door? Ten guesses!
The Powers Behind the Screen
Who's Who in the Motion-Picture Business
By STANTON LEEDS

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the fifth and last of the series of five articles on the business end of the motion picture and a discussion and a description of the truly great personalities that have put the movies on the map.

WHAT about the boy politician, the pride of the G. O. P.—what about Will H. Hays? In ducking out of politics for a fat job in motion pictures did he sell his Indiana birthright for a mess of potage? Should he have stuck to the Cabinet, strung along with President Harding, or was being boss of the screen worth more, as his friends declare?

Meanwhile, is he boss of the screen? Hardly. With men like Adolph Zukor, Carl Laemmle, William Fox, to say nothing of William Randolph Hearst and Frank J. Godsol with their reorganized Goldwyn company, and entirely forgetting a dozen or so other fast steppers already in power or rapidly getting there—with these in the motion-picture game is it likely a Republican politician is bossing the works?

It is not. The truth is that Mr. Hays is working with these men, his backers and employers, and using his keen political sense, his gift for maintaining harmony, to their advantage and the screen's. Outside of his original mistake, his calm acceptance of the weird belief that there was something the matter with pictures, that they were really naughty, his backers seem to feel that he has done very well.

But the assumption, very generally taken for granted through the country, that so far as motion pictures are concerned Mr. Will H. Hays is it in the sense that Judge Landis is it in baseball—this assumption is mistaken. The power behind the screen lies elsewhere.

It is vested in such as Zukor, whose history is the history of the growth of pictures from nickelodeon to a big-ten, threering circus; in men like William Fox, who has fought it alone; in such as Carl Laemmle and his right-hand bower, R. H. Cochrane; in such an amazing and variously gifted person as William Randolph Hearst, who, when asked if there were money in pictures, replied, "my money is in them."

There are others, but for the moment consider these—consider Carl Laemmle in particular. During these ten years when Zukor has been large in the limelight, during this time when H. E. Aitken and many others disappeared altogether from the field, during this time, that say, at least the temporary eclipse of such men as Samuel Goldwyn, P. A. Powers, R. A. Rowland, W. W. Hodkinson, Lewis Selznick, J. D. Williams, R. S. Cole, J. Stuart Blackton and so on—during this time Laemmle has persisted.

Undeniably one of the "Powers," is Carl Laemmle, president of the Universal Pictures Corporation.

People got into the way of shouting at his pictures, Universal pictures, "cheap." But Universal went right on. Others made more expensive pictures. Others went under. Laemmle and Universal went on. Year in, year out, with the pace pulling this, that and the other runner, Laemmle kept them coming to see his pictures.

The price seemed to please them, and the pictures, and when, all of a sudden, out of a clear sky, this same Carl Laemmle produced the most expensive picture ever made, it seemed time to seek information concerning this individual who kept his head above water where so many others had drowned.

It seems that the man knows figures. Others may guess about art and have all sorts of notions, but he, Carl Laemmle, bases his ideas on bed-rock, facts, the food of the fattest bankrolls. Also he remembers actual pictures. Knowing what they paid, he has a fair notion of what other pictures will pay if they follow similar lines, for, after all, the number of possible plots is strictly limited. In short, the hot air that artists and dreamers are given to—this doesn't bother Laemmle. He has (and right in his head) the statistics.

All morning he studies these same statistics. In the afternoon he sees anyone who calls. If the idea stands the acid test of the figures, it's a Universal idea.

An entirely different type, William Fox is generally credited with being himself the best film editor in the business. Before the time of pictures, he had a small vaudeville circuit and he saw the possibility of using films in those same theaters. Rather than be dependent, he got into the habit of making his own pictures. In more ways than one, they are his own. Either assertively masculine or correspondingly feminine, they have a quality that keeps audiences saying, "if that isn't the truth!"

Their humanity, their story value, however, is only part of the story so far as William Fox is concerned. From political life, he picked as a partner a young Irishman, a former reporter and once secretary to the Police Commissioner of New York, Winfield R. Sheehan. A man whose abilities are so extraordinary, whose vision is so far-sighted, that he has been given, to hold him, almost a controlling interest in the Fox enterprises, the boyish appearing Winnie Sheehan is one of the comedians in pictures, one of that industry's assets.

His future is problematical, (Continued on page 85)

(Twenty-four)
La Pucelle

JOAN OF ARC, THE MAID OF ORLEANS
Famous Heroines No. V. Posed by Pola Negri

Everyone knows of the peasant girl of Domremy who watched her sheep on the hillside and saw the visions that raised her from the ranks of common mortals; that fired her with the divine determination to free her country of the English yoke; that placed her at the head of the armies of France, which she led to unforgettable victory. She was finally betrayed into the hands of her enemies and burned at the stake in 1431, when she was just nineteen years old. Her true story reads like a golden legend. Her martyrdom was the most shameful in history, but her glory redeems the dark past.
FOREIGN

Cineman Glances Over

FRANCE

THERE are certain advantages in failure, and the failure of French films to conquer the American market, the marking a definite commercial setback for foreign producers, is already beginning to show artistic benefits which might have been much longer in developing had the effort to invade America been successful. As pointed out last month, French as well as other foreign producers, with the vast transatlantic market luring them, have been concocting film monstrosities supposedly conceived after the American pattern but in the end failing to be either American or anything else; a mongrel product in which American invention was grotesquely travestied and European artistry basely betrayed. The mistake of the foreign producers was that they chose to compete with America in the one field in which they had no chance, lavishness of production, while they ignored the one element which alone could place them on a footing with American productions, the advantages of Old World background and Old World artistry. This error has evidently been perceived now, and the result, so far as France is concerned, is a series of films which, diverging widely from the American standard, yet can hold its head up beside the best American productions. The completeness of the about-face in French film methods may be seen in the fact that within the last two or three months at least half a dozen productions have appeared in which extreme simplicity of setting is the rule and in which the native soil is dramatized and native talent is given the full burden of the film.

A beginning in this direction, and a most successful one, was made with "Craquehille," Anatole France's masterpiece, with the star rôle entrusted to De Féraudy, one of the

Above is a scene from a German film called "Such Are Men." Mr. Ziegfeld's influence seems to have extended to the Eastern hemisphere. Right is the beautiful Russian star, Mme. Kovanko, who has the lead in a photoplay based on Turgenev's "The Song of Love Triumphant".

Above is Pedro de Cordoba in an English film, "I Will Repay." Right is a scene from the picture version of Mallarmé's immortal poem, "Geneviève".
Films
The European Studios

greatest character actors in France. Every foot of this film is French, with no effort to disguise its nationality, and the result was that it was sold at once for the American market. This success has paved the way for a series of productions in the same manner, real native products, both subject and treatment faithful to the soil and spirit of France. Among the new films of this kind are "Little Jacques," Jules Claretie's classic, a French "Oliver Twist" with a strong strain of Gallic intensity running thru it; "Geneviève," Mallarme's classic pastoral romance, picturized with all its beauty and poetry charmingly preserved; "The Urchin of Paris," a homely, humorous domestic drama which loses none of its interest for being written for an older generation; "Faithful Heart," the tragedy of a French port town against a sombre background of harbor life; and several other films of a kindred nature. Pictorially, "Geneviève" is perhaps the most beautiful of the series, the photography and poetic treatment being faultless, but emotionally "Little Jacques" is the most effective. The story is hardly original, verging on the melodramatic, but it is so well told, so truthfully executed, as to give the narrative the quality of stirring reality. The picture is a great advance over the abortive efforts à l'Américaine which preceded it.

ITALY

Simultaneously with the French reversion to native subjects and native treatment, the Italian producers reveal a similar tendency, after having exploited, like the other European producers, ill-starred efforts to make films in the

(Continued on page 81)
Au Sauce Piquante

Cinema Spice for Jaded Appetites

Some of us like our movies highly seasoned, and then again some of us can take them or leave them alone. We for one, like them well flavored. It saves mental indigestion anyway. We don't go to the movies to be put to sleep, but to be entertained, and no one can deny the entertainment value—per capita, we'd better say—of this page.

Upper left: Norma Talmadge as an Ouled-Nail dancing girl in "Dust of Desire" is most provocatively beautiful. Above: Jean Haskell, a little Goldwyn treasure, gives a pleasant tang to many an otherwise flat movie. Left: Dolores Rousse, a delicious bit from Fox's box of spices.
THREE men, that golden morning in Northern Canada, were thinking of one thing, a woman, and they thought of her according to their three points of view. To Michael Devlin, of the Northwest Mounted, a woman was something to be possessed. He had known—and possessed many in his thirty hard-lived years, but none like this one, wild and elusive and, for all of her life lived among trappers, miners, drunken Indians, fiercely virginal. Rose Bocion ... the hoofs of his horse on the hard forest path beat out the name, Rose, a blossom to be plucked, a fragrance to give delight or what were roses—or women—for?

With hot, desiring memory he conjured her up now and she danced before him down the path, the sun sprinkled on her dark hair, the young curves of her, the lips that invited, the eyes that mocked, and the look of his face was not good to see. "Damn her!" he muttered, "she gets into a man's blood! I'm drunk with her. She's a fever I've had since that day I found her on her raft drifting toward the Anger o' God Rapids and brought her ashore to the Trading Post. That gave me a right to her, didn't it? I thought she felt it, too, but last night—"

His great hand with the white furrow of an old wound across it tightened on the reins with the suggestion of crushing something. Last night he had held her in his arms, and it had been like clasping the wind. She had not been there. And when he had demanded of McCollins, the old factor who had adopted her, the meaning of the change, he sensed in her, that canny Scot had been evasive and taken refuge in philosophizing.

"The mair I know wummen the less I know about 'em! But one thing certain, they don't gie their love for a debt that is owed for a gift whaur they will."

Michael Devlin uttered an oath, and because his instinct was the simple primitive one of hurting when he felt pain he lashed at his patient horse. "If it's that dude engineer chap, Norton, I'll teach him to meddle with what's mine!" he muttered. "When I get back from this trip I'll settle it—I didn't drag her out of the river for him to kiss—"

In the Company's Store, McCollins the factor was thinking about Rose too; the anxious, timid thoughts of old age which knows humbly that it is helpless to aid youth because it speaks another language. He had lived a long existence here in the Northland, he had read few books, known few people, yet he had seen Life. When he thought of Rose Bocion he thought of her as a duty, something to be guarded, protected, a flower to be sheltered from harsh storms.

"'Tis a hard thing," he reflected as he sorted the settlement mail which had just arrived by canoe, "that we must pay so dear for experience in this world and then 'tis no use to anyone; we cant gie it to them we lo'e. I hae ma doots about this young city mon. He doesna belong up here and Rose does. An' there's a look in her eyes these days that wummen dont wear unless the thocht o' some mon puts it there. But there's nae use meddlin' wi' young folks. They must cut their own fingers before they can learn that a knife can hurt, an' there's the pity!"

The other man who was thinking of Rose Bocion was tall and good to look at, and wore his rough homespun with an easy grace, all of which the girl was aware of, tho she was not looking at him as she sat on the broken oak limb swinging her feet and singing a wild folk-song about a maiden who loved a lowpgaron—

To Bruce Norton, engineer in charge of the railroad surveyors, women in general were something of a nuisance; in particular, incomprehensible creatures of mysterious moods who wanted to marry one. But this girl before him, with her naive remarks, her amazing
Michael Devlin of the Northwest Mounted finds Rose Bocion drifting down the river on a raft toward the Anger o' God Rapids, pulls her out just in time, carries her back to the trading post, where she collapses.

Norton straightened as tho a whip lash of memory had flicked him on the heart. His face grew grim.

"There are men who make a woman look like that—damn them!" he said slowly, "I knew one once. Wolf man fits him very well. Wolves are dang er ous. They should be killed."

He got hold of himself hurriedly, smiled at her. "Go on! Tell me more. I know you're not Mr. McCollins' real daughter, but I don't know whose daughter you are. Perhaps you just grew like Topsy—that's the way you seem, like a part of all this—" his gesture brought the dappled forest, the blue rushing river into the woods.

Sitting lightly, swinging her feet in their Indian moccasins, Rose told him her simple Odyssey, her lonely childhood in the far deep woods with only her trapper father and the tame wildcat for companionship, her father's death—"I buried heem," she said simply, "the ground was froze and it was ver' hard work. He wanted a priest to read prayers before he died. He theeek mebbe he go to hell wizout. Me, I don't theeek so. Monseur le bon Dieu is a gentilhomme."

What a child she was, Bruce thought, feeling her words tug at his heart. Before such marvelous simplicity he felt old and disillusioned and paternal. He was only twenty-four, and one can be older at twenty-four than at any other age. "Then you came to the settlements?" he prompted, for she had fallen into one of her rich silences. That was the reason he had noticed her first and taken her from his general category of women who talked incessantly. If Rose hadn't anything to say, she said nothing.

"I mek a raft," she nodded, "but the river he is ver' bad. I goin' be drown mebbe but Michael Devlin hear me yell and comes. Papa McCollins got no daughter. I stay. Thas five year now."

"Michael Devlin," Bruce

(Thirty)

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TIGER ROSE

Fictionized by permission from Warner Brothers' production of the adaptation by Edmund Goulding of the play by Willard Mack. Directed by Sydney Franklin and personally supervised by David Belasco. The cast, starring Lenore Ulric:

Rose Bocion ("Tiger Rose") Lenore Ulric
Michael Devlin Forrest Stanley
Father Thibault Joseph Dowling
Pierre Andre De Beranger
Dr. Cusiek Sam De Grasse
Bruce Norton Theodore Von Eltz

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simplicity and her beauty which was half that of a wild wood creature, and half the age-old lure of Eve, vaguely disturbed him. Rose . . . Rose, a flower of the forest instead of the garden. Last night, in his board shack he had written a poem about her, called her "Tiger Rose."

"You know about that lougarou?" she asked, pausing abruptly in her song. Under the elfin masses of her hair her eyes grew wide and solemn, her voice dropped a full octave to the deeps of awe, "he is ver' bad to fall in love wiz, because on'ly half he is nize han'some young man and the res' of the time he is a wolf. The lougarou eat the heart ri' out of a girl who love wiz heem.

Yes, thas so! Ask anybody!"

Bruce leaned against a tree, arms folded, watching the play of emotion on the vivid face under lazy eyelids. "You don't believe that, Rose! Aren't you a Christian?"

She nodded with conviction, "Yas, I'm a Christian, sure as hell!" she affirmed, and looked startled at his shout of laughter, "all the same I know what I know!

Me, I saw a woman thas had her heart eaten by the lougarou—always she put the hand over the place where the wolf man hurt her, always she hunt for heem wiz face that mek like this!" Amazingly the young, fresh curves before his eyes took on haggardness, the eyes were haunting wells of tragedy. Bruce with the surveyors taking out a line along it, the far hills

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frowned, "the big Mounted, eh? I suppose you’re very grateful to him?"

Rose was puzzled. Grateful? I don’t know what grateful! He breeng me red ribbons from the beeg town. It muss’ be yer’ nice in the town——"

Bruce shook his head. "You’d hate it! Nothing green or sweet—grey, dirty stone canyons where the sun never shines," he went on to paint a sordid picture of ugliness and dirt and people, all hurrying, hating each other, thinking of money, fighting each other for money, but at the end Rose only smiled. She slid down from her branch and stood before him, looking up with unwavering eyes.

"But you would be there," she said, "I think me I lak any place where you were there too!"

Under the tight jersey she wore her low breasts rose and fell swiftly. Her cheeks were the color of sun-ripened fruit, but the warm tint did not deepen altho Bruce Norton could feel himself blushing. She was not such a child after all, seventeen or eighteen perhaps, and lovely enough to turn any man’s head. He adopted a fatherly tone, taking one hard little hand in his own.

"The place for Roses is out of doors, not shut up in stone cages! I’ll send you a picture of the kind of houses people live in in the city when I go back, houses like mountains——"

Terror sounded in her voice, "You’re going away, yas? Don’t go! I love you—I love you lak hell!"

Bruce Norton stood still, staring startled into the implacable face of Memory. "Think what you came here to do! Think of the vow you made beside your mother’s bed—your mother who died of a broken heart! Are you free to play at love-making?"

As tho he could forget for more than a few moments at a time the thing that had brought him up into this wilderness, the thing that had shadowed his youth, the thing that lay between him and any hope for the future! But just for now, just for a few days might he not be free from it, free to be young and happy?

He lifted the brown little paw he held and kissed the back of it ceremoniously. "I’m not going away yet, little Rose," he smiled, "you don’t mean what you just said, of course. Some day when you’ve grown up you’ll marry Devlin or some one who lives up here and be very happy but now before I go we’ll be friends, wont we?"

She looked at him slantingly, hid her eyes behind smooth creamy lids. "All ri’!" sighed Tiger Rose, "if

She came closer, her face ghastly, "They have fou’n’ him!" "They haven’t—yet," Cusick snapped, "the damn fool could have gotten away—but he said he had to come back to see you. Where can we hide him?"

(Thirty-one)
Only at the end of the meal did he refer to the new company doctor. "Tomorrow, I think you said Doctor Glendenning was to arrive?"

McCullens nodded, puzzled. "Aye, he wrote that he wud drive himself from the Landing. He'll be here by noon I'm thinkin'. Do ye—perhaps ye might be knowin' him?"

Bruce Norton shook his head. His voice had an edge, "I have never had the pleasure of meeting the doctor personally. But I had a—a friend who knew him some years ago. I—have heard of him."

He went out into the darkness and presently, not knowing where his steps were leavin' him, he found himself in the grove where he had spent enchanted hours this last week, as a ghost returns to the scene of old happiness. The moon was up now and in the white light that lay across the grass he saw Rose, and as she came toward him he knew that she was no longer a child or an elf but a woman, a woman to be held close, to be kissed...

He kept his arms rigid at his sides for fear that they might go out to her. "I am going away, Rose," he tried to speak matter-of-factly, "I have something I must do—"

Her cry stripped the words from his lips: "You take me too! I will be ver' good—I don't be any trouble. You take me!"

"I—can't—"

She was Tiger Rose now, fighting for what she wanted. "Ees it then some other girl? I will keel her—I will scratch her dam face! I will mek an image of her and stick pins into her heart!"

Bruce held the quivering little figure by the wrists. "There's no one else, Rose. I cant explain—"

He felt the fierce-ness ebb from her. The small face under the wild dark hair seemed to shrink still smaller: "Then—you don' want me? Scuse please—Michael Develin, he lak' me, I didn' think—"

Her agony awoke echoes in his own soul, taught him his heart. "No, no, Rose! Not that, not that—God, if I only could stay with you, marry you, live here all my...

Left: Tiger Rose in agonized suspense watches the tramping feet of her lover's hunter until at last they lead him up to bed. But they soon came back—

(Thirty-two)
years—“Somehow she was in his arms. They clung together, two children frightened of the dark. Against her hair he whispered wild things, broken words of tenderness and at last a little of the truth. Years ago a man had wronged his sister, left her to die in disgrace. The shock had killed their mother. He had been searching for the man ever since, and now he knew where to find him.

“I see,” Tiger Rose said quietly, “you do not need to tell me what you mus’ do. But—afterward—.”

He shook his head dumbly, his hands, on either side of her face, straining it back to his gaze as if he were committing it to memory. “I have given you my trouble to bear,” he said bitterly, “I have made you grow up, Rose. Will you ever forgive me?”

“Forgive? I don’ know that word,” she smiled thru her tears, “I guess when you’re in love wiz someone this all the word you know!” He did not kiss her good-bye, because he knew that if he kissed her he would not go.

A heavy-eyed Rose was pouring the factor’s coffee the next morning when Michael Devlin, wearing his uniform, aggressively brought his news.

“I’ll be staying here a few days, sir, if you can put me up,” he announced, portentously, “maybe you haven’t heard? There’s been murder done! The new company doctor was shot early this morning between here and the Landing, and what’s more it’s known who did it!”

He shot a spiteful glance of triumph at Rose; “no more nor less than the fine city dude that’s been staying under your roof—one of the Injuns saw him running thru the woods!”

McCoy’s cup went down with a clatter. “So that was the meanin’ of his face last night! Devlin, I’ve been a God-fearing mon a’ ma days, but yon laddie is no common criminal. I hae na doot the mon needed a bit o’ killin’ an I’m dommed if I dont hope Norton gets away!”

The Mounted Policeman laughed unpleasantly. “Small chance! We’ve got fifty men on horseback beating up the woods—he’ll be behind bars before night—ouch!” he uttered a yelp of anguish as Rose neatly overturned a cup of scalding coffee on his hand.

The settlement joined the man hunt. All day the baying of dogs and the far-off shouts of the searchers came to the straining ears of Rose Bocion as she stood behind the counter in the company store, all day as she waited out sugar, and measured off calico she was trying to bribe Le Bon Dieu to let her lover escape. “—know, Mis’eu Dieu, you couldn’ help heem, but mebbe You jus’ look the other way one lil’ minute—.”

Dusk hung like cobwebs in the corners of the room when Doctor Cusick, the settlement physician, came in, closing the door behind him. He was a middle-aged man with a face chiseled by old emotion as a stone is worn by strong currents. He spoke rapidly. “Rose, I think you are a girl who can be trusted not to faint or go into hysterics if I tell you something.”

She came closer, face ghastly. “They ’ave foun’ him?”

“They haven’t yet,” Cusick snapped, “the damn fool could have gotten away clean, but he chose to come back, said he had to see you again.

Well, love’s a disease there’s no cure for but time! I found him on the back road and brought him here, under the buggy robes. Where can we hide him?”

She pointed to the trap-door in the rough flooring. “Down there among the boxes—Queek! I hear them come. Mon Dieu, all the day I gave the great fear but now I fear nothing! Now there is somesing I can do—.”

One moment she stood folded in Bruce Norton’s arms, then violently she thrust him away. “We are mad! Me, I t’ink has a dam bad time for mak’ love.”

“She’s right, my boy!” Cusick said grimly, “get down into the cellar. To- morrow we’ll figure some way to start you toward the States.”

The trap-door slid into place. Rose turned to the doctor, “W’y you do eet? W’y you help us?” Cusick looked suddenly old. “Because his shoes fit me!” he answered slowly, “if he hadn’t killed that skunk I should have. You see Norton’s sister happened to be—my wife. Hark! Someone’s coming—.”

When Devlin opened the door, Rose, humming a little song, was measuring out castor-oil with a steady hand.

The policeman’s revolver in his hand, Bruce came to the side of Tiger Rose. “My brave little girl! But it’s no good, dear. I’ve decided to face the music.”

Her face had lost its pallor, her eyes shine, she gave the policeman a gay nod. “Mebbe you lak’ the house to stan’ treat wiz this, yas? Bon nuit, Mis’eu Doctor! Come in tomorrow and see w’y Papa got him seek in his back—.”

(Continued on page 78)
Eleanor Boardman

Tradition chained this young girl to a narrow path, bound her to a past generation, linked her with a staid old family atmosphere. But early in life she asserted her right to be a person on her own account and not just an echo of past formality. A pretty pioneer, Eleanor!
Rhythm and Rebellion

By MAUDE CHEATHAM

Right is a recent portrait and below is Eleanor Boardman’s appealing Amelia Sedley in “Vanity Fair.” Her current picture is “The Day of Faith.”

ELEANOR BOARDMAN spells REBELLION! You would never guess it when you see her on the screen in those sweet, sympathetic roles that have brought a delightful rhythm to a number of recent pictures.

“That’s just it,” wailed Eleanor, “They always give me goody, goody parts when I would rather play characters——”

I laughed. It was amusing to find a girl with her lovely angelic face, and eyes that flood quickly with womanly tears, craving to mask her charms in vampire and worldly roles. It is nearly always the other way.

Her rebellions date away back. In fact, they first burst forth when she suddenly discovered that her pioneer spirit had been placed in a staid old Philadelphia atmosphere. According to the program, her life lay cut and dried before her. Traditions chained her to a narrow path.

When she asserted her independence to think for herself, which she frequently did, she was rebuked. She was expected to be merely an echo of past generations.

“Families are a wonderful institution,” admitted Eleanor, “but they have a distressing way of arresting any development of individuality. Seldom is a child given the freedom really to grow—to become a definite personality.”

I imagine the battles were spirited. She was like a bird hopping about on the family limb, blinking at the sun and longing to try her wings to reach it.

At eighteen she ran away to New York.

“For the first time I really breathed,” she explained. “Of course, I had a hard struggle, I expected this, and I also had several bad experiences but these taught me to live.
I could feel myself waking up, a delicious sensation of vivid realities swept me along and I began to feel—to thrill—to grasp dimly what it was all about. I think I had been numb before. And then I found that life is very short when you begin to live—there is so much to crowd into the days. Our span is so brief—in point of years—we must fill it to the brim."

It wasn’t very long before Miss Boardman landed in a Broadway chorus, then she won a small part in Arthur Hopkins’ “A Very Good Young Man.” She lived in a dingy little boarding-house and spent most of her salary on ballet lessons as a part of her dramatic training.

This is illuminating, for it discloses the directness of her ambitions. Today, she is as slim and straight as a young tree, with every muscle in full coordination; she has mastered that rarest of all accomplishments, a perfect gliding walk in which every movement is of grace.

We’ll admit that Eleanor Boardman forced her first steps toward a career but her sudden and phenomenal jump into motion-pictures, playing leading roles after two films, shows she is a petted child of the fairies.

She was both down and out. She had no job and no money; things were hopelessly quiet in New York and she was beginning to wonder if, after all, she was to be beaten. And then came the wonderful opportunity to come to California with a chance at the Goldwyn studio.

She hasn’t lost the thrill of it yet, despite her level head and poise, and I rather suspect she pinches herself sometimes, to see if it is really true.

After luncheon we drove up to her home on Whitley Heights where she lives alone with a funny little maid. Eleanor says that people with opinions should travel the single path.

The house is typical of its owner. It is extremely artistic and there is a spaciousness in the large living-room with its friendly fireplace, grand piano and rows of books. Long windows on three sides offer magnificent views of Hollywood and the hills. A few pieces of rare tapestry decorate the walls—“I hate new, shiny things—they have no background,” she explained.

(Continued on page 76)
Lowell Sherman

Who is the hero of one of the most picturesque and colorful dramatic successes on the New York stage. That is "Casanova," in which he was billed as an "Arch-Rogue," but turned out to be rather a gentle than a villainous Casanova. It looks as tho he had deserted the movies for good.
WHEN Lubitsch is directing a picture, he has an odd way of entertaining a visitor. At the end of the scene, he comes over to where you sit and gives you a little character sketch of the actor who has been performing.

For instance, when Florence Vidor finished her scene and the camera stopped clicking, he came over and painted her psychic picture: "She had beauty; but she got distinction; she got good family. It show on the screen."

Which made us all wonder what he was going to say about Marie Prevost. Marie has many ardent admirers, but I think that even Marie herself gulped a little with astonishment when Lubitsch picked her as one of the finest actresses he has seen in America and gave her the big part in his new picture, "The Marriage Circle," upon which he is staking his career.

"When I first came to America," said Herr Lubitsch, "my position was a very difficult one. The war was just over. I didn't know a soul. I arrived in Hollywood one drizzling cold foggy night when it seemed that even the climate was against me. As a matter of fact, I was treated everywhere with kindness and sympathetic cordiality; but, of course, I couldn't know that was going to happen. Consequently, in my first picture, I had to make all kinds of concessions to what they told me the American people wanted. I made my first one that way. This one I am going to make to please Lubitsch."

So, just as he tossed away all the other stale ideas that movie convention had built, he airily ignored the actresses whom Hollywood had stamped "greatest" and picked out a graduate bathing young lady for his great acting part.

At the end of one of her

Marie Prevost says of Lubitsch: "To act even one scene under his direction is not only an education but a revelation." Lubitsch says of Marie Prevost: "She is a good actress—she had life and animation and she got emotion. But she got hoofer too. No actress is good in a heavy role unless she has got also a sense of hoofer."
scenes, Lubitsch came bustling out of the set, dragged me out of the studio and around behind an alley and explained himself.

"My peechaar—I don't know if he is good. He can't know about a peechaar until you see him on the screen but Marie Prevost she is good. She is a good actress—she had life and animation and she got emotion. But she got hoomey too. No actress is good in a heavy role unless they got a sense of hoomey, especially what you call vamps."

Marie, herself, is a very frank outspoken young lady. And being such, she makes no secret of the fact that she is staggered by what has happened to her. It isn't so long since Marie's chief claim to artistic distinction consisted of the most beautiful legs in the world. They got her a job at Mack Sennett's old comedy lot.

Marie was sitting on a camp stool on the edge of the Lubitsch set as she talked about it. She was all covered up this time in a very beautiful evening gown. But she was just the same candid, unspoiled Marie as in the one-piece bathing-suit days.

"Over at the Sennett lot," she said, "I was one of the few girls who could really swim. I had to double for the girl stars and sometimes I even doubled for the men. In those days, it didn't matter what happened to me if the pulchritude of the

Above is the great director in an informal moment and below he is directing Florence Vidor in a troublesome bit. He says of her: "She had beauty; but she had distinction; she got good family. It shows on the screen."

real actresses was not damaged. To say the least, life was not monotonous, I never knew whether I was going to be alive or dead at the end of the day.

"Incidentally, the shock to my family when they saw me on the screen was considerable. And they were not the only ones shocked.

"One of the tragedies of my young life was one of these shocks. I was very much enamored of a young man whose mother was a very strict Presbyterian with a natural horror of young women who made their living playing."

"My boy friend tried to convince her that I was different. His arguments prevailed to the point where I was invited to a family dinner to be put thru my (Cont'd on page 80)"
Above is the awe-inspiring tract of land known as Death Valley for the appropriate reason that sixty-three out of sixty-five miners died of thirst when they went prospecting there in 1849, and many others have died since. It is in the southeastern part of California and the hottest place in the world. Von Stroheim completed "Greed" there.

In the oval is a location picked for "Cap'n Dan." It is off the coast of California. Below is the historic Weeks Hall Estate, "Shadows on the Teche," in and around which D. W. Griffith shot many scenes for "The White Rose." It is in western Louisiana on the bayou Teche.

Above is an ancient Roman ruin, one of the beautiful and authentic backgrounds for "The Eternal City." It is just outside of Rome.

In no one field of endeavor, artistic or commercial, is there to be found so much beauty, interest and variety as on the screen, not to mention its educational value. Movie malingers' most frequent taunt is that we are "commercial." We offer the evidence on these two pages in refutation.

Right is a section of the endless Florida swamps, unwholesome and treacherous, where King Vidor took his company to make "Wild Oranges," the Hergesheimer story, for Goldwyn.

(Forty)
Across the page is an American desert, but the picture above was taken in the Egyptian desert at Ghizeh, near Cairo. For most of us that are sit-by-the-fires, the view of the great pyramids and the mysterious sphinx to be had in the movies, will constitute our traveling experience. William Fox had "The Shepherd King" made here.

Left is a beautiful vista up in the Canadian Rockies. Tom Mix, seeking authenticity for his picture, "Where the North Begins," selected this mountain chain for it. Below is the exquisitely beautiful Bay of Naples in whose haunting vicinity "The White Sister" was made.

These wonderful locations are spread practically all over the globe and you must appreciate that it costs a great deal of money to take whole companies to these far places. This, however, seems to us a justifiable expense, far more worthy than the building of lavish sets. The artistic return is greater.
A Midwinter Maid

Colleen Moore has adopted a new manner, like Mae Allison and Lillian Gish. It is a roguish flapper sort of halo, and we find it very becoming. As the unrestrained flapper heroine of "Flaming Youth," she has at last come into her own. All the critics commend her. More power to ye, Colleen!
Classic Considers—
The Great and the Near Great

CECILIA LOFTUS
Just because she is back over here in the United States again amusing and delighting us as she used to do more years ago than we can remember. Because age has not withered her charm and vivacity, nor has custom had a chance to stale her infinite allure. Because she literally stops the show whenever she offers her imitations on the Keith circuit. But mostly because we shall never forget her, tho we have forgotten her name, when she played with E. H. Sothern in "If I Were King"

GEORGE WALSH
For the very good reason that he has taken a new lease on life in the movies and has the most promising future ahead of him of any other star who started when he did. Because he is June Mathis' choice for Ben Hur. and we remember that she discovered Valentino. Because also, altho he is a wonderful athlete and has, without exception, the most perfect physique of any male star of the screen, he has gone in for things that required brain rather than brawn and gotten away with it

OTTO H. KAHN
Chiefly because of the dignity and charm of his letters to Caruso, which were published in Caruso's biography. And because he is at once a banker, a philanthropist, a financier and a liberal patron of the arts. He is president of several railroads, director of numerous trust companies, honorary member of various opera and theatrical companies, including our own Metropolitan; a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor of France, a Knight of the Order of Charles II of Spain, a Commander of the Order of the Crown of Italy, and—a Citizen of the United States

(Forty-three)
EVERY time I see Somerset Maugham he is in the act of being sketched. The last time I saw him a well-known newspaper artist was sweating blood in a mad endeavor to get the famous author’s features down on his sketch-pad; this time a very young Mexican boy with an unspellable name, who by the way has an uncanny gift of caricature, was trying to catch a straw of likeness from the inscrutable face of his subject.

The portrayal of this English writer has been the despair of every artist and cartoonist on both sides of the Atlantic. They have all tried and failed. Every well-known caricaturist from Max Beerbohm on down has had a slab at it—but Mr. Maugham says: “I can draw only one conclusion—my face must be so utterly void of interest that there is nothing to work from.”

This, however, is polite rot. The face of the author is one you could never forget. Disillusionment marks the lower part with deep lines about the mouth. The keen eyes ordinarily cynical, can upon occasion warm into human tolerance. When he laughs—a rare occurrence—he is transformed. He seems momentarily to throw off the cloak of worldly scepticism and become a most boyish in expression.

He had visited this country again for the purpose of rehearsing his latest play, “The Camel’s Back,” which the Selwyns have produced. He very rarely behaves in this fashion—in fact, he never goes near the theater when a play of his has been accepted for production. I asked him why he had done so this time.

“I had rather an unfortunate experience with my last play,” he replied. “You know, I dont exactly care to have my plays rewritten by the managers. So I decided that I would attend the rehearsals personally. I’ve been frightfully busy of late with nothing but rehearsing. You know, I have just had a play put on in London which I am glad to say has turned out to be a sensation. The name of it is ‘Our Better.’ It was produced in this country some years ago, but unfortunately, it didn’t seem to please American audiences.”

I recalled having heard that it was one of the most brilliant farces ever seen in this country. Its author was at that time comparatively little known over here. It was before the days of “The Moon and Sixpence,” “The Circle,” and others. Also before the days of “The Demi-Virgin,” “Getting Gertie’s Garter,” etc. Even when the first two were produced, they made very little money for their owners, while the parties of the second part reaped a golden harvest. Which goes to show you that you never can tell what an American audience will like.

“The English stage is in a period of stagnation,” he continued. “Nobody is writing any plays, no one, comparatively speaking, is producing any. I think America at the present time is the theatrical center of the world. A producer over here can see possibilities and can take chances that a European manager would never dare to. He hasn’t any money he can afford to lose. You people over here have a whole mass of theaters which of course have to be filled. Your managers have so much money that they can say when a play is offered them. ‘Now look here, this is a new idea. I wonder how it will turn out.’ Very few of the writers in Europe, therefore, have turned out plays recently. They feel it a waste of time. I happen to be particularly fortunate, but after I get back to Europe I don’t intend writing any more plays immediately.

“They are going to turn ‘The Moon and Sixpence’ into a play to be produced here next season. I hope they will be able to get Lionel Barrymore for the lead.”

“I expect to be here for about six weeks then I shall return to London, shut myself up in my house and get to work on my novel. It is going to be a long one, the provisional title is ‘The Painted Veil.’ However, I have had so much misfortune with titles that I dont know what I shall really call it. Every time I get a very good one (Continued on page 84)

(Forty-four)
Right is the beautiful Japanese Print scene from "Artists and Models." In the oval is Otis Skinner in another of his delightful characterizations. This season it is Sancho Panza, the philosophical squire of Don Quixote.

Below is the Stone family: Fred, his wife Allene, and his daughter Dorothy, bright star of the new musical extravaganza "Stepping Stones." Dorothy made a great hit—almost stole the show from her father.

The Photographer Takes the Stage

Left is Beryl Mercer in her interesting role of Queen Victoria. Beside her is George Forren as Gladstone. Below is the banquet scene from the hit of the season, "The Swan," by Ferenc Molnar. The set is so dignified and lovely that the audience bursts into irresistible applause before a word is spoken.
Above is a scene from a curious drama called "Spring Cleaning," in which a man (Arthur Byron) introduces a prostitute (Estelle Winwood) into his own home by way of showing up his wife and her friends.

Above is a moment from the Maugham comedy-drama, "The Camel's Back." The actors are: Violet Kemble Cooper, Arthur Lewis and Charles Cherry. Right is "The Failures," a rather more grim than usual Theatre Guild offering. Left to right: Winifred Lenihan as the actress, Jacob Ben-Ami as the author, Erskine Sanford as the musician, Dudley Digges as the Art Theater manager.

Above: One of the nine plays of a wonderful season, "Tarnish." Ann Harding is pictured with Mrs. Jacques Martin.
Variety
Is the Spice
of This Season

Ira D. Schwartz

Four of the leads in "One Kiss." Clare Kummer's "comedy with music." They are: Oscar Shaw, Louise Groody, Ada Lewis and John Price Jones.

Above is Roberta Arnold in a typical Golden production, "Chicken Feed," which deals with wives and their nearly always inadequate allowances.

Above is Jane Cowl as Melisande, with J. Sayre Crawly as Arkel, in a scene from the most tragically beautiful of all Maeterlinck's haunting and beautiful dramas, "Pelléas et Méli-sande." Left are: General Stuart (James Durkin), Robert E. Lee (Berton Churchill) and Stonewall Jackson (David Landau), all from Drinkwater's "Robert E. Lee," which took a bad flop.
Walter Hampden, Playing Superbly, Makes “Cyrano de Bergerac” The Play of the Month

© Mary Dale Clarke

The World’s Most Famous Nose
By KENNETH MACGOWAN

AFTER creating the greatest nose in all history any writer ought to be satisfied to die. Edmond Rostand was not. He insisted on living on into his thirties, his forties, even his fifties. And all to no purpose. The author of “Cyrano de Bergerac” never created a facial blemish, let alone a whole character, to equal the nose or the soul of the Gascon cadet.

Perhaps Rostand made a mistake when he did so well by Cyrano. Certainly the fellow threw “L’Aiglon,” “Chantecler,” and all the rest of his plays in the shade. More than that, he was too tremendous a hero to get himself very much acted. Coquelin learned the two hundred pages on which Cyrano monopolized attention in the two hundred and fifteen pages of the play, and actor after actor has stood in awe of Coquelin ever since. Richard Mansfield played this Gargantuan part over here, and, tho a few American actors have talked about reviving the play, the only one who had done so up to the present season—Robert Lorraine—cautiously turned Englishman and emigrated before he tried it. A great part and a great acting tradition have almost killed a great play.

But now Walter Hampden comes cheerily along, and revives “Cyrano” as a mere

(Continued on page 92)
The Movie of the Month
By LAURENCE REID

Mr. Reid Selects “Anna Christie” as the Best
Photoplay of This Month and Explains Why

EUGENE O’NEIL’S Pulitzer prize play, “Anna Christie” (First National), comes to the screen a vigorous, stirring document. Here is one instance where the producer has not made a single departure from the original. On the contrary, he has approached the author’s vital subject with deep appreciation of its dramatic sweep, its rich characterization—and its very human attributes—with the result that we have a picture of breadth and substance—a picture comparable to “A Woman of Paris” in its direct, progressive action, tho carrying a much more significant theme.

Thomas H. Ince, like Chaplin, has marked out a clear path for himself. Defiant of censorship, he has had the audacity and the sincerity to tell the truth as O’Neill painted it—without throwing a sop to the sentimentalisists. And so we have “Anna Christie”—one of the boldest dramas of life in the raw that has ever been screened.

In certain States, we can hear the censors crying: “This is too strong; it is liable to offend.” On the other hand, those of us who would see life expressed realistically are crying in the wilderness for just such screen treatment as is revealed here. Mr. Ince has gambled. He has chosen no path which beats around the bush. He has seen his goal, striven for it and reached it—and the O’Neil drama is his profit. The encomiums we passed on to Charles Chaplin will have to be shared with Thomas H. Ince. One has plunged into the superficialities of life, the other into the realities. And yet how like each other are these stories—in the manner of their compact treatment.

Eugene O’Neill, a realist, sketches life as he sees it. That life may expose raw crudities—but it is invariably moving and compelling. Woven deep in the fabric is a vital spiritual note. We will say that there is more of a spiritual quality in “Anna Christie” than in all the sugar-coated slices of sentiment which masquerade under the name of humanity. It carries a comforting quality in its revelation of human frailties—because it strikes at the very vitals of character—showing us how tricks of circumstance guide our destinies. If the censors would look beneath the raw surfaces and see the rugged heart-beat inside, they would have no occasion to point thumbs down.

It is seldom that such a bold document reaches the screen with its vital ingredients intact. Surely Ince hasn’t been guided by the idea that his throbbing opus will be passed along to the tender fledglings. Yet, even these fledglings will take nothing from it but worthy impulses. The director has kept faith with the play—right down to the most unimportant detail. We may miss the ruggedness of the spoken line, but compensation is effected thru the range of the camera to catch a most authentic atmosphere. Ince has so shaped his scenes and guided his players—that we seem to be actual participants. He makes us feel O’Neill’s psychology of disinterested souls—that emotions guide the heart and mind. The author has played upon the superstition that molds the character of sailor-folk. His figures have tasted the dregs of life—yet all are playboys and playgirls.

O’Neil knows his subject and Ince has kept faith with the text. He releases no sentimentalities, nor any conventional sops. He takes the subject and penetrates into the cross-currents of the human heart—showing us a superstitious, child-like old sailor who ridiculously tries to defy the deep with a futile cry: “Dat old devil sea!” He would keep his daughter away from it—knowing the anguish he has caused his wife who had waited in vain

(Continued on page 95)
The Celluloid Critic

TWO adaptations of highly successful novels bid for recognition in the First National entries, "Ponjola," and "Flaming Youth." The first mentioned is an adventure yarn fashioned from a familiar formula, but thru a clever manipulation of plot and incident framed against an effective background — and played with creditable feeling, it takes on a value which should also cause it to become highly popular on the screen.

If you are not in the know concerning the title, let us state that "Ponjola" is the Kaffir word for whiskey. And it serves as the medium toward the degeneration of a man who has given too much thought to business and romantic reverses executed by a crooked partner and an unappreciative girl.

The idea will be recognized as having served the screen many times before. But its treatment is different. It features the exploits of a beautiful young Englishwoman who journeys to South Africa to escape the embarrassment of the law.

While in Paris she is balked in a suicidal venture by a stranger who is returning to the veld. He takes her into his confidence — as a result she takes a new lease on life — and even goes so far as to accompany him to South Africa disguised as a man.

What follows is an extremely conventional line of adventure and incident — with the masquerader holding the interest thru her radical disguise. While her sex could be easily identified, for the purpose of the plot — she gets away with it. And regenerates the man who had run away from his character.

There is a deal of melodramatic incident and a fair quota of thrills in this picture — which, as a sample of its kind, is interesting screen fare. Anna Q. Nilsson makes a startling appearance as the heroine. She has not spared the shears in trimming her locks and she makes a wonderfully attractive young man.

James Kirkwood employs his poise and repression to good advantage. He can convey more soul tortures than most of his contemporaries.

AN effort to be naughty but nice is the little movement behind "Flaming Youth," which is the latest visualization of flapperdom. So we have the usual expose of the fast jazz life, tho it is shown against a much more effective background than what is customarily depicted. Some may call it risqué — but it is mostly suggestion — without much flair of subtlety. We are offered an undressing party for the big swim (no picture of society fast-steppers is complete without its swimming episode) — and so on until we discover that mamma's little girl is growing up and demands expression.

Colleen Moore, once the story gets under way, gives a capable performance of the jazz-crazed flapper. She is pert in appearance and to the point in her craving for a good time. She gives pure "white" kisses and when "red" kisses are forced on her pouty lips, she flames up with indignation. She is not far from being a pathological study — is little Patricia Pencress. She observes hectic "doings" in her home and decides to participate. Her mother has been discovered in the arms of a man — a mother who has succumbed to the giddy life. After her death her most faithful admirer shows a great interest in the girl — who must experience a harrowing adventure aboard a yacht before she is hugged out of danger.

It is artistically designed — this picture, and its petting and "necking" parties will doubtless establish long lines at the box-office. But it skims the surface most of the time. We would catalog it as bright and playful, but artificial.

THERE seems to be no end to a picturization of the stormy days of French history. Here we have in "Under the Red Robe" (Cosmopolitan) an elaborate expose of the silk and satin period when Richelieu ruled the affairs of state during the reign of Louis XIII. Unfortunately this vital character — one of the dominant figures of his time — is allowed to pass almost unnoticed once he is introduced — in order that the picture conventions may be obeyed. Thus we have a long, tiresome
romance developed between young scala-drag—gifted with the sword, who is sentenced by Richelieu to bring back a rebel or suffer the loss of his head in the basket—and the rebel's sister. An unwieldy pattern—this, which fails in robbing the cardinal of the spotlight—and permitting the romance to take away the historical value. Furthermore, there is little variety in the love episodes. On the credit side is a gorgeousness of design—capitalized in an array of beautiful settings and costumes—which are truly suggestive of the period. There is not so much an air of solidity and massive ness as there is one of color and richness. Occasionally it stirs us with a dramatic stroke—such as the death of the spy—and Richelieu's humiliation when he suffers the loss of his power for a day. It's a picture which has a distinct ocular appeal, but which is not skillfully constructed to indicate the real intrigue of court.

Most of the acting leaves us cold. John Charles Thomas is a robust and husky cavalier, but is too awkward and too stiff of posture to be the gay charmer of Weyman's book. Alma Rubens does not scale any emotional heights as the heroine. Robert B. Mantell's Richelieu is too theatrical of expression.

Another unwieldy design is "The Eternal City" (Goldwyn-First National), which has little in common with the book. True, it carries Hall Caine's atmosphere, title—and a suggestion of his comes back, the picture has lost every suggestion of surprise. The puzzling query here is why the sponsors relied upon such an ancient theme in their modernization of the novel. There is a deal of storm and stress before her honor is vindicated. Indeed, the scenes become involved with much melodrama—which introduces conflict of a propaganda quality when the Fascisti are introduced. The hero has enlisted as one of Mussolini's most trusted lieutenants. At the proper moment he strikes against the arch-rebel who is the very man who involved the girl in scandal.

The picture is rambling of story and tries to cover too much ground. The spiritual note is striven for, but poorly indicated. And the acting is anything but inspired. Barbara La Marr is permitted too many close-ups, so that her portrayal impresses us as a photographic

(Continued on page 96)
Above is one of the bedrooms, dainty and charming, in its rose and white and ivory-painted furniture.

The salary of June Mathis as editorial director for Goldwyn pictures is $100,000.00 a year. It is not surprising that she should have a charming home. It was designed by Louis Benton, of Los Angeles, and decorated by Miss Mathis herself with the assistance of the designer. These photographs were taken by George D. Haight.

Above is the dining-room in dull blue and rose with ivory woodwork. The furniture is Circassian walnut, the rug an oriental. Right is Miss Mathis' own study with its typical California atmosphere. It is done in red and green and the furniture is mission. You should have great respect for this room, for it is here that Miss Mathis earns her salary.
Hollywood Homes

No. XVI

The home of June Mathis, Goldwyn's Editorial Director, is pictured here.

At the top of the page is the view from the street. The house is of soft Italian pink stucco with a dark-red tiled roof. The planting is admirable and the lawns and garden unusually trim.

Left is Miss Mathis in her living-room arranging the roses from her own garden. A charming home and a charming hostess. Note the odd effect the California sun has on the tiles of the roof at the top of the page.
FROM the movie vocabulary in "The Best Moving Pictures of 1922-23," by Robert E. Sherwood:

GROSS, v. To make money. It is applied only to pictures. (This film will gross a million dollars.)

In other words, William Fox's "Temple of Venus" is a million dollars' worth of grossness.

"God never meant laughter to be full of daggers that dig into the heart," says the heroine in "The Temple of Venus."

This fella, now, Fox, just knows everything, ain't it?

At this writing, Gene Sarazen, the golf enthusiast, is to be married to Pauline Garon, the First Flapper of Filmland.

Looks as if he had an almost perfect approach.

Later: Miss Garon has denied that she is betrothed to Mr. Sarazen, thus laying him a mean stymie.

If you ask us, it's our opinion that the whole affair's the bunker.

Whatever harsh words may be justly spoken of the legitimate stage, at least it spares us the puerile effect of the gel's face appearing deep in the heart of a rose. Nor, as in "His Children's Children," do devils ever emanate from wine-cups and flaming matches to philosophize in illiterate subtitles. We fatuously thought such trick photography was as dead as a dinosaur's egg.

Devils in their proper place, to be sure, are not without a certain dignity. Embellishing the advertisements of corn-cures, dyspepsia tablets and Underwood's Picnic Ham, for instance, they are hot stuff.

"His Children's Children" also offers an interesting example of the proper Christian sentiment. In what might be called a prolog, Grandpapa is shown whooping it up on the observation platform of his private car with a Fancy Person. A lassie, however, from a nearby group of Salvation Army choristers brings him the Light. Grandpapa morally renovates, his mistress becomes most offensive to his sight. "Get out!" he says in a fine frenzy of righteousness. "Here are your things—go!" And out she goes, without benefit of clergy, or any spiritual reinforcement whatever.

Now that's no way for a gent to treat a lady!

O UR O W N CENSORSHIP STANDARDS

A casual examination of the platforms of the various state censorship boards has practically forced us to form one of our own. So far as we are concerned, the boards have failed utterly in the proper execution of their duties. And then, one always gets better results when one does things oneself, doesn't one?

Our rulings are as below:

1. There will be no more than three bathing beauties shown in any one scene. All bathing beauties must enter the water. Bathing suits obviously designed not for comfort but for the exploitation of the female form divine will be frowned upon. This need not apply to news reel pictures of beauty contests.

2. There will be no more pictures of swimming-pool parties censored until July 24, 1978.

3. Scenes of motion-picture actors and actresses presumably engaged in a set of tennis will be strongly disapproved. This goes for golf, also.

4. No actor over forty-five will be permitted to take the part of a student in scenes of college life.

5. Scenes displaying the star in improper lingerie will either be cut out entirely or given a reasonable amount of footage. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing.

6. The wearing of caps with evening clothes by male actors will be discouraged.

7. All scenes showing the actual consumption of food at a civilized repast will positively not be tolerated unless the performers are made to stop acting naturally. (Very probably to be continued.)

"Surely," said the Boss (who is more of a Darn Good Pal than a boss), "you are going to write something about 'A Woman of Paris.'" And so we are. Charles Spencer

(Continued on page 90)
The Immortal Clown

With Specially Posed Photographs of Larry Semon
by Lejaren à Hiller

LITERATURE is filled with portraits of the tragic clown, the
fun-maker who carries in his heart the burden of a great per-
sonal sorrow, but who laughs away the hours in gay hearted
abandonment, while his soul suffers because of grief he dare not
reveal in his guise of purveyor of
merriment.

In all literature there is no more
tragic figure than the clown made fa-
mous by Caruso, the Pagliacci of the
opera, with whom we have all laughed,
over whom we have all wept; the
shadow of whose tragedy has brought
to the stage one of those wonderful and
sublime moments which are the very
pinnacle of human experience.

There have been many sympathetic
portrayals of Pagliacci which have
added dramatic art to lash the imagina-
tion and awaken in the heart and soul a
sense of grief so almost divine as to be
next to unbearable.

It was a daring thing to plan—to give
to art-lovers photographic portrait

Right: Here the
crown has yielded
ggradually to con-
viction and the
grim determina-
tion to avenge
betrayed itself in
his features. Be-
low is portrayed
an object and
hopeless despair.
Revenge has not
brought relief.
The are fine
and sympathetic
studies. Bravo,
Mr. Semon!

I felt, at last, I had discovered my man. Mr. Semon has shown a new
side of the artist in him thru these portraits. He portrays his own
story and in a way that you can fairly hear the sobs, the grief of one
betrayed.

The studies are of the clown—in his usual mood; the funny man
without a care, giving of his fun. What did he know of grief? What
did he suspect of treachery?

Then the first hint of his wife's unfaithfulness; the surprised man,
not quite ready to believe, not quite ready to yield to the impulse of
jealousy. Life is still funny, tho something in it is becoming
complicated.

He yields gradually to conviction, then all his pent-up emotions are
aroused...the gay nonchalance for which he is famous, droops
(Continued on page 94)
Flashes From the Eastern Stars

Of the Stage, on the Screen

Caught by the Editor

The pleasantest thing we can think of that has happened so far in the movies, is that Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess will play "Romeo and Juliet" on the screen. There is no debating the appropriateness of the choice. Lillian and Dorothy are both in Italy for the filming of "Romola." "Romeo and Juliet" will also be made there, and "Joan Of Arc," starring Lillian Gish, will be deferred until later. ** Richard Barthelmess is in the midst of "The Enchanted Cottage," upon completion of which he will join the Gishes in Italy. May McAvoy has the lead in this picture. Holmes Herbert is playing Major Hillgrove, the blind officer. John S. Robertson is directing. He will also direct "Romeo and Juliet." ** Al Woods has put into rehearsal a new play by John Hunter Booth, titled "Softy." Robert Ames is the featured player. Elizabeth Murray, Florence Flinn, Jack Raefael and William Calhoun are in the cast. ** Flora Le Breton, the English motion-picture star, who is creating a very favorable impression on American producers, thinks New York is about the most interesting place she ever visited. She is fascinated by the electric signs. The other day the Wrigley Spearment sign attracted her interest so long that she stood watching it for quite a long time until the crowd gathered around her. Miss Le Breton was not aware of the crowd until a policeman came up and informed her that she was obstructing traffic. ** Dr. Daniel Carson Goodman, author-producer, and Alma Rubens, star of "Under the Red Robe," now playing at Cosmopolitan Theater, New York City, have announced their marriage. It took place last August. ** Fourteen gallons of chewing gum remover have been used since the opening of the Music Box Theater in keeping theater chairs safe for the spectator. The liquid has been used to separate individual piles of fully masticated gum from furtive parking spaces under the theater seats. Fifteen ends of chewing gum has been the average discovery following performances. The objectionable wads of gum have been found on bannisters, walls of the theater, carpets, under seats in the beautiful lounge, and under arms of chairs. Every known or suspected place is explored each day by the cleaning squad. Do you do this? We hope not. ** Gloria Swanson does an apache dance in her newest Paramount picture, "The Humming Bird," which will be a revelation. For weeks she has been practicing the weird dance creation with Aurelio Cocci, who, for the last ten years, has been dancing it throughout the United States.

(Fifty-two)
Left are Pauline Frederick and Lou Tellegen playing together in "Let No Man Put Asunder." Right are Jane Cowl, Rollo Peters and Kate Terry, famous sister of Ellen and one of the great Jullets of the stage. Below is "Mother Ashton," with her little niece and her staff of deft, polite and attentive Japanese, who help make her newly opened tea-room the success it deserves to be, and is University of Missouri. Just at present he is a kind of literary hero among the undergraduates because "West of the Water Tower" has become a best-seller and has just been produced as a motion picture by Paramount, with Glenn Hunter in the star rôle. ** Probably no member of the theatrical profession has traveled more extensively than Miss Georgette Harvey of the "Runnin' Wild" company, the all-colored musical show now playing in New York City. Miss Harvey, who comparatively a young woman, has spent fourteen consecutive years playing thruout Europe and Asia, ten of which were spent in Russia. During her long stay in the latter country she witnessed five revolutions, and was in Petrograd at the time of the overthrow of the late Czar. Her recital of the terrible experiences which she was forced to undergo are dramatic in the extreme. Desiring to leave the country, she was thwarted at every move and accomplished it only after traveling across Russia to Siberia and the far East. During this trip she personally saw more than two hundred executions. An uneviable record! ** After four months of searching the market for a suitable story for George Fitzmaurice's second independent production, Samuel Goldwyn announces the acquisition of Joseph Hergesheimer's novel, "Cytheria," and work will begin the latter part of this month. The director is now in Cuba, selecting locations. ** Nita Naldi is in New York again after a long stay on the Coast. Her plans are undecided. ** Colleen Moore has been honeymooning, a bit late, but still honeymooning, in this greatest of cities. She has been buying furniture for her new home. She has been (Con. on page 102)
The Yankee Consul

By NORMAN BRUCE

Dudley Ainsworth since freshman year at Yale and between them existed that rare thing that men never put into words—friendship. If he had occasion to speak of it, Morrell, shying in horror from sentiment, would have said that they were Dud Damon and Jack Pythias. He had noticed his chum's depression but Jarvis' report gave him the first hint of its seriousness.

"I must put the old bean at work," he told himself, "it's hard to think with nothing to do it with, but it's got to be done! Let's see, if he isn't in love he ought to be——"

Dudley Ainsworth, lounging in shortly afterward, barely glanced at his friend. He flung himself into a chair, fumbled for a cigarette and when the match went out, irritably tossed the unlighted cigarette away. The muscles of his handsome young face were drawn so taut that he looked as tho he were wearing a mask but his hands shook, and catching Morrell's glance he thrust them into his pockets.

"Damn!" he said dreamily, "Damn everything!"

"Come out to dinner with me," Jack suggested, "I can manage the wine and the women and I might even be persuaded to oblige with a song!"

Ainsworth shook his head. "Have to dress, and I'm sick of dressing. D'you ever stop to think, Jack, how many more times we'll have to dress before we die? How many shirt studs we'll have to put in—Gad! When I look ahead to forty years of tying my necktie and brushing my hair, I feel as tho I couldn't go thru with it!" His voice had risen to the pitch of hysteria. Jack Morrell was shocked. Lord, but the poor chap was in a bad way—in another moment he'd be bursting into tears!

"Don't worry. Your hair won't last another forty years, m'boy!" he said flippantly, "do come along, Dud! I want you to meet a girl, reg'lar stunner, my sister's chum at Vassar, but she doesn't wear blue stockings, and she doesn't flap either. Hairpins instead of a bob, and uses her head for something besides a parking place for a hat. You'd like her."

It appeared that Ainsworth wouldn't go across the street to meet Helen of Troy. Women talked, which was bad, or else they expected to be talked to, which was worse. Argument and pleading were of no avail, and then Morrell played his trump card.

The trouble with you, Dud, you're out of the game, you're sitting on the side-lines instead of being out on the field where you belong. A job is what you need. Look here, I'm willing to bet you ten thousand dollars that if you go to work for a month and live on what you can make life will look entirely different to you."

Ainsworth stared wedly. "A job! What d'you suppose anyone would hire me to do—I'm the most useless object on God's green earth. I'm as worthless as a corpse and I take up a good deal more room. Job! I couldn't get a job to pound sand in a rat hole!"

For reply, Jack turned to the telephone. "Listen, girlie. I'm not doing this to exercise the 'phone," he added earnestly after giving a number, "I know, sweetie, that the line is busy and the party don't answer and all that. Why not be original and get me the number?"

Dudley Ainsworth listened with a wry smile. He told

"I've seen people down in the mouth before," said Jarvis with mournful relish, "but I never saw one down in the mouthier than Mr. Ainsworth. No, sir. Thank you, sir." Jarvis always thanked you. He was imported from England, and he knew what was expected of him.

"No desire to gather him roses while he may, eh?" Morrell commented sympathetically, reaching for the bottle of Bourbon on the tray in the butler's hands, "finds no comfort in the jolly old flowing bowl and all that kind of thing? Maybe some girl has turned him down. We must cherchez la femme in cases where a fellow with everything he wants in the world suddenly discovers that he doesn't want anything."

"I don't think it's that, sir," Jarvis shook his head, "I've been thru three affairs of the 'eart with young gentlemen I've 'ad the honor of serving and I know the symptoms. Thank you, sir."

"It can't be money troubles," Morrell reflected, "his income tax looks like a movie star's salary. Liver, perhaps."

"I've been butler to two livers, sir, and one gout," Jarvis sighed, "there's nothing wrong with Mr. Ainsworth's 'ealth, I'm certain. If I may venture a suggestion, sir, I think he needs a h'interest in life and if he doesn't get it," he made an eloquent gesture of putting an invisible pistol to his forehead and pulling the trigger, "I was once second footman to a suicide, sir. Thank you, sir."

Left to himself and the Bourbon by the grateful Jarvis, Jack Morrell laughed, then frowned. He had known
himself that the plan was preposterous, that he wouldn't be a party to it, and yet he made no move to interfere, even when, from the one-sided conversation on the 'phone, he deduced that he had been hired by the Happy Days Travel Bureau to sell steamship tickets and distribute gaudy booklets over a counter for twenty-two dollars and fifty cents a week, somewhat less than he usually spent on cigars. Morrell hung up the receiver triumphantly.

"These conditions, remember, are for the present only. Next month's work and you're to live on your pay. If at the end of the time you don't confess your life is worth living, I'll hand you a check for ten thousand!"

"You're a fool, Jack," his friend remarked listlessly, "but I'm desperate enough to try it. And if it doesn't succeed I won't want your money, I'll just let you treat me to a cyanide cocktail. I'm tired of sticking around this staid, flat and unprofitable world waiting for something to happen."

"I have a hunch you'll find your job—interesting," Morrell said cryptically. "Well, so long! Of course I don't mingle much with the proletariat, and our stations in life will be different from now on, but maybe I'll drop in now and again to wring your horny hand of toil."

The first two days at the travel bureau were unusual enough to provide a young millionaire who had never been into such a place with a few novel impressions. Faithful to the terms of the wager, Ainsworth took a frightful room in a lodging-house on Twenty-third Street where the sheets smelled of boiled cabbage and the carpet was like decayed vegetation, and since he must choose between three meals a day in dirty lunchrooms or one meal a day in a decent but modest restaurant he decided on the latter and found himself really hungry for the first time in weeks. He was even able to smile feebly at the thought of Jarvis's horror if he could see the tin tub in the lodging-house's one bathroom and the pink powder scattered on the lavatory by the hall-bedroom manicurist—a determined blonde.

But on the third morning the dark cloud of depression settled down again. It was all so futile—the booklets of standardized tours with their specious pictures of pagodas and Roman ruins, the cheap people who came in to talk about cheap cabins. With the morbid fancy of a sick and jaded mind, Ainsworth seemed to see the Inverted Bowl of old Omar and underneath, crawling amless as ants, the human millions caught in the trap of existence. From these thoughts he was roused by a familiar voice asking casually for a ticket to San Domingo.

"San Domingo," stammered Ainsworth, "for Heaven's sake why would you want a ticket to San Domingo?"

"In order to travel there, of course, my good fellow!" Morrell said blandly, "Steamship Mariposa, sailing this afternoon. Come, come, hurry up!"

"I say, Jack, if you're really going to San Domingo, I'll come along," Ainsworth automatically placed a blue ticket in an envelope and pushed it over the counter, "you were wrong—there's no kick to this job, and the fellow in the room above mine plays 'Old Black Joe' on a cornet all the evening!"

"Tut, tut, what are the working classes coming to?" Morrell grinned, "think of your wager! Picture me sitting under palm with a book of verses, a jug of wine, and a charming Thou, but as for you work hard, my boy—work wins, you know! See you later!" With an airy wave of his hand he strolled out, almost colliding in the doorway with an agitated young lady of such unusual beauty that Ainsworth who had been about to dash after his friend stood still in his tracks staring dazedly at the dark pale loveliness revealed by the lifting of the heavy black veil she wore.

"As the Mariposa she sail yet?" the young lady inquired with a foreign accent which Ainsworth could not quite place, "ave the boat to San Domingo a'ready depar'?

And now he saw that she seemed to be laboring under some emotion. The bosom of her dress rose and fell swiftly and she cast frequent glances toward the door. Dudley Ainsworth had led an entirely average life. The women he had known had been dancing partners or dinner neighbors, charming, carefully trained to please, perfectly understandable even to the meaning of the conscious look in their blue, black or brown eyes when they gazed at him.

"For love of ze good Saint Mike zat you Americans worship, do not leave me—I am in so great trouble—but I cannot tell you just now—I write—" The ventilator clicked shut as another woman's hand drew the girl away from the window.
"I'll be damned if I will!" Ainsworth returned promptly. What would have happened next he did not know and he did not particularly care. A fellow like a musical-comedy king giving orders to a citizen of the United States!

But this woman was different, tantalizing, mysterious. She was like a flirt of a scarlet fan in a carnival crowd, laughter in stormy moonlight, she was like——

Confusedly he heard his own voice assuring her that the Mariposa had not gone. Dizzily he was conscious of following her hurrying figure to the door, of standing bareheaded on the pavement watching a foreign-looking gentleman and a lady with diamonds in her ears hurry her into a taxicab which a moment later was lost in the tide of traffic, but not before he had caught a memory of a wild white face pressed to the window, the gesture of a little hand, whether in farewell or entreaty he did not know.

A snicker brought him back to his surroundings and the consciousness that he lacked a hat. Behind his counter once more Ainsworth sold several tickets with entire disregard for such small details as destination and date, then for the third time that morning the Steamship Mariposa was the subject of excited inquiry. An elderly man, face almost hidden behind an underbrush of ginger-colored whiskers, stood as close to the counter as his girth would allow, banging a tattoo with a rusty cotton umbrella.

"Lofty here, young man," he addressed Ainsworth belligerently, "my name is Abijah Boos."

He seemed to expect some comment, but not exactly the one his hearer made.

"Of course," Ainsworth murmured, "it couldn't be anything else. What can I do for you, Mr. Boos?"

The umbrella increased its tempo. "You can take this here passport and ticket and go aboard the Steamship Mariposa and git my luggage off'n her before she sails. I've changed my mind. I'm going to stay over for the Independent Order of Woodman's Ball."

The Unknown Lady had asked for the Mariposa—in ten minutes Dudley Ainsworth, before whom even head waiters were wont to grow servile, was hurrying up the gangplank and diving down into a half-odoriferous bilge to seek the belongings of one Abijah Boos. Over mountains of trunks and foot-hills of suit-cases he toiled, bruising his shins and barking his knuckles. At last, triumphant he emerged from the nether regions and beckoned a steward: "I have a couple of trunks down here," he said briskly, "I want you to throw them off on the dock."

The man stared, grinned.

"Sorry, sir, but I can't throw that far," he snickered, jerking a thumb toward a port-hole, "you see we're ten miles out already!"

Ainsworth rushed to the port-hole—green billows, foam embossed, and not a sign of land! He shrugged all responsibility from his shoulders. Morrell, with his idiotic wager had got...
him into this, Morrell must get him out. But did he want to get out? What if the lady of the black veil and eyes like the perilous seas in fairy lands forlorn were on board? He was amazed at the way his pulses quickened at the thought. He felt suddenly alive, eager, as he went up the companion-way stairs to the smoking-room.

Morrell, a tall glass in front of him, greeted him without surprise and listened to his story with an only perfunctory interest. His rotund countenance wore a worried look as tho he were waiting for the worst to happen. "Do you notice how we're rocking?" he asked feebly, "always did hate the water! I get seasick every time I take a bath—'fraid I'm not going to be able to help you much. But you're all right, you've got Boos' passport and ticket——"

"Think I look like that bird?" Ainsworth displayed the whiskered countenance on the passport indignantly, "it would take me a month to grow a crop of foliage like that!"

The boat gave a lurch, climbed a steep wave and shuddered violently. Morrell turned green, and rose in haste. "Might take your own picture and stick it on the passport," he mumbled, "I—got a camera and flash-light powders—oh Lord, I think we're rolling worse—ugh!"

Ainsworth strolled out on deck. Perhaps it would be better to go back with the pilot. By the second time around he was certain that it would. Habit reasserted itself—how could he ever have dreamed for a moment of impersonating a man with an unspeakable name like Abijah Boos? What would Jarvis say? He would have to use the contents of the trunks in the hold and he knew beforehand that Abijah would wear nightshirts. Impossible. He stopped, startled. A hand was rapping on the glass window of the stateroom he was passing! As he drew nearer, the girl whom he had seen in the travel bureau appeared a moment at the port-hole. Hurried words reached him thru the ventilator: "For the love of ze good Saint Mike zat you Americans worship, do not leave me. I knew hrs' time I see that you were brave. I am in the so—great trouble but I cannot tell you now, I write—"

The ventilator clicked shut as another woman's hand, old, but bedizened with rings, drew the girl away from the window. And at almost the same moment the foreign-looking gentleman who had hustled her away in the taxicab strolled out on deck, regarding Ainsworth with the smile of the cat just before it devours the canary. "Ah-h!" Dudley did not care for the way he said it, tho his tone was polite, "we are to be fellow travelers. Permit me to introduce myself—Señor Jose Leopoldo, ver much at your service. And you, señor, are—?"

Ainsworth made his decision rapidly. "My name is Abijah Boos, and I am traveling to San Domingo for my health."

Leopoldo tapped him confidentially on the chest with a dazzling smile. "Take my advice, my young fren'," he purred, "San Domingo will not be healthy for you. If you are wise and do not wan' lose what health you a'ready got, take a steamer back as soon as we land!"

A search among his namesake's effects confirmed Ainsworth's forebodings as to that gentleman's taste in night-wear. Another (Continued on page 100)
The Principals of a Notable Production

Warner Brothers Present John Barrymore in "Beau Brummell"

A Beau and Two Belles

At the top of the page is Mary Astor in the rôle of Lady Marjorie Alvanley. To play opposite John Barrymore is a distinction of which this young girl should be very proud. Directly above is Carmel Myers as Lady Hester Stanhope. People are talking about her now as tho she were a new discovery.

Left is John Barrymore, America's most distinguished actor, in the title-rôle of "Beau Brummell," the stage play that Richard Mansfield made famous. Above is a bit from the picture. This film promises to be one of the truly great of the season, certainly one of the most beautiful and artistic.

(Sixty-two)
The Rejected Suitor

An English Imitation of a Popular American

Gertrude Laurence does an imitation of Irene Castle that is more like Irene than Irene is herself. Miss Laurence is an English beauty and one of the stars of the starriest of English Revues, André Charlot’s. The Selwyns have imported the whole troupe, body and soul, principally—well, they are beautiful, and you will have a chance to see their—well, every shining soul in the late winter when the Revue will reach New York City.
Richard Dix is that rarity, a Hollywood bachelor. He is one of the most popular of the younger leading men and has just signed a five-year contract with Famous Players

The original little bird who tells, people things has its nest in a date palm on Hollywood Boulevard. As soon as you arrive in town, you hear its piping:

"They say he isn't—well you know—"

Here's the real dope on So-and-So—"

But there is one note noticeably missing in the litany of gossip. That chatty little bird has got nothing—not a single darn thing on Richard Dix.

"No use trying to interview me—everybody who ever tried it says I'm too normal," he said apologetically as we balanced our trays on the rails in McComber's Cafeteria. Some stars should be interviewed only in a dramatic setting of dark Tudor oak, sandalwood scent and the half light of flickering candles, but the cheerful noonday atmosphere of a cafeteria with the bracing smell of coffee and the brisk clatter of china as accompaniments seems a more fitting locale for a chat with Dix.
Norma Shearer

Is one of the younger movie set in Hollywood, of more than usual promise. She has just completed the engaging rôle of Mimi, in "Lucretia Lombard," second only in importance to the star.
NOW that the worst of the excitement is over and we can all breathe again, it is discovered that the casualties of the motion-picture shake-up were not quite so terrible as they sounded. Sundry and various people—mostly scenario writers—are out of jobs; but the good old wagon is trundling along just the same.

The truth is, the motion-picture panic was brought on deliberately to reduce salaries to a sane point. Last April and May there happened to be a sudden scarcity of actors and the resultant emoluments rose to a point that sounded like a handful of German marks. Every actor bought an arithmetic and hunted up the highest number he could find by way of weekly pay envelope. There were various other business complications, but this was the main reason for the closing of several studios.

Altho some of the big stars are a trifle chagrined to find themselves "rented out" by the Famous Players-Lasky Company to other companies, there are not many out of work.

Leatrice Joy has been passed along to Thomas H. Ince who is about to make a South Sea picture something on the order of "Rain." The part of the missionary, in this instance, will be taken by Percy Marmont who made such a hit in "If Winter Comes." The indifferent, cynical husband will be played by Adolphe Menjou. It is a terrific tragedy.

Even Bebe Daniels, the darling of the Lasky lot, has been rented out. She is going to play Katherine, in a modernized version of "The Taming of the Shrew," which is to be screened by the youngest of all the producers, Bennie Zeidman. Petruchio will be played by Norman Kerry. Bebe feels very much excited at the prospect of playing in a Shakespearian production.

Bebe is also thrilled by the fact that her young and girlish aunt, Elena Griffin, who was formerly an actress, is going back to her screen career. It isn't every girl who has an opportunity to chaperon aunty past the pitfalls that lurk in the cinema.

Charlie Chaplin, I understand, is again busy with soul revelations. Every so often, Charlie feels that he should write the real story of his life, sparing nothing; just ripping the cover off his innermost ego in the fashion of Mary MacLean. The trouble is, when Charlie comes to read it over, it always embarrasses him so that he tears it up.

Charlie has a devoted friend who is one of the great surgeons of the world. They have the most furious quarrels over Charlie's autobiography and the doctor.
Boulevardier Chats

HARRY CARR

always ends by storming out of the house with the remark: "All I ask is to get that fellow in a bed in my hospital sometime; I'll show him."

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So many girls are pouring into Hollywood looking for fame and fortune in the movies that the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce is issuing a circular warning, to be sent to the four quarters of the earth, telling pretty girls that the movies are already overcrowded and there isn't a chance in ten thousand of getting a living job in any studio.

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The overflow of talent and beauty has created a curious industrial condition in Los Angeles. The employment agencies are so crowded with youth and baffled beauty humbly looking for jobs as stenographers, etc., that a plain girl hasn't a chance.

Los Angeles business men, seeking help, have grown so amazingly particular as regards the pulchritude of their hired help that one man even sent in an order for a girl who would look well with his new set of mahogany furniture.

The disappointed girls who can't even stenog will face a hard winter. The charity organizations of Los Angeles have helped many to go back to the homes they left.

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The champion scandal of the winter has been provided by Barbara La Marr, who electrified Hollywood by causing the arrest of a well-known theatrical lawyer on a charge of blackmail. According to her accusation, he demanded $25,000 to suppress a divorce suit about to be brought by her husband, N. Bernard Deely, in which, the lawyer said, thirty-seven co-respondents were to be named. Mr. Deely denies that he had any connection with the affair. Thru the help of Miss La Marr's manager, a trap was laid for the lawyer with marked bills. He is now out of jail on bail.

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When the detectives searched his office, they found what seemed to be the papers of a suit for divorce in which Blanche Sweet was plaintiff and Marshall Neilan, her husband, was defendant. According to the allegations of the suit, Blanche alleged that Mr. Neilan had married her only to defraud her of her legal rights and had thereafter refused to live with her. Both Neilan and Miss Sweet say that the paper is a fake; that they are living together happily and that no divorce suit was ever thought of.
Cecil De Mille who will start the new production program, at Lasky's, with "Triumph," has just returned from a bear hunt in Sonora, laden with trophies and with the profound thanks of an old mother bear. He found some rough gentlemen bears and slew them, but all that his hunting companions could find was a mother bear with a cub. In spite of his protests, they insisted they would hunt her to death the following day. Whereupon Cecil arose at the dewy hour of 4 A. M. and covered up the bear tracks and popped noisily around with a gun until he had warned the mother bear. He finished the trip more popular with lady bears than with irate hunters.

* * *

He celebrated the end of his summer vacation with a grand outing party at his ranch in the Little Tujunga Canyon at which he gave each of the guests a jewel of great price as a souvenir. De Mille's ranch is a wonderful estate but extremely inaccessible in the heart of the mountains.

* * *

Renée Adorée cracked five ribs and all but mashed her face in the other day when the brake of her automobile kicked up and let her slide down-hill into the front of a rapidly approaching street-car. Her motor was smashed into splinters and so was she—almost. She is now in a hospital dwelling in deathly terror least some of her friends will visit her. The reason for Renée's lack of sociability is that her nose was badly misused by the street-car and she has to wear an immense plaster right across the front of her countenance.

* * *

When Claire Windsor sailed the other day for the wilds of Algeria to appear in a motion-picture with Bert Lytell, she is reputed to have left an aching heart behind her, said organ pounding in the thorax of John Steele, the tenor. Claire runs neck and neck with Constance Talmadge in the number of engagement rumors.

* * *

The beautiful Connie, by the way, has returned to the Coast after a Fifth Avenue vacation, quite content to be a Californian. She has always, until now, felt like an exile when in Hollywood; but the big town didn't seem to have the same charm this time. For some reason, very few of the actors want to return East to live any more.

* * *

Eugene O'Brien, who is one of the California converts, is in the throes of house-building. That is to say, of house-setting, for the edifice has been completed. His friends accuse Gene of trying to carry off all their furniture. They say that whenever he comes to call now, he casts baleful and covetous eyes at all the choice things in the house and wants to convince you they (Continued on page 74)

(Sixty eight)
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 induces the success of one's life. I advise a daily use of Pond's Two Creams."

Mrs. O.H.P. Belmont

I t 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 face 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 I stepped into the big hall with its impressive mural paintings of the life of Joan of Arc and its wide doors opening straight onto Long Island 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, who will some day be 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!

"Begin Women not to Neglect Themselves"

"NOW," she was saying smilingly, "I 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 unattractive 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 lasting 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 tips 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. Dirt and excess oil, 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 in this wise. 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, pat on more cream, especially where wrinkles come first—around the eyes, the nose, the corners of your mouth—and leave it on over night.

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 evenly 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.

Pond's Two Creams used by the women who must keep their charm, their beauty, their influence.

EVERY SKIN NEEDS THESE TWO CREAMS

(Sixty-nine)
Brown Eyes.—Hope you haven't broken any of your resolutions. Gertrude Messenger is fourteen and Buddy is her brother. That was Hope Drew in "Hollywood." Marie Prevost and Harry Melancon in "Under the Same Sun." "Rats, I Hate a Wife." Collard P.—Well, I will try to believe you, but as Ovid said: "We are slow to believe what, if believed, would hurt our feelings." So you like Mary Hay. So do I. Richard Barthelmess in "The Enchanted Cottage." All right, come along any time. I'm always here.

A Reader.—Tom Mix has deserted the Western pictures for a story of the North, "North of the Hudson Bay." Kathleen Key supports him, but Tony, the famous horse, is not in the cast.

Berta C.—You have the right idea, "God made the country, but man made the dangerous curves." Watch your step. Yes, Bert Lytell is married to Evelyn Vaugha. He is in Europe now. Conrad Nagel is with Goldwyn, and is playing in "Three Weeks." Also in "Blood and Gold." Yes, I shall buy me some buttermilk with the fee you enclosed.

W. P.—No, I am not playing in "A Man from Brodny's." Cheer Stone.—Yes, I love them too. Any kind of shell food. I see you are all for Richard Barthelmess. Yes, he is twenty-eight, and born in New York City. Married to Mary Hay. Pola Negri in "Shadows of Paris" and "Sans Gene." Marguerite.—I should say you are not old. The oldest widow on the lot. Her pension rolls is now past one hundred and four years of age. No, Norma Talmadge is not playing in "The Garden of Allah" now, but she hopes to do that picture some time. Cullen Landis is twenty-eight.

Wade.—No, I am not that old. I don't remember the Battle of Waterloo which was fought on June 18, 1815. Yes, I would be glad to have the views. No, I have never been to Honolulu, but I should like to go some time.

Evelyn Brown Eyes.—Miss Many an enamored pair have courted in poetry, and after marriage lived in prose. Barbara Castleton, Albert Roscoe and Raymond Bloomer in "The Net." Enna B.—Thanks for the card. Guess you know all I know about Valentino, so there isn't any more.

Jeanie.—As Charles Kingsley says: "Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting, a wayside sacrament, it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing." Jack Mulhall is married to Evelyn Winema.

Feathers.—Cheer up, no man is free who is not master of himself, and hope is a splendid thing for such as have the strength to bear it. Eddie Burns in "Jazzmania." Rudolph Valentino was born on May 6, 1895. No, I dont know his favorite color. What next?

Bright Eyes.—Knowledge will introduce you, and good breeding will endear you to the best of companies. So you should like to see me dancing with my long beard. You'd be surprised, I can do the new finale, too. So you would like to see more of Miriam Batista. She is playing right along. Yes, Malton Hatfield and Betsy Blythe in "Recoll," now being made abroad.

Syrie.—Well, the highest exercise of charity is charity towards the uncharitable. That was Orville Caldwell in "The Eternal Two" with Corliss Palmer. Yes, Wallace Beery in "Patsy." Ramon Novarro in "Thy Name Is Woman." He is now in Egypt playing in "The Arab." Eve.—Your letter is mighty interesting, and I would advise marriage and a home with kiddies for you, in preference to a business career. You don't seem to belong to the business world. As Robert Louis Stevenson says: "To marry is to domesticate the recording angel. Once you are married there is nothing left for you, not even suicide, but to be good."

Mama's Baby.—Well, well, well, what do you mean by saluting me as "Hello Kid." Well, I should worry, it makes me feel younger. I certainly am over eighty years old, and just had another birthday too. Father Time and I are twins. No, Monte Blue is not married. Aileen Pringle is married, but I haven't heard her husband's name. No, Richard Dix is not married.

Tuesday.—Call on a business man at business time only, and on business, transact your business and go about your business, in order to give him time to attend to his business. I should say frank. Address Constance Talmadge at United, 334 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

American Beauty.—What do you expect? He that would have the perfection of pleasure must be moderate in the use of it. Noble Johnson was Friday in "Robinson Crusoe." No, none of the players you mention are married. So long for this time.

Happy.—I'm glad of that. Address Ruth Roland at 8828 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California. The little boy is Edward Treboal. Come in again some time, but you must shun idleness, as it is the rust that attaches itself to the most brilliant metals. Mrs. C. R. T.—That's pretty classy paper you are using, was it a Christmas letter? Lucille LaVerne was Gloria's Aunt in "Zaza." You know that Mary Pickford adopted her sister Lottie's child. Tell your hubby he is all wrong.

Tom Mix.—So you think I am very successful. "Tis to laugh. Most people would shudder if they were not troubled with great ambitions. Yes, Tom Mix is with Fox, 1401 Western Avenue, Los Angeles, California. He has brown hair. Address Roldolph Valentino at Ritz-Carleton Productions, 6 West Forty-first Street, New York, through Agents.

Olive.—No, I never lend. Friendship ends where loan begins. Flo Hart was Kenneth Harlan's first wife. Yes, to your last. Selah! Anna S.—No, Monte Blue is not married now. You can reach him at Warners Brothers, Bronson Avenue and Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California. Conway Tearle is married to Adele Rowland. I know that King Baggot has been asked to produce "Ivanhoe" by an English company, but I am not sure that he will do so.

Dulcy.—Oh, are you a dulcy? Knowledge and timber should not be much used till they are well seasoned. Norma is twenty-eight, and will be twenty-nine May 2nd. Jack Mulhall is free dancing right now, and Claire Windsor is with Goldwyn.

Comanche Kid.—Hurrah! Well, if you ever come across some one who thinks he knows it all, treat him as if he did, and let him go. Buck Jones is twenty-eight and is playing in "Cupid's Fireman." I do believe Jane Novak is Swedish. Emma F. M.—And books are windows thru which the soul looks out. Barbara Bedford was Mona, Carl Miller was Claude, Barbara La Marr was Kate in "Cinderella of the Hills." Reginald Denny is married to a non-professional. The same of Buck Jones. Write me some more.

(Continued on page 82)
Protecting your skin with powder and rouge

By Mme. Jeannette

OH, you lucky women of today who know—or can learn—the pleasant roads to Beauty through fragrant avenues of cosmetics that help and do not harm! It is a proven fact that good cosmetics actually benefit the skin.

A pure, harmless vanishing cream, powder, or rouge, such as Pompeian, performs a distinctly beneficial service to the skin, in addition to its beautifying effect.

This service is that of protection. Creams, powders, and rouges all put a soft, gossamer film over the delicate surface of the skin that guards it from sun and wind, dust and dirt.

Again, the lip stick tends to protect the lips from chapping, roughening, and cracking. It keeps them soft and mobile.

Pompeian Day Cream (vanishing), Pompeian Beauty Powder, Pompeian Bloom (the rouge), and Pompeian Lip Stick, like all Pompeian Preparations, are absolutely pure and harmless. They are formulated with a care as great as though they were intended for medicinal uses and in a laboratory always scrupulously clean.

Coupled with their purity will be found the other desired qualities of cosmetics—naturalness of effect, high adhering property, attractiveness of perfume.

Do not overlook the importance of the Day Cream in achieving the most successful effects from the use of other Pompeian "Instant Beauty" Preparations. This cream provides a foundation for powder and rouge that makes them go on more smoothly, adhere much better, and blend with each other more perfectly than when they are used without it.

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, Nine 28 x 72 in. For ten cents we will send you all of these. The 1924 Beauty Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and sample Pompeian Day Cream, Beauty Powder, Bloom and Night Cream. Tear off the coupon now.

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Also Made in Canada

IS YOUR SKIN A GRATEFUL SKIN?

There is an intriguing loneliness about a clear skin.

Rose-petal enchantments of the skin are much more possible to attain than the average woman realizes.

Pompeian Night Cream is a necessity to this cultivation of a lovely skin. It is a remarkable cleansing cream, and at the same time it has properties that make it healing and softening to the skin.

A Cleansing Cream

A dirty skin does not always declare its uncleanliness by an immediate appearance of being dirty. Pompeian Night Cream is supremely effective as a cleanser. It is pure, and scientifically compounded, and effectively accomplishes its work in cleaning the skin.

Just before retiring, and while your skin is still warm from the pleasant exercise of your bath, apply the Night Cream to your face and neck and shoulders. Use your finger tips for the application of the cream, rubbing it in swift little circular movements. This will loosen the dirt and release the closed pores to healthy activity.

Wipe off with a soft, clean cloth.

A Softening Cream

The continued use of soap and water will make the average skin very harsh, and this harshness encourages wrinkles and other skin-unsightliness. Pompeian Night Cream counteracts this tendency and softens with its healing qualities.

If your skin is very dry it will be helpful for you to use this cream every morning and night regularly. But if your skin is oily it will be sufficient to give it a thorough cream bath at night only, following it with a quick ice rub.

(Send for)
The North Wind Doth Blow

And We Shall

Have Snow—

Below is Beverly Bayne (Mrs. Francis X. Bushman) and her little son out at the Whitman Bennett studios enjoying themselves between scenes.

Across the top of the page are Tom Mix and some of his company way up—"North of Hudson Bay." Below is Hedda Hopper at her home on Long Island.

Above: Little Fay McKenzie and Frankie Darro are tired and cold and they don't care whether they lose their jobs or not. They are on location for "Judgment of the Storm." Director Del Andrews excused them for the day.
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, imploring me to help them. Look them over now and you will marvel at their present physiques. This book will prove an impetus and a real inspiration to you. It will thrill you through and through. All I ask is 10 cents to cover the cost of wrapping and mailing and it is yours to keep. This will not obligate you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness, do not put it off. Send today—right now, before you turn this page.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
Dept. 1802, 305 Broadway, New York City

(Seventy-three)
Now for his Face!

Let's give him

Mama's Complexion Cream

COLD winds injure a delicate, tender complexion, and so does the sudden change from indoors to frosty air. Roughness and chapping usually follow any prolonged exposure unless the skin is protected with a softening and healing emollient like HINDS Honey and Almond CREAM.

Many who love the bracing, cold weather have found that by applying Hinds Cream to any sore, irritated surfaces, or to parts of the body that have been chafed or compressed by warm clothing, they can make themselves comfortable at once.

You can use this cream freely at any time, on the face, neck, arms and hands, with absolute assurance of deriving gratifying results. It is economical and agreeable. The treatment is simple.

Hinds Cre-mis Face Powder, surpassing in quality and refinement; distinctive in fragrance and effect. White, flesh, pink, brunette. Boxes 60c, 15c. Samples 2c.

All dealers sell Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, 50c, $1.00. We will mail a sample for 2c, trial bottle, 6c traveler size, 10c. Try-out box of 5 samples, assorted, 10c. Booklet Free.

Write A. S. HINDS CO.
Dept. 22, Portland, Maine, U.S.A.
“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 striving to have 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 checks.

The first demonstration of this marvelous new color brought one surprise after another. It was first believed to be 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—nor 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 only blending can bring. Why use an obvious rouge? Try Princess Pat!

**Avoid Imitations**

The success of Princess Pat Tint has called forth 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.

---

**FREE!**

Until the shops have been sufficiently stocked with Princess Pat Tint to meet all calls for it, we shall take pleasure in sending to individuals a week’s supply—without charge.

**PRINCESS PAT Ltd.**
2701 S. Wells St., Dept. 42, Chicago

Entirely FREE, please forward me promptly, a complimentary supply of the new Princess Pat Tint.

**Name (Print):**

**Street:**

**City:**

**State:**

(Seventy-five)
Priceless Service

Despite fire or storm or flood, a telephone operator sticks to her switchboard. A lineman risks life and limb that his wires may continue to vibrate with messages of business or social life. Other telephone employees forego comfort and even sacrifice health that the job may not be slighted.

True, the opportunity for these extremes of service has come to comparatively few; but they indicate the devotion to duty that prevails among the quarter-million telephone workers.

The mass of people called the public has come to take this type of service for granted and use the telephone in its daily business and in emergencies, seldom realizing what it receives in human devotion to duty, and what vast resources are drawn upon to restore service.

It is right that the public should receive this type of telephone service, that it should expect the employment of every practical improvement in the art, and should insist upon progress that keeps ahead of demand. Telephone users realize that dollars can never measure the value of many of their telephone calls. The public wants the service and, if it stops to think, cheerfully pays the moderate cost.

Rhythm and Rebellion (Continued from page 36)

Two important events had occurred the day of our interview. First, she had turned down one of the most coveted roles Goldwyn had to offer, the film to be made in Italy, too. "If anyone had told me a year ago that I would do such a thing, I would have thought him crazy," said Eleanor. "But after considering it from every angle. I felt it was best."

Then, Goldwyn had loaned her to Universal and on the morrow she was to begin work on a film version of Booth Tarkington's "The Turmoil," under Hobart Henley's direction, playing the leading character.

We fell to talking of her various roles. Her first was in "Gimme," then came "The Stranger's Banquet," where she had her only chance as a "heavy"—and liked it. Then came Amelia in "Vanity Fair," which she felt was too weepy but which the critics united in declaring to be a beautiful portrayal. This brought her to the leading role in Rupert Hughes' "Souls for Sale," and everyone recalls her delightful Sidney in "Three Wise Fools." "The Day of Faith," soon to be released, shows her in a straight leading rôle.

Miss Boardman has an intriguing way of viewing herself and her work in a detached manner, and she studies her limitations as well as her possibilities. This is an encouraging sign. She is not content to win thru her beauty, nor are her eyes blinded by her success; but are sharply alert to future triumphs.

Do dreams come true? Ask Eleanor Boardman.

O FOOLISH WIND

By Louise Liebhart

O sighing wind among the willow wands,
O sobbing wind among the willow wands
Where rests thy heart whose breaking
seems to shake

The fragrant stillness of the night,
And moaning cadence
Of all that borders on this secret pool.

O grieving wind among the willow wands,
O weeping wind among the willow wands,
Hast lost thy love, who fickle from thee
Now hast turned.

To seek new romance? Ha! Hast thy
love fires burned
Thy heart to ashes? Thou art fool.

O moaning wind among the willow wands,
O foolish wind among the willow wands,
To mourn one love when many wait but
for the breaking dawn
To seek thy kisses, and upon thy favor
lawn.

Waste not thy tears. The night has turned
thee foolish.
O simple wind among the willow wands.
O silly wind among the willow wands.

(Seventy-six)
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 toupee-haired twins. Our hair simply wouldn’t behave. As we grew older the hatred 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 wonderful, 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 eyes caught mine and to my surprise she smiled and started toward me.

About this girl’s face was a halo of golden curls. I thought she had the most beautiful hair I ever saw. My face must have turned scarlet as I compared it mentally with my own straggly, 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 knew me.

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

“¡Hija mia!” he said, “You have been very kind to an old man, Drogelna (tell me) senorita, what is your heart most desires.”

“I laughed at the idea, then said jokingly, ‘Miroel, my hair is straight and dull. I would have it lustrous and curly.’”

“Oigame, senorita,” he said—“Many years ago a Castilian prince was wedded to a Moorish beauty. Her hair was black as a raven’s wing and straight as an arrow. Like you, this lady wanted las pelas rizas (curly hair). Her husband offered thousands of ducats to the man who would fulfill her wish. The prize fell to Pedro, the drogelna. Out of herbs and roots he brewed a potion that converted the princess’ straight, unruly hair into a glorious mass of wavy curls.

“Pedro, son of the son of Pedro, has that secret today. Years ago I did him a great service. Where will you find him, go to him and tell your wish.’”

I called a cab and gave the driver the address Miguel had given me.

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

“Terrific excited I could hardly wait until I reached home. When I was in 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 noticed, had taken place.

“Come, Winifred—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 wavy curls and waves. It shone with a lustre it never had before.

“You can imagine my excitement. I went to tell the others in the party when I returned to the ballroom. 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. My hair was curly and beautiful.

“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 solved the problem, isolated the two Spanish herbs, the important ingredients.

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

Take advantage of their generous trial offer—
I told 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 labor-cost plus postage 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
(only one to a family)

We are offering for a limited time only, no-profit distribution of the regular $5.50 price of our Spanish Curling Liquid.

The actual cost of preparing and compounding this Spanish Curling Liquid, including bottling, capping 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. Miss Ralston urges that you take advantage of it at once.

CENTURY CHEMISTS
(Originators of the Famous Million Beauty Clay)

710 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago
Send No Money—Simply Sign and Mail Coupon

CENTURY CHEMISTS
Dept. 485
710 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago

Please send me in plain wrapper, by insured parcel-post, a full 10 oz. bottle of Liquid Marcelle (Spanish Curling Liquid). I will pay postman $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 magic curling fluid, I may return the unused contents in the bottle, and you will immediately return my money in full.

Name
Street
Town
State

None of these copies shall be sold when shipped. The postman may obtain $2 with coupon, and Liquid Marcelle will be sent you postpaid.
Gray Hair—Stop It!
—Here is the way

Mary T. Goldman’s Hair Color Restorer isn’t a new experimental preparation, for I invented it many years ago to restore my own prematurely gray hair. It is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water, which restores the perfect original color to graying, bleached or discolored hair; perfect results assured. No interference with shampooing, nothing to wash or rub off, but soft, clean, fluffy, natural hair which retains your youth.

Now I have added a new method of application which hastens results and improves the handles of the hair. I explain this in my free trial outfit, containing trial bottle of Colorant complete with full directions for making test on single lock. Mail coupon for absolutely free bottle and let me prove how easily, quickly and surely your gray hair can be restored.

In the coupon be sure to state the color of your hair carefully. Enclose lock of your hair if possible.

Tiger Rose
(Continued from page 33)

For the next few hours Rose’s gaiety was unflagging. At supper she made them all laugh with her mimicity of the squaw who drank the violet perfume. Afterward she danced for them, flinging coquetish glances at the suilen Devlin over her shoulder until greed crept to the surface of his mind, and he licked his thick lips with his tongue. At last the danger for the evening at least seemed over. Devlin, candle in hand, creaked up the stairs to bed, the factor kissed her good night and followed. She was making the rounds of the oil lamps, blowing them out when a heavy hand fell on her shoulder. Without turning she knew by the odor of tobacco and gin that Michael Devlin had returned.

“Come back for a good-night kiss, girle,” he chuckled, “maybe I’ll take two—or three. I’ve waited long enough for them, you tantalizing little devil!”

She would have struck him across his leering face but a sudden thought held her hand. Bruce Norton must not hear anything. If she could only cajole this man into forgetting his drunken love-making just for this time—

She drew away, but his great arms dragged her back. His hot breath scorched her cheek. “Guess you’re not grieving over that dude after all! Like Michael a lil’ bit, don’t you? And you’re going to like me a whole lot more before I’m a dead.”

Never before in her tempestuous life had Rose smiled when she wanted to rage, spoken sweetly when she wanted to shriek out the picturesque epithets of the settlement. “Watt they say—’Get your man’ first,” and then get your woman!” she urged, with desperate guile. “Pleas not tonight! Mebbe tomorrow I lak you lil’ bit.”

“No you dont!” Devlin grinned, his embrace stifling her, “tomorrow may never come.” Hot lips sought her throat. She struggled silently, futilely, biting back the cry that surged to her lips. Only the sound of shuffling feet and panting breasts broke the silence.

“You beast, let go of her!”

The dropping of the trap-door brought Devlin around, hand on gun. Rose, freed from the intolerable embrace, fell back against the counter staring from the furious face of the man she loved to Devlin’s exultant grin as he leveled his revolver at the newcomer. “You, eh! Say, this means promotion for me all right!

Set a trap to catch a bird and get a ba’r! Better not move now, I’d just love a chance to use this, you damn murderer!”

“Executioner is a better word,” Bruce Norton suggested quietly, “I’ll come along with you all right. Rose, as soon as we’re gone, go up to your room, take off your stocking, and bolt the door. Good night, dear!”

“Make it good—by!” Devlin grated, and burst into a jangling laugh. “Give yourself away for a woman! That’s a hot one—”

“Mebbe it’s not so dam funny!” Rose’s voice sounded behind him. “Put your hands up—queek or I shoot you.” Me, I think you forgot you had two guns! I got this one when you try to kees me. Thas right! Bruce take his gun away—lak so!”

The policeman’s revolver in his hand Bruce came to the side of Tiger Rose. “My brave little girl! But it’s no good, dear. I’ve decided to face the music! I wouldn’t be worthy of you if I ran away.

Never moving her eyes from the discomfited Devlin, glowing in the corner, Rose tried argument and entreaty in vain. It was for Cussick, shambling in at this point, to add the final plea. “Beat it, boy! D’youthink it’s going to make this little girl any happier to have you in jail? If you love her, go while you’ve got the chance.”

Devlin watched the leave-taking slowly. To the righteous anger of the Mounted Police was added the jealousy of the mere man. This girl was his—hadn’t he pulled her out of the river? And now he must sit here helpless and watch her give another man the kisses rightfully his! As the door closed behind his rival, he started to his feet with the growl of a savage beast and had made two bounds toward the door when the revolver in Rose’s hand spoke shrewishly. The policeman stopped, waved, and with an absurd expression of amazement sat heavily down on the floor clutching at his arm. “She winged me,” he muttered in vast astonishment as Cussick bent over him examining the wound, “that little tiger cat winged me. Say, what is women comin’ to these days when a fellow cant beat em up lawful?” he was quite plaintive about it. “Dont tell ‘em she did it! Say I shot myself—myself accidental,” he begged the doctor abjectly, “I’d never hear the last of it on the force.”

The door opened. Bruce Norton stepped back into the room. To the
eyes of Tiger Rose he had never looked so tall, so strong, so much a man—like one of the more-than-mortal heroes of her old folk tales. It was to Cusick and Michael Devlin that he spoke as tho in some language that she could not understand. “God knows I want her to be happy, but—a fellow cant hide behind a woman’s skirts! I’m not ashamed of what I did to Glendenning, but if I sneaked off now and left her to bear the blame of helping me I’d hate myself the rest of my days. Blow your whistle, Devlin—you get your promotion after all!”

The shriek of the whistle tore the silence to ragged shreds. The revolver clattered from Rose Bocion’s nerveless fingers as she sank sobbing into a chair, crying the first tears her fierce young eyes had ever shed. For all time the Tiger was gone, leaving only a woman.

Outside sounded footsteps, voices. In the moment that was left him Bruce Norton bent above her, patting her hair clumsily. “I’m sorry, dear, but there’s some things a man can’t do. Don’t grieve so—somehow I’ve got a notion that when the jury hears how it was won’t be hard on me.”

She lifted her head, eyes shining thru the tears. “Grieve! I cry because I am so glad!” Rose answered womanwise. “I cry because I think you are mos’ brave an mos’ best man in all the world!”

One kiss, held close against the strong pounding of his heart, and he was gone. “Cheer up, Rose,” Doctor Cusick called back from the doorway. “If there’s any justice in Canada and any chivalry left in men’s hearts he’ll soon come back to you.”

Rose smiled. “Yas, me I t’ink he will soon be back wiz me!” she answered confidently. “Monsieur, Le Bon Dieu ees—what you say?—a gentleman!”

JOURNEY’S END
By Leslie Nelson Jennings
I have been long away, now, But what are foreign lands! I have come home to stay, now— Give me your hands!

Ask not, because you love me, If I have been unwise; Silently lean above me With patient eyes!

What tho we stand or fall, dear, Go saved or unconquered— I can forget it all, dear, Against your breast!

I can forget the danger, The foes, the friendships! I’ve been too long a ranger— Give me your lips!

(Seventy-nine)

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 pyorhea.

After long research, dental science discovered two ways to fight that film. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

These methods have proved effective. A new-type tooth paste applies these methods daily. The name is Pepsodont.

It brings a new dental era to the homes of some 50 nations.

Delightful secrets
Pepsodont brings other essential effects. It multiplies alkalinity of the saliva, which is there to neutralize mouth acids. It multiplies the digestant for starch deposits.

Its use multiplies the power of these natural protecting agents.

Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. See teeth become whiter as film disappears.

You will prize these benefits. You will want your family to have them. Clip coupon now.

Protect the Enamel
Pepsodont disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combat-ant which contains harsh grit.

The New-Day Dentifylce
A scientific tooth paste, now advised by leading dentists the world over.

PAT.OFF.

10-DAY TUBE FREE

THE PEPSIDENT COMPANY
Dept. 805, 100 S. Western Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodont to

Only one tube to a family.
When Lubitsch Directs
(Continued from page 39)

paces. I was so polite and demure on that occasion that you could have written books of etiquette just following me around and listening to what I said. To my intense relief, the mother of my sheik agreed that I would pass muster. In fact, she unbent to the extent of admitting that I was a sweet girl—or something like that.

"The next day I was working in a comedy. The particular scene that I was adorning had to do with the supposed raid of a den of vice. Of course, the sheik's mother had to come along just as the police patrol wagon backed up to the curb and I was carried out, fighting and kicking, in the arms of three policemen.

"It was no use trying to tell her it was just a movie. The next time I met her, she passed me by in cold and cutting scorn and the highest altitude ever attained by any human nose was hers when next we met."

Marie left the comedies flat to go to Universal to make a few starring pictures and she appeared in "Brass" and one or two other important productions at Warner Brothers before she got this big chance with Lubitsch.

She says that, when she first saw the part Lubitsch had planned for her—a cynical, skittish young Viennese wife—a vamp—she took the script indignantly to the office of the Warner Brothers and handed it back to them. She couldn't see it at all. Finally, however, the producers prevailed upon her to try it.

"And then," she said, "I began to go to school. I never realized what acting really meant until I began to hear Mr. Lubitsch's voice coming to me from behind the camera."

"He deals in subtleties that I never dreamed of before. His marvelous technique consists of elements and effects that I never heard of before."

"At first it was terribly discouraging. He made me do simple scenes—just coming in and out of rooms—fifteen or twenty times. At first it seemed as though there wasn't any sense to it all. Then it began to dawn upon me what the art of acting was all about, and it seemed intolerable and impossibly difficult. Then I began to see as he saw it.

"He is a tremendous and wonderful artist. To act even one scene under his direction is not only an education but a revelation."

And, as for Lubitsch, he only says, "Yes; she's got; she's a got actress; she has emotion but she got homer too."

"Is the picture goot; yell, I hope. "But she is goot. Ja, Gewiss."
ONE BOX FREE

At Drug Stores
and Drug Departments
Present Coupon

May Odors
In your breath—insure them

One of the gravest social offenses is bad breath. One of the commonest, too. Yet the offender is usually unaware.

Cigars or cigarettes may cause it.
Or decaying food between the teeth.
Or affected teeth or gums.
Or a stomach disorder. Or certain foods and drinks. That offensive breath, however caused, kills nearly every charm.

A mere breath perfume suggests concealment. You seek to hide an odor, and everybody knows it.

A May Breath tablet combats those bad odors, whether from the mouth or stomach.

It is an antiseptic mouth wash in tablet form—a purifier. It brings the odor of spring to the breath. In the stomach it also acts as an aid to digestion.

This method successfully overcomes bad breath. It combats it because it is a complete deodorant.
Carry May Breath with you—in your pocket or your bag. Before any close contact, eat one and you are safe.

Dainty, careful people do that everywhere today. They never risk offense.

Let us buy you a box to show what May Breath means to you. Cut out the coupon and present it—now. 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 10¢ BOX

Present this coupon to any druggist or drug department for a 10¢ box of May Breath free. He will charge us.
All leading drugstores 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 as per our offer, send to us as they accumulate, and we will pay you 10 cents each in cash.

MAY BREATH COMPANY
1104 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago

(Eighty-one)
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You cannot expect hair which is naturally devoid of lustre to look brilliant or exceptionally bright after an ordinary shampoo. You must use a shampoo that is different—a shampoo that will add real beauty to your hair—GOLDEN GLINT Shampoo. This shampoo will make your hair look so much prettier, so much more attractive, that you will just love to fuss with it. In addition to the clean freshness any good shampoo gives, it offers something unusual, something new, something more than a promise. This "something" is a secret you'll discover with your first Golden Glint Shampoo. 25c a bottle at drug counters or direct.


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Two Sizes—50c & $1.00

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Sample Free
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French Perfumers, Inc., Crop C.
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The Movie Encyclopedia
(Continued from page 70)

EVENING MAIL—Constance Talmadge in "The Dangerous Maid." Conrad Nagel and Wyndham Standing are playing in Alma Rubens' "Blood and Gold." Baby Peggy in "Captain January."

GEORGETTE—Ah, but I do like it. Lon Chaney is an American. Richard Dix is twenty-eight. Yes, they do say he is engaged to Lois Wilson. Holmes E. Herber is playing in "The Enchanted Cottage." Your English is splendid, and I hope to hear from you again.

CY—Well, as Carlyle says: "Make yourself an honest man, and then you must be sure that there is one rascal less in the world." Ralph Graves is twenty-six, and Antonio Moreno is married to Mrs. Daisy Danzinger.

G. M. L.—So you have been reading the Classic ever since it began. That's a long time. Glad to hear about "Robin Hood" in London. I hope you write to me soon again.

AUSTRALIAN AMMIRER—The great difficulty about advice is the preponderance of quantity over quality. Jacqueline Logan is not married. She played in "The Light that Failed," Viola Dana's "Angel Face Molly" will be released as "The Good Bad Girl."

RUDOLPH VALENTINO FAN—Most of the players you mention are with Famous Players, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, California.

MARY E.—You've got to be stronger than that. A woman's hopes are woven of sunbeams; a shadow annihilates them. Be brave. Bessie Barriscale is not playing now.

STUB FARMER—That's some letter of yours. You got your wish—yes? Cant very well give you the cast for "The Four Horsemen," but Rudolph Valentino was Julio, Alice Terry was Marguerite and Brinsley Shaw was Celendonia.

MANUEL—I'm sorry, but I don't know the picture you mention.

IVY M. W.—All I know about canary birds is that a long body and thick, smooth plumage are marks of a good canary. Males only sing. King Vidor is directing Laurette Taylor in "Happiness" at the Metro. Studios. Do you know green ink was my favorite? Pearl White is playing in "Terror."

PATTIE—Never respect men merely for their riches, but rather for their philanthropy; we do not value the sun for its height, but for its use. The only place I know of where you can get Ramon Novarro is at the Metro Studios. Why not try it.

LITTLE MOONLIGHT—Eugene O'Brien is playing with Norma Talmadge in "Secrets." This is a story of crimeline days in America and England.

IVAN—Thanks for the charming letter. You bet I am still living in my hall-room, and right now it is about ten degrees below zero. Yes, I have always admired George Arliss. Address the Fairbanks at Hollywood, California.

GLENNINA—Well, the first step toward useful knowledge is to be able to detect falsehood. No, I never lie. It isn't because I cannot, tho. Myrtle Stedman and Kathy Williams in "The Famous Mrs. Fair." Cleo Madison was the wife in "The Dangerous Age." Write me again.

ERIC-A-BRAC—Censure is the tax which a man pays to the public for being em-

A COMPLETE BASEBALL OUTFIT FREE!

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 none too soon to be thinking and talking about the games you are going to win and how your team will size up against the other teams in your League. Think of the cheer you'll get if you "blossom" out this Spring in a brand-new uniform, and glove, and bat 'n' everything.

You Can Be At The Bat In This Uniform When The Ump' Calls PLAY BALL

In return for a little of your spare time, we will give you this complete uniform free—shirt, trousers, cap and belt. All we ask you to do is to get three people to subscribe for the Classic. You know this magazine, otherwise you wouldn't be reading this offer. Therefore it should be an easy matter for you to interest your friends in having the Classic come to their homes. For a whole year's subscription, the price is only $2.50—a saving of 50 cents over the newsstand price.

Now don't wait for any further word from us. Hustle out and get your subscriptions. When you have them all, then send us their names with this ad and the $7.50 collected, and the uniform is yours. By the way, don't forget to sign your own name too so we'll know to whom the uniform should be sent and also tell us what size to send. The suits range in size from 4 to 14.

Remember, only three subscriptions. Mail you order to

The Treasure Chest Department
Motion Picture Magazine
175 Duffield Street,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Eighty-two)
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 au-revoir-dupuis 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 well believe. It was beginning to tell on my arches, I had difficulty in walking any distance. Dancing became out of the question, and I had become a regular stay-at-home when a friend prevailed on me to try the much-talked-of reducing records.

"The first session with this method was a complete surprise. I had expected it would be something of a bore—the things I had tried in the past had all proved so. But the movements that first reducing record contained, the novel commands and counts, and the sparkling musical accompaniment made it extremely interesting. I used it for over a week for the fun of doing it. I felt splendid after each day's 'lesson.' Even then I scarcely took the idea seriously. Surely, this new form of play could not be affecting my huge superfluity of flesh; it must have been ten or twelve days later that I weighed myself."

"I had lost eight pounds!"

"No one had to urge me after that! I secured all five of the records and settled down in earnest to reduce. A week later the same scale said 174 lbs. Another week only showed a six pound loss; but the week following I had taken off nine more pounds."

"As I progressed in the lessons I found them growing more and more interesting, and each new and unique movement began improving my proportions in new places. The over-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 138 lbs.—a reduction of fifty-three pounds. I submit my experience in gratitude for what Wallace's wonderful records have done for me. I am humbled by the recollection of how I once fairly scoffed at the enthusiasm of others in what I deemed at the time a mere fad. I shudder to think that I might have remained indifferent to this method. Only a woman who has been over-whelmingly flabby can appreciate what my new appearance and feelings mean to me. As for those who need reduce but a few pounds to make their figures what they would like them to be, it is pitiful to think that they do not know this easy way—or perhaps do not believe it."

What more can be said of reducing? Mrs. 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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Dept. 32, 632 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Please send me FREE and POST-
PAID for a week's free trial the Original
Wallace Reducing Record.

Name .
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"What a whale of a difference just a few cents make!"

All the difference between just an ordinary cigarette and the most skillful blend in cigarette history.

FATIMA
—a mild cigarette

The Mutual Admiration Society
(Continued from page 19)

Eternal Three" for two or three years before he finally worked out the details to the point where he was ready to begin shooting."

Now, by rights, Mickie should be interviewed about Blanche. We know what Blanche has to say about Hubby. What has Mickie to say about Wifey?

Well, just try to interview Mickie! Just try it; that's all. You might as well have tried to interview the eclipse. If you ask Mickie about the national debt, it makes him think of a story about a rattlesnake which tried to swallow a gopher. And then he sees an army aviator he used to know on the other side of the café—and—that's that.

But one day Mickie and I were sitting in a darkened projecting-room looking at an old Biograph picture in which Blanche and Mickie were both acting. Mary Pickford and Dorothy Gish and Henry Walthall and a lot more were also in it. Blanche was then a rather sallow girl with enormous masses of blonde hair, a funny-looking long dress hanging around her heels.

Suddenly out of the darkness I heard Mickie mutter half to himself and half to me.

"By God, Blanche just had it—even then. In spite of all that crude stuff, she was wonderful. She's got the stuff you can't learn. You just gotta have it. And she's got it."

W. Somerset Maugham Is With Us Again
(Continued from page 44)

some one comes along and uses it before I have a chance to.

"After I have finished my novel I expect to get to work on another play. You know, I envy people who haven't an idea in their heads. I have this mass of mental notes and no matter what I do, I can't escape from them. I should like to have about six months' holiday, for I am very tired, but I am simply forced to go on writing."

Maugham has stopped giving "messages" in his late work. He declares it is like butting a stone wall to try to put over the truth. In "The Circle," as brilliant an exposition of human kind as anyone would ever hope to see, he discovered that the message shocked everyone who saw it. There was truth in it—there was an inevitable futility, and a terrifying knowledge of what humanity is really like—but humanity doesn't care to have the mirror held up too closely to nature.

(Eighty-four)
The Powers Behind the Screen
(Continued from page 24)

but his activities indicate as well-rounded and balanced a personality as Zukor's. Where Lichtman is pre-
eminently the salesman; Schulberg a picker; Arthur Friend a lawyer and organizer; Charles H. Duell an out-
side with Fifth Avenue backing, and others, men with either a present that has been defined or only a past, 
Sheehan has everything and a future behind the screen distinctly worth guessing. Like Hearst, he reaches 
only toward maximum.

To Mr. Hearst, moreover, in so far as it isn't Zukor's, this present in motion pictures, and the more 
immediate future, may be entirely open.

No one else has quite his exceptional sense of what the American public wants in the way of entertain-
ment. That has been amply demonstrated by the unparalleled success of his newspapers. He has, too, a 
mind that sees the every-sided possibility of any proposition. Interested in politics as he is, he has not read 
Roman history in vain nor forgotten that a fundamental precept of all polity is to keep the people amused.

The person who does this most widely and effectively, other things being equal, is a country's most 
popular person. This was true of Caesar. It was true of Theodore Roosevelt. It may come to be true of 
Hearst. If it does, Mr. Hearst will have reached out his hands for the greatest political opportunity 
modern life presents.

Bernard Shaw foresaw it when he said, "give me the motion picture and I'll give you a revolution." Those 
politicians who gave Will H. Hays his blessing with a left political life— they foresaw it, but their hope, 
of course, was that the former Postmaster-General would give us evolution, not revolution. Others have 
also foreseen it, particularly those who describe Chaplin, Fairbanks and Mary Pickford as the greatest am-
bassadors this country has ever had. There is the crux of the opportunity, the fact that pictures are a uni-
versal language, intelligible in any tongue, clear to any understanding all the wide world over. Hence it 
comes that he who sees in them a world force, who masters them sufficiently to make them acceptable to all 
the world instead of a single country, has in his hand a weapon for good or evil whose power is beyond imagina-
tion to measure.

Each and all, meanwhile, are like the particles in a kaleidoscope, tum-
bbling brightly into place to form the vision of a more and more marvelous 
future.

(Eighty-five)
Your Figure

Has Charm Only as You Are Fully Developed

BEAUTY OF FORM

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

Bust Pads and Ruffles

ever look natural or feel right. They are really harmful and retard development. You should add to your physical beauty by enlarging your bust to a 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 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 should enclose 10c postage.

THE OLIVE COMPANY
Dept. 210
CLARINDA, IOWA

Music Hath Charms—
(Continued from page 16)

Marshall Neilan plays both the piano and pipe organ and as he shouts "Shoot" to his cameraman, he calls the name of the selection he wants played to his orchestra.

It would seem, "Once a Russian always a Russian" so far as music is concerned, for Theodore Kosloff and Madame Nazimova both demand those glorious melodies of their native country, the works of Tchaikowsky, his "Chanson Triste," "Meditation," Rubinstein—his "Barcarole," "Melody in F"—for their big moments.

The Mary Pickford loves music and insists on real artists for her orchestra, she does not need this aid to stimulate her emotions.

"I rather doubt the wisdom of too much music on the set, for it causes a false estimate of our own work," Miss Pickford pondered the question, wrinkling her pretty forehead.

"While we were on location making 'Tess," we discovered that one of the truck drivers played a mouth organ. He had a list of favorite tunes like 'Shall We Gather at the River,' 'Buck and Wing,' and 'Swane River,' and these were inspiration for most of my scenes."

Mary especially likes Charles Wakefield Cadman's 'Land of the Sky-Blue Water," while the minor strains of Massenet's 'Elégie" make a profound appeal to her susceptible little heart and many of those wistful, poignant melodies that live in our memories, were enacted to these melodies.

Warner Baxter makes the girl's hearts go pit-a-pat to operatic selections. He once shone in musical comedy, and let the orchestra burst forth with "Kiss Me Again," or "Oh Promise Me," and there's no holding Warner. Cullen Landis says he's afraid his emotions are jazzy, for it takes such classics as 'Lively Stable Blues,' or "Three O'Clock in the Morning" to make him emote.

Milton Sills takes his arts separately. He is not moved by music during his work and if he could have his way, there would be none. This may be the result of his discriminat-

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FILM INFORMATION BUREAU, 801 N. Jackson, Chicago.
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 no mysterious magus to try unless you'd been touched by the Magic Wand of the Muse. They discouraged and often scoffed at attempts of ambitious people to express themselves.

These mistaken ideas have recently been proved to be "bunk." People know better now. The entire world is now learning the TRUTH about writing. People everywhere are finding out that writers are no different from any one from the rest of the world. They have nothing "up their sleeve"; 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 everyone has seen the world as Shakespeare or a Milton. But the people who are turning out the thousands and thousands of stories and photoplays of to-day for which millions of dollars are being paid ARE NOT GENIUSES.

You can accept my advice because millions of copies of my stories have been sold in Europe and America. My book, "Three Weeks," has been read throughout the world and translated into every foreign language, except Spanish, and thousands of copies are still sold every year. My stories, novels, and articles have appeared in the foremost European and American magazines, for Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, greatest motion picture producers in the world, I have written and personally supervised such photoplays as, "The Great Moment," starring Gloria Swanson, and "Beyond the Rocks," starring Miss Swan son and featuring Rudolph Valentino.

I have received thousands and thousands of dollars in royalties. I do not say this to boast, but merely to prove that you can be successful without being a genius.

Many people think they can't write because they lack "imagination" or the ability to construct out-of-the-ordinary plots. Nothing could be further from the truth. The really successful authors—those who make fortunes with their pens—are those who write in a simple manner about plain, ordinary events of every-day life—things with which everyone is familiar. This is the real secret of success—a secret within the reach of all, for everyone is familiar with some kind of life. Every heart has its story. Every life has experiences worth passing on. There are just as many stories of human interest as are literary stories for which some editor will pay good money, as there are in Greenwich Village or the South Seas Islands. And editors will welcome a story or photoplay from you just as gladly as from the best 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. Big money is paid for stories and scenarios to-day—a good deal bigger money than is paid in salaries.

The man who clicks in a store last year is making more money this year with his pen than he would have made in the store in a life-time. The young woman who earned eighteen dollars a week last summer at store work just sold a photoplay for $500.00. The man who writes a short story now appearing in one of America's leading magazines, hadn't thought of writing until about three years ago—he did not even know that he could. Now his name appears almost every month in the best magazines. You don't know whether you get a break or not until it happens. I believe there are thousands of people who can write much better stories and photoplays than we now read in magazines and on the screen. I believe thousands of people throughout the country can in this absorbing profession and at the same time greatly improve present-day fiction with their fresh, true-to-life ideas. I believe the motion picture business especially needs new writers with new angles. I believe this so firmly that I have decided to give some simple instructions which may be the means of bringing success to many of those who turn to me for pen and paper. I am going to show YOU how easy it is when you know how.

Just fill out the coupon below, Mail it to my publishers, The Authors' Press, 55 E. 10th St., New York. T. They will send you ABSOLUTELY FREE a handsome little book called "The Short-Cut to Success in Writing," This book is written for all aspiring writers who want to become successful writers, who want to improve their penmanship, who want to make money in their spare time. Within its pages are many surprises for doubters and with things that gratify your expectations—good news that is dear to the heart of all those who turn to writing; illustrations that enthuse, stories of success; new hope, encouragement, helps, hints—things you've long wanted to know.

"The Short-Cut to Successful Writing" tells how many suddenly realize they can write after years of doubt and indecision. How story and play writers began. How many readers are beginning. How simple plots and ordinary incidents become successful stories and plays when correctly handled, and how new writers get their names into print. How one's imagination properly directed may bring glory and greatness. How to WIN.

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(Continued from page 64)

Dixit

the bunch sang "Shine On, O Silvery Moon" in close harmony. And because the public knows Dix and likes him, he has had no vacations between pictures in the three years he has been on the screen, and has just signed a five-year contract with Lasky.

In the respect at least Richard Dix is the most remarkable person in Hollywood. His eyesight is apparently good, he is twenty-eight years old and yet, in this town of lovely, lovable and often beloved ladies he is a bachelor. He has never been married, almost married or unmarried.

The plain little stenographer with the shell spectacles had gazed wistfully after him when we passed her table; the starved waitress behind the counter had been ravenously lavish with the cream in his coffee; the famous scenario lady in the imported gown had patted his shoulder when she went by; but still he has managed to remain Hollywood's only bachelor.

"Do you get away with it?" we asked—for in Hollywood the term means in where theatrical angels fear to tread.

Dix seemed honestly puzzled.

"What chance does a movie star have to get acquainted with girls?" he demanded pathetically. "I don't suppose I meet half a dozen people a year outside the studio. You can't get away from your screen personality in this game. You're always on exhibition and that makes your
New Life to Hair from Tropical Tree

I AM writing this from my uncle's plantation in the West Indies, where I came recently to rest. 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. Todays, my once-scraggly locks are long and luscious, because of this wonderful stimulant. The use of Kakoa seed, that Nature has provided for people's heads. Just a tiny bit of this powder totally transforms hair marvelously— for all types. Young and old, dark, native and fairest blondes from England, enrich hair roots and pigments with Kakoa and soon have a wealth of soft, glossy hair that everyone knows the secret, and many send for Kakoa every year; it seems as if every boat brings new requests for this wonderful stimulant. But now my uncle has permitted preparing and packing enough Kakao for all who may write and ask for supply.

Ask for Proof; I'll Send It FREE

It will cost nothing to learn how natural hair care grows works, and will work on your hair. I don't want a penny unless it does. All we ask is your name and address. Send it now, on the coupon printed here. Before long you can possess a hair treatment that anyone might envy.

HAGA & CO., Cia., 425 S. State Street, Chicago, U. S. A.

Please note: this offer is void in California. Your address must be covered by the complete Kakao treatment which is guaranteed to bring hair to abundant thickness, full life and brilliancy.

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MADAME LUDWIG STUDIOS

Studio 512, 1105 Lawrence Ave., Chicago

contacts with people unnatural. They look at you as a curiosity instead of a regular human being. There’s one place tho, where I can go and not be Richard Dix, the film actor, and that’s Minneapolis where I was brought up.” He chuckled reminiscently, “Nobody is a celebrity in his home town. Too many old ladies to remember about the times he swept apples off the fruit-stand by the firehouse and other youthful sins! I played in stock three years in Minneapolis but all the time I was simply ‘that Dix boy.’ That’s why youngsters leave home I expect to find people who will take them as seriously as they take themselves. Anyhow that was the way with me.”

Acting, it seems, didn’t run in the Dix family. His father, in particular, regarded Richard’s stage symptoms when they began to develop in high school as one might stuttering or kleptomania or any other misfortune that afflicts the best of families. Pish! The boy was to be a doctor— let’s hear no more of this play-acting nonsense.

But a surgeon who fains at the sight of blood is as badly off as a burglar with hay fever. The University of Minnesota came next— till Richard found that studying interfered with his regular college work which was the dramatic club. And so at last came the local stock, then leading man with the Morosco Company in Los Angeles and then the screen.

It seemed, we suggested, almost a pity to be a success at twenty-eight. What more was there to look ahead to? Where, in other words, did he go from here?

Dix’s face took on the grim lines it wears when he is doing a he-man rôle on the screen. They make him look ten years older. “Some day I want to be at the other end of the Telephoto.” There were no fist-clenching heroics about the way he said it, but you caught his earnestness. “You’re darn right! The way things are done on the screen there’s not much chance to develop, but the director can do anything. I want to try the new technique, ‘the Woman of Paris’ sort of thing. There’s a great play for you! Screen people who act like human beings.”

Human—that is a word Dix uses often, a word that expresses his own personality as no other. He has always been cast in “good” rôles. In “The Ten Commandments,” his most important picture, he is the one of the two brothers who keeps ‘em, not the one who breaks ‘em. But in spite of the handicap of some possibly virtuous partners he manages to make real characters out of them.

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is demanded by men and women from coast to coast because it is effective, easy to apply and guaranteed absolutely harmless leaving the skin positively lovely. “KILRUTE” is a combination treatment—never before anything like it. Accept no substitute—insist on “KILRUTE” the genuine, the hair destroyer. Results guaranteed or money refunded. For sale at all good stores or direct from us. Write for free booklet.

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A New Scientific Discovery which permanently and harmlessly replaces old skin with new and removes all Surface Blemishes, Pimples, Blackheads, Discolorations, Sunburns, Eczema, Acne, Birthmarks, etc. A non-aid, non-irritating liquid. Produces a healthy new skin, beautiful and as baby’s, Results astounding. Booklet “The Magic of a New Skin” free in plain sealed envelope.

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NEW LIQUID MAKE-UP FOR THE EYES

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At last Science has perfected a liquid make-up for the eyes that is really water-proof. Tears, bathing, perspiration cannot affect it. It goes on easily for it is applied with a glass rod, then comes with each package amply instated. It contains a natural oil which stimulates growth, so that the lashes won't break off or become brittle. Easy to use, instantly effective.

Makes lashes look luxuriant, brows well arched and groomed. Try Laschrow Liquid today. It is on sale at all good lookout counters everywhere.

FREE TRIAL

For introductory purposes, we will send you from a generous supply of each item. And we will include a trial size of another Laschrow product. Laschrow Founder, which quickly stimulates the growth of the brows and lashes. City this announcement, insert your order and cost of packing and shipping and send it at once to Laschrow Laboratories, Dept. 232, 37 West 50th Street, New York City.

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Great Discovery of Fashion beauty ex-
traordinary. Start new principle of ef-
ciency. 10c at any drug store.

Sells at 90c, 50c Fifth Ave., New York.

(Thirty-eight)
The Hollywood Boulevard Chats
(Continued from page 74)

Holubar, the director of "Hell Morgan's Girl," "Hearts of Humanity," "The Right to Happiness," "Broken Chains," "Hurricane's Gal," "Men, Women and Marriage," "Slander the Woman," and many other great successes. He was in Tennessee on location shooting some scenes of a new picture to be made from the "Bishop of Cottonwood," when he was taken ill. He came back to California where a major operation was performed. He did not recover from the operation. His wife was Dorothy Phillips and their marriage was one of the happiest in the whole film colony. They have one little daughter, eight years old. Mr. Holubar was a San Francisco boy, born in 1890. He had been a stage actor before coming to pictures.

Two well-known figures have quit pictures. Orville Campbell has gone back to New York to play opposite Lady Diana Manners in "The Miracle," and Guy Bates Post has abandoned the screen in disgust and has returned to the stage. Mr. Post came to the screen after a notable stage career; but had bad luck with his pictures, among which were "Omar, the Tent Maker" and "The Masquerader."

A lawsuit has been going on for over a year between George Walsh and Tom Mix has been settled at last. Walsh left a favorite horse named "Joe" with Mix when he went East about two years ago. When he came back, the sad news was broken to him that Joe had passed to horse heaven. What was his amazement one day to see Mix riding bityby by on a nag that seemed to him to be his beloved steed. High and heavy words led to lawsuits and then to more lawsuits. It was finally demonstrated to the satisfaction of the court and even to the reluctant the horse...
of bills with a rubber band around them. With many a sigh and a housewifely cluck, she sorted everything out and sent the coat to the cleaners. When Harold came home, there was dismay and a bleeding heart. It seems that he had worn the overcoat to his wedding and had reverently put it away with all these souvenirs abroad. He had intended to take it out some day and show his great-grandchildren the wedding license, the little rumpled gloves, the pink rose and even the bank-notes. Whereupon there was a wild ride by a bride to the cleaners. The coat was recovered in time with its wedding dust still on, rice and everything; and the things were hastily and ruefully shoved back into the pockets and the romance was saved.

Iris in
(Continued from page 54)

Chaplin has produced a picture that merits all the adjectives ever brought out on parade by a movie press-agent. It is remarkable in restraint, in motility, in the excellence of the titling and in the perfection of detail. Adolphe Menjou, one of the screen's few actors, has been playing secondary role too long to stars whose effulgence he patently outshone. It is good to see Menjou again in a position at last. It is better yet for it to happen in so notable a picture as "A Woman of Paris."

We are sending no flowers to Mr. Chaplin on the story. Our orchids are all for the directing. If it is to carp at all, we regret the scene of the anguished lover falling into the fountain. It reminded us strongly of a similar bygone fountain into which Mr. Chaplin himself fell. Charlie, however, rose triumphantly to brush his gleaming teeth with the dank stalk of a rhubarb-like water plant growing conveniently from the center.

Still speaking of restraint, Edward Horton, in "To the Ladies," justifies all he inspired in "Ruggles of Red Gap." He is establishing himself as a refreshing contrast to a roster of stuffed shirts. We await the third evidence of his ability with trepidation.

Babby Peggy, a recent visitor to New York City, did what was expected of her nobly.

"Your skyline is remarkable," she said, "and your women (kissing two dainty fingers) are positively beautiful."

IRIS OUT
(Ninety)
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 News-stand February First

(Ninety-one)
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The World's Most Famous Nose
(Continued from page 48)

side-line to establishing a repertory of Shakespearean and modern dramas in the National Theater. And he revives it so well that it proves to be one of those entertainments which Broadwaygoers quaintly call "Wow." Audiences cheer after the fourth act, and the house manager has to sign a box-office statement for seventeen or eighteen thousand dollars each week.

This is, by the way, a poetic drama, and the star fails to marry the leading lady.

Now why the success?

Whenever "Cyrano" has been successfully produced, the credit has been divided between the playwright and the actor. It is so in the present case.

In spite of a certain Chicago scribbler, Rostand did an original and striking piece of work when he wrote "Cyrano." The Chicago gentleman, whose name I forgot but who might have been a butcher, wrote a play called "The Merchant Prince of Corville," and he succeeded in getting a United States court to declare that, because he had written a play, "The Merchant Prince of Corville," he and not Rostand was the author of "Cyrano de Bergerac." The matter being properly adjusted, we of a new generation discover that the Frenchman made an exciting, graceful, and truly heroic drama out of an eccentric duelist, playwright, and philosopher who lived in Paris three centuries ago.

Rostand used a remarkable number of facts out of this Cyrano's life without in the least preventing his play from being utterly incredible and tearfully convincing. We accept with cheerful alacrity the yarn that the hideous Cyrano succeeded in making love to a woman who, standing in a balcony above him, imagined his voice was the voice of her handsome but nitwit sweetheart. The fact that Cyrano loved the woman more than did the nitwit, and that the woman really loved the soul in his words—that pathetic fact makes us swallow the most outrageous impossibility in all modern drama. It is also the secret of why this is a most satisfying tragedy. Not the whole secret, of course, for Rostand writes with dramatic fervor and poetic beauty.

The rest of the credit is Hampden's, but it must not all go to the actor. Some is reserved for the part of Hampden which is director and manager. Hampden turned aside from the five dull translations that ornament my shelves, and hired
Brian Hooker to make a new version. It is an exceptionally fine job—fluent and beautiful and always dramatic. You would hardly know it was blank verse! On top of that, Hampden has brought together some modern scenery and lights by Claude Bragdon and Munro Pevear, and he has drilled a rather ordinary lot of actors so skilfully that they play the piece like a whirlwind. The direction is the best that any romantic drama has had in years. It culminates the only effective stage battle that I have ever seen.

Hampden's own work as actor is not absolutely impeccable; at two or three points he loses his grip a little. But nine-tenths of the part is superbly acted. No star in America has a more flexible voice, and Hampden makes the most of it. His comedy is rich and he shows off in bravado and sorrow with almost equal ease. I have seen no other Cyrano, but I can't say that I regret it so very keenly when I am looking at Hampden's.

And yet—what about Mansfield? Is it my keenest regret in the theater that when he was playing his last season on this earth my dramatic taste ran to "Babes in Toyland," "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," and "The Heir to the Hoorah." Particularly, as in the past half year Broadway has taken quite a passion for reviving some of Mansfield's notable vehicles—"Peer Gynt," "The Devil's Disciple," and now "Cyrano de Bergerac." The success that has met these plays may be a testimony to the playwrights or their newest interpreters. But it seems to me that it may have an interesting bearing on a change in public taste. Mansfield was never an enthusiast for realistic drama. He acted practically none of it. The poetic, the romantic, the demonic, the heroic—all these types interested him, and these only. It is a heartening thing to see them interesting the American public once more.

---

**DEFIANCE**

*By Jon O'Hara*

Oh, pitying judges, your pity is wasted
On a dreamer, whose dream rose... and remained here, and died.
Like the morning sun. True, the Cup I tasted
Tasted, drank deep, and have no regret.
Love, bittersweet, to my heart I clasped,
Knowing full well what the dream would fail.
And it still outwights (tho' the rapture has passed)
The world's esteem I so willingly lost.
Our day was brief, but we lived it madly, I cherished no hopes—so none were blasted.
The price was high, but I paid it gladly, For the Dream was sweet—while it lasted.
away, he becomes grim, determined, an avenging angel bent on punishment. For beauty, a life! That is the simplest solution.

One would scarcely recognize in the fury and passion of these portraits the gentle humorous features of our beloved comedien, yet Larry Semon has risen to epic heights in portraying the emotions of this study.

Then follows the physical tragedy and finally the grief. Without words, soundless, by facial expression and gesture alone, Semon conveys it in a study of human emotion that is little short of sublime.

"As a photographer I had no need to interpret to Mr. Semon my thought for these pictures. He mastered the idea at almost a single leap. He immediately saw the possibilities and his imagination swept across the canvas, so that it tells you about the real and the unreal, and gave back the vision in a picture that seemed instilled with life, afire with feeling, convincing in its strength and abandonment to human emotion. I saw the artist in him all the while...every gesture of his was weighed in the balance, every flicker of feeling in his face showed that fine understanding of the value of an art product which needed only the torch of imagination to kindle it into the flame of an inspiration.

"Larry Semon has proved himself an artist of the very finest caliber—give him something big and vitally serious to do and see how he does it. His Pagliacci is a triumph in his technical skill—only a man who can live thru the terror of that tragedy can give it back to you as Semon gave it.

"Perhaps Semon will give us Pagliacci on the screen some day—we hope so. It would be a demonstration of those powers which we know he possesses, and it would add fresh laurels to his crown.

LIVE FULL TODAY
By Louise Libbrecht

And, if tomorrow comes
Can we rest sure in joy?
Who knows but pain
May be its grievous need
And sorrow still the song
That now swells golden
Upon each passing breeze.
Live full today
And let no pleasure pass
Untasted,
And no transient beauty scorn
Fill well the storehouse
Of thy soul's delight
With light of memory.
Who knows but tomorrow
Tomorrow may be night.

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The Movie of the Month
(Continued from page 49)
for her sailor-man. A pathetic, old figure—this skipper of a coal harge. And the drama, soaring with vital humanities—and with a spiritual tug, embraces one with an emotional sweep as the girl joins him—a girl defiant of men (she has been their plaything in an inland town)—yet succumbing to the call of love and youth. The other vital figure is the rescued sailor-man—a swaggering, blustering, coal-stoker—sure of himself and of his importance to the world. He listens to no entreaties from the old Swede and his daughter.

It might be called a quadrangle—a conflict between a bug of the water-front saloon to hold the skipper's love—and the latter's futile fight against the overpowering forces of youthful hearts. And his angry remonstrations against the sea make him a pitiful figure indeed. There is much hard drinking. Why not? Rough sailor-folk must have their grog. But beneath these raw externals (which expose the girl's life of shame—a condition brought about thru a parent's neglect and the lust of men, and the conflicts between father, lover and daughter) is a big, throbbing idea—pounding relentlessly on a major theme, that of a parent's determination to compensate for his neglect—and a spirited girl's conflict with herself. And the sea calls them to its bosom. It is the strongest force of all.

Blanche Sweet's rendition of the title rôle is marvelously human. The emotions which race across her face indicate that she lived the part thoroughly. She plays with a remarkable depth of sympathy and understanding. George Marion in his original rôle of the old Swede provides picturesque characterization. He is the perfect embodiment of the superstitious salt as colored by the imagination. William Russell, playing the sailor-man, abandons himself completely to the task of revealing the influence of the sea in making its playboys swaggering, boastful adventurers, while Eugenie Besserer acts the water-front hag in a manner recognizably real.

"Anna Christie"? It surely belongs on the heights. It moves with powerful strokes—and embraces realities and humanities. And considerable spiritual comfort. So devastating is its hand of fate, so compelling is its clash of emotions—that we do not miss the spoken lines at all. It is as if we could hear them.

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The Celluloid Critic
(Continued from page 51)

study. The player who seems to be mostly in character is Richard Bennett. The Italian extras are competently handled in the Fascisti scenes. The camera is unknd, however, in bringing forth any suggestion of reality. The majority of these extras appear to be having great fun out of it. The atmosphere, on the other hand, is authentic and gives the picture its sole redeeming quality.

SEVERAL hundred westerns have been ground thru the movie mill since Owen Wister wrote "The Virginian," a story which has served as one of the models for cow country pictures, but none has contained more vitality of plot and characterization than this new version by Preferred. While all of us are familiar with the bashful cowboy from Virginia who took romance so easily and gracefully—we stay to follow his exploits in love. A sympathetic character—this Virginian, played in an appropriate lackadaisical manner by Kenneth Harlan. He interests us because he is not ever performing the conventional sacrifices of the orthodox movie cowboy.

The sponsors have caught the salient points of the story and welded them into a vigorous yarn—using backgrounds which are truly eloquent. The humor is not abundant. It is compressed here in the episode involving the exchange of babies at the husking-bee. Pathios creeps in—and is presented with genuine feeling. We overlook the familiar points—such as the conflict with the rustlers—and the romance between the cowboy and the school-teacher. These obvious factors are absorbed thru a genuinely dramatic treatment of a compelling story.

But it drags interminably at times due to an emphasis being placed upon the characters and detail—and also to the fact that we are familiar with its plot. The Virginian and the other cowhands grow tiresome toward the end.

It is plain to be seen that James Cruze’s “fore” is comedy, after witnessing the sparkling treatment of “To the Ladies” (Paramount). We approached this satire on business efficiency rather skeptical whether anything substantial could be made from it—seeing that the authors depended on a quantity of witticisms and a realistic slant of that most wearisome of indoor sports—banquetting. Indeed, the play depended entirely upon this banquet

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A

N argumentative subject is given
a visual hearing in "This
Freedom" (Fox)—and allow-
ing for a scarcity of action which is
replaced by wordy captions, it may be
called a first-rate picture. Indeed, it is
the best English importation to date
—and carries out its author’s theories to
the dot. A. S. M. Hutchinson has not
written another "If Winter
Comes." In the first place, it does not
present any such idealistic figure as
Mark Sabre, nor does it offer much
dramatic movement. However, once
its characters are all introduced, it
swings into its main argument and
finishes with a stirring climax.

Hutchinson argues in a familiar
fashion. He would show a woman’s
home crumbling to pieces in her re-
frus to abide by the natural law of
her sex—the care of that home. She
will trespass on man’s domains—
with the inevitable result—stark
tragedy. A daughter dies—and a
son is disgraced—and she realizes
the futility of her career. But lead-

scene—since it exposed the hokum of
after-dinner speeches.

Cruze, however, has enlarged upon
the play. He has sensed the keynot of
middle-class mediocrity — and
draws the humdrum existence of a
wage slave in a most human and
sympathetic manner. So we have
Leonard Beebe (our central char-
acter) at home and at the factory—
a meek, colorless individual—who
goes to him into asserting him-
self. Comes a time when he is
advised that he will be called upon
to make a speech at a forthcoming
bu-
quet, so he memorizes a made-to-
order address, one culled from a
book. The party who precedes him
gives the identical speech, thus steal-
ing his thunder. He is stricken with
fear—but his wife grasps the oppor-
tunity by making an impromptu ad-
dress which instantly wins her hus-
band a long-awaited reward. There
is a little conflict here which is a sort of
anticlimax, but Cruze has
handled his material so deftly—that
the picture offers a deal of spontanei-
y of humor—a quality which more than
compensates for the rather weak
conclusion.

The banquet scene is a gem—one
which is never overstressed—and
keeping pace with it is a life-like
slant upon those people who buy
their homes and their household
goods upon the instalment plan—a
slant not so well suggested in the
play. It is clever satire, skilfully
humanized. And expertly acted by
Edward Horton, Helen Jerome
Eddy, who carries away the hon-
ors. Theodore Roberts and Louise
Dresser.
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In conclusion, the donut business is a good one for a small investment, and it is a business that can be run on a small scale. I recommend the donut business to anyone who is looking for a good investment opportunity.

NOVEMBER 5

The date is November 5, a date that is significant in American history. It is the day when the United States elects its president. The election process is a complex and highly competitive one, and it is often surrounded by a great deal of political intrigue.

The November 5 election is an important event in the political calendar of the United States, and it is often a highly anticipated day for Americans. The outcome of the election can have a significant impact on the course of American politics, and it is often a source of great excitement and uncertainty.

In conclusion, the date of November 5 is an important and significant day in American history, and it is a day that is closely followed and anticipated by many Americans. The election process is a complex and highly competitive one, and it is often surrounded by a great deal of political intrigue. The outcome of the election can have a significant impact on the course of American politics, and it is often a source of great excitement and uncertainty.
lease considerable gun-play. But the discerning onlooker will wonder over a few tricks that are exposed. For instance, how is it that Bill can fire his six-shooters fifteen or twenty times without reloading—with bullets speeding toward him on every side? Again he makes a fine target of himself when he raises his guns to the sky before shooting.

The plot exposes the hectic life of a genuine figure—back in the days when danger lurked in the frontier town. A typical Bill Hart story—even to the romance. And we call it hokum.

ODELES of sentiment and romance gush forth in the picture version of "Maytime" (Preferred) until by the time the conclusion is reached, the number is as sticky as a molasses jug. The character of this plot calls for much repetition of scene—and because there is little dramatic movement, the action becomes uninteresting—and this goes for most of the characters. Aside from the development of the romance between the central figures, the lesser characters don't have any opportunities for emotional expression. Several stand around in dramatic postures.

It is not deftly acted. Ethel Shannon not being the right choice for the romantic girl. She appears to be playing the part more than she is living it. The quaint comedy relief of the stage is exceedingly mild and almost negligible. It strikes us as if it could have been done much better. A parade of costumes and romantic postures.

THE edge has been taken off this opus thru its having been picturesque and with much better effectiveness—and also because of any lack of that elusive quality known as suspense. Kipling's "The Light That Failed" (Paramount)—a tale of an artist who is stricken with blindness just as he is completing his masterpiece, is as old-fashioned as it is depressing—and aside from Percy Marmont's sympathetic study of the painter and Jacqueline Logan's brunette appeal, it fails in winning recognition to be placed in the exclusive gallery.

George Melford has much more feeling with his atmosphere,altho he has strained with the make the story ring true. But why the suggestion that the artist's sight will return? Must we continually serve up pap to the happy enders? This picture is told smoothly enough, but its vital pathos is only mildly indicated.
The Yankee Consul (Continued from page 61)

discovery brought a whistle to his lips. He stared down at the official-
looking paper on the top tray of the trunk. "Appointment of Abijah
Boos as consular agent to San
Domingo," he muttered. "Oh, I
am in bad! Wonder what other
cries besides impersonating a U. S.
Consul I'm going to commit?"
With a6 bit of each hint of
danger, his spirits rose. With the
aid of Morrell's camera and flash
light powder he took him own picture
to replace the bewhiskered one on
the passport. Meanwhile there
was always the chance that he might be-
come better acquainted with the
mysterious but lovely lady who
needed his help.

The immigration officials regarded
the disordered countenance on the
passport Ainsworth presented them
and shrugged their shoulders—but
certainly that was never the s6or! It's Awfully kind of you to say so,
the señor said gratefully. "Take an-
other look now." He screwed his
face into the horrible squint which it
had worn when the flash-light powder
exploded and the likeness was un-
mistakable. As he said, Morrell
emerged from the customs-house,
two Americans in white-dusk suits
and pith helmets pushed thru the
clamoring horde of native beggars
and the shorter, after a glance at
the initials A. B. on the handbag Ains-
worth carried, shook him heartily by
the hand.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Boos," he
said with unmistakable sincerity. "I
was afraid you wouldn't get down
till the next boat—I'm Ripley, you
know, the retiring consul, and I dont
want to discourage you right at the
outset but I dont mind telling you
I'll be mighty glad to go back to the
United States."

It was no part of Dudley Ains-
worth's plan to carry the impersona-
tion of Abijah Boos beyond the
customs-house door. He was open-
ing his lips to disclaim all rights to
the name, but the words of the other
white-clad man halted his confession.
"Excuse me for butting in," said
that worthy, "but my name's Doyle,
George J. Doyle, I'm a Secret Ser-
vice man and I've got a warrant here
for one Dudley Ainsworth who's
wanted back in the States. Do you
happen to know whether there was
a fellow by that name on board?"

The incoming consul replied hastily
that he was certain there wasn't.

The pseudo Abijah Boos mopped a
bedewed brow. "Sweet town!" he
commented bitterly to Morrell after
the others had left, "with a box of
gold pieces in the place a man's life
wouldn't be worth a German mark if
the natives found out about it!"

"Well, you were keen on dying a
week ago," Morrell reminded him
unfeelingly, "remember that cyanide
cocktail you were begging for so pit-
ciously? S'long, old top. I'm going
to take a nap if I can find a bed—in
this marble shanty!"

Morrell opened a reluctant eye to
see his friend standing over him.
"I'm leaving you to guard that chest," Ainsworth said hoarsely, "something
has got to be done about it and I'm
going to do it! After all, I'm re-
ponsible so long as I'm playing
consul! And I cant stop playing
consul or that Doyle will swap me
for a jai—God knows what I'm
accused of back in the States, probably old
Boos wants me arrested for abscond-
ing with his nightshirts!"

He was gone, wild-eyed. Morrell
winked at the charming lithographed
lady taking a bath in a marble pool
on the wall, turned over and went
to sleep.

The telegraph office was close to
the consulate. Ainsworth signed the
atrocious name which it seemed likely
he might carry to his grave and
grounded the message to the operator.
"To be sent by radio," he directed
and felt in his pockets for change.
With a dollar bill he drew out an-
other bit of paper folded in a cocked-
hat note and addressed to Abijah
Boos in a woman's handwriting.

Incredibly, he stared down at the
single line it contained: "Save me
by five o'clock or all is over—Maria,
Sanz Souci Palace." She must have
slipped it into his pocket when she
brushed near him in the hurly of
dismarking! A quick glance at the
clock brought a groan from his lips—
four o'clock and in an hour all would
be over!

Leopoldo beckoned him with a
glitter of polished nails. But Ains-
worth shook his head. "I've got an
engagement—"

"Certainly, I understand. All
the consuls have the engagement
to report at the San Souci Palace as
soon as they arrive." Leopoldo
smiled, "I have come to get you,
Señor Boos!"

But at least he was going to the
San Souci Palace where Maria was
waiting. The new consul found him-
sel£ returning the bow of a magnifi-
cent gentleman with a uniform that
looked like that of the carriage
starter at the Ritz Hotel.

(Continued on page 103)
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married now three or four months and still adores her Irish husband. The New York critics liked her part in "Holding Young America." A new studio has opened down in Florida, in no wise discouraged by the big shut down. This studio is located in Hialeah, a suburb of Miami, and is available for immediate use. ** A play dealing with the custom of married women's retaining their maiden names, titled "The Waning Sex," by Frederic and Fanny Hatton, has been produced on the West Coast and is to be brought to Broadway at the end of the season. Lucy Stone League, please take warning! ** Oliver Morosco will put into immediate rehearsal a play by Richard A. Purdy, entitled "Across the Street." ** Eugene O'Neill, author of "Anna Christie," says that Thos. H. Ince's motion picture of the play is a "fine, true representation, faithful to the spirit and intent of the original." He formed this opinion and expressed it in a telegram to the producer when the film was projected for him at the home of Kenneth MacGowan, his associate in the direction of the Province-town Playhouse. Altho the show lasted over two hours because the eight reels were projected by a small machine at less speed than is usual in a theater, the playwright gave unflagging attention to the first of his dramas to reach the screen. ** D.W. Griffith returned yesterday from Virginia to his Mamaroneck studios, after photographing scenes on eleven historical spots for his Revolutionary film, "America." The surrender of Cornwallis was taken in Yorktown on the ground where it actually occurred. More than forty persons whose ancestors were present in the surrender took part in the scenes. Yorktown gave Griffith a thrill by parking his special train on a siding around which was buried a cache of TNT said by government officials to be valued at two hundred million dollars. This is the army base for high explosives and the tracking where the train stood was on government property. ** Dr. Luigi Pirandello is seated on a pier on the Mediterranean awaiting the arrival from Brock Pemberton that one of the Broadway theaters is available for his plays. Mr. Pemberton will probably come in with either "Right You Are" or "Henry IV." It is worthy of remark that Pirandello gained Continental recognition on the American continent. ** "Six Characters in Search of an Author" was produced here, Paris condescended to look at it. The play was a sensation and it was followed by "The Pleasure of Being Honest." Preparations were made to show it in London, but censorship supervised. Then a German manager dashed to Paris to buy all the rights in the world to Pirandello's plays. Mr. Pemberton just managed to secure the American rights. ** Booth Tarkington, who wrote "Pied Piper Malone" especially for Thomas Meighan, has consented to write another original story for the screen, according to Mr. Meighan. So pleased was Mr. Tarkington with what he saw at the Paramount Long Island studio where Alfred E. Green is producing "Pied Piper Malone" that he immediately agreed to write another story in the near future for Mr. Meighan. This is the first time that the famous Hoosier author has taken an active part in the filming of one of his stories. He is chief supervisor of the present film and has spent several days at the company's studio getting the story into shape. Mr. Meighan's father died unexpectedly last month and altho both Thomas and James Meighan hurried to Pittsburgh, they were too late. We extend our true sympathy to Mr. Meighan. ** The memory of Martha Mansfield's tragic death is still with us. Her body was sent to New York for burial and many friends of both stage and screen paid their last respects. We are deeply sorry for the passing of a sweet spirit. ** Doris Kenyon just refused a motion-picture offer of $2,500.00 a week, to play the leading role in "The Gift," a stage play by Julia Chandler and Anna Lambert Stewart. ** Rehearsals are under way by Joseph Schildkraut in Gladys Unger's "The Robber Knight," which Sam H. Harris is producing. Another of Miss Unger's plays is now in the hands of Leo Ditrichstein and Lola Fisher. ** "Old Fort Schuyler" New York, which has been practically abandoned for a number of years, has been reconstructed to appear like the St. Lazare prison of Paris for

(Continued from page 57)
The Yankee Consul

(Continued from page 100)

comedians give orders to a citizen of the United States! His muscles tautened for defence, then he uttered a startled exclamation. For an instant the curtains at the end of the room had parted, showing the terrified face of Maria, more beautiful than ever in its distress, then a hand clasped around her throat, drew her back and the curtains closed.

In six strides the Yankee consul had reached the room, but a woman beyond was empty. Hot rage swept him, he thrilled violently upon the two men to demand an explanation, only to find that they too had disappeared!

The next hour was too crammed with action to leave time for some thought. It did not even surprise him that suits of armor should come to gibbering life as he raced down endless stone corridors and back at him with battle-axes or that an uppercut upon the point of the vistor should reveal Leopoldo’s face within.

And then, from the direction of the sea came the roar of a cannon in salute. The umbrella waivered in Dudley Ainsworth’s hand. “Thank God,” he gasped, “the Navy sent my wireless for help and has come.”

The words had a strange effect upon the two corpses, bringing them to life with a start. Morrell uttered an exclamation of consternation and flung the revolver pettishly into a far corner. “You sent for the United

editor-in-chief of Vitagraph. * * * Albert E. Smith, president of Vitagraph, has returned from London where he met Rafael Sabatini, author of “Captain Blood,” world picture rights to which Mr. Smith purchased. He had the exceptional experience of spending a day with the author and tramping over the scenes near Bridgewater, where the story is laid. * * * Whitman Bennett announces that his screen production, “The Hoosier Schoolmaster,” is almost finished. From what he has already seen of the film edition of Edward Eggleston’s story, Mr. Bennett believes that the production adheres faithfully to the original story. It is a portrayal of the early pioneer days of Indiana—the days of ’53, when a few hardy advocates of “law and order” coped with night riders who would have made of frontier life an endless horror. It is a story of the period in Indiana history when neighbor distrusted neighbor and only seeds of hate were sown until the Hoosier schoolmaster came to bring order out of chaos. Henry Hull plays the lead. * * * J. Parker Read, Jr., is producing in Europe a film version of Rex Beach’s story, “The Recoil,” for Goldwyn. Betty Blythe is the star and Mahlon Hamilton will be seen opposite her. The scenes will be laid in London, Paris, Rome and Monte Carlo. * * * Hodkinson announces for January “Grit,” a Film Guild production, starring Glenn Hunter. The story is by F. Scott Fitzgerald and in the cast is Clara Bow, who made her film debut in “Down to the Sea in Ships,” and Osgood Perkins, who played the Devil in “Puritan Passions.” * * *

"Señor Boos, Don Rafael Deschado is your worship’s servant," this resplendent being assured him, "we will drink the health, no? Yes? But first one so-smaller matter of business. You Yan-kees do not mind the business, yes? No?" he poked a playful finger into Dudley's ribs, "you have in your consulate some property of mine, a chest, no? Yes! Ah, you will deliver it to my servant when you return? Yes? No?" The phrased in terms of a question, it sounded more like an order.

"I'll be damned if I will!" Ainsworth returned promptly. What would happen next he did not know and he didn't particularly care. A fellow riggled up like a musical
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States Navy?” he wailed, “a nice mess you’ve got us in!”

The faces of Leopoldo and Don Rafael registered ludicrous dismay. Maria helpless with laughter had sunk upon the chest. With growing comprehension Ainsworth’s glance traveled from one to the other. Very slowly he clicked his heels together and made them a stiff little bow. “I confess,” he said curtly, “that I don’t see it all yet, but I take it I have been furnishing you with a good deal of amusement by playing the fool. If you are quite thru, perhaps you will excuse me——”

He was turning away but a small hand touched his arm. The laughter had slipped from Maria’s lips: “Oh you mustn’t think that! It was all a plot to furnish you with an interest in my life. Jack your teasing, and worried about you when he had dinner with us last week and we decided that you needed something to take your mind off yourself and—and your collar buttons!”

Morrell gripped his friend’s hand. “If it will make you feel any better to kick me downstairs, Dud, old fellow, go ahead and kick. But don’t blame the others, they’re all good friends of mine and I persuaded them into it. I meant well, but I didn’t reckon on your sending for the Navy!”

Ainsworth’s set face relaxed. He smiled grudgingly.

Maria turned from the window. “No need to worry about the Admiral!” she exulted. “I can see the flags on the launch—it’s the Bellerophon—that got your terror, and worried about me. My Uncle Walter is in command! But I am afraid your reign is almost over, Mr. Consul!”

Dudley Ainsworth took a step toward her and there was something in his expression that sent the others hastily tiptoeing out of the room. Morrell, last to leave, turned on the threshold, “Oh, by the way, Dud, let me introduce Miss Mary Rudgeley—she’s the girl I wanted you to meet in New York. Mary’s awfully clever. I bet she even knows how to put collar buttons in shirts——”

In two strides Dudley reached the door, slamming it on his chum’s grin, then he turned back into the room. “A joke?” he asked softly, taking the lovely face before him between his big palms, “was it—all a joke, my dear? The things I said to you this afternoon—the things you said to me?”

A luscious sound poured from the sound, “I say, Dud,” Morrell called. “How about it? Do I win the ten thousand?”

He rapped again, more loudly, but there was no answer. The two within had not heard. . . .

(One hundred and four)
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